

UNTITLED JON FELDMAN PROJECT

Written By

Jon Harmon Feldman

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 02/08/2007
FULL BLUE REVISION 02/13/2007
FULL PINK REVISION 03/02/2007
FULL YELLOW REVISION 03/08/2007
GREEN REVISIONS 03/09/2007
GOLDENROD REVISIONS 03/11/2007
SALMON REVISIONS 03/17/2007
CHERRY REVISIONS 03/18/2007

©2007 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc

This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

ACT ONE

1 EXT. FIRMWOOD COUNTRY CLUB - DAY 1

We PUSH up the driveway, along the tennis court and swimming pool, and into the barbecue, past the perfectly-manicured grounds and the monied MEMBERS and GUESTS mingling on the patio under a banner that reads -- "ANNUAL LABOR DAY BARBECUE."

This is Firmwood, an exclusive country club located amongst the monied estates of Westchester, New York, just north of New York City, where many of our most successful CEOS -- and CEOs to-be -- live, work and play.

Amidst the snippets of dialogue -- "No, the insider trading charges were dropped," "She was a wonderful nanny until she was deported," "I have the X3 and the X5. One day I hope to get the X7." -- we HEAR something slightly more interesting -- the SOUNDS of SEX. And we're --

2 INT. WINE CELLAR - FIRMWOOD - CONTINUOUS 2

A COUPLE is engaged in passionate love-making. DUNCAN, early 40s and dapper, has LISBETH, also early 40s and classically attractive -- pinned amidst the aging wine bottles.

LISBETH

Do you think they're going to hear us?

DUNCAN

Only if we keep doing it right...

Another beat of lovemaking. We're not quite sure who this pair of lovers is until...

LISBETH

Oh...I forgot to mention -- you need to talk to Cameron. She dropped out of school last week.

Duncan looks at her. Lisbeth nods. But he stays focused on the task at hand. And Lisbeth seems to be enjoying it too.

LISBETH (CONT'D)

God. If we did it like this when we were married, we might still be married.

DUNCAN

Or just very, very tired.

As Duncan continues to perform, we FREEZE FRAME over him. The screen reads --

DUNCAN COLLINSWORTH, CEO REVEAL COSMETICS.

SMASH TO

CLOSE ON A DIAMOND NECKLACE. WIDEN TO REVEAL we're --

3

INT. OAK ROOM - FIRMWOOD

3

The necklace rests in the hand of WALTER STORRS, late 50s and craggily handsome. Walter is the CEO of AMERIMART INDUSTRIES. As he admires it, the door pushes open and

JAMES WALKER, 35, enters. James is our moral center, handsome with an easy charm that makes him instantly likeable. He notes the necklace in Walter's hands.

JAMES

(re: the necklace)

Your wife is a very lucky woman, sir.

Walter says nothing. He simply slips the necklace back into its BLACK CASE. Then he motions for James to sit across from him in one of the leather club chairs.

WALTER

James. Thanks for meeting me. So tell me -- how long have you been a member of Firmwood?

JAMES

(lightly)

Since my Christmas bonus. And thank you for that, by the way.

WALTER

Well, I hope it won't be awkward. Running into each other here.

JAMES

Why would it be awkward? We see each other at the office every day.

WALTER

Because I'm letting you go.

James is stunned. Off his look...

WALTER (CONT'D)

Stock price is down. The Street is rumbling. Nothing turns things around like a good shake-up.

JAMES

(worked up)

And the Board? They're okay with-- ?

WALTER

(cutting him off)

The Board doesn't know yet. No one does. But when I present my reorganization plan to the stockholders tomorrow, they won't have any choice.

(beat)

You'll land on your feet, James. I know you will. You're a survivor. That's why I hired you in the first place.

James shakes his head in disbelief. Walter stands to leave, then turns back.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Oh. And since you're new here, make sure you try the shrimp -- it's one of life's true pleasures.

And with that, the CEO is gone. James remains, shell-shocked, his professional life flashing before his eyes. A moment ago, the shining future of AmeriMart and now...nearly unemployed. We FREEZE FRAME over him as the screen reads --

JAMES WALKER. SOON-TO-BE-FORMER GOLDEN BOY, AMERIMART INDUSTRIES.

SMASH TO

A3

EXT. FIRMWOOD

A3

In a secluded area of the barbecue, we FIND KARL, late 30s with a sweet, round face -- as he talks in hushed tones into his cell phone. As he does, he nervously twists his WEDDING BAND around his ring finger.

KARL

(into phone)

I'm sorry, sweetie. But I told you, after the barbecue I need to get right to the office. No, it's a crisis. Distribution mixed up our shipments of Viagra and chewable vitamins. Boys all over the Midwest are getting spontaneous erections.

Karl is clearly not pleased with himself. Or his lies.

KARL (CONT'D)
So don't wait up, okay?
(he listens, then)
French toast for breakfast sounds
great.
(beat, assuaging her)
Of course I love your french toast.
You know I'm always honest with
you...

Karl hangs up. His face sinks, instantly drained. Clearly,
the stress of his lies is getting to him.

We FREEZE FRAME over him as the screen reads --

KARL MIXWORTHY, CEO FLEXOR-WELLMAN PHARMACEUTICALS.

SMASH TO

4 EXT. BACK LAWN - FIRMWOOD

4

ON THE BUFFET LINE, as an OVERWEIGHT CLUB MEMBER piles a heap
of food onto his plate.

DOWN THE LINE, we find BRODY -- 35, cynical, handsome -- as
he watches the glutton and mutters to himself --

BRODY
(under his breath)
Geez, hasn't he ever heard of
seconds? Hey Huge, how about this
concept -- two trips. Think of the
second one as cardio.

The Overweight Guy pads off with his food, as Brody moves
down the line. But as he does, he realizes that one of the
trays is EMPTY. Brody looks instantly concerned.

BRODY (CONT'D)
Where's the shrimp, Hector?

HECTOR -- in his serving whites -- looks up from behind the
buffet. Mexican accent.

HECTOR
I'm sorry, Mr. Brody. We're out of
the shrimps.

BRODY
(staring at him)
What do you mean, you're out of the
shrimp? People wait the whole year
for that shrimp.

HECTOR

Yes. But --

Brody gets increasingly animated, although he does his best to keep his voice down. Clearly, a nerve has been touched.

BRODY

(worked up)

And how are you supposed to tell them that they're out of luck because "The Human Planet" over there built the Mayan Pyramids out of shellfish.

Hector looks knowingly at Brody.

HECTOR

The shrimps. They're for your wife, Mr. Brody?

BRODY

First of all, they're shrimp. Not shrimps, okay? Second of all, Brody is my first name, not my last. And third...

(softening)

...help a brother out?

A beat, Hector smiles. He gets it.

HECTOR

There may be some left in the lower kitchen. I'll run it down to the pool at once.

Brody smiles. Relieved and appreciative. Instantly, his cell phone buzzes. He answers it with a smile.

BRODY

(confidently)

Hi, honey. The shrimp is on the way.

FREEZE FRAME over him as the screen reads --

BRODY JOHNS, SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, C.M. CRISIS MANAGEMENT

7 EXT. LOUNGE - FIRMWOOD

7

James emerges, still reeling from the turn of events. He's met by STACEY, 35, his beautiful, sympathetic wife.

STACEY

There you are. The kids were looking for you.

James smiles at her. Simply seeing her face has a way of making him feel better. He pulls her into a hug.

JAMES

(smiles)
It's good to see you.

But Stacey can detect his preoccupation. She looks at him.

STACEY

(concerned)
Hey, are you okay? What did he want?

JAMES

(covering)
Oh...nothing. You know, work stuff.

STACEY

(skeptical)
"Work stuff?" Today?

JAMES

(selling her)
You know, quarterly reports. SEC poking around. The usual.
(then)
Listen...I'm just gonna go find the guys. I'll meet you and the kids later for smores, okay?

