

THE GREAT DIVIDE

Written by

Liam Parry

Liam Parry  
parryliam@hotmail.com  
718-501-9526

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A dim Autumn morning breaks over New York. Pale, yellow light fills the sky. The streets creak to life.

EXT. IGGY'S APT - DAY

In the middle of a row of spruced up Brownstones sits a run down piece of work, in need of a new coat of paint.

A GINKO BILOBA tree blooms by the street. Its fruit litters the single square of pavement in front of the gate.

A woman in her early thirties steps out the front door. She's dressed in a way that suits her understated prettiness.

IGGY takes a quick look at the world and walks down the steps. At the gate she rubs the fingers of her left hand.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

FIVE WOMEN sit in a long, narrow, window-less room, the majority of which is taken up by a large make-up counter.

SADIE, a stunning red head composed entirely of curves, leans on the counter, her back to the wall-length mirror.

SADIE

She's a good egg.

CULLY, a mousey, aggressive young lady, applies make-up in the chair nearest Sadie.

CULLY

So you say, anyway.

Sadie snaps her fingers.

SADIE

It's true. The kids on her way up.

LUCKY, a lean, sharply cut blonde, sits on the far end of the counter. She fusses with her legs as she speaks.

LUCKY

I dunno. Dixon isn't swimming with praise. I think she's strictly downtown.

EXY. SUBWAY - DAY

Brooklyn stretches out beyond the elevated subway line. Iggy stands away from the crowd and looks at the view.

The train rushes into the station.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

A SMALL INTERCOM in the upper corner of the room buzzes with static. The girls shake their heads.

Sadie walks over, reaches up, and bangs it. Slowly words make themselves known through the hiss.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 ...and Ruby, I don't want to hear  
 about you forgetting those tickets  
 again.

RUBY, a touch on the plump side, sits on the couch and stares at the intercom. A small scowl appears on her face.

RUBY  
 Oh poo.

LUCKY  
 (motions at the intercom)  
 It doesn't go both ways, you know.  
 She can't hear you.

RUBY  
 I know, I know.

LUCKY  
 Feel free to tell her to fuck off.  
 (to the intercom)  
 Hear that, you pear shaped crone?  
 You can up and fuck yourself, for  
 all we care.

The girls laugh, except Ruby, who takes a book of bluish tickets out of her purse.

RUBY  
 I've got them right here.

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

Iggy sits alone on a bench. A few people pass by but not a one gives her a second look.

From a brown paper bag on her lap she takes a buttered roll, a cup of tea, and a bag of pretzels. She eats.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Sadie takes her coat from the back of a chair and drapes it across her shoulders. She snaps at Cully.

SADIE

All right, I'm off. You be nice when she gets in.

Cully rolls her eyes.

SADIE

I'm serious. Silence ain't no sin.

CULLY

Crying shame, though. What can she possibly make in tips?

LUCKY

I heard she lives in a fifth floor walk-up.

CULLY

In Brooklyn.

SADIE

Says the girl who lives in Jersey City. Just cut the puckey, will you?

Sadie waves over her shoulder and walks out the door.

EXT. CHECKERS - DAY

Wedged between a bakery and a dry cleaner, a Blue on Blue checkered store front reads only CHECKERS.

A faded steel door opens. Sadie steps to the street and arranges a pillbox-hat on her head. Iggy quietly approaches.

SADIE

(to herself)

Kind of a grey little day we've got.

Iggy offers a quick wave when Sadie sees her. They hug quickly. Sadie runs her hands down Iggy's arms.

SADIE  
You're late kiddo.

IGGY  
I know it.

SADIE  
Dixon, on the other hand, was not.

IGGY  
That figures.

SADIE  
Oh, hell with it. How's by you?  
Your weekend?

IGGY  
Good. Mostly good. I am a little  
tired.

SADIE  
How many?

IGGY  
Two.

SADIE  
Igg...

IGGY  
Two, just two.

SADIE  
Double features?

IGGY  
No, just one each afternoon.

Sadie lights a cigarette and stares at Iggy. Iggy smiles and rocks on her heels a little.

IGGY  
Okay, okay. Six. I went to six  
this weekend.

SADIE  
Now that's a hell of a how do you  
do. At the same theater?

IGGY  
Different ones.

SADIE

You're quite the bunny rabbit,  
Lilibet. Best hop to. Dixon has  
Dana on quite a tear about the  
tickets.

Iggy waves a booklet of blue tickets.

SADIE

Good girl. I'm stopping by later,  
by the by. You know, on my way  
home.

IGGY

Okay then. I will see you later.

Sadie runs her hand through Iggy's hair as she walks away  
backwards.

SADIE

You will. Take care.

IGGY

Bye.

Sadie turns and rushes off. Iggy opens the door and walks in  
to Checkers.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Iggy runs her fingers along the peeling wallpaper all the way  
to a flight of steps, which she descends.

INT. CHECKERS - DAY

Behind a smudged sliding window Sits DANA, in her late  
fifties. Cigarette smoke drifts into the entry way.

Iggy walks into a thick cloud of it.

DANA

You're late.

IGGY

So I have been told. Is he  
upstairs?

DANA

He's upstairs. You have your --

Iggy waves her tickets at Dana as she walks past. Dana flips  
a switch on an intercom microphone and holds it to her mouth.

DANA  
(into the microphone)  
Twelve is on her way in. Ruby, you  
were supposed to be out the door  
ten minutes ago. And don't forget  
those damn tickets.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As Iggy enters the room the remaining four women grow silent.  
Ruby nods at Iggy, Lucky waves with just the tip of her  
fingers. Cully reapplies her lipstick.

IGGY  
Morning everyone.

She crosses to the time clock on the far wall, punches in,  
and sits in an uncomfortable looking chair.

RUBY  
Iggy.

IGGY  
Has Dixon posted us yet?

LUCKY  
He has, but he didn't bring the  
board down. He said it would be  
the same as last week, except for  
The Senator.

IGGY  
Thank you.

CULLY  
Yeah, The Senator is in the  
hospital. I'm guessing you didn't  
hear about that over the weekend  
though.

IGGY  
No.

CULLY  
No, I wouldn't have thought.

LUCKY  
Dixon'll be down shortly, I'm  
guessing.

IGGY  
Thank you.

The room grows silent. Iggy takes a small, black leather-bound book out of her bag and clutches it to her lap.

Ruby glances at the intercom.

RUBY

Well...Dana was out there, wasn't she?

Iggy nods. The ladies return to action. Lucky shifts her legs, Cully snaps her makeup case closed. Ruby begins gathering her things.

Iggy stares straight ahead as they say their goodbye's.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The ladies disappear up the stairs, one by one. Iggy reviews a huge dry erase board. One column lists a series of Restaurants, the other a roman numeral. The third lists a series of dollar amounts.

Iggy runs her hand to where her number intersects with a Restaurant.

Her shoulders sag very slightly and she starts down the hall.

DANA

Tickets, tickets, tickets.

Iggy waves through the smoke and disappears up the stairs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Iggy walks a half a block and stops in front of a grated red door.

A series of rusty, painted over buzzers face the street. Iggy presses one.

VOICE (V.O.)

You're late.

A shrill BUZZ comes from the door and Iggy pushes it open with her shoulder.

INT. CRATE'S CAFE HALLWAY - DAY

Iggy walks in to a very long, narrow hallway, filled with dim yellow light. Double doors stand open at the other end.

Beyond them is Crate's Cafe. Very simple tables pushed very closely together. A waiter drifts in and out of view. He doesn't look at Iggy.

She lifts the flap to the coat-check counter and takes her post on a stool, which tips forward a little.

A single coat hangs next to rows of empty hangers behind her.

Iggy places a weathered fishbowl on the counter in front of her and folds her hands.

She rocks back and forth to the rhythm of a ticking clock and rubs her fingers, one by one.

The lights flicker as the intercom buzzes.

INT. CRATE'S CAFE - LATER

Iggy sits stock still in the same position. The fishbowl has a few dollars in it, a few PATRONS sit in the Cafe.

A young BLONDE sits at a table by the stage, papers spread out in front of her.

A YOUNG GIRL, 6, in a pretty, formal dress drops her coat on the floor and runs past Iggy. A MAN's voice follows her.

MAN (O.S.)

Lucy.

DUCKWORTH, a man in his late 20's, dressed in Khakis, picks up the coat.

DUCKWORTH

(as he bends over)

My niece. She...

He stops as he sees Iggy, who leans forward and watches the girl drift quietly from table to table.

Without a word the Man places the coat on the counter in front of her. She takes it and hands him a claim-ticket.

DUCKWORTH

(down the hall to Lucy)

Lucy, find your favorite seat.

Iggy looks down the hall again as Lucy takes a seat facing The Blonde.

DUCKWORTH

I don't really like kids.

IGGY  
You don't?

MAN  
Not especially. I like her,  
though. Your fishbowl is lousy  
with fingerprints.

IGGY  
They probably belong to me.

Duckworth looks down the hall at Lucy, who waves at him.  
Iggy looks at her hands.

After a quick nod to Iggy he walks down the hall and enters  
the cafe. Iggy leans forward to watch him sit beside Lucy.

The intercom behind her crackles.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Lunch.

She quickly gathers her things.

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

Iggy enters the park and heads for the same bench she ate her  
breakfast on. It's taken, so she sits on one across from it.

She rests a small salad on her lap. There is a low rumble in  
the gray sky, and Iggy watches people as she eats.

EXT. CRATE'S - DAY

Iggy presses the intercom button.

VOICE (V.O.)  
That was quick.

She enters.

INT. CRATE'S CAFE - DAY

Iggy enters the hallway and finds Sadie sitting on her  
counter. She plays peek-a-boo with Lucy down the hall.

SADIE  
(sees Iggy)  
You know what I was thinking about  
on my way over here? How pretty  
you looked at that funeral.

Iggy swings open the counter door. Sadie hops off.

SADIE  
Remember? You didn't even wear  
black did you?

IGGY  
Gray.

SADIE  
Right, gray.  
(Waves a finger at her)  
You wore some makeup, though. In  
the cheeks, if I remember.

IGGY  
No. It was just cold out.

Sadie shivers her shoulders a little and leans on the counter.

SADIE  
You know I'm going to ask.

IGGY  
Go ahead.

SADIE  
You know I know what you're going  
to say.

IGGY  
Go ahead anyway.

SADIE  
Lilibet, darling, would you like to  
join me and some of the girls for  
drinks tonight?

IGGY  
No thank you.

Sadie slaps the counter with her gloves and puts a five dollar bill in the fishbowl.

SADIE  
They're not so bad as all that.

IGGY  
(Hands the fiver back)  
I don't drink.

SADIE  
You're the least shy "shy" person  
I've ever met.

IGGY  
I'm not shy at all.

SADIE  
No, but you're quiet.

Two customers approach. Sadie squeezes around them. Iggy hands them their coats and they head up the stairs.

SADIE  
You barely talk to me and I still  
love you. Come out. Sit, watch us  
drink.

IGGY  
(shakes her head politely)  
Hotel Detective is playing tonight.

SADIE  
The fifties one?

IGGY  
No, the first one. The silent one.

The Blonde approaches. Sadie doesn't see her.

THE BLONDE  
Sorry, excuse me.

SADIE  
Oh, I'm sorry. This collar is  
enormous.

THE BLONDE  
No problem. It's a great coat.

She hands Iggy her ticket. Iggy gets her coat.

THE BLONDE  
Thank you. Take care.

The Blonde puts a five dollar bill in the fishbowl and leaves.

SADIE  
Haven't you seen that already?

IGGY  
A few times. But not for a while.  
Would you like to come?

SADIE

No thanks. Last I checked they don't sell Sea Breezes at movie theaters. Do they?

IGGY

Some theaters might. It doesn't open until tomorrow, but Frank is letting me in.

SADIE

Anyone else going to be there?

IGGY

I don't think so.

SADIE

I should wrangle the girls, then. Can you imagine Miss Cully Moore watching a movie without sound?

IGGY

Sometimes Frank plays the piano.

SADIE

Her hair would curl.

Iggy smiles. Duckworth appears at the end of the hall. Lucy runs past him, right in to the folds of Sadie's coat.

SADIE

Hello frisky. What are you doing down there?

LUCY

(muffled)  
Burying my face.

Sadie absently runs a hand through Lucy's hair before she takes a step back.

SADIE

How was it?

LUCY

Fuzzy.  
(She waves at Iggy)  
Hi.

Duckworth reaches them.

DUCKWORTH

Sorry. That was kind of rude I guess.

SADIE  
She's a dear.

Duckworth hands Iggy a ticket. She gets their coats.

DUCKWORTH  
My sisters kid. I don't really  
know what to do with her sometimes.

He kneels down and helps Lucy on with her coat.

DUCKWORTH  
Do I, Lucy?

LUCY  
Do I what?

DUCKWORTH  
So I take her to work with me. Not  
today, though. This was just  
lunch.

She squirms into her coat and runs up the stairs.

LUCY  
Goodbye..bye..bye-bye-bye-bye.

SADIE  
Button up sweetie. It's getting  
cold out.

She's gone. Duckworth stands and smooths his pants as he  
drapes his coat over his arm.

DUCKWORTH  
She's very independent minded.  
Like her mother. Anyway, sorry  
about the cuddle. Good day.

He stuffs some bills into the fishbowl, bows his head at  
them, and exits.

SADIE  
He is a strange man.

IGGY  
If you say so.

SADIE  
You don't remember him, do you?

IGGY

I remember him. Our groups sort of merged with each other at the bar that night. He clearly doesn't remember me.

SADIE

That was ages and ages ago, I don't know why he would.

IGGY

Why do you?

SADIE

Because it was the only night you ever came out for a drink. It's burned in my bowl.

She taps her head.

IGGY

He's been in before too. He's very polite.

SADIE

And fairly adorable in a strange kind of way. The kid's a dream.

IGGY

He's shorter than you are.

Sadie snaps her gloves in the air and pulls them on.

SADIE

Right, I'm off. Don't sit in the dark too long kiddo.

IGGY

I won't.

They hug and Sadie walks to the stairs.

SADIE

Do me a favor, would you?

IGGY

OK.

SADIE

Wear something a little snazzier tomorrow. And pull a comb through your hair.

IGGY  
Why?

SADIE  
Just...got a feeling is all.  
Promise?

IGGY  
OK.

Sadie disappears up the stairs.

INT. CRATE'S CAFE - NIGHT

Iggy stands at her counter in the darkened hallway. The Cafe closes up for the night.

WAITER  
(Rushes past)  
Night.

IGGY  
Good night.

She takes the cash out of the fishbowl and sorts through it. A blue claim ticket falls to the floor.

Iggy picks it up. She turns it over and sees the word "Ravishing" written on it.

Her hand hesitates for a moment before she puts the ticket in her purse. She pulls on her coat and turns off the light.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Iggy stands alone at the end of a very crowded subway platform. A large puddle forms between her and the crowd.

The train rushes in.

EXT. AUTOMAT - NIGHT

Iggy sits at a table by the window. She looks out at the street through a flaking gold leaf sign.

The walls hold rows and rows of slots with food in them. Solitary diners litter the tables around her. She eats.

EXT. THE GRAND - NIGHT

An old, run down movie theater sits in the middle of a shabby block.

It's marquee flickers as Iggy approaches. FRANK, an older man in suspenders, waves and lets her in.

INT. THE GRAND - NIGHT

Iggy sits alone, dead center in the middle of the empty theater. An organ rises from a pit in front of the screen.

Frank waves before he starts playing. She smiles at him. The movie starts. The credits read "The Hotel Detective."

On the screen a woman in an elaborate wedding dress sits in the enormous, empty lobby of a hotel. She lifts her head.

EXT. IGGY'S APT - NIGHT

Iggy kicks a few of the berries that have rolled on to her neighbors square of sidewalk.

She climbs the steps and lets herself in.

INT. CRATE'S CAFE - DAY

Iggy sits at her post and reads a book. Quite a few coats hang behind her, and the fishbowl has some money in it.

A buzzer goes off. She replaces her bookmark and sits up straight. Her bookmark is the claim ticket she found.

A few moments pass. She opens the book again.

Lucy tears down the hall. Her coat hits the floor in front of Iggy as she passes. Duckworth follows shortly after.

DUCKWORTH

Lucy Isaccson, you get back here  
right now. Lucy, I don't want to  
have to call you again.

It's no use. She's disappeared into the Cafe.

DUCKWORTH

Sorry.

He sets a large case on the counter and bends over to pick up her coat. He's dressed in a slightly small tweed suit.

DUCKWORTH  
Back again. Here, thanks.

Iggy reaches over the case and takes Lucy's coat. Duckworth keeps his.

DUCKWORTH  
(extends his hand)  
Duckworth, by the way.

IGGY  
Lilibet. Everyone calls me Iggy.

DUCKWORTH  
Nice to meet you Iggy.  
(into the cafe)  
Lucy, stop swinging your legs like that. You'll kick someone.  
(to Iggy)  
I swear. My sister has a job interview today, and I've got some work to do.

He pats the case.

DUCKWORTH  
I'm doing some work for my father.  
Not my usual line.

Iggy stares at him. When she opens her mouth to speak a group of three enter the hall from the stairs.

DUCKWORTH  
(moves out of the way)  
Well, OK. I'll let you get back to it then.

He walks in to the Cafe and joins Lucy. Iggy takes the coats from the group and stares down the hall.

INT. CRATE'S CAFE - LATER

LUCY  
Hi. Hello, hi.

Iggy looks up from her book. She see's Lucy's fingers on the counter and leans forward to look down at her.

IGGY  
Hello.

LUCY  
My name is Lucy.

IGGY  
I heard. My name is Iggy.  
Careful...

Lucy pulls herself up so her chin rests on the counter.

IGGY  
You don't want to bite your tongue.

LUCY  
No. That would hurt.

IGGY  
Did you get something to eat?

LUCY  
Nooooooooo.

IGGY  
Why not?

LUCY  
Duckworth is busy. He doesn't want  
to eat.

IGGY  
What about you. Are you hungry?

Lucy shakes her head.

IGGY  
Sleepy?

Lucy nods.

LUCY  
You're prettier than my mom.

IGGY  
That certainly can't be true, can  
it?

Lucy shrugs as best she can.

LUCY  
You look nice today.

IGGY  
Thank you, so do you. Are you sure  
you aren't hungry?

LUCY  
No. I'm tired.

Iggy leans over the counter and sees Duckworth as he writes on pieces of paper that curl from a strange machine.

IGGY  
(motions at Duckworth)  
What does he do?

LUCY  
He makes maps. Not now. He used  
to make maps. Can I lie down?

She drops from the counter. Iggy leans over and sees that she lies on the floor.

IGGY  
You shouldn't lie there, Lucy. You  
might get stepped on.

Lucy springs up.

LUCY  
Can I lie down in there?

She tries to open the flap to the coat check room.

IGGY  
It opens the other way. Step back  
and I'll let you in.

Lucy presses her body flat against the wall. Iggy opens the door and Lucy runs behind the counter. She hugs Iggy's leg.

IGGY  
Careful, this stool is wobbly.

Lucy runs to the coats and grabs hers. She hugs it to her face.

LUCY  
Which one's yours?

Iggy points.

IGGY  
That one.

Lucy pulls it down. Iggy watches as she arranges it on the floor and lies down on it, using her own as a pillow.

IGGY  
Better?

LUCY  
Yes. Night.

She curls up on the coat and shuts her eyes. Iggy watches her for a moment before turning around.

Duckworth stands at the counter in front of her.

IGGY

Oh, hi.

DUCKWORTH

Is she sleeping?

IGGY

She said she was tired.

Lucy giggles.

DUCKWORTH

She likes to pretend to be asleep when she isn't.

IGGY

She's very sweet.

Duckworth leans on the counter.

DUCKWORTH

Sometimes I'm not too sure. Have you ever been to Noelle's?

Iggy shakes her head.

DUCKWORTH

It's this huge, hunting lodge themed restaurant on the upper west side. It looks like it's been there forever and has all sorts of old pictures on the walls. My uncle used to own it, back in the fifties.

IGGY

I've never been.

DUCKWORTH

Oh. All right then.

He looks at her, then past her at Lucy, then at the cover of her book. He fusses with his slightly-too-small jacket.

A moment passes. He looks over Iggy's shoulder again.

DUCKWORTH

Think she's really asleep now?

Iggy looks back at Lucy, whose eyes are closed.

IGGY

Maybe.

DUCKWORTH

You don't mind?

IGGY

No.

Duckworth fidgets. He starts to say something but stops.

IGGY

What's that machine you have back there?

He points at her.

DUCKWORTH

Ah ha.

He runs back and gets his machine, which he sets on the counter in front of her.

DUCKWORTH

This is a Belinograph.

She looks at it. It looks a little like a sewing machine with a roll of paper in the middle.

DUCKWORTH

A primitive fax machine. It involves placing an image on a cylinder and scanning it with a powerful light beam that has a photoelectric cell. It converts light, or the absence of light, into transmittable electrical impulses.

IGGY

What does it do?

DUCKWORTH

It sends images to other Belinographs. There aren't many left, but I use this one to send statistical analysis of this or that. For work.

He pulls out the paper to show her a line of numbers and graphs.

DUCKWORTH

See?

She nods.

DUCKWORTH

Say, do you happen to know that blonde who was in here yesterday? About so tall, wearing a rather nice belted rain coat?

IGGY

I remember.

DUCKWORTH

She works at Lucy's school. It's a private school. Does she come in here often?

IGGY

Not often. I have seen her before though.

DUCKWORTH

She didn't recognize either of us yesterday.

Iggy just looks at him. A buzzer buzzes twice.

IGGY

Sorry, excuse me a moment.

Iggy disappears down the hall. Duckworth leans on the counter and looks over at Lucy.

He catches sight of Iggy's black leather bound book on the other side of the counter. He picks it up and opens it.

It's a Polaroid photo album. He flips through it. There are Polaroids of folded T-Shirts, buttons, grass, old TV sets.

The last two are Polaroids of Iggy. In one she holds a hand written sign that reads "I Love You."

In the other, she holds one that reads "Will You Marry Me."

Duckworth hears the sound of footsteps. He quickly closes the album and returns it to its place. Iggy returns.

IGGY

Sorry about that. I needed more tickets.

She waves a book of blue tickets. He stares at her for a moment, then taps the counter with his knuckles.

DUCKWORTH

Would you be interested in helping me with something that might end up being quite an adventure?

IGGY

I'm not sure what that means.

DUCKWORTH

I'm not satisfied with the relationship I have with woman from Lucy's school. The Blonde. I would like it to have a more romantic slant to it. I have kind of a lifelong interest in courtship. Formal courtship, of course.

IGGY

You want me to help you court her?

DUCKWORTH

Yes. I'll have Lucy with me from time to time, and she seems to like you. And, well, no, not help me court her. I would like you to help me come upon the best way to court her myself. Assist with fact finding missions, of a sort. Habits and the like.

IGGY

She teaches at Lucy's school...does she know you at all?

DUCKWORTH

We're not complete strangers, if that's what you mean. We interact from time to time. But only slightly.

IGGY

I'm still not sure I know what you mean.

DUCKWORTH

She's quite a woman. I'm interested in learning as much about her as I possibly can. And that's it.

IGGY  
So we'd follow her.

DUCKWORTH  
Correct.

IGGY  
And take notes.

DUCKWORTH  
Yes.

IGGY  
So you can figure out the best way  
to pursue her romantically.

DUCKWORTH  
That about sums it up. What do you  
say?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHECKERS. NIGHT

Iggy and Sadie stand in front of the door to Checkers. Sadie  
smokes a cigarette.

SADIE  
And you said yes?

Iggy blushes and nods.

SADIE  
That is just absolutely bizarre.  
Why did you say yes? I mean, how  
could you say no...but why did you  
say yes?

IGGY  
Do you think I should have said no?

SADIE  
I think you're full of surprises.

IGGY  
He seems sort of lonely and sad.  
And completely sincere.

SADIE  
That is flat out the eeriest thing  
I've ever heard in my life.

They start walking.

SADIE

Why you?

IGGY

He said it was because Lucy liked me.

SADIE

Someone trusts him enough to take care of a child. I suppose that's reassuring.

IGGY

I think he's harmless. He reminds me of someone I knew a long time ago.

SADIE

(grins)

I can't imagine you knowing anyone a long time ago. Or you a long time ago, for that matter. You mean to say you didn't emerge from the womb as you are now? Consistent, resilient, reticent?

IGGY

I did not. And it's not like he's a complete stranger. Completely.

SADIE

I'm all for it, as long as it doesn't get sinister. A sort-of adventure might do you good. Your day today is just full of adventure.

IGGY

How's that?

SADIE

You didn't check the board when you left did you?

IGGY

No. What about it?

SADIE

You're moving up the ranks, kiddo. You're in midtown with me tomorrow.

Iggy stops.

IGGY

Really?

SADIE

That's why I asked you to gussy up some. Dixon mentioned something to me last week, and with The Senator out of action...

Iggy beams as they start to walk again.

SADIE

Happy?

IGGY

Excited.

SADIE

Drinks?

IGGY

No thank you. I'll have to get in earlier tomorrow, won't I? This is great.

SADIE

You're a wet blanket, Lilibet.

IGGY

Tell that to Duckworth. We start our adventure this weekend.

They stop near a subway entrance. Sadie grabs both of Iggy's shoulders.

SADIE

Be careful, hon.

IGGY

Like I said, he's harmless.

SADIE

That's not what I meant. I've never seen you look backward, but I've never seen you look forward either. You're not the one he's courting.

IGGY

Oh, that. That wouldn't interest me nearly as much.

SADIE

(Smiles)

I bet you mean that, too.

(She moves off)

Bright eyed and bushy tailed in the morning.

IGGY

Good night Sadie.

Sadie disappears down the subway steps.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Iggy sits alone at one end of a crowded subway as it leaves a tunnel and slows on the elevated tracks.

As it grinds to a halt between stations the doors directly across from her open. New York shines in the distance.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A crisp morning breeze blows Autumn around the great lawn of Central Park.

Iggy sits on a bench. She watches The Blonde with a class of children on a picnic.

Duckworth, dressed in Khakis, sits next to her. He rests a portable typewriter on his lap.

DUCKWORTH

(notices Iggy is empty handed)

No breakfast?

IGGY

Sadie is bringing it.

DUCKWORTH

She's coming? Again? I didn't know she would be a regular fixture.

IGGY

She's bringing us breakfast.

DUCKWORTH

All right. How was your weekend? Wait, hold on a moment.

Duckworth opens the typewriter, feeds it a piece of paper, and types out the time - 9:45 AM.

DUCKWORTH

I had a lot of work to do, myself.  
Not for my father, something else.

Duckworth types out - "Breakfast."

DUCKWORTH

Cartography, you know. It's no  
simple task.

IGGY

Map making, you mean?

DUCKWORTH

(grins)

Sometimes. I worked for an oil  
company that needed parts of the  
Arctic shelf mapped out to secure  
their rights. I got extremely  
comfortable being cold. Lucy had a  
blast.

IGGY

Your sister was with you?

DUCKWORTH

Yes. But I wasn't working on that  
sort of thing this weekend. More  
emotional cartography.  
Statistically sound romantic  
impulses overlaid on things like  
memory...smell, color, that kind of  
thing. Love is something of a  
hobby of mine.

IGGY

Love isn't always romantic.

Duckworth takes a notebook from his pocket and flips it open.

DUCKWORTH

So you're sure it was her on  
Thursday? She wasn't there last  
Thursday.

IGGY

It was her. She sat at the same  
table with the same people.

DUCKWORTH

Teachers from the school?

IGGY

I think so, yes. Did you ever get the name of the play she went to?

DUCKWORTH

No. What's your day like tomorrow?

IGGY

I'm working all day.

DUCKWORTH

Hmmm. That's all right, then. You live in Brooklyn don't you?

IGGY

(surprised)

Yes.

DUCKWORTH

One of Lucy's playmates lives in Brooklyn. You're not from the city though, are you?

IGGY

No, I'm from the mid-west.

Sadie plops down suddenly on the end of the bench next to Duckworth.

SADIE

I didn't know that. Morning.

IGGY

St. Louis.

DUCKWORTH

Breakfast?

Sadie passes a brown paper bag to each of them.

SADIE

I like your typewriter guy.

DUCKWORTH

It belonged to Edison.

(to Iggy)

Do you know, for years, I was under the impression that Missouri was in the South West?

IGGY

Don't you make maps for a living?

DUCKWORTH  
I meant when I was little.

SADIE  
Tea?

Iggy and Duckworth nod. Sadie passes them tea.

SADIE  
(gestures at the lawn)  
What'd I miss?

IGGY  
Nothing exciting. She's taking  
them on a field trip I think.  
After they eat.

SADIE  
Where's Lucy?

IGGY  
I don't know.

DUCKWORTH  
Her mom forgot to sign the  
permission slip...so in the library  
at school, I'd imagine.

SADIE  
Well that seems excessively strict.

They sit in silence, eat their breakfast, and sip their tea.  
The kids play Duck, Duck, Goose on the lawn.

Duckworth types "Goose on the fourth go round."

SADIE  
We're not going to follow them  
through the park are we?

DUCKWORTH  
No.

SADIE  
Good. It's nice to get outside  
though. Lilibet, did you go to the  
theater afters hours again?

IGGY  
Yes.

SADIE  
Still showing the Hotel Detective?

IGGY

Yes.

DUCKWORTH

The silent one?

IGGY

Yes. I know someone that works at the only theater showing it.

(After a pause)

Would you like to come see it?

DUCKWORTH

No thanks. I have quite a few obligations.

(He pats the typewriter)

What made you leave St. Louis?

IGGY

(looks at Duckworth, then Sadie)

My husband.

She lightly rubs her ring finger. Sadie stares at her. Duckworth stares at the lawn.

SADIE

Run that by me again.

IGGY

I proposed to the man I dated in high school. He said yes.

SADIE

He said yes?

(Iggy nods)

So you're divorced.

IGGY

No.

SADIE

Separated?

IGGY

No. I just left one day. I packed a suitcase, bought a ticket, and got on a train. Without saying anything to anyone about where I was going.

SADIE

Why on earth would you do something like that?

IGGY  
It's not important. But that's how  
I left St. Louis.

SADIE  
But, Iggy, I mean...

DUCKWORTH  
We don't need to press her.

Sadie stands and folds her coat over her arm.

SADIE  
(flustered)  
Iggy, I thought...  
(regains her composure)  
...full of surprises. Anyway, I  
just thought I'd check in. I told  
Ruby I'd help her fix the mess that  
blue haired crone made of her hair.  
When are you two meeting again?

DUCKWORTH  
Friday at Grand Central.

SADIE  
Oh. Well, I'll see you at work  
tomorrow, Iggy. Duckworth.

Sadie nods at them and walks away slowly. Her high heels  
CLICK on the pavement.

IGGY  
Thank you.

Duckworth feeds the paper out of the typewriter.

DUCKWORTH  
I was married once myself.

He realigns the typewriter.

IGGY  
What happened?

He pulls the cover onto the typewriter and stands up.

DUCKWORTH  
(looks at her a moment)  
It's not important.

Iggy catches his expression sadden for a second. Then he  
turns and points at the lawn.

DUCKWORTH

They're filing off now. I may as well try to get some work done.

Iggy follows his hand and, sure enough, The Blonde leads the class single file into the distance.

DUCKWORTH

Work for my father, I mean. I'll see you on Friday then.

IGGY

Yes, at the station.

Duckworth walks off at a brisk pace. Iggy folds her hands in her lap and watches as the children disappear.