

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON

A lush jungle forest. So CLOSE all we see is DEEP GREEN. We HEAR the DISTANT CHATTER of jungle animals, as WORDS APPEAR.

*"Now this is the law of the jungle,  
As old and as true as the sky...  
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper,  
But the wolf that shall break it must die."*

-- Rudyard Kipling "The Law of the Jungle"

THEN...

*"If you obey all the rules, you miss all the fun."  
-- Katharine Hepburn*

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. - NEW YORK CITY STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON

Bam! The sexy mambo rhythm of JUNGLE DRUMS mixes with the cacophony of Manhattan.

CLOSE ON

A pair of gorgeous LEOPARD PRINT Manolos on a great pair of legs, STALKING down the busy street. Wherever these feet are going, we wish we were headed there too.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SAME

ZEBRA STRIPED Jimmy Choos stake their claim on sidewalk. Another queen of this jungle hunts her prey.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ANOTHER STREET - SAME

SNAKESKIN BOOTS, expensive, but the heel's more practical. They break into A RUN when suddenly THE CONTENTS OF AN OVERSTUFFED HOGAN BAG clatter to the ground. Scripts, Blackberry, pacifier, lipstick... all hit the sidewalk. WENDY HEALY, 41, smart, earthily attractive, bends down to scoop them up, stuffs them back in. We hear:

NEWS PROGRAM (O.S.)  
... And Manhattan Magazine's list of  
New York's 50 most powerful women  
came out today...

Wendy walks by THE WINDOW OF AN ELECTRONICS STORE. The sound comes from the BANK OF TV's turned to CNN Money, where we

see the ANCHORS in front of Wendy's picture, as she strides past.

NEWS PROGRAM (CONT'D)

... Wendy Healy, President of Parador Pictures... who at 41 has earned the company millions...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. LIMO - SAME

The LEOPARD MANOLOS gracefully get in to the car. These great legs are attached to NICO REILLY, 40s, cool, classy, formidable.

NEWS PROGRAM (O.S.)

... number six. Nico Reilly, Editor in Chief of Bonfire Magazine...

In the LIMO, Nico turns on the little tv to the CNN Money show, watches, as we see...

NEWS PROGRAM (CONT'D)

... And up and coming fashion designer Victory Ford is number 17 on our list, owner of her own label, with boutiques throughout the U.S. and Asia...

PULL OUT to reveal the CNN report is now on a DIFFERENT TV backstage at...

INT. BRYANT PARK - VICTORY FORD FASHION SHOW - SAME

Backstage chaos. Our ZEBRA STRIPED Jimmy Choos stand on a stool, adjusting an outfit on A MODEL. These are the legs of Victory Ford. At 40, she's a Holly Go Lightly for today -- beautiful, creative, chicly bohemian. She walks through the madness, a bit tense, keeps checking the time, making sure every detail is perfect. She pulls a cigarette from ANOTHER MODEL'S mouth, takes a quick drag before stomping it out. She peeks outside at --

EXT. BRYANT PARK TENT - CONTINUOUS

It's a zoo. LIMOS are stacked. PRESS, PAPARAZZI... FASHIONISTAS, ASSISTANTS WITH HEADSETS. Everyone who's anyone is here. In the flurry of activity, we pick up pieces of DIALOGUE as they're important.

NICO'S LIMO pulls up. A MALE PUBLICIST helps her out of the car, getting info through his headset from a FEMALE PUBLICIST with a clipboard.

FEMALE PUBLICIST

(into headset, sotto)

Nico Reilly... Editor Bonfire. Hates  
being photographed. I hear she's a  
bitch.

Nico steps out, all business. FLASHBULBS POP, but Nico Reilly  
doesn't pose for photographers, just heads toward the tent.  
They SHOUT after her, trying to get their shots.

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

(calling)

Nico! Nico!

PHOTOGRAPHER #2

Over here!

PHOTOGRAPHER #1

Who are you wearing?

NICO

(over her shoulder)

Victory Ford.

She continues walking, pleasant but gently dismissive. As  
she's about to enter the tent she passes the FEMALE PUBLICIST  
with the headset.

NICO (CONT'D)

Oh. And I'm really not a bitch.  
I'm shy.

She smiles to herself and continues inside.

INT. TENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A fizzy excitement is in the air. People are shown to their  
seats, scope the crowd for friends and enemies.

FIND Nico, settling into her primo spot. She takes it all  
in. Hates that she has to take out her glasses to read the  
program.

WENDY comes down the aisle, harried, late, always a tornado  
in contrast to Nico's calm. They greet each other, kiss.

WENDY

(checking)

Am I sweaty? My car was late so I  
ran from 50th.

She fumbles in her bag, then gives up the search, TAKES NICO'S  
GLASSES to look at the program.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I hope she got our present.  
(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

I want her to get it before. Do you think she got it before?

NICO

(reassuring)

I said get it there before. I'm sure she got it.

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME

Victory pulls the lid off a BEAUTIFULLY WRAPPED package, lifts out A HANDCRAFTED SNOW GLOBE with THE EARTH INSIDE. Instead of snow, sparkly stars swirl around it. It's lovely. She opens the card, knowing who it's from... CLOSE ON CARD: "V -- You own the world. Now stop biting your lip and knock 'em dead. XO N. and W." Victory smiles, catches herself -- she had indeed been biting her lip, is touched by the gift.

IN FRONT, the LIGHTS GO DOWN. The plastic is removed from the runway, signifying that the show's about to start. Nico and Wendy squeeze each other's hand, "here goes," as the Victory Ford logo is lit, the TECHNOPOP MUSIC starts and the first model takes the runway.

QUICK DISSOLVES take us through the show.

- MODELS strut the runway in chic ensembles
- SPECTATORS watch, take notes
- Wendy and Nico whisper to each other, laugh at secret jokes
- The final moment where Victory comes out and does her WAVE

As Victory basks in her moment of glory, Nico and Wendy are proud, applaud loudly. Victory catches their eye and smiles. Does life get any better than this?

SLOW CROSS FADE TO:

INT. VICTORY'S GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENT - THE NEXT NIGHT

... Maybe not, but it sure can get worse. What a difference a day makes. Wadded up Kleenex are scattered amidst NEWSPAPER REVIEWS, each worse than the next -- "NO VICTORY FOR VICTORY," "VICTORY DUMPS DELICIOUS FOR DRAB..." "VICTORY DEFEATED..." Nico and Wendy, still in their work clothes, are sitting by the fireplace, circling the wagons around a very different Victory than the one before -- this one unshowered, in pajamas, and looking like hell.

WENDY

Oh sweetie, it happens.

VICTORY

Not to me, it doesn't. Oh my God.  
I never dreamed I would be eviscerated  
like this. Never even considered  
the possibility.

(reading)

"Out With the Old, in with the...  
Ew?" That's just mean. This business  
is mean.

(dragging herself up)

I need a cupcake.

She stalks around, picking through the stuff, looking for  
food.

NICO

Okay, so a few critics didn't like  
this particular show. So what?  
It's the clothes they're rejecting,  
not you.

Victory looks at Wendy for sympathy, "Help me."

WENDY

(to Nico by rote)

Her clothes are her.

Nico shrugs, "I tried." Victory comes back with a cupcake,  
tries to give back the snow globe.

VICTORY

Here. You two should have this.  
You still own the world. All I own  
is a busted career and two hundred  
pairs of shoes.

(getting up)

You know what? I should give you my  
shoes. They're so pretty. They  
deserve to be on successful feet.

NICO

Vic. Stop. Everyone gets humiliated.  
Remember what happened to me at  
Harper's Bazaar? I was escorted out  
of the building by guards.

WENDY

Hey. Don't make her feel better.  
She was about to give us shoes.

Victory laughs despite herself.

VICTORY

I know, I know...

NICO

And Wendy's gotten tons of bad reviews. The Blue Canoe, anybody?

WENDY

I still maintain that was a good movie, it was just a bad title.

(hugging Victory)

I know, sweetie, it hurts, but you just have to ignore them. Lay low until it blows over. I'll loan you the house in Montauk -- you can wear big sweaters, sunglasses and a baseball hat. Everyone will just assume you've had something done. Hell, you could even have something done.

VICTORY

Maybe I'll botox myself to the point where my face betrays no emotion. Then nobody can see how hurt I am.

WENDY

Atta girl.

NICO

No. Do not listen to Wendy. You can't hide. A true player responds to disaster as though nothing's happened. When they smell fear in this town, it's over.

VICTORY

But I *am* afraid.

(off their looks)

I am. I mean, I loved the more serious direction I took last night. I wanted to reinvent myself a little, show another side. But what if the reviews were right and it did suck? What if I suck, and everything I've done up until now is a fluke?

WENDY

Vic, we all have those dark moments in the middle of the night.

NICO

I don't.

WENDY

... she said, not helping the situation.

NICO

Well, I don't. I find it offensive that women always feel we have to apologize for our success. There are no flukes, there is no luck. There's just talent, and hard work, and the ability to bounce back when you're knocked down. No more. No less.

And she SCOOPS UP the BAD REVIEWS, tosses them INTO THE FIREPLACE, and LIGHTS THEM on fire.

WENDY

(teasing)

I always thought she screwed her way to the top.

VICTORY

Yeah, that's definitely the story as I heard it.

NICO

(laughing)

Shut up.

The three friends laugh, watch the fire. THE FLAMES lap at the paper, CONSUMING IT. As the FIRE BURNS, we HEAR THE JUNGLE DRUMS... and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WENDY'S SOHO LOFT - MORNING

Morning chaos. The loft will look cool someday if they ever finish it. Wendy, still wet and in her towel, is trying to get her kids ready for school and herself ready for work. HER SONS TYLER (6) and SAM (3) are in pajamas, hitting each other.

The PHONE IS RINGING.

WENDY

(to boys)

Guys. Please stop that and put your clothes on. Where's the phone? I said to put it back on the handset.

She looks all around for it, as Wendy's daughter MAGGIE (13) crosses through as the PHONE KEEPS RINGING.

MAGGIE

Mom. Where's my iPod?

WENDY

One second, honey. Boys!  
 (to Maggie)  
 Check the kitchen.  
 (to boys)  
 Stop it!

