

# Scratching the Surface

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- MORNING

We find AMY WESTIN rushing down an urban street. She is a perky woman who looks harried. She has a big-eyed, puppy dog quality and tends to drop things and run into furniture in her enthusiasm for life. At this moment her jacket is flapping, her suit is coffee stained, and she's carrying an overstuffed purse and a large takeout coffee cup.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

Amy skids to a stop outside a school with a fenced play yard in front. The play yard is currently empty and the noise of kids comes from indoors. MAGGIE HARRIS, Amy's big-mouthed, big-hearted best friend is moving around the play yard picking up left-behind jackets and toys and putting them in a big basket. Maggie is a bit of a Bohemian, wearing a flowing skirt and funky, embroidered winter jacket, obviously comfortable in her own skin.

AMY

Maggie, Maggie, Maggie, sorry,  
sorry, sorry...

Maggie puts the basket down, opens the gate.

MAGGIE

Hey, Amy, no problem. What  
happened?

Amy looks down at her stained suit.

AMY

My coffee attacked me.

MAGGIE

Wow. It really did.

Amy is trying to reach into her bag and juggle the coffee at the same time. Maggie neatly takes the coffee away. Clearly an old habit.

AMY

Yeah, it's been a day already. And  
I have to make a pitch in like half  
an hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy is rummaging around in her purse, during the following dialogue she starts handing things from her purse to Maggie to get them out of the way. Maggie's hands fill up, coffee, cell phone, notebook, camera lens. It's a big satchel.

MAGGIE

Call Steve, get him to bring you a clean suit.

AMY

I tried Steve. His phone's broken or something. I left a message.

MAGGIE

Or something is right. He's a self-centered jerk with delusions of adequacy.

AMY

A-ha! Here they are.

Amy finally pulls out an envelope holding four by six photographic prints. Since Maggie's hands are entirely full, Amy puts the envelope of photos in her teeth, and just holds her bag open, so that Maggie can let everything drop back into it. Then she hands the envelope to Maggie and takes the coffee cup back, almost stowing that in the bag too, just catching herself at the last minute.

MAGGIE

Perfect. My kindergarten class and their parents thank you. Can I use some of these in the newsletter?

Maggie opens the envelope and begins flipping through.

AMY

You can use them for paper maché for all I care, they're just pictures.

MAGGIE

Amy, these are great pictures. You're talented, you'll just have to live with the burden.

AMY

I am clumsy and coffee stained, but...

MAGGIE

Funny, funny woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

Look it's--

She checks her watch, almost dumping more coffee on herself, then switches the cup to the other hand, and checks her watch again.

AMY (CONT'D)

Minutes 'til humiliation.

MAGGIE

Don't start.

They both head for the gate.

AMY

Remember in high school how I threw up all over Miss Rice halfway through reading that poem? "And the first dawn light revealed... bleeach!" I can definitely feel another "revealing of the dawn light" episode coming on.

MAGGIE

Please, you aren't the same person you were in high school.

AMY

I'm exactly the same person, just better dressed. Well, usually. Sometimes. I think we're all pretty much the same people.

MAGGIE

I don't. I don't even have braces anymore. Now, go, be bold.

They hug.

AMY

I just can't lose this job...

MAGGIE

Wouldn't be the worst thing that ever happened.

AMY

Tell that to my mom. Another in a long, humiliating list of ways I have embarrassed her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE

Get... go, just be yourself.

AMY

Ha, like I know how to do that!

Amy scrambles away, running into a pedestrian and spilling more coffee on herself.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S OFFICE CUBICLE -- MORNING -- LATER

Amy is in her cubicle wearing a pretty camisole and shorts set, with her suit jacket and skirt laid on her chair, dabbing at them with bottled water and tissue paper. Her shoes are kicked off. There are white balls of wet, coffee-soaked tissue everywhere. She is muttering to herself.

MR. EDELMAN, a corpulent man in his 50s who has obviously had a few too many liquid lunches while schmoozing clients leans his head into Amy's office.

MR. EDELMAN

Hey, Ang--. Oh, hey, sorry.

Mr. Edelman is obviously embarrassed at Amy's state of undress and turns his back to her.

AMY

Mr. Edelman. Oh, gosh... I'm sorry, I, um, spilled coffee on myself. Uh...

MR. EDELMAN

I see. I mean, I didn't see--

AMY

No, uh, look--

MR. EDELMAN

No!

Amy gives up and puts her suit jacket on so Mr. Edelman will stop hiding.

AMY

I meant, uh, listen. I just needed to rinse these out. It'll be fine, I'll be ready for the meeting, no problem, see?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She picks up a CD in a case and waggles it. Mr. Edelman snags it from her fingers and taps it.

MR. EDELMAN

Actually... hmm. Yes. I just stopped by because Simonson canceled... no presentation today, next week maybe...

AMY

Oh? Okay. Simonson seemed to want this in a hurry...

MR. EDELMAN

Ah, clients. Who knows what they want? Why don't you just head home? Clean yourself up. Get a head start on that shoe thing.

AMY

They haven't sent the shoes yet. I can't do anything until I've seen the shoes.

MR. EDELMAN

Well then work on the orange juice thing. You do know what orange juice looks like right, Angie?

Before Amy has a chance to say anything more, Mr. Edelman has left the cubicle.

AMY

Amy. My name's Amy.

CUT TO:

INT. MICK'S CUBICLE -- ALMOST CONTINUOUS

MICK is sitting at his desk, working. He is an attractive 30-something year old man who has a very earnest look about him. He's either the biggest suck-up you'll ever meet or the most earnest guy in the world. Mr. Edelman pokes his head into the cubicle and tosses the disc he took from Amy onto the desk.

MICK

Uh, hello sir?

MR. EDELMAN

Let's go, Mick. Get this set up. Clients are due in fifteen minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK

Okay?

MR. EDELMAN

You'll be taking the lead on this one. Ali had to run home, clothing thing, girls, what can you do? And the clients don't want... too late to reschedule... So...

Mr. Edelman heads out, leaving a slightly confused Mick rushing to catch up.

MICK

Wait. What about... Who's Ali?

Mick exits the cubicle.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S STREET -- AFTERNOON -- SAME DAY

Amy is struggling down an urban street toward her apartment building. She is loaded down with a briefcase, large portfolio, her overstuffed purse, and a grocery bag. Precariously perched on top of everything is a large pizza box. She passes an elderly lady--MRS. SHIFMAN--who is wearing a large floppy hat with gigantic fake flowers pinned to it. The woman is sitting at the edge of the sidewalk on a fold-out chair. The neighborhood busybody, ready for anything.

AMY

Afternoon, Mrs. Shifman.

Among her many burdens is a carry-out cup, which she hands to Mrs. Shifman.

MRS. SHIFMAN

Thank you, dear. You're home early.

AMY

A little, it's a surprise.

Amy begins to walk away.

MRS. SHIFMAN

It certainly will be.

AMY

Pardon?

MRS. SHIFMAN

We all love you, dear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy shakes her head and leaves. Mrs. Shifman watches her go.

MRS. SHIFMAN (CONT'D)  
 (with some degree of glee)  
 Oh, dear.

As Amy gets to the doorway of her apartment, she trips and the pizza box begins to slip. She barely manages to right it before disaster hits. She grimaces and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Amy's apartment has a warm and comfortable, lived-in look. There are a number of black-and-white photos framed and hanging on the walls, and a collection of antique cameras is displayed in the bookcase. A slouchy, comfortable chair sits in a corner next to an antique end table piled with books. A large, angular black sofa sits in the middle of the room with its back toward the camera, looking out of place with the style of the rest of the room. The sound of keys in the lock is heard and then Amy pushes open the door.

AMY  
 Hey, babe. I got done early so I  
 got some pizza!

From the sofa we hear...

STEVE  
 Shit...

Over the top of the sofa we see a tangle of arms, legs, and various other body parts flying. Two hands reach for the afghan folded on the top of the sofa back.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
 Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit...

There is a brief struggle for afghan control, and a feminine sigh of victory. Finally STEVE stands up, nude, shielding himself with sofa pillows. Steve is an attractive, dark-haired guy in his early 30s with an air of slacker about him.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Amy.

A very attractive brunette woman--RACHEL--appears from the sofa, tucking an afghan around her possibly enhanced chest.

RACHEL  
 Amy?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Rachel?!

Amy drops her things and the pizza box slides to the floor.

STEVE

Oh... WOW... uh... Ame-- Baby... I,  
uh...

Amy very calmly begins to pick up the clothing that has been strewn around the room. Steve trails after her, sofa cushions clutched in place.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Shit... see-- We didn't know... I  
mean, I thought you were working...  
Uh, you're early.

Amy looks at him for a moment in disbelief and then goes back to gathering the clothing. She lifts up a sheer, lacy tank from the floor and glares at it.

AMY

(under her breath)  
Right.

Amy tosses the shirt out into the hallway.

RACHEL

Hey, that's my shirt.

Amy makes a "help yourself" gesture into the hallway and Rachel steps out to retrieve her shirt. Amy tosses the clothes into the hallway one article at a time. Rachel scurries into the hallway after each piece, retrieving it and trying to get into the apartment only to be stopped by the next piece of flying clothing during the following exchange.

STEVE

Amy, say something.

AMY

Out.

STEVE

What?

AMY

GET. OUT.

Rachel freezes. Steve shuts the door on her. As the door shuts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL (O.C.)  
(muffled)  
Hey!

AMY  
I meant you too, Steve.

STEVE  
Amy. I just want to explain.

AMY  
I don't care what you want. You  
were having sex.

Amy yanks open the apartment door. Rachel, in the hallway, freezes like a deer in headlights, halfway through pulling on her skirt.

AMY (CONT'D)  
With her. In my apartment.

Amy slams the door shut.

RACHEL (O.C.)  
(muffled)  
Hey!

STEVE  
You know, things with us aren't so  
good--

AMY  
(her control begins to  
break)  
GET OUT!

STEVE  
Amy.

AMY  
OUT, OUT, OUT, OUT, OUT!!!

STEVE  
Okay, look, I'll get dressed and  
you'll calm down and then we can  
talk.

Steve goes into the hallway and Amy slams the door behind him. She stands for a moment in shock then realizes she still has Steve's jeans in her hand. She pulls open the door and flings them at Steve and they land on his head, then she slams the door shut and leans on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Hey!

STEVE (O.C.)  
(muffled)  
Hey!

Steve tries the doorknob and Amy reaches down and turns the lock. She slides her back down the door to a sitting position on the floor and stares blankly ahead for a moment, then reaches out, pulls the pizza box toward her, takes a mangled slice out, and begins to munch morosely on it to the sound of Steve's persistent knocking.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

Amy, Maggie, and Mrs. Shifman are sitting in a row on the large black sofa, which is at the curb. On the sofa is a sign that says, "FOR SALE: ONE DOLLAR." They each have a coffee, and are watching the traffic go by. A truck pulls up and TWO BURLY GUYS pull up, check out the sofa, and hand Maggie a dollar. Amy, Maggie, and Mrs. Shifman get off the sofa, the guys pick it up and carry it away. Maggie sets up Mrs. Shifman's lawn chair for her. Mrs. Shifman sits back down as Amy and Maggie go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY

Amy enters her apartment building. She is carrying bags of groceries and is dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt. She tries to skirt around some moving boxes piled near the entrance and trips over one of them, almost dropping everything. A man-- JAKE--is moving toward the elevator carrying a stack of boxes. He is dressed casually--a great-looking high school jock that time has been kind to. There's a sort of sturdy reliability about him, the kind of person you just know helps little old ladies across the street. As they both stand waiting for the elevator, the top box starts to slide. Amy reaches out with one hand and gently shoves it back onto the top of the pile.

JAKE  
Thanks.

AMY  
No problem.

The box starts to slide again. Amy pushes it back again.

JAKE  
You know, you look really familiar.  
Do I know you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
I doubt...

She looks up at him, then freezes in obvious recognition.

AMY (CONT'D)  
NO! No, we don't... I mean you  
don't... no.

The elevator doors open. Jake steps inside. Amy stays where she is. After a moment and a quizzical look from Jake, she steps inside as well.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

JAKE  
Are you sure? You seem...

AMY  
Positive.

JAKE  
I'm not trying to pick you up.

AMY  
(under her breath)  
Of course not.

They stand looking forward as people in elevators do.

JAKE  
I swear I know you.

Jake and Amy stand silently looking forward. He looks at her out of the corner of his eye, she ignores him. The elevator doors open and someone gets out. The doors close and Jake looks at his feet, then at Amy.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Uh...

AMY  
Look, I swear that we don't know  
each other. Please, please, believe  
me. There is NO way we know each  
other. I'm not even from this  
country.

JAKE  
Actually it's your milk. It's  
leaking on my foot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy looks down.

AMY  
(resigned)  
Of course it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Mrs. Shifman is sitting in her usual chair. Amy approaches, carrying a fold-up chair of her own, two coffees, and a bakery bag. She juggles a bit to get the chair set up, then sits next to Mrs. Shifman, hands her one of the cups.

AMY  
So.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
So.

AMY  
New tenant?

MRS. SHIFMAN  
Yup.

AMY  
What do you know?

Mrs. Shifman reaches down next to her and pulls a notebook out of her carry bag. She looks meaningfully over her sunglasses at Amy. Amy holds the bakery bag from underneath, but out of the way, and shakes it a little.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
Bear claws?

AMY  
Apple fritters.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
Okay.

She opens her notebook in her lap. Amy tilts the bag toward her so she can reach inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S SUITING STORE -- DAY

SHELLEY, a blonde, willowy goddess, is an impeccably-dressed and polished person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sits in a nice customer chair, wearing a headset and poking keys on her BlackBerry. The store could almost be an English bespoke tailor's, with the paneling and the mirrors and the hushed atmosphere.

SHELLEY

(on headset)

Jennifer! Order a macrobiotic lunch for my meeting with Talladina. I don't know, is sushi macrobiotic? And tell Marie I want page nine on my desk ten minutes ago. I should be another...

(looks at watch)

...45 minutes. What? Hang on. Jake?

Jake emerges into the mirrored room looking extremely fine in a partially completed tux and being hovered over and darted at by a tailor.

JAKE

What?

Shelley looks at him.

SHELLEY

Hmm... very nice. Is sushi macrobiotic?

JAKE

I don't care.

SHELLEY

Jennifer says the candle museum burned down.

JAKE

Ah.

SHELLEY

I can't run Dana's two-page article on a place that isn't there anymore. So I need something else. Hmm.

(to the hovering tailor)

I don't know about the color...

(to the phone)

What? Jennifer? I'm sorry, I forgot you were still there. Just get me page nine and something macrobiotic. We'll figure out the rest of it when I get there.

(to the hovering tailor)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Is there navy? I'm thinking maybe navy... or gray?

She gets up and grabs some different color ties, starts trying them against Jake. The tailor pulls a box of matching pocket squares and the two of them start arranging Jake.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

What do you think about ties?

JAKE

I am deeply uninterested in ties. Are we done? Can I get out of this?

SHELLEY

In a hurry?

JAKE

I'd kind of like to get my kitchen unpacked before I have to leave again. Not to mention my complete and utter disinterest in tuxedos.

SHELLEY

Fine then, change. I got everything I really needed. Oh, I forgot. Cake tasting.

Jake has gone away to change but is still within earshot.

JAKE

What?

SHELLEY

I need you to come taste cake with me next week.

JAKE

Why?

SHELLEY

Who needs a reason to taste cake?

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

Amy is standing in front of the row of mailboxes, struggling with hers which is NOT opening. She is wearing flannel pants, a T-shirt, and flip flops. She thumps the mailbox, reinserts the key, jiggles... nothing. Jake is passing on his way in, and just as he passes by and glances at her, the mailbox flies open, spewing mail everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake catches some of it as it flies by him and tries to hand it to Amy, who is kneeling down to scoop up the mess. She takes it without looking up.

AMY

Thanks. Thanks. I don't know why my mailbox does this. It jams for days and then just spews it everywhere...

JAKE

Hi again.

Amy hears his voice, looks up, determinedly looks down again, and becomes over-concentrated on collecting her mail. There are several slick catalogues and other items that slide over one another.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We met the other day? I just moved in upstairs?

AMY

(still looking down)  
Uh, hi, yeah. Thanks.

Jake crouches down and scoops up some more errant mail, tries to hand it to Amy who has picked up the rest, and is now walking quickly toward the exterior door.

JAKE

I'm Jake. Jake Stevens.

AMY

Therese Patchinko.

JAKE

Uh, okay, but then why does your mail say Amy Westin?

AMY

Weird. Bye. Gotta go. Late!

Amy darts out the door.

JAKE

But I've still got...

Too late, she is gone. Jake shrugs and gets into the elevator. Doors close. Long pause. Amy pokes her head back in and then walks toward the elevator herself.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Amy's living room has changed a little. The sofa is gone. There is a large stack of boxes next to the door, all taped, labeled ("Fink," "Cheat," "Rat Bastard"), some with drawings of hangmen, little rodents with big teeth. Amy sits with her feet on her dining room table and a laptop computer residing precariously in her lap. Maggie stands in front of her wearing a long broom skirt and a very bright, very ugly, clunky pair of sneakers. Both Amy and Maggie seem fascinated by Maggie's shoes.

AMY

But, how do they feel?

MAGGIE

Heavy?

AMY

That's not good, how am I supposed to use that in an ad campaign?

At a loss, she picks up her camera from the table and focuses through it at Maggie's feet.

MAGGIE

I don't know. Why aren't you wearing them?

AMY

They didn't send my size. Look, walk around a bit, maybe I can get something from that.

Maggie does as she's bid, obviously uncomfortable, taking odd, long strides and doing funny walks. Amy follows her with the camera, trying not to laugh.

AMY (CONT'D)

Maggie... Walk normal would you?

Maggie does, only tripping slightly. She plants herself in front of Amy. They both stare down at the shoes.

AMY (CONT'D)

Nope... I got nothing. Wow, those are...

MAGGIE

Bright? Ugly? Uncomfortable? God-awful?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

You are not helping.

MAGGIE

Why am I helping, by the way? Why aren't you at work?

AMY

Edelman sent me home to work.

MAGGIE

Then I bet Mick, that jerk, is right now taking another meeting without you.

AMY

That's not what happened.

There is a knock at the door.

MAGGIE

Hold that thought.

Maggie perambulates over and opens it. The super--MR. TENNYSON--is standing outside with a handcart.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh, hi. These go to the basement.  
(indicates the boxes)  
Someplace nice and damp.

The super ignores her and starts loading the handcart. Throughout the following, he is removing boxes until they are all gone.

AMY

Thank you, Mr. Tennyson.

MAGGIE

Kick 'em downstairs while you're at it. Now, back to point. You worked overtime on that Simonson presentation. It was good.

AMY

I guess Edelman didn't think so. He decided to go with Mick's ideas instead. That's how it works sometimes. Want some tea?

Amy puts down her laptop and heads for the kitchen. There is another knock at the door, which is still not latched because Tennyson is still taking boxes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE  
(raising her voice a  
little)  
Love some. These shoes are coming  
off.

Maggie looks for a place to sit. She finally flops down on  
the floor. There is another knock at the door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
It's open! You know, you really do  
need to get a sofa.

AMY  
(looking out from the  
kitchen)  
I can't decide what to get. My mom  
says I should get a futon.

The knocking continues. Maggie struggles up and heads for the  
door barefoot, pulls the door open. It's Mrs. Shifman.

MAGGIE  
Hello again.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
There are two cushions missing from  
that sofa.

MAGGIE  
Amy!

Amy pops out of the kitchen.

AMY  
Oh, hi, Mrs. Shifman.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
There are two cushions missing from  
the sofa you sold my nephew.

AMY  
Oh right. Yeah, there are. I told  
you that.

MAGGIE  
Just throw it away. Or you could  
burn it. I wanted to burn it in the  
first place. And dance.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
That's not necessary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY

I don't have the sofa cushions anymore. I'm sorry.

There is the sound of a kettle whistling. Amy heads back to the kitchen. Mrs. Shifman watches her go, then turns to Maggie.

MRS. SHIFMAN

Oh, dear. I just don't know what my nephew will do. He hardly has any furniture at all.

MAGGIE

I can give you the dollar back if you want it.

There is another knock at the door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Grand Central in here today.

She opens the door. Jake is standing there with Amy's mail in his hand. At some point in the following, Mr. Tennyson comes through with the handcart again. It's all getting very crowded.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hello.

JAKE

Hello. I'm looking for Amy Westin, uh Therese Pachintna, Paskinto. Um, a girl with brown eyes.

MRS. SHIFMAN

What's that end table?

JAKE

I've got somebody's mail here.

MAGGIE

I don't know, I think it's...

JAKE

Can I give you this?

MAGGIE

Sure. Thanks. Amy!

Maggie takes the mail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AMY  
 (coming out of the  
 kitchen)  
 What?

JAKE  
 Oh, there you are!

Amy discovers a sudden pressing need to go back to the kitchen again.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 She told me her name was Therese Pa... something.

MAGGIE  
 Uh-huh.

Amy can be heard slamming a kitchen cabinet.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
 Oh, right. Uh, pen name.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
 That end table, it would look real nice with the sofa.

She points to a chrome and glass end table standing on its side with the boxes near the door.

MAGGIE  
 Wha--?

MRS. SHIFMAN  
 Or Billy could sell it, get the money to buy new cushions...

MAGGIE  
 I don't really think... Amy!

MRS. SHIFMAN  
 You're a strong young man. You could probably carry it for me.

JAKE  
 I could, but...

MRS. SHIFMAN  
 Well that's settled then.

Jake looks at Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MAGGIE

Amy!

Amy doesn't answer.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh, go ahead. Why not?

Mrs. Shifman looks pleased, Jake confused. He picks up the end table and follows Mrs. Shifman out of the apartment.

Amy comes out of the kitchen. She has hastily tidied herself up.

AMY

(a little disappointed)

Where is everybody?

MAGGIE

(taking a cup)

I gave her Steve's end table. The cute guy is carrying it downstairs for her.

AMY

Jake.

MAGGIE

He said you told him your name was Therese.

AMY

Why'd you give her the end table?

MAGGIE

I felt sorry for her. Her nephew can't even afford a sofa with cushions.

AMY

Mags, Mrs. Shifman owns this building. She can afford to buy her nephew a sofa.

MAGGIE

Oh. She scammed me?

AMY

She does that.

MAGGIE

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

She picks up one of the cups of tea and the plate of cookies, takes a cookie. Mr. Tennyson is still working on the dwindling stack of boxes. She offers him the plate, he takes a cookie, and maneuvers the handcart away again.

AMY

It's okay. I hated that table anyway.

MAGGIE

So, the cute guy--

AMY

Jake?

MAGGIE

Left you some mail.

AMY

Jake Stevens. He just moved in upstairs.

Maggie is wandering around, tea in hand. She is near the wall where many photos are hung.

MAGGIE

Why did you tell him your name was Therese Pa... oh wait, Jake Stevens?

She taps one of the photos.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This Jake? Jake, the quarterback, Stevens?

AMY

(sadly)

He doesn't remember me.

Maggie is looking at the photo and sipping her tea.

MAGGIE

Is he-- taller? Different?

AMY

No, he hasn't changed at all.

MAGGIE

Oh, I highly doubt that.

AMY

He's the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MAGGIE

Again with doubting... Why didn't you just tell him who you were?

AMY

I, uh, you know. Um... I really need to figure out this shoe thing. Gotta work. Uh-- Can't lose the job.

Amy has been fidgeting nervously and now picks up her camera to play with.

MAGGIE

I don't know how you do it. You hate your job.

AMY

No I don't.

MAGGIE

Name one thing you like... besides the free stuff.

AMY

Uh...

MAGGIE

Exactly.

AMY

You didn't give me any time.

MAGGIE

Time would help?

AMY

I like my job, I just hate trying to sell useless things to people who don't need them.

MAGGIE

(snorts)

Amy, that is your job.

AMY

(laughing)

Oh, God, you're right!

Maggie rummages through the mail on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

MAGGIE

Ooh, look, there's a bill here,  
addressed to him. He wants to see  
you again!

AMY

Mags!

MAGGIE

"I'm big sexy Jake and I want to  
see you again. Now call me, woman."

AMY

Stop it.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Maggie and Mrs. Shifman are sitting in folding chairs in front of the building. There is a third chair, empty. Amy is coming up the street with a cardboard tray with three coffees on it. Jake comes out of the building and down the steps. Amy sees him, has clearly decided to greet him, when Shelley comes out of the building behind him. She is talking into her headset again.

SHELLEY

(on the phone)

Jennifer! Send Ms. Kelly a dozen  
daisies and cancel my two  
o'clock... Jake, wait up!  
Jennifer? Um, butternut. No,  
ginger.

Jake smiles and pauses as Shelley catches up to him with easy strides. Amy panics, spins, bobbles the tray, spills a bit of coffee, tries to find something to hide behind. Ends up leaning against a tree trunk trying to look casual with the dripping tray in one hand. Luckily, Jake and Shelley head in the other direction. Jake nods and smiles to Maggie and Mrs. Shifman as he passes. Mrs. Shifman nods and waves him regally on by. Maggie grins.

MAGGIE

So who's she?

MRS. SHIFMAN

I don't know.

MAGGIE

Nice shoes though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look down the street after them as Amy approaches with the dripping tray.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Amy is at her desk, on the phone, her feet up.

AMY  
 Seriously, Maggie, I know-- Because  
 I'd notice if--

Amy is thumbing through a file.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 No, I will not-- No, I am not--  
 Don't "Amy" me. I--

Something in the file has caught Amy's attention. She swings her feet down off the desk and stares.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Maggie, I gotta go. I'll call you  
 back. After I kill someone.  
 Toodles.

CUT TO:

INT. MICK'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mick has his own office now, apparently he got upgraded from the cubicle. Amy barges into his office waving the file folder.

MICK  
 Amy, can it wait? I'm real busy  
 here.

AMY  
 Um, well... no, actually it can't.  
 I was just looking through the  
 Simonson file...

MICK  
 O-kay.

AMY  
 You used my pitch at the meeting.

MICK  
 Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

You used my pitch at the meeting.  
After Edelman sent me home, you got  
the account using my pitch.

MICK

Well, sure I did, Amy. Mr. Edelman  
said you had some wardrobe  
emergency, had to go home and  
change, and since Simonson was  
already here...

AMY

I had a what?

MICK

Something with your clothes?  
Honestly, I don't remember what he  
said exactly...

AMY

I don't bel--

MICK

But seriously, Amy, your pitch was  
great, they loved it, and obviously  
Edelman knows whose pitch it was.  
It's not like you didn't get  
credit...

AMY

I didn't. Or at least I don't think  
I did.

MICK

I'm sure he meant to, but you know  
how Edelman is about appearances.

AMY

Appearances?

MICK

The image is important to him, you  
know, the corporate image. He  
thinks it's a barometer of how much  
you care about your job.

Amy looks down at her messy clothes.

AMY

This is about my appearance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICK

You're great. But it probably  
wouldn't hurt to look a little  
more, uh, work on, well, you  
know...

Mick is at a loss trying to explain himself, or Mr. Edelman.  
Amy narrows her eyes at him.

AMY

This is about my appearance.

Mick is relieved.

MICK

Exactly. Edelman has a thing  
about... I know, there's a--  
person, an image coordinator or  
something...

Mick starts digging around on his desk.

AMY

Oh, great--

MICK

Who was that girl Steve introduced  
me to? That image consultant?  
Rachel, Rachel something? I think I  
have her card around here  
someplace...

AMY

No. No way.

MICK

Yeah, I know it's stupid, but  
that's the business and he's the  
boss. Sometimes you gotta play...  
Amy?

Amy has left.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Amy walks down the hallway toward her apartment door which is  
standing slightly open. She approaches the door cautiously.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Amy gingerly pushes the door open wider and peeks in. We notice that while there is still no sofa, Amy has put out a couple of plastic lounge chairs. She has tried to make them homey and comfortable by shoving pillows on them.

Steve is kneeling on the living room floor with a pile of CDs, sorting them. Amy's mouth drops open in shock.

STEVE

Gypsy Kings? Definitely not mine.

Steve tosses it into his keep box anyway.

AMY

Hey!?

STEVE

(looking up)

Oh... hey, Amy, you're back early... hmm... déjà vu.

Silence.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Okay, bad joke, sorry.

He goes back to sticking CDs into a box.

AMY

Wha-- What are you doing here?

Steve gestures at the CDs spread across the floor.

AMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I can see that, but how'd you get in? I changed the locks.

Steve shrugs without looking up.

AMY (CONT'D)

I very specifically told Mr. Tennyson not to let you in.

STEVE

Well, it's amazing what a couple of baseball tickets will get you.

AMY

You bribed the super?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

You only let me come by once to pick up my clothes. I did what I had to do.

AMY

And he let you in...

STEVE

I wanted my stuff.

AMY

Fine. Your stuff is in storage in the basement. You shouldn't have any trouble recognizing it, it's all carefully labeled. Just get it and get out.

STEVE

You fit my sofa into the storage locker downstairs?

There is momentary discomfort.

AMY

Well... Except that.

Steve looks at her questioningly and Amy begins to feel a little bad.

AMY (CONT'D)

You weren't around and I didn't want it and it was in the way and... and--

Amy realizes she's about to apologize to the sleazebag and stiffens her spine.

AMY (CONT'D)

And every time I looked at it, all I could see was you and Rachel bumping uglies on the thing, so I sold it.

STEVE

You what?

AMY

I sold it.

STEVE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY  
(clearly, as though  
talking to a child)  
I sold it, for a dollar.

STEVE  
You sold my sofa! For a dollar?

AMY  
Yep. Want the dollar?

STEVE  
But I still have the cushions.

Amy glares at him.

AMY  
Oh, I know. I remember. Vividly.

STEVE  
If you're going to be sarcastic,  
Amy, I'll just leave.

AMY  
Okay. Good-- off you go...

Steve leans down and grabs the half full box of CDs and heads for the door.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Hey, those are my CDs.

Amy grabs the box of CDs from his hands.

STEVE  
I told Rachel this was a bad idea.  
She thought you'd be a grown-up--

AMY  
Rach--? ...GET OUT!

Steve backs toward the door, his arms up, ready to defend himself.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Get out! Get out! Get out!

Steve turns to go out the door and Amy follows. They enter the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Amy is still in heated discussion with Steve, who has only moved slightly down the hall.

STEVE

See, I can't even talk to you... I  
could never talk to you...

AMY

You ASS.

STEVE

Just give me my CDs. I'll go.

Amy snaps and begins flinging CDs at Steve. She precariously balances the box on one arm as she throws with the other hand.

AMY

You want CDs? Here you go.

STEVE

Jesus, Amy--

Steve is dancing around trying to avoid being hit by flying CDs.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey, Amy, calm down...

Steve retreats down the hall.

AMY

What, what was I thinking? I am so  
embarrassed that I ever slept with  
you!!

Amy chucks the last CD after him, drops the box to the ground and turns to go into her apartment. Standing in front of her door is Jake.

AMY (CONT'D)

And now my humiliation is  
complete...

JAKE

Ex?

AMY

Oh, so ex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy motions for Jake to enter her apartment and follows him in.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jake and Amy enter her apartment. He notes the garden furniture.

JAKE  
Interesting look...

AMY  
Is there something I can help you with, or are you just another of the universe's fabulous little jokes--

JAKE  
I think you have some of my mail?

AMY  
What? No, I wouldn't take...

JAKE  
You dripped milk on my shoe... in the elevator, and then your mailbox was stuck...

Amy has stopped moving and is just staring at the man.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I came by, I talked to your friend Maggie... I carried a coffee table... do you remember any of this?

AMY  
Oh no, no-no, I remember you, I was just hoping to disappear. Almost there, just keep talking.

JAKE  
Hey, we all have exes. They can make you nuts.

They stare at each other for a moment.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You know you cut your hand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy glances down at her hand, which is bleeding slightly from a scratch. Suddenly it all becomes too much for her and she collapses onto the lawn chair, which tips her unceremoniously to the floor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Well, hell... okay, you just...

Amy is sitting on the floor with her head in her hands, shaking.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, no. You're not crying are you?  
Don't cry...

Amy looks up, tears streaming down her face, laughing.

AMY

I may be hysterical.

JAKE

Okay. Let me help... uh... Tea? Ice cream?

Amy laughs harder at each suggestion.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Band-aid?

AMY

(gasping)  
That's good. I'll take one of those.

Amy tries to stand but is laughing too hard.

Jake sighs, picks her up, and begins carrying her across the living room. Amy's arm is waving...

JAKE

Ow, what?

AMY

(gasping)  
First aid kit. Bathroom, that way...

Jake turns mid-stride, heading back the way he came.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Amy is sitting on top of the toilet tank in her bathroom, her hand held in the air by Jake. He slaps a washcloth on the cut, then begins fiddling through her medicine cabinet. The shelves are crammed full of moisturizer, lotions, potions, tiny vials, and huge bottles, every magic cure in the book.

AMY

You don't--

JAKE

What is all this?

He flips the bottle over.

JAKE (CONT'D)

For the reduction and smoother appearance of cell--

AMY

Okay, my day is bad enough, could you just...

JAKE

Keep your hand up. Is there any actual medicine in this medicine cabinet?

Jake finally finds some rubbing alcohol. He lets go of Amy's hand, which begins to drop. He glares and her hand shoots up again.

AMY

I doubt I'll bleed to death.

He opens the bottle.

JAKE

This'll sting a little.

AMY

Right, because there hasn't been enough of that in my... shit, ow, jeez.

They both lean over her hand to blow on it and cool it off. Their faces are dangerously close and they blink at each other for a moment before Amy pulls away. She blows the air out of her lungs and then remembers her hand.

Jake captures her wrist and blows gently on the stinging cut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Now if I can find a band-aid--

AMY

You always were a boy scout.

JAKE

Excuse me?

He is rummaging around in her cabinet again.

AMY

Boy scout, you know, rescue a damsel, earn a patch?

JAKE

Always? I thought you didn't know me.

AMY

It-- was a guess?

Jake's head comes out of the cabinet and he gives her a look, he obviously doesn't buy it.

AMY (CONT'D)

Fine, we went to high school together.

He shrugs. Pops his head back into the cabinet and extricates a smashed band-aid box.

JAKE

Yeah, I know. A-ha. Band-aids.

AMY

We didn't run in the same crowd. You, football player, me... well, not. What do you mean, "I know"?

JAKE

Me football, you yearbook.

He is preoccupied with extricating a band-aid from the crushed box and peeling it open.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I said you looked familiar the first time we met. Oh, and your name was on your mail... Therese.

Jake carefully places a band-aid on Amy's hand and smooths it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY  
Okay, that might need an  
explanation. See I... I guess I  
didn't want you to remember the  
geek girl. Sorry.

JAKE  
You can put your hand down now.

AMY  
Oh, right.

JAKE  
And you weren't a geek.

AMY  
You clearly don't remember me.

JAKE  
I do. You wanna know what I  
remember?

AMY  
Falling into the bandstand?  
Throwing up on Miss Rice?

JAKE  
Your smile.

AMY  
Wuh?

JAKE  
You had the sweetest smile. Like  
Christmas morning.

Amy blinks at him for a moment. Definitely not what she was  
expecting.

AMY  
Christmas morning?

JAKE  
Yeah, all quiet and then, bam,  
excitement and hopefulness and a  
good I get presents sort of--

She begins to smile.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
See... here it comes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He looks at her expectantly, holding her hand. She is mesmerized, he starts to lean toward her, a kiss is inevitable.

AMY

NO.

Amy shoots off the toilet, puts both hands on Jake's chest and starts pushing him backward.

JAKE

Huh?

AMY

No, n-n-n-no, no... this, THIS, is not going to happen--

Amy is pushing Jake out of the bathroom as she continues to speak and backs him all the way through her apartment to the door during the following.

AMY (CONT'D)

This is not going to happen to me, not now, too busy and I don't want to get hurt... again, ever-- so I don't care if I knew you before or if I had a huge crush on you in high school, which maybe I did and maybe I didn't, I'm not saying, but anyway I have a plan, and that plan is to make a lot of money at my stupid job which I hate and be safe and organized and, and okay maybe it's a dumb plan but it's my plan, and falling in love with you, then getting dumped by you and sitting around crying for six months is not part of that plan so I will not, under any circumstances, whatsoever...

Amy pulls open the door and thrusts him through it.

AMY (CONT'D)

...kiss you!

Amy shuts the door.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AMY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God. That was...

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM / DOORWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Amy rests her head on the door for a moment.

AMY  
I have clearly lost my mind.

There is a knock at the door. Amy sucks in her breath.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Shit.

The knock sounds again. Amy takes a deep breath and opens the door.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm, I don't know what that was--

Jake's hand comes up to silence her.

AMY (CONT'D)  
About the kissing, the not kissing,  
I mean you probably weren't even...

Jake tries to talk over Amy.

JAKE  
My coat.

AMY  
I didn't mean it. What coat.

JAKE  
My coat was caught in your door.  
Didn't mean what?

AMY  
The not kissing you, I'd consider--  
Your coat was caught?

Amy turns back to him.

JAKE  
When you shut your door, my coat  
got caught and I couldn't leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
Oh. Of course.

JAKE  
But about the whole kissing thing--

AMY  
Goodbye.

Amy shuts the door, checks for his coat, then slides down to sit on the floor. She starts laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR -- MORNING

Amy, freshly showered and wearing a "power suit," stands in front of the elevator at her apartment. She is obviously late and keeps re-pushing the down button and checking her watch. The elevator dings open and she steps inside hurriedly.

There are several people inside the elevator including Mrs. Shifman, to whom Amy gives a nod and slight smile as she pushes the ground floor button. Jake leans slightly out from behind one of the people on the elevator. Amy freezes as their eyes meet, then whips her head back to front and stares fixedly at the elevator doors. Jake remains in sight for a moment, smiling slightly and shaking his head.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

Amy, wearing the same clothes from the previous scene, enters her apartment building. As she approaches the elevator, Jake enters the building, wearing sweat pants and jogging shoes. Shelley is walking beside him.

SHELLEY  
(on the phone again)  
Jennifer! Board shorts. Blue ones.  
I don't know what size, you'll have  
to talk to someone in his office.  
And he likes ducks. I don't know...  
to eat? Yeah, better ask.

Amy panics and dives behind a large potted palm. Jake walks past, pushes the button for the elevator. As the doors slide open, he looks through the fronds at her.

JAKE  
Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shelley and Jake step into the elevator and the doors slide closed.

SHELLEY

And find out what veridian means. I don't know, look it up.

AMY

(in the plant)

Hi.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM -- EVENING

Maggie is setting up her classroom for the next day, putting the tiny chairs back at the tiny tables, cleaning up the projects table, etc. Amy is taking pictures of her, the gerbil, wandering around, etc.

MAGGIE

...and you didn't do anything?

AMY

Well, no, I mean, Mick was right, I would've let him use my notes if he'd asked.

MAGGIE

But he didn't ask, did he?

AMY

I don't really care.

MAGGIE

I really don't understand why you stay in that job.

AMY

Security? Oh, and I like paying my bills.

MAGGIE

Oh, that reminds me.

She rummages in her pockets and comes up with an envelope, holds it out to Amy, who puts her camera down and takes it. The envelope has bright stickers on it that say "good work," "you're a star," and other kindergarten sentiments.

AMY

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Those pictures you took of my kindergarten class at the fall fair? I put 'em up on the bulletin board and parents started asking for copies... so I sold them.

Amy looks in the envelope, looks again, starts to count it...

AMY

Maggie!

MAGGIE

What? You said I could do anything I wanted with those photos.

AMY

There's, like, three hundred dollars in here!

MAGGIE

I know, and I borrowed twenty for a pizza.

AMY

You sold my photos? And people actually bought them? What did you do? Drug them. 'Cause you're charming Mags, but really...

Maggie is getting irritated, she gives Amy a look.

AMY (CONT'D)

Okay, sorry, thank you. I appreciate it... holy crap, three hundr-- no, I mean, thanks very much.

Amy shoves the envelope in her pocket. They work in silence for a moment.

MAGGIE

So have you asked Jake out yet?

AMY

I suppose I can't convince you I'm not over Steve yet?

MAGGIE

Please, do I look like an idiot? Now, back to Jake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

I am not asking him out. Besides, I've been acting pretty crazy around the man. He doesn't want anything to do with me.

MAGGIE

So you acted a little goofy? Goofy is endearing and sweet.

AMY

Crazy, Maggie, standing in potted plants crazy.

MAGGIE

Hey, maybe he likes crazy. Some people actually do like you despite the fact that you're nuts.

AMY

(small voice)

I think he maybe has a girlfriend.

MAGGIE

You think, maybe. Did you even ask him if he has a girlfriend?

Amy snorts.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We have got to work on your self esteem issues.

AMY

I have no self esteem therefore I have no self esteem issues.

Maggie gives her a look.

AMY (CONT'D)

Joke, Mags, it's a joke.

MAGGIE

Simple declarative sentences. Are you seeing anyone? Would you like to get some coffee? Do you like crazy people?

AMY

Hey, why don't you stop worrying about my pathetic dating life and get your own? When's the last time you had a date?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE

After a day of five year olds, the thought of going on a date just makes me itchy. I'd probably end up wiping his nose for him halfway through dinner and...

AMY

Goofy is sweet and endearing, remember?

MAGGIE

You try telling a 35 year old man to blow into a hanky at a fancy French restaurant and see if you want to repeat the experience.

AMY

Maggie, you didn't.

MAGGIE

Worse, he did.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Amy is once again sitting in her very small, overcrowded office cubicle, diligently working through lunch. The envelope with the kindergarten stickers on it is stuffed into the mess somewhere. There are the remains of a juicy sandwich and some onion rings in a container next to her. One of the tennis shoes from the previous scene is on the desk, plus a tall iced coffee with a straw standing inside it. She's wearing the other tennis shoe on one hand, tapping her chin with the shoe, staring at it, resting her chin on it in despair. After a few moments of struggle, she reaches into the container for an onion ring with her other hand. Mr. Edelman leans his head into her office.

MR. EDELMAN

Annie? Are you all right?

Amy is startled. She tries to get rid of the shoe, the onion ring, throw a piece of paper over the sandwich, it's a flurry of panicked activity. In the flurry and the panic the onion ring disappears.

AMY

Mr. Edelman... I--uh, I'm fine. Did you need anything, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. EDELMAN  
The Corson file.

Amy looks at the pile of papers spread all about her. She scans it, and then dives in and comes out with the Corson file. It's a fat one. She sighs and stretches her arm out to Mr. Edelman. He takes it and nods, starts to walk away.

AMY  
You're welcome.

Mr. Edelman suddenly reappears. Amy freezes. Mr. Edelman reaches into the file and removes an onion ring. Holding it gingerly between two fingers, he sets it on her desk on top of some other papers. Amy is mortified.

MR. EDELMAN  
Uh... Why don't you skip the Corson meeting this afternoon? We can't have you meeting clients covered in food.

AMY  
But...

MR. EDELMAN  
In fact, I have to say I'm a little concerned about your performance as of late. I gave you this job because I know your mother, and I thought... well, frankly I didn't expect a child of hers to be quite so... unkempt.

AMY  
I don't...

MR. EDELMAN  
The clients expect a more polished, feminine image from the girls here.

AMY  
Mr. Edelman--

MR. EDELMAN  
You go home, get yourself cleaned up. Maybe buy a new suit. Come back tomorrow, clean.

Amy is stunned for a moment.

AMY  
I don't think--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

But Mr. Edelman has already left.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Well, perfect.

She gazes at the mess on her desk morosely, then something about the shoes in the midst of chaos catches her attention.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Hang on a minute.

She fishes around backwards behind her in her bag and comes up with a camera. She starts to take pictures, her movements becoming fluid and certain.

Mr. Edelman walks by the cubicle again, looks in at Amy who is squatting on the floor, completely absorbed in the pictures she's taking. He shakes his head pityingly.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Amy is carrying her camera gear down the street. Jake comes out of the apartment door and Amy squeaks and dives behind a hedge, drops and rolls, with excellent camera protection. Mrs. Shifman shakes her head.

AMY  
Bee.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
Of course, dear.

Mrs. Shifman looks up, nods.

MRS. SHIFMAN (CONT'D)  
Good day, Jake.

Amy groans. Raises herself slowly to peer over the hedge. She is on her knees behind the wall, meets Jake's eye, he is on the other side.

JAKE  
(very amused)  
Hi.

AMY  
Hi.

JAKE  
This could go on for a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Huh?

JAKE

You're avoiding me.

AMY

What? No... it's--

JAKE

Every time I turn around I find you peering at me through a plant.

AMY

Uh...

JAKE

I thought maybe you were feeling uncomfortable about last Wednesday?

AMY

Uncomf... nonsense, I, it, uh that... yeah a little.

JAKE

So-- as much as the secret agent thing brightens up my day.

AMY

It does?

JAKE

Yes. However, if I promise not to kiss you, will you stop diving into the shrubbery every time you see me?

There is a slight pause.

AMY

(reluctantly)

Um, sure.

JAKE

Great.

Again a pause while Amy and Jake smile at each other self consciously.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Uh, so where do you get coffee?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

Coffee?

JAKE

The coffee you tend to have with you at all times. Where do you get it?

Amy blinks at him.

MRS. SHIFMAN

It's just up the street, dear.

They both swing their heads toward her.

MRS. SHIFMAN (CONT'D)

Amy very kindly brings me a latte almost every day. In fact, I'm a little thirsty now. Amy, why don't you show Jake the way?

AMY

Well, we could... uh, go...

Amy nervously grabs her camera, bringing it up to her face to calm herself. A horn honks. It is Shelley. She rolls down the passenger window and leans over.

SHELLEY

Jake! What's the hold up? Come on!

JAKE

Next time. Gotta go.

Jake smiles at Amy, bows to Mrs. Shifman, then heads toward Shelley's car.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Okay already! Calm down!

Amy climbs out from behind the wall.

AMY

Why can't I be like that?

She looks through her camera down the street after the car.

MRS. SHIFMAN

Like what, dear?

Amy swings around, camera still in front of her face. She gets interested, starts snapping pictures of Mrs. Shifman, moving around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY  
Like her. Perfect.

MRS. SHIFMAN  
Nobody really likes perfect. So  
it's a good thing nobody really is.

AMY  
I think Jake likes perfect...

MRS. SHIFMAN  
I believe Jake would be bored silly  
by perfect in about three seconds  
flat.

Amy is still taking pictures.

AMY  
Mmm.

Amy has become absorbed in taking pictures of Mrs. Shifman,  
who preens as Amy continues to shoot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- AFTERNOON

Maggie and Amy are sitting side by side on a bench, iced  
coffees in their hands, looking out at the park. Amy's camera  
bag is sitting next to her.

MAGGIE  
So, let me get this straight.  
Edelman is taking all your  
meetings? And at these meetings  
he's selling clients your ideas?  
There's a name for that.

AMY  
Apparently, I'm just not presenting  
the right image to go in front of  
clients right now.

MAGGIE  
Image? Your work is great, but we  
can't give you any credit because  
you don't look right?

AMY  
I know, but he does have a small,  
small point. This is advertising,  
image matters.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY (CONT'D)

Every time he sees me lately I'm covered in coffee, or-- oh, oh no, oh damn...

MAGGIE

What?? Oh...

Jake is running nearby.

AMY

He's not going to notice me, he is not going to notice me, he is--

MAGGIE

Hi Jake!

Amy shakes her head no and closes her eyes.

AMY

--going to notice me. Thanks.

Jake comes jogging over.

JAKE

Uh, hi. Maggie, right? Hi, Amy.

Amy slides further down in her seat. Maggie shakes her iced coffee.

MAGGIE

Well look at that, all finished, I think I'll get another one.

Maggie scoops up her purse and coat.

AMY

I'll come with you.

MAGGIE

No, no I'll get you one. Great to see you again, Jake. You want a coffee too?

JAKE

Sure, why not?

MAGGIE

Perfect, stay right here and wait for me. I'll just be a minute.

AMY

(whispering)

I hate you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

But Maggie's gone. Jake sets himself down onto the park bench.

JAKE

I'm glad I ran into you. I wanted to ask you something.

AMY

Oh?

JAKE

The thing is, I'm not really in town all that long, and I was--

AMY

You just moved in.

JAKE

I'm a travel journalist. This is home base, but I travel for a living. A lot.

AMY

Ah.

JAKE

I'm leaving for Borneo next month.

AMY

Wow, that's... really amazing. I so would not have guessed that. I always imagined you playing pro football somewhere, or coaching, or a sportscaster, or--

There's an awkward silence as Amy realizes she just admitted imagining what he's been doing in the years since school.

AMY (CONT'D)

--you were saying?

JAKE

I'm not around long, and I don't really know a lot of people yet, and I was hoping we could go to dinner.

Amy turns to grin at him and realizes how close she is to him. She pops off the bench.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY

Uh, well... You should know, I'm really focusing on my career right now.

JAKE

O-okay??

AMY

So I'm not really dating.

Jake stands up.

JAKE

Well sure, that's fine. I'm leaving for Borneo in three weeks.

AMY

Of course. I mean, same here. I mean, not Borneo. I just mean, uh... I want you to know where I stand.

JAKE

Sure. Just friends then.

AMY

Right. Friends.

JAKE

Friends.

There is a moment of silence. Neither one seems terribly excited about the idea of friends.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So, what is it you do?

AMY

Huh?

JAKE

What is it, this career you're focusing on?

AMY

Oh, that. Advertising.

JAKE

Well sure, yearbook photographer, commercial photographer, I can see that. So dinner, tomorrow night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AMY

No.

Jake looks surprised.

AMY (CONT'D)

I mean, no, I'm a copywriter not a commercial-- Never mind. Dinner sounds great, I'll see you tomorrow? 6-ish?

Jake grins at her, turns, and starts off jogging again. Amy sits back down on the bench. After a moment, Maggie returns.

AMY (CONT'D)

Uh... hi. Where's the coffee?

MAGGIE

I wasn't getting coffee.

AMY

I see that.

MAGGIE

So...?

AMY

We're going to dinner.

MAGGIE

See?

AMY

He said he wanted to be friends.

MAGGIE

Really?

AMY

Yep, which is actually good. Or fine.

MAGGIE

Really?

AMY

Look, I'm not really into crushing emotional injuries anymore, and besides, I have bills, and work to do...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

During this speech Maggie gets up from the bench and starts to walk. Amy walks with her. They walk away from the camera and out of earshot still talking.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Maggie is stretched out on one of the lawn chairs, a glass of wine in her hand. Amy is standing in front of her in a very pretty print dress.

MAGGIE

It has a certain something.

AMY

Great, so does my grandmother.

Amy rushes back into her room.

AMY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Jeans, I'm putting on jeans. And a T-shirt. Friendly attire.

MAGGIE

Uh-huh. What is friendly attire?

AMY

I'll show you.

MAGGIE

You should wear a push-up bra.

Amy pops back into the room. She has changed into jeans and a T-shirt. She holds a baseball cap in her hands.

AMY

Tah-dah!

There is a knock at the door. Amy panics.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh crap, I can't wear this. Crap, crap, crap...

Amy disappears.

MAGGIE

I'll get it.

Maggie swings open the door. It's Jake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(ala Barbra Streisand)  
Hello, gorgeous.

Jake is momentarily thrown off. Then recovers.

JAKE  
Uh, hi... Maggie?

MAGGIE  
Takes the trouble to remember the  
friend's name. Good sign. Wine?

JAKE  
Uh, no thanks. Do you live here?

MAGGIE  
Lucky for you, no.

JAKE  
Okay, is Amy ready?

MAGGIE  
For you? Probably not.

Jake looks at her oddly.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Amy, he's here!

Jake starts to wander around the room, looking at things. Amy enters. She has changed into a cute summer top and still wears the jeans. She looks good.

AMY  
Maggie, leave him alone.

MAGGIE  
Well, that would be rude.

AMY  
Mags, stop it.

MAGGIE  
Okay. Bye then, have fun.

Maggie sets down her glass, gathers her things, and scoots out the door. As Amy and Jake talk, they move around the apartment. At first, it's like a fairly awkward cocktail party for two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

Sorry about that. She's really quite... friendly...

JAKE

Your apartment is...

AMY

Bare? Missing some important furniture?

JAKE

Well, yeah, but I was going to say "comfortable."

They begin to move closer to each other.

AMY

Ah. That's one way to put it.

JAKE

And you look... great.

AMY

Obligatory compliment. Thank you.

Amy is now leaning against a wall with her hands behind her, and he is standing with one elbow against the wall, turned toward her. Think every girl and guy talking at the lockers in every fifties' high school sock-hop film that ever was.

JAKE

Why do you do that?

AMY

What?

JAKE

Automatically discount it whenever anybody says anything nice about you?

AMY

Do I?

JAKE

Yeah, you do.

AMY

Because I'm a crazy lady. I don't get a lot of compliments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE  
You should.

AMY  
Not really--

JAKE  
Did it again.

AMY  
See? Crazy.

JAKE  
I don't think you're crazy. You've  
just got an exceptionally loud  
inner critic.

He reaches out to brush some hair away from her face.

AMY  
Well at least I haven't started  
arguing with her yet.

JAKE  
Maybe you should.

He bends down, she looks up, they gaze at each other, and  
start to lean toward a kiss. Jake pulls back.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I promised.

AMY  
Mmm?

JAKE  
I promised not to kiss you.

AMY  
You did? Oh, right, you did.

She looks down, disappointed.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Because we are gonna be friends,  
right?

Now Jake is disappointed. He pushes off the wall and  
dislodges one of the photos hanging on the wall they've been  
leaning against.

JAKE  
Is that Garman's?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He looks at the other photos on the wall.

JAKE (CONT'D)

And that's the big oak on Fifth.  
Did you take these?

Amy takes the photo from him, embarrassed.

AMY

Yeah, it's just a hobby, but...

JAKE

These are so great! I forgot how  
good you were, are. Here's Mr.  
Torrance, and here's the mill,  
and... wait, that's me.

He looks closer.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Me, catching a football. Hmm. That  
would be at... well, it's a night  
game, but...

Amy leans her head back against the wall in resignation.  
Humiliation now circling the building.

AMY

Homecoming, your senior year,  
winning touchdown.

JAKE

I find it a little scary that you  
remember that. What was it, fifteen  
years ago?

AMY

Twelve. And I won a prize for that  
picture. In a juried exhibition.

JAKE

Oh. Hey, congratulations then. No  
wonder you rem--

His cell phone is ringing.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hang on, I'm sorry.

Jake answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAKE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello. What? No. Absolutely not.  
Now is not a... No. No. Not  
tonight. I don't care about the  
deadline. I'm busy. Then fire me...  
Hanging up now. Hanging up.

AMY

(resigned)

Important?

JAKE

I'm sorry, it's just my editor's a  
little demented right now. Issues.

AMY

It's okay. It's your job, right?

JAKE

Sure.

AMY

It's important.

JAKE

Indeed.

AMY

You should go then. Work...  
important.

JAKE

That reminds me, Mrs. Shifman says  
you took some pictures of her  
recently?

AMY

Uh?

She didn't quite make the curve on the subject change.

JAKE

I'm working on a piece right now,  
about, well, about neighborhoods  
and neighborhood characters. I'd  
love to see your pictures of Mrs.  
Shifman for the piece.

AMY

Oh, is that... They're around here  
somewhere. I'll get them to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

They are heading for the door.

JAKE  
That'd be great. Thanks a lot.

They have reached the door. Amy grabs for the doorknob, pulls it open and holds it for Jake.

AMY  
Sure, no problem.

Jake looks confused.

JAKE  
You don't want to take a coat?

AMY  
What for? I'm not going anywhere.  
Good night.

JAKE  
But... I thought we were going to  
dinner?

AMY  
Your boss needs something and I  
just remembered, I've got to...  
call my mom. So we'll do this,  
this, whatever, another time.

JAKE  
Call your mom now?

AMY  
Yep, right now. Really, really,  
urgent... thing, uh, call.

JAKE  
Uh-huh.

AMY  
We can have a friendly meal some  
other time. Like when I get you  
those photos.

JAKE  
You're sure?

AMY  
Positive. Go. Do your work thing.

JAKE  
So it's a rain check?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

AMY

Right.

She lets the door swing closed on a still somewhat confused Jake.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Shelley is sitting on Jake's sofa, a sheaf of papers in her hand, reading. Jake has his laptop open and is sitting in front of it.

JAKE

The thing is, it really wasn't all that exciting.

SHELLEY

Yes, well, right now it reads as sort of dismissive, dull. "Come on down to the islands and be bored out of your mind."

JAKE

That's how it was.

SHELLEY

Just because you were bored doesn't mean you can write boring. Nobody is going to want to read this.

JAKE

What am I supposed to do, lie? I'm not writing travel brochures.

SHELLEY

Jake.

JAKE

I know, I know...

He drops his head down and begins typing again. Shelley wanders into the kitchen. Jake looks at what he has written. Rubs his head. Leans back in his chair and lets his arms dangle.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So how's Dolf?

Shelley re-enters with a bottle of wine and two glasses. She eyes Jake consideringly, then pours him half a glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

Subject change, okay. Brilliant,  
wonderful and in Cincinnati.

JAKE

Ah.

SHELLEY

Thank God you're in town. Somebody  
has to help me choose place  
settings.

JAKE

That's me, the B-Team.

SHELLEY

I can run a magazine but I can't  
choose a color palette. Honestly,  
what kind of language is that?  
"Color palette." I don't even know  
what that means!

JAKE

You have a focused brain. You're an  
editor, not a wedding planner. Good  
at torturing writers, not good at  
devising a palette.

SHELLEY

I am, however, very good at  
delegating and building a team.  
Thus, you.

JAKE

Dolf should be on your team... and  
a wedding planner. You do have a  
wedding planner. I remember meeting  
her. Them.

He leans forward and starts typing again, not very  
enthusiastically at first, then he gets an idea and starts to  
speed up.

SHELLEY

I fired her...

JAKE

Another one? Wait, wait I think...

There is a knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I think I've got something. If I  
just...

Shelley wanders over to answer the door, wineglass in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JAKE'S -- MOMENTS LATER

Amy stands there still in her "not a date" outfit. She has a large envelope in her hand.

AMY  
Uh, hi?

SHELLEY  
Hey.

AMY  
I brought these for, um... Jake  
asked me if he could have a look at  
some...

SHELLEY  
Sure, great. Thanks.

She holds out her hand for the envelope

AMY  
Oh, okay. Um?

Shelley continues to hold out her hand. After a minute, Amy gives her the envelope. Shelley tucks the envelope under her arm, and juggles the wineglass into the other hand so she can hold a hand out to Amy to shake. Reluctantly, Amy does.

SHELLEY  
Hi, I'm Shelley.

AMY  
Uh, hi. I...

Shelley turns her head to look inside the apartment.

SHELLEY  
(to Jake)  
Jake!

JAKE  
What? I'm busy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

I think there's somebody here to see you...

She looks back in the hallway, Amy has fled.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Or not.

Jake comes up behind her and looks out into the hall.

JAKE

What?

SHELLEY

Never mind, I guess.

JAKE

Come and look at this. I think I've fixed it.

SHELLEY

Good, okay let me...

The door swings shut behind them as they go back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM -- EVENING

Maggie is packing up to leave. Amy is talking animatedly, vehemently. As the scene continues, Maggie shuts down the classroom, Amy follows her around talking.

AMY

...then he finds a photo of himself on my wall, and--

MAGGIE

So...

AMY

So then he gets this phone call, which he answers.

MAGGIE

Which people do with phones.

AMY

And then gives me this story about his deadlines, and his crazy editor, so I'm feeling sorry for him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY (CONT'D)

But then, he tells me he came over because he needs to get photos from me.

MAGGIE

He said that?

AMY

So I let him off the hook, send him on his way. So he can go work.

MAGGIE

Right...

AMY

But I go up to drop off the pictures--

MAGGIE

Amy--

AMY

And that other girl, that blonde, she's standing there and she's got no shoes on?

MAGGIE

Ooh, no shoes, scandalous!

AMY

I mean, he's got another girl coming over? That's his big deadline?

MAGGIE

Why don't you just ask him what's going on?

AMY

I'm never talking to him again.

MAGGIE

That'll clear things up.

AMY

I can't talk to him. Every time I see him I make an ASS of myself.

MAGGIE

God give me the strength to accept the friends I cannot change. Chinese or Mexican?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

What?

MAGGIE

If you're going to tell me, yet again, how boys like Jake don't like girls like you... and how it's better if you're just friends... and how much you love your crappy job... then I really need to be in a carb-induced coma.

Maggie flips off the lights, and they exit, closing the door, the last line heard through the door as it closes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And you're paying.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Mr. Edelman leans into Amy's cubicle and sees Amy with her head on the desk.

MR. EDELMAN

Andi?

Amy jumps, whacking her knee on her desk. She tries to muffle her groan and then whirls in her seat to look at Mr. Edelman.

AMY

Oh, hi, Mr. Edelman. The mock-ups for the shoe ads are on your desk. I think you're really going to like...

MR. EDELMAN

Sure, sure, I'll take a look at them some time this week. But right now, I was wondering if you'd finished copying and collating those files I gave you.

AMY

I asked one of the secretaries to do it. I can go check...

MR. EDELMAN

I had hoped you'd show a little more initiative.

Mr. Edelman walks away in disgust. Amy glares after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Ooh, Mr. Edelman, I just live to copy your files. Me and my college education, can we collate for you all day long?

The GIRL IN THE NEXT CUBICLE giggles. Mr. Edelman turns back.

MR. EDELMAN

What did you say?

AMY

Nothing. Nothing at all.

There are PEOPLE looking out from cubicles around her.

MR. EDELMAN

Just be a good girl and get those files ready for me then, would you? I've got a meeting with Cooper in 20.

Amy starts to head in the opposite direction, but as she walks, her voice starts to get louder and angrier, until she turns around and starts down the hall after Mr. Edelman.

AMY

Wait a minute. That's the fourth meeting I've been excluded from. Cooper was mine in the first place. I worked very hard on getting them to sign with us. Also, my job description does not actually say anything about doing your faxing, copying, and collating!

Mr. Edelman turns around, looks at Amy--who has nearly caught up with him--looks at the other people peering out of their cubicles, all of them hoping something interesting is now going to happen.

MR. EDELMAN

If you want to discuss something with me, this is not--

AMY

(on a roll now)

Do you even know how to use a copier? Could you identify one in a line-up? I fetch and carry for you--

MR. EDELMAN

I simply ask--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

--while the men in your office are handed the accounts I brought in through my research, my ideas, my--

MR. EDELMAN

This is a team effort, Annie...

AMY

Yes, well, how come I'm only part of the team when you--

MR. EDELMAN

I expect women in this company to be put-together and feminine. I expect you to respect my decisions and requests, allow the better-equipped people to handle the clients. Look at you. I can't possibly let you represent us.

He starts to walk away. Amy lets the papers she is carrying fall to the floor. She takes a deep breath and then decides she has had enough. As she speaks, Mr. Edelman continues to walk away, his shoulders getting more tense and hunched as she continues.

AMY

I work nights, I work weekends, and I wrote the last three campaigns you stole.

MR. EDELMAN

Now, Abby--

AMY

And my name is AMY. I've been working for you for 18 months. You should really learn my name. It's Amy. So you'll recognize it, on your desk... on my letter of resignation!

She walks across the papers on the floor and back to her cubicle amid murmuring from the people looking out into the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. SHELLEY'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Jake is sitting on the edge of Shelley's desk. Shelley is scrolling through Jake's story on her computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shelley's office is a big office, with a table and chairs for small meetings.

SHELLEY  
Oh, nice wrap-up.

JAKE  
Thanks, I liked it.

The door opens and JENNIFER, Shelley's secretary, enters carrying an iced mocha, three different colored red roses, and a file.

SHELLEY  
Ah, good, you got them.

JENNIFER  
Here you go.

She sets the mocha and the file down.

SHELLEY  
I can't believe my fiancé isn't here for any of this.

Jennifer holds up the first rose.

JENNIFER  
Juliet. Deep red.

JAKE  
Where is Dolf this week?

SHELLEY  
Dallas.

Jennifer holds up the second rose.

JENNIFER  
Charlotte. Mid-red. Slightly orange.

SHELLEY  
Which reminds me. Who are you going to bring?

JAKE  
To the wedding? Nobody.

SHELLEY  
You have to bring someone. What about Margo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jennifer holds up the third rose.

JENNIFER

Latin Lady. Bicolored. Red and cream.

JAKE

She stopped talking to me when I went to Belize instead of her sister's wedding. Might reopen the wounds if I invited her to yours.

SHELLEY

Fair enough. Allison?

JENNIFER

I don't have an Allison.

SHELLEY

Not you, him.

JAKE

She sent me a 27-page Dear John while I was in Honduras.

SHELLEY

Well then take Jennifer.

JAKE

I never dated a Jennifer.

SHELLEY

No, my Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Uh, I'm married.

SHELLEY

Right, I knew that.

JENNIFER

You know what, I'm just gonna go... uh... get you the... something... you wanted.

Jennifer exits.

SHELLEY

Then how about Katie? I liked Katie.

JAKE

So did I. She's married.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHELLEY

Oh. When?

JAKE

Six weeks ago. I didn't take a date to that one either.

SHELLEY

I would have gone with you.

JAKE

Shelley, she hates you. Ever since you sent me to Greenland while she was in the hospital.

SHELLEY

Ow. I forgot about that. I'm sorry about the Greenland thing. And Belize, and... actually it's kind of amazing you manage to date at all.

JAKE

And yet somehow I soldier through.

SHELLEY

Someday I'll repay you. You'll see.

JAKE

I'm afraid of that.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR -- LATER

The elevator doors open and Jake begins to step out. He notices Amy waiting to enter and steps back into the elevator. Amy is carrying a box full of stuff from her office cubicle.

JAKE

You look tired.

Amy leans against the back wall.

AMY

Mmm. Didn't you miss your floor?

JAKE

It's how I get my exercise. Bad day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Oh you know, work. Sort of.

JAKE

Sorry. Well, since I have you here.

AMY

Captive audience?

JAKE

In a w--

The elevator doors ding open at Amy's floor. She walks out into the hall.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Or not.

He follows Amy out of the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF AMY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Amy trudges toward her apartment. Jake follows.

JAKE

Are you okay?

AMY

I just quit my job.

JAKE

You... wow... what?

Amy unlocks her door and enters.

AMY

I quit my job. Just now. My boss is sort of an idiot and I just couldn't take it so... uh... have a good day.

Jake reaches out to catch the door.

JAKE

Can I come in? You seem like you could use an ear.

AMY

Oh. Sure. Ears are good.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

She tries to set her stuff down on one of the garden chairs. It can't take the load and tips over. She kicks it across the room.

JAKE

Right. You clearly need to get some aggression out.

AMY

What?

JAKE

Get changed. Jeans, T-shirt, sneakers. Bring a jacket.

Jake looks at Amy. She just stares back.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Please?

AMY

I don't think--

JAKE

Trust me, it'll be good.

Jake heads out the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Meet you downstairs in ten.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK, BATTING CAGES -- LATER

Amy is inside a cage, hitting balls. Jake stands outside, watching and listening to her. Her hair is a little bit messy and she is clearly starting to enjoy herself.

AMY

But my mom seemed to think I needed...

(she swings and misses)  
a solid job. And I can't turn her...

(she hits another)  
down!

JAKE

Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the conversation continues, Amy keeps swinging, missing some, hitting others.

AMY

I was good at it. That was part of the problem.

JAKE

Huh?

AMY

Well, they weren't going to fire me. And God knows they were never going to promote me. And there was no way I was choosing to quit. So there I was. Stuck.

JAKE

But you did. Quit, that is.

AMY

Oh, God.

JAKE

What?

AMY

I did, I quit. I just up and quit! I never do stuff like that.

The ball machine runs out of balls and stops. Amy puts the bat down and goes to the fence, leans against it, talks to Jake through it, with her fingers hooked in the chain link. After awhile he puts his hands over hers.

JAKE

You don't?

AMY

I don't make choices. I just go along, take whatever life hands me, and try to make it work.

JAKE

I don't get that.

AMY

No, of course you don't, you're... You. You can probably make decisions. I, on the other hand--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Whoa, hold on. Since I moved into your building, you've dumped somebody named Steve.

Jake smiles at her. As they continue to talk, she comes out of the batting cage and they begin to walk together across the park.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You've thrown out your sofa. Vigorously defended your apartment from some guy, I'm guessing Steve again? You tossed me out on my ear, twice, for... well, actually, I still don't quite get that one, but still. And now you've quit your job, because you didn't like the way your jerk boss was treating you...

AMY

Yeah, my life's just a slow-motion train wreck. Thanks for the recap.

JAKE

I'm just saying, based on what I've seen so far, you don't seem that much like someone who doesn't make choices.

AMY

Well sure, those choices.

JAKE

(laughing a little)

Those little, minor decisions.

They are passing a bench. Amy sits down on it, Jake sits down, very close.

AMY

Yeah, but those weren't really choices, I was forced into making every one of them. I mean Steve was cheating on me.

JAKE

So good riddance, yeah?

AMY

Yep. Mr. Edelman was poaching my ideas--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

So not the best prospects for advancement there. And the sofa?

AMY

The sofa was hideous. I hated the sofa.

JAKE

So none of those were choices?

AMY

All of those were because of some other choice that I totally messed up on, or didn't make, or-- Why are you looking at me like that?

Jake just can't take it anymore.

JAKE

I'm sorry, I know we had an agreement, but I can't stand it.

He kisses her, small, gentle.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Do you ever listen to yourself? You are the most contrary, mixed up--

He kisses her again and again.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Bold, ridiculous, surprising, talented, confusing, amazing woman. And you smell like cookies.

AMY

Jake?

JAKE

Hmm.

AMY

Would you do that again?

He gives her a real, solid, curl your toes kiss. Jake's cell phone begins to ring.

AMY (CONT'D)

Jake?

JAKE

Mmm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AMY  
Jake, you're ringing.

JAKE  
It'll go to voicemail.

The cell phone stops ringing. Then after a moment, it starts again.

AMY  
You're ringing again.

JAKE  
Fine.  
(answering the phone)  
Go away, I'm busy.

He hangs up. The phone starts to ring for the third time. After several more rings, Jake throws it into a bush, where it continues to ring.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I should have turned it off.

AMY  
Who was it?

JAKE  
My boss.

AMY  
Wow. Wow, wow. Jake Stevens hung up on his boss for me!

Amy gets up and goes into the bush after Jake's phone. Eventually finds it and hands it to him.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Here. Call back.

JAKE  
I'm taking the day off.

AMY  
C'mon, just because I'm unemployed doesn't mean you should join me!

JAKE  
Seriously, I'm taking the day off. I've got to see what you're going to do next.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAKE (CONT'D)

I may just follow you around for the rest of my life to see what bizarre, terrific thing you do next.

AMY

I think, I think I want to buy a sofa.

JAKE

(laughing)

Okay then!

AMY

By myself. Or maybe I'll take Maggie.

JAKE

Uh?

AMY

Just for moral support.

JAKE

Right.

AMY

I need to go buy a sofa. My own sofa. You go deal with whatever your boss is calling you about and then...

JAKE

Then?

AMY

And then, uh, I'm not sure...

JAKE

How about, I take you out to dinner.

AMY

Okay. Then we can have a new sofa party.

JAKE

(shaking his head)

You are...

AMY

A lunatic?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JAKE

Yeah, a lunatic. I think I'm in trouble.

AMY

Go. Deal with your boss. I'll see you tonight. Um. Eight o'clock?

JAKE

Eight o'clock!

He puts the phone in his pocket and starts to jog away, still elated and a bit giddy.

CUT TO:

INT. SHELLEY'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Shelley is at her desk, on the phone. There is an odd mixture of wedding junk; veils, sample menus, pastel ribbons, and magazine stuff; layouts, photos, marked-up ad pages, all mixed together.

SHELLEY

(on the phone)

Jake! Jake, this is the fourth and final message. Get yourself in here.

(hanging up)

Jennifer!

Jennifer peeks her head around the door.

JENNIFER

Yes?

SHELLEY

Where's Jake? Why can nobody find me Jake? And I still haven't seen the layouts for page nine!!

Jake comes skidding in past Jennifer. He's still elated, up.

JENNIFER

I found Jake.

Jennifer exits.

SHELLEY

Well, it's about time!

Jake grins at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

What are you doing indoors? It's a gorgeous day! Let's go outside!

SHELLEY

You forgot. Jennifer!

JAKE

I feel like... forgot what?

Jennifer pushes the door open with her hip, her hands full with a tray of little decorated cakes. Jake goes to help her set it on the table.

SHELLEY

Cake. You were supposed to taste wedding cakes with me today. I had samples messengered over, I've been waiting for you--

JAKE

Shelley, this is not my wedding. I don't have to care what kind of cake you get.

Jennifer hands him a small fork from a cup of them, and Shelley another one, and takes one herself and the three of them sample cake as the conversation continues.

SHELLEY

I know, but I need a male point of view. That I like...

JAKE

Make Dolf come back from Cleveland...

SHELLEY

Cincinnati.

JAKE

Whatever.

SHELLEY

I wouldn't do that.

JAKE

Then, messenger the cake to Cincinnati.

SHELLEY

Could I do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks at Jennifer who sighs. Clearly there's Fed-Exed cake in her future.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Anyway, it's here now. You're here.  
So...

JAKE

Look, Shel, I will come to your wedding, I will give a speech, I will dance with you, I will buy you a present so big you're going to have to give me a raise to pay for it--

SHELLEY

Don't bet on it.

JAKE

But right now, I have a date, so you will just have to choose cake without me.

He rushes out. Shelley stares after him.

SHELLEY

That's new.

Then he rushes back in and drops a manila folder on her desk.

JAKE

Oh, pictures, for my piece. They're great, use them. And I like the chocolate one.

And he's off again.

SHELLEY

Chocolate wedding cake?

JENNIFER

I like the lemon one. And it would go with the flowers.

SHELLEY

Did I decide about the flowers?  
What did I decide? And where's page nine?

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Amy and Maggie are ripping the movers' plastic off a comfortable-looking sofa that goes perfectly in Amy's living room. Amy is exuberant.

AMY

It's perfect, isn't it? Really perfect. And I chose it myself.

MAGGIE

You wouldn't even let me talk. I just stood there, holding your purse.

AMY

And thank you for that. I was afraid I'd be swayed.

MAGGIE

Nothing sways you when you really want something. I'm not sure why I was even there.

AMY

Support.

MAGGIE

I'm nothing if not supportive. Now, tell me what's going on... I have behaved myself, held your purse, and not offered suggestions or asked questions as per instructions, but now... spill.

AMY

I quit today!

MAGGIE

Your quit your job?

AMY

And I kissed Jake.

MAGGIE

You quit your job, you bought a sofa, and you kissed Jake. What's this?

AMY

The new me? Sofa buying, job quitting, Jake kissing, Christmas smiling me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAGGIE

Christmas--? As long as you're  
happy, crazy.

AMY

Yep. I'm a lunatic. Now, go home.

MAGGIE

I don't have anything to do.

AMY

Call somebody, go on a date. You  
should date. Then you won't have to  
live vicariously through me.

MAGGIE

But it's just starting to get  
interesting.

AMY

Go home.

MAGGIE

(laughing)  
Okay, okay.

AMY

Oh, wait. Wine. I need wine!  
(heads for the door)  
Why do I have no wine? Where's my  
purse? Okay.  
(goes out and away)  
I need wine, and candles, and--

She goes out the door leaving Maggie standing in her  
apartment, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

The apartment looks good, Maggie has fluffed the sofa  
cushions and tidied up, made the place look nice. She is just  
straightening the last edges, bundles the last of the plastic  
from the sofa into a garbage bag, etc. There is another bag  
standing by the door. Maggie picks up both bags and is about  
to head out the door when the buzzer sounds. Maggie presses  
it.

MAGGIE

Did you forget your keys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK  
Hello? Amy? This is Mick. I just  
heard!

MAGGIE  
Mick?

MICK  
Amy? Is that you? You can't quit!  
Let me up, I have to--

MAGGIE  
Stay right there, I'm coming down.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Maggie comes barreling out the door, carrying both trash  
bags. Mick politely holds the door for her and nods. He likes  
the look of Maggie, but he's still looking around for Amy to  
come out of the building.

MAGGIE  
Mick?

MICK  
Yes? Do I know you?

MAGGIE  
You're about to! Here. Take these.

She hands Mick the garbage bags. He tries to fend them off.

MICK  
I'm sorry?

MAGGIE  
That's right you are!

MICK  
O...kay.

He takes the trash bags, which Maggie is still shoving at  
him. She starts off down the street toward a nearby dumpster  
and he follows, at a loss.

MAGGIE  
How dare you steal Amy's ideas?

MICK  
I wha--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Don't even start. How dare you make her look bad in front of that ass Edelman, make her feel inadequate, and then you come around here, telling her she can't quit?

MICK

YOU have got to be Maggie!

Maggie grabs the bags from him and shoves them into the dumpster one after the other, just mad as a wet hen. Mick is kind of liking this.

MAGGIE

She can quit! She should quit! In fact, she did quit. You people didn't appreciate her, and she's too good for your stupid...

MICK

(with some admiration)

Whoa, whoa, there Maggie! We're on the same side here!

MAGGIE

I seriously doubt it. And how do you know my name?

MICK

Amy's mentioned you a time or eight. She isn't home is she?

MAGGIE

No she isn't, she's at the store. And--

She looks around, then grabs his arm and starts towing him off down the street. Mick follows, having just a fabulous time.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to let you ruin tonight for her. So hurry up so I can yell at you somewhere else. And I'm going to, so don't think you can get out of it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICK  
 (hurrying to keep up)  
 No, no of course not. Please  
 continue.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Amy comes down the street humming and lets herself into the building. Her arms are full: flowers, bottle of wine, bag with candles, etc. She goes out of sight. Not much later, Steve comes up to the door carrying the two cushions, duct-taped together. He is very, very drunk. He leans on the buzzers and gets no answer. He tries to stack the cushions on the top step, against the wall, pulls duct tape out of his pocket and tries to tape them to the building. Jake comes up to the door, also humming, also carrying flowers and wine.

JAKE  
 Hello!

STEVE  
*Mumpbhle...*

JAKE  
 Steve, is it?

STEVE  
 That's me. I came to seee Ams. Mrs.  
 Sii, Chii, she wants the ooshins--

JAKE  
 I see.