Stacey nods. James gives her a kiss. As he walks away, he turns back to her --

JAMES (CONT'D)

(smiles)
Stacey. That dress still kills me, by the way.

James exits. Stacey watches him go, thinks.

A7

EXT. FIRMWOOD COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

A7

Hector "hectors" his co-worker to quickly load the shrimp onto a plate.

HECTOR

(impatiently)

Mas rapido! Mas rapido! Es para
la esposa de Mr. Brody.

Hector takes the plate of shrimp and speeds off in the cart.

8 EXT. BARBECUE - MOMENTS LATER

8

James sits with the guys -- Duncan, Brody and Karl.

KARL

He fired you?

JAMES

No one knows yet. It won't be official until tomorrow.

DUNCAN

He's threatened by you. It's obvious. You're younger, you're better-looking and -- worst of all -- you have a hotter wife.

BRODY

Absolutely. Hot Wife Envy. Every time he watched Mrs. CEO get out of the shower, you were one step closer to the unemployment line.

James can't help but smile.

DUNCAN

(to James)

Look, things change. I mean, when Lisbeth and I were married, she couldn't have been less interested in sex. But now that we're both single, we can't keep our hands off each other.

BRODY

Maybe you should remarry her.

DUNCAN

Right. And then sex in the wine cellar becomes "don't touch me, I'm exfoliating."

Brody takes in a preoccupied Karl.

BRODY

(to Karl)

And what's the matter with you?

DUNCAN

He feels guilty.

KARL

That's right. Because I'm cheating
on the saint who plans my
breakfasts in advance.

BRODY

Could be worse. You could be
spending your day begging grown men
for shellfish.

As the guys consider this, we SEE, in soft focus, behind him--

Hector's SPEEDING GOLF CART, which exits frame. We HEAR a
LOUD CRASH. A WOMAN SCREAMS.

KARL

(urgent, concerned)
That can't be good.

The guys stand and quickly make a bee-line towards the lawn.

9

EXT. FIRMWOOD - CONTINUOUS

9

AN OVERTURNED GOLF CART spins its wheels, as nearby a SMALL
CROWD huddles around a STRICKEN MAN.

James pushes through the crowd to see that the downed man is
none-other-than...the CEO who just fired him.

JAMES

(exclaims)
My boss!

Meanwhile Brody, just OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE of ONLOOKERS, looks
down to see an EMPTY PLATE and SHRIMP strewn across the
putting green.

BRODY

My shrimp!

Brody scurries to start collecting his wife's shrimp as James
pushes to his boss' side, loosens his shirt and presses his
fingers against his neck to check for a pulse.

But there's nothing. The impact of the crash has rendered the
CEO unconscious. James turns to Hector.

JAMES

(aloud)
Call 9-1-1.

James tears open Walter's jacket -- the black JEWELRY CASE falls out of the inner breast pocket. He pulls open his shirt, pounds on his chest and begins administering CPR.

As the onlookers -- including Karl and Duncan -- watch, James furiously tries to breath life into the CEO. But it's no use. James once again checks for a pulse. But...nothing. The CEO is, well, dead.

James looks up at his friends with a grave look in his eyes. Then, to the Club Worker...

JAMES (CONT'D)
You can forget 9-1-1.

James exhales. He takes off his jacket and gently lays it over Walter's face. And just then, Brody -- with his plate of reclaimed shrimp -- sidles next to James.

BRODY
(sotto)
I think things are suddenly looking up for you, huh, James?

As Brody smiles at an unsure James, we...SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLE CARD.

We DISSOLVE to BLACK and then FADE UP ON --

10-13 OMITTED 10-13

14 INT. LOBBY - AMERIMART CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 14

James, a briefcase in one hand and his PASS CARD in the other, steps off the escalator and tentatively approaches the SECURITY CHECKPOINT. Unsure if he's still employed, James moves slowly towards the turnstile and, with a silent prayer, swipes his card through the reader. A long beat as James stares at the DISPLAY on the turnstile. And then...we're CLOSE on the light as it turns...GREEN. James exhales. A sigh of relief. He's still employed.

15 INT. JAMES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 15

James enters. After a beat, KATIE GRAHAM -- mid-30s and attractive -- swivels around in James' desk chair.

KATIE
"Death by golf cart," huh? I thought the Old Man was going to outlive us all.

JAMES

Make yourself at home, by the way.
(then, checks his watch)
Or actually, don't. We're late for
our friends upstairs.

Katie smiles. The pair couldn't be closer. In fact, around AmeriMart, she's referred to as James' "work wife."

KATIE

Rumor is that the front-runner for
the CEO job is that jerk from GE
who hit on me at the Sun Valley
conference.

JAMES

Wait a sec. Didn't you sleep with
that guy?

KATIE

I said he was a jerk, not that he
wasn't hot.

James rolls his eyes and exits. Katie follows him out the
door and --

16

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

16

James and Katie stand side-by-side.

KATIE

Look. You've been married since
puberty. To your soul-mate. You
don't remember what it's like to be
single. You have to kiss a few
toads. And if you've had a couple
drinks and the toad's a good
kisser, well sometimes--

JAMES

(cutting her off)
I think I know how this story ends.

Just then, the ELEVATOR doors open. They step off --

17

INT. WAITING AREA/CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

17

They move through the waiting area and into the CONFERENCE
ROOM, which is empty except for the CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER,
who looks up at them.

CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER

The meeting's been cancelled. But
I'd like to speak with both of you...

Off James' and Katie's looks, we're...

A17

INT. COUPLES' THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A17

Karl and his wife, WENDY -- late 30s and plainly pretty -- sit across from the dour couples' therapist, DR. DARLENE SEAVER-FILNER. Filled with guilt, Karl looks like he'd rather be anywhere else.

WENDY

I mean, I must sound like a cliché...but sometimes I wonder if Karl is seeing someone else.

DR. SEAVER-FILNER

Are you, Karl?

KARL

Yes. My staff of twelve hundred employees who count on me each and every day.

WENDY

It's ironic. When I had a career and friends, Karl wanted more of me. So I quit my job and stayed home and now he complains that I smother him.

(then)

And we barely do anything together anymore. Last week, I asked Karl to go to the movies. To see "The Nanny Diaries." He said he had to work. On a Sunday.

KARL

I run a billion-dollar pharmaceutical conglomerate. People need anti-depressants on the weekends too.

Wendy nods. She's lost her fight.

WENDY

Sometimes I just wish he could look at me like he used to.

DR. SEAVER-FILNER

Karl...as a gesture to Wendy, could you find the time to take her to the movies? I think it could be a small but important step in repairing this marriage.

But Karl is distracted when he looks down at his cell phone, as it reads "NEW TEXT MESSAGE RECEIVED"

DR. SEAVER-FILNER (CONT'D)

Karl...could you?

ANGLE ON THE TEXT MESSAGE - "I MISS YOUR PENIS."

Karl is flustered. Clearly it's from his mistress. He puts down the phone and looks up at the therapist.

KARL

(at a loss)

Yes, sorry. Forgot to shut off my penis -- I mean, phone...

Off Dr. Seaver-Filner's annoyed look, we're...

B17

INT. DUNCAN'S OFFICE - DAY

B17

Duncan sits in his office at Reveal Cosmetics, completing an interview with LORI CIRILLO, an attractive 30-ish journalist.

LORI

(checking her notes)

"No significant accomplishments?"
You're being too modest. Raised in a working-class neighborhood by your maternal grandmother, you put yourself thru night school by selling cosmetics door-to-door. Fifteen years later, after being named CEO, you've branded Reveal as the industry leader in personal grooming.

DUNCAN

(false modesty)

Oh...that.

LORI

And I'll be honest, I won't leave the house without first applying your toner and blush.

DUNCAN

Well I'll be honest, it's working.

Lori smiles, flattered. She closes her notebook, stands.

LORI

That should about do it. If all goes well, you'll be "Entrepreneur's" cover boy in November.

(beat, stops herself)

But I do have one last question.

DUNCAN

I'm an open book.

LORI

Do you spend much time in Yonkers?

Duncan is immediately flustered. Clearly, she's struck a nerve. But he does his best to hide it.

DUNCAN

"Yonkers?" I don't underst --

LORI

You see, there are rumors. Rumors that might interest your shareholders. And what kind of journalist would I be if I didn't ask...?

DUNCAN

I can assure you I haven't been to Yonkers in twenty years.

LORI

(smiles)

That's what I thought. In any case, since your profile doesn't go to press for another six weeks, I'll have plenty of time to look into those rumors. Good day, Mr. Collinsworth.

Off Duncan's worried look, we're...

18

EXT. GOLF COURSE - FIRMWOOD

18

The guys are golfing. Karl -- complete with a fanny-pack around his middle -- tees off. Brody and James stand nearby in the khakis and golf shirts. Leaning on their drivers, as they await their turns.

JAMES

So not only am I still employed,
but they've decided to promote from
within. They're interviewing every
upper-level exec for the CEO's job.
Including me.

Karl slices the ball unsettling close to the other guys.
They duck for cover.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Damn, Karl. What end of the club
are you using?

KARL

Sorry. My instructor says that
sometimes I break my wrists too
soon.

BRODY

No, Tiger Woods sometimes breaks his
wrists too soon. You just suck.

James laughs. Karl takes another ball out of his fanny pack
and tees it up. Brody turns to James.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Alright. Enough about you, I've
got real problems. Lady Macbeth
wants me to throw her a birthday
party next weekend at the club.

JAMES

So?

BRODY

So she wants me to plan it. As a
way to show how much I care. I
said, "Sweetheart. I didn't go to
Harvard Business School to study
party planning."

JAMES

You said that?

BRODY

Of course not. The woman tolerates
no dissent. It's like being
married to Dick Cheney.

James laughs. Just then, Duncan flies up in a golf cart.

BRODY (CONT'D)
(to Duncan)
You're late.

DUNCAN
(serious)
I got trouble.

19 EXT. GOLF COURSE - LATER

19

The cart is parked at the mid-way break. The guys sit at a secluded table, nursing beers, as Duncan recounts his troubles.

JAMES
Wait a second. I thought you said you were arrested for a DWI.

DUNCAN
(shakes his head)
No. That was just my cover. For why I needed bail money.

KARL
(hurt)
You lied to us?

BRODY
Karl, we're guys. If it involves sex, money or a pending criminal proceeding...we're allowed to lie.

JAMES
(to Duncan)
So I don't get it...then what happened in Yonkers?

Duncan exhales, as the guys await his explanation.

DUNCAN
I was coming home from a hunting trip...

BRODY
You don't hunt!

DUNCAN
(edgy)
Fine, I was antiquing. Can we stick to the subject here?

The guys nod. As Duncan speaks, we see the ACCOMPANYING VISUAL FLASHBACKS.

DUNCAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was getting tired, so I pulled
into a truck stop for some coffee.
To keep me awake for the drive home.

20 EXT. TRUCK STOP -- NIGHT 20

Duncan's car pulls into the parking lot. He emerges,
stretches his arms.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
There was a woman there. Dark and
beautiful. She smiled at me and we
began to talk...

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN smiles at Duncan. They strike up a
conversation.

21 RESUME PRESENT -- 21

JAMES
Don't tell me. She was a pro.

DUNCAN
(nods)
I was lonely. And one thing led to
another and before I knew it, we
were in a men's room stall for a
little business transaction.

22 INT. REST STOP BATHROOM - NIGHT 22

The prostitute pulls Duncan into a stall and closes the stall
door behind them.

KARL (V.O.)
(blanches)
Why do I feel dirty?

A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY enters the bathroom. He checks his
sideburns in the mirror.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
But in the midst of our...
transaction, a State Trooper
stumbled in.

IN THE MIRROR -- the Officer sees the reflection of the SOLES
OF THE HOOKER'S PUMPS PROTRUDING FROM UNDER THE STALL DOOR. A
knowing look passes over his face.

DUNCAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Arrested us both.

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS as they're placed on Duncan's wrists.

23 RESUME PRESENT --

23

BRODY
(to Duncan)
Okay, so you got pinched for solicitation. Maybe not something you want on the resume, but it could have been a lot worse --

DUNCAN
Let me finish.

The guys look at him expectantly.

24 INT. REST STOP BATHROOM - NIGHT

24

As Duncan is led out of the bathroom in cuffs, he glances behind him --

DUNCAN (V.O.)
This dark, beautiful woman.
Well...she was full of surprises.

-- the hooker blows him a kiss. But we WIDEN TO REVEAL that she's also STANDING AT A URINAL AND PEEING. She's a he!
Duncan's eyes WIDEN IN HORROR.

DUNCAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And unfortunately, her penis was one of them.

25 RESUME PRESENT --

25

The guys all let out spontaneous "eeewws."

BRODY
(repulsed)
You got a knobber from a tranny?

DUNCAN
(defensively)
How do you think I felt? I mean, you should have seen her. She looked like a model.

BRODY
Right. Too bad she was modeling penises.

DUNCAN
(bristles)
Nice. Very supportive...

BRODY
No...just personal preference.
When it comes to chicks, I'm not
what you call a "penis man." I
like my ladies sans shvantz, if you
know what I mean.

James steps in.

JAMES
Look, let's focus here. If this
journalist gets corroboration...it
could cost Duncan his job.

BRODY
(getting on board)
Alright, well you've come to the
right guy. This is what crisis
management is all about.

KARL
First year law school -- if there's
no corroborating witness, then it's
all hearsay until someone gets a
hold of the tranny.

BRODY
Exactly. So just figure out a way to
keep her -- or him -- quiet. And
you're home free. This reporter
can't touch you.

DUNCAN
(a mission statement)
Track down the tranny.

BRODY
(concurs)
Track down the tranny.

As Duncan considers the task at hand, we're --

CLOSE ON THE DEAD BODY OF THE CEO IN TRANQUIL REPOSE.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that he's in his coffin and we're --

26

INT. OAK ROOM - FIRMWOOD - DAY

26

The Wake is in progress. MOURNERS file past the deceased CEO's body to pay their respects. The room is crowded with EMPLOYEES AND FRIENDS including Stacey (James' wife), Katie (James' "work wife") and our four guys.

ANGLE ON DUNCAN, BRODY, AND KARL.

Brody shakes his head, displeased.

KARL

What's wrong?

BRODY

This is the same room I reserved for Janelle's party this weekend. If she smells formaldehyde, I'm a dead man.

ANGLE on James, as he approaches the CEO'S WIDOW, a sturdy woman in her late 50s.

JAMES

(to the Widow)

Mrs. Storrs? James Walker. From AmeriMart. I'm very sorry for your loss.

WIDOW

(cynically)

That makes one of us.

James looks unsurely at her, then reaches into his breast pocket and takes out the BLACK JEWELRY CASE that was on the CEO's body at the time of his death. He hands it to her.

JAMES

I think this belongs to you. They left it behind at the scene.

The Widow opens the case but -- it's EMPTY. James is surprised. But a wry, knowing grin forms on her face.

WIDOW

Apparently he found someone more deserving than me.

(beat)

Excuse me.

The Widow moves off. James -- a little stunned -- moves towards Katie.

JAMES

(to Katie)

Probably bad etiquette to gossip at a wake, but the necklace -- not for the loyal wife. For the other woman. He must have given her the necklace right before he died.

KATIE

That sonfabitch.

JAMES

I know...

KATIE

Guy's worth forty million and not even a sniff in my direction.

James smiles. Katie notices that Stacey is sobbing quietly to herself as she takes in the body.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(re: Stacey)

She okay?

JAMES

Yeah, you know Stacey. She takes things hard. I mean, when our springer spaniel died, she was a mess for --

But James watches as Stacey surreptitiously takes the DIAMOND NECKLACE from her hand bag and sets it gently on the hand of the dead CEO. The VERY SAME DIAMOND NECKLACE that we saw earlier. James stares at it. His face ashen.

KATIE

You okay?

(no answer)

James?

James can't even hear Katie. His stunned gaze is fixed on his wife. The love of his life was apparently the love of another man's too.

Katie studies the pain in James' face, as if trying to understand it. But she doesn't and he doesn't bother to explain. He bolts from the room. Pushes through the crowd and out the door. As Katie watches in concern, we...SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

27

INT. MEN'S ROOM - FIRMWOOD

27

James -- reeling from the discovery that his wife has been having an affair with his dead boss -- splashes water on his face as he stares at himself in the mirror, as if searching for the wounds that he feels so deeply. After a beat, Duncan emerges from one of the stalls.

DUNCAN

Hey, James.

JAMES

(half-hearted)

Dunc.

DUNCAN

Nice wake. Though let's be honest -
- a pine coffin? Very tacky.

James doesn't react. He's lost in his own thoughts. Duncan notes James' preoccupation.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

JAMES

(covering)

Yeah. Just got a call from an old
friend of mine. Thinks his wife
might be having an affair.

DUNCAN

(smiles)

Rite of passage for men. Loss of
virginity, first threesome,
discovery of cheating wife. The
trifecta.

JAMES

You, too?

DUNCAN

(nods)

My second wife. After Lisbeth. Of
course, I encouraged her to do it.
Spice things up.

James nods. Preoccupied. Duncan studies him for a moment. Then, in a somewhat knowing way...

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Your friend. How's he doing?

JAMES

Just trying to breathe.

Duncan nods. He looks at James as if he'd like to press the issue but, being a guy, he doesn't. Then...

DUNCAN

Alright, well I'd better run. Off to break bread with a woman who hates me.

JAMES

Your ex?

DUNCAN

No. My daughter.

And on that, we SMASH TO --

28

INT. RESTAURANT - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

28

ON A GLASS OF VODKA as it's carried on a tray and set down before Duncan. Cameron -- his beautiful and belligerent 19-year old -- raises an eyebrow from across the table.

CAMERON

(re: his drink)

That's your third, you know.

DUNCAN

I didn't know you were keeping score.

CAMERON

(wry)

I didn't know you needed to get loaded to face your daughter.

DUNCAN

You should try facing her. You'd get loaded, too.

Cameron forces a smile.

CAMERON

Look, I appreciate the risotto, Duncan, but I told you -- I'm not going back to school. I mean, your life turned out fine without a degree. Professionally, at least.

DUNCAN

Dad, okay? Call me Dad, please.

CAMERON

Dad was the guy who raised me since I was eight and died from a stroke last year. You're biology, Duncan. That's it.

(beat, softening)

And you don't need to worry about me, okay? I'm bright. I give good meeting. I'll find a decent job.

DUNCAN

Really? What's the market out there for over-entitled 19-year-olds with smart mouths?

Cameron stands, starts to collect her things. Duncan looks disappointed that he let himself take the bait.

CAMERON

Nice seeing you again, Duncan. Never takes long to remember why we don't do it more often.

DUNCAN

What? You can reduce me to DNA. But God forbid I open my mouth to you...

(beat)

Look, sit down. Whatever you think of me, I'm still your father.

CAMERON

Fine. You want to act like my father? Then step up to the plate. Prove it.

DUNCAN

How?

CAMERON

Give me a job.

Off Duncan's surprised look, we're...

29

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

29

CLOSE on KARL, with a wide smile on his face. After a beat, we WIDEN to REVEAL that he's not alone. Lying next to him on the hotel bed is MARLA, Karl's mistress, a high-strung Southern beauty in her late 20s.

KARL

I think I should get you in touch with my Trademarks department.

(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

There are some things you just did that we might want to get a patent on.

Marla smiles, nestles close.

MARLA

I'm glad I make you happy. You deserve it.

(beat, then)

Can I ask you a question, Karl? You and your wife...do you still sleep together?

KARL

No, I told you. Not in months. And honestly, after being with you, I'm not sure we were even doing it right to begin with.

MARLA

But you still do other things with her, right? And I love you so much I want to do those things with you, too.

KARL

The truth is -- there's only one thing we do together anymore. Couples' therapy. Two mornings a week.

MARLA

Couples' therapy.

(Karl nods)

Then that's what I want to do with you.

KARL

(huh?)

But we're not even married. Plus we get along great. We don't need couples' therapy.

Marla cheeks redden as her face turns pouty.

MARLA

(not happy)

Oh, I see how this works. I do things to you that you've fantasized about since junior high school. But the second I ask for one tiny thing...

(then, threatening)

Let me ask you. How are you gonna like having to call your wife the next time you feel horny, Karl?

Off Karl's fearful look, we SMASH TO --

30

INT. COUPLES' THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

30

TIGHT ON MARLA, who dabs at her eyes and sniffles --

MARLA

I'm not afraid of the hard work,
Doctor.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Marla and Karl sitting across from the bemused couples' therapist, Dr. Seaver-Filner, who turns to Karl.

DR. SEAVER-FILNER

Um, Mr. Mixworthy? A word.

Karl and Dr. Seaver-Filner huddle off to the side, out of Marla's earshot.

DR. SEAVER-FILNER (CONT'D)

(sotto)

This is highly unorthodox.

Karl motions to Marla.

KARL

Look at her. She's an interior designer by trade. But you know what her real skill is? Making an undersized, insecure, lactose-intolerant man feel like a porn star.

DR. SEAVER-FILNER

That's touching but --

KARL

And I'll double your fee.

DR. SEAVER-FILNER

Done. My contractor is bleeding me dry.

Karl and Dr. Seaver-Filner shake on it. And as a tearful Marla sniffles and dabs at her eyes, we're...

31

INT. BRODY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

31

Brody drives, his cell pasted to his ear. Duncan sits in the passenger seat, as they speed over a Yonkers bridge on their mission to track down Duncan's tranny.

BRODY
(into phone, upbeat)
Okay. No...not a problem. Don't
worry, sweetie. Consider it done.

Brody hangs up the phone. Instantly, he sours.

BRODY (CONT'D)
I have an MBA, an S-Class and can
run a six-minute mile. And you
know how she judges me as a man?
If I can fly in her favorite
dessert from this little cafe on
the Left Bank for her party this
weekend.

DUNCAN
"Til death do you part." Sometimes
it just sounds like a threat,
doesn't it?

BRODY
(shakes his head)
How the hell am I gonna get 500
Napoleons here by Saturday?

As Brody's car fires down the Thruway...

32

EXT. TRUCK STOP - YONKERS, NY - DAY - LATER

32

Brody's S-Class pulls off the service road and into the rest
stop adjacent to the New York State Thruway. When the car
slows to a stop, Duncan and Brody emerge.

BRODY
Classy spot. I can see how those
vending machines might really put a
guy in the mood.

The guys peer around. Looking for the tranny.

BRODY (CONT'D)
(re: the tranny)
So you're sure she's going to be here?

DUNCAN
She told me this was her regular
spot. That her pimp had just
promoted her.

BRODY

She got promoted to this? Boy, she must have really kicked ass at the slaughterhouse.

(beat)

By the way, you never told me her name...

DUNCAN

Dontrelle.

Brody stops, looks incredulously at Duncan.

BRODY

(stunned)

You hooked up with someone named Dontrelle and you didn't think it MIGHT be a dude? He sounds like a middle linebacker.

DUNCAN

(defensively)

I told you it was dark.

BRODY

Yeah. Because Dontrelle probably went 6'4", 220 and blocked out the sun.

Duncan chooses not to respond. Then he spots a PROSTITUTE loitering by the vending machines.

DUNCAN

Hold on. There's someone...

Brody and Duncan approach the hooker.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Hey...

HOOKER

Hey, yourself. You boys looking for a good time?

BRODY

No. I'm married. I'm done with good times.

DUNCAN

Actually, we're looking for Dontrelle.

HOOKER

Dontrelle doesn't work Exit 47 anymore.

BRODY

Another promotion perhaps.

Duncan shoots Brody a look. Not helping.

DUNCAN

(to the Hooker)

Do you know where I could find, um, her?

HOOKER

No...sorry. Can't help you.

Duncan pulls out his bill-fold and peels off a couple of TWENTIES. He hands them to the hooker.

HOOKER (CONT'D)

You know, now that I think about it, I might be able to track Dontrelle down through an old john I know.

Duncan then hands the hooker his BUSINESS CARD.

DUNCAN

Tell her to call me at that number. And tell her it's important.

HOOKER

She was that good, huh?

BRODY

Let's just say -- when it comes to sex, she's the man.

As Duncan shakes his head, we're --

33

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

33

James sits alone on his back porch, overlooking his spacious backyard. He nurses a beer and thinks. After a moment, Stacey emerges.

STACEY

The kids are asleep. Florie said they were angels.

James says nothing.

STACEY

I'm pretty tired myself. I think I'm going to head up and --

JAMES

(interrupting)

The first time I saw you. Freshman year at Madison. Econ 101.

STACEY

(laughs unsurely)

What's this about?

JAMES

(continuing)

You walked in -- I was already there, of course, because I arrived everywhere 15 minutes early freshman year -- and I thought to myself that if I could sit across from that girl and have a cup of coffee...that my life would be perfect.

STACEY

You got more than a cup of coffee.

JAMES

I know. But my life isn't perfect.

Stacey looks at him unsurely.

STACEY

What's wrong? Are you nervous about your interview tomorrow?

JAMES

No, I was just thinking about seeing you that first time. And wondering if my boss felt the same way. The first time he saw you.

Stacey stares at him. But does her best to betray nothing.

STACEY

What are you talking about?

JAMES

You...you were sleeping with him. That necklace you had yesterday. He gave it to you before he died, didn't he?

STACEY

Jamey...

JAMES

Don't call me that, okay? Don't talk to me like you love me.

STACEY

But I do love you...

JAMES

Answer me. Were you having an affair with him? And I'll respect you a helluva lot more if you tell me the truth.

(beat, then forceful)

Stacey. Answer me!

A long beat, then...

STACEY

Yes.

James nods. His worst fears confirmed.

STACEY (CONT'D)

(gently)

At least you can't say I'm a liar.

JAMES

No, I am. Because I don't respect you one bit.

James walks past her. As he does, she clutches at his arm. But he pulls away.

STACEY

Wait. Where are you going? Jamey? Let's talk about this. James... don't walk out on me.

He stops, stares at her.

JAMES

I may be leaving. But I'm not the one who walked out.

James walks past her and down the driveway. As the tears run down her face...

STACEY

(calling after him)

James. Wait. James!

We HEAR his car start and peel off. He's gone. As James disappears into the night, we...SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - NEXT DAY

34

James sits at his desk. Looking every bit the man whose whole world has been turned upside down. Barely slept. Unshaven, no tie. Although a few tie options rest on his desk. After a beat, his cell phone rings. He looks at the display which reads "STACEY CALLING." He presses a button and redirects it to voice mail.

Just then, Katie enters. Stylish and confident in her sleek Prada suit. She takes him in.

KATIE

Look at you. I can't believe I need to tell you this, but today's the wrong day not to bring your "A-game."

JAMES

How do you know that my "A-game" doesn't include making you think I'm not bringing my "A-game?"

Katie considers this.

KATIE

By the way, why'd you run out of the wake like that? You didn't even say goodbye.

JAMES

(covering)
Stomach thing, sorry.

Just then, James' assistant pokes her head in.

ASSISTANT

Ms. Graham, the Board is ready for you now.

KATIE

I'll be right in.
(a beat, turns to James)
You know I love you, but I want this job. And except for men, I'm pretty good at getting what I want.

James nods. Then Katie takes him in -- in all his pitiful glory. She can't help herself...

KATIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Jeez. C'mere...

Katie straightens James' collar. Smooths his hair.

KATIE (CONT'D)

And wear the blue tie. It looks great on you.

And she's gone. James smiles to himself. Then as he looks back at the picture, the smile runs from his face.

35 INT. CLUB - HALLWAY - DAY

35

After an early morning round of golf, Karl pulls Brody into a secluded corner of the club...

KARL

I need to end it. With Marla. I mean, we have nothing in common. The only books she reads are about the differences between good carbs and bad.

BRODY

So end it. What's the problem?

Karl reaches into his pocket and takes out a PAIR of the SLINKIEST, SEXIEST PANTIES that we've ever seen. He HOLDS them up for Brody to see.

KARL

How do you break up with a woman who wears underwear like this?

Brody stares at the panties, then pats Karl on the back.

BRODY

With great regret.

CLOSE ON A GOLF BALL as a THREE-IRON drives it squarely off the tee. WIDEN and we're --

36 EXT. ROOF - REVEAL CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

36

Duncan admires the ball that he's just hit off the roof of his office building. He tees up another as he addresses his UPPER-LEVEL MANAGEMENT that stands around him.

DUNCAN

Market share is up. The fall campaign has cemented our brand recognition. We're the darlings of Wall Street.

Duncan smacks another ball off the tee and into the distance. Some of the execs exchange nervous looks.

EXECUTIVE

(re: the golf balls)

Sir...um, aren't you worried about hurting someone?

DUNCAN

Nonsense. Adam has it taken care of.

37 SMASH TO: ANOTHER ROOF TOP. 37

ADAM, 25 -- Duncan's assistant -- is frantically moving about the roof to nab the incoming golf balls with a catcher's mitt.

38 BACK TO THE MAIN ROOF -- 38

Duncan sets down his driver and continues to address his execs. As he does, Cameron quietly enters with a TRAY OF TO-GO COFFEES. She hands the execs their espressos and macchiatos as Duncan continues to speak.

DUNCAN

...but even in success, Reveal must be a leader, not a follower. Did you know that by the year 2015, the most rapidly expanding population group will be women over sixty? Why not make these women feel beautiful too?

The execs nod and murmur "yes" as Duncan continues.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Why shouldn't women in nursing homes not have access to the best foundation and base available? Why not market a line of hair products specifically for wigs? Or --

CAMERON

(interrupting)

Actually, the way to reach seniors is to appeal to the girl in them. Not the old woman.

All eyes turn to Cameron. Duncan boils.

DUNCAN

Excuse me?

CAMERON

C'mon, Duncan. Everyone knows women don't like to think of themselves as old. The exception being your last three teenage girlfriends, of course.

The other execs avert their eyes, wishing they were anywhere else. As Duncan seethes, we...SMASH TO --

39

INT. REVEAL COSMETICS - LATER

39

Duncan dresses down Cameron as she trails him down the hall.

DUNCAN

(pissed)

I gave you a job. I gave you responsibility --

CAMERON

Yeah. To get non-fat lattes.

DUNCAN

That's not the point. Do you know what a 19-year old girl would do for an opportunity like this?

CAMERON

No. But I have a feeling you do.

Duncan shakes his head. Exasperated.

DUNCAN

Do you want this job, Cam?

(no answer)

Cam?

CAMERON

(grudgingly)

Yeah.

DUNCAN

Then you need to shut your mouth and prove you belong here.

Duncan stops in the mail room doorway to REVEAL the MESSY, DISORGANIZED MAIL ROOM.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

(indicating)

I want the mail room in shape. By Monday morning. Or --

CAMERON

Or what?

DUNCAN

I guess you'll find that out Monday morning.

Duncan exits. Cameron looks around, taking in the massive job that lays ahead of her and exhales.

40 INT. AMERIMART CORPORATE LOBBY - DAY 40

James, wearing his blue tie, sits alone -- lost in thought -- in a lobby chair. We HEAR approaching footsteps and then a comely ASSISTANT steps in.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Walker, they're ready for you now...

On James' face, we MATCH TO --

41 INT. AMERIMART BOARD ROOM - DAY 41

James, as we WIDEN TO REVEAL that he's now sitting across from the BOARD MEMBERS. He's mid-interview. But preoccupied with recent events, he's just not himself. Not even close.

BOARD MEMBER #1

As you know, the tragic death of Walter Storrs has led us to --

James laughs to himself.

BOARD MEMBER #2

Do you find tragic deaths amusing, Mr. Walker?

JAMES

No. Not at all.

(beat)

Okay, let's be honest. This one -- maybe a little bit.

James smiles. The Board Members stare at him stone-faced.

BOARD MEMBER #1

Mr. Walker, are you feeling okay?

JAMES

No. But thanks for asking.

The Board Members exchange looks.

BOARD MEMBER #1
(dismissing him)
Thank you for your time, Mr.
Walker. But we have other
candidates waiting.

BOARD MEMBER #2
Serious candidates.

James laughs to himself.

JAMES
Done already? Okay. I'm guessing
I'm not the big winner here.

James starts to exits, then turns back.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Just one thing -- maybe you don't
think I look like a CEO. Or sound
like one. But this company's in
trouble. Walter Storrs knew it
when he died.

BOARD MEMBER #1
(scoffs)
AmeriMart has thrived for nearly a
century.

James smiles wistfully to himself, then addresses the Board.

JAMES
Look, maybe you think AmeriMart
will never falter. Well I'm here to
say that you can wake up one
morning and realize that the
ground's shifted while you slept
and everything you thought was
solid and firm...well, it isn't.

BOARD MEMBER #1
Fine. And should your doom-and-
gloom scenario come to pass, what
do you do then?

JAMES
Nothing.

BOARD MEMBER #1
"Nothing?"

JAMES

(impassioned)

Because we don't let it come to pass. We stay one step ahead of the problem. Cut costs now. Spin off under performers now. Re-invigorate our executive ranks now. We don't look back with regret. We look forward with purpose. Or at least that's what we tell the Street.

(beat)

The world is changing faster than we are, gentleman. Companies that didn't exist ten years ago now double our market share. Right now, there are two kids in a garage inventing something that will put us out of business someday. Instead of ignoring those kids, we should be hiring them. And you know what they'll call us if we don't? "Available office space."

(smiles, then)

Now I'm sure your dream applicants have perfect resumes and unblemished lives and have succeeded at everything they've ever done. But if I were you, I'd hire the guy who knows what it feels like to lose something. Because he'll never let it happen again.

(beat)

And now...I'll let you get back to your serious candidates.

He exits. As the Board Members exchange looks at what just transpired, we... SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

42

Karl lies in bed. Post-coital. Marla -- in a skirt and bra --
- takes herself in in the full-length mirror.

MARLA

I wished I hadn't eaten all that
bread at lunch. Nothing worse than
bad carbs.

Karl exhales. He can't listen to these inanities anymore.

KARL

(haltingly)

Marla... if I may... we've had
quite an adventure, you and I. But
like every great adventure... there
comes a time when --

Marla isn't really listening, as she opens her pocketbook.

MARLA

Damn. I forgot to go to the cash
machine. Can you loan me twenty
dollars for a cab?

KARL

Pants pocket.

(beat, continuing)

Like I was saying. Everything has
it's time and place, but --

Marla picks up Karl's pants, takes out his wallet. But
instead of cash, she pulls out two TICKET STUBS. We're CLOSE
on the tickets which read, "The Nanny Diaries." Marla
furrows her brow.

MARLA

(unsure, re: the tickets)

You saw "The Nanny Diaries?"

KARL

(innocently)

Last night. Wendy was dying to see it.

Marla stops short. She thinks, then...

MARLA

But you said -- hmmm, you said you
don't spend time together anymore.

KARL

We don't. The couple's therapist
thought it would be a good idea.
But getting back to what I was --

Marla exhales. Scorned, she's instantly on the war-path.

MARLA

Well, don't I feel like a fool? I
mean, you had me convinced that you
and your wife were practically
strangers and --

KARL

We are...

MARLA

Well, I don't go to the movies with
strangers, Karl. Do you?
(beat, angry)
I mean, what kind of man would be
so deceitful as to lie to the woman
he's cheating on his wife with?

Karl looks like his head might explode.

MARLA (CONT'D)

You know, I bet Wendy would like to
know what her loving husband is up
to when he's not at home.

KARL

(alarmed)
What are you saying? You're gonna
tell her...about us?

MARLA

Not everything. Just the part
about the sex in the hotel rooms.

Marla exits. Karl wraps a sheet around himself and scurries
to the door. A CHAMBERMAID looks at him askance.

KARL

(calling after her)
Marla...wait. Let's discuss this
in couples' therapy!

But it's no use -- she's gone. On Karl, worried, we SMASH TO --

43

INT. STEAM ROOM - FIRMWOOD - LATER

43

Karl, Brody, Duncan and a contemplative James are wrapped in towels in the steam room. Karl clearly has just finished recounting Marla's threat.

DUNCAN

C'mon, Karl. The mistress never tells. Just buy her something nice. Like some jewelry. Or a low-carb bar.

KARL

I was inches from ending it. And -- now... I mean, maybe Wendy and I have grown apart lately, but the thought of losing her...

JAMES

(edgy)

You know what's funny? You're so worried about losing her but maybe you've lost her already.

KARL

(shocked, re: James)

What? What's he talking about?

JAMES

How do you know she's not spending her afternoons in some hotel room, too? Lying in bed with your contractor having the same conversations about you.

KARL

But Wendy hates our contractor. He was completely unreliable...

Brody, Duncan and Karl share a look over James' uncharacteristic behavior. Duncan turns to James.

DUNCAN

(gently, knowingly)

What's wrong, James?

James looks up at his friends. A long beat, then...

JAMES

Stacey was having an affair with my boss.

The guys all turn to James. Full of surprise and concern.

DUNCAN

(shocked)

You're kidding? The dead guy?

James nods.

KARL

Man, I don't know what to say...

BRODY

Well, I do -- that sucks. And I'd offer to take the guy out if Hector hadn't already done it for us...

James nods appreciatively. A long beat, as the guys let the moment linger.

DUNCAN

Okay. All this genuine emotion is making me a little uneasy.

BRODY

(shakes his head)

Look at us. We're supposed to be these Alpha Males. And now... James' wife is sleeping around, Karl can't control his crazy mistress and I'm too whipped to tell my wife that the delivery company can't find her shipment of Napoleons.

DUNCAN

(shakes his head)

Men. We're the new women.

Just then, Brody's cell phone -- which sits next to him on the wood bench -- rings.

BRODY

(into phone)

Hello?

(beat)

What do you mean, they're in Tampa?
How the hell does that help me?

Brody covers the phone, turns to the guys.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I got pastry issues. I'll see you guys later.

(into phone)

(MORE)

BRODY (CONT'D)
Don't give me that. A cream
filling is no excuse...

Brody pats James on the back, exits. Duncan turns to James.

DUNCAN
I've always said Brody had a real
Napoleon complex.

James smiles. The joke cheers him slightly. Then Karl stands...

KARL
(apologetically)
Hey, uh, I should probably be
going, too. See if Wendy's had the
accounts frozen.

Karl exits. Only Duncan and James remain. A long, silent
beat as the two friends sit alone. Then, Duncan says simply --

DUNCAN
(re: Stacey)
I'm sorry.

JAMES
Yeah. Me, too.

And as the pair sits quietly, we're --

44

EXT. KARL'S HOUSE - LATER

44

Marla emerges from a taxi cab. Apparently, it was not an
idle threat. She takes a deep breath, steeling herself for
the task ahead, and marches towards the front door. She
knocks loudly. After a pregnant beat, Wendy opens the door.

WENDY
Hi. Can I help you?

MARLA
Actually, maybe I can help you.

And on Marla's smile, we...SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

45 EXT. KARL'S HOUSE - LATER 45

Karl pulls up to his house in his BMW. He parks and moves quickly towards the front door. He's here to do his best to reclaim his marriage. He opens the front door and enters.