She finds the phone under a cushion.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(into phone)  
 Hello.

It's JOSH, Wendy's assistant.

JOSH (O.S.)

(accusatory)  
 Where are you?

WENDY

Paris. Josh, I asked you to please not call me in the morning. This is my special family time.

We hear SCREAMING, and Wendy physically breaks up the fighting BOYS, points them to their room to get dressed.

JOSH (O.S.)

Okay, then. I'll just tell Hector Matrick you'll call him back at a more convenient time?

WENDY

Hector Matrick's on the phone?  
 Dammit..

(shouting)  
 Okay, listen! The CEO of the company that owns my company is on the phone. Everybody get dressed now and nobody is allowed to yell Mommy for the next ten minutes!

She tears through the apartment, still wet, heads into the little room they call "the office."

JOSH

Shall I put him through? I'll put him through.

WENDY

Wait! No, not ye--



HECTOR (O.S.)

Wendy? Wendy is that you?

Josh has the annoying habit of putting calls through before Wendy's ready, and he's done it again.

WENDY

(feigning casual)

Hector. How nice to hear from you.

HECTOR, at 70, is the eccentric patriarch of Matrick-Verner, who owns Parador Pictures. For years people have said he's going insane, and he's done little to refute that notion.

INT. HECTOR MATRICK'S OFFICE - CROSS CUT

HECTOR

I'm concerned about the shades, Wendy.

WENDY

What's that?

HECTOR

The window shades. In the offices. I'd like them to be kept at a uniform height.

WENDY

Uh-huh...

HECTOR

I'm thinking five inches from the sill. And I'd like you to issue a memo.

ON WENDY

Listening, as Hector prattles on. She's trying to follow, but when her towel slips, she looks down at her chest, peeks under, can't help noticing how... deflated... her breasts look. When the hell did that happen?

HECTOR (CONT'D)

... exactly five inches. Or five and a half -- I don't like to micromanage. Now what's this I hear about Dreamworks doing a picture about Galileo? Aren't we doing a Galileo picture?

Now he's got Wendy's attention. Victor does this -- slips in something pertinent amidst the senseless rant.

WENDY

Yes, we are. It's a terrific script and we've got Leonardo DiCaprio.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

I'm sure I would have heard if Dreamworks had one in development, Hector.

Sam walks in, climbs into Wendy's lap. She frantically fishes around for candy, gives him a piece to keep him quiet.

HECTOR

Good. We can't have two Galileo pictures. You saw what happened to the second Capote. Nobody cared.

WENDY

I'll check into it as soon as I get into the office, but you shouldn't worry, Hector. I'm sure it's just a rumor.

HECTOR

I'm glad. Because that would be bad for you, wouldn't it?

(then)

Goodbye, Wendy. Five inches from the sill.

And he's gone. Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wendy, holding up her towel, deposits Sam onto a LUMP OF COVERS on the bed. The lump's her husband, SHANE, 30's, handsome, metrosexual, still sleeping. He stirs, and STRETCHES languorously... He does have a great body, even if it's not getting up.

WENDY

Shane, can you please get up and get the kids ready. I have to get to the office.

And she starts for the bathroom. Shane wrestles Sam playfully.

SHANE

Can't do it, Wen. You're gonna have to take 'em today.

WENDY

What?

SHANE

I'm meeting this guy at Starbucks to talk about the restaurant.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)

(off her look)

What's the big deal? You know where the school is.

(tickling Sam)

Ahhh... tickle attack!

Sam laughs.

WENDY

Shane. You can't do this to me on such short notice. I have a crazy morning --

SHANE

When don't you have a crazy morning? If I postpone it'll set everything back, but what the hell? It's your money, right?

Ouch. They've been here before. Wendy, not wanting him to sulk, tries to make peace.

WENDY

(gently)

It's our money, Shane. You know that. The money I make is for both of us.

He's focusing on Sam, not giving her anything.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(carefully)

I just don't think this whole restaurant idea is making you happy. That's all. I don't know... maybe you should go back to writing screenplays. I could --

SHANE

Screw it, Wendy. God. What do you want?

A long beat. No point in starting this now.

WENDY

(a little sadly)

I just want you to be happy, Shane. So we can all be happy.

And she turns, looks in the mirror, and puts on her lipstick.

INT. NICO'S 5TH AVENUE CO-OP DRESSING ROOM - SAME

Nico's putting on lipstick as well. Her co-op is elegantly appointed, lavish, expensive. Nico stands in her LaPerla bra and panties getting ready for work.

Her husband CHARLES, 50's, is getting ready also. He's a New York intellectual, has a professorial air about him. Theirs is a meeting of the minds, if not always the bodies anymore. They move in a familiar morning dance, getting dressed in the same space, yet each occupying their own.

NICO

... And tonight's the culmination of months of my hard work --

CHARLES

What's tonight?

NICO

The Bonfire/Target launch event at Bungalow 38. -- And he's going to be strutting around taking all the credit --

CHARLES

Well, he is CEO. That's what they do. Have you seen my watch?

NICO

By the sink.

CHARLES

Ah.

NICO

CEO my ass. The mannequin in the window at the Armani store generates more ideas for his company than Mike Harness does for ours. Every magazine under his umbrella except mine is hemorrhaging profits. He should be working 'round the clock, and instead he's playing golf and getting spray tanned.

(weary)

Ohhh, can't I just skip tonight.

CHARLES

Come on, Nicky, where's the girl who wanted to conquer the world?

NICO

She's tired. I don't know -- nothing's exciting anymore.

(taking his hands)

Can't you at least come with me tonight? We can stand at the bar and make fun of people like we used to when I was just starting out. Remember?

CHARLES

I'd love to, but I have that lecture tomorrow at Columbia and I'm woefully unprepared. You can tell me all about it when you get home.

NICO

Oh. Okay.

CHARLES

Don't worry, Nicky. You'll find the thing that gets your blood boiling again. You always do.

Nico goes to kiss him -- but instead he gives her a routine kiss on the forehead, and crosses off.

Nico's CELL PHONE RINGS. She picks up.

INT. NEW YORK STREET - SAME

Victory strides down the street looking fabulous in a BRIGHT RED DRESS, putting on lipstick, while TALKING TO NICO on the cell phone.

VICTORY

Nico. You'll be happy to know I'm taking your advice and not hiding. I'm wearing my fuck you dress and my fuck you shoes. I'm facing my public and I feel so much better.

She reaches her offices, in the FLATIRON BUILDING, goes in.

INT. HALLWAY - FLATIRON BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER

Victory steps out of the elevator, walks down the hallway, still on the phone.

VICTORY (cont'd)

... It all made so much sense this morning. I mean, really. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. I'm the same Victory I always was and no reviews can change that.

She opens the double doors, walks in to find...

INT. VICTORY FORD OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

... all the EMPLOYEES looking at her with big puppy dog, sympathetic, sad faces, as though she's just found out she has six months to live.

EMPLOYEES

Hiiiiiii...

She reacts.

INT. WENDY'S PARADOR PICTURES OFFICE - SAME

Wendy FLIES in, laden with bags of scripts. Two ASSISTANTS wearing CORDLESS HEADSETS sit in an outer office. JOSH (20's, officious) is the one from the phone.

JOSH

Where were you?

WENDY

I know, Josh, I'm sorry. I had to take my kids to school at the last minute and --

She stops. Why does she always feel the need to explain herself to him? She continues into the inner office.

INT. WENDY'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cozy, warm, cluttered. Josh and the other assistant follow her in, hand her a Diet Coke and a muffin.

WENDY

Okay, I want you to put down your Sudoku puzzles -- yeah, surprise, I know -- and call all your assistant friends and find out if Dreamworks has a Galileo project.

(then)

And get Selden Rose on the phone now. I need to know if Leonardo DiCaprio's deal is closed.

She's about to sit.

JOSH

No time. You have dailies on the romantic comedy upstairs five minutes ago.

WENDY

Damn. First thing in the morning? Okay, then call Selden and see if he'll meet me in the screening.

She starts out, pounding her Diet Coke, as the ASSISTANTS follow her with her stuff.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Please God let today's be better. I'd even take either romance or comedy at this point, but so far we've got neither.

INT. NICO'S BONFIRE MAGAZINE OFFICE - SAME

Cool, corporate, streamlined. Magazine covers on the wall. Nico's desk is immaculate. Nico looks over papers, as her assistant, REBECCA, sets a cup of tea in a saucer on the desk.

REBECCA

I have Barry Santos from Target for you on two.

Nico picks up.

NICO

Barry, hi. I just wanted to tell you how honored I am that Bonfire is the vehicle that's launching Target into this new era, and I wanted to go over a few talking points for this evening's party. I -

INT. BARRY SANTOS' OFFICE - SAME - CROSS CUT

BARRY

Mike Harness already went over everything with me.

Nico's surprised, covers.

NICO

Oh really?

BARRY

Yeah, I thought it was a little strange, since this was always your baby, but he said he'd talked to you first.

NICO

Oh. Yes, of course. That's fine. Excellent. One less thing to worry about on such an important day. Tonight then.

BARRY

Tonight.

She hangs up. Her eyes narrow... pissed. She stirs her tea a moment. Rebecca enters.

NICO

(a deadly calm)

Rebecca. Get me Mike Harness. Now.

INT. AGAINST A WHITE-TILED WALL - MOMENTS LATER

MIKE HARNESS, 40's, handsome, slick, is on the cell phone.

MIKE

(into phone)

Tell her I'm in a meeting.

He FLIPS the phone SHUT. REVEAL he's shirtless. He holds up his arms, and SPRAY SHOOTS OUT OF THE WALLS. He's in a tanning booth.

INT. VICTORY'S OFFICE - SAME

Victory's in the stylish bullpen area. 15 or 20 EMPLOYEES are nervously gathered around as she's finishing a pep talk.

VICTORY

So this is a day of celebration. Because whatever anyone says, we did what we believed in. We broke new ground, and Victory Ford moves forward. So no more boo-boo faces. We are fine. And we all go out there proud, to show the world how fine we are!

(clapping)

So congratulations to all of us on a job well done!

She raises her fist in triumph, then heads into her bohemian chic office. Her funky-looking but fretful assistant, ZOHEY (20's) follows.

