

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?

Based on the novel by Sophie Kinsella

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ON BLACK:

EMMA-V.O.

If I hadn't fought the twelve year
old, or the flight attendant hadn't
taken pity on me, it never would
have happened...

INT. SEATTLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

From the empty causeway to a plane...

The lone first passenger bursts off. It is: **EMMA CORRIGAN**,
28, pretty, and utterly *mortified* -- moving as fast as her
wheeled carry-on will let her.

In the ARRIVALS TERMINAL

Emma dashes past travelers, apologizing, *never* slowing...

Bursting through the doors

To the TAXI STAND

Where at last she stops. Breathless. Glancing back, scanning
the crowd -- for the person she does *not* want to see.

Anxious for a cab, Emma tries to process what's just happened.

EMMA-V.O.

Or maybe it was the big fat lie on
my mom's sixtieth birthday. Yeah,
that's when it started...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT ON WATER / SEATTLE - EVENING

ON SCREEN: **THREE DAYS EARLIER**

Carrying a wrapped gift, pulling her suitcase, Emma walks
through an upscale restaurant toward the table where her
parents, **DALE** and **LINDA** sit with Emma's cousin, **KERRY**, 29,
and her husband, **NEV**, 30, an aging jock.

Pausing a moment, Emma's face falls a little. Even from
across the restaurant, she can see Kerry holding court.

EMMA-V.O.

But then, maybe it had been coming
for *years*.

Bracing herself, Emma moves on...

Reaching them, Emma hugs her mom, as they all greet her.

EMMA

Sorry I'm late. Had to pack. What did I miss?

LINDA

We were just talking about Kerry's article.

As Emma sits beside Kerry, Linda hands her a copy of **People** Magazine, open to a photo of:

Kerry in a bustling design studio. The headline--

Kerry Corrigan's Hip Office Designs

Woo Global Retailer Crate and Barrel

Emma tries very hard to be happy for Kerry.

EMMA

You look great in here, Ker.

Kerry, smiling, is the queen of false modesty--

KERRY

The press has been a little overwhelming actually.

NEV

I was just saying-- Remember Kerry's stalker? This might bring that freak out of the woodwork again--

This, a topic that makes Emma uneasy...

EMMA

God, I haven't thought of that in ages.

Anxious to *change* the topic, Emma hands Linda her gift.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday!

Smiling, Linda opens Emma's envelope--

EMMA (CONT'D)

That's the real present. The other is just a little something.

Linda reads the contents of the envelope: a gift certificate.

LINDA

Sweetheart, you shouldn't have!

EMMA

It's supposed to be the best spa in the city. I thought it would *force* you to indulge yourself.

LINDA

Thank you so much, honey. Really.

Emma looks on, a bit *shy*, as Linda un-wraps Emma's *other* gift: an elegant **PHOTOGRAPH** of Linda, surrounded by kids from the public school where she teaches.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I forgot you took these! I love it--

DALE

It's beautiful, Em.

On Emma, smiling. Touched.

As Kerry hands her gift to Linda, she whispers to Emma.

KERRY

Hope you're not mad. It was *such* a good idea.

Emma's face *falls*.

Linda, who has unwrapped a luxurious robe, reads from a note.

LINDA - READING

For my auntie Linda, to wear at the Ritz Carlton Spa-- in *Paris*!

Emma looks on in *disbelief*.

LINDA

Oh Kerry, this is too much!

KERRY

You're going to Paris too, uncle Dale. But the spa's just for Linda.

As Linda and Dale rise to hug Kerry and Nev, Emma eyes her picture, now covered in the wrapping from Kerry's gift.

Feeling very small, as she *often* does around Kerry, it takes everything in Emma to muster a smile--

EMMA

That's really generous, guys.

Nev, settling back in his seat, eyes her suitcase--

NEV

I hear you're off to New York, Em.
What are you doing there?

Emma stares around at her family...

And at Kerry's **People** article, on the table...

And *cannot* tell the truth...

EMMA

Meetings.

KERRY

With who?

EMMA

Some big wigs from our... European
subsidiaries.

LINDA

You didn't tell us that. That's
exciting!

KERRY

I'd never send an assistant to do a
thing like that! Someone must be
grooming you.

On Emma, annoyed. Kerry's compliments always sting a little.

But Dale raises his glass, beaming--

DALE

I have a good feeling about this
job, Em. I think you've really found
your thing!

Emma's family raise their glasses in a toast to Emma.

Whose smile, very forced, says it *all*.

EXT. MANHATTAN ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The massive, Pier 91 Convention Center on the Hudson River.

INT. PIER 91 CONVENTION CENTER / MANHATTAN - DAY

Where the world URBAN FREE RIDE championships are underway.

Teenage Boys on BMX bikes fly over obstacles: cement walls,
stairs, railings... as Heavy Metal BLASTS.

And here, in the back of the

PANTHER COLA BOOTH

We find Emma. In BMX-inspired 'racing gear' covered with the **PANTHER COLA** logo, staring hatefully at an unwieldy HAT with a Panther 'fist' punching through the top.

Bracing herself, Emma dons the hat and re-joins the other PANTHER MARKETERS, yelling into her headset microphone:

EMMA-INTO HER HEADSET

With double the Taurine and the immuno
slam of Ginseng, Panther's new Panther
Punch packs double the blast of any
energy drink on the market.

As Emma yells, she hands out cans of the drink to the sea of Teenage Boys around the booth...

TYLER, 12, trophy in hand, stops before her. An entourage of sullen boys, in tow.

TYLER

Nice hat.

EMMA

Thanks. Haven't heard that today.
Panther Punch, or Panther Classic.
What can I get you?

He scoffs. Glowering.

TYLER

Do you even know what Free Ride *is*?

Emma is *not* unused to brats like this.

EMMA

What we're sponsoring you to do.

TYLER

Urban free ride is... freedom. You
don't *sponsor* freedom, lady. You
don't *sponsor* breaking rules and
kicking the ass of convention--

Emma rolls her eyes and moves off, as Tyler yells--

TYLER (CONT'D)

Corporate sell out.

On Emma, for whom his words *sting*.

TIME CUT -- LATER

The crowd has thinned. The floor, a mess of Panther cans. Most MARKETERS have dispersed. Exhausted, Emma packs up.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Can I have one of your stupid drinks?

Emma turns to see Tyler.

She regards his beady little eyes. His sneer.

EMMA

Absolutely.

Emma grabs a PANTHER COLA from a crate...

EMMA-V.O.

One of Panther's marketing coups--
extra carbonation. Kids love it.

She shakes the can discretely, and hands it to Tyler.

EMMA-V.O. (CONT'D)

Because it lets you do this--

Tyler takes the can, smiles...

But as he pops the tab, instead of pointing it toward his face -- he BLASTS EMMA with a stream of the drink--

Standing there, soda spraying her face, Emma has had *enough*.

She pops Tyler on the forehead with her palm--

Which surprises him. Adults aren't supposed to do that!

He KICKS Emma's knee. *Hard*.

Emma grabs hold of his ear. And Tyler knees her in the groin!

And Emma is *down* -- but her hand on Tyler's ear brings him to the floor also -- and they are locked in *combat* -- with a flurry of slaps -- and hair pulling...

PANTHER MARKETER-O.C.

What the hell's going on here!?

Emma looks up. A PANTHER MARKETER stares down at them.

So do the teenage boys that have gathered, thrilled.

Realizing how *bad* this looks, Emma's words are feeble...

EMMA

Please don't tell head office.

INT. AIRPLANE / ECONOMY SECTION - LATE DAY

On a crowded flight, Emma reads a text message from her dad:

We're so proud of you honey!

Emma turns the phone off. Miserable.

Her seat mates: a GIRL, 16, and her LITTLE SISTER, 3.

CAPTAIN ON OVERHEAD

Sorry for the delay folks. Six planes
need to take off before us, so settle
in-- this could take a while.

Emma sighs: *great*.

Emma turns to the little girl gazing at her.

It warms her heart. The kid is cute. She plays with a squeeze
toy and sips from a can of grape juice.

She drops the toy on the floor. The older sister rolls her
eyes and looks at the window.

So Emma grabs the toy for the little girl. Who laughs.

OLDER SISTER

Ignore it. She'll keep doing it.

The little girl 'drops' the toy again.

Emma and the older sister eye each other. A stand off.

The little girl looks like she might cry...

So Emma steps into the aisle to get the toy...

As a passing FLIGHT ATTENDANT unknowingly kicks it further
down the aisle. Determined, Emma follows it...

The little girl leans over to watch Emma in the aisle as her
entire grape juice pours into Emma's seat...

Emma returns, hands the girl her toy. And sits.

In *horror*. The seat -- soaked.

That is *it*. Emma wells up...

INT. AIRPLANE - LATE DAY

On the back of her jeans is a giant wet spot, as Emma follows
a sympathetic flight attendant, RITA, up the aisle.

RITA

Good news and bad news. Bad news:
there are no seats left in economy.

Smiling, Rita ushers Emma into the FIRST CLASS CABIN

RITA (CONT'D)

Good news: no seats left in economy.

Amazed, Emma eyes the upscale passengers relaxing in the spacious cabin. One seat remains empty.

RITA (CONT'D)

How's that for a silver lining, huh?

EMMA

Oh my God-- Thanks. I've never been
in first before!

Emma settles into the empty seat.

Her seat mate is a man, 34, who does not look up. We'll call him the **STRANGER**. He has scruffy stubble, worn jeans, a ball cap pulled low. He scrolls through his iPhone. Tense.

Another ATTENDANT emerges with a tray of champagne flutes.

Emma takes one.

EMMA (CONT'D)

They're free, right?

When the Attendant nods, Emma takes a second.

This makes the Stranger look over--

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm not a good flier.

STRANGER

Fantastic.

Unimpressed, he looks back at his phone.

Annoyed, Emma downs the champagne... rather *quickly*.

INT. AIRPLANE / FIRST CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

Airborne. PASSENGERS read, sleep, watch movies. The Stranger, still on his phone. But Emma, pretty looped, nervously tracks the progress of the plane on the digital map before her.

Which is when... TURBULENCE HITS

Emma looks around, terrified.

STRANGER
(not looking up)
Just a little turbulence.

As the cabin really starts to shake, Rita heads to the front of the plane. Closes the curtain.

The cabin gets MORE AND MORE SHAKY.

THE SEAT-BELT signs light up.

CAPTAIN - OVERHEAD SPEAKER
We've hit a rocky patch, folks. So
we have turned the seat belt sign--

Suddenly -- the plane PLUMMETS!

Now even the Stranger looks nervous.

EMMA
We're gonna die!

A BUSINESS MAN across the aisle, whose wife is clutching his arm nervously, glares at Emma.

OVERHEAD VOICE
Let's try that again. We are going
to be in a bit of a rocky patch for--

Again, the voice is cut off by another

...PLUMMET!

The front curtain flies open and Emma sees Rita -- **making the sign of the cross.**

EMMA
Oh my god-- We're going down!

STRANGER
Please stop saying that.

The plane SHUDDERS WILDLY as Emma eyes him, welling up--

EMMA
This can't be it! The last thing I
told my parents was a lie! The last
thing they'll know about me is how
good I am at making stuff up--

An enormous bump reverberates through the cabin.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh my god! This is it!

He can't handle her hysterics. Maybe if he can calm her--

STRANGER

Why are you so good at that?

The cabin shakes wildly. Emma eyes the sympathetic stranger.

EMMA-V.O.

And that's when it *happened*...

Frantic, and quite drunk, it all comes POURING out:

EMMA

My cousin Kerry came to live with us when her mom died and I had to be nice to her even though she was a total bitch, but in genius ways so my parents couldn't see it. *And* she was brilliant at everything. So I got very good at... *not* saying things.

The plane rocks wildly...

EMMA (CONT'D)

I told my folks I had a big meeting in New York this weekend. I wanted them to be proud of me for once. Truth is-- I work for this cheesy company and I *hate* my job. I only got it because I lied in my interview--

STRANGER

What about?

EMMA

I didn't want to say I'd spent a year unemployed in my parent's basement, so I said I was volunteering as a youth mentor, and it turns out my boss is big into volunteering--

STRANGER

A youth mentor... why that?

EMMA

When I'd buy pot from my fifteen year old neighbor, sometimes I'd remind him to go to college.

The Stranger chuckles. But Emma is emotional--

EMMA (CONT'D)

There's this Hershey's Kiss under my desk.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And I look at it every day and promise myself: when I have the guts to quit-- I will eat it. No matter how stale it is, or if ants have bore into it... because eating ant poo will be better than another day in that soulless corporate abyss.

On the Stranger, *moved*...

STRANGER

What do you *want* to do?

Another horrifying lurch--

EMMA

I always wanted to be a photographer. I moved to New York to try.
(with regret)
But... that all fell apart.

The Stranger eyes her... intrigued.

TIME CUT -- LATER

The turbulence continues. Passengers hold each other, terrified. The little digital plane is over SOUTH DAKOTA.

And Emma is still pouring out her heart--

EMMA (CONT'D)

...I also really regret not doing it with a girl in college. Especially because I have these recurring sexual dreams about one of my best friends, which must mean something right?

He doesn't know how to answer *that*...

TIME CUT -- LATER

EMMA

...This VP in my office has this bulletin board she calls "Fun with Friends"-- Her way of bragging about all the big shots she met when she was at Google. There's her and Bill Gates, her and Oprah, her and the bass player of the Eagles. So I photo-shopped her and Hitler skiing in Aspen. It's been up for months and no-one's said a thing...

The Stranger laughs.

TIME CUT -- LATER

EMMA (CONT'D)
...I never buy toilet paper! I just
steal it from restaurants...

TIME CUT -- LATER

The little digital plane is over MONTANA...

EMMA (CONT'D)
Porn wise, I like anything in a
doctor's office.

STRANGER
A doctor's office?

EMMA
You know-- stern doctor, inappropriate
power relationship with his slutty
nurse, it can go a lot of ways...

TIME CUT -- LATER

EMMA (CONT'D)
... I think romance is dying. I've
always wanted to be on a date and
champagne just *appears*. Like in an
old movie...

TIME CUT -- LATER

EMMA (CONT'D)
...I said I don't even know if I
have a G-spot, and he's super
competitive so he took it as a
challenge. We did it in all these
weird positions with him saying: Is
that it? What about now? Finally I
just said: yes that's it! And he
starts fist-pumping the air-- he
does that all the time, the completely
earnest fist-pump-- saying 'Describe
it!' So I said: 'like a flower
opening up. And he said 'what kind?'
So I said 'like a Begonia!'

STRANGER
Your G-spot feels like a Begonia?

EMMA
I know. It doesn't even make sense.

TIME CUT -- LATER

EMMA (CONT'D)

...I tell people I'm a long distance runner. I like how it sounds. But I haven't run since eighth grade...

The Stranger laughs.

TIME CUT -- LATER

The little digital plane is over IDAHO...

EMMA (CONT'D)

...I was *really* into him. We went to all these jazz concerts. Of course I didn't tell him I hate jazz. I think he thinks liking jazz makes him seem sensitive-- so I don't notice he only calls when he's drunk. He'll call from some loud sports bar and say: I want to come find your Begonia.

STRANGER

Do you let him?

EMMA

(rueful)

Every time.

TIME CUT -- LATER

The screen has flickered off. And the turbulence seems to have ceased. But Emma has not...

EMMA (CONT'D)

I was my cousin's stalker.

On the Stranger -- surprised...

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ninth grade, she caught me stuffing my bra. Told everyone.

STRANGER

Ouch.

EMMA

I was too humiliated to confront her, so I wrote her this anonymous letter saying I was watching her-- and was gonna kidnap her and lock her in a sound proof room under my house.

The Stranger eyes her, amazed.

EMMA (CONT'D)

But she went to the police, and the principal called this emergency assembly. And having a stalker made her the most popular kid at our school. And for years-- whenever I saw a police car, I thought I was about to be arrested.

The Stranger laughs.

Suddenly -- the plane plummets. Even the Stranger is tense.

Emma throws her head against the Stranger's arm!

EMMA (CONT'D)

This is it! This is *it*!

The plane makes a thunderous sound. And the lights go off. And there is IMPACT!

This *is* it.

CAPTAIN-ON OVERHEAD

We made it guys. Welcome to Seattle.

The lights flicker on as passengers applaud. Shell-shocked PASSENGERS hug one another. Emma opens her eyes.

Still clutching the stranger's arm.

Stunned, she meets his gaze.

EMMA-V.O.

You see, I had never considered the possibility that we would land.

Then *averts* her eyes.

EMMA

Nice... chatting.

He looks as stunned as she.

STRANGER

Yeah.

Emma rises, grabs her carry on.

And *dashes* off the plane.

EXT. STREET IN CAPITOL HILL / THE GIRLS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The taxi speeds off, leaving Emma and her carry-on before a pretty three story Craftsman on a leafy street.

JEMIMA-INTO HER PHONE
 Fuck you-- in the *heart*.

Emma looks up. **JEMIMA**, 28, glamorous in D&G, is on the balcony, on her cell -- furious.

JEMIMA-INTO HER PHONE (CONT'D)
 Because that's what you're about to
 do to my client!

She waves down at Emma. *Clearly* enjoying herself.

But into the phone, *fury*--

JEMIMA-INTO THE PHONE
 Then I am gonna tell my friend at
 Gawker about the 18 year old guy
 who's always with you when you spend
 your wife's money on art, Senator--

Emma wheels her bag up to the house...

EMMA-V.O.
 As Jemima, who *thrives* in anger when
 anyone she loves is hurt, knows all
 too well... we *all* have secrets.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma enters the cheerful second floor apartment. Where **LISSY**, 28, East Indian, a touch prim in her button-up and pearls, jots notes on a case -- surrounded by legal documents.

LISSY
 Hey! How was the trip?

Emma's looks says it all.

LISSY (CONT'D)
 Was it the hat? Was it as bad as
 you thought?

BANGING sounds above.

EMMA
 Is it me, or is Jemima on the balcony
 gay-shaming an elected official?

LISSY
 He owns a bunch of her client's
 paintings and just went bankrupt--
 so he's selling them. Which means
 her client's market price is about
 to tank.

Lissy eyes her, concerned.

LISSY (CONT'D)
You want to talk?

EMMA
Thanks Lissy, but today... I think
I've said enough.

Emma heads for the stairs, as Lissy watches her. Concerned.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma enters her cluttered room. Slightly teenage, with lots of 'ironic' things. Like her Barbie bedspread.

Throwing down her bag, Emma cringes. Then laughs a little...

Catching Barbie's perky smile from the pillow--

EMMA
What? You haven't done anything really
embarrassing? You're plastic and
lack sex organs. *That's* embarrassing.

But Barbie smiles back. Un-phased.

EXT. PANTHER COLA FLAGSHIP OFFICE - MORNING

In a hip area of Belltown, coffee in hand, Emma gets off a bus and approaches

PANTHER COLA'S FLAGSHIP OFFICE

In front of the building -- SKATEBOARDERS careen off ramps.

EMMA-V.O.
Panther Cola was founded by two
nineteen year olds who started out
selling an energy drink to guys they
skateboarded with--

Panther Signs reads: SKATERS WELCOME.

INT. PANTHER COLA / MAIN LOBBY - MORNING

Emma enters the busy lobby. Graffiti of the PANTHER logo adorns the walls. Monitors blast concerts and extreme sports footage -- events sponsored by Panther.

The arriving PANTHER STAFF are every bit as stylish.

EMMA-V.O.

Those two nineteen year olds grew up to be moguls, known for their grass-roots marketing style.

Emma reaches the ELEVATOR BAY.

Where there is a huge FRAMED PHOTO of PETE LAWSON, 34, co-founder of Panther: tanned, ruggedly handsome, by a Panther Cola Formula One race car.

EMMA-V.O. (CONT'D)

Pete was known for his love of high profile women, and Formula One racing.

A caption below the photo reads: **PETE LAWSON, 1973 - 2009**

EMMA-V.O. (CONT'D)

Until about a year ago-- when he hit a cliff on the coast of France doing 180 in his Maserati.

Emma gets in the crowded elevator among hip PANTHER STAFF.