He obviously doesn't.

Steve pushes them at Jake, who doesn't take them.

STEVE  
 Won gi me my schofa back. Yelled at  
 me!

JAKE  
 Okay buddy, you need to go home.

STEVE  
 Not your buddy... Won let me in.

Jake is trying to get Steve away from the door, and Steve, when vertical, is trying to push the buzzers. Jake is trying to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE (CONT'D)

No, wait, it's Amy won let me in,  
can't get in!

JAKE

Time to go home, Steve. Sleep this  
off and try again another day.

STEVE

I wannatalk to Amy!

Steve starts to slide down the wall and finally ends up on  
the top step clutching the cushions.

JAKE

No. No can do. C'mon, upitty up!

The speaker by the buzzers clicks. Steve's flailing has  
finally produced a result.

AMY (O.C.)

Hello?

Steve perks up, tries to push the button, and misses.

STEVE

Helloo!!

AMY

Hello? Hello?

The speaker clicks off.

STEVE

Mished her.

Jake tries to get Steve up. Steve has decided to explain  
things to his new best friend.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Rasshel is mad at me.

JAKE

Then why don't you go talk to her  
about it?

STEVE

Why are girls allas mad at me?

JAKE

Couldn't tell ya. Come on my man, I  
don't want you here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jake tries to herd, encourage, drag Steve away from the building, hampered by Steve's general bonelessness. The two cushions, Jake's flowers, and bottle of wine are left standing on the top step.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We got to get you a cab. Do you remember where you live?

STEVE

Home. Have no home!

JAKE

Sure you do, and it's time to go there.

Jake all but drags Steve off down the street in search of a cab. Steve is trying to get away.

STEVE

Huh?

JAKE

Home.

STEVE

Okay.

JAKE

Yeah. What's your address?

STEVE

Wallet.

JAKE

Wallet?

STEVE

In m'wallet. In m'pants. 455, uh, sumin...

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Amy is pacing around her living room, Jake is late, she is anxious. She looks great, hair, makeup, nice dress. Her place looks great, flowers in a vase on the side table, candles in sconces all ready to go. She paces back and forth, then the buzzer on the intercom sounds. She goes to it, presses the button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
Hello? Hello?

No answer. She paces a little more, flops on the sofa, jumps up and checks herself for wrinkles or fluff, checks the intercom again.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Nothing. She wanders for a second, then rushes over to the photo wall and takes down the picture of Jake, looks around for a place to stash it, sees the box of office stuff, buries it in that. The intercom chirps. She almost rushes to it.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Is there anyone...

A confused noise comes from the intercom. Seems to be several voices and some street sounds. It stops. Amy looks around and then realizes the box doesn't look good, shoves that in the closet. Smooths her hair.

The intercom chirps again. She goes to it, pushes the button, more street noises and confusion. Amy can't take it. She grabs her purse, and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Shelley is pacing the lobby floor, holding a carton of cake samples and Jake's flowers. Jake is holding the bottle of wine and trying to get Maggie to help him get rid of Steve. Mick is holding the sofa cushions for some reason and trying to get a word in edgewise. Steve is outside, pulling on the door handle and hitting the buzzers. The elevator dings and Amy steps out and stares. Everyone is talking at the same time, interrupting each other.

JAKE  
He can't remember his address, he's lost his wallet, I just want to put him in a cab, c'mon, Maggie, think, you must know it.

STEVE  
Let me in! C'mon guys I wanna come in! Why am I the only one who doesn't get to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

I need your help with this wedding  
and I'm really sorry if I was  
difficult--

MAGGIE

Why would I know his address? Why  
is this even your problem?

MICK

Uh, Maggie, now is obviously not a  
good time, can I just... Hey!

At this point somebody upstairs gets tired of the buzzing and  
buzzes Steve in. Steve rushes Mick to get the cushions.

STEVE

Mine, mine.

JAKE

I just don't want him to bug Amy, I  
wanted to--

AMY

What's...?

Everyone turns and rushes toward her, she is inundated with  
people all trying to talk at once. She backs away, but it's  
hopeless.

MAGGIE

Amy, I've got the best news, you  
have to hear this, Mick says--

MICK

Amy! Listen about those shoe  
pictures? The client loved the shoe  
pictures.

STEVE

Amy, please tell Mrs. Slfi I  
brought em back, please maker leave  
me alone--

JAKE

Damn, damn... Amy I --

Amy stares at these people like they've each just grown an  
extra head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLEY

Jake, I can't plan a wedding  
without the groom, you've got to  
help me...

AMY

Wedding?

STEVE

Let gooo! Give me those!

AMY

Wedding?

SHELLEY

My wedding...

MICK

Amy, I really need--

AMY

Wedding?

STEVE

Shamie. Uh--

SHELLEY

Jake chose the tuxedos but now he  
refuses to taste the cake.

The door of a ground floor apartment marked SUPER opens up and Mr. Tennyson comes out. He is wearing an undershirt and trousers, clearly taken aback. After a second, Mrs. Shifman comes out of the same door. She is not wearing her hat, her hair is down and tousled, and her blouse is not fully buttoned. She also looks at the confusion. Steve spots her and tries to take the cushions to her, but Mick is still hanging on and gets dragged along. The babble continues.

MRS. SHIFMAN

QUIET!!!

Everyone stops and stares at her.

MAGGIE

Mrs. S.?

MRS. SHIFMAN

Oh good, the cushions. Billy will  
be so glad. Good boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She takes them from Steve and hands them to Mr. Tennyson, who stands there holding them, trying to look tough and decisive and mostly succeeding in looking confused. There is a brief moment of silence, and then people start trying to talk again.

MRS. SHIFMAN (CONT'D)

QUIET!!

They all subside. The elevator dings, and the doors slide open.

AMY

Oh. Good.

She gets on. Several people try to follow. She puts out her palm to stop them.

AMY (CONT'D)

No! I need...

CUT TO:

P.O.V. LOBBY OF AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Amy looks at the lobby madness from inside the elevator. Simultaneous babble from all sources.

JAKE

But, I--

MAGGIE

Listen, you--

MICK

Okay, so I'll --

SHELLEY

Jake!

STEVE

Ames!

MRS. SHIFMAN

Jacob, Margaret...

The doors close.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

AMY  
Wedding?

Her purse starts to ring. She fishes in it and pulls out her cell phone.

AMY (CONT'D)  
What! -- Oh, hello Rachel. -- How'd you get my number? -- Yes he's here. Well not here. He's down in the-- Just come and get him. He's drunk--

She hangs up. Gets off the elevator, walks toward her apartment door. Her phone rings again. She answers

AMY (CONT'D)  
Rachel, I don't really want to talk to you right now. Or ever.

She hangs up, unlocks her door, walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Amy's phone is ringing. The buzzer is buzzing. After a second, her cell phone starts to ring again too. She picks up the receiver of her land line phone and drops it back in its cradle again. She hits the buzzer.

AMY  
Go away!

She answers her cell phone.

AMY (CONT'D)  
No!

After a second, the phone starts up again. She turns the ringer off on the phone, turns her cell off, paces.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Think, think, think.

She flops down on the sofa, then pops back up.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, I just spent \$1,900 on a sofa!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The buzzer starts again. The answering machine beeps.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I'm unemployed and I... Wedding?  
What wedding? Think, think.

Now someone is knocking at her door.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Oh my God!

Amy disappears into her room while the knocking continues.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY WITH FIRE ESCAPE -- MOMENTS LATER

A camera bag appears in the shot. It is tied to a scarf, which is tied to Amy's purse which drops into the shot next. Then another scarf. The camera bag lands gently on the ground, then the purse drops, then the scarf rope. There is a metallic noise, the ladder drops down. Then Amy drops to the street. She is wearing her date dress, and a pair of running shoes. She picks up her purse and walks away down the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. WESTIN'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The living room is dark, it is clearly very late at night. From outside we hear a grunt, a scrape, and then the key in the lock. Amy enters wearing the outfit from the previous scene and looking worse for wear. She flips on the light switch which dazzles the room with light.

AMY  
Shit.

Amy flicks off the light and turns on a smaller lamp.

MRS. WESTIN (O.C.)  
Who's there?

AMY  
Damn.

Amy's mother--MRS. WESTIN--comes slowly down the stairs, bundled in a robe.

MRS. WESTIN  
Amy? Is that you? What are you  
doing here? What is going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Hi, Mom. Sorry. I, uh--

MRS. WESTIN

Amy. Mr. Edelman phoned me. He is very upset. I was mortified to find out you quit. After all I did to get you that job.

AMY

Sorry, Mom.

Mrs. Westin bustles into the living room, Amy in tow.

MRS. WESTIN

And then having to find out about it from him. As though my daughter doesn't even speak to me.

AMY

I'm sorry, I just--

MRS. WESTIN

Look at you. You look horrible. What is going on?

AMY

I just--

MRS. WESTIN

It's that boy, Steven, isn't it? I told you he was absolutely no good for you.

AMY

Mom, I haven't been seeing him for weeks.

MRS. WESTIN

Because you finally listened to me.

AMY

Mom, please. I just... I just need a place to stay for tonight. Things were crazy, and I needed a place to think--

MRS. WESTIN

And you came home to me. Of course. You are always welcome here, you know that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. WESTIN (CONT'D)

Now don't worry about a thing, you just go right up to your room and we'll straighten everything out in the morning.

AMY

I don't know that I need--

MRS. WESTIN

Of course you need my help. Look at the mess you're in. No man, no job, living alone in that ridiculous apartment. Come here.

Mrs. Westin spreads her arms open. Amy, exhausted and confused, leaps to the comfort.

MRS. WESTIN (CONT'D)

There you go, my girl. It's okay. I'll fix it, like I always do.

AMY

Mommy.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM -- EVENING

Maggie, Mick, Shelley, Rachel, Mrs. Shifman, and Mr. Tennyson are sitting at the tiny project table putting together and addressing wedding invitations in assembly line fashion. Jake is wandering around depressed and obstructive. He's obviously trying to get out and be with people, but he's distracted and oblivious, fiddling with stuff, messing up the piles, missing it when people talk to him, and generally being quite annoying. His friends are trying to cut him some slack but it ain't easy.

SHELLEY

I can't believe how much we've gotten done. You guys are so great!

MAGGIE

Yes we are! Next order of business. Catering?

Jake picks up a pile of invites and rifles through them, then sets them down again in the wrong place.

MICK

Ernesto was a great suggestion, Mrs. S. Where did you find him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie takes the pile, taps it back into order, and puts it back where it belongs.

MRS. SHIFMAN

An old family friend of a friend.

She smiles at Mr. Tennyson, who grunts affably and takes his coffee cup away from Jake.

SHELLEY

I can't begin tell you how much I appreciate all of this.

MAGGIE

You come highly recommended.

MRS. SHIFMAN

Any friend of Jacob's is a friend of mine.

She smiles at Jake and pats his hand. He stares at her blankly.

MICK

I'm just using you as an excuse to spend time with this one.

He leers at Maggie, who leers cheerfully back. Jake has decided that the table is wobbly and is tilting, and he fusses with it. Everybody picks up their drinks and holds them out of the way. Then sets them down as he stops, only to have to pick them up again when he starts trying to wedge an invite under one leg.

SHELLEY

And Rachel and I found the perfect dress in just two hours, and she knows this tailor...

MAGGIE

(to Rachel)

You, you didn't come so highly recommended. So it's a damn good thing you're useful.

RACHEL

I didn't know they were still dating...

MAGGIE

Mmm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jake is crawling around under the table. Rachel collects everybody's cups and sets them on the countertop out of danger.

RACHEL

He told me they were over and he was just staying on the sofa 'til he found another place.

Maggie looks at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Okay, I was an idiot.

MAGGIE

Not arguing.

RACHEL

Sorry?

MICK

Speaking of idiots, Amy--

MAGGIE

Tread softly. Choose your next words with care. She is still my best friend.

MICK

And a wonderful person, don't hurt me. I'm just wondering if we shouldn't be doing more to find her.

MAGGIE

I keep trying her Mom, but she swears Amy's not there. They don't really get on, but... I just can't think where else to try.

RACHEL

Maybe she's... um, maybe she hit her head or something.

MRS. SHIFMAN

Well, no, I don't think so. Since she still retains the ability to write a rent check and mail it to me.

Jake hits his head on the underside of the table but doesn't come out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICK

Well, whatever it is I really wish she'd show up. I need to get approval on those shoe pics. I can't hold them off much longer.

SHELLEY

And with no release, I'm not going to be able to use the photos of Mrs. Shifman.

MRS. SHIFMAN

Now that would be a shame.

They all contemplate the shame for a moment.

SHELLEY

Really there's no point running the article without the photos. So then I have a big hole in this month's issue. Again.

Jake pokes his head up. Chin on the table like a severed head.

JAKE

She knows where we are. If she wanted to talk to us she would.

He gets up and starts to wander around. Shelley leans down and picks up the crumpled invite, and hands it back to the front of the assembly line for a replacement.

MAGGIE

Oh, I'm sure she's just...

SHELLEY

Just what? Huh?

Uh-oh, might be a best-friend-on-friend face-off.

JAKE

She's a grown woman--

MAGGIE

You'd think.