ZOHEY

I have a few Xanax in my purse from when I had teeth pulled if you want them.

VICTORY

Zoey, I'm fine.

ZOHEY

Are you? I'm glad to hear that. Because Bloomingdales just pulled their orders of the new Spring line. As have ten other stores. Should I get that Xanax now?

Victory paces.

VICTORY

Okay, okay, it's to be expected. I'm not worried. Don't forget we have three-hundred-twenty-five stores in Asia.

THE INTERCOM SQUAWKS

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

I have Fumiko Ikito on the phone.



ZOEY  
 (gasps)  
 Oh no!

VICTORY  
 Zoey.

ZOEY  
 I'll be right outside if you need  
 me.  
 (nervously)  
 Fingers crossed!

Victory sits to take the call, puts on her headset. Zoey places the Xanax on the corner of the desk, leaves.

VICTORY  
 (into phone)  
 Hello, Mrs. Ikito.

INT. MRS. IKITO'S OFFICE - JAPAN - CROSS CUT

MRS. IKITO, an elegant Japanese businesswoman in her 50's sits behind her desk.

MRS. IKITO  
 I hate it.

VICTORY  
 (deflated)  
 The spring line.

MRS. IKITO  
 Yes. All of Japan hates it.

VICTORY  
 Wow. The whole country? That's quite an accomplishment. To get an entire nation united in their hatred for bell-skirted cocktail dresses and skirt suits in embroidered tweed.

MRS. IKITO  
 You will come to Japan next week to discuss where we go from here.  
 Sayonara, Victory.

She hangs up, puts her head on the desk. ZOEY enters, veritabily bursting with news.

ZOEY  
 Okay... are you ready for this?  
 Greg Bennett is on the phone for you right this minute.  
 (no response)  
 Greg Bennett, the bazillionaire?

VICTORY

I know who he is. Why is he calling me?

ZOEY

I don't know... Maybe he knows how much trouble we're in and he's calling to rescue us! I hope I hope I hope...

VICTORY

We don't need any rescuing, Zoey. We're fine. Put him through.

Zoey exits.

VICTORY (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Victory Ford.

ELLYN (O.S.)

This is Ellyn from Greg Bennett's office. Mr. Bennett would like you to join him tonight at the Whitney Biennial and for dinner after.

VICTORY

Uh... and what is this in reference to?

ELLYN (O.S.)

Mr. Bennett finds you very attractive and according to Google you are single.

VICTORY

(confused)

I'm sorry. Are you asking me out on a date?

ELLYN (O.S.)

Yes, I am -- he is.

VICTORY

Well, tell Mr. Bennett thank you very much, but I don't --

ELLYN (O.S.)

It's just that he was in the audience for your show last night and he absolutely loved it.

VICTORY

(melting)

Oh really?

CUT TO:

INT. PARADOR PICTURES SCREENING ROOM - SAME

A small screening room. Dailies flicker on the screen. Wendy's on her cell.

WENDY

You're going out with Greg Bennett?

VICTORY (O.S.)

I know... crazy, right?

A HEAD-SHAPED SHADOW blocks the screen.

SELDEN

Sorry, sorry.

He ducks down. This is SELDEN ROSE, late 40's, a lawyer type, straitlaced, but a little goofy.

WENDY

Vic, I gotta go. Call me later.  
We'll discuss.

Wendy motions for Selden to sit next to her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Leonardo's deal. Is it closed?

SELDEN

Not yet. The agent's holding out  
for final cut. It's a chicken game.

WENDY

Well, I need it done today.  
Dreamworks may be on our heels with  
their own Galileo movie, and I told  
Hector Matrick we have him. You  
gotta lock this up.

SELDEN

I'm not giving him final cut.

WENDY

I know, I know. But you have to get  
me this. I've nurtured this thing  
for five long years -- I brought it  
in, I convinced everyone to do it.  
If Dreamworks makes a shmuck out of  
me my ass is on the line.

SELDEN

Yeah, well it's my job to watch  
everybody's ass.

He realizes what he said and gets embarrassed.

WENDY

Just make it happen, today, please?

Their attention is drawn to THE DAILIES on the screen.

ON SCREEN

MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY and CAMERON DIAZ are locked in a kiss. They break, and... a distasteful look crosses Matthew's face.

SELDEN

Did he just... cringe after he kissed her?

WENDY

What? He's kissing Cameron Diaz. Why is cringing?

ON SCREEN

The next take.

WENDY (CONT'D)

There it is. He's doing it again! Oh my God, it's in every take. What is this director doing? I'm going to have to fire this guy. Terrific.

(re: screen)

Did he just wipe his mouth?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BONFIRE/TARGET LAUNCH PARTY - BUNGALOW 38 - THAT NIGHT

The party's in full swing. Large blowup posters of Bonfire magazine line the walls. Well-dressed BUSINESS PEOPLE, MODELS, EXECUTIVES mingle, sip watermelon martinis. Nico's at the mic, addressing the crowd. She's calm, controlled, the picture of the perfect executive.

NICO

I'm Nico Reilly, Editor-in-chief of Bonfire Magazine. On behalf of the entire Matrick-Verner corporation I'd like to thank everyone who has made this moment possible... Especially Barry Santos for making the very wise choice of launching his first major print campaign in the pages of our magazine. But in all this excitement, we mustn't forget the real reason we're all here... money!

The crowd laughs.

NICO (CONT'D)

Now everyone, please enjoy. Thank you.

They applaud, as Nico steps down. Mike Harness strolls over, tan as ever... all smiles and studied breeziness.

MIKE

Nice job up there, Nico. We did it!

He kisses her on the cheek. She bristles at the "we".

MIKE (CONT'D)

Listen, I heard you threw a fit about me taking the meeting with Barry. It was no big deal. I ran into him at squash and we just ended up ironing the whole thing out over drinks. That's all.

NICO

Oh, thanks for clearing that up.  
(with a polite smile)  
I have something to clear up too. When a woman in authority expresses her opinion, she's not "throwing a fit," she's just doing her job. Enjoy the party.

She crosses off. ANOTHER EXECUTIVE rolls his eyes to Mike.

EXECUTIVE

Meow.

Mike chuckles.

INT. VICTORY'S APARTMENT - SAME

The PHONE IS RINGING. Victory, in a sexy dress, crosses to pick it up while putting on her shoes.

VICTORY

(into phone)  
Hello.

ELLYN (O.S.)

Ms. Ford? It's Ellyn from Greg Bennett's office. The car is downstairs waiting for you.

VICTORY

Okay. Tell Mr. Bennett I'll be right down...

ELLYN (O.S.)

No, not Mr. Bennett. The car. He's not actually in the car.

VICTORY

He's not picking me up himself?

ELLYN (O.S.)

Oh no. He sends the car. The car will deliver you to him.

VICTORY

Oooooohkay.

Deliver her? What has she gotten herself into?

INT. BONFIRE/TARGET LAUNCH PARTY - LITTLE LATER

Nico's at the bar. A GORGEOUS GUY, 20s, approaches, sits next to her. He has a playful, sexy air about him.

GORGEOUS GUY

(to bartender)

Vodka martini, rocks. And for you, pretty lady?

Nico looks over her shoulder, then realizes he's talking to her.

NICO

Me?

(amused)

I'm good, thank you.

GORGEOUS GUY

I've been trying to get your attention all night.

NICO

Really? And why is that?

The way he's looking at her is making her a little uncomfortable, but it's kind of nice.

GORGEOUS GUY

You don't remember me, do you?

NICO

I meet a lot of people.

GORGEOUS GUY

Oh, we didn't actually meet. I watched you in action at the Bill Clinton shoot Friday. I was freelancing for Annie Leibowitz that day.

(holds out hand)

Kirby Atwood.

NICO

Nico Reilly.

KIRBY

This is lucky, huh? I couldn't take my eyes off you Friday, and now here I am meeting you, and I wasn't even going to come tonight. It's like... what's that word again? Sounds like "comet" --

NICO

Kismet?

KIRBY

Right. I like that about you. You're smart. You know words. Most people hardly know words anymore, have you noticed that?

NICO

Hmmm?

It's hard to even hear what this guy's saying, the way he's looking at her. She doesn't even know how to react. Is this beautiful boy flirting with her?

EXT. GREG BENNETT'S MANSION - SAME

The Mercedes PULLS UP in front of GREG BENNETT'S MANSION that takes up AN ENTIRE CITY BLOCK. Whoa. A SECURITY MAN in suit and headset opens the door, escorts her in.

SECURITY MAN

(into headset)

Ms. Ford is on the premises.

VICTORY

Do you greet all Mr. Bennett's visitors this way?

SECURITY MAN

Yes we do, ma'am. Look into the security camera, please, on the way in.

Victory looks up.

THE SECURITY CAMERA

Catches her bewildered look.

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE - SAME

CLOSE ON FLAT SCREEN TV

More painfully bad DAILIES from the romantic comedy. Matthew McConaughey and Cameron Diaz are walking through a park filled with autumn leaves.

CAMERON DIAZ (ON SCREEN)

Because...  
 (looking at him with  
 big sparkly eyes)  
 It was you, silly. It was always  
 you. We fell in the Fall, just like  
 the fortune cookie predicted.

MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY (ON SCREEN)

Oh, that? I'd almost forgotten.  
 (laughing)  
 We did, didn't we?

She kisses him, snuggles up against his chest... and he looks  
 longingly at a MAN walking a dog. THE IMAGE FREEZES.

WENDY (O.S.)

That. Right there. Why is he doing  
 that?

We PULL BACK to REVEAL Wendy is alone in the office with the  
 director, BRUNO CARR, 40's, hip, artsy, cocky.

WENDY (CONT'D)

It's the end of the movie, she loves  
 him, there's leaves. Help me  
 understand, Bruno. Why's he looking  
 at the guy with the dog?

BRUNO

Ah. I'm glad you noticed that. It  
 was subtle, but I like what we did  
 there. The guy with the dog is the  
 life he'll never have. You see, in  
 my subtext, Billy is gay.

WENDY

What?!

BRUNO

It's not something we even address  
 in the script... but it gives the  
 piece an interesting layer, don't  
 you think? I mean, who needs another  
 frothy romantic comedy, right?

