

THE INTERN  
by  
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January 2014

FADE IN:

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - BROOKLYN - AN EARLY SPRING MORNING

An eclectic Group ranging in age from 30 to 80 gather in rows performing the ancient Chinese martial art of TAI CHI. They are led by their young and graceful Instructor. CAMERA GLIDES PAST one student to the next, as they move in sync through their meditative poses. CREDITS BEGIN.

BEN (V.O.)  
Freud said, "Love and work, work  
and love. That's all there is."  
Well, I'm retired and my wife is  
dead.

And on that, we ARRIVE on BEN WHITTAKER. Ben just turned Seventy, an Everyman in many ways, but a unique man to all who know him. He exhales as he turns in sync with the others.

BEN (V.O.)  
-- As you can imagine, that has  
given me some time on my hands.

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

BEN, wearing a suit and tie, sits in an upright chair in his comfortable brownstone, TALKING TO CAMERA. Looks like he's on VIDEO.

BEN  
My wife's been gone for three-and-a-  
half years. I miss her in every  
way. And retirement -- that is an  
ongoing, relentless effort in  
creativity. At first, I admit, I  
enjoyed the novelty of it. Sort of  
felt like I was playing hooky.

EXT. JFK TARMAC - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A jumbo jet lifts off.

BEN V.O.  
I used all the miles I had saved  
and traveled the globe.

INT. BEN'S BROWNSTONE - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Ben ENTERS in an overcoat, carrying his suitcase and wearing a purple lei around his neck. He stands for a moment in his quiet, empty house.

BEN V.O.

Problem was, no matter where I went, as soon as I got home, the nowhere to be thing hit me like a ton of bricks.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - MORNING RUSH HOUR - WINTER

It's noisy. Ben walks among the crowd, paper under his arm.

BEN V.O.

I realized the key to this whole deal was to keep moving. Get up, get out of the house and go somewhere. Anywhere.

INT. PARK SLOPE STARBUCKS - MORNING

Crowded with folks on their way to work. Ben sits on a stool at a corner table with a bagel and the morning's Post.

BEN V.O.

Come rain or shine, I'm at my Starbucks by 7:15. Can't explain it, but it makes me feel part of something.

Two Male Execs in their 40's, ask Ben if they can share his table. Ben's delighted, moves his papers. The Guys take the two remaining stools, turn them away from Ben and begin an impromptu meeting -- as if Ben wasn't even there.

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ben to CAMERA.

BEN

How do I spend the rest of my days? You name it. Golf, movies, books, pinochle, tried yoga, learned to cook, bought some plants, took classes in Mandarin.

(SPEAKS MANDARIN)

Translation? Believe me, I've tried everything.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Ben walks the center aisle between the pews. Many of his friends sit around him. He pats a back or two as he looks for an empty seat.

BEN V.O.

And then of course, there are the funerals. So many more than I could imagine.

As Ben looks for a seat, a cute number about Ben's age, PATTY POMERANTZ, smiles at him, hoping he'll sit next to her. Just then, Ben spots his friend, MILES, who shows him he saved him a seat. Ben smiles back at Patty but joins Miles, who shakes his head at their deceased friend, lying before them. Ben looks at his friend, tears quickly welling in his eyes.

CLOSE - AN OPEN SUITCASE

On Ben's BED. Ben places TWO GIFTS wrapped in Toy Store wrapping paper on top of his clothes, zips his bag shut.

BEN (V.O)

The only traveling I do these days is out to San Diego to visit my son and his family.

A CHILD'S BEDROOM CEILING - NIGHT

The ceiling is filled with stars that glisten in the dark. CAMERA TILTS DOWN past them.

BEN V.O.

They're all so great, I love 'em to pieces, but to be honest, I think I've probably relied on them way more than I should.

We arrive on a LITTLE GIRL ASLEEP in the top bunk of a bunk-bed. As CAMERA CONTINUES TO BOOM DOWN we find Ben wide awake in the bottom bunk under Dora the Explorer sheets.

BEN (V.O)

Don't get me wrong. I'm not an unhappy person. Quite the contrary. I just know there's a hole in my life and I need to fill it.

Ben TURNS TOWARD CAMERA, turns out a small lamp and the SCREEN goes BLACK.

BEN (V.O.)

Soon.

EXT. MARKET - BROOKLYN - DAY

Ben EXITS carrying groceries, just about passing by the market's colorful Bulletin Board.

BEN (V.O.)  
Which brings me to this morning,  
when I was leaving Trader Joe's and  
caught your flyer out of the corner  
of my eye.

CAMERA WHIPS to a flyer -- **SENIOR INTERNSHIP PROGRAM AT CLOTHES THAT FIT.COM. OVER Ben's V.O. reads: SENIORS - BE AN INTERN! WE NEED YOUR EXPERIENCE AND WE'LL TEACH YOU WHAT WE KNOW! APPLY TODAY!**

ON BEN. Amused and intrigued. As he reaches for the flyer --

PATTY (O.S.)  
I thought that was you!

Ben turns to find Patty, the woman from the Funeral.

PATTY (cont'd)  
What'd you find?  
(reads for herself)  
Senior Internship Program at... How  
do you pronounce this? I hate when  
they don't put spaces between the  
words.

BEN  
ClothesThatFit.com. I think an  
internet place is looking for  
Senior Interns. Am I reading that  
right?

PATTY  
Lemme see.  
(skims the Flyer)  
You have to be over 65, have  
organizational skills, genuine  
interest in e-commerce, whatever  
that is, and a roll up your sleeves  
attitude. Well, that's you to a T,  
kid.

BEN  
ClothesThatFit... Is that the  
outfit that took over the--

PATTY  
Yeah, I think they bought one of  
the factories on Front Street. My  
daughter tells me they sell clothes  
on the web. How that works, I have  
no idea.

Ben tears off the Flyer, then seems thrown.

BEN

Oh. You have to upload the application. That could be challenging. Listen to this.

(reads)

Cover letters are so old fashioned.

(they both react, Ben continues reading)

So show us who you are with a cover letter video.

(Patty's confused, Ben reads)

Upload your video to youtube or vimeo using .mov, .avi or an .mpg file. We look forward to meeting you.

(amused)

Okay. I guess that's meeting me.

PATTY

I swear, I don't even know what language that was. What are you doin' tonight Ben?

(peeks in his grocery bag)

Frozen Lasagne... I could make a little salad and turn that into dinner for two.

(confidentially)

Like we did that time but never did again. That was five months ago, you know.

BEN

(sweetly)

Was it? Yeah, no, we should do that again for sure but okay by you if I take a rain check?

PATTY

You're cute you know that?

BEN

No, I didn't...

Ben bends down to kiss Patty on the cheek. She takes his face and kisses him on the lips.

PATTY

Don't wait too long, doll. We're not gettin' any younger.

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Ben washes his dinner plate, puts it in the empty dish rack. Then washes a single glass, puts that in the dish rack.

1 A.M. - BEN CAN'T SLEEP

He stares at the ceiling, then impulsively tosses off the covers.

A MOTORIZED TIE RACK SWINGS into action. Ben decisively selects a tie.

IN THE BATHROOM, now wearing a crisp suit and tie, Ben combs his hair. Looks at himself, knows what he has to do.

BEN (V.O.)  
So -- here I am...

INT. BEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An old model Camcorder is perched on a table, it's red RECORD light ON. CAMERA circles behind the Camcorder until it finds what it's shooting -- BEN, in his suit and tie.

BEN  
-- applying to be one of your interns because the more I think about this idea, the more tremendous I think it is. I have a ton of knowledge I can share. Love the idea of having a place I can go every day. I want the connection, the excitement, I want to be challenged and I guess I might even want to be needed. The tech stuff might take a bit to figure out, I had to call my nine year old grandson just to find out what a USB connector was...but I'll get there. Eager to learn. Also, want you to know, I've been a company man all my life. I'm loyal, I'm trustworthy and I'm good in a crisis. I read once, musicians don't retire. They stop when there's no more music in them. Well, I still have music in me. Absolutely positive about that.

INT. THE FANTASTIC OFFICES OF CLOTHESTHATFIT.COM - DAY

A former factory retrofitted as an enormous bullpen. It's a football field of cubicles buzzing like a trading floor.

Some have described it as organized chaos -- it's a young company growing at hyper-speed. The surroundings are not fancy but there's a coolness factor here that can't be denied. It's a start up that's taken off.

Everyone working here is either young or really young. Cute, fashion-y women and sweatshirt-clad engineers.

CAMERA quickly moves past cubicles, ENTERING the very swamped CUSTOMER SERVICE area, where 25 Young Men and Women wear headsets and chat to their Customers. As we pass by, we HEAR:

*"Good news, I found a size 8 in navy!" "You're right, it should have arrived by now, let me track that for you." "Yep, these pants are awesome if you have hips. Super slimming." "Yes, we are called ClothesThatFit and I'm very sorry the dress didn't fit... Sir."*

We arrive at the last cubicle where JULES OSTIN is mid-call. Jules has been "leaning in" since pre-school -- hard-wired to be something, to do something. She prides herself in not wanting to be stereotyped. Her strongest attribute is her very big brain, which unfortunately for those around her, never shuts down. Ever.

JULES

(into headset)

Okay, let me just review this with you. You have six bridesmaids and you bought six of the silk chiffon Antoinette dresses, in *pink*. The wedding is in three days and the dresses arrived this morning -- all in charcoal gray.

(a co-worker overhears, mouth agape)

-- which we don't even sell, so that's a bit of a mystery. Rachel, please don't cry, you have to look fresh for your wedding. Really, let me cry 'cause this is entirely our fault. So, okay, here's what we're going to do. I'm going to call the vendor and get this fixed today, I will personally see the dresses myself before they are FedExed and they will be at your front door by 10 a.m. on Friday. Let me give you my cell just in case... Ready? 917-582-4848.

(Others around her take note of this)

Okay? --Well, you're starting to sound a little better already. Thank you so much for your patience. Oh! I'm also going to refund you back 50% on each dress. It's the least we can do. No -- thank you! So check this one off your list, this is done! And Rachel, have a great wedding!

(hangs up)

OhmyGod, how did that happen?

Jules looks up and sees her perennially overwrought YOUNG ASSISTANT, BECKY -- just out of college and a little nervous around Jules. Becky is an incredibly hard worker but unfortunately has no ability to prioritize or organize.

JULES (cont'd)  
(rises )  
I know, I'm late for something.

BECKY  
Yeah. Everything.

JULES  
But you see why I take customer service calls? This is so good. Learn so much. What's up? What's going on?

As Becky reads from a Post-It, Jules climbs onto a nearby bike, starts to peddle through the office. Becky tries to keep up, talks fast.

BECKY  
Okay. Candice was waiting for you but had another meeting, she said she'll be back at Two. Your 11:00 is in the conference room, so is your 11:10, finance needs you and I guess you e-mailed a bunch of people at 4 a.m. about something?

JULES  
-- Oh, good! I forgot about that. I want to figure out a way for girlfriends to shop together on line...make it less of an alone thing. E-mail me that idea, will ya?

BECKY  
Yeah, I like that.  
(writing quickly, takes out Phone)  
Is now a good time to call your Mother back?

JULES  
(What?)  
Dude, I'm on a bike...

A small Group sings Happy Birthday to a co-worker. They hope Jules will stop by but she just waves instead as she pedals past.

Jules passes by an EMPTY CUBICLE which everyone uses to store their crap. It's filled with files, shoe boxes, hangers, computer cords. An eye sore. Jules squints at the mess as she rides by.

JULES LANDS IN HER CHAIR - AT HER DESK

Near the FRONT OF THE ROOM. On her desk is a ridiculous stack of work, a computer with two monitors, a laptop and a sign that says "FOCUS".

JULES (cont'd)  
 (without looking up)  
 Becky...  
 (Becky arrives out of  
 breath.)  
 Can you patch me in. You okay?

Becky nods, hits a few keys on her phone, nods to Jules.

JULES (cont'd)  
 (picks up her phone, then  
 OVER THE P.A.)  
 I need creative and marketing...  
 and the buying and merchandizing  
 teams for the silk chiffon  
 Antoinette dress. Oh! Also... Just  
 did some Customer Service calls -  
 we got a great review from a  
 customer in Michigan who said  
 (pulls a note out of her  
 pocket, reads)  
 -- *opening our box was like giving  
 a gift to herself.* Thought that was  
 cool.

A WAVE starts across the office, and as it reaches Jules, she does a half-assed version and is off to the Conference Room.

INT. CTF LOBBY - SAME TIME

A couple of White Leather Sofas, iPads on security cords sit on a coffee table. Huge CTF photos on the walls. Lady Gaga plays in the b.g.

Ben, in a suit and tie, takes in his surroundings as he approaches the 21-year-old jeans and tank top wearing Receptionist who's eating a taco. Behind her, a huge flat screen runs behind-the-scenes footage of a photo shoot.

BEN  
 Hi, I'm Ben Whittaker. I received  
 an e-mail about an interview for  
 the Senior Intern Program.  
 (kind of laughs at the  
 idea)

RECEPTIONIST  
 Hey Ben, how's it goin'?

BEN

It's goin' good. Real good. Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST

Excellent. Take a seat right around the corner and someone from Talent Acquisition will come get you.

Ben thanks her, heads around the corner mumbling, "Talent Acquisition" and sees a dozen older folks waiting for interviews. It looks like a Doctor's waiting room. Ben takes a seat among them.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UPSTAIRS - SAME TIME

A long white table and white chairs. Jules and a group of co-workers stand, crowding around a computer. One of the girls in the group, holds a small dog.

JULES

Guys, you have to remember, the home page has to read in a glance.

(backs 4 feet away)

Also, none of you are over thirty so you need to get back like this to see what this looks like if you're like over 35.

(squints)

Okay, so I can't see anything, but if I could see it, what do you want me to read?

(reading)

*Nine girls one shirt or Check out the fit.*

ROBBY, mid-twenties, jeans, T-shirt.

ROBBY

Both. But I really want you to see the shirt worn by nine different body types.

JULES

Okay, then you gotta make me see that. Try making the photo grid bigger and the type smaller.

(the Photo grid ENLARGES)

Oh! Love that one of them's pregnant.

ZOE - cute, 30, Asian and pregnant.

ZOE

Thanks.

JULES

It would be good if you could put the girl in the red shirt in the middle? It's a great red. It's gonna fly outta here.

ROBBY

We really don't have the time, Jules. I needed you to sign off on this two hours ago.

JULES

I know, but can you try?

Robby and Zoe exchange a look as a Tech kid works quickly.

JULES (cont'd)

Mia, tell me that thing again.

MIA, striped Tee, bold glasses, typing on her laptop.

MIA

Forty-six percent of our visitors don't go past the home page.

JULES

Man, we have to fix that. How long do we have them for before they leave?

MIA

Seven to nine seconds.

JULES

(totally focused on that remark manages to say)  
Did we order lunch?

ZOE

(yells)  
Becky!

The Techie spins his laptop around, shows the new Home Page to Jules.

JULES

I love it.

TECHIE

(hits a few keys)  
And it's up.

JULES

Thank you!  
(turns to another group at the table)  
(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
Okay, the Antoinette dress. Major  
screw up by the vendor.

DOWNSTAIRS -- A TINY 22 YEAR OLD - KEIRA

In a short sundress, Converse, purple braided hair, walks Ben  
into her SMALL OFFICE.

KEIRA  
There's going to be a couple of  
interviews today, Ben. We want to  
make sure both of us find the right  
fit. Business as usual is not  
really our motto so hope you have  
some fun here.

Ben nods, takes a seat in a hot pink chair across from Keira  
who sits cross-legged on a sofa.

KEIRA (cont'd)  
This is the first time we're hiring  
Senior interns. Our Team Manager  
thought it would be an important  
interface with the community so our  
Intern questions might not exactly  
fit your profile, but, we're gonna  
go for it anyway, okay?

BEN  
Fire away.

KEIRA  
Okay. Good. Where'd you go to  
school?

BEN  
I went to Northwestern.

KEIRA  
Hey, my brother went to  
Northwestern!

BEN  
Probably not at the same time.

KEIRA  
Probably not. He graduated in 2009.

BEN  
-- Class of '65.

KEIRA  
Whoa. What was your major? Do you  
remember?

BEN BEING INTERVIEWED

By a more Senior Exec. SAMANTHA is 25.

SAMANTHA

And after Northwestern you went on to..?

BEN

I went to work for Dex One. Became the Vice President of print publishing.

SAMANTHA

Okay, and they made..?

BEN

Phone books.

(Samantha goes a bit blank)

I was in charge of overseeing the printing of the physical phone book. I did that for the last 20 years and before that, I was their VP of Sales and Advertising.

SAMANTHA

Of the phone book thing?

(Ben nods)

So do they still make phone books? I mean, doesn't everyone just Google numbers?

BEN

-- I believe they do. But before google, it was how you...

SAMANTHA

No, yeah, I get it.

INTERVIEWER #3 - JUSTIN

Sweet faced, wishes he could grow a beard, reads from an iPad.

JUSTIN

-- So, 40 years at the phone book company. That's amazing. Seriously. So, Benjamin, this is one of our more telling questions for all of our Interns, so I want you to think about this one. Take your time -- Where do you see yourself in 10 years?

BEN

(amused)

When I'm 80?

JUSTIN

Sure. Whatever.

(checks application in  
front of him)

Wow. Did not realize you were 70.  
That's just not a good question for  
you. Should we just scratch that  
one and not--?

BEN

Your call, Justin.

JUSTIN

Thanks. Okay. It's gone.

(then)

You look great by the way. And  
you're clearly more than qualified  
for the job. You're super over  
qualified. What can I say -- great  
video, great interviews -- Ben,  
you're in it to win it! You got it,  
man. Congrats. You're an intern.

INT. JULES'S CUBICLE - LATER THAT DAY

Jules is behind her desk, talking to Eli from the Tech Team.  
Several other tech guys stand behind him, all looking weary.

JULES

So you're saying by speeding up  
check out....

ELI

-- eighty percent of the addresses  
in the last 24 hours got screwed  
up.

JULES

Oh, God...

(Zoe passes by)

Zoe, how's that red shirt doing?

ZOE

Sold out. We just ordered two  
hundred more.

JULES

See if you can cancel that. Just  
say "Sold Out".

(Zoe looks confused)

It's more exciting.

BECKY

Jules, the Photo Studio really  
really needs you.

JULES  
 (rising, then to Eli)  
 Two really's. I gotta go.

ELI  
 Jules, we need to deal with this.

JULES  
 I know. Okay, just go back to the way it was but then can you do a deep dive on this? We have to eliminate a button. Think One Click at Amazon. We need our version of that. Gotta make it faster.

CANDICE COOK, the Number Two person at CTF joins Jules.

CANDICE  
 I need you for two minutes --  
 uninterrupted.

Candice is the Ying to Jules's Yang. She came to CTF via eBay and to eBay via Harvard. Candice is the accessible, straight-forward, go-to-person for everyone at the company.

Jules, washing her hands with Purell, joins Candice. Candice opens her palm and Jules squirts some Purell in as they zig zag around desks.

CANDICE (cont'd)  
 Remember when we talked a few weeks ago about the Senior Intern Program?

JULES  
 (reading her phone)  
 No...

CANDICE  
 Seriously? We had a big conversation about it.

JULES  
 We did? Remind me. Seniors in high school or in college?

CANDICE  
 Seniors in life. Older people.

JULES  
 (looks up)  
 Hold on. What?

CANDICE  
 I told you I felt we needed to do an outreach program. You seemed to  
 (MORE)

CANDICE (cont'd)  
be liking the idea so I put it in  
motion. It's gonna be great.

JULES  
Hold please. You're hiring Senior  
Citizen interns? What does that  
even mean?

CANDICE  
There's been a ton of research on  
this. The results are, without  
fail, fantastic. Imagine an intern  
with a lifetime of experience as  
opposed to someone who has spent  
the last four years of their life  
playing beer pong.

JULES  
Do they eventually want jobs here?

CANDICE  
No, they're all retired. They just  
want the experience. And I want one  
to work directly with you.

JULES  
Candice, c'mon. First of all, I'm  
not great with older people... you  
know how I am with my parents. Why  
do I have to have one?

CANDICE  
Because you have to set the tone.

JULES  
Isn't that your job?

It's my job to make it your job.  
You're the founder, everyone looks  
to you. Now, would you prefer a man  
or a woman? There's a great 70  
year old woman.

JULES  
That's like the same age as my  
mother. That's too weird.

CANDICE  
Fine. There's a man everyone loves.  
I saw his video. He seems amazing.

They arrive at the PHOTO STUDIO where all the photos for the  
site are taken. Models, racks of clothes, hair dressers and  
make-up artists swarm about. As Jules joins the commotion...

JULES

This is not going to work in my opinion, but how long do I have to do it for? Minimum.

CANDICE

(taking off)  
Six weeks or we'll be sued.

JULES

I know we never talked about this.

CANDICE

Yeah, we did. He starts tomorrow!

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Ben, excited for his first day of work, sits in his pj's, on the side of his bed, setting his alarm. He then sets a back up alarm on another clock, placing the two clocks next to one another.

Ben crosses to his dresser and reviews his wardrobe selection for tomorrow. Hanging on the knobs of the dresser are his suit, shirt, tie. Ben opens a new shoe box, digs through the tissue, checks to make sure they are both the same size. Satisfied, he heads for bed...

BEN

Back in action. Thank God.

INT CTF OFFICES - THE NEXT MORNING - JAY Z PLAYS OVER

VARIOUS ANGLES: Rows of Young Employees at their computers, wearing headsets. Huge flat screens flash images of models. Young faces - everywhere. We're seeing all these details THROUGH BEN'S EYES as he TAKES A TOUR of the OFFICES.

JASON, tall, off-beat-cute, mid-twenties leads FOUR NEW INTERNS through the massive space.

The New Interns are: Ben, DORIS, early 70's, 4'11", VICTOR, Black, professorial-looking and a new Young Intern -- DAVIS, in his twenties and thrilled to be here.

JASON

-- So, Interns, all of CTF, is on this one floor and that's because we're all about communication and teamwork. Everyone works in cubes. No one has an office, not even our founder and CEO, Jules Ostin. Who is actually right over there.

Jason points across the office to Jules sitting stationary on her bike, talking on her iPhone.

JASON (cont'd)  
 She loves to ride her bike through the office. That woman does not like to waste time plus she counts it as exercise.

DORIS  
 That's adorable.

JASON  
 (biting his tongue)  
 Yes it is.

Ben looks over at Jules just as she notices the Senior Interns and just as quickly turns away from them.

DAVIS  
 (to Ben)  
 How ya doin'?  
 (extends his hand)  
 I'm Davis.

BEN  
 (shakes his hand)  
 Hey Davis. Ben Whittaker. Exciting place, huh?

DAVIS  
 Oh my God, they had one opening for a regular age intern -- no offense, and I got it. I'm so psyched.

BEN  
 I'm pretty psyched myself.

Some of the Young Employees pass by, checking out our group.

JASON  
 New interns.  
 (the Kids laugh)  
 Hey, gray is the new green.  
 (walking backwards)  
 A few words about Jules. No, wait, I'll let her talk for herself.

Jason POINTS A REMOTE at A FLAT SCREEN. A VIDEO begins featuring Jules in the CTF offices.

JULES  
 I'm Jules Ostin and I started clothesthatfit in 2011 after I worked for another on-line shopping site and couldn't help but notice that almost 50% of all dresses and  
 (MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
 pants were returned with one common  
 comment. *It didn't fit!* I read the  
 words "*It didn't fit*" in at least  
 15 different languages.

The words "*It didn't fit*" pop on the screen in 15 different  
 languages -- all handwritten.

JULES (cont'd)  
 It's pretty impossible to know from  
 a photo if something's right for  
 you, especially when the models are  
 all 5'10 and 100 pounds...  
 (A Photo of a tall, slinky  
 model pops up with an X  
 over her)  
 So I started CTF to let women know  
 how something's really going to fit  
*before* you buy it. Buying clothes  
 on-line should be about *more* than  
 making the return easy -- it should  
 be all about being thrilled with  
 your purchase.

A PHOTO of JULES SITTING AT HER KITCHEN TABLE in front of her  
 laptop, surrounded by racks of clothes.

JULES (cont'd)  
 I started CTF in my kitchen  
 eighteen months ago. It was just  
 me, a model and a photographer, we  
 were all women and we tried on  
 everything we sold.  
 (QUICK PHOTOS of all 3  
 trying on clothes, then  
 sitting at computers)  
 Then we described the fit to save  
 you the hassle.

We see WHAT THEY'VE TYPED: "Got boobs? This dress is for  
 you!" "Snug fit but super-cool!" "This dress fits everyone!  
 We all just bought one!"

JULES (cont'd)  
 We called it human curation, then  
 we mixed that with technology  
 and four months later we were  
 launched and now we have 250 people  
 working with us here in Brooklyn  
 and we're still growing!

BEN  
 (to himself)  
 Wow...

JASON  
 (clicks off the video)  
 Okay, a quick who's who around here.

DAVIS  
 So, Ben, you gonna wear a suit everyday?

BEN  
 You bet.

DAVIS  
 Like that confidence. Plus you got the gangsta thing goin'. Very cool.

JASON  
 (continuing the tour)  
 -- These 3 rows are our Marketing Team, they do everything from on-line marketing to Google search engine optimizaton, followed by Creative - they work on how the site looks and feels then our Merchandisers, Copy and Copy Editing...

DORIS  
 (to Victor)  
 -- So far, I've understood nothing.

JASON  
 And these four rows are our resident rock stars --  
 (rows of exhausted Geeks)  
 Our Tech Team. They keep us up and running 24/7 'cause those are our store hours. And this corner of prime real estate is the illustrious Intern Team. Guys, meet the new Interns.

Six or so scruffy, overworked, very young Interns in dopey T-shirts stop what they're doing and look at the new, well dressed Interns. Neither gets the group they're about to become part of. Ben shakes hands with the Intern closest to him and that begins everyone shaking hands.

JASON (cont'd)  
 Okay, very nice. Last thing. Our perks. We have a free lunch every day, an in-house massage therapist and a world class gym one floor below. New interns, grab a desk, check your e-mail, you may find you've been assigned to one particular person or one team or you may just be a floater. It's  
 (MORE)

JASON (cont'd)  
 all good. And remember, with great  
 power, comes great responsibility  
 and that's why we love being  
 interns.

Davis sits at a desk, takes out his iPhone, an iPad mini, a  
 flash drive, opens up his computer

Ben finds an empty desk, sits at it and although the  
 atmosphere is foreign, he takes enormous pleasure in once  
 again, sitting behind a desk. Ben opens his well worn  
 briefcase, takes out a new Pen and Pencil set, a small  
 leather-bound pad, a flip phone, a travel clock.

LEWIS, a scrawny sleepy-looking Intern with big hair, sits  
 across from Ben -- watching him.

Ben takes out his lucky Pocket Calculator, then an Eyeglass  
 Case, then another eyeglass case. He slips on his bifocals,  
 raises his neck and looks down at the CTF Screen Saver.

Ben stares at the keyboard, not sure what to do when he  
 becomes aware he's being watched. He looks over, sees Lewis  
 eyeing him. Lewis decides to help him out by showing him to  
 hit the space bar on his key board.

BEN follows, hits his space bar. The computer turns on and a  
 lot of icons pop up that don't look familiar. Lewis helps  
 out again by moving his mouse to the Mail Icon, Clicks. Ben  
 catches on and does the same.

BEN  
 Oh. Got one.

AN E-MAIL - FROM CANDICE COOK - SUBJECT: WELCOME BEN!

*Congratulations. You're internship will be directly with our  
 Founder, Jules Ostin. Becky Scott will contact you with a  
 time to meet Jules. Look forward to meeting you!*

Just as Ben computes this he HEARS:

DORIS  
 I'm in the Photo Studio!

VICTOR  
 Business Analytics. Perfect.

DAVIS  
 Floater. Love!!!

All eyes turn to Ben.

BEN  
 Looks like I'm a personal intern.

JASON  
Nice. To...?

BEN  
Jules... Ostin.

LEWIS  
(shakes his head, then to  
himself)  
Unfortunate.

Jason crosses to Ben, leans over, hugs him, goes back to his desk.

PING. Ben gets another email.

*Hi Ben. I have secured an appointment for you to meet Jules Ostin today at 3:55 pm. Please be prompt as Jules has another meeting at 4 pm. Thanks! Becky Scott.*

BEN reacts to that. A five minute meeting. Wow.

DAVIS  
(rises)  
Goin' to Merchandising.

BEN  
Beautiful.

Davis offers Ben his fist. Ben pounds it. Awkwardly. Ben notices a Young Woman has come to get Doris. Ben glances around the office, no one is idle. He spots Jules in her Conference Room talking to a large group.

Ben's eyes go to his CLOCK. It's 10:02. It's a long time 'til 3:55. As CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY, we see everyone on the floor is busy while Ben waits patiently to meet the Boss.

CLOSE - BECKY - 3:54 P.M.

Becky's desk is overloaded with work, her half eaten lunch still sits on her desk.

BECKY  
(frazzled, into headset)  
- I'll try to have her there at five. Oh, wait, I booked her with a Vendor at 4:45. Let me work on this.  
(takes an Advil, chokes on it)  
Call you back.  
(looks up to Ben)  
Yes? Hello.

BEN

Hi. I'm Ben.  
(doesn't ring a bell)  
Whittaker. I have a 3:55  
appointment with Miss Ostin.

BECKY

(scans computer)  
3:55? I thought she was meeting  
with her new intern.

BEN

That's me.  
(Becky turns to him)  
How ya doin'?

BECKY

I'm sorry, but how are you an  
intern?

BEN

It's a Senior Intern Program. Just  
started today.

BECKY

Oh my God. How's that going to  
work?  
(whispers)  
How old are you?

BEN

Seventy. You?

BECKY

Twenty four. I know I look older.  
It's the job. It ages you, which  
won't be great in your case. Sorry.

BEN

I actually thought you looked  
younger.

BECKY

Yeah, right.

BEN

Any tips before I go in?

BECKY

-- Just talk fast, she *hates* slow  
talkers. Or maybe that's just when  
I talk slow. Just don't dawdle, in  
any way. Keep it moving and don't  
forget to blink.

(Ben reacts. Blink?)

She hates when people don't blink.  
It weirds her out. It's 3:57, this

(MORE)

BECKY (cont'd)  
meeting she's in just ate up 2 of  
your five--

The Conference Room DOOR OPENS and Ben watches a group exit.

BECKY (cont'd)  
You're up! Go!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Jules is typing on her laptop, her hair thrown up in a pony tail. Ben arrives in the doorway, waits for her to acknowledge him. She doesn't.

BEN  
Hi Jules... I'm Ben.  
(Jules looks up)  
Your new "intern".

JULES  
I'm glad you also see the humor in  
this.

BEN  
Be hard not to.  
(BLINKS!)

JULES  
So, Ben I was going to say what's a  
nice guy like you doing in a place  
like this but Candice gave me the  
drill so can I just be honest with  
you?

BEN  
Please.

JULES  
I'm not going to have a lot for you  
to do.  
(Ben's surprised)  
That's the truth. And, you being  
assigned to me is kind of just for  
me to, you know, set an example for  
the rest of the team. If you ask  
me, I think you'd probably be much  
better off working in creative or  
marketing. It's a little slower  
pace. Maybe a little easier to  
grasp. If you requested a transfer,  
we could make that happen. Okay?

BEN  
If that's what you prefer.

JULES

You'll be happier, believe me. I'm not so fun to work for.

BEN

That's what I gather.

(Jules looks up)

But I can get along with anybody and I'm here to learn about your world, be of help where I can so...

JULES

-- You're saying you don't want to be transferred?

BEN

Not really, Sir.

(mortified)

Excuse me. Terribly sorry.

(big blink)

JULES

(kind of laughs)

It's not like that's the first time that's happened. Okay then. Well, looks like you're stuck with me.

(returns to her laptop)

BEN

Great. I'm excited.

His smile and enthusiasm throws Jules.

JULES

I'll e-mail you when I have something for you to do.

BEN

Or I could just stop by a few times a day, check in.

JULES

I'll e-mail you. And don't think you need to dress up, we're super informal here.

BEN

I'm comfortable in a suit, so if it's okay.

JULES

No, sure, it's fine. Old school.

BEN

Exactly. At least I'll stand out.

JULES

I don't think you'll need a suit to do that.

BEN

True. Well, I think we did it in under two minutes. I'll wait to hear from you.

(crosses to the door)

Would you like the door open or closed?

JULES

Doesn't matter.

Ben exits, CLOSING the door behind him.

JULES (cont'd)

Open. Actually.

Ben opens it back up, slips a last look at Jules.

JULES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You'll get used to me.

BEN

Look forward to it.

INT. BEN'S BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Ben, in his pj's, stands in front of the mirror and dumps out all the pills in the "Monday" compartment of his 7 Day Pill Organizer. He catches his reflection and practices blinking.

INT. CTF OFFICES - THE NEXT MORNING

Ben sits at his desk, reading The Times. Everyone around him is crazy-busy. The tech-talk is so intense, Ben literally can't understand a word of it. Jason passes, speed typing on his phone.

JASON

Ben! You good?

BEN

(gives OK sign)

Perf.

Jason laughs. Ben checks his e-mail. Doesn't have any.

## A ROW OF VENDING MACHINES

Ben is trying to figure out where to put his money in the eco-friendly interactive vending machine. A Young Guy comes along, taps on the panel, takes out an apple.

GUY

It's free.

Ben tries touching the screen. Nothing happens. Tries again.

## IN THE AFTERNOON

Ben is at his computer, getting familiar with the CTF site. He looks over his bifocals and sees the ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSING with Jules inside. He rolls his chair back, looks out the window and sees A DRIVER standing next to an SUV, stomp out a cigarette. Jules EXITS THE BUILDING and heads toward the car.

## SEVEN P.M.

The office is emptying for the night. Davis, slips on his jacket, heading out.

DAVIS

You're staying?

BEN

(indicates Jules at her desk)

Can't leave before the boss leaves, Davis.

Davis gives Ben a gangsta handshake that Ben stumbles through.

DAVIS

We'll work on that.

Ben clicks on his e-mail one last time. Still nothing.

## INT. BEN'S HOUSE - THE NEXT A.M.

Ben's TWO ALARM CLOCKS go off within a second of one another. We find Ben sitting in a chair, fully dressed, ready to go.

BEN

(rises)

Let's make it happen!

## INT. OFFICES - THE NEXT MORNING

Kiko, the one Young Female Intern, PULLS A HUGE DOLLY stacked with reams of printer paper down a row of cubicles. She's delivering the paper to each desk. Guys in the office scoot

past her as she lugs the dolly forward, Ben arrives to help, pushing the dolly for her.

BEN (cont'd)  
I'll push, you deliver.

KIKO  
Thank you!!!

JULES - ON THE PHONE AT HER DESK

notices Ben pushing the dolly as he and Kiko quickly deliver the paper. She also notices Ben is getting smiles and thanks from many of the Young Women he passes.

LATER - AT DAVIS' DESK

Ben and Davis look at data on Davis's screen.

BEN  
Okay, so they want to know what customers bought who *didn't* come back - so they can spot the problem, if there is one, right?

DAVIS  
Yeah, but I don't get how to...

BEN  
-- Alright, here's how I think we should do this.

JASON  
(joining them)  
-- Okay, Ben, here she comes, watch how she won't...  
(Becky heads in their direction)  
-- Hey, Beck, what's up? You look really nice tod--

Becky walks right past, ignoring him. Jason turns to Ben.

JASON (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
How long can a woman be mad at you for?

BEN  
Kind of depends on what you did.

JASON  
First of all, nothing on purpose. We were going out for a minute, she was cool...I really liked her...  
(confidentially)  
-- then I... like sort of had sex  
(MORE)

JASON (cont'd)  
 with her roommate.  
 (Ben winces)  
 I had no idea she was her roommate.  
 Met her out. How would I know?

Ben notices A STRIKING WOMAN, late fifties or sixty, crossing through the office. She has a natural look, soft clothes, soft hair, and a warm comfortable confidence.

JASON (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Ben, you have a lot of experience,  
 how long will she be mad at me for?

DAVIS  
 Jay, I have zero experience and I  
 can tell you there's no coming back  
 from this one.

BEN  
 I assume you've talked to her,  
 apologized, told her what she means  
 to you.  
 (Jason stalls...)  
 You didn't talk to her? What did  
 you do? Send her a tweet?

JASON  
 No. Of course not. I texted her,  
 like a billion times, she didn't  
 answer, then I e-mailed her, but  
 you know, like a nice e-mail, a  
 long one.  
 (Ben looks at Jason over  
 his bifocals. That's all  
 it takes)  
 I should probably just actually  
 speak to her.  
 (to himself)  
 Obviously.

BEN  
 Can't imagine it would hurt.

Jason nervously nods, pats Ben on the back. Ben tries to find the Pretty Woman again, but she's nowhere to be found.

LATER - JULES AND CANDICE CROSS THROUGH THE OFFICE

JULES  
 Did yesterday's numbers come in?

Candice looks through a stack of papers she's holding as Jules washes her hands with Purell. Jules SQUINTS across the room SPOTTING BEN pitching with a Young Copy Writer. She types as he talks.

JULES (cont'd)  
My intern sure keeps busy.

CANDICE  
Mr. Congeniality. Big hit. Everyone  
loves him.

Jules washes her hands again with Purell.

CANDICE (cont'd)  
You just did that. You're going to  
wash the skin off your hands.

Candice hands Jules a print out as Jules pauses at the cubicle that's been turned into the community junk pile. It so clearly annoys her, and to make things worse, someone drops a case of water on the chair.

JULES  
Okay? Seriously?

LATER - BEN TAKES A SEAT IN HIS CUBICLE

clicks on his e-mail, leans forward - shocked. He actually has one. Subject -- NEED YOU!

BECKY'S DESK

Ben awaits his orders. As always, Becky is on her headset, overwhelmed, juggling a zillion things.

BECKY  
(to Ben)  
-- Jules spilled soy sauce on her Stella McCartney jacket, can you take it to the photo studio, they have all kinds of cleaners and stuff in there.

BEN  
Sure. Where's the jacket?

BECKY  
(duh?)  
She's wearing it!  
(Ben hesitates)  
Go in and get it!  
(into headset)  
I'm sorry. You need the proofs back by when?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Candice and Jules are clearly in the middle of something important. Leftover sushi sits between them.

JULES

Wow. I did *not* see this coming. But I should have.... They want me to bring in a CEO? Why? Because they think I'm... what? Too inexperienced at running a business...

(Candice almost nods)

Didn't go to Harvard...?

(Candice tries not to nod)

My work habits aren't by the book..? I mean, isn't that how we got here? Really? I need adult supervision? Jesus, I'm the oldest one in the whole office! How do you feel about this? Tell me the truth.

CANDICE

I think it's worth exploring.

JULES

Why? Could we be doing better? We hit our five year goal in nine months.

CANDICE

Exactly. Jules, we can't keep up with our own success. You know that. You're an hour late to every meeting. We have a name for it. Jules Standard Time. And I get it, there's just so many hours in the day. We're all playing catch-up. Our tech guys are working 'til two, three in the morning. Customer Service is swamped. We're running out of inventory. We have shipping issues, programming problems. And the bigger we get, the more complicated it's gonna get. And honestly, your time can be better spent than worrying about so much minutia. How much time did we spend last week setting up the L.A. warehouse? And because you were doing that, we never met all week with engineering...

JULES

Isn't this what a start up is?  
(sees Candice is about to say something)

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
 -- What? Say it. What's everyone  
 worried about?

CANDICE  
 That it's all going so fast, it can  
 get away from us. The VC's think a  
 seasoned CEO will take things off  
 your plate -- that's all -- free  
 you up to do what you do great. You  
 come up with the ideas and let  
 someone else make the trains run on  
 time.

(Jules hates this)  
 They're not only our investors,  
 Jules, they're our partners -- they  
 do want what's best for us. They  
 want us to make it.

JULES  
 But Candice, that new person is  
 going to run things their way.  
 Technically be my boss. How can I  
 do what I do and have to report to  
 someone else, run every idea I have  
 by this person? Can you see that  
 working?

CANDICE  
 Gilt Groupe brought in a CEO, how  
 are they doing?

JULES  
 I know, but, for me this is...  
 I mean get me CEO lessons, but  
 don't...  
 (her eyes fill up with  
 tears)

BEN O.S.  
 -- Excuse me.

Candice and Jules turn to see Ben standing in the doorway.  
 Jules quickly recovers.

BEN  
 I apologize but Becky said you  
 needed something taken care of...on  
 your jacket...

JULES  
 Oh, right--

Keeping her face turned away, Jules takes off her jacket,  
 slides it down the table, then quickly dabs at her eyes. Ben  
 catches the jacket, pretends not to see her tears.

CANDICE

Thanks Ben.

(Ben nods, EXITS)

The VC's made up a list of potential CEO's. Let's look at the list, explore it, then decide. Baby steps.

Jules struggles with how to respond.

BECKY'S DESK

Ben passes by with Jules's jacket. Becky stops typing.

BECKY

Something big going on in there?

BEN

I couldn't say.

BECKY

You were in there a long time.

BEN

(touches his left ear)

I can't hear a thing.

Becky doesn't believe him. He doesn't give. She returns to her typing.

Ben spots Jason nearby mouthing: "*Say something about me to her!!!*" Ben gestures he should come over himself. Becky looks up. Ben covers. Becky wonders why Ben is still hanging around.

BEN (cont'd)

On my way, boss.

INT. OFFICES - END OF THE DAY

As Ben packs up his briefcase, he notices Jules sitting alone in the Conference Room. She wipes the corner of her eye, turns her back to the room.

LEWIS

Hey Ben. Ben?

(Ben turns)

How old's that briefcase?

Ben looks down at his well worn, very loved briefcase.

BEN

It's a 1973 Dunhill London Two Buckle. They don't make this one anymore.

LEWIS  
 (eyeing it)  
 I'm a little in love with it.

BEN  
 It's a classic, Lewis. Unbeatable.

Ben turns his attention back to Jules and sees her leaving the conference room, wearing her sunglasses. She heads for the elevator, clearly in a funk.

Ben takes this in, snaps his briefcase shut.

EXT. CTF - THE FOLLOWING MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. OFFICES

Jules makes her way through the office, still in her sunglasses, carrying her iPad, holding a Starbucks. As she passes the desk usually piled high with everyone's crap she stops short. It is now a cleaned up perfectly empty cube. Those around her watch her react.

JULES  
 Okay, this is thrilling.

A few people nearby laugh. Jules takes off her sunglasses.

JULES (cont'd)  
 I swear I was going stay late and do this myself.

ALI  
 Ben came in at 7 this morning and did it.

JULES  
 Who?

A few others look up. She doesn't know him?

ALI  
 Ben. Your intern.

Jules cranes her neck to find Ben, doesn't even know where to look. Candice watches from her desk and hits the P.A.

CANDICE  
 (over the P.A.)  
 Ben Whittaker!

WIDE - A SEA of CUBICLES

BEN'S HEAD RISES OUT OF HIS CUBE, wondering what's up.

JULES

(spots him - points to the  
clean cubicle)  
Brilliant! Thank you! Best thing  
that's happened around here all  
week.

Ben raises two fingers to his forehead, saluting her from  
across the room. The entire office applauds.

MOMENTS LATER

Ben is on-line at his desk when a LOVELY PAIR OF HANDS begin  
massaging his shoulders.

WOMAN O.S.

This is your gift for a job well  
done.

Ben turns, looks up and there she is -- The beautiful Woman  
he spotted days ago, across the room. She speaks with an  
English accent and smells like lavender. She rubs his  
shoulders.

WOMAN

I'm Fiona -- the house masseuse.  
This feel okay?

BEN

Feels great actually. Thank you.

FIONA

You're a bit tight, Ben.

BEN

Haven't sat at a desk for a while.  
My body's not used to it.

FIONA

I get it, plus they say "sitting"  
is the new smoking. Let me see what  
I can do.

Ben inhales deeply as she massages him. Feels good. Lewis  
and Davis smile to one another. Ben's a happy guy.

FIONA (cont'd)

I spotted you the other day, in the  
lunch room.  
(Ben can't believe that)  
Then someone told me you were an  
intern. So clever of you to do  
this.

BEN

It's a brave new world. Thought I'd jump in, see what it's all about.

FIONA

(pulls up a chair, reaches under Ben's jacket)  
Absolutely. I'm constantly amazed at what they do here. Love being part of it.

As Fiona slides her hands down Ben's back and toward his bum, Ben's eyes go wide.

Davis and Lewis sit on either side of Ben. Lewis's eyes widen, then he indicates Ben's crotch. Davis checks it out. Whoa. Big Ben. He definitely has an erection.

FIONA (cont'd)

Feeling better?

BEN

(barely able to speak)  
Much.

Davis tosses a newspaper on Ben's lap.

DAVIS

Here you go.

Ben nods appreciatively, nervously spreads out the paper. Fiona straightens out Ben's jacket, a final rub on the shoulders.

FIONA

Great to meet you. Love that there's another oldie but goodie here.

(hands him her card)  
See you again?

BEN

Love to.

And with a final pat on Ben's shoulders, she's off. Ben watches her go, then puts a fist out on either side and both boys pound him.

BEN, DAVIS AND LEWIS WALKING THRU THE OFFICE - LATER

The Boys are returning from lunch.

LEWIS

So, wait, you're saying you shave every day of your life -- even on Sundays and even if you know you're  
(MORE)

LEWIS (cont'd)  
not going to see anyone you know...  
(Ben rolls his eyes)

DAVIS  
(reads his iPhone)  
How is this possible? I'm on  
cheapapartments.com and I literally  
can't afford a single apartment in  
all of Brooklyn.  
(scans the site)  
My parents gave me two weeks to  
find a place and that is just not  
going to happen.

BEN  
Getting evicted?

DAVIS  
Hey, I'm in no rush but apparently  
they are.

Something catches Ben's attention OUT THE WINDOW. He moves closer, sees JULES'S DRIVER, tucked in an alley, drinking from a paper bag then stashing the bottle in his pocket. He seems to have a slight balance problem when he tries to answer his cell.

Ben turns, LOOKS FOR JULES - SEES her slipping on her jacket.

EXT. BUILDING

The Driver, MIKE, stands by the SUV, popping a couple of Chiclets in his mouth. Ben approaches, a bit out of breath.

BEN  
Hey, how's it goin'? Mike, right?

MIKE  
Yeah.

BEN  
I'm Ben, I work for Jules.

MIKE  
(not much eye contact)  
She'll be down in a minute.

BEN  
I know, look, I don't want to make  
you uncomfortable but I just  
happened to have looked out the  
window and it appeared you were  
drinking something from a bag, so --

MIKE  
 (heading for the car)  
 I don't know what you're talking  
 about Pops.

BEN  
 (sees Jules heading out)  
 Why don't you tell Jules you can't  
 drive her today or I'm gonna have  
 to.

Jules arrives, sees Mike and Ben.

JULES  
 (to Mike)  
 We all good?

MIKE  
 Yeah.

Mike opens the rear passenger door, Jules gets in. As Mike is  
 about to close the door, he looks up, sees Ben has moved  
 closer.

MIKE (cont'd)  
 -- Jules...  
 (She looks up at him)  
 Sorry to do this, but I'm actually  
 not feelin' so hot -- not sure I  
 should be driving. Wouldn't want to  
 give you anything.

JULES  
 Oh, sure, yeah. No, take the day  
 off and feel better, okay?

Mike thanks Jules and EXITS. Jules immediately washes her  
 hands with Purell, checks her watch.

BEN (O.S.)  
 I'm happy to cover for Mike..

JULES  
 (Jules looks up, sees Ben  
 at the open door, holding  
 the car keys)  
 That's okay, Becky can drive me.

BEN  
 Really? You want to give her *more*  
 to do?

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

Ben is now behind the wheel.

JULES

(typing on her iPad)  
 Hope you don't mind if I don't get  
 in the front. Not trying to be  
 rude but I think better in the  
 back. I mean, I could get in the  
 front but...

BEN

(stopping her)  
 -- This is perfect.

JULES

(reading her iPad)  
 Yeah.  
 (cell RINGS)  
 And everything you hear in the car  
 is strictly confidential, okay?

BEN

Goes without sayin'.

JULES

(answers cell)  
 Hi Mom...

She places the call on SPEAKERPHONE while typing on her iPad.

JULES'S MOM (O.S.)

I found you!

JULES

Yeah... What's up? How's  
 everything?

JULES'S MOM

Everything's comin' along. Your Dad  
 and I are finally putting together  
 all our research at the hospital.

JULES

(typing)  
 That great...

JULES'S MOM

I hear you typing...  
 (Jules types more softly)  
 We've been studying women under 40  
 who sleep less than six hours a  
 night...

JULES

(suddenly interested)  
 And? What'd you find out?

JULES'S MOM

Seems they're approximately 38% more likely to experience major weight gain and 11% more likely to become obese compared with women who slept 7 hours a night.

JULES

(looks down at herself)  
Are you kidding me! You know I haven't slept in two years.

JULES'S MOM

I can't change the facts, dear.

JULES

(typing)  
Look, Mom, I'm rushing into the city for a meeting and I need to prepare. Can I call you when I get home?

JULES'S MOM

You don't have to.

JULES

Okay. Love you.

JULES'S MOM

Thank you.

Ben can't help but react to that. Jules looks into the rear view mirror. Ben's eyes are steady on the road.

PING. Jules clicks on Face Time on her iPad. It's Candice.

CANDICE

How we doing? Did you look over the material on Sheekey?

JULES

I did... CMO Travelocity, Citigroup... I get it. He's major.

CANDICE

He is. And the best thing about him is he's been watching us and he loves what we're doing. But he's only one of the names on the list, so if you don't like him, we move on. But try to be open. He's supposed to be kind of brilliant and the VC's love him. A lot.

JULES

Acchhh. Mark Zuckerberg never brought in a CEO. And he was a teenager.

Ben agrees. Tries not to nod. Jules notices.

CANDICE

Call me after!

BEN OPENS JULES'S CAR DOOR

We're on PARK AVENUE. Jules steps out of the car.

JULES

This shouldn't take more than an hour, if you can't stay here, I'll call Becky and she'll find you, then just pull up and--

BEN

--I'll be here.

JULES

Oh.  
(almost to herself)  
I think I forgot to eat today.

BEN

Should I pick you up some sushi?

JULES

No, I eat too much mercury. I'll be fine. I'm good. I'm also kinda nauseous, so...

Jules's eyes go up to the skyscraper in front of her, then looks to Ben, a bit self-conscious. Ben gives her a "go get 'em" kind of fist-move. She acknowledges it, nods.

INT. PLUSH OFFICE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Jules follows an Assistant down a long corridor. She's nervous, her palm hitting the side of her leg, heart pounding. The Assistant shows her into a large office where ERIC SHEEKEY stands with his back to the door. He hangs up from a call and turns in Jules's direction.

Jules catches Eric's ready smile and dimples he's a bit too proud of. They shake hands but all Jules sees is:

ERIC'S HAIR. He uses a product that gives him a wet look. One strand strategically falls on his forehead.

ERIC

Jules!

Because of Jules's state of mind, she catches only PIECES of what Eric says. JUMP CUTS tell the story.

ERIC (cont'd)

Congratulations. You are a great merchant and a passionate visionary.

(Jules forces a smile)

But let's look at where you are from 30,000 feet, shall we?

(Jules is finding it hard to swallow)

You've had your arms wrapped around the business really well -- until the last two quarters. But what everyone wants is a long term sustainable business and at this point, we still need hyper-growth. So what's the plan to make that happen for CTF?

Jules starts to answer but a cough comes out instead. Eric pours water from a sleek water pitcher and holds the pitcher up a little too high, the water flowing in slow mo, right into the glass.

We both know 90% of all tech companies fail so you're going to need me, or someone like me to get you over this hump. We also know mobile is the future... you need a plan for that and you needed it six months ago.

(hands Jules the glass of water)

-- You have relentless perseverance, Jules, I'll give you that, but that's not enough to get you where you need to be. My role will be to keep my head out of the cyclone, provide insight, direction and stability. I've been right here before.

(Jules shifts her position)

Now I have some great people I'd like to bring over with me -- very smart, very pedigree'd. Different level.

(Jules wipes her upper lip - different level???)

I guarantee you by next quarter we will do far more than make the trains at CTF run on time.

(MORE)

(cont'd)

(Jules drinks the water)  
 I've watched what you're doing  
 Jules and it's exciting. Your  
 obsessive focus on the customer  
 serves you well, I see it in all  
 the data, but the money's never  
 there until it's there. So, take  
 the next step, strengthen your  
 infrastructure and make some  
 changes -- and next year at this  
 time, you'll be killing it and  
 right where you should be --  
 hangin' with the big boys. That's a  
 promise.

As Eric ends his speech his eyes land on Jules's thigh -- her skirt has hiked up a little too far. Jules catches his look. He doesn't have the decency to look away.

JULES - WALKING QUICKLY - EXT. BUILDING PLAZA

CAMERA rushes to keep up with her. She stops at the curb, her eyes searching when the SUV pulls right up to her.

SLAM

Jules, safe in the backseat of the car, catches her breath.

BEN

That was fast.

JULES

Not fast enough.

Jules Purells her hands, notices a brown bag next to her seat. Opens it.

BEN

I picked you up some soup from a  
 place I know.

JULES

Thanks, really, you didn't...  
 (opens the bag)  
 -- Oh, it smells so good.

Jules opens the container, dips in the spoon, has some.

JULES (cont'd)

Highlight of my day.

Jules phone RINGS. She hits speaker.

JULES (cont'd)

Word travels fast.

CANDICE (O.S.)  
Pretty short meeting.

JULES  
Yeah. I hated him.

Ben reacts.

CANDICE (O.S.)  
Really? I heard he's so wonderful.

JULES  
He is -- in a loathsome sort of way.

Ben tries not to smile.

CANDICE (O.S.)  
What went wrong?

JULES  
I thought he was a condescending sexist know-it-all who did not seem to get what we do, *at all*, and honestly, I think he'd run our company in a completely inorganic way that would lose us all the customers we've killed ourselves to get. And I also think he'd replace us as soon as he could. Swear to God. And worst of all -- never blinked. An Olympian non-blinker.

CANDICE (O.S.)  
Okay, then.

JULES  
Yeah...  
(eats her soup, Candice waits)  
Did you hear my idea about putting bows on the boxes, based on that gift thing that customer said. That would be good, right?

CANDICE (O.S.)  
We have a dozen ribbons on your desk to pick from.

JULES  
Thanks...  
(Jules softens)  
See you in the a.m.?

CANDICE (O.S.)  
Be there or be square.

JULES  
I'm sorry.

CANDICE (O.S.)  
Don't be.

Ben nods to himself. He looks in the rear view mirror. Jules leans back, closing her eyes.

EXT. PARK SLOPE - SUNSET

The SUV pulls up in front of a beautiful but aging townhouse. This 19th Century facade is lean and white with a tall black door.

JULES  
(as she gets out)  
Thanks for helping out with Mike today and getting me chicken soup -- Oh, and cleaning up that cubicle...that was awesome. Seriously.

BEN  
You're very welcome.

Ben starts to say something, decides not to. Jules moves to the passenger window, peers in.

JULES  
-- It's okay. I really won't bite.

BEN  
You started this business a year and a half ago by yourself and now you have a staff of 250 people. Remember who did that.

JULES  
Who? I'm kidding. Thank you.

BEN  
And I hate to say it but -- try to get some sleep.

Jules smiles in a very tired kind of way. Ben watches as Jules climbs the stairs to her front door. The DOOR OPENS and to Ben's surprise Jules's FAMILY GREETs HER.

Newly energized, Jules runs to greet her 4 year old daughter, PAIGE. Paige flies into Jules's arms. Ben watches, a bit struck that Jules is a Mom. He had no idea.

Behind Paige is Jules's husband, MATT, in jeans, t-shirt, open flannel shirt. Matt has an adorable smile and an immediate feeling of authenticity about him.

Jules turns back, waves good night to Ben. Ben waves back.

BEN (cont'd)  
 (driving off)  
 Over the hump.

INT. JULES'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The house is partially under construction. Jules carries Paige into:

THE KITCHEN

The only room downstairs that's been finished. Long open shelves, an island, a farm table. Pots and pans are on the stove. Play-doh spread across the island.

PAIGE  
 Guess what? Maddie said she didn't want to be my friend anymore.

JULES  
 Oh, I don't think she means that, she'd miss you too much.  
 (Paige nods, agreeing)

MATT  
 (hands Jules a glass of wine)  
 I'm convinced Maddie is bipolar. We go through this every other day. How was your meeting? It was today, right?

JULES  
 (sipping the wine)  
 Just had it.

PAIGE  
 (indicating play-doh)  
 Daddy, can we finish?

MATT  
 Let me talk to Mommy for a sec.

PAIGE  
 Mommy I think I'm winning, look!

Matt and Paige are in a Play-Doh Cake Challenge.

JULES  
 Which one is yours, let me guess.  
 (Paige smiles at Matt)  
 Well, I love the pink one so much --

PAIGE

That's mine! Are you happy at me?

JULES

So happy at you. Beyond happy at you!

PAIGE

Daddy helped me with the icing.

JULES

Good job guys. So, what's for din, it smells so good.

PAIGE

Turkey burgers. But we ate ours.

MATT

Sorry. We were starved.

PAIGE

We were. But we'll sit with you, don't worry.

JULES

Thank you angel. How 'bout I give you your bath first.

MATT

(doing dishes)

-- Wait. Tell me, I was waiting for you to call. Did you like the guy or..?

JULES

Thought he wasn't the right fit. For me. Kinda scary actually.  
(Matt looks disappointed)  
There's a lot more names on the list, so...

Matt nods as Jules ponders why he'd want this.

INT. BEN'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Ben takes leftovers out of the fridge. A Django Reinhardt CD plays while Anderson Cooper is on mute. Ben is clearly feeling upbeat as he playfully hits his Voice Mail on his phone.

MILES (O.S.)

Ben! Haven't seen you in days.

BEN

That's right, homey, Ben's got a job!

Next -- Patty, the woman Ben ran into at Trader Joe's.

PATTY (O.S.)  
 Oh, you're never home! What are y--  
 Never mind! Oh. It's Patty!  
 (CLICK)

Ben laughs, then digs in his pocket, brings out Fiona's card. He crosses to the phone, thinks for a sec, then dials, quickly pouring himself a drink and taking a sip -- but she answers too quickly.

BEN  
 (swallows fast, then)  
 Fiona, hi. This is Ben Whittaker  
 from -- Oh, good to hear your  
 voice too...  
 (Ben makes a victory fist)

INT. PAIGE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Paige is still awake but under the covers. The light is dim. Next to her, Jules is asleep, with one of Paige's books open against her chest. Matt steps in the doorway.

MATT  
 (softly)  
 Jules?

PAIGE  
 Sh-sh... let her sleep, Dad.

Matt sees that Jules is out cold then covers his disappointment in front of Paige.

INT. MATT AND JULES'S BEDROOM - 11 PM

Jules ENTERS and finds Matt asleep. She feels badly she's missed their evening -- she clicks off Kimmel, crosses to her side of the bed, gets under the covers. She lifts her laptop onto her lap, checks her e-mail.

MATT  
 I tried to stay up.

JULES  
 I know. I'm sorry I fell asleep in there. I passed out.  
 (Matt doesn't answer,  
 could be back asleep)  
 I know we had a plan to have a grown-up conversation tonight.  
 (Matt opens one eye)  
 Do you understand what's happening in Yemen? I'm kidding... I mean, I  
 (MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
 don't understand it, but...  
 (Matt shuts his eyes)  
 Want to Netflix something?

Silence. Disappointed, she resumes typing.

MATT  
 Sorry. Fell out for a sec. Paige  
 learned to say "humongous" today.  
 Cracks me up. But I think I'm ready  
 for her to start school full time.  
 I hate to sound like the other Moms  
 but I'm feeling I need a little  
 "me" time.

JULES  
 I know...

She waits. He doesn't answer. Seems to be back asleep. He  
 turns on his side, AWAY FROM HER.

Jules moves her computer off her lap, sidles up behind Matt,  
 kisses his neck. No response.

JULES (cont'd)  
 Anybody home?

MATT  
 Can't keep my eyes open, Jule.  
 We'll do it tomorrow, k?

JULES  
 (moving back to her side)  
 How many nights in a row has one of  
 us said that?

Matt turns to Jules, takes her hand. She looks at him,  
 hopefully.

MATT  
 Can you turn out your light?

Jules turns out her light. The Screen goes BLACK.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING - STILL DARK

A RINGING PHONE wakes Ben from a dead sleep. On his  
 nightstand, we see the book -- Twitter for Dummies.

BEN  
 Hello.

BECKY (O.S.)  
 Hey Ben, it's Becky. From Jules'  
 office.

BEN  
 (looks at his clock - it's  
 5:30)  
 Hey, what's up?

BECKY (O.S.)  
 Jules's driver is MIA. He's not  
 answering any of my texts. I know  
 you drove Jules yesterday and I  
 didn't hear any complaints, so can  
 you pick her up this morning?

BEN  
 Sure.

BECKY (O.S.)  
 You know where she lives?

BEN  
 (is she kidding?)  
 I was there yesterday.

BECKY (O.S.)  
 Okay, so you remember?

BEN  
 Yes.

BECKY (O.S.)  
 (loudly)  
 And you're hearing me, right?  
 (Ben rolls his eyes)  
 Ben!!!

BEN  
 Loud and clear, boss.

BECKY (O.S.)  
 Okay, so be there at 7:45, ring the  
 bell and walk away. She'll know  
 it's you.

BEN  
 Ring bell, walk away. Got it.

BEN'S FINGER ON JULES'S DOOR BELL

He rings, waits a sec.

BEN  
 -- Oh. Walk away.

Just as Ben turns to walk away the door OPENS. Ben turns  
 back, Matt is at the door.

MATT  
Hi, you're here for Jules?

BEN  
Yes, hi. Sorry. I'll wait in the car.

MATT  
She's on the phone... want to come in? Just made some coffee.  
(Ben hesitates)  
Could be a while.  
(offers his hand)  
I'm Matt.

BEN  
Ben Whittaker.

PAGIE (O.S.)  
Daddy!

MATT  
Come on in, watch your step.

Ben pauses in the ENTRY as he HEARS Jules's Voice upstairs.

INT. KITCHEN

Paige sits at the island, eating Oatmeal and playing a game on an iPad.

MATT  
Have a seat, Ben. Paige this is Ben. He works with Mommy.

Ben takes a seat on the stool next to Paige. Matt hands Ben a mug of coffee then starts packing Paige's lunch box.

BEN  
(to Paige)  
Hi...

PAIGE  
(showing him her iPad)  
I'm playing Princess Memory Game.

BEN  
Looks like you're about to win.

PAIGE  
(finishes with a touch)  
I did!

He gives her a thumbs up.

PAIGE (cont'd)  
You want to play one time?

BEN  
-- Sure.

Paige hands the iPad to Ben. He plays as they chat.

MATT  
You're Jules's new driver?

BEN  
No, actually, I'm her intern.

Matt pauses from his sandwich making, tries not to react.

PAIGE  
That's hysterical.

MATT  
You know what an intern is?

PAIGE  
No.

BEN  
That's okay, everyone thinks it's hysterical.

Paige points out two matching tiarras on the iPad.

BEN (cont'd)  
Oh, good one. Thanks.

With that, Jules ENTERS dressed for work, carrying a cup of coffee, some clothes for dry cleaning and her heels.

She stops a bit short, surprised to see Ben sitting at the island, drinking coffee and playing Princess Memory Game.

JULES  
...'Morning.

BEN  
(feeling her unease)  
Good morning.

MATT  
More coffee, Ben?

BEN  
No, I'm good, thank you, Matt.

Ben doesn't know if he should stay or go. Jules drops her dry cleaning on the counter as she slips on her heels.

MATT  
All dry cleaning?

JULES  
(feeling exposed in front  
of Ben)  
Uh, these three are, these are  
laundry and this button is loose,  
if they could... thanks.

To keep busy, Ben continues playing the game which chimes as he goes. Jules looks over -- really? Ben mutes it.

MATT  
Jules, before you leave, gotta go  
over a couple of things.

JULES  
Okay.  
(surprises Paige by  
showing her a headband)  
Found it! It was in your hamper!  
(Paige is thrilled)  
Matty, did a CTF box arrive for me?

MATT  
On the table.  
(Jules crosses to it,  
opens it)

BEN  
I think I'll just...

PAIGE  
(whispers)  
Ben...  
(Ben turns to her)  
You want a raisin?

She hands him one. He eats it. Jules meanwhile is examining the contents of the CTF box.

MATT  
Okay, tonight...  
(Jules takes a photo of  
the contents of the box)  
Are you listening or did I lose  
you? -- Ben, is she listening?

Ben doesn't know what to say.

JULES  
Totally listening. I ordered some  
stuff to check on how it arrived.  
Not great by the way. Go ahead.

MATT

Okay, tonight you're working so Paige and I are going to my Mom's for dinner. After school is Ruby's birthday party...

Ben slips a look at his phone, sees an **E-mail from Fiona - Subject: Looking Fwd 2 Tonite!** Ben is disappointed, realizing he now has to work this evening.

MATT (cont'd)

And what about Monday? Do you know yet if we can do dinner with Annie and Robby?

JULES

I'm so slammed next week...  
(sees Matt is exasperated)  
I'm sorry. If you want to go, I'll be there. When is it?

MATT

See what men have become Ben? We're the new ball and chain.

BEN

(laughs to be polite then rises)  
Thank you for the coffee.  
(to Paige)  
Thanks for letting me play...  
(to Jules)  
Meet you in the car?

JULES

Actually I have to go...  
(lifts Paige)  
C'mon sweetie. Ben, we're going to drop Paige at school, okay?

Matt hands Ben Paige's lunch box.

BEN

(taking it)  
Let's do it.

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

Paige sits in her car-seat looking at a book. Jules is next to her, on her iPad, answering e-mails.

BEN

Matt seems like a terrific guy.  
(Jules looks up)  
Sorry didn't mean to interrupt.

JULES  
 (back to her e-mails)  
 That's okay. I agree. He is.

PAIGE  
 Who? The Dad?

JULES  
 (laughs, then to Ben)  
 That's what the other kids call him  
 because he's the only Dad in a sea  
 of Moms.

BEN  
 I've read about these house-  
 husbands. Interesting, how that  
 all worked just now.

JULES  
 They actually prefer to be called  
 Stay-at-Home Dads.

BEN  
 Oh, sorry. Did not know that. Well,  
 it's very admirable. He's a real  
 21st century father.

JULES  
 Yes, he is, which beats my 20th  
 Century father, by a long shot.  
 (stops typing)  
 Matt had a really good job in  
 marketing but when CTF took off, he  
 left to be a full-time Dad. Saved  
 our butts.

Jules and Ben's eyes meet in the rear view mirror. Ben nods,  
 not wanting to go on too much about this.

Jules returns to her iPad. Writes an EMAIL TO CANDICE.

JULES EMAIL  
**C - Love if you would transfer Ben  
 to another team. K?**  
 (looks outside)  
 Oh. We're here big girl!

EXT. PRE-SCHOOL - FOLLOWING

Jules walks Paige toward the other Kids and Moms at the gate.  
 The other Moms notice Jules was "driven" to school, eye each  
 other about that, then turn away. Ben notices their chilly  
 behavior as Jules approaches them.

MOM #1

Jules, nice to see you here.  
 (Jules doesn't react to  
 her lack of subtlety)  
 Not sure if you saw our e-mail, but  
 we're doing a Fiesta lunch next  
 Friday and we thought you could  
 bring the guacamole but you  
 probably won't have time to make  
 it, so you can buy it -- which will  
 be fine. Enough for 18.

JULES

I can make it. Not a problem.

MOM #2

Great. Matt can bring it.

JULES

(keeping a lid on it)  
 Totally...

Jules looks to Paige who has missed none of this. She kneels  
 next to her, hands her a little stuffed dog and her lunch.

JULES (cont'd)

Have a great day, honey and have  
 fun at Ruby's party, okay?

PAIGE

Mommy do you know how to make  
 guacamole? You can tell me the  
 truth.

JULES

Yes, I do. Really well! We'll make  
 it together, okay? Followed by a  
 mother-daughter dance party...

Paige nods with a big smile. A worried-looking little girl  
 in braids watches them standing behind one of the Moms.

JULES (cont'd)

(to the girl)  
 Hey Maddie, what's up?  
 (Maddie ducks behind her  
 Mom)

PAIGE

Bipolar.

JULES

OhmyGod..  
 (hugs Paige.)  
 I love you big girl.

THE CAR DOOR SLAMS

Jules hits the backseat hard.

JULES

God! Taking the high road is exhausting! It's 2013, are we really still critical of working Moms?! Seriously? Still?

(to Ben)

I'm sorry. That was all rhetorical. No need to respond.

BEN

Wasn't going to.

As Ben pulls into traffic. Jules notices Candice has written her back.

CANDICE'S EMAIL

**Transfer Ben? Really? Why?**

JULES TYPES

**I don't know. Too observant.**

Jules rubs her temples then turns her attention to the CTF BOX next to her.

JULES

Oh! Ben, I want to stop at the warehouse. 480 Greenpoint.

Ben moves into the LEFT LANE.

JULES (cont'd)

No, no, make a right. 9th to Hamilton to the Expressway.

BEN

I think we should take 4th to Flatbush. Much faster.

JULES

It won't be.

BEN

By 12 minutes. At least.  
(sees her in the rearview)  
Can I try?

EXT. CTF WAREHOUSE - GREENPOINT - DAY

The SUV sits in front of a block long warehouse with the letters CTF on the outside.

INT. SUV

JULES  
I apologize.

BEN  
No need.

They both open their car doors at the same time.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Endless rows of shelving units. Workers on golf carts. An enormous table in the center where mostly Latina Female Workers fold the clothes, toss them in plastic bags and box them.

Ben stands near the door, shaking hands with the Foreman, then catches Jules showing the Workers the photo on her iPhone. She then demonstrates what she wants by carefully folding the clothes herself and neatly placing them in bags. She makes a joke and the women around the table laugh. Ben can't help but be impressed. SAMBA MUSIC BEGINS.

EXT. CTF - A LITTLE LATER - ESTABLISHING - MUSIC CONTINUES

INT. CTF'S MASSAGE ROOM - MUSIC CONTINUES

The walls are covered in ethnic fabrics. The room is dimly lit. Fiona lights a candle when there's a KNOCK on the door.

FIONA  
It's open.

The DOOR OPENS, Ben stands tentatively in the hallway.

FIONA (cont'd)  
Ben! Come on in.

BEN  
(entering)  
Wow, didn't expect this.

FIONA  
I like to think of it as a little bit of paradise. Can I interest you in a back rub?

BEN  
Oh, no, no thanks. I came by because I just found out I have to work late --

FIONA  
Awww... Then, no dinner tonight?

BEN  
Sorry. I was really looking forward to it. Was hoping we could pick another night.

FIONA  
Of course. Come sit down.

Ben checks his watch, then sits in a comfy chair as Fiona lights another candle then sits on a stool at Ben's feet.

FIONA (cont'd)  
What about a foot massage?

BEN  
(giggles, tries to resist)  
During office hours?

FIONA  
That's kinda the point.  
(points to Ben's feet)  
May I?

Ben nods as Fiona slips off his shoes, then gently rolls his socks down and off. Ben slides down a bit in his chair.

BEN  
It's already pretty good.

FIONA  
All I've done is take off your socks.

BEN  
Yeah, well, no one's ever done that better.  
(then, as she begins)  
Whoa!

Fiona has placed oil in her hands and has taken Ben's right foot between her palms and massages it deeply. Ben's dying.

FIONA  
Try to relax. You can shut your eyes if you want.

Ben nods, shuts his eyes as the massaging continues, the candles flicker and the Samba slows down. Wow...

FIONA (cont'd)  
So when would you like to reschedule?

BEN

Tomorrow?

FIONA

Can't tomorrow. What about Saturday?

BEN

Good. Oh, God, this is enormously....satisfying.

(opens one eye)

What time should I pick you up?

FIONA

How's noon? I love daytime dates.

BEN

Lunch. Perfect. It's sooner.

FIONA

(laughs, then)

So how's it going? How's Jules?

BEN

Her world's a fascinating one to fall into. Hope I can help her.

FIONA

Help her?

BEN

She works on all cylinders all the time. Doesn't stop, doesn't sleep...never see her eat. Maybe it's good that I'm here, you know...

FIONA

(stops massaging for a sec)

I knew you were gonna be a good guy. I knew it!

Ben looks at Fiona, smiles. She massages him deeply. Oh boy.

BEN

This can't be okay to do at work.

He rests his head back, closes his eyes. The massaging just gets better and better. Ben almost loses it - big moan. Just then, Davis opens the door, sees candlelight, hears Ben moaning and Fiona hunched over him. Ben and Fiona both turn, looking caught.

DAVIS

Ohmygod! I'm sorry! Oh, jeez. Okay don't stop. I'm leaving!

He can't get out the door fast enough.

INT. OFFICES - END OF THE DAY

Most of the Interns have left for the day. Ben sits at his desk, reviewing an apartment lease for Davis.

BEN

I don't know, kid, this lease doesn't look so hot to me. Three months security deposit? You must love the place.

DAVIS

No, it's horrible but I can get in this week.

BEN

If you can keep looking I would.  
(looks up, notices a jittery Lewis)  
What's up Lewis? I've never seen you so awake.

LEWIS

I was just asked to deliver this huge order to Tribeca and I think it's to Jay Z's apartment. I'm not kidding. Look -- it says, S. Carter, I'm a little freaked out.

BEN

I don't know who that is but is this someone you'd like to impress?

LEWIS

This is a genius, Ben and he's got the hottest chick in the game -- Beyonce could potentially answer the door.

BEN

Okay, I know who she is. Maybe you should put on a proper shirt, with a collar.

LEWIS

Why, do I look bad?

BEN

-- Dress to impress Lewis. Go in the closet, find a "boyfriend shirt" that fits. And try to bring the hair down.

JASON  
(joining)  
Benjamin, I made some progress.

BEN  
Very big day for the intern team.

JASON  
It was great, she yelled at me but-

BEN  
-- She yells at me all the time  
too.

JASON  
Hey, it was communication.

The guys high five. Lewis re-enters, wearing a girl's  
"boyfriend shirt" -- shows himself to Ben.

LEWIS  
I'm possibly meeting Jay Z and or  
Beyonce and I'm in a blouse.

BEN  
Wear it dude. It's an improvement.

JASON  
(shocked at how good he  
looks)  
Whoa. Big one.

EXT. CTF BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. OFFICES - SAME TIME

The place is nearly empty. Jules is working alone in her  
Conference Room, takes a bite of a slice of pizza. She  
notices Ben, way across the field of desks, also eating.

ANGLE - BEN

Typing slowly at his computer and eating a Subway. He notices  
Jules approaching, carrying a pizza box and two bottles of  
beer. He wonders where she's headed.

JULES  
(arrives at his desk)  
I hate eating alone.

BEN  
So do I.

Jules offers Ben a beer, pulls up a chair.

JULES  
I swiped these from the tech  
fridge.

BEN  
Nice goin'.  
(toasts her)  
Cheers.

JULES  
Want a slice?

BEN  
Sure. Thanks.  
(treading lightly)  
I noticed a couple of hours ago you  
had a meeting with another possible  
CEO. Saw him arrive. How'd that go?

JULES  
Was going well until he called us,  
I believe the term he used was a  
"chick site." Then I didn't hear  
anything he said after that.

BEN  
Nooo.

JULES  
Apparently selling "clothes" makes  
us a chick site. I mean, really?  
How is this not legit?

BEN  
Couldn't agree more. I find that...  
surprising.

JULES  
Sexism in business? Really?  
(takes a swig of her beer)  
What did you do for work Ben,  
before you retired?

BEN  
I was a VP for Dex One.

JULES  
... Phone books?

BEN  
I was in charge of printing, before  
that ran sales and advertising.

JULES  
So big jobs...  
(Ben nods)  
Wait, wasn't this a factory that  
(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
made phone books..?  
(Ben smiles...)  
No! What? This is where you worked?

BEN  
For almost forty years.  
(Jules can't believe it)  
For twenty-some years I sat right  
by that window. That was my  
office. It was up a few steps back  
then. I could look out over the  
whole factory. Our printing  
presses were in that corner. That's  
why the floor dips back there.

JULES  
Nooooo....

BEN  
I know everything about this  
building. Or used to. You know the  
Sycamores out front?

JULES  
Yeah, I love them.

BEN  
I remember the day they were  
planted.

JULES  
(wipes a tear)  
Is it totally weird being back  
here?

BEN  
No, feels like home. Remodeled but  
home.

JULES  
(takes a sip of beer,  
notices Ben's screen)  
So you're on Facebook, huh?

BEN  
Well, I'm trying to figure it out.  
I joined ten minutes ago.

JULES  
Better late than never. Want some  
help?

BEN  
I'd love some but, really, you  
don't have to waste your time.

JULES

-- I need a diversion. You have a photo of yourself?

BEN

No, do I need one?

JULES

(takes out her phone)

If you want to find all those hotties from high school. Hold on.

(takes Ben's photo, looks at it)

Cute. I'll send it to you. Okay, now there's these questions for your profile that you can answer if you want or not.

(scans them)

Religious beliefs, political beliefs, people who inspire you...

BEN

Jules Ostin.

(Jules shoots him a look)

I'm not trying to brown-nose you, but I've been in business a long time and have never run across anyone quite like you. You do inspire, Jules.

JULES

You know what? I just knew a woman at the end of the day with a glass of wine and a laptop had real shopping potential. And if we actually promise her things would fit...

BEN

See -- that's what I mean.

JULES

(changing subject, reads his screen)

Okay do you have a favorite quote?

BEN

I do. *You're never wrong to do the right thing.*

JULES

Who said that -- you?

BEN

Yes, but Mark Twain said it first.

Jules laughs as she types the quote into Ben's profile.

JULES  
Favorite music?

BEN  
Oh, jeez. Sam Cooke -- one my all  
time faves. Love Miles Davis,  
Billie Holiday...

JULES  
She was great, huh? Hold on...  
(goes on iTunes)  
What's your favorite song of hers?

BEN  
These Foolish Things.

Jules buys the song and it BEGINS.

JULES  
Transports you, doesn't it?

BEN  
Every time.

JULES  
Okay. Books?

BEN  
Love Clancy. Ludlum. Crazy about  
Harry Potter.

JULES  
(types those in)  
Matt loves Harry Potter too.

JULES (cont'd)  
What about your status? Married,  
single...?

BEN  
Widower.

JULES  
Oh, I'm sorry. I think we should  
say single then... Okay, now you  
know what you need?  
(Ben looks to her)  
Someone to friend.

BEN  
I'll be friends with the other  
interns. They'll show me how to do  
it the morning.

JULES  
You can friend me.

BEN

Thank you.

Jules types in her name and confirms.

JULES

Okay, congrats -- you're now part of the Facebook generation.

(finishes her beer, rises)

I've got about another hour of work. You good with that?

BEN

Of course. This was great, Jules.

JULES

Yeah, nice to have an adult conversation with an adult man. You know what I mean, not about work and not about...

BEN

I know what you mean.

Jules nods and awkwardly waves, heading back.

EXT. JULES'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The SUV pulls quietly in front of the house.

INT. SUV - SAME TIME

Jules is out cold in the backseat and making a racket -- snoring. Ben doesn't know if he should wake her. He sits, waits, tries not to listen but it's SO LOUD. Another car passes and Jules startles awake.

JULES

Oh. We're here. Oh...

(straightens up)

Sorry. Was I snoring?

BEN

No, no, just sleeping.

JULES

Oh, then I was snoring. Sorry about that. You know my parents are sleep researchers and they've studied my sleep my whole life.

(gathering her things)

Apparently my REM is all screwed up or the ratio of my flow-volume curve and my...

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
(stops herself, then...)  
Fun gettin' to know me, right?

BEN  
It is. You need some help back  
there?

JULES  
No, I'm good.  
(Ben Exits, Jules lets  
herself out - they meet  
on the curb, she loses  
her balance, he catches  
her)  
Thank you. I never fall asleep in  
the car so that was actually  
amazing. Apologize about the  
racket.

BEN  
Barely noticed.

JULES  
I'll pretend I believe you.  
(looks up at her house)  
I love this house. It's gonna be  
great when we're done. It just  
looks happy to me. Like if it was  
in a kid's book, it would make you  
feel good when you turned the page  
and saw it. Know what I mean?

BEN  
I do.

JULES  
Well.  
(salutes)  
Sayonara.

BEN  
Sayonara.

Ben watches until Jules is safely inside the house.

INT. JULES BEDROOM - LATER

Jules EXITS her bathroom in her pj's, and slides into bed next  
to Matt who is asleep. She turns toward Matt. He stirs.

MATT  
Didn't hear you come in.

JULES

You know... I was thinking...  
 (Matt opens his eyes)  
 We need some awake time together.

Matt nods, kisses her. Just what she needed.

JULES (cont'd)

Yeah...and that too.

Matt kisses her more deeply. Her eyes fill up as she kisses him back and they begin to make love.

EXT. JULES'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Jules EXITS her front door and sees the SUV waiting at the curb. She squints at Ben, wondering why he didn't ring the bell.

INT. BACKSEAT

Jules get in, cheerier than we've seen her before.

JULES

'Morning.

Doris, one of the other new Senior Interns, sits behind the wheel and turns to Jules.

DORIS

Good morning. I'm Doris. They asked me to drive you today. All set back there? Seat belt fastened?

JULES

Where's Ben?

DORIS

Somebody said he got transferred. You know the best way to get to headquarters?

Without looking, Doris PULLS INTO THE STREET, a car swerves around her HONKING.

DORIS (cont'd)

Hold your horses, maniac!  
 (turns back to Jules)  
 Which way, hon? I'm all turned around here.

HONNNKKKKK.

CLOSE - CANDICE

Walking through the office on her cell.

CANDICE  
You told me to transfer him!

JULES - DRIVING THE SUV

Doris is in the backseat.

JULES  
(into her phone)  
-- That was 2 days ago! Why didn't  
you check with me?

CANDICE  
First of all, it was yesterday...

JULES  
Where is he, do you know?

INT. STARBUCKS - BROOKLYN - SAME TIME

Ben is waiting at the "pick up" end of the counter, standing between two other office-schleppers. This recent turn of events has left him looking and feeling uncomfortable.

His name is called and he's handed two take out trays of coffee. Just as he takes them, he looks across the crowded shop and spots Jules rushing through the door.

JULES  
(sees Ben, crosses to him)  
You must think I'm demented.

BEN  
Not the word I'd use, but I was a little surprised when I got the call. Jules, I apologize if I overstepped in some way...

JULES  
-- No, no, no. No, don't apologize. You did nothing wrong. Look, I have a lot going on, and I'm a really private person and at first, I don't know, I thought *maybe* this wasn't going to work but I was wrong. Let me take one of those.  
(takes one of the trays)

BEN  
Jules, no explanation necessary.

JULES

No, actually one is, Ben, 'cause I'm usually better than this. The truth is, something about you makes me feel calm or more centered or Zen, and I can use that. Obviously. I hope you'll accept my apology and come back to work. For me. If you would....

(Ben almost hesitates)

And I'm not just saying this because I screwed up but I was thinking this morning, I'd like to move you up to my area, next to Becky. I know you can handle more work, if you'd like more. God, I really hate that I jumped the gun and made you feel--

BEN

I'm happy to come back.

JULES

Thank you.

(catches her breath)

That's great. Can I give you a lift back to the office?

BEN

Sure.

JULES

(as they walk away together)

You mind driving? I don't actually have a license.

INT. OFFICES - LATER THAT DAY

Jason and Kiko are adding a new DESK right next to Becky who is freaking out. Ben ARRIVES holding his briefcase, keyboard, a few files and things.

BECKY

-- This is crazy Ben. Two desks are not going to fit in here.

BEN

I promise to stay out of your way.

BECKY

That's impossible, I have no room to--

(shuts up when Jules ARRIVES)

JULES

Hi. This is good, right? I like this arrangement. Becky, I want you to let Ben give you a hand, okay? And cc him on all my e-mails.  
(Becky nods)  
Did we get yesterday's numbers?

BECKY

Yes. We did. I saw them here.

Becky looks all over her messy desk. Can't find them. Ben spots the sheet with the numbers and indicates to Becky where it is with his eyes. Becky follows, hands them to Jules.

BECKY (cont'd)

Here you go.

JULES

Thanks. Also, I need to go over the data on the customer purchase patterns. Let Ben take a look at that too. Actually let Ben take a look at it first.  
(This throws Becky)  
Don't worry Beck. Back up's good. Ping me when Candice gets in.

Jules heads off. As soon as she's out of sight, Becky breaks down in tears. Ben motions for Jason to go to her. Jason nervously walks to Becky and she collapses into him. He puts his arms around her, thrilled but not sure what to say.

BEN

Becky..?

BECKY

(turning to Ben)  
I've been here 9 months, Ben, and she's never asked me to take a look at anything for her. Ever. Okay?

BEN

I hear ya. That's frustrating.

BECKY

Totally! I went to Penn, I have a business degree but I never seem to do anything right around here and you're like 50 years older than me and deaf and...  
(collapses into Jason -  
he's so happy)

BEN

(sneaks Jason his hanky)  
I happen to think you do a lot of things right.

JASON  
(offering Becky the hanky)  
You do. So much.

BECKY  
(using the hanky)  
I know that, but she doesn't. I  
bust my ass for her 14 hours a day.  
She never notices. Ohmygod, I hate  
girls that cry at work.  
(backs away from Jason)  
Breaking news... my life sucks!

BEN  
How about if you, just as an  
experiment, try letting me help  
you. A lot of your stress is going  
to be lifted once you're out from  
under this mountain of work.  
(She starts to say  
something)  
And maybe you should consider  
leaving here at a normal hour once  
in a while, see your friends, have  
a little fun.

JASON  
I can offer my assistance in this  
area. Would love to actually.

BECKY  
I just don't want her to think I  
can't do my job and need an  
"intern" to help me.

BEN  
Okay... you're not going to want to  
hear this, but I heard women who  
sleep less than 7 hours a night  
gain 38% more weight than women who  
sleep more than 7 hours a night.

BECKY  
(sobbing now)  
What?! I leave here every night at  
11, I'm back at 7, I sleep like 5  
hours a night. Now I'm going to get  
fat?!!

BEN  
(indicating her stack of  
work)  
Let's get through this stuff. Let's  
do it together. Let's clean slate  
it.

Jason pats her arm just to punctuate.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Jules, Candice and a small group are intently huddled around a LAP TOP. They're watching a live CTF MAP of the U.S. that shows purchases as they happen. Icons of Shopping Bags pop up in Miami, Tuscon, Chicago, etc.

CANDICE  
(watching a sale)  
Thank you St. Louis.

JULES  
Okay, look at Chicago, she put the same boots in her cart as the woman in Houston. Let's see what she does at check out. What?! She's not buying them either. Check the delivery costs on those boots, will you? Why aren't they selling?

Ben gently knocks on the open door. Jules turns to him.

BEN  
I took a look at the data purchase patterns... Shall I come back?

JULES  
No, no, come on in. That was fast.

BEN  
Well, I enlisted Becky's help. Seems the most expensive place you're advertising is actually bringing you the customers who are spending the least and the channels you're least investing in are adding enormous value in segments that currently appear to have low value but actually have the highest spending potential...  
(everyone stares in awe)  
That's what I could tell. So far.

JULES  
Whoa. Ben! Could you like deal with all that for me? Maybe come up with a better plan? I mean, if you have the time.

BEN  
Happy to.

Candice loves that Jules is delegating. She smiles at Jules.

JULES  
The man spent 40 years in business.

CANDICE

I get it.

BEN

And Jules. Becky was a huge help in this. You know she has a business degree from Penn.

JULES

I know. I mean, I forgot, but I know.

(Ben doesn't let her off  
the the hook)

I'll say something to her.

BEN

That'll be major.  
(Ben exits)

The Women in the room, just watch after him. Loving him.

A LARGE DUFFEL LANDS NEAR BEN'S DESK - LATER

DAVIS O.S.

How's it goin' up here in first class?

BEN

(sending off an e-mail)

Busy. I see you found an apartment.

DAVIS

Nope. My two weeks were up. I'm moving in with my cousin.

BEN

Excellent.

DAVIS

In Philadelphia.

BEN

Davis!

DAVIS

What? It's only for a few weeks. I'll get there by eleven, leave at five. That's cool. I can do it.

BEN

I feel like everybody's uncle around here...

DAVIS

Why?

BEN  
 Because I'm going to save your ass,  
 and put you up for a few  
 weeks...obviously.

Davis grabs Ben, hugs him, kisses him on the cheek. Then  
 kisses him again.

BEN (cont'd)  
 Okay, okay... Easy fella...

INT. BEN'S DEN - THAT NIGHT

Ben is in a recliner, wearing pjs and a robe and Davis is on  
 the couch in sweats. They're watching Sports Center.

DAVIS  
 You got the life here, dude. You're  
 a great cook. You got a dream  
 house. Big TV's in every room. A  
 backyard. You got it made.  
 (Ben doesn't answer)  
 Ben?

Still no answer. Davis sits up, stares at Ben. He can only  
 see him from the side.

DAVIS (cont'd)  
 You okay?  
 (stands)  
 Ben! Yo!  
 (no response from Ben)  
 Hey, look! Fiona's here! She's  
 totally naked! She's....

Still nothing. Davis looks at Ben's hand, which has fallen  
 limply at his side.

DAVIS (cont'd)  
 Ohmygod.

Davis nervously steps away from the couch, moves closer to  
 Ben -- runs his hand in front of Ben's nose and mouth.  
 Doesn't feel a thing.

DAVIS (cont'd)  
 (screams)  
 BEN!!!!!!

Ben jerks awake. Davis leaps back, grabbing his heart.

DAVIS (cont'd)  
 Oh, fu--! Thank God! You're alive!

BEN  
 -- What is wrong with you?

DAVIS

You scared me. We were talking,  
drinking beers and then suddenly  
radio silence. And your hand looked  
so out of it.

BEN

Jesus Christ, Davis. I dozed off.  
If I die, you'll know.

DAVIS

Very funny. And obviously I won't,  
but... Oh, man, am I relieved. I am  
not the right person to find a dead  
body.

BEN

I'm starting to understand why your  
parents kicked you out. I'm going  
to hit the hay. Do not check on me.

DAVIS

I won't, I promise, but can I sit  
in the recliner or is that like off  
limits for anyone but..

BEN

-- Be my guest.  
(rises, notices something  
on the table)  
Why would you put your beer *next* to  
the coaster?

DAVIS

(moving it onto the  
coaster)  
You're right. I'm sorry. So where  
are the master quarters? Just so I  
know in case of any...  
(off Ben's look)  
It wasn't on the tour. I'm curious.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

The Boys admire the well made bed.

DAVIS

I like that you do the throw pillow  
thing.

BEN

I was married for a very long time.

DAVIS

Whoa! Is that your closet?

The Boys ENTER BEN'S CLOSET. Organized, color coordinated, and bigger than you'd think.

DAVIS (cont'd)  
 Busy man about town! What is in all these drawers?

BEN  
 Boxers, t-shirts, pocket squares, handkerchiefs...

DAVIS  
 Okay, what's the deal with the handkerchief? That one I just don't get, at all.

BEN  
 It's essential. That your generation doesn't know that is criminal. The best reason to carry a handkerchief is to lend it. Ask Jason about this. Women cry, Davis. We carry it for them. One of the last vestiges of the chivalrous gent.

(Davis is enamoured)  
 I know you want to hang, but I have to go to sleep, kid. I'm pooped.  
 (pats Davis shoulder)  
 'Sleep tight.

DAVIS  
 Night Ben. Thank you!  
 (hugs him hard)  
 Will you wake me in the morning or is that asking too much? My parents always--

BEN  
 Too much.

The Boys EXIT IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS as Ben turns out the lights. We stay in the dark..

DAVIS (O.S.)  
 Understood. I'll set the alarm on my phone... I just hope I hear it. I'm a deep...

BEN (O.S.)  
 --OhmyGod. I'll wake you!

DAVIS (O.S.)  
 Thank you. Love you! Not kidding.

INT. JULES & MATT'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT A.M.

Matt is packing Paige's lunch. Paige and Ben sit side-by-side at the island, eating pancakes. A few work folders sit by Ben's plate.

PAIGE

(to Ben)

Can you pour me more syrup please?

(Ben pours)

Perfect. Good job.

Ben and Matt laugh as Jules ENTERS.

JULES (O.S.)

Oh, boy!

(fixing herself coffee)

Okay, so this really big CEO named Townsend, the one everyone said would never be interested in us, because we weren't big enough for him...

MATT/BEN

(at the same time)

-- Yeah?

MATT

We're like your sister-wives.

JULES

(laughs, then)

Well, we just found out -- he's *beyond* interested.

MATT

Exciting.

Ben looks from Matt to Jules. Jules and Ben connect for a split second.

JULES

Yeah, maybe. Everyone's flipping out, but you know I'm still on the fence at best, but anyway, only thing is, I have to go to San Francisco to meet him. He can't get here.

MATT

(handing her pancakes)

When do you have to go?

JULES

The only day he could meet is next Thursday. Want to come? Maybe we could stay for the weekend?

MATT

(looks at fridge calendar)  
Sounds good but... I can't. Paige is snack leader on Thursday and I'm supposed to be in the class with her. It's kind of a big deal.

JULES

Right. No, I forgot.

MATT

Maybe Ben could go with you.

PAIGE

Yeah. Dat's a good idea.

JULES

Guys, Ben has a life.

BEN

-- Not really.

(Jules looks over at him)  
Not one that takes me to San Francisco. If you want the company, I'd love to go.

JULES

Really?

BEN

Definitely.

PAIGE

Guess what Ben? Today my Dad is going to be Ariel, it's his turn.

BEN

That's good, right?

MATT

You think finding a CEO is a big deal? Here the big negotiation is about who gets to be Ariel when we play Little Mermaid and, just for the record, it's never been my turn. This is huge. I get to comb my hair with a fork... play with gadgets and gizmos a-plenty...

Paige giggles as Jules looks lovingly at Matt, almost teary-eyed. Ben picks up on this, smiles to himself when Jules's phone RINGS and breaks the moment.

INT. SUV - MOVING QUICKLY - SHORTLY AFTER

Ben, behind the wheel. Jules on SPEAKER PHONE with Candice.

JULES

-- So guys how long 'til we get it fixed? I mean, if you can't zoom in, you probably won't buy.

Ben nods, agreeing. They exchange looks in the rear view.

CANDICE O.S.

First couple of hours are already down 23%.

BEN

Oh, boy.

JULES

I'll be there in like...

BEN

-- Six minutes.

CANDICE O.S.

We're on it.

JULES

Ben, do you have the info on the friends shopping together...

Ben hands Jules a folder as her 2nd CELL RINGS. She quickly answers as she peruses the folder.

JULES (cont'd)

This is Jules.

JULES'S MOM

(on Speaker)

What's wrong?

JULES

Oh, Mom. Hi. Oh, I just found out the zoom link...the button you click on to zoom in on a photo isn't working.

JULES'S MOM

That doesn't sound like a big deal.

JULES

Actually it is... it's how people get a closer look at what they're buying. Everyone zooms in.

JULES'S MOM

-- Oh, I guess I don't go to your website enough to know that.

Jules makes an incredulous face at the phone, then starts typing an e-mail to Matt as her other phone RINGS

CLOSE - E-MAIL TO MATT

JULES'S EMAIL

**Matt -- Question. Why is my mother  
always such a raging bitch?**

JULES'S MOM

Typing and ringing....

JULES

(looking at 2nd phone)  
Yeah, sorry. It's the warehouse.  
Can I call you back Mom?

JULES'S MOM

No need.

JULES

Okay. Love you.

JULES'S MOM

Yep.

CLICK. Ben's eyes widen.

JULES

(to herself)  
Who says yep to I love you?

Ben can't disagree on that one. Jules continues her e-mail.

JULES'S E-MAIL

**She's seriously f-ed up. How did I  
turn out so normal?**

(she adds an - "ish" to  
normal, answers phone)

JULES

Hey Alonzo.

LATINO VOICE

Jules, I have not good news.

JULES

Lay it on me.

LATINO VOICE

In a routine check by the  
sanitation department, they found  
one bed bug in the warehouse.

JULES

Noooo!

ALONZO

Unfortunately, yes. We sent out  
4800 boxes yesterday. We have to  
(MORE)

ALONZO (cont'd)  
 get them all back, shut down the  
 warehouse, spray for bedbugs, then  
 we can start shipping again.

JULES/BEN  
 Nightmare!

As Ben pulls up in front of CTF, Jules grabs her bag then realizes she didn't send Matt her e-mail about her Mom. She types in M for the start of Matt's name, looks out the window at CTF and INSTEAD OF CLICKING on MATT'S E-MAIL ADDRESS, accidentally, clicks on MOM'S E-MAIL ADDRESS. Distracted, she PUSHES SEND.

INT. OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Jules, walking hyper-fast through the office. Ben is a few paces behind her. Suddenly, she STOPS, senses she might have done something awful.

JULES  
 No no no no no!

Jules looks at her phone, checks her last SENT E-mail and SEES SHE ACCIDENTALLY SENT the "*My mother's such a bitch*" e-mail to her Mother. She GASPS, looks up as Ben joins her.

INT. BIG CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

At least 20 Techies are scrambling into the room for an emergency meeting. Jules paces at the head of the room, washing her hands with Purell. Ben stands to the side as Candice and Becky join.

JULES  
 I know the Zoom's broken and I don't mean to take anyone off of that but... I need a favor. I, accidentally sent an e-mail to the wrong person and she's at work right now and I know she doesn't check her personal e-mail until she gets home at 5:30, so I have until then to figure out how to delete it because if this person sees this e-mail, it'll be...horrible and on top of that, she has a slight heart condition and I think this could possibly be not good for that, so, I'm relying on your good graces and brilliance to figure out how to save my ass.  
 (a few laughs)  
 Please tell me there's a way.

TECHIE #1

Are you two on the same server?

JULES

I'm on gmail she's on Earthlink.

Mumbles from the crowd. Earthlink??

JULES (cont'd)

Okay, whatever.

The Guys talk amongst themselves. Argue it out.

TECHIE #2

Truthfully Jules, it's pretty  
impossible to hack into a server.  
(Jules sinks)

TECHIE #3

And you definitely don't know her  
password?

JULES

No idea.

Ben crosses to the front of the room, joins Jules, turning  
her away from the crowd.

BEN

I think there's only one thing you  
can do.

JULES

What? Tell me. I'm dying.

BEN

I think me and the boys take off,  
break into your Mom's house and  
steal her computer.

JULES

Break in and steal her computer?!!  
Are you kidding me?!  
(He's not)  
That's fucking genius.

EXT. STREET - NEW HAVEN, CONN. - DAY

Jules's SUV makes its way into a suburban neighborhood.

GPS VOICE (O.S.)

Turn right in 300 yards.

INT. JULES'S SUV - MOVING - SAME TIME

Ben's driving. Jason is next to him. In the backseat, Davis and Lewis. Davis is now wearing a tie, a la Ben.

JASON

Little does GPS Lady know she's an accomplice to a crime.

BEN

The woman has a heart condition, think of it as a good deed.

DAVIS

I never thought you'd be a bad influence on me, Whittaker.

BEN

Relax fellas, this is going to be painless. The key is under a flower pot, we go in, we delete, we disappear.

LEWIS

She doesn't have an alarm, right?

BEN

No she does not.

JASON

And what if we need a password to get onto her e-mail. Then what?

BEN

Then we take the computer. Jules said she'd buy her a new one so it's a win/win.

GPS VOICE

You have reached your destination in 100 yards.

LEWIS

This is like an Oceans movie. Ben's the older guy in the big glasses..

JASON

Elliot Gould. Come on...

LEWIS

Jason -- you're Clooney.

JASON

Thank you.

LEWIS  
I'm Matt Damon 'cause I'm kind of  
an outsider.

DAVIS  
Who am I?

LEWIS  
You're Ben Affleck's brother.

DAVIS  
Why aren't I Brad Pitt?

LEWIS  
I think that's self explanatory.

BEN  
Okay, Clooney, you're behind the  
wheel. Keep the engine running and  
your eyes open. Damon, Affleck's  
brother, you're with me.

Three car doors open at the same time.

TOO MANY FLOWER POTS

Sit at the back door. The Boys start lifting them all. Davis  
finds the key.

The KEY IS INSERTED into the LOCK. As soon as the Boys ENTER  
THE KITCHEN, they hear a BEEPING SOUND. They look around,  
SPOT AN ALARM KEYPAD on the wall.

DAVIS  
Great plan so far. Fuck!

BEN  
Davis, call Becky.

Davis quickly dials, hands his phone to Ben.

LEWIS  
If we don't know the code, this is  
going to turn into an alarm in 60  
seconds.

BEN  
(into phone)  
Becky, put Jules on, it's--  
(can't believe it)  
-- She put me on hold. What is  
wrong with that girl?

DAVIS  
(starts to panic)  
This is so not good. What are we  
supposed to do?

BEN  
 Start looking for the computer.  
 (they go off together)  
 Separately!  
 (into Phone)  
 -- Becky! Don't screw around. Put  
 Jules on, it's an emergency.  
 Interrupt her!  
 (wipes his brow)  
 Jules! Your mother has an alarm.  
 Yes she does, I'm in her kitchen  
 and it's about to go off. What's  
 the code?

ANGLE JULES

rushing outside of the Conference Room, on her cell

JULES  
 I have no idea. Ben, listen to me.

BACK AT THE HOUSE

Davis ENTERS THE KITCHEN, without the computer. Shrugs.

INTERCUT JULES AND BEN - JULES ON SPEAKERPHONE

JULES  
 -- I know this woman, trust me,  
 that's a fake alarm she bought from  
 some infomercial or something.  
 It's not connected. It's just to  
 scare off burglars.

DAVIS  
 (freaking out)  
 It's doing a good job.

JULES  
 My parents would never pay for a  
 burglar alarm,. They're the  
 cheapest people in America.

BEN  
 (maybe believing her)  
 It hasn't turned into an alarm  
 yet...still beeping.

JULES  
 -- That's cause it's a fake. Trust  
 me on this. Have you found the  
 computer?

Lewis re-enters, empty handed.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as they all RUSH UP THE STAIRS, in and out of Bedrooms. Then:

LEWIS (O.S.)  
Found it!

DAVIS (O.S.)  
Got it!

Both guys ARRIVE in the UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, holding laptops.

BEN  
(into phone)  
We found two. Which one is hers?  
The white one or the silver one?

JULES  
(trying to remember)  
White one or silver one? White one  
or silver one? I don't know.

BECKY  
(joining)  
Your Mom's computer? It's white.  
(Jules hesitates)  
I got it fixed for her once. I'm  
positive.

JULES  
The white one!

Lewis hands the white computer to Ben. Just then the ALARM GOES OFF FULL BLAST.

JULES (cont'd)  
Oh my God!

DAVIS  
I knew there was no such thing as a  
fake alarm! We're getting  
arrested. That's it. We're dead.  
Our fingerprints are all over this  
place.

JULES  
Ben, do you see the e-mail?

Ben is now in a chair, the computer on a table next to him.

BEN  
(opening the computer)  
Not yet.

DAVIS  
Double time it dude!

Lewis takes over at the computer.

LEWIS

Found it!

(reads)

*Why is my mother always such a  
raging bitch?* Subject: She's A  
Terrorist.

Ben reacts to the e-mail.

JULES

Yes! Delete it!

LEWIS

It's gone.

JULES

Now from the trash.

As Lewis deletes from the trash, we hear a POLICE SIREN. All the Guys look up.

BEN

Davis, where'd you find this?

DAVIS

Under the bed. Right side.

Lewis takes off with the computer, comes right back.

LEWIS

Which right side?

DAVIS

Right side facing the bed.

(Lewis exits)

Oh, God, we're so screwed. My life is over. I'm going to be a felon and I haven't even committed a crime. You're old, Whittaker, they'll let out for good behavior, but the rest of us--

BEN

Davis! Pull it together. Can't you hear how far away that is. We've got at least 30 seconds until they're here.

DAVIS

It takes you 30 seconds to stand up! No offense, but fast is not one of your speeds. How will I explain this to my parents? They will not get breaking and--

BEN

Twenty seconds.

Davis FLIES OUT OF FRAME as Lewis returns. All three run down the stairs as fast as they can.

JASON - IN THE SUV

Is listening to Lil Wayne very LOUDLY. He's looking out his window away from the house oblivious to the siren.

BEHIND HIM WE SEE

Lewis, Davis and Ben, SPRINTING to the car.

When they reach the car, the doors are LOCKED. They bang on the car doors. Jason doesn't react. Davis THROWS HIMSELF on the hood of the car.

DAVIS  
Open the fucking doors!!!!!!

Jason LEAPS, flips the unlock door switch. The Guys jump in. Davis has to slide off the hood and run to catch up.

CLOSE - 5 TEQUILA SHOTS

Five hands ENTER FRAME and lift them up.

INT. BAR - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Jules and the Four Guys take the Tequila shots. It's not easy for any of them.

DAVIS  
(to Ben)  
You're a crazy son-of-a-bitch, you know that?

BEN  
I didn't actually. I'm sure my blood pressure was through the roof, but...  
(sucks on his lime)  
--it was worth it.

JULES  
Guys, I can't, literally can't, thank you enough for what you just did. It was so above and beyond and brave and loyal! I'm indebted to you forever.  
(to Bartender)  
I'll have another.  
(to Guys)  
Anybody else?

Jason and Lewis nod.

DAVIS

Sure.

(to Bartender)

But can I just get a half this time?

The Bartender shoots him a look and pours him a a half a shot. Ben watches Jules throw hers back and then quickly bite her lime wedge.

BEN

Jules!

JULES

I know. I can drink. It's a thing about me. So what are your names again? I never want to not know you.

JASON

I'm Jason. I've worked for you about a year. I've delivered things to your home. I've met Matt a bunch of times. I tied your daughter's shoe once.

JULES

Of course I've seen you around, I just didn't know your name.

(to Davis)

And you're new, right?

DAVIS

Yeah. I'm Davis, I started the same day as Ben. We're pretty much besties and I'm also his mentee. He gave me this tie for example. It was his. It's vintage.

Ben shakes his head, although amused.

JULES

I like it. Love men in ties. And you're Lewis. I could hear a little over the phone. You were very cool under pressure.

LEWIS

It was my first heist but I tried to be chill. Thanks for noticing.

JULES

Boys, what can I say? Sorry, didn't mean to call you boys. No one calls men "men" anymore. Have you

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
 noticed? Women went from Girls to  
 Women and men went from Men to  
 Boys. This is a problem. In the  
 big picture. Know what I mean?  
 (They don't. She indicates  
 one more drink to  
 Bartender)

BEN  
 Another? You sure about that?

JULES  
 Yup. Here's my theory about this -  
 we all grew up during the "Take  
 your Daughter to Work Day" thing,  
 right?  
 (they nod, although  
 they're not sure)  
 So we were always told we could do  
 anything, be anything. And I think  
 somehow the boys got, maybe not  
 left behind but not quite as  
 nurtured. We had Oprah, you know. I  
 wonder sometimes how guys fit  
 in...they seem to still be trying  
 to figure it all out. Still  
 dressing like little boys, still  
 playing video games.  
 (takes her next shot)

As she sucks on her lime, Ben wishes she'd slow down.

BEN  
 Oh, boy...

JULES  
 Here's another thing. You ever  
 notice how the husband on every  
 commercial on TV is always such a  
 dope? Has it always been that way  
 or is the "husband" the new dumb  
 blonde? In one generation men went  
 from guys like Al Pacino and  
 Harrison Ford to...

She pauses as she indicates the Guys who wish they weren't  
 standing there in T-shirt and hoodies.

JULES (cont'd)  
 Look at Ben here. A dying breed...  
 Look and learn 'cause if you ask  
 me...  
 (points to Ben)  
 This is what cool is.

BEN  
 Thanks Ace. You're not going to  
 drink anymore, right?

JULES

I mean... calling me Ace... Super-cool, right? Okay, I'm officially a little dizzy, haven't eaten. I apologize for the tirade. I'm gonna have to go but I'm forever in your debt, gentlemen... another word that's never used anymore. Let's bring it back, shall we? Ben, I'll be Uber-ing home.

She starts to tip over. Ben catches her.

JULES (cont'd)

And that is what a gentleman does for a lady.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Jules is just finishing throwing up in a trash can as Ben holds back her hair.

JULES

Achhh. I'm so sorry. I'm fine now...  
(throws up again)  
Oh, God...

Ben hands Jules his handkerchief. She wipes her mouth.

JULES (cont'd)

Haven't done that since college.  
Thank you... Oh, man...  
(looks at Ben)  
You know what you are...?

BEN

Uh, no.

JULES

You are an actual wonderful person.  
And I don't know many of those.  
(Ben appreciates this but seems more concerned with how she is)  
Very sorry you had to see this.  
Humiliating.

BEN

It's all good. You feelin' any better?

JULES

Yeah. I'm good now. I'm fine.

She cleans her hands with Purell then extends her hand to Ben. He shakes it. Jules can't help herself, she folds into him, leans on him, resting her head on his chest. She doesn't move.

JULES (cont'd)  
Leaving in a minute. Just working  
on making this the worst night  
possible for you...  
(finally pulls away)

BEN  
Not at all.  
(she looks up to him...)  
You've had a stressful day.

A Town Car pulls up.

JULES  
How is it you always manage to say  
the right thing, do the right  
thing, be the right thing? It's  
uncanny.  
(with a gentle salute)  
Thank you and.....

BEN  
(salutes her)  
Sayanora.

JULES  
Absolutely.

Ben nods as Jules ducks into the cab and it takes off.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Amongst the Saturday shoppers, we find Ben and Fiona. Ben's in a suit, Fiona, in a dress and heels. Ben's walk is noticeably more jaunty.

BEN  
Really so nice of you to do this.  
Most women would have just  
rescheduled.

FIONA  
Not to worry. I understand.

They stop at their destination.

BEN  
It was unexpected.

Fiona nods as they turn and ENTER a FUNERAL HOME.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - SAME TIME

Ben and Fiona make their way down the center aisle. There's a lot of elbowing going on so all can take a gander.

Ben and Fiona take seats next to Ben's friend Miles. Miles checks out Fiona.

MILES  
(tickled)  
Benjie, you brought a date to a funeral! Unreal.

BEN  
We had plans. Who knew this was going to --

Miles leans over Ben and shakes Fiona's hand.

MILES  
How do you do? I'm Miles.

FIONA  
Hello. Fiona. So sorry for your loss.

MILES  
(seeing only her cleavage)  
Thank you dear.  
(to Ben)  
Wowza.

Fiona obviously heard this. Ben looks at her, embarrassed and then is startled when he catches Patty Pomerantz directly across the aisle staring him down.

Just then the REAR DOORS TO THE CHAPEL OPEN and the casket is wheeled into the room, down the center aisle, and past the mourners. Everyone stands. Ben lets out a sigh. Fiona takes his hand. Ben looks back at Patty who hasn't taken her eyes off of him. He offers her a small "don't hate me" smile. She raises her middle finger and starts to say the Fu-- of *Fuck You* as the casket moves past and blocks her words. Once the casket passes, her finger comes down but we get the message.

EXT. STREET - BROOKLYN -DAY

Ben and Fiona turn a corner from a residential street onto a street lined with shops. Fiona holds a pink bakery box.

Fiona  
I never went to a shiva before. The laughter was wonderful and I don't think I've ever eaten more... I'm not even sure how I left with a box of cookies.

BEN

You were a big hit. Giving the widow that back massage -- winning move.

FIONA

She needed it.

BEN

I definitely think it's a good idea to take all first dates to a funeral. Real ice breaker, don't you think?

FIONA

I know you're kidding but honestly, who needs the strain of the dinner date and the "Why aren't you married" conversation. At our age it's not even possible to catch up.

Ben stops, letting others pass around them. Ben and Fiona stand face to face.

BEN

I can do me in ten seconds. Ready? Widower. One son. Two grand-kids. Spent my life manufacturing phone books which now no longer have a function. I'm currently working as an intern, havin' a ball and best news is, I have a crush on a girl I met at work.

FIONA

(loves that, then)  
I'm sorry you lost your wife...  
Okay...

(points to herself)  
Divorced. Three beautiful daughters. One grandchild, a boy, on the way. I was sick a few years back. I'm not anymore. I'm an in-house e-commerce masseuse. Love my job and I finally met a man I actually want to hang out with.

CAMERA RISES as Ben and Fiona continue talking and sharing a laugh, walking off together. DISSOLVE TO DUSK where Ben and Fiona cross a tree-lined residential street. Ben takes Fiona's hand, she smiles at him as they walk away from us and down the street, chatting, completely at ease with one another.

EXT. JULES'S HOUSE - MORNING

The door OPENS to reveal Matt, in a robe, messy hair. He looks awful. He routinely hands Ben a mug of coffee.

BEN  
(taking the coffee)  
Hey buddy, you don't look so great.

MATT  
Believe me, I look better than I feel. Do I feel hot to you?

BEN  
(ENTERS, feels Matt's forehead)  
Not too bad.

MATT  
Good. I don't want the girls to get this. You see the Knicks last night?

BEN  
They were on fire.

O.S., we HEAR Paige CRYING. They ENTER THE KITCHEN. Paige sits on her regular counter stool, sobbing. Jules is trying to get her to eat her oatmeal. Ben takes his seat next to Paige.

BEN (cont'd)  
What's with the waterworks, Little One?

JULES  
I just told her the sitter's going to have to take her to Maddie's birthday party today 'cause Matt's sick...

PAIGE  
(tearfully)  
-- But I don't want to go with the sitter. Ben, can you take me?  
(between sobs)  
Please...?

JULES  
Awww, honey, I'm sorry, but Ben has to go to work today.

Paige dramatically throws her head down on the counter, sobbing. Her little shoulders shake. Ben can't take it.

BEN  
 Jules, come on, it'll take an hour.  
 (whispers)  
 Lemme take her...

Matt indicates -- let him do it. Jules feels badly asking, but...

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

BEN  
 (driving, mid-argument)  
 -- I can't believe we're still  
 going through this. I'm going the  
 right way. Please, have a little  
 trust.

ANGLE - THE BACK SEAT

Paige is in her car seat, looks up from her toy computer.

PAIGE  
 But the park where the party is--  
 (looks outside)  
 Oh, actually this is it.  
 (returns to computer)

BEN  
 (shakes his head)  
 Like a clone.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK PLAY AREA - MOMENTS LATER

A dozen Moms and their 4 Year Olds. Ben arrives holding Paige's hand and carrying a gift. The Moms who gave Jules a hard time at school are all here and silently comment to one another about Paige's escort.

BEN  
 (whispers to Paige)  
 Which one is Maddie?

PAIGE  
 (whispers)  
 The one in the pink.

Ben looks over at a group of kids and sees Ten Little Girls huddled together all wearing pink.

PAIGE (cont'd)  
 You can sit with the other Moms,  
 okay?

BEN  
 Okay. Want to give Maddie her  
 present?

Paige rushes off as Ben joins the Moms on the benches.

BEN (cont'd)  
 Hi. I'm Ben, I'm helping Matt and  
 Jules out today.

MOM #2  
 Oh, are you Matt's Dad?

BEN  
 No, no, I work for Jules.

One of the Mom's mumbles to another -- *that can't be fun.*

BEN (cont'd)  
 (catching her drift)  
 Hmmm?

MOM #1  
 Oh, nothing, I've heard she's, you  
 know, kind of "tough."  
 (the Other Moms agree)

BEN  
 Tough? Jules? She's a total bad  
 ass. Guess that's how she became an  
 internet sensation.  
 (sees Women are  
 uncomfortable)  
 Must make you proud, huh? One of  
 your own out there every day  
 crashing the glass ceiling of the  
 tech world. So -- bravo! Good for  
 her. Right?

MOM #1  
 (eating shit)  
 Yeah...no...for sure.

Ben raises his fist in solidarity. Paige runs to Ben, cuddles  
 up next to him.

BEN  
 What's up kiddo?

PAIGE  
 I don't feel good.

BEN  
 Want to sit on my lap?

Paige nods. Ben lifts her onto his lap, feels her forehead.

MOM #2  
If she's sick, she probably  
shouldn't be here.

MOM #2's Daughter heads for Paige. Her Mom grabs her arm,  
yanks her back.

BEN  
Tough crowd, Paigey. Should we hit  
the road?

PAIGE  
Does that mean leave?

INT. SUV - MOVING - PARK SLOPE - SHORTLY AFTER

Paige now seems fine and energetic as they drive down Jules's  
street.

PAIGE  
I spy with my little  
eye...something... blue!

BEN  
Is it the car next to us?

PAIGE  
No.

BEN  
Is it that dog leash?

PAIGE  
No!

BEN  
Is it the sky?

PAIGE  
Yes! You got one! Your turn Ben.

As Ben nears the house, he SEES Matt, looking entirely better  
and bounding down the front steps in a GREEN T-SHIRT.

BEN  
Okay, I have a good one. I spy  
with my little eye - something  
green...

PAIGE  
(looking the opposite way,  
yawns)  
Is it that tree?

BEN  
Nope.

PAIGE

Is it that front door? Well, that's kinda green.

Ben watches as Matt SMILES AND WAVES TO SOMEONE IN A WAITING SUV. Curious, Ben gets a little closer and sees it's a WOMAN WITH DARK HAIR. Matt gets in the Woman's car and they immediately kiss and then kiss again and again.

ANGLE - BEN

Dumbstruck. He's now dangerously close to the Woman's car. He slows down as Matt and the Woman separate, go back for one more kiss, then drive off.

PAIGE

-- Is it Ben? Is it that front door?

BEN

Yeah, it is. Good girl.

Ben can't process what he just witnessed. He's momentarily frozen. A car honks at him. Snapping to, he turns at the corner, looks in the rear view and sees Paige nodding off. Ben pulls over, parks under a tree, tries to compute what he just saw. Just then, a TEXT FROM JULES. He looks at his phone:

TEXT

**How's it going? Thank you! :)**

Ben's finger trembles but he manages to type back: A-OK. Then, adds an exclamation point before shutting his eyes for a quick sec.

His heart races, he can't seem to focus. And then he hears something familiar. He looks up at the rear view and sees Paige is snoring. He looks at her sweet little face and feels a new found pain just at the sight of her.

EXT. JULES'S HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER

Ben walks up the steps carrying a sleeping Paige. Matt opens the door in a new change of clothes.

MATT

Awww. Thanks so much Ben.

INT. PAIGE'S ROOM

Ben lies Paige on her bed then Matt pulls up her covers. Matt turns toward Ben and finds Ben staring at him. Matt wonders why.

INT. CENTER HALL

Ben crosses to the front door.

MATT

Can I get you something before you go? Cup of coffee, bite of something to--

BEN

I'm good. Thanks.

MATT

How was she? Didn't give you any trouble?

BEN

She was perfect. She wasn't feeling so great at the party so we... we left a little early then she fell asleep so I just hung out in the car and let her get in a nap. She slept good...

MATT

So nice of you. Thank you.

Matt gets a text, takes out his phone, quickly looks at it, returns the phone to his pocket. Looks up guiltily.

BEN

You seem like you're feeling more with it...

MATT

(hates lying)

Yeah. Just needed a little downtime, I guess or maybe I wasn't that sick, I don't know.

(Ben nods...)

Ben, I wanted to ask you, what's your take on this whole CEO thing? You're more on the inside than I am.

BEN

I know Jules is trying to do right by everybody - the investors, the company... you... She's got a lot on her shoulders. The pressure's unreal.

MATT

Am I wrong to hope it happens? I mean, I want what she wants but you know what it's like around here --

(MORE)

MATT (cont'd)  
 we don't see her enough. Maybe this  
 will fix that.

BEN  
 A CEO's going to fix... what's  
 going on here, Matt?  
 (Matt stops cold)  
 Whatever she decides...  
 (wipes his eye...)  
 I just, I want it to be good for  
 her, I want her to be happy.  
 (eyes landing on Matt)

MATT  
 Of course.

Ben nods, his eyes steady on Matt.

INT. CTF - AFTERNOON

Ben wends his way through the office, pre-occupied, looking a bit wan. He passes Lewis who is clean shaven, got a bit of a hair cut and is wearing a tie and carrying a briefcase exactly like Ben's. Ben doesn't notice.

LEWIS  
 Benjamin, dude, what do you think?  
 (Ben's not sure what he  
 means)  
 Of my man look. I got so many  
 compliments, it's crazy. And check  
 this out...  
 (holds up briefcase)  
 --found it on e-bay. You're right,  
 total classic.

BEN  
 (half-hearted)  
 You look awesome, kid.

Across the office, Ben notices a small crowd has gathered to sing "Happy Birthday." He sees Jules is part of the crowd, smiling, singing. He takes a deep breath at the sight of her. Jules gives the Birthday Girl a hug, then spots Ben.

BEN CLICKS ON HIS E-MAIL

He has tons. His desk is now stacked with paperwork.

JULES (O.S.)  
 How'd it go?

Jules leans on Ben's desk, eating a piece of cake and handing Ben a piece.

BEN

You have a great kid, Jules. She was adorable.

JULES

Awww. Thank you so much for doing that. So -- you excited about going to San Francisco tomorrow?

(Ben wipes his brow with his hankie, he's having trouble having eye contact with Jules)

You okay?

BEN

Yeah.

JULES

Oh, man, I hope you don't have what Matt has.

BEN

I don't.

JULES

You sure?

BEN

Positive.  
(takes a small pill)

JULES

What's that?

BEN

Blood pressure. Take it everyday.

JULES

You sure you're okay 'cause you don't look like you. You're all flushed. Why don't you go see Fiona, the masseuse, and just chill for a little.

DAVIS

(walks by, notices Ben mopping his brow)

What's up? You okay Ben? You seem to be slightly malfunctioning.

Ben rolls his eyes as Becky joins.

JULES (CONT'D)

Does he look right to you?

BEN

Okay, thank you. I think we're good here. Got a lot of work to do.

BECKY

Is it his coloring?

BEN

Oh my God, you're all nuts. I'm a hundred percent. Let's move on kids. Big day, lots to do.

JULES

Ben, if I'm giving you too much to do or wearing you out, please do not think you have to go with me to-

BEN

-- Jules, people my age get tired sometimes. That's all this is.

JULES

You're tired? That's why you haven't looked at me once since I walked over here.

BEN

(turns to her)  
I'm looking at you.

She realizes he's looking at her for the first time.

BECKY

Jules, Candice is on the phone.

JULES

If you don't feel good later or tonight or...  
(Ben drops his head...)  
I'm just sayin'...I can go by myself tomorrow. I'm a big girl. I'll be fine.

INT. PLANE - IN THE AIR - THE NEXT DAY

Ben and Jules in first class, both have work on their tray tables. Jules is on her iPad. Ben is staring at her. Bursting, but not talking.

JULES

(finally, turns to him)  
Okay! Seriously. Ben! What - is-it!?!

BEN

(giving up)  
 You know, I'm a sensitive man. I don't look it, people don't think that about me. But I am. Under all this man stuff that you so admire, I'm just a big bowl of mush.

JULES

I know that.

BEN

Okay!  
 (calming himself down)

JULES

That's it? That's what 24 hours of crazy comes to? That you're a sensitive bowl of mush.

BEN

Jules.  
 (almost tells her what he knows, changes his mind)  
 Jules, what are we doin' here? We got the day off. We're travelin' in first class.  
 (starts packing up his papers)  
 Let's at least have a little fun.

JULES

Okay! That I get.

She snaps her iPad case shut, calls for the Flight Attendant.