Mick looks at her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I can say things. I have earned the right. You have not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAKE

I'm just saying she owes us nothing. Seriously. Who cares? Let's just forget about it, her, everything.

Everyone pauses at his rising tone.

SHELLEY

Okay, how about some pizza then?

JAKE

Uh, no thanks. I'm not really hungry. I think I'll go for a walk.

He wanders off. The friends sigh and look at one another, and then carry on addressing invites.

MAGGIE

I am trying to feel sympathetic.

SHELLEY

Oh yeah, I want to kick him too.

MAGGIE

Sure, we can kick both of them. I'm fine with that for a plan.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. WESTIN'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A pile of blankets on a sofa, a coffee table in front of the sofa. Footsteps click busily about, and Mrs. Westin briskly sets down a mug and some mail, mostly manila envelopes.

MRS. WESTIN

Up, up, and at 'em! The day's a wastin'!

AMY

Ur.

Amy's hand snakes out of the blankets and grasps the mug, then the pile shifts as she sits up, blinks, and sips. Mrs. Westin continues to buzz around doing things, tidying, putting, perky and cheery and never still.

MRS. WESTIN

Amy, I told you yesterday, it's not really getting up if you just move from the bed to the sofa. It's time to stop wallowing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

AMY

I'm not wallowing, I'm pondering my life. Couldn't you just let me be for eleven minutes?

MRS. WESTIN

Westin girls don't wallow. We bounce! And it's been two weeks. Open your mail.

Amy listlessly pulls over the envelopes to open them.

AMY

Why do I even have mail? Nobody's supposed to know I'm here.

MRS. WESTIN

Open that one, the one from Peoria. Go on, open, open.

AMY

What did you do?

MRS. WESTIN

And then you need to take a shower. We've got guests coming for lunch. I'm making tuna salad!

AMY

(looking at papers)

Why do I have a job offer from the Peoria Municipal--? Mom what did you do?

MRS. WESTIN

I just sent out a few resumé's, you know, to some friends who know how to appreciate a candidate with Westinality! Uncle Lou's friend David really came through. Special Assistant to the Regional Comptroller!

AMY

My resumé? Where did you get my...

MRS. WESTIN

What kind of mother can't write up a resumé for her child?

AMY

Right, of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MRS. WESTIN

I swear I know you better than you know yourself!

AMY

If you're already getting responses... What did you give me? Three days? Two?

Amy flops back down on the sofa and pulls the blanket over her head. Mrs. Westin continues to buzz about doing stuff.

MRS. WESTIN

And I need you to call that landlady of yours. Mrs. Slifmann? I sent a crew of movers to pack up your stuff and she wouldn't let them in!

AMY

Mother! You did not!

Amy suddenly shoots off the sofa, pillows and blankets flying.

AMY (CONT'D)

That is it!

CUT TO:

INT. SHELLEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

SHELLEY

Jennifer!

JENNIFER

Yes?

SHELLEY

Bring me the pre-nup and a cinnamon latte. And get my lawyer on the phone.

JENNIFER

Marcelo just called from Vail. He followed Kristi Leskinen halfway down North Rim.

SHELLEY

How many bones did he break?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

Four. But he got the shot. And a release.

SHELLEY

Send him a fruit basket. And call Tracy. And David, and whoever else is... Hi, Jake. Marcelo broke his leg.

Jake is slouching in as Jennifer rushes away to order a fruit basket.

JAKE

(droopily)

Hey. I'm here for the travel docs for the Borneo thing?

SHELLEY

Jake?

JAKE

Yeah?

SHELLEY

Marcelo? DePaoli? The photographer?

Jake shrugs.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Okay that's it. Jennifer!

JAKE

Oh, right. Wasn't he supposed to go with me to Borneo?

JENNIFER

Yes?

SHELLEY

Get Jake his travel docs.

JAKE

Uh... if Marcello is hurt...

SHELLEY

Jake, go to Borneo. Please. Eat a snake, get chased by a pig. Or vice-versa. Something! Because this is absurd.

JAKE

I'm fine. Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLEY

Really. Because I've never seen you like this.

JAKE

I'm just a little depressed. I can be depressed.

SHELLEY

It's like the world fell on you. I mean really, did you even ever have a whole date?

JAKE

Maybe this isn't about Amy.

SHELLEY

Go to Borneo.

JAKE

I can't really go to Borneo without a photographer though, can I?

SHELLEY

I'll send you a photographer later. Or not. I don't care, I don't even care if you write anything!

JAKE

Wow. You don't care if I write anything? When have you ever said that to anyone?

SHELLEY

I, ah, thank you Jennifer.

Jennifer has brought in a fat packet, a slim file, and that cinnamon latte. She distributes them.

JENNIFER

Tracy says no, David says yes, and your attorney is on line three.

SHELLEY

Tell him I'll call back.

JAKE

No, take it. You're right. I've gotta pack. I'll talk to you tonight.

SHELLEY

You know I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

I know.

SHELLEY

Okay then, go away. Do something really unsuitable.

JAKE

Right. Okay.

SHELLEY

And write about it.

JAKE

I thought you said you didn't care if I wrote anything.

SHELLEY

Temporary insanity. Lot of that going around.

She picks up the phone and opens the file.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Simon? Okay here's the thing--

CUT TO:

INT. SHELLEY'S OFFICE -- LATER

Shelley is at her desk, red pencil in hand, going over layouts, marking them up.

SHELLEY

Jennifer!

JENNIFER

Yes?

SHELLEY

When does Dolf get in tonight?

JENNIFER

Eight-thir... four... I'll check.

Amy appears in the doorway behind Jennifer. She looks put together, well-dressed in a style that suits her much better than the power suits.

AMY

Shelley?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

Amy! Hi!

Jennifer glares at Amy.

JENNIFER

About time you showed up. I suppose you want some sort of coffee drink?

AMY

Uh...

Shelley drops her work and comes out from behind her desk. Amy comes into the office, a bit unsure of her welcome but carries on stoically. Jennifer goes out.

SHELLEY

Where have you been? Mick is going insane...

AMY

Mick? How do you even know... No, never mind.

(deep breath)

Shelley.

SHELLEY

Yes.

AMY

Uh.

SHELLEY

Yes.

AMY

Um.

SHELLEY

At this rate we're going to be here a while.

Shelley swivels out a chair and Amy plops herself into it.

AMY

Okay, here's the thing.

SHELLEY

Yes. I await the thing.

AMY

You aren't engaged to Jake, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLEY

Oh, honestly, you can't possibly...  
Here.

She grabs a framed photo off her desk and hands it to Amy.

AMY

Cute.

SHELLEY

My fiancé. Dolf Harrison the Third.  
Steel, oil, and gas. Love of my  
life.

AMY

Right. I mean I didn't really  
think... I mean, not after about  
thirty seconds anyway. That you and  
Jake were, you know... but I  
thought I'd ask. Because, it'd be  
awkward asking you about a job if I  
wanted to date your fiancé, if he  
was, which I'm very glad he isn't.

SHELLEY

I see?

AMY

I know, I'm not making sense. It's  
just you intimidate me. You're  
so... what my mom wants me to be.

SHELLEY

Okay?

AMY

But it's something I'll just have  
to get over.

SHELLEY

This is taking a while. Jennifer!

AMY

Sorry, I... I swear I'll start  
making sense in a minute. See I had  
an epiphany--

Jennifer leans in.

JENNIFER

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHELLEY

Bring me a lot of very strong  
coffee. And two cups.

JENNIFER

Okay.

Jennifer heads back out.

AMY

So. Okay-- uh...

SHELLEY

I know you don't know me at all but  
Jake's been my best friend for  
years. I've had to listen to him  
pretend he doesn't miss you for the  
last two weeks... He's crazy about  
you, you know. If that helps at  
all.

Amy tries to pretend that this isn't good news but can't stop  
grinning.

AMY

Really, he is? He missed me?  
Because I did too. Him, not me...  
which might seem crazy since I was  
the one who left but--

SHELLEY

Please. Focus. I have a finite  
amount of time.

AMY

Okay-- uh, here's what I know. I'm  
a good photographer. I've won  
awards and everything. And I like  
it.

SHELLEY

Okay?

AMY

So that's what I should be doing  
for a living.

SHELLEY

Sure, okay. That seems to follow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AMY

So now my mother has disowned me because I'm not going to be the Senior Assistant to the Regional Comptroller of Highways in Peoria. As if.

SHELLEY

I think I'm following. Faintly. So?

AMY

She'll get over it. I hope. Anyway, I called my photography teacher from college and he remembered me and I'm gonna be starting as a staff photographer on the Grants Falls Courant. In Oregon. At a huge pay cut. In one week.

SHELLEY

I see.

AMY

It's what I should have done ten years ago. But... there's Jake. I really really like Jake. A lot. Even though we haven't managed an actual date yet. So, I have a Plan-B. Sort of. But I'd need your help.

SHELLEY

Okay, hit me with Plan-B.

AMY

So... um. I know you don't know me very well and you have no real reason to help me--

SHELLEY

Jake, best friend, crazy about you. What can I do?

AMY

Do you know anybody who could hire a photographer? Here in this town so I don't have to move?

Shelley looks at Amy consideringly.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm good. Honestly. I've got a portfolio you can see and everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Jennifer has come in with the coffee and begins pouring.

AMY (CONT'D)

And also, do you know where Jake is? Because I've tried his phone and he's not answering.

SHELLEY

I expect Jake is packing. For Borneo and...

AMY

Packing? Oh, right. Um, when will he be back?

Shelley considers Amy for a moment then makes her decision.

SHELLEY

Jennifer!

JENNIFER

(who has been pouring coffee)

I'm right here. Pouring.

SHELLEY

Oh, sorry. Call David and tell him next time okay? And call legal, and call Maggie, and cancel my four, and get me Harold, no Andy, and go, go!

Jennifer goes.

AMY

This sounds exciting. What are we doing?

SHELLEY

Tell me you have a passport.

AMY

I have a passport.

SHELLEY

Good. Good. Okay we have... oh my God we have five hours?! Coffee?

Amy takes a cup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
I love playing fairy godmother.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT -- EVENING

Jake has a carry-on bag on his shoulder and a boarding pass in his hand. He is saying goodbye to Shelley before going through security to the gates. Jake checks his watch.

JAKE  
Are you sure Maggie's coming? I really ought to go.

SHELLEY  
She's coming. She made me promise you wouldn't leave until she got here.

JAKE  
It's sweet she wants to say goodbye, but really...

SHELLEY  
Just hang on a couple more minutes Okay?

JAKE  
Okay.

SHELLEY  
Because you know, she'll never forgive me if you leave without-- Oh, thank goodness.

Maggie and Mick and Rachel and Mrs. Shifman and Mr. Tennyson and even Jennifer all come up in tight cluster with expressions of great glee.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
(relieved)  
Here they are. And.

The cluster unfolds to reveal Amy, standing there with a rolling bag and a camera bag and a hopeful expression.

MAGGIE  
Tah-dah!

JAKE  
Amy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY  
Surprise?

JAKE  
What is...?

SHELLEY  
I can't believe we pulled it off!

JAKE  
Pulled what off?

MAGGIE  
With the running and the panicking  
and the packing! Oh the packing!

RACHEL  
And the shopping and the--

MICK  
Running and the yelling, and the  
coffee...

JAKE  
I-- you didn't even bother to call  
me... Two weeks, and not even a,  
"Hey, sorry things didn't work  
out"?

SHELLEY  
Jake, she--

JAKE  
She what? You what? Disappeared?

AMY  
I just... needed to--

JAKE  
Not that I'm not glad to know what  
you're really made of.

MAGGIE  
Oh, no.

SHELLEY  
Jake...

RACHEL  
Well I suppose it was always a  
possibility. Hearts ripped out, all  
for naught.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICK

You're kind of a dark little person  
aren't you?

MRS. SHIFMAN

No happy ending?

JAKE

You didn't think I might be  
worried, or that I deserved a...  
hey, a little privacy here?

The group shuffles off a little ways, looking anxiously over  
their shoulders.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Please?

Jake glares at them and they shuffle a little further.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Okay now, where were we...?

AMY

I was, um, getting yelled at for  
not calling...

JAKE

Right. Are they looking worried?

AMY

I'm a little worried... Oh. HEY.  
That's kind of mean.

JAKE

Oh, come on, I'm not a complete  
saint! It's just a little, tiny bit  
of vengeance. You are coming with  
me to Borneo right?

AMY

Right. Well, I was...

JAKE

Three weeks in the tropics  
together? Who passes that up?

AMY

So, we're good?

JAKE

Look sad, they're looking over  
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Amy looks sad, she sniffles.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Don't over-play.

AMY  
I think I should explain about--

JAKE  
Yes, you should, and we have like a  
twenty-hour flight to do it in. But  
you do realize now that Maggie and  
Shelley have us together, they're  
going to be impossible.

AMY  
Oh, God.

JAKE  
So. Best to keep 'em just a little  
bit off balance. Wanna pretend to  
slap me? Or should we put them out  
of their misery now?

Amy considers.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Or just kiss me and get it over  
with?

Amy cocks her head, a smile slowly spreading.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Here it comes--

Amy grins at him, full wattage.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Christmas morning.

He kisses her. She kisses him. There is a general cheer and a  
bit of hubbub from the formerly concerned cluster of friends.

FADE OUT.