

"ZARA" 3.

STOSH

Hey, she specifically asked me to get some! I can show you all the texts back and forth.

ADAM

It's over, Stosh.  
(takes him in for a beat)  
What is your problem, anyway? At your age, still living the way you do... Are you some kind of... sex addict or something?

STOSH

Fuck you. I have the same sex drive as anyone else. I just don't have the drive to do all that other shit.

ADAM

Clean out your office.

Stosh tosses his bitten apple back into the fruit bowl.

FREEZE FRAME. SUPER: "STOSH LEWANDOSKI. AGE: 42.  
PROFESSION: SALES REP. LONGEST RELATIONSHIP EVER: 11 DAYS  
(THOUGH HE WAS OUT OF TOWN FOR THE LAST 8)"

INT. SOHO LOFT - DAY

ZARA MILLER - late 30's, long hair, ethereal, gorgeous without trying - tiptoes toward the door in this downtown artist's loft, carrying a packed duffle bag and a large art supply tool box.

DAVID (O.C.)

Zara?

Zara quickly drops the things she is carrying and shoves them aside with her foot as her boyfriend, DAVID - early 50's, bearded - enters.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Going out, hon? To get breakfast?

ZARA

Yes. To get breakfast. And then to go live somewhere else. Actually, I'm not getting breakfast.

"WEIRD LOWERS"

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Start →

DAVID

(notices her packed bag)

What? What?! You were just going to... vanish? Without saying a word?

> ZARA

~~There definitely would have been an email at some point.~~

DAVID

Zara, this... this is insane. Can you just sit down and talk to me please? I... I thought everything was so good between us.

Zara reluctantly sits.

> ZARA

Yeah, no, it is, it was, it's just, you know, David, every relationship has it's natural lifespan, and we've had three incredible, perfect months together -- although I've been looking for another place for six weeks and haven't found one so if you hear of anything please let me know -- but still, our thing here, you and me, this has been... aces.

(does a "thumbs up")

David falls to his knees, starts crying softly into her lap. Zara sort of pats him on the back, but her heart ain't in it.

DAVID

Don't you realize how much I love you? I don't think I can live without you...

> ZARA

Hey, you know what? Most of my exes have said the exact same thing and they're all completely fine. Except for one girl who committed suicide, but she was always talking about doing that, even on our first date, so...

(trailing off)

I don't think that's... on me...

DAVID  
 (through sobs)  
 What the hell is wrong with you?!  
 What kind of person can be so  
 passionate and loving one day, and  
 then just turn completely cold?!  
 What kind of person is that?!

Zara smiles sheepishly and shrugs as if to say, "Me, I guess."

FREEZE FRAME. SUPER: "ZARA MILLER. AGE: 38. PROFESSION: ARTIST. LONGEST RELATIONSHIP EVER: NO DATA (BUT QUITE POSSIBLY THIS ONE)"

INT. QUEENS TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We HEAR the sounds of a NY Mets game on TV.

ERIC LEWANDOSKI - mid-30's, horn-rimmed glasses, odd, nerdy, though not bad looking - plops down on the middle section of a well-worn couch with a bag of chips. At first glance, Eric could either be brilliant or a complete idiot - as we will learn, he is both.

On the couch next to him sits his father, MELVIN LEWANDOSKI - 78, Polish immigrant - and on the other side of Eric, on the empty seat of the couch, rests a pillow embroidered with the word "Mom". As Eric and his father watch the game...

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 ...and with one out in the ninth,  
 Wright steps to the plate as the  
 possible tying run...

ERIC  
 Look for the curve outside, Davey.  
 Slap it into right.

MELVIN  
 (thick Polish accent)  
 No. They won't give him nothing to  
 hit. He should be smart and take  
 the bases on balls.

ERIC  
 Pop!! You are so completely,  
 totally, amazingly wrong! He  
 should look for the curve. Mom  
 would have agreed with me.

#2

ERIC  
That. Would Be. AWESOME!

STOSH  
Yeah? Thanks. I mean, good. This is good. I'll go pick up my stuff.

ERIC  
Want me to come with you?

STOSH  
(stops him)  
No-no-no. Here's what I want you to do, my young *kuzyn*: rejoin the human race. Get out in the sunshine and enjoy your fuckin' life.

ERIC  
Enjoy my fuckin' life, got it.

STOSH  
And hey - buy some new shit for the walls. If I have to sleep with these pictures of you everywhere I'll never jerk off again.

Eric explodes in laughter - like, this is the funniest thing he's ever heard. Stosh observes this, smiles a little.

STOSH (CONT'D)  
Okay. Still a retard.

He grabs Eric's head in the crook of his arm, kisses it, and releases him.

STOSH (CONT'D)  
First day of your new life. Go.

→ EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Eric strolls along Fifth Avenue in the sunshine, finishing an ice cream cone. He's nodding, smiling, saying hello to everyone he passes. Not one single response.

He passes along the row of amateur artists' booths, glancing at the art as he passes, and stops... at Zara's booth. She's reading a book.

→ ERIC  
Ma'am? Are you an official artist?

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> ZARA  
 (looks up)  
 Hm? Oh. Hi. Yes. I guess I'm an  
 official artist, yes. Hi.

ERIC  
 I need to buy some art. What's  
 good art to buy?

> ZARA  
 Huh. Well. Maybe, if there's a  
 work that you find... upsetting.  
 One that makes you experience an  
 emotion that you're deeply  
 uncomfortable with.

Eric considers this, then glances over at the booth next to  
 Zara's - and selects up a small, cutesy painting of a kitten.

ERIC  
 I'll take this.

Zara laughs. Eric laughs too. They laugh together for a few  
 moments.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 (as he laughs)  
 Why are we laughing?