INT. PLANE - A LITTLE LATER

Jules and Ben are mid-meal and getting refills on their wine. Jules is telling Ben a story and laughing so hard, she can't get the story out. Ben is dying laughing. Can't catch his breath. He laughs, wiping away tears as Jules continues.

LATER - READY TO LAND

Jules and Ben put their seats in the upright position. Jules takes a deep breath.

BEN

You okay?

JULES

Yeah. Just thinking, tomorrow I meet the guy who may become my boss. A lot of people have bosses right? Most people have bosses!

BEN

Jules, it's simple. If you think Townsend is going to be good for you and good for the company, then do it and if not...

JULES

-- Exactly. Just because I came here...

BEN

Right.. Doesn't mean....

JULES

(nods)

I agree. Do you think I can take a Xanax if I had two glasses of wine an hour ago?

BEN

I'd wait another couple of hours.

Jules nods. As they prepare to land, Jules closes her eyes, kisses her fingertips, touches her eyes, nods her head, counts to four then mumbles something that ends in the word Amen. Ben watches.

JULES

It's a thing I do when I land.  
We're good now.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

INT. JULES HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Jules has wet hair, she's in the hotel robe and on her iPad. TV is on in the b.g.. Suddenly there's a LOUD SIREN-LIKE BEEPING coming from the hallway. Jules looks up sharply.

INT. BEN'S ROOM - SAME TIME - THE BEEPING CONTINUES

Ben is asleep with an open book on his chest. His eyes pop open.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

A hundred or so Hotel Guests have gathered on the street dressed in everything from bath towels to tuxedos. Jules, in her robe and wet hair, pushes through the crowd, relieved to spot Ben walking toward her in his pj's and robe.

JULES

This alarm going off is not a good omen about this guy. It's a sign, Ben.

BEN

I'm pretty sure it's not. You haven't taken the Xanax yet.

JULES

You told me to wait two hours. You travel with your own robe?

HOTEL MANAGER

Ladies and Gentleman, a smoke alarm went off in one of our rooms but the problem has been taken care of. Our sincerest apologies.

JULES

Yep. Two hundred people, 4 elevators. Definitely a sign. Iceberg ahead.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ben walks Jules to her room.

JULES

Thanks for escorting me back. Want to see my room?

(Jules OPENS her door. Ben peeks in)

I mean do you actually want to come in? I have a tea kettle, we could have tea...

(then)

I'm ridiculously nervous about tomorrow.

INT. JULES'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jules is pouring hot water into two mugs.

JULES

You lie down, I know you're tired and I'll sit in the chair.

Ben catches the reflection of Jules's bare legs in the mirror and looks away. He lies on the edge of the bed, one foot planted on the floor. Jules joins him on the bed.

BEN

I thought you were going to sit in the chair.

JULES

Please let me be here. I need to lay down too.

Ben shakes his head as Jules joins him on the bed. A bit awkward as they lie next to one another.

JULES (cont'd)

We don't have to talk about work or anything...

BEN

Alright. What should we talk about?

JULES

Marriage?

(Ben gets nervous, looks over at her)

Will you tell me about your wife? She was great, right?

BEN

She was. Molly was her name. She was a middle school principal. Beloved.

JULES

So perfect. Long marriage?

BEN

Not long enough. Thirty-eight years.

JULES

Wow. What was that like?

BEN

You know when people say they want to grow old together?

(Jules nods)

Well, we did it. We met when we were 20. I was 20. She was 19. What was amazing was that she never really changed. That's a hard thing to pull off. She handled life like it was easy. Always... even when it wasn't.

JULES

God, I envy that.

(Ben smiles, Jules crosses to the Mini Bar)

You hungry? We've got Gummy bears. Chocolate chip cookies. Pringles.

She grabs everything and takes it all back to the bed.

BEN  
You know those are like \$15 each.

JULES  
Benjamin, I run a very big internet  
company. Let's go crazy. So...

BEN  
(laughs, eating gummy  
bears)  
So..?

JULES  
I got a weird one for you. Matt is  
cheating on me.

BEN  
(almost choking)  
You know about this?

JULES  
What does that mean? You know  
about it?

BEN  
(hates saying this)  
I saw them together.

JULES  
Oh, God. When?

BEN  
Yesterday. I'm sorry. It was an  
accident that I saw them but I did.

JULES  
Yesterday?! Oh, okay, so, it *is*  
still going on.  
(slinks down in bed)  
I was thinking maybe it was winding  
down. Fuck! Excuse me.

BEN  
It's okay.

JULES  
Thanks. FUCK!!!

BEN  
How long have you known?

JULES  
For like 18 days. She's a Mom at  
Paige's school. It's still so hard  
for me to grasp. I was in the  
kitchen making sandwiches and his  
phone was sitting there, he was  
(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
 upstairs with Paige and he kept getting all these texts. I don't know why, but I read them.

(starts to cry)  
 It was not good. I thought my heart was going to stop. They had little nicknames for each other. She sent him a photo which is now forever implanted in my brain... I guess cell phones are going to do in all guys eventually.

BEN  
 Does he know you know?

JULES  
 No... because, honestly I'm not really ready to deal with it. I would like to be a little less devastated if that's possible. It's classic, though, isn't it? The successful wife's husband feels ignored, his manhood is threatened so he acts out. The girlfriend I guess makes him feel more like a man. Sometimes I think maybe I don't know how to do the -- *make him feel like a man* thing, you know? And anyway, is that even what I'm supposed to do? I mean, that's an exhausting endeavor.

BEN  
 Wait, wait wait. Hold on. You're not actually taking the rap for any this, are you?

JULES  
 No. No! He's doing something bad. No! Monogom-ish is not what I'm going for. I'm just trying to wait it out for a sec. I'm hoping it's just a horrible lapse in judgment and not like, love -- and once he gets it out of his system, we'll be able to eventually be okay again. What do you think of that?

(off Ben's look)  
 Clearly you don't think that's a possible thing.

BEN  
 It would be unusual.

JULES  
 I get not everybody could do that but everybody's not us. I have hope for us 'cause I believe he

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)

still loves me and we're going through a lot right now and... God, I wish all of your expressions weren't so transparent. Some couples do survive these things. Anyway, there's something to be said for getting through it. Putting value on us and not the affair. Also, I know you want to say something, here's the last thing -- I don't want to give up on him 'cause I know him and I know he knows better. But I'm only human, so I'm obviously so mad at him...  
(tries to pull it together)

So much has happened to us so fast, maybe I was somehow even expecting this. You know he was the more successful when we started out...

BEN

No, didn't know that.

JULES

Yeah. He was. He was a rising star... I'm sure this is why I'm even entertaining this whole CEO thing... thinking maybe it will let me get my life back on track but--

BEN

-- Oh, God, okay, that's it!  
(makes the Time Out sign)  
I hate to be the feminist here, between the two of us, but you should be able to have a huge career and be brilliant without having to accept your husband is having an affair as some kind of payback.

JULES

Right on.

BEN

I mean it.

JULES

Me too. But such is life, my friend.

BEN

No it isn't. Not always. And I'm really mad at him too. Except I'm not so forgiving.

JULES

I'm not so forgiving. I'm saying I could potentially be forgiving. But don't think I don't feel what's happening here. It's crushing. And when I think of Paige...

BEN

Oh, don't...

JULES

Also, I know if we got a divorce, he'd remarry, not necessarily to this girl, but someone and we know I'm not easy, so I could be like single forever which means and forgive me but I think about this sometimes in the middle of the night...

(covers her face...)

BEN

What??

JULES

-- That I don't want to be buried alone. Paige will be with her husband, Matt will be with his new family and I'll be buried with strangers. I'll be in the single strangers section of the cemetery. Ahhhhhh. Not that that's a reason to stay together, that's just a scary side bar...

BEN

Okay, let's take that one off your plate. You can be buried with me and Molly. I happen to have room. Okay?

JULES

(so touched, tears streaming)

Thank you. So much. And to think I didn't even want to hire you...

BEN

The one time I don't have my hanky.

JULES

(wipes her eyes on the belt of the robe)

I'm okay. You want to see what's on TV? Just for a few minutes?

BEN

Yeah. I would...

Jules picks up the remote, clicks around and is relieved to land on Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds dancing to "You Were Meant For Me" from Singin' in the Rain. They watch in silence at the optimism, innocence and youthful beauty on the screen. Ben turns to Jules, sees her eyes are shutting. Ben watches the movie alone, happy to be lost in another world.

INT. BARBER SHOP - THE NEXT A.M.

Ben is getting a shave. His eyes go to the clock on the wall. It's 9:30.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - LATE MORNING

Ben paces in front of a town car when he spots Jules, walking quickly out of the building, wearing sunglasses. He opens the back door of the car. She nods, gets in. Ben joins her in the backseat.

INT. CAR - MOVING

DRIVER

To the airport?

JULES

The airport.

Silence.

BEN

Did we like him?

JULES

(pulls out Purell)

He said everything right. Said no one knows CTF like me. Said he doesn't want to remove the soul of the company.

(Ben opens his palm for a squirt of Purell)

He said he doesn't have a plan, wants to watch us and see what works. He was polite, he was respectful, he was super smart and I hired him.

BEN

Seriously? You did it in the room?

JULES

He told me to sleep on it and we'll talk tomorrow but I told him the job was his. We shook hands on it.

(then)

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
 You know if we disagree on  
 something... he's the tie breaker.

BEN  
 Of course. He's the CEO.

JULES  
 Matt'll be happy.

Ben lowers his window a couple of inches, turns toward the fresh air.

INT. JULES'S FOYER - THAT NIGHT

Matt bounds down the stairs as Jules ENTERS. He kisses her hello.

JULES  
 Hey. You smell minty.

MATT  
 I just made mint tea. So? Yes?  
 No?

JULES  
 I did it. I liked him a lot and I  
 offered him the job.

MATT  
 Wow. Really?  
 (Matt hugs her)  
 Congratulations.

JULES  
 Yeah. I think it'll be good for us.  
 Do we have like any real booze?  
 Like vodka or something?

ON THE STAIRS - A MOMENT LATER

Jules sits on the stairs. Matt joins her with two glasses of Vodka.

MATT  
 Did good for us mean CTF or *us*?

JULES  
 You and me *us*. If someone else can  
 call some of the shots at work,  
 then maybe we can get back to where  
 we were 18 months ago. They say  
 you can't get the genie back in the  
 bottle, but we can try. Right?

Matt turns to her but neither says a word.

## INT. JULES BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Jules lies in the bathtub, wiped out. She looks over at the sink, sees two toothbrushes in a cup, then to the back of the door -- Matt's robe hangs on the hook. She shuts her eyes for a sec, rubs her chest, tries to calm her breathing. A few of Paige's bath toys sit on the tub ledge. Jules picks up a little frog, winds it up, places it in the tub and watches it flip around. Her eyes fill with tears.

## INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Matt lies across the bottom of the bed, wishing his life wasn't crumbling. He sits up, faces the closed bathroom door, wants to do the right thing, but can't seem to get up and go in there. His phone pings - he has a text. He doesn't look at it.

## EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - EARLY A.M.

A Cab pulls up. Jules steps out and walks up the front path just as Davis EXITS in a suit, carrying a brief case.

JULES  
Wait, you live here?

DAVIS  
Oh. Hi! Yeah, Ben's been putting me up 'til I find a place. Should I tell him you're here?

JULES  
That's okay, I'll knock.

Jules KNOCKS on the FRONT DOOR and in a sec, Fiona answers.

JULES (cont'd)  
(stunned)  
Fiona??

FIONA  
(surprised)  
Hi Jules. Come on in.

Fiona opens the door and we find Ben, clearing the breakfast dishes.

FIONA (cont'd)  
I'm just on my way to work, I'll let you two talk.

Fiona grabs her tote, crosses to Ben, gives him a kiss on the cheek. Ben smiles softly as she heads out.

Now alone with Ben, Jules remains in the Living Room, a distance away.

BEN

Hi.

JULES

Wow. You and Fiona. Who knew?

BEN

She's a great gal. She surprised me last night. Brought over dinner. It's... brand new.

JULES

Congrats. I love her.

Jules pauses, putting all that together, then rolls on.

JULES (cont'd)

So, I was ready kind of early today. Since about four... and Matt and Paige left an hour ago for a field trip so thought I'd come by, hope that's okay. Just wanted to say I slept on it, I haven't called Townsend yet but I still think it's the right thing to do.

BEN

I didn't sleep so well myself.

JULES

Over this?

BEN

You remember the day I drove you to the warehouse? You were giving me the wrong directions and...

JULES

I remember.

BEN

Okay, well, I stood in the back and watched you show the workers how to fold and box the clothes. I knew then, that was why CTF was a success. No one else is ever going to have that kind of commitment to your company Jules. To me, it's pretty simple. CTF needs you and if you don't mind me saying - you need it. Someone may come in with more experience than you, but they're never going to know what you know. I never had something

(MORE)

BEN (cont'd)  
 like this in my career. Not many people do. This big, beautiful, intricate thing that you created -- it's a dream isn't it? And you're going to give that up in the hopes that your husband will stop having an affair? I don't see how that adds up. You should feel nothing but great about what you've done. Don't let anybody take that away from you.

(Jules wipes a tear from her cheek)

I guess you came over here 'cause you wanted to hear some of this...

JULES  
 Yeah, I did. And maybe also 'cause you're my...

(she can't quite say it)

BEN  
 Intern.

JULES  
 I was going to say...  
 (mumbles)  
 Intern/Slash/Best friend, but no need to get all sentimental even though we could potentially be buried together. Can't get closer than that and I think it's moments like this when you need someone who you know you can count on. So thank you for that.

(Ben nods)  
 I like your house so much by the way.

BEN  
 Thank you.

They both take the time to think about what was just said.

BEN (cont'd)  
 So. Shall we?

INT. CTF - FOLLOWING

Ben and Jules get off the elevator together. Just another day for everyone else. Becky, looking fresh and relaxed greets them, carrying an iPad.

BECKY  
 Welcome back you two. Jules, got something cool to show you.  
 (clicks on a Photo)  
 (MORE)

BECKY (cont'd)  
Do you remember taking a customer service call about a Bride whose bridesmaids' dresses all showed up in grey and you had the Vendor remake them overnight and we put them on a plane and --

JULES  
-- Yeah, yeah...Rachel!

BECKY  
Check this out.

Becky shows Jules a PHOTO of RACHEL and her BRIDESMAIDS lined up in their Pink Dresses.

JULES  
The silk chiffon Antoinette dress.  
They look beautiful.

Jules and Ben arrive at their cubicles. There's a huge arrangement of Peonies on Jules's desk. She hopes they're from Matt.

BECKY  
Also, these just arrived from Ted Townsend. Here's the card.

JULES  
(reading the card)  
Get me Townsend's number will you?

Ben watches Jules then checks his watch. Jules's PHONE RINGS.

JULES (cont'd)  
This is Jules. Hey Alonzo, what's up? Okay, uh-huh, do we need that many?

Jules feels someone standing over her. Looks up. It's Matt. He looks like he may have run to get here.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Jules and Matt stand in the Conference Room.

MATT  
Don't do this for me, Jules.  
Please. Do what feels right for you.

JULES  
Oh, God. I want to continue running my company Matt -- you gotta know that.

MATT

Then do it. I don't want you to be unhappy.

JULES

I'm already unhappy.

That came out too fast to take back.

MATT

Because of me?

She looks at him in a way that reveals what she's been going through. His eyes fill with tears.

JULES

Is it almost over 'cause I don't know how much longer I can --

MATT

It is over. I love you Jules and I don't know how to say this any better than to tell you how deeply sorry I am. I'm so ashamed of myself and what I did to us... I will do so much better at this. If you'll let me.

Jules openly cries now. Matt waits for her response, not sure what to do.

JULES

Know what would be good? If you carried a handkerchief.

MATT

I'll buy some.

A long look at one another. So much to say...

JULES

Okay...

And through her exhaustion and tears, the smallest of smiles and a nod make their way through.

MATT

Thank you...  
(wiping away his tears)  
Have you called Townsend yet because if I ever met anyone who didn't need a boss -- it was you.

JULES

-- I was just about to call him and tell him I changed my mind. I

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)  
 mean, we're good here. We'll make  
 it. I'm gonna make sure we make it.

MATT  
 Good. And maybe you could offer him  
 the job of COO, *under* you... let  
 him make the trains run on time and  
 report to you.

JULES  
 He won't take that.

MATT  
 But somebody will.

JULES  
 (wiping her tears)  
 Yeah...

MATT  
 I'm sorry, Jules, but I gotta get  
 back to the field trip. I'm in  
 charge of snacks and...

Jules nods and Matt hesitates then hugs her in a way that  
 finally relaxes them both.

INT. OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Jules quickly zigzags around the desks, arriving at Ben's  
 desk. He's not there.

JULES  
 Becky, where's Ben?

BECKY  
 Not sure. Said he's taking the day  
 off.

INT. FIONA'S ROOM - DIMLY LIT

Someone is in the massage chair. The door opens, Jules  
 sticks her head in.

JULES  
 Fiona, do you know where Ben is?

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - DAY

Ben's Tai Chi group, all in sync, move slowly toward the  
 right, arms raised. Ben is among them. Jules approaches.  
 Ben doesn't see her at first. She joins the group, standing  
 awkwardly near Ben.

JULES  
(whispers)  
Sorry to interrupt.

Ben motions for her to be silent, then to get next to him.  
She does.

BEN  
(whispers)  
Extend your left arm, Jules. Bend  
your knees, breathe and relax.  
(Jules drops her shoulder  
bag, tries it)  
For inner balance...

JULES  
(not quite getting it)  
Am I doing it right?

BEN  
Almost.

Jules tries harder.

JULES  
I have something good to tell you.

BEN  
Tell me when we're done.

JULES  
Okay.

BEN  
Breathe deeply, Jules...

And as Jules follows Ben and tries her best to achieve inner  
balance, CAMERA DRIFTS and slowly we:

FADE OUT.