WENDY

Actually, Bruno. I do.  
 (puts her hand on his  
 leg, warm)  
 Listen, it was a bold experiment,  
 putting you on a lighter film like  
 this, but I just don't think it's a  
 fit. We're not happy and I don't  
 think you're happy.



BRUNO

What's happening here?

WENDY

So what I think we should do is say, okay. We tried, it's not working. We're going to need to go at it a different way, okay?

BRUNO

...Wow.

WENDY

I'm so sorry, Bruno. Please believe me when I say it's my deepest hope that we find another project -- the right project -- where we can work together again very soon.

Bruno looks sad, but Wendy has such a nice way about her of giving bad news, he feels kind of okay about it.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Okay?

(motherly hug)

Okay.

INT. GREG'S STUDY - SAME

Victory stands in the doorway, Alice through the looking glass... GREG BENNETT sits behind a huge desk in his over-decorated study, on the phone. Early 50s, he's a Bruce Willis type, a little obnoxious, but with a twinkle in his eye. He ushers her in.

GREG

(into phone)

Yeah, Jack.

He mouths "Nicholson."

GREG (CONT'D)

She just walked in... Of course she's pretty, she's gorgeous! Better than her picture.

(to Victory)

You want to say hello to Jack Nicholson?

He shoves the phone into her hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

Go ahead, talk. It's really him. He's a buddy of mine. Swear to God.

VICTORY

No, really that's okay -- Hello,  
Jack.

As Greg looks on, smiling at her, we...

INT. WENDY'S LOFT - A LITTLE LATER

Wendy runs in, to find an irritated Shane in the kitchen  
area.

WENDY

Sorry I'm late.

SHANE

Yeah.

(tight)

You called to say good night to the  
kids two hours ago and said you were  
on your way. Everyone's asleep.

WENDY

I couldn't help it. I was waiting  
for someone to finish shooting.  
It's the job, you know --

SHANE

Oh yes, Wendy, we all know how  
important your job is.

(pointedly)

I had a chance to get in to the  
chiropractor tonight, actually, if  
you'd gotten home when you said you  
would. But that's fine, I'll just  
reschedule.

WENDY

Don't do that, Shane.

SHANE

What? Have my own commitments? Is  
that what I shouldn't do?

WENDY

Dammit, I am trying! I can't please  
everybody, okay? You think I wouldn't  
rather be home?! You think I'm out  
shopping and getting my nails done?!  
I was at work. This is a thirty  
million dollar movie that's falling  
apart and I had to fire the crazy  
director! My head's about ready to  
explode and I have to come home to  
this?

SHANE

Okay, okay, that's enough.

WENDY

No, it isn't! It's not like I have a choice, Shane! You don't have a job. You've been through twelve "things you'd like to try", while I've been paying for our life.

SHANE

(blowing)

You think I don't know that?! Why do you think I want to open a restaurant? So the next time I'm at a party with you and someone asks, "and what do you do?" I have a Goddamn answer!

Ouch. Wendy realizes she's gone too far, feels bad.

WENDY

Okay, okay. I'm sorry, let's not fight. Okay, honey? I'm home now. This is silly, it's silly. What do you want?

(flirty)

You want to have sex? Let's have sex right now. Come on, we're both just stressed out. Please.

Shane's not giving it up... yet.

SHANE

I don't know, Wen.

(then)

Maybe if you...

WENDY

Oh. Is that what you want? Okay, sweetie. Okay. Let's not fight. Everything's fine.

(then)

Okay.

And she drops her bags with a THUNK. Still with her coat on, she drops to her knees on the kitchen floor to... well...

INT. BONFIRE/TARGET PARTY - SAME

Nico and Kirby are still at the bar. He's moved in closer, she's on a second drink.

KIRBY

It was fun watching you at the shoot the other day. You never raised your voice, but everyone knew who was in charge. Very hot.

The way he's looking at her is unnerving. It's been years since anyone looked at her like this. God he has a gorgeous mouth.

NICO  
(getting up)  
Would you excuse me?

INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nico leans against the sink, grateful for a moment to think. Suddenly THE DOOR OPENS. Kirby's followed her. He locks the door, and KISSES HER. Oh my God. She's taken aback, stops him.

NICO  
Wait. Do you know how old I am?

KIRBY  
I don't care.

And he kisses her again. She stops him again.

NICO  
... are you looking for a job?  
He shakes his head, kisses her again

NICO (CONT'D)  
I don't under --

KIRBY  
Shhh. You're sexy. Stop talking.

And that gorgeous mouth is on hers again. Whoa. And we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Nico and Kirby are as we left them. Kirby's kissing her neck, as she stands backed against the sink. She stops him for real, this time.

NICO

No, no, no. I'm married. I don't do this. Oh my God.

And she turns and starts putting herself back together. Kirby maintains his puppyish sense of fun.

KIRBY

No worries, it's cool. Call me if you change your mind.

NICO

(overly formal)

I will. Thank you. I'll do that.

KIRBY

Lemme give you my number.

And he REACHES into his bag, pulls out A SHARPIE PEN, pulls aside the slit of her skirt and WRITES HIS PHONE NUMBER ON HER BARE THIGH. He leaves with a grin. Nico's dumbfounded. Did that really just happen? She licks her finger, tries to rub the number. It won't come off.

INT. GREG BENNETT'S MANSION FOYER - SAME

Greg and Victory are getting ready to go. Greg's BARKING orders to ELLYN, as Victory waits and watches.

GREG

Is the car right in front of the entrance? I want to leave the building and get right into the car. I don't want to be standing on the sidewalk looking for Bumpy.

ELLYN

(helping him into his coat)

He's right in front.

VICTORY

Bumpy?

GREG

My driver. Loves the potholes. If there's a pothole within five hundred yards of the car, Bumpy'll find it. Isn't that right, Ellyn?

He escorts her out the door. Ellyn follows.

EXT. BENNETT MANSION - CONTINUOUS

They walk to the waiting car. Ellyn scurries behind them.

GREG

(to Ellyn, calling)

Bubbles?

(to Victory)

I bring my own. They always serve  
shit champagne at the Whitney. I  
told them to upgrade to at least  
Veuve, but they're cheap bastards.

He gets into the car, escorts Victory in. With a patient smile, Ellyn hands him the chilled glasses and the champagne, closes the door. Victory catches Ellyn's eye, "Who does this guy think he is?" VICTORY'S POV: Ellen, through the window of the limo, SHRUGS helplessly.

ELLYN

Bye bye, now. You kids have fun.

Greg pushes the button, the SMOKED WINDOW of the limo rolls up, leaving Victory alone with this lunatic.

INT. GREG'S MERCEDES -- CONTINUOUS

The CAR PULLS OUT as Greg expertly pulls the foil off the champagne, pours.

GREG

I'm really glad we're doing this.  
You're lovely.

She's eyeing him, coolly.

GREG (CONT'D)

Okay, you're not lovely. You're  
hideous. I'm repelled at the sight  
of you.

VICTORY

Do you think it's really necessary  
to make your assistant carry your  
champagne bottle down to the car?

GREG

(unfazed)

Why would she mind? She's the best  
paid secretary in New York. She  
loves me.

VICTORY

Only because she has to.

(MORE)

VICTORY (CONT'D)

And why do you make her arrange your dates? Why can't you call a woman yourself?

GREG

Because, Victory, my time is worth about five thousand dollars a minute.

Victory raises an eyebrow. Really? He sees that she's impressed, enjoys the upper hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm not saying you're not worth it, but if I called myself and you turned me down, it would cost me close to twenty thousand dollars.

VICTORY

Surely you can afford *that*.

GREG

(with a grin)

It's not what I can afford, it's what I choose to afford. You see, that's the true value of money. I don't have to do anything I don't want to. So you know if I choose to be with you, it's because I want to be.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE WHITNEY MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls into the CROWD OF LIMOS. It's an absolute crush of vehicles.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

GREG

I want it right next to the curb, Bump.

BUMPY

I'm trying, Mr. Bennett, but there's a limousine in front of us and --

VICTORY

We can walk from --

GREG

Screw the limousine! Come on, don't be afraid of pedestrians, they'll move. Honk the horn. Honk! Honk!

VICTORY

(blows)

Will you stop it?! You're acting like a total lunatic! If you can't walk five feet to the curb you have a serious problem!

GREG

Ya hear that, Bump? We've only been together ten minutes and already, she knows me. Closer! Keep going!

Suddenly, the car KA-CHUNKS up onto the sidewalk, slanting the vehicle at a strange angle.

GREG (CONT'D)

Excellent.

Greg takes her hand, pulls her out of the car.

GREG (CONT'D)

Come on. I knew you'd be fun.

EXT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The limo is half on the sidewalk. Victory awkwardly climbs uphill out of the slanted vehicle as the well-dressed crowd stares.

INT. NICO'S BEDROOM/DRESSING AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nico's in her bra and panties, getting ready for bed. She looks down. Her POV: THE NUMBER ON HER THIGH. It didn't come off.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Are you coming to bed? It's late.

She runs the water, scrubs at it again.

NICO

... In a minute...

She rubs harder -- ouch -- tries nail polish remover, but it's no use. She slips a long, silk nightgown over her head to cover the telltale number, walks out to the bedroom, where Charles sits, glasses on the bridge of his nose, pajamas. reading in bed. He glances up at her, smiles. She slides carefully under the covers, nervous. Will he reach for her? What if he sees it? But Charles just TURNS OUT THE LIGHT and rolls over, gives her leg a friendly pat, and goes to sleep. Nico lies, staring at the ceiling... relieved?

INT. PER SE RESTAURANT - SAME

The lights are low, the setting is beautiful. Victory and Greg are finishing dessert, and enjoying each other's company.



VICTORY

(laughing)

That's funny, I can't imagine you working in a deli.

GREG

Sure, I lied about my age to get the job -- said I was 21 and had a medical condition and that's why I couldn't grow facial hair. Been working ever since.

She studies him, amused.

VICTORY

You know, you might not be as much of an asshole as I thought you were.

GREG

(with a smile)

Well, you know what they say.... All men are assholes and all women are crazy.

VICTORY

So do you think I'm crazy?

GREG

Hmm... I'm not really sure yet. But those moments before you know the truth about someone really are the most exciting, aren't they?

VICTORY

(raising her glass)

To the moments before.

They drink and smile, feeling one such moment. Greg motions to the waiter.

GREG

The check.

WAITER

Mr. Bennett. The check has already been taken care of.

GREG

(surprised)

Oh really? by who?

VICTORY

Whom. By whom. It's a subjunctive clause, actually.

GREG

I don't care what it is, I want to know who picked up my check.

He looks as though he could actually beat someone up.

WAITER

It was the lady, Ms. Ford.

GREG

Who?

He looks around, almost as though he's forgotten he was having dinner with her. Then he gets it.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh.

Victory smiles a cute little smile, takes the last bite of the dessert.

EXT. PER SE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They walk out into the chilly night. The mood has changed.

VICTORY

Why are you being such a baby about this?

GREG

(gruffly)

You didn't need to do that, you know.

VICTORY

I don't need to do anything. I do what I want. Didn't you say yourself that's the beauty of money?

GREG

You know, I was going to invite you back for a drink, but I suppose this means you have other plans.

VICTORY

... I guess I do.

INT. TAXI - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Victory rides down Fifth Avenue alone. What exactly happened back there? She looks out the window feeling a little blue-- is there anything lonelier than a cab ride home all by yourself? Her phone rings. She picks up.

VICTORY

Hello?

GREG (O.S.)

I want you to know I'm potentially losing twenty thousand dollars by calling you myself.

She breaks into a smile, charmed... maybe it's not the end of Greg Bennett after all... And we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICO'S DRESSING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Nico comes out of the closet in just her golf shirt, is startled to find Charles right there looking for something. She covers her thigh, reflexively. Too late?

CHARLES

Did I surprise you?

NICO

(feigning casual)

A little. I thought you'd left, that's all.

CHARLES

No. I was just on the phone with Mike Wallace. He was seeking my consultation on a story about a dispute they're having at the Getty over some antiquities that may have been obtained illegally from a site in Athens...

Charles is busy searching through his papers and droning on, lost in his own thoughts, not even looking. She notices his mouth moving.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

He knew of the books I'd written back in the early eighties on a similar incident in Egypt...

Nico considers a moment, then ever so slowly moves her hand away, exposing the number on her thigh. When he doesn't see, she crosses by him deliberately... almost daring him to notice. My God, does he ever even look at her anymore?

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE - SAME

Wendy's eating her usual breakfast of a Diet Coke and a muffin, and looking over papers amidst the PILES of papers everywhere on her desk.

WENDY

(calling out to Josh)

Leonardo's deal's still not closed?

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

Get Selden! And what is this? Why am I still getting a production report from the romantic comedy? I thought they were temporarily shut down!

Josh appears in the doorway.

JOSH

Yeah... They're still shooting. I thought that was a little odd too.  
(a little accusatory)  
Didn't you fire the director?

WENDY

Yes, I did, Josh. Dammit. Forget Selden. Get me the producer right now, and let's find out what the hell's going on down there!

JOSH

You have muffin on your breast.

Josh goes. Wendy looks down to brush the crumb off her chest... notices her boobs again... tries using her hands to give them a little lift... better.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - LATER THAT MORNING

Mike Harness is playing golf with Hector Matrick. A trim figure in a fantastic golf outfit strides across the course -- waves.

MIKE

Nico?

NICO

Mike! Isn't it funny how you can run into people in the strangest places -- Golf courses, *squash courts*. I've decided I need to get out of the office more. Hope you boys don't mind a third.

Mike puts on his megawatt smile, greets her with a cheek kiss, but it's clear he's not thrilled she's there.

HECTOR

Please, join us! Mike could use a challenge. I'm playing for shit today.

She notices his limping.

NICO

Oh, no. Sciatica flaring up again?

HECTOR

What? This? Nah, I like to store  
the clubs I'm not using in my pants.

And he pulls a putter out of his pant leg. Clearly the guy's  
nuts, but he's kind of charming.

NICO

(laughing)

Well, I suppose that's one way to  
keep from losing them. I may just  
try that.

Hector laughs.

MIKE

So, Hector, what I thinking for the  
Zurich conference --

HECTOR

We'll talk about that later. You go  
on ahead. I'll wait for Nico to tee  
off.

Mike's clearly not happy about this, but gets in his cart,  
drives on to his ball. Nico gets ready to tee off.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

So how is Bonfire doing this quarter?

NICO

Amazing. Our profits are up thirty-  
five percent.

HECTOR

(lets out a whistle)

I wish all my publications were doing  
that well.

NICO

(under her breath)

Well... they could be.

HECTOR

Clarify what you mean by that.

Should she continue?

NICO

Nothing. If I were CEO, I'd just do  
things differently, I suppose. That's  
all.

She swings.

HECTOR

So are you saying you think you could  
do a better job than Mike?

A look passes over Nico's face. Is this opportunity really  
presenting itself?

NICO

Yes.

(then)

There's been too much old school  
thinking going on -- everybody's  
scrambling to get the men, get the  
men. Men don't read magazines  
anymore.

HECTOR

I'm listening.

NICO

The big audiences are younger, female  
and celebrity-obsessed. Of your  
thirty three magazines, only fifteen  
are making money.

(then)

I'm just saying it doesn't have to  
be that way.

Nico feels brazen, making this move with her superior less  
than twenty yards away, but the memory of the other night in  
the bathroom and the number still present on her thigh are  
making her bolder than usual. Hector looks at her. Perhaps  
she's gone too far.

HECTOR

Nico. I am never going to give you  
Mike's job.

(then, with a smile)

If you want Mike's job, you'll have  
to take it from him.

Nico reacts, knowing the magnitude of what's happened.

INT. MICHAEL'S RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

Nico, Wendy, and Victory are finishing up lunch at the premier  
table in the premiere lunch spot in New York. Nico's still  
riding high, they're leaning in, rapt by her story.

NICO

I'm telling you, he gave me the nod.

WENDY

He did not.

NICO

Oh, yes he did. I got the nod. I'm going to be the first female CEO of Matrick Publications. I can see it clear as day now, it's all going to be mine. All of it. All I have to do is take Mike down.

VICTORY

(to Wendy)

Ooooh. She's so scary when she's like this.

WENDY

She is. She's a Cyborg.

NICO

No, I'm alive when I'm like this!

(to waiter)

We have to have champagne right now! The most expensive.

VICTORY

Speaking of which... I'm going out with Greg again.

NICO

Again? The man ordered you up like a sandwich.

VICTORY

Hey, I'm not sleeping with him. We're just having fun, and at least it's taking my mind off the complete disappearance of my talent.

WENDY

Still stuck?

VICTORY

Oh please, I haven't so much as doodled a dress on a napkin. So where was I? Right, Greg. You're going to like this. When we were out the other night --

WENDY

Where'd he take you?

VICTORY

Per Se.

NICO

Nice.

VICTORY

Gorgeous. So we're having dessert --

WENDY

What'd you have?

VICTORY

Creme Brulee. Not that great. Anyway -- on the way to the bathroom I slip the waiter my card and I pick up the check.

WENDY

You did not.

VICTORY

The whole thing was like a thousand dollars I can't afford, but he could not deal.

(laughing)

This morning he sends me a thousand dollars worth of flowers. How do I know this? The message on the card said, "This is a thousand dollars worth of flowers. We're even".

WENDY

You know, if Shane threw down a credit card once in his life, I wouldn't complain about it. I don't even know what that feels like.

NICO

...How is Shane?

WENDY

Oh fine. It's hard -- this restaurant idea's a cash-sucking hole, but he seems excited about it. And who knows, this could be it, right? This could be his thing...

Nico and Victory share a look... yeah, sure.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh. And did I mention I'm a horrible mother? Yesterday I dropped Tyler off in his kindergarten class --

VICTORY

And?

WENDY

He's in first grade.

They all laugh. The waiter pours them all champagne.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I know, it's pathetic.

(MORE)



WENDY (CONT'D)

I'm just so exhausted. I'm in a race to do our Galileo movie before Dreamworks does theirs, and on the romantic comedy I've got a director I fired last night who doesn't seem to know he's fired.

NICO

I don't understand. Did you fire him or not?

WENDY

Yes! I had him into my office, said it isn't working out, we hugged...

NICO

Oooohkay. There's your problem. There is no hugging in firing.

WENDY

That's ridiculous. I've fired and hugged before just fine.

VICTORY

You guys just have very different styles, that's all.

WENDY

Yes, we do. Nico's is Nico's and mine is... nice. I don't believe you have to be nasty to be powerful.

NICO

I'm not nasty.

Wendy and Victory share a look.

WENDY

(imitating Nico)

All I have to do is take Mike down. Mwah-hah-hah-hah...

NICO

Oh, stop.

WENDY

Seriously. You know, that's when women will really take their rightful place in business -- when we actually change the rules and run things like women instead of feeling we have to be hard in order to be strong.

NICO

Well, if men have anything on us it's that they send clear messages -- something you clearly didn't do with all your hugging everybody all the time.

VICTORY

Alright, girls. Break it up, you're both pretty. I got to get back downtown and prepare for Japan.

NICO

What? You can't go when I'm feeling like this. We should do something fun. I know! Let's go to Harry Winston and visit that necklace I want.

WENDY

Sorry, Nic, I should get back too.

NICO

Well, I can't just go back to the office. Not when I'm feeling like this.

INT. NICO'S TOWNCAR -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nico sits in back, restless. Looking out the window, she feels the whole city could be hers and soon. It's exhilarating. She looks down and spots her dress riding up on her thigh. Through her pantyhose, she sees Kirby's number. She touches it, thinking. Images flash through her mind in QUICK CUTS -- The kiss in the bathroom, his hand on her leg... her conversation with Hector. Why not? She deserves it... it's like a massage when you think about it. Nico picks up her cell phone and calls.

NICO

(into phone)

Hello? Kirby. It's Nico. Nico Reilly from the other night...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nico nervously approaches the doorman sitting behind a large desk.

NICO

Kirby Atwood, please.

DOORMAN

Wasyername?

He picks up the phone and dials. Nico's unsure what to do. Should she give her real name? What's the protocol here?

NICO

(whispering)

Nico.

DOORMAN

What? Nicole?

NICO

Yes, that's right.

DOORMAN

(into phone)

There's a Nicole here for you.

(hangs up phone)

Go on up. Twenty-five G.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Nico knocks on Kirby's door. While she waits for him to answer, she tries to figure out something to do with her body. She settles on a faux-relaxed, sexy lean against the wall, when suddenly the door opens and a giant one hundred pound slobbery Great Dane comes bounding out the door and jumps on her, sending her falling to the ground.

NICO

Aaaaaahhhhh...!

So much for sexy.

INT. BERGDORF'S LINGERIE DEPARTMENT - SAME

Wendy plops a bunch of beige bras down on the counter to pay. A SALESLADY who's been there since the dawn of time eyes Wendy.

SALESLADY

Aren't you going to try these on?

WENDY

No, that's okay. I'm in a hurry. I just stopped in quick on my way back to the office.

SALESLADY

(peering over her glasses)

Really? Okay, but you know fit is everything.

WENDY

I know, but work --  
(stopping herself,  
looking at watch)

No, you know what... everyone I need to talk to is probably at lunch anyway... What the hell? I'm going to try on these bras!... Or maybe some others that have a little more  
(indicating lift)  
... you know.

SALESLADY

I know.

MUSIC KICKS IN.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A MONTAGE of various shots as Wendy tries on different, sexy bras. She's attended to by the old Saleslady and now some younger saleswomen are also helping. Wendy's having fun -- posing, crossing her arms over her chest, laughing. She's actually enjoying spending a few extra minutes on herself.

But all that's brought to a screeching halt when:

Wendy's PHONE RINGS. She looks at the number. It's her assistant. Shit.

WENDY

Hey, Josh, what's up?

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE - SAME - CROSS CUT

JOSH

Where are you?

WENDY

In a meeting with Ron Howard. Did I forget to tell you?

JOSH

Hector Matrick's been trying to get a hold of you.

WENDY

What?  
 (panicked)  
 Wait! Hold on --

But Josh has already put him through.

HECTOR (O.S.)

Wendy!

WENDY

Hector, how is everything?

INT. HECTOR MATRICK'S OFFICE - SAME - CROSS CUT

HECTOR

I assume you heard Dreamworks is going into production on their Galileo movie tomorrow.

WENDY

What?!

The saleslady enters the dressing room with more bras.

SALESLADY

Now for the sagging bosom, this one--

Wendy frantically waves her off. She kicks in to work-mode, pacing back and forth in the dressing room still in a push-up pink bra.

WENDY

That's not possible, Hector. They don't even have casting. Believe me, when I say that --

HECTOR

'Fraid so. Saw Katzenberg in Palm Beach this weekend, told me all about it. I hate losing, Wendy, don't you?

WENDY

It's not even an option, Hector. Trust me, this Dreamworks thing will not be an issue.

HECTOR

That's what I like to hear.

He hangs up. Wendy quickly punches a number into her phone. The following dialogue occurs at rapid-fire pace:

WENDY  
 (into phone)  
 Selden. Hector Matrick just told me  
 Dreamworks is --

SELDEN  
 I know. I just heard. Not only  
 that, but there's a rumor they're  
 flying Leonardo out in the company  
 jet to meet with them today.

WENDY  
 What?! He's *my* star. They can't  
 steal my star!

The other salesladies come in, more bras in hand.

SALESGIRL  
 Wow. You look hot in that one!

Wendy, again, waves them off like annoying gnats.

WENDY  
 (pointedly)  
 He *is* my star, isn't he, Selden?

SELDEN  
 (after a beat)  
 We're very close.

WENDY  
 Shit! Shit, shit, shit! Close the  
 deal! I've got to make sure Leo  
 doesn't get on that plane.

She hangs up, quickly shoves her feet into her shoes.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Josh! Get me Leo's agent at CAA.  
 Now.

JOSH  
 She's on, Wendy.

WENDY  
 Barbara, what the hell is going on?

BARBARA RASE  
 I'm sorry, Wendy, but without a deal  
 in place, Leo is a free man and able  
 to entertain other offers.

WENDY  
 C'mon, you know the Dreamworks script  
 is a piece of crap.  
 (MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

We've got Paul Haggis directing. Do they have Paul Haggis? Don't let him get on that plane.

Wendy grabs her purse, and dashes toward the exit, forgetting she only has her pants and pink bra on.

BARBARA RASE

I don't even know where he is right now. You'll have to talk to Phil Goldfarb.

WENDY

(hangs up)

Josh, you still there? Get me Leo's manager.

The Saleslady stops her, indicates the bra. Wendy digs into her purse, slaps down her credit card at the counter.

JOSH

He's on, Wendy.

PHIL GOLDFARB

Sorry, Wendy. He wants to hear what they have to say. He's getting on the plane.

WENDY

No! Just tell him to wait! He's got to talk to me.

She signs for the purchase, it about to run off again, when the Saleslady points to Wendy's state of undress. Wendy sprints to the dressing room.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You've got to have him call me. You know this is going to be an amazing film, Phil. Oscar-worthy. He can not get on that plane!

She grabs her suit jacket, pulls it over the bra, and dashes out of the store, leaving the wide-eyed salesclerks in her wake.

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Kirby has the huge dog by the collar and is dragging him back into the modest, but cool apartment, as Nico recovers.

KIRBY

Sorry. He's a puppy. Are you okay?

NICO

Yeah, thanks.

KIRBY

Come on in.

Nico enters, suddenly shy. Looking just as good as the other night, Kirby flashes her a confident grin.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

So, how ya doin', pretty lady?

She cringes at the phrase.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

It's so great you're here. I really wanted you to see my apartment, you know? From the minute I met you, I don't know, I just thought, I'd love to get her opinion on my apartment. Weird, huh? How you can just meet someone and want to know what they think? 'Cause I was gonna move. Downtown's sort of cooler. What do you think?

Nico doesn't know what to say, or even how she's supposed to act. Who would ever guess having an affair would be this horribly awkward.

NICO

I don't really know, Kirby.

KIRBY

Hey, you want some wine?

NICO

I shouldn't drink during the day. I've got work.

KIRBY

Oh, I know. You're a busy lady. But you gotta relax, you know. It's not good to always be going a hundred miles an hour.

And he ambushes her, closing his mouth on hers. Nico puts her hands on his chest, stiffly pushes him away.

NICO

Maybe I will have that wine.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - SAME

Wendy's RUNNING down the street with all her bags and blackberrying at the same time she's yelling into the phone.



WENDY

I'm on my way back to the office now, but listen, we have to go into production TODAY! Start shooting something... anything! Point a camera at the sky, I don't care. We just have to be in production first. If we're not in production before Dreamworks everyone's going to start losing faith and our movie'll be the one that falls apart!

Her phone beeps in.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hold on.

(Clicks in)

Yeah?

TYLER (O.S.)

Sam's hitting me!

WENDY

Okay, Tyler sweetie, tell Sam not to do that. Mommy's gotta go, okay?

TYLER (O.S.)

Okay, but I forgot I have a time line project due tomorrow. I have to make a poster and I need three pennies from every year I was born.

Wendy wants to hurt every teacher that ever thought "family home projects" were a good idea, but she tries to maintain her calm, all the while knowing she needs to get back to her crisis.

WENDY

Don't worry. We'll take care of it tonight. Three pennies. I got it. Love you.

CLICK. She's back to the producer.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Did you find out which airport the Dreamworks jet is at? Hold on. I've got Paul Haggis.

CLICK.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hi Paul... No, no, that's just a rumor. Leo's not pulling out. What?! No, Paul, you can't drop out.

Her phone beeps again.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Paul, hold on. That's probably Leo now.

CLICK.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

SHANE (O.S.)

It's me. Wendy, we have to talk.

WENDY

Shane, I can't right now. I'll call you back. Ask Tyler about the pennies.

SHANE (O.S.)

Wendy. I'm not kidding. We have to talk now --

CLICK. Wendy clicks back over to the director, hanging up on Shane.

WENDY

Paul, I promise. Everything will be fine. Just give me one hour, okay? Just one hour...

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Nico stands, sipping the wine Kirby poured for her.

KIRBY

You like it? We shot a commercial for them and they gave me a case.

NICO

It's nice.

KIRBY

Hey, you hungry? I should offer you some food. I got distracted... by a pretty lady.

NICO

(wincing again)  
Kirby, I --

He walks by her and this time, embraces her from behind, runs his hands over her. Panicked, she pushes him away again.

NICO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry --

KIRBY

Are you alright? Because we don't  
have to... you know.

NICO

(whispering)

I want to. I'm just...

KIRBY

(nodding knowingly)

First time?

(off her confused  
look)

Cheating on your husband?

Nico opens her mouth in shock, and he takes the opportunity  
to move in for another kiss.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. You gotta  
figure you've got your reasons, right?

Does she? But before she can think about this too much,  
Kirby scoops her up onto the countertop.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

In case you're wondering, you have a  
great body.

He kisses her again and runs his hands sexily up her legs.  
Oh God, she needs this so badly. Kirby stops when he comes  
to the waistband of her pantyhose.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Do you need these? Or can I cut  
them off? I want to cut them off  
with scissors, so I can get to you...  
right now.

He grabs a pair of kitchen shears, starts to snip, but then  
stops.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

But maybe that would be suspicious  
later on, if you have no hose --

NICO

(hoarsely)

It's okay.

He roughly cuts the hose with the scissors, then continues  
the job by ripping them open with his two hands.

NICO (CONT'D)

Oh my.

KIRBY

How much do you care about these  
underwear?

Nico, intoxicated, lies back. We hear a loud SNIP, a sigh,  
and we:

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE - SAME

Command central. Five of Wendy's nervous, type-A, development  
people are on various phones trying to prevent this crisis  
from happening. Josh is on his headset, rolling calls for  
Wendy.

VARIOUS DEVELOPMENT PEOPLE

No, I need a crew out there tonight!  
I'm not sure what we're shooting  
yet! /Can you tell me if a jet leased  
to Dreamworks Studios is currently  
on the tarmac right now? /Hi, I'm  
trying to locate Leonardo DiCaprio...

Wendy bursts in, still talking rapid-fire on her phone.

WENDY

Enrico, the movie's not falling apart.  
I'd tell you if it was falling apart.  
We're going into production tonight.  
(to Josh)  
Where's Selden?

JOSH

On his way.

WENDY

(into phone)  
Enrico, just give me one hour.

JOSH

Variety's on the phone.

WENDY

I'm not here.

JOSH

Already told them you were. Sorry.

She glares at him, picks up phone.

WENDY

(into phone)  
Hi, this is Wendy!... What rumor?

Just then, Selden enters also on his phone.

SELDEN

(into phone)

Look, Phil, you're being greedy. We made a very generous offer.

WENDY

(into phone)

We don't consider their movie any real competition...

(mouthing to Selden)

This is all your fault!

SELDEN

There's precedent here. We didn't give it to Jude Law, and we're not giving it to Leo.

(mouthing back)

How is it my fault?

WENDY

He's been attached to our script since July.

(mouthing)

You should have made this deal already!

SELDEN

(into phone)

Look, Leonardo's just not worth it.

WENDY

(panicked mouthing)

No, no, no!!

(into phone)

No, I have no quote. This is a non-story. Leo's not going anywhere.

Wendy and Selden hang up their phones at the same time. A beat, then they both start yelling at each other.

WENDY/SELDEN

Are you crazy saying things like that to his damn manager? We've got to win this, and -- / Your problem is you've become too attached to this project --

DEVELOPMENT GIRL

I've got him! I've got Leonardo DiCaprio on the line!

WENDY

Give me the phone! Give me the phone!

The room goes silent. Wendy takes a deep breath, then --

WENDY (CONT'D)  
 (casual, into phone)  
 Leo? Hi, it's Wen. What's going  
 on?... Listen, we're pulling the  
 offer.

The executives gasp -- what the hell is she doing?

WENDY (CONT'D)  
 If you really think the Dreamworks  
 script is better, I'm not going to  
 stand in your way. I care too much  
 about you. And Russell Crowe's  
 schedule just opened up, so we'll be  
 fine. Let's work together again  
 soon, okay sweetie? Best of luck  
 with it.

She hangs up. Nobody can believe what just happened. Wendy  
 doesn't take her eyes off the phone.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
 Wait. He'll call.

Everyone's riveted to the phone. Nothing.

EXECUTIVE  
 (whispers)  
 Do we have Russell Cr--

WENDY  
 No.

The suspense is building. Still nothing. Wendy's getting a  
 little nervous, then:

RING. RING. Josh picks up.

JOSH  
 Wendy Healy's office.  
 (then)  
 Leonardo DiCaprio is on one.

WENDY  
 (into phone)  
 Leo? Hi...  
 (then smiles)  
 You've made the right decision.  
 Yeah, there are some things in motion,  
 but I'll see what I can do.

Wendy hangs up the phone. The room erupts into cheers.  
 Wendy's riding high. Her Blackberry BEEPS. She checks it.  
 It's a message from Shane: i wnt d#vorce.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wendy stares at Shane's text message. Then she laughs.

SELDEN

What is it?

WENDY

My husband.

She text messages back: "Dnt b silly. I luv u. Il b home fr dinr.

Josh and the other executives have filed out. Selden's the last to go.

SELDEN

You were really something on the phone there. Very impressive.

WENDY

Thank you.

SELDEN

I'll get into it with the agent. Try and sew this thing up for you.

He starts to go, then turns back.

SELDEN (CONT'D)

Nice bra by the way. Didn't think you were a hot pink kind of gal.

He exits. Wendy looks down to find her jacket gaping wide open. She quickly covers up, but breathes a sigh of relief. At least it's a pretty one.

INT. NICO'S TOWNCAR - A LITTLE LATER

Nico rides in silence. She meets the eyes of her DRIVER in the rear view mirror.

INT. ELEVATOR - NICO'S CO-OP - CONTINUOUS

Nico steps in and makes eye contact with the ELEVATOR MAN. It feels to her like everyone must be able to tell, but she maintains her icy coolness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NICO'S CO-OP - CONTINUOUS

Nico enters to find her 14-year-old daughter KATRINA working on her homework. She glances up, smiles.

KATRINA

Hi Mom.

NICO

(just getting it out)

Hi.

Nico stumbles back into the hall and collapses against the wall. She begins to cry. What has she done?

INT. WENDY'S LOFT - SAM

Maggie's watching TV and the boys are playing, when Wendy enters, dumping all her bags in the hall.

WENDY

Hello! Guess who has pennies?!

Tyler whoops, jumps over the couch and launches himself into her arms.

DOROLISA, their nanny, wearing movie swag -- a Meet the Fockers jacket and a Dreamgirls baseball cap -- heads for the door.

DOROLISA

I stayed twenty minutes late, that means I'm coming in late tomorrow.

WENDY

Oh, sorry. Isn't Shane here?

DOROLISA

I haven't seen Mr. Shane all day. No one called. No one told me anything.

And the nanny strolls out with attitude. That's weird. Where's Shane?

INT. GREG BENNETT'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

CLOSE ON Victory sleeping in a darkened room. She wakes up. Disoriented, she reaches over and turns on the light. PULL OUT to reveal she's in Greg's bed, which happens to be the hugest bed ever. His bedroom is grand and ornate.

VICTORY

Oh my God. You are such an asshole.

GREG

(waking up)

Hmmm?

VICTORY

This bed. It's insane!



GREG

You didn't see it on the way in?

VICTORY

We were busy. Do you really need a bed this big? How many people were you expecting?

GREG

Hey, I grew up in South Bronx sharing a bed with my two brothers. I always promised myself if I made it, I'd get myself the biggest bed money could buy.

(stroking her back)

There must be something you've always wanted.

VICTORY

Not really. Not like that.

GREG

Sure there is. Everybody's got something. What is it? A necklace? A car? What?

VICTORY

Oh no, I'm not telling. You'll just want to go buy it for me, or something.

GREG

Well, well, someone's awfully full of themselves, aren't they.

He grabs her and throws her back down on the bed, kissing her. She shrieks. There's a discreet knock on the door.

BUTLER (O.S.)

Sir, it's 9am in Australia.

GREG

(barking)

Yes, Robert! I know how to tell time.

(to Victory, getting up)

I've got an overseas call. Think about where you want to go for dinner tonight. We can take the helicopter.

VICTORY

Sure, we can just have it land on the bed.

(calling after)

No healthy person needs a bed this big!!

But Greg's barely out the door, when Victory whips off the sheet and begins jumping on the bed. She quickly grabs her cell phone off the nightstand, dials.

INT. WENDY'S LOFT - CROSSCUT

The kids are now asleep and Wendy's lying on the couch covered in scripts. She picks up the phone.

WENDY

Hello?

VICTORY

I am in the most amazing bed right now.

WENDY

I thought you weren't going to sleep with Greg Bennett, you whore.

VICTORY

Oh, give me a break. My fashion show got panned all over New York. I need a little fun in my life.

WENDY

Greg Bennett is fun?

VICTORY

He was tonight.

(laughing)

Okay, yeah, he's also obnoxious, but he makes me feel good. All sort of warm and Christmasy inside. I like him, Wen, I really do. And you can not believe how big this bed is.

WENDY

I'll bet.

VICTORY

No, seriously. I'm going to prove to you how big it is. I'm standing on one side of the bed and I'm going to run to the other. Ready? Here I go.

She runs across the bed.

VICTORY (CONT'D)

Running, running, not there yet. Still not there. There! Now I'm on the other side. Can you believe it?

Wendy laughs.

VICTORY (CONT'D)

I'm running back, I'm run--

The door opens, and Greg re-enters. Victory quickly drops to the bed, and covers herself with the comforter, tries to be cool.

WENDY

Hello? Vic?

Wendy hangs up, happy that her friend is happy. She picks up another script just as the front door opens, and Shane strolls in.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hey! Where have you been, stranger?  
You weren't answering your cell.

He stands there for a long, cold beat, then:

SHANE

I wasn't kidding, Wendy. I want a divorce.

WENDY

You're scaring me, Shane. C'mon, stop it.

SHANE

I was just getting out of a cab today and it hit me. I can't do this for one second longer. I want a divorce.

He's not kidding. Wendy's stunned.

WENDY

Is there someone else?

SHANE

(simply)  
No. I'm just not happy. I haven't been happy in a long time.

WENDY

Okay... Well if that's all it is, then we can fix that. We'll get you happy again. We can get counseling or --

SHANE

There's nothing you can do. It doesn't work like that. Believe me, I'm torn up about the kids, but... Sorry, Wen. I'm leaving.

He goes into their bedroom, starts getting undressed. Wendy's shattered... and confused.

WENDY

What are you doing? I thought you were leaving?

SHANE

Well, not tonight. I'm going to bed.

WENDY

In *our* bed?!

SHANE

No drama, please. Let's just get some sleep.

Wendy stares, incredulous, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAM'S ROOM - LATER

Wendy is curled up on Sam's toddler bed, her arms around him as he sleeps peacefully. We know that Wendy will not be sleeping peacefully for a long time.

FADE OUT.

## ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. GREG BENNETT'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Greg wakes up to find Victory getting dressed in the early morning light.

GREG

You know, you put clothes on almost as well as you take them off. Where are you going?

VICTORY

I'm flying to Tokyo today, remember? See what I can do to stabilize the situation in Japan.

She sits on the edge of the bed, slips into her heels.

VICTORY (CONT'D)

Greg? How do you make a billion dollars?

GREG

How did I do it, or how do people do it in general?

VICTORY

People.

GREG

Well, that's easy. You can't.

VICTORY

I can't?

GREG

Nope. It's a club. You work for years and years and at some point other billionaires decide to make you a member.

VICTORY

I work hard. Who's to say that I couldn't eventually become a member?

GREG

There are no women. For these guys women are people you screw, not people you do business with.

VICTORY

That's disgusting.

GREG

I agree, but it's just the way it is. When are women going to understand you can't change the way men think.

(suggestively)

Speaking of which... you don't really need to fly to Japan today, do you?

He pulls her back down to the bed. But now Victory is annoyed.

VICTORY

There are women billionaires.

GREG

Only fifty-three, and most of them are heiresses to their daddy's fortunes. Let's face it -- women are just too emotional to do that well in business.

VICTORY

(seething)

What.

GREG

Look at you. You're way too close to your product. You're so worried about your artistic vision and "being true to your self" that you'll never be able to do what's truly best for your company.

Victory takes this in.

VICTORY

You know, I've been telling my friends, "Yes, he's a little obnoxious, but he's charming." "Yes, he's a little obnoxious, but he's fun -- But you know what? There is no "but." You're just obnoxious. Period.

She storms out, and off Greg, we...

INT. EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A numb Wendy sits alone eating a yogurt.

SELDEN (O.S.)

Mind if I join you?

She looks up to find Selden, motions halfheartedly with her spoon for him to sit. He slides a piece of paper across the table.

SELDEN (CONT'D)

Leonardo's deal. Signed. And we didn't have to give away final cut.

WENDY

My husband and I are separating.

SELDEN

Oh.

WENDY

Wow. That was uncomfortable, huh? Sorry, I didn't mean to blurt that out. I just haven't said it out loud yet. Haven't even told my kids, my friends -- I'm too embarrassed. Yet not too embarrassed to tell a colleague in the cafeteria. I'm sorry, I haven't slept.

SELDEN

I've been there. It's not easy.

WENDY

Oh really? I didn't know...

SELDEN

Yeah, my ex married me because she was star struck for the movie business. Took her five years to figure out being married to a business affairs guy wasn't very glamorous. She figured it out in a director's bed.

WENDY

Well, I mean, it's not final or anything. He hasn't even moved out -- you know, the kids. He's a good dad.  
(shaking her head)  
I just don't get it. We didn't fight that much. I always tried to make nice.

SELDEN

Take it from me. You can't always make nice.

WENDY

No, you can't. Can you?  
(then)  
I'm not really hungry.

Wendy gets up. Selden stands too.

SELDEN

If you need a lawyer, call me.

He takes a step forward and gives her a hug. Someone giving her a hug... it feels good. And maybe, just maybe there's a little spark.

INT. MRS. IKITO'S OFFICE - TOKYO - THE NEXT DAY

Victory is sitting across from MRS. IKITO, while her assistant serves them tea.

VICTORY

Mrs. Ikito, I was trying something new. I'm trying to grow. Expand as a designer.

MRS. IKITO

Why? Japan loved the old Victory Ford. Everyone in New York is always thinking about the self. Here in Japan, we think about business.

VICTORY

I'm thinking about business too. See, I want to eventually move into couture and --

MRS. IKITO

Why? There's no money in couture. Everybody knows that. There's money in the old Victory Ford. But don't worry. I have the answer.

She claps her hands and MR. MATSUDA, a young, gay Japanese man appears with a sketch book in hand.

MRS. IKITO (CONT'D)

This is Mr. Matsuda. He is an extremely talented designer.

Mr. Matsuda gives Victory his book.

MR. MATSUDA

I love your clothes. It will be an honor to work with you.

VICTORY

Work with me?

MRS. IKITO

His specialty is making copies. He does Ralph Lauren better than Ralph Lauren himself. He will draw new designs to look like the old Victory Ford.

VICTORY

What? I can't do that. Then they're not my designs.



MRS. IKITO

You can have approval over the new designs, of course. Look at the sketches.

Victory reluctantly opens the book, peruses the pages.

MRS. IKITO (CONT'D)

See? Didn't I tell you he was good?

She slams the book shut.

VICTORY

I'm sorry, but there's no way I can allow my name on designs that aren't mine.

MRS. IKITO

(frustrated)

I don't understand. When we started doing business together five years ago you said you wanted to make billions of dollars.

VICTORY

Not like this. No, I'm sorry, but my company is me. It's something that comes out of my brain, out of my heart -- that I create. I'm not making widgets. My name is all I have. I'm not going to sell out my name.

MRS. IKITO

You already have with your last collection.

VICTORY

Hey. My spring line is the best I've ever designed! Yes, it was a departure, but it was exactly what I'd envisioned it to be and I could not be prouder of it. And maybe people didn't like it as much, but they will like the next one, that I, Victory Ford, design!

INT. BONFIRE MAGAZINE - PHOTO SHOOT

Photographers, assistants and various crew are setting up for a photo shoot, when Nico enters with her assistant, Rebecca. THEO, the photographer, crosses over.

THEO

Nico! Thanks for stopping by.

NICO

Everything looks terrific. When's Madonna scheduled to arrive?

THEO

She's in makeup now. I'm using this new lens. Take a look.

HER POV as she looks through the camera lens, sees a guy in jeans setting up a light. The guys turns... it's Kirby.

THEO (CONT'D)

Oh, have you met my new assistant? Nico Reilly... Kirby Atwood.

KIRBY

Hey. Nice to meet you.

Nico is stunned, but coolly shakes his hand.

NICO

It's a pleasure.

INT. TOKYO HOTEL - NIGHT

Victory is feeling pretty miserable for herself. She's trying to pace around the room, but it's teeny tiny small with low ceilings, and the bed takes up most of the room. Her cell phone rings.

VICTORY

(into phone)

What?

INT. GREG BENNETT'S STUDY - CROSS CUT

GREG

What are you doing?

VICTORY

What am I doing? I'm crying! That's what I'm doing. This is how it's been since the beginning of my career. I cry, then go back to work. Work, cry, work, cry, work, cry. You'd be surprised at how much I cry. People think I'm cool and fun and optimistic, but I'm a crier!

GREG

So it went well then?

VICTORY

No. I told off Mrs. Ikito. You were right. I am too close to my product. I just don't know how to be any other way. And now I don't know how I'm going to keep the company going -- oh God, I just want to be home already.

GREG

A man named Hachiro will be there in ten minutes. Be ready.

MUSIC CUE:

MONTAGE: Hachiro shows up at Victory's hotel door, takes her bag. Hachiro escorts her into a waiting limo. Hachiro helps Victory out of the limo. Greg's jet is waiting for her on the tarmac. Victory goes inside the jet to find cupcakes waiting on board. She settles in, as the jet takes off for home.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MOVIE SHOOT - NIGHT

Trailers, food, cables, etc. let you know a movie shoot is taking place. An SUV pulls up, and Wendy steps out, just as her phone rings.

WENDY

Yes, Josh?

JOSH (O.S.)

Where are you?

WENDY

(woman on a mission)  
Firing the un-fire-able director,  
Bruno Carr. Hold my calls.

She hangs up on him, and looks around. There doesn't seem to be any shooting going on. A CREW MEMBER passes.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Where is everybody?

The crew member points to a the other side of the lagoon. Great. She's on the wrong side. Now what? Wendy spies a small fishing dinghy. CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK LAKE - NIGHT

The boat's speeding across the lake. Wendy stands at the front, her long coat billowing around her -- Washington crossing the Delaware. All power.

INT. CENTRAL PARK MOVIE SHOOT - NIGHT

Wendy jumps out of the boat and crosses over to the surprised Bruno.

WENDY

You're ill-prepared, you're over budget, you're difficult... All things that could be overlooked if what was on the screen was remotely good, but

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

it's not. Now I tried to do this the nice way, and that apparently didn't work. So I can say you have a family emergency, or that there's another film you want to do. I can make this easy for you. How do you want to do it?

Bruce stares at her for a beat, then turns to the crew.

BRUNO

Action!!

WENDY

Fine.

(then for everyone to hear)

You're FIRED!!

She rips off Bruno's headset and marches back to the boat.

CREWMEMBER

(sotto to another)

What a bitch.

EXT. NEW YORK PRIVATE AIRPORT TARMAC - NIGHT

Victory comes off the jet, to find Greg waiting for her on the tarmac.

VICTORY

I hate this, you know. I hate you sending a jet for me. I hate that I like riding in it so much. I hate your smug attitude like you're a big hero, because you're not. All you did was call Ellyn and tell her to send it.

GREG

Actually I called myself. And hey, I could have waited in the car for you, but instead I'm standing out here on the tarmac freezing my ass off. I don't do that for anybody.

He kisses her.

VICTORY

I don't like being rescued, you know. I rescue myself.

GREG

Oh, would you just relax.

He flips out his phone, speaks into it.

GREG (CONT'D)

Bring the car around.

The car comes careening around the corner and screeches to a stop practically on top of them. Without having to walk one step to the car, they get in, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VICTORY'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON three pairs of animal-print shoes, discarded on the balcony. PAN UP to reveal Victory, Wendy and Nico looking out over the rooftops in bare feet.

VICTORY

Two days ago? Wendy, why didn't you tell us?

WENDY

I wanted to. It's just so embarrassing. I feel like a failure. I mean, I know I work all the time, and things weren't always perfect, but I always thought I had a good marriage...

(to Nico)

... Like you and Charles.

Her and Charles. A look passes over Nico's face, but she's not letting them in on her indiscretion... yet. She rubs Wendy's shoulder.

VICTORY

You are not a failure. You are an extraordinary person. You're funny and loud and gorgeous and powerful. You deserve to be loved because of those things, not despite them.

NICO

The way we love you.

WENDY

Don't make me cry. It won't be pretty.

They look out at the city lights twinkling below.

VICTORY

I know it's a tough time right now, but I honestly have this feeling things are about to get better... for all of us.

We hear the FAINT SOUNDS OF JUNGLE DRUMS IN THE DISTANCE as...

INT. MRS. IKITO'S OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. Ikito is talking to Mr. MATSUDA.

MRS. IKITO

I want you to start working on those sketches anyway -- I don't care what that diva designer says. Who says we need her permission?

THE JUNGLE DRUMS grow LOUDER...

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

A LAWYER is behind his desk, listening to the director, Bruno Carr.

BRUNO

It was late. Wendy Healy called me into her office alone. She made physical advances, and when I didn't reciprocate, she fired me..."

...AND EVEN LOUDER...

INT. MIKE HARNESS' OFFICE - BONFIRE - DAY

Mike studies a piece of paper as his assistant looks on.

MIKE

Nico Reilly's joining us at the Zurich conference? She's never been invited before.

MIKE'S ASSISTANT

It came from Hector Matrick's office.

Mike is suspicious. Doesn't like this.

MIKE

I want you to keep tabs on Nico. Talk to her assistant, her driver... I want to know where she's going and who she's seeing...

THE JUNGLE DRUMS reach a CRESCENDO as a MONKEY SCREECHES A BATTLE CRY IN THE DISTANCE, and we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW