

EXT. TIMES SQUARE TKTS BOOTH -- DAY

A crowd waits on line for Broadway tickets. Cassandra's ad is up near the show listings. A man sees it, rips it down.

MAN

Hey, look, *The Lion King!*

HIS WIFE

Ooh! Where?

He crumples the ad, throws it away.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE, OUTSIDE BLOOMINGDALE'S -- DAY

A chunky BLACK FEMALE COP (30) stops Cassandra hanging a flyer as she apprehends a FEMALE SHOPLIFTER. Cassandra talks to the cop, who tears off a stub. So does the shoplifter.

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM, GOLD'S GYM -- DAY

Hands rip off the little stubs. There are almost none left.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE -- NIGHT

Cassandra's dead on her feet, clutching her last flyer. She wearily slaps it up near the door of the Nemesis Diner, sparsely populated by down-and-outers. She goes in.

INT. NEMESIS DINER -- NIGHT

Plastic Greek statues in every corner and pictures of Athens and Crete on all the walls. Cassandra slides into a leatherette booth, slips off a shoe, rubs her foot.

YORGOS (55), round, balding, circulates with a pot of coffee. He stops and talks to each customer. He notices Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

Any left in that pot for me?

YORGOS

I tell you something. I am Greek.

CASSANDRA

Um, I would never have guessed.

YORGOS

(ignores her remark)

We are known for centuries for our hospitality. And for that reason, I will bring you coffee.

(he leans, whispers)

Otherwise, I don't serve girls like you. I've got my reputation to think about. You can't leave your propaganda around here.

He hands her the flyer, ripped down and crumpled.

CASSANDRA
Girls like me...? Wait a minute--
(louder)
You think I'm a *hooker*!

YORGOS
Shh!! Shh!!

CASSANDRA
Oh, *what*? You worried you're gonna
lose one of your Michelin stars?

She whirls on a wild-eyed geezer in a booth.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Do I LOOK LIKE A HOOKER?

OLD MAN
Hey, I've only got five dollars...

CASSANDRA
I am *not* a hooker! I'm an advocate
for womankind! Jeez!

YORGOS
All right! All right! Calm down.

The old man twirls a finger around his temple. Yorgos brings her a cup, sits her down kindly as he pours her coffee.

YORGOS (CONT'D)
OK, *not-a-hooker*, what *is* your story?

CASSANDRA
Ha. You'll never believe it.

YORGOS
We Greeks love stories. The more
unbelievable the better.
(off her pout)
Oh, come on. Pie on the house.

Now he's got her. She uncrumples the flyer, shows him.

CASSANDRA
OK. I *persuade* married men who are
seeing other women to stop doing it.

His eyebrows dance. This is a new one.

YORGOS
And there's business in this?

She takes out her cell phone. Hits a button.

VOICE

You have: forty-seven new messages...

YORGOS

That's terrible!

CASSANDRA

Yeah. Tell me about it.

YORGOS

Lemon meringue or Boston Cream?

INT. NEMESIS DINER -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Cassandra and Yorgos are alone. She relishes her pie.

CASSANDRA

Yorgos, this is fantastic! You oughta have lots more business.

He looks at her flyer and shakes his head.

YORGOS

Why do men today do this? A good woman is like the finest gold.

She follows his tender gaze to a framed photo over the cash register of a plain, middle-aged woman with a kind face.

CASSANDRA

Is that...?

YORGOS

Milena. My wife. The most wonderful woman in the world. I am faithful to her until I die.

CASSANDRA

Does she work here too?

YORGOS

Ah. No. She passed away. Five years and I still talk to her.

CASSANDRA

Oh, I'm sorry.

He sighs, 'what're you gonna do.'

YORGOS

You know, you have a beautiful name, but unlucky. Cassandra was cursed by the Gods. She saw the future, but when she tried to warn people, no one believed her!

CASSANDRA

Yeah. That's what you get for trying to make a difference.

He takes her flyer. Smooths out the wrinkles.

YORGOS

Well, this Cassandra *will*.

He pastes it up emphatically by the register.

EXT. PATIO, POUND RIDGE MANSION -- DAY

A manicured back lawn, complete with putting green and rose garden. On the patio, DIANA HAYES (47), elegant, extremely well-preserved, serves Cassandra tea and gingerbread men.

DIANA

Nick's about to replace me with a younger model. I know the signs.

Cassandra examines a photo of a smiling NICHOLAS HAYES (50's), patrician grey-templed WASP, proudly brandishing a three-wood.

CASSANDRA

So he's done this before.

DIANA

Oh yes. *I* was the younger model. Funny how time flies.

She smiles wryly, passes the cookie plate.

DIANA (CONT'D)

So, how do we proceed?

CASSANDRA

Well, what does he like in a woman?

DIANA

Blondes. Southern belle types. And he has a weakness for stewardesses. Oh, excuse me, "flight attendants."

CASSANDRA

Great. I can get rid of her. All you have to do is take him back.

DIANA

Take him *back*?! Dear, I don't want to take him back! I want to *take* him...

Chomps off the bottom half of her gingerbread man.

DIANA (CONT'D)

...for *everything* he's got.

Diana crunches, snaps open her Hermès purse.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Yummy. Do you accept personal checks?

INT. CASSANDRA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Cassandra tries on different outfits in the mirror. Mini skirt and Go-go boots. Hard-ass businesswoman in a suit. A French maid's outfit. Janine and Bruce give thumbs up and down, create hairstyles and wigs. Charlie's Angels wings. Barbra Streisand "The Way We Were" curls. Bruce tries some of the gear on himself.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE -- DAY

A cozy house where GLORIA (30) chubby, but pretty, bounces a wailing baby. A TODDLER runs. Cassandra takes a photo of Gloria and FRANK (35) from a family album. Gloria dissolves in tears, hands Cassandra the baby. Cassandra holds it like it's an alien.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE -- LATER

All has calmed down. The ladies share a bottle of wine.

GLORIA

We met sophomore year. I went with my dad when he took the car in. Frank washed our windows. He watched me the whole time he was squeegeeing. It was like a fairy tale.

CASSANDRA

So what happened?

GLORIA

I don't know. The kids came along, I thought we were happy...

She gets weepy again. Oliver bumps over the Kleenex box.

CASSANDRA

I'll need some specific info. Where he goes, what he likes...

GLORIA

Well, Frank's a creature of habit. He works out Monday and Wednesday nights at the One Club. That's where he met his girlfriend. A little brunette. No tits. She works out, too. Not like me, obviously.

(ashamed)

I followed them once.

Cassandra enters all the info in her Palm.