> ZARA  
 I don't know, that was just funny.  
 Those paintings aren't mine,  
 actually. These are.

ERIC  
 Oh!

Eric replaces the kitten painting, looks at Zara's paintings  
 for a moment and picks up the big one that she painted the  
 day before.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 I'll take this one! I like it a  
 lot better than that weird kitten.  
 (pulls out his wallet)  
 Oh shoot, it's probably more than  
 sixteen dollars, right?

> ZARA  
 No, it's sixteen dollars. Exactly.

ERIC  
 Whoa, what are the odds?! Awesome!  
 Thank you!

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Eric gives her the money and starts to walk down the street carrying the large painting. It's a very windy day, and the canvas acts as a "sail" - Eric is pulled violently, forward, back, side to side. He turns back to Zara, smiles and waves as if to say, "It's fine!"

➤ ZARA  
(calling)

How far do you have to go?

ERIC

Just across the bridge to Queens!

Just then, a sudden gust of wind blows Eric hard into the side of a parked catering truck. He bounces off and falls to the ground, careful to hold the painting up to protect it. He looks back and gives Zara a "thumbs up." She smiles.

INT. ZARA'S VAN - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Zara drives, Eric is in the passenger seat. The painting and all of the rest of Zara's art stuff is in the back.

INT. CARYN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Caryn is in the kitchen attempting to cook a meal for Howard, but it's pretty clear she sucks at cooking. Food, pots, pans, cooking implements, etc., are scattered around as if there was an explosion.

While she tries to make sense of a recipe on her open laptop, she turns to see that one of the pots is boiling over, smoke billowing. She stares at it for a moment, frozen, lets out a little whimper, and downs the rest of her glass of wine.

INT. ERIC'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Eric is sitting on the floor with Zara. He is playing the *Gadulka* - a Polish fiddle, kind of like a violin, but weirder. Strange but beautiful. Zara leans against the couch, smoking a joint as she enjoys the show. We see that her painting is now hung on the wall above the couch.

Stosh enters, carrying a couple of suitcases. He stops, takes in the sight of Eric with this gorgeous stranger.

STOSH

Whoa. Nice first day.

SFX: SMOKE ALARM BEEPING. It's distant - not coming from this apartment.

619

#3

32.

CARYN

Can you give me, like, one more week to decide? I don't need a big cruise or anything, maybe just a spa, a long weekend, or--

Howard just gets in his car and drives away. Caryn watches him go, welling up with tears. She turns to see that Stosh, Eric, and Zara are in the doorway of her townhouse, watching. She turns back the other way, walks quickly down the street.

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOW PARK - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

First built as the site of the 1964 World's Fair, the park is now a beautifully landscaped expanse, with the original Worlds Fair "Unisphere" sculpture as its centerpiece. Families and couples stroll past the Unisphere, enjoying this warm summer evening.

Walking slowly and aimlessly amidst these happy folks is... Caryn. A moment later, Stosh, Eric and Zara catch up and walk with her.

STOSH

Hey. We decided to keep a respectful distance 'til you were done crying and punching trees and trying to steal other people's children.

ZARA

Plus Eric wanted a churro.

~~ERIC~~

~~I'd give you some but Stosh tried to take it so I licked it.~~

As they walk...

CARYN

~~Eric?~~ You want to hear something ironic?

ERIC

Hell yeah!

CARYN

Behind your back, I sometimes refer to you as that "weird loner."

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~~ERIC~~

~~Yeah, you call me that to my face,  
too. One time you screamed it at  
me from your window, remember?~~

CARYN

~~Well, you were bopping for no  
reason. It was disturbing.~~

~~(Chew)~~

~~Anyway, turns out you're actually  
not the weird loner on the block.  
I am. If I were normal, I'd be  
satisfied holding hands at night  
with a dermatologist. But no, I  
will accept nothing less than Ryan  
Gosling riding in on a white horse!  
It used to be cute, now I'm just a  
freak. I make myself accept  
the fact that Ryan Gosling is never  
coming?~~

> ZARA

I dated Ryan Gosling.

CARYN

I'm sorry, what?

> ZARA

Like, two years ago. He bought a  
painting from me, then he took me  
to France for five days.

A beat.

CARYN

What?

> ZARA

Yeah, well, it ended badly. He got  
really upset when I went to Greece  
with this other guy...

CARYN

Who was the other guy?! Zeus?!  
What are you telling me?! Ryan  
Gosling?! Seriously?!

> ZARA

He's just a person, Caryn.

CARYN

No he's not! I want to be you!  
Make me be you!

8/9



> ZARA

Why? Because I'm "free-spirited" and "live in the moment?" Well, living in the moment sucks! Moments end, always, and when they do I've usually hurt someone and I feel like an empty, disconnected, lonely piece of crap. You don't want to be me, Caryn.

CARYN

Well... I want your hair.

> ZARA

I want your idealism.

end

ERIC

Kiss her! Kiss her! Make out!

Eric cracks up at his own juvenile humor, holds a hand up to Stosh for a high-five. Stosh looks at him blankly for a beat, then shrugs and high-fives.

The group has now wandered into the Queens Zoo, a small zoo within the confines of the larger park.

STOSH

Let's face it, folks, we're all weird loners. We've got every variety known to man, right here. There's Ms. Goldfarb, an otherwise normal dental hygienist who unfortunately has a love-crazed thirteen year-old barricaded inside the control room of her brain...

(re: Zara)

Then there's our gorgeous bohemian, who floats effortlessly into the hearts of men, then bursts out and skitters across the table like the monster from *Alien*...

ZARA

Not just men. Women too.

ERIC

Yessss!

Eric holds his hands up to Stosh for another high-five.

9/9