EMMA-V.O. (CONT'D)

The other founder is gone too. But that's more complicated-- and the topic of endless speculation.

After Sportswear and R&D, the doors open onto--

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT / PANTHER COLA - DAY

Emma enters the vibrant hub of Panther. Bold props from campaigns clutter the aisles. Smiling at colleagues, she passes a wall of MARKETING AWARDS, making her way to a CORNER OFFICE. Knocks...

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PAUL, 38, a big restless boy in jeans and Pumas, works at his laptop with his feet on the desk -- as Emma enters.

PAUL

Corrigan-- check this out.

He hits a remote. On a large TV, a sleek ad plays--

INSERT PANTHER AD:

An urban convenience store. TWO BOYS take cans of PANTHER from a fridge.

ANNOUNCER'S DEEP VOICE
 With *double* the carbonation of any
 energy drink on the market, Panther
 isn't a drink. It's *payback*...

One boy shakes and opens a can BLASTING a CONCENTRATED STREAM
 of the drink at his friend. Who opens his *own* can. They do
 battle. Race through store. Panther spraying *everywhere*!

ANNOUNCER'S DEEP VOICE (CONT'D)
 ...for all the times that irritable
 Korean store owner accused you of
 shoplifting.

A KOREAN STORE OWNER, 50s, appears and goes ballistic in
 Korean! The frame freezes on his FURIOUS FACE.

Paul hits stop. Grinning.

Emma looks like she's just bitten a bad nut. But when she
 turns to Paul -- she's smiling.

EMMA
 It's great! But won't it maybe incite
 property damage? And is it racist?

PAUL
 Racist, no-- we did white, black,
 and American Indian store owners.
 Property damage-- yes. Which means
 lawsuits. Which means controversy.
 Which means market awareness you
 can't buy. How was New York?

EMMA
 Fun.

PAUL
 How were the hats?

EMMA
 They went over well.

Emma eyes a PANTHER PUNCH hat on Paul's couch. Loathes it.

PAUL
 I knew it! I love those stupid hats.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Emma approaches a cubicle where **MILO**, 24, slightly heavy,
 wears a striped hand-knit cardigan. Milo is an odd, shy
 duck among his more stylish colleagues.

EMMA
Morning Milo.

Looking around, furtively--

MILO
I finished the video for that band.

EMMA
Let's see!

Milo ushers her to his computer screen.

ON MILO'S SCREEN: A hard, fast rock song plays over weird, funny images of BOYS dressed as old men, PLAYING ACCORDIONS.

The video is playful and surreal, very cool--

EMMA (CONT'D)
It's *awesome*. You better be getting paid for this one.

Milo shrugs.

MILO
I have it for my reel.

EMMA
Your reel is *already* amazing. You should not be temping anymore, Milo.

Milo looks up adoringly at **CASSIE**, 22, gorgeous, grooving to her iPod, as she passes with her mail cart.

MILO
Morning, Cassie!

But Cassie so doesn't notice Milo.

MILO (CONT'D)
I hear she wants to be an actress.

Emma smiles sympathetically at Milo.

A smile that dies as she sees **ARTEMIS**, 36, glaring at them.

EMMA
Later. The Flash is sending disapproval vibes my way--

Emma heads to HER CUBICLE.

Where a name plate reads:

EMMA CORRIGAN, MARKETING ASSISTANT

As she sits down, Artemis speedily approaches...

EMMA-V.O.

A big hitter poached from Google,
The Flash is the busiest woman alive.
Which is why she does *that*.

Coming speedily into view, Artemis has a walk that says *I am on the go*. A walk that does not look easy. With an armful of files, she is black-berrying.

EMMA

Morning, Artemis.

On her black-berry, Artemis does not look up.

ARTEMIS

Morning, Emma. How was New York?

Emma peruses her email.

EMMA-V.O.

There's no need to answer The Flash.
She's not listening.

ARTEMIS

Can you pull GQ from June '06 from
the archives?

EMMA

Sure, as soon as I finish this up
for Paul.

ARTEMIS

(annoyed)
Never mind.

Artemis resumes her breakneck speed -- and is gone.

EMMA-V.O.

That's the beauty of the Flash.
Hesitate at all-- she's got it done.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - LATER

Emma is on the phone with a client as she peruses a UNICORN WEB SITE -- putting unicorn horns on photos of Jemima and her parents' cat.

EMMA-INTO PHONE

I'll have to go through all the
reports on sales promotions from
2009 to look into that...

Emma inches her hand toward the phone...

EMMA-INTO PHONE (CONT'D)
I agree, it's very important, very--

With a practiced motion, Emma HANGS UP. Her full attention back on making Jemima a unicorn...

Until **CONNOR**, 30; handsome, Emma's kryptonite, appears.

CONNOR
Corrigan. How's your Begonia?

Suffering the 'inside joke' long grown tired, Emma eyes the pretty, potted flower on her desk -- Connor gave her.

EMMA
Fine. Thanks.

But Connor never tires of it. Touches a leaf...

CONNOR
It says on Wikipedia they require a growing medium that's never allowed to dry out completely.

On Emma, burning...

EMMA
If you're concerned, feel free to have it back any time.

Connor grins.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I mean the plant.

CONNOR
(quietly)
You around this weekend?

Emma wills herself to say NO...

EMMA
Yeah. Totally.

Winking, Connor moves off...

Annoyed at herself, Emma returns to typing a dull COVER LETTER. Very uninspired.

Shoving back her chair, she looks under her desk - way back in the corner - at a dusty **Hershey's Kiss**.

Lost in thought...

PAUL-O.S.
People-- Listen up!

Emma looks up. Paul has come out of his office. *Panicked.*

PAUL
Jack Harper is in the building!

On Emma, surprised.

But **RACHEL**, 27, at the next desk, bolts up...

RACHEL
Oh my god!

Rachel races to the crowd of MARKETERS gathering by Paul.

Emma follows, as Artemis speeds into the fray--

ARTEMIS
Why didn't I know about this?

PAUL
None of us knew.

RACHEL
He must be out of rehab.

ARTEMIS
It wasn't drugs. He's launching something new.

ANOTHER MARKETER
It was spiritual. How many times does a guy have to be spotted in Tibet for you people to *get* that?

CONNOR
I thought he was dead too, but they didn't want the stock to fall--

Paul eyes Connor disapprovingly. *Too far.*

PAUL
Well he's in R&D right now-- and pretty life-like. Which is great!
(*clearly nervous*)
Our year's been great, lots to be proud of-- Let's show him that!

The Marketers disperse...

Amazed, Emma watches people hurriedly tidy their desks.

Connor takes out a book by Stephen Hawking, and places it spine-out on the edge of his desk.

Rachel takes a framed MBA, hangs it on her cubicle wall--

EMMA

You have an MBA from Harvard?

RACHEL

It's my cousin's. She got deported
and I cleared out her apartment.

Rachel hangs her security card on a chain over the frame --
obscuring the name.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What do you think he'll be like now?

EMMA

No clue. He was gone when I started.

Getting a text, Connor calls over his cubicle dramatically--

CONNOR

JH is ascending!

Like a drum roll...

The elevator opens and the man and his entourage emerge.

Before Emma can get a look at him, a THRONG of people rise
from their desks to gather around him...

INT. EMMA'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

From her desk, Emma eyes the CROWD moving through the
department. From *her* desk, Rachel has a better view.

RACHEL

He has Pete's dog! How sweet is that?

The mutt, **WALLOP**, comes into view, bounding excitedly.

As The CROWD gets closer...

Emma's view clears, as bodies part...

And she sees: **JACK HARPER**, 34, handsome, slightly boyish and
cleanly shaven, in a neat sweater and jeans.

But *why* does he seem so familiar?

It can't be.

Emma watches, horrified, as Rachel rises and extends her hand to Jack, who shakes it warmly.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Welcome back, Mr. Harper!

Panicked, Emma rises and tries to slip through the crowd...

JACK
Good to see you, Rachel.

Paul turns to Emma's desk--

PAUL
And one of the *new* faces-- Emma?

Emma -- caught, turns back...

Which is when Jack Harper sees her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Jack Harper, Emma Corrigan.

In his eyes, **recognition**.

He's *also* very taken aback.

EMMA
Nice to meet you, Mr. Harper.

JACK
Yes. Nice to meet you, Emma.

PAUL
Emma has a strong volunteer background.

On Emma, *dying*.

JACK
How admirable.

Suddenly -- Wallop bounds toward Emma's desk...

But Jack is faster -- pulling the dog back...

Then he cranes down to look at the **Hershey's Kiss** under her desk. Studies it.

He rises.

JACK (CONT'D)
Chocolate's bad for dogs, Emma.

Emma *tries* to smile. But her heart is POUNDING too hard.

CONNOR
How'd you see that?

Then Jack is off and the CROWD follows him.

Heart racing, Emma grabs the Hershey's Kiss. And puts it in her desk drawer.

Stunned.

INT. SKY LINE DINER - EVENING

Their homey local greasy spoon. Jemima, Lissy and Emma wait for their meal in a booth, as Emma vents -- mortified.

JEMIMA
I don't get it-- What secrets do you have?

EMMA
Everyone has secrets.

LISSY
They can't be *that* bad.

Emma considers her friends. Cringing.

EMMA
I told him I want to dress like a nurse and be tied up with surgical tubing. That when I couldn't make it doing what I love, I came running home to my parents and a pretty sizable dose of Lexipro. And that I lied about volunteering with troubled youth-- to get my job.

All news to them; Lissy and Jemima, shocked, mull those over.

Lissy, the eternal optimist--

LISSY
Well... a guy like Jack Harper has a lot on his mind. He probably doesn't remember half of what you said.

EMMA
I also said Panther is a soulless corporate abyss. And that when I don't want to deal with clients I just hang up on them.

LISSY
You *do* that?

EMMA

Yes. Thanks Lissy. And that horrified look on your face-- precisely the reason he's gonna fire me.

LISSY

I just had no idea you're so unhappy.

EMMA

What if I end up back in my parents' basement!?

Jemima reaches across the table. Touches Emma's arm.

JEMIMA

Then we'll come get you again.

Emma smiles.

The waiter, **WAYNE**, 23, brings their food. Wayne is very cute, pierced in many places, and his clothes -- artfully thrashed.

JEMIMA (CONT'D)

Thank you Wayne!

Wayne moves off as Jemima eyes him approvingly.

LISSY

So what are you going to do, Em?

EMMA

Fight for my job. Become the best marketing assistant *ever*.

LISSY

But if you don't *like* the job--

EMMA

The one thing worse than a job you hate, is getting fired from it.

JEMIMA

Breaking into your ex's house to steal his Xbox because you want him to feel a fraction of the loss you felt all summer-- but then he and his new girlfriend get home and have sex on the couch you're hiding behind.

(pained)

That's also worse.

The girls look at her, shocked--

JEMIMA (CONT'D)

You're right. We all have secrets.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Few have arrived. But in the board room -- Emma finishes filling BINDERS with promotional pamphlets.

She gazes out at the department: her Mount Everest.

Spotting Artemis speed in with her morning coffee...

Emma catches up with her. No easy task.

ARTEMIS

You're here early.

EMMA

Just getting a head start. Which I have, so if there's anything you want help with-- just tell me.

Artemis stops. Eyes her oddly.

INT. THE MARKETING DEPARTMENT - LATER, SAME DAY

Emma carries a HUGE pile of MAGAZINES from the archive into ARTEMIS'S OFFICE, as Artemis, on the phone, waves her in -- very happy.

INT. BOARD ROOM / PANTHER COLA - DAY

Emma approaches the BOARD ROOM, take-out salad in hand. Taped to the door, a hand-written sign:

QUALITY TEAM EXCELLENCE -- 12:00

But she is stopped by Milo, brown bag in hand.

MILO

They're at their stupid meeting.
Wanna come outside?

EMMA

Actually, I'm going to the meeting.

Milo eyes her. Dubious.

MILO

You want to talk about 'what's new in the marketing world' on your lunch hour?

EMMA

(with distaste)

Is that really what they do in there?

But bracing herself, she is on the move...

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Emma joins the table of PANTHER STAFF, eating lunch as Paul talks. Rachel is here, and Connor, and Artemis; who eyes Emma approvingly.

PAUL

Mercedes rolled out four long versions of the ads on their web site-- with really cool interactive features. Definitely check them out.

Connor fist-pumps the air.

Which Emma wishes he wouldn't do.

RACHEL

Jack Harper's on the floor!

Everyone turns to see -- Wallop walk by the board room.

Then Jack comes into sight, walking through the deserted office. Emma turns away from the glass, suffering.

CONNOR

What's he doing at your desk, Emma?

Emma turns. Indeed--

AT HER DESK

Jack takes something from her cubicle wall. With horror -- Emma watches him study it. *Knows what it is.*

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Very nervous, Emma approaches Jack -- studying the 'pamphlet.'

Their eyes meet.

JACK

Is this what I think it is?

Jack marvels at the IMAGES of TEENS playing sports. The title of the organization:

M.A.R.Y. -- Mentoring At-Risk Youth.

For Emma -- this is *hell*.

EMMA

Paul wanted literature when we were deciding who to make the Christmas donation to.

JACK
(alarmed)
Tell me he didn't--

EMMA
No. We gave to the ASPCA.

JACK
Where did you get the pictures?

EMMA
The internet.

He eyes a small CROSS in the corner of the pamphlet.

JACK
Mary, as in the mother of Christ?

EMMA
I thought religious affiliation would
reduce the chance of our donating.

From a TESTIMONIAL, by one of the "Youth" -- Jack reads:

JACK
"Until I met my Mary mentor, my world
was the street. Now I know I can
beat the street."

Jack looks at Emma -- amazed.

Then Jack scans the nearby offices... spotting Artemis's.

Again, Emma *knows* what he is looking at...

Stepping toward Artemis's door, Jack studies her '**Fun With Friends**' bulletin board. Among pictures of Artemis hanging out with VIPs...

Is one of her **arm-in-arm, on a ski-lift, with Hitler.**

Jack turns back to Emma. Grave.

JACK (CONT'D)
We need to talk.

He eyes the BOARD ROOM: everyone is at the glass WATCHING.

JACK (CONT'D)
My office, 4:30.

Emma nods. Grim. As Jack heads off.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT / BOARD ROOM - DAY

Emma returns to the board room. All eyes on her.

ARTEMIS
What did Harper want?

EMMA
He's just familiar with the
organization I volunteered with.

RACHEL
Mary? I still want to get involved
with that-- seriously.

Emma, tense, tries to smile.

INT. WAITING ROOM OUTSIDE JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma gets off the elevator in a sleek waiting room. On the wall is a framed photo of Jack and Pete -- as teenagers; arms around each other, by a beat up van. Holding skateboards.

At the far end are two assistants; SKY and HEATHER, both in their 20s. Their desk, half way between two offices...

One is Jack's. The other still has Pete's name plate on it.

With dread, Emma approaches the desk:

SKY
Dropping something off?

EMMA
No, I'm here to see Mr. Harper.
Emma Corrigan.

Sky and Heather eye each other: *yeah right*.

SKY
Aren't you in Marketing?

Emma nods. Dubious, Sky picks up the phone--

SKY - INTO PHONE
Emma Corrigan from--

Very surprised, she hangs up.

SKY
Go on in.

Emma heads for Jack's door. Walking the plank...

INT. JACK HARPER'S CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Emma enters. The office is huge, with a view of Lake Washington. Filing cartons clutter the floor. Jack is at the window, somber.

Emma closes the door behind her, as he turns to her.

JACK
We both know this is awkward.

Emma *breaks*--

EMMA
So don't do it! Please! Yes, I made up a non-profit, no I have not been the most diligent employee, but I was here at seven this morning, I will never drop another call-- I just *can't* lose this job!

JACK
I didn't ask you here to fire you.

EMMA
Oh.

JACK
I probably should. It's clear what you think of what we do here.

On Emma, *dying*.

JACK (CONT'D)
But that wouldn't be fair play. And actually... I wanted to thank you.

Jack hands her a NAPKIN from his desk.

Emma studies it. It bears the insignia of the airline and is covered in Jack's messy scrawl...

...ON A DATE AND CHAMPAGNE JUST APPEARS...

...WISH I *HAD* DONE IT WITH A GIRL IN COLLEGE...

...WAS MY COUSIN'S STALKER...

She is *horrified*.

EMMA
You took *notes*?

Emma starts to crumple the napkin.

JACK
Can I have that back?

Emma stares at him strangely. Reluctant, hands it over.

EMMA
That feels wrong.

JACK
No-one will see it. Promise. I get my ideas from people. Marketing is about telling a story. Not *any* story. It has to affirm something significant, that a lot of people feel. And on that plane-- you gave me an idea for a new one.

EMMA
I did?

JACK
I was up all last night working on it-- so you can't imagine how it did my head in, seeing you here.

EMMA
Oh, I think I can.

Jack smiles. Fair enough.

JACK
Well... not to give credit where credit's due-- *that* felt wrong. So thank you, Emma. For a lot of reasons I can't get into... it's good to have something to be excited about right now.

Emma glances down at the filing boxes. Labelled: PETE LAWSON.

EMMA
I can imagine.

JACK
I should get back to work.

EMMA
Of course. And... thank you. For not firing me.

Emma heads for the door.

JACK
Pete would have loved your fake non-profit.

Emma turns back. Surprised.

JACK (CONT'D)
Even more than I did. He would have
thought it was hilarious. The
religious affiliation-- nice touch.

Emma eyes him, taken aback.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can't the CEO of a cheesy, soulless
corporate abyss have a sense of humor?

EMMA
I didn't mean that--

JACK
Actually, you did.

His direct gaze makes Emma blush.

EMMA
I guess he can.

INT. WAITING ROOM OUTSIDE JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Very relieved to be out of there, Emma closes the door. Sky
and Heather eye her curiously.

As she walks past PETE'S OFFICE, Emma sees GUYS IN SUITS
combing through more cartons of files.

INT. SKY LINE DINER - EVENING

Jemima, Lissy, and Emma eat dinner.

LISSY
So what's this 'story' you inspired?

EMMA
Who cares? A new way of selling an
energy drink. I'm just glad I'm not
fired.

JEMIMA
He's still not saying where he was
last year?

EMMA
No. But he seems pretty preoccupied
with something.

Wayne approaches, sets down their plates.

WAYNE
By the way ladies-- Tenderloin.
This weekend.

JEMIMA
What's that?

WAYNE
People bust into an abandoned
warehouse and play old school punk
rock.

LISSY
Really?

WAYNE
Yeah. Very underground, very word of
mouth. You should come.

Wayne moves off. Jemima eyes him adoringly.

JEMIMA
I love 23 year olds. Not an ounce of
body fat, in the full glory of their
sexual peak... And either charming
or naive enough to think we're punk
rock.

EMMA
What are you talking about? Lissy
was very--

Lissy kicks her under the table. Shoots her WARNING EYES.

JEMIMA
Lissy was very *what*?

EMMA
Nothing.

Jemima stares suspiciously at Emma. Then Lissy.

EXT. SKY LINE DINER - NIGHT

Emma and Lissy wait outside of the diner for Jemima; who is
still inside.

EMMA
Jemima doesn't *know*?

LISSY
No. And if she did-- she'd tease me
mercilessly.

EMMA

Probably true.

LISSY

I really don't want to relive ninth grade every day for the rest of my life, thanks.

EMMA

It wasn't *that* bad.

Lissy's look says she *disagrees*.

Jemima heads out of the diner--

LISSY

I mean it. Not a *word*.

INT. BOARD ROOM / MARKETING DEPARTMENT - DAYS LATER

Emma is in the board room -- packed standing room only with anxious MARKETERS -- waiting for Jack Harper's arrival.

RACHEL

It's gotta be that he's selling the company. What else could it be?

CONNOR

Word is the Dublin office is selling their bottling plant.

ANOTHER MARKETER

Atlanta too.

YET ANOTHER MARKETER

And Legal's been camped out in Harper's office for days--

CONNOR

We're screwed. *Any* new owner will out source marketing.

A hush goes over the room as Jack and Paul walk in. The mood, *fraught*.

Jack takes his place at the front of the room. Studies the faces. The