46 INT. KARL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 46

Karl steps into his living room and, much to his horror, he sees Marla and Wendy sitting on the couch and having tea. Karl does his best not to betray a reaction. Wendy looks up at him with a serious look.

WENDY

I can't believe you, Karl. All I can say is -- I'm shocked.

Karl's heart is immediately in his throat.

KARL

Right. Well, about that --

As he's calculating his alimony payments in his head --

WENDY

(smiles)

Why didn't you tell me you hired a decorator? Marla and I were just discussing ideas for the guest house.

Karl can only force a weak smile. Apparently, Marla hasn't yet revealed the affair.

KARL

(at a loss)

Oh. Good. The guest house.

WENDY

(to Marla)

It's so unlike Karl to take an interest in decorating.

MARLA

Isn't it amazing? To be married to a man for all these years and not have the faintest idea who he is...

Karl looks like he'd rather be anywhere else. As Marla smiles at Wendy, we're --

47

INT. BAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

47

Lisbeth, looking beautiful, sits alone at a table, awaiting her date. A soft figure passes behind her - her date? -- and then slides into the empty seat across from her. It's Duncan.

LISBETH

(not thrilled)

Duncan. What are you doing here?
My date's going to be here any
minute.

DUNCAN

(agitated)

I need to talk to you about
Cameron. She's belligerent. And
headstrong. You can't tell her a
thing she already doesn't know...

LISBETH

You should be happy. Proof that
she's yours.

Duncan flags a passing WAITRESS.

DUNCAN

Vodka tonic.

LISBETH

To go.

Duncan turns back to Lisbeth.

DUNCAN

Well I don't just know if it's
gonna work out. With Cam.

LISBETH

She'll be disappointed. But it
won't be the first time.

DUNCAN

What's that supposed to mean?

LISBETH

She's angry at you, Duncan. Not that
she can admit it. But she is...

DUNCAN

"Angry?" I've given her everything
she's ever asked for.

LISBETH

That's true. But did you ever notice, that after she turned twelve she stopped asking?

Clearly, this lands on Duncan. He's instantly lost in thought. Lisbeth looks up at him with sympathy.

LISBETH (CONT'D)

Look. You may not have been the greatest father to date. But you're a good man. And the best thing about being a father - every day's a chance to do better.

Duncan nods, softens.

DUNCAN

Were you this pretty when we were married?

LISBETH

Prettier. You never stopped long enough to notice.

A moment of connection. Then Duncan smiles...

DUNCAN

Your date. So you like this guy?

LISBETH

I might.

DUNCAN

If it gets serious...no more wine cellars for us, right?

LISBETH

That's right, Duncan.

DUNCAN

Call me after, okay? So I don't have to obsess.

LISBETH

(smiles)
Good night, Duncan.

Duncan stands, grabs his drink off the tray of the arriving waitress and starts to exit. As he does, he passes a MAN IN A SUIT -- Lisbeth's date -- entering. Duncan sizes him up as he exits past him. We PUSH IN on Duncan's face, as he watches the man happily join Lisbeth at her table. And on Duncan's private wistful moment, we're...

48

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - LATER

48

ANGLE on Wendy -- down the hall in the kitchen -- as she mixes Karl his nightly seven-and-seven.

REVERSE onto Karl and Marla, in the living room. He speaks in hushed, urgent tones. Occasional glances back at Wendy.

KARL

(sotto)

What the hell's going on?

MARLA

I didn't tell her about us, if that's what you mean.

KARL

(unsure)

Then what are you doing here?

MARLA

Well, I came here to tell her. But then I realized -- Wendy's not the one I want to hurt. And then we got to talking and you know what? We kind of hit it off.

KARL

(not thrilled)

You hit it off with my wife?

MARLA

She's smart and sweet and so funny...

KARL

(incredulous)

"Funny?" Wendy's funny?

MARLA

Karl. How you could not appreciate her is beyond me. She's a gem. I have half a mind to fix her up with my super.

Karl looks stunned, as Wendy emerges with his drink.

WENDY

(to Karl)

Here you go, hon. Sorry if it's a little strong.

We STAY with Karl as he downs his drink in one gulp.

KARL

'Scuse me. Just need to get a
bigger cup.

Karl turns and exits. As Wendy smiles happily at her new
friend, we're --

49

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

49

CLOSE ON A FRAMED PICTURE OF JAMES AND STACEY. Happy, carefree.

WIDEN TO REVEAL James sitting at his desk. He can't help but
stare at the picture. There's also evidence that he's been
sleeping in his office. Just then, we hear an off-camera
voice--

KATIE (O.S.)

I never liked her, you know. Even
when I said I did, I didn't.

James looks up at her.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Of course, if you take her back,
I'll deny ever saying that.

JAMES

Who told you?

KATIE

Not you. I had to find out the old-
fashioned way.

JAMES

Office gossip?

Katie nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What are they saying?

KATIE

The men hate her. The women are
trying to figure out when you'll be
ready to date.

James smiles ruefully. Katie sits next to him.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Look, the heart's a complex little
muscle so who knows how this ends?
But you're a great guy.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

And a lot of women out there can see it. Even if your wife can't.

James nods appreciatively. If he was in a better place, this might be a moment. So let's call it a moment-adjacent. But Katie can't help but notice something in James' face...

KATIE (CONT'D)

(taking him in)

Hey. Besides the obvious...is there something going on with you?

JAMES

They called. Before you came in.

KATIE

(laughs unsurely)

Who called?

JAMES

The Board.

(beat, haltingly)

I...I just got named CEO of AmeriMart.

Katie looks at him, stunned.

KATIE

(shocked)

You're kidding?

JAMES

They said they wanted new blood. New direction.

KATIE

(realizing)

You're not kidding.

Katie can't quite believe it. She's happy for James but, at the same time, she's an incredibly competitive person.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(trying...)

Wow. Congratulations.

JAMES

(smiles)

You could say it like you mean it, you know...

KATIE

Oh, I have to mean it, too?

Katie stands, checks the time.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Well, I should go. Late for my Logistics meeting. And I don't want to get off on the wrong foot with the new boss.

James rolls his eyes. As Katie starts to exit...

JAMES

Katie...these women who think I'm a great guy. Do I know any of them?

KATIE

Just the one who's going to take your job if you screw up. Take care, boss.

She exits. James watches her go, smiles to himself. Then as he thinks and the smile runs from his face, we're --

50

INT. MAIL ROOM - REVEAL COSMETICS - (FRIDAY) NIGHT

50

Cameron wipes the perspiration from her forehead, as she slavishly organizes the mail room. Clearly, it's not rewarding work but she's doing her best. As she does, she looks up at the doorway --

FROM CAMERON'S POV, we PAN UP FROM A PAIR OF PUMPS TO STOCKING-CLAD LEGS TO A MINI-SKIRT AND UP A LOW-CUT BLOUSE WITH A PUSH-UP BRA TO ULTIMATELY REVEAL --

A 6-foot, African-American pre-op transexual prostitute. This could be none other than Dontrelle. Holding Duncan's business card.

CAMERON

(tentatively)
Can I help you?

DONTRELLE

I'm looking for Duncan Collinsworth. Do you know him?

CAMERON

(smiles)
As a matter of fact, I do.

And on Cameron's impish smile, we...SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

A50 EXT. FIRMWOOD COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT A50

Music wafts out of the club's main hall.

51 INT. FIRMWOOD COUNTRY CLUB - CONTINUOUS 51

The party for Janelle, Brody's wife, is in full swing. We PAN ACROSS the room -- from the sea of Napoleons on the dessert table to the formally-attired GUESTS who mingle happily as a BIG BAND fills the room with music.

ANGLE on MARLA and WENDY -- Karl's wife and mistress -- chatting animatedly. REVERSE ONTO

KARL, across the room, watching them. Duncan is at his side.

KARL

Unbelievable. My wife finally makes a friend and it's my mistress. What are the odds?

DUNCAN

(on the bright side...)
Well, at least you'll have something to talk about in couple's therapy.

Just then, Duncan's face turns ashen as he looks to the ENTRANCE of the room to see --

Dontrelle, standing in the doorway. Duncan nearly chokes on his drink.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

(freaked)
Jesus...

And then...Cameron steps in the doorway next to Duncan.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

(double-freaked)
...H. Christ.

Duncan -- hoping to prevent a scene -- moves quickly towards Dontrelle and Cameron, who smiles at him.

CAMERON

Duncan, there's someone who I think you'd like to speak with...

DONTRELLE

(to Duncan)
Hi, sweetie.

As Duncan pulls Dontrelle out of the room, we're...

52

INT. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

52

A WOMAN -- we can't see her face -- gives Brody a hug and disappears into the crowd. This is JANELLE, Brody's wife. Brody smiles to himself, self-satisfied, as James steps in next to him.

BRODY

Janelle's thrilled. She's having a great time.

JAMES

That makes you happy, doesn't it?

Brody uncharacteristically softens.

BRODY

I know I bitch about her. But she's got another side, too. Maybe you don't see it. Maybe I don't see it as much as I used to. But we just fit, you know?

James nods. He might have once said the same thing about himself and Stacey.

JAMES

(with regret)

Yeah. I know.

Then, James does his best to pull himself out of his reverie and indicates the dessert table filled with Napoleons.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And I see the Napoleons made it...

BRODY

No, they're still in Tampa. But I found this little place in Jersey that knocked 'em out in two hours. Janelle never knew the difference.

CLOSE ON A WAD OF CASH -- as it's handed from a white hand to a black one with perfect fingernails. PULL BACK and we're --

53

INT. WINE CELLAR - FIRMWOOD

53

Duncan hands the money to Dontrelle in the very same room he had sex with his ex in days earlier.

DUNCAN

So remember...if that reporter asks any questions, you never met me.

DONTRELLE

For a grand, I can forget almost anything.

The pair exits the wine cellar.

54

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

54

OUTSIDE THE WINE CELLAR -- James, Brody and Karl stare unsurely as Duncan emerges from the wine cellar with Dontrelle.

DUNCAN

(to the guys)

Oh. Guys...this is Dontrelle. Dontrelle...the guys.

DONTRELLE

(smiles, to Duncan)

They're very cute.

DUNCAN

They know you're packing.

DONTRELLE

(shrugs)

Worth a shot.

Dontrelle moves down the hall. Duncan gives the guys a look, then moves down the hall after her. As they clear frame, they REVEAL --

STACEY, standing at the end of the hall.

BRODY

James...

Brody nudges James, who looks up to see her. On his look, we're...

55

EXT. FIRMWOOD COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

55

As a TAXI pulls away with Dontrelle inside, Duncan breathes a sigh of relief. Just then, Cameron steps in next to him.

CAMERON

You and Dontrelle -- not just old squash partners, right?

DUNCAN

Don't tell your mother, okay?

Cameron nods. A beat, then...

CAMERON

You know, we're more alike than I thought, Duncan. We both have trouble getting out of our own ways.

Duncan turns and looks at her.

DUNCAN

Are you going to stop embarrassing me at work?

CAMERON

Probably not.

(then)

Are you going to stop judging me?

DUNCAN

Not likely.

CAMERON

Well at least we know where we stand.

Cameron turns and starts to walk off...

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Good night, Duncan. See you Monday.

DUNCAN

(calling after her)

You can call me "Dad," you know.

CAMERON

I know.

(then)

Good night, Duncan.

Duncan watches Cameron walk off. He can't help but smile. He might actually be making progress with his daughter.

DUNCAN

(to himself)

Baby steps.

We join Stacey and James in the midst of their charged discussion.

STACEY

(generously)

CEO... God, the articles in the papers -- the kids were so excited, they took them to school with them. I'm so proud of you, James.

James nods, says nothing.

STACEY (CONT'D)

I'm not asking you not to be angry at me, you know.

JAMES

Then what are you asking?

STACEY

If you're ever going to be able to stop.

James looks at her.

JAMES

Did you love him?

STACEY

No.

JAMES

Then why'd you -- ?

STACEY

I don't know. Maybe I was bored. Or maybe I was scared you were. That at any moment I'd become one of those "first wives of Firmwood" whose husbands traded them in for a newer model.

James shakes his head at the irony. A beat, then...

JAMES

(heartfelt)

When I was promoted yesterday, you know what I thought? How I wished I could call you just to hear your voice. And at my press conference, you know what I thought then? How I loved watching you wake up in the morning. And at the company dinner...? How you should have been right beside me in your little black dress.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

It was a day I'd been dreaming of since B-school, Stacey, and all I could think of was what I'd lost.

STACEY

It doesn't have to be like that. You can come home.

JAMES

No, I can't.

STACEY

Never?

JAMES

Not right away, no.

Stacey nods. Then...trying to ease their pain.

STACEY

CEO of AmeriMart. World's most eligible bachelor.

JAMES

It's not what I wanted for myself. Not since Econ 101.

A last, regretful look. James is gone. And as Stacey convulses into tears, we're...

CLOSE ON A SHIRT -- AS IT'S UNBUTTONED TO REVEAL A LACE BRA.
WIDEN TO REVEAL NONE-OTHER-THAN

DONTRELLE, as he reaches into his bra and pulls out a SMALL TAPE RECORDER that's been affixed to his chest. We're --

A56 INT. TRUCKSTOP - NIGHT

A56

Dontrelle hands the micro-cassette to Lori Hodge, the reporter who earlier interviewed Duncan.

DONTRELLE

He seems like a nice guy. I don't know why you needed me to tape him.

LORI

Because a thousand words paint a very nice picture...

Dontrelle shrugs. And as Lori cradles the tape in her hands - and we wonder to ourselves about the intrigue that awaits us, we're...

57

INT/EXT. PARTY - FIRMWOOD COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

57

James joins Duncan, Brody and Karl in mid-conversation.

BRODY

One. Just one for me. The lady
with the cute forked tail.

As James sits down at the table...

JAMES

What are you guys talking about?

DUNCAN

The number of women in our lives
who drive us absolutely off the
reservation.

KARL

Two for me.

ANGLE ON MARLA AND WENDY -- on the dance floor, as they dance
and laugh with one another.

KARL (CONT'D)

(swigs his drink)
God help me.

JAMES

I'm with Brody. One...

INSERT STACEY -- as she stands forlorn by the pool.

BACK TO JAMES -- as he watches Katie, across the party.
Brody notices James watching her.

BRODY

But ask him again in six months.

The guys smile. Karl turns to Duncan.

KARL

What about you, Dunc?

DUNCAN

Two and a half.

BRODY

(unsure)
"Two and a half?"

INSERT LISBETH, feigning interest on her dinner date.
Clearly, Duncan's on her mind.

DUNCAN
There's Lisbeth...

INSERT CAMERON -- later that night -- as she finishes organizing the mail room and smiles to herself, pleased.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Cameron, of course.
(beat)
And I think Dontrelle's worth a half, don't you?

KARL
To Dontrelle!

The guys start to raise their glasses in a toast...

BRODY
And Duncan, I have two words for you -- corrective lenses...

As the guys laugh and clink their glasses, we're...

A57 EXT. FIRMWOOD COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

A57

As the guys continue to talk amongst themselves (and Duncan smokes a cigar), we PULL BACK from this tableau of our four friends as we rise high above the club, we HEAR --

BRODY
A party, a sixteen-piece band, the best birthday she's ever had. And you know what's depressing? I got a better shot of getting cozy with Dontrelle tonight than I do my own wife.
(as the guys laugh,
deadpan)
What part of that do you think wasn't serious?

More laughter. And as we RISE above Firmwood, we... FADE TO BLACK.

58&59 OMITTED

58&59

END OF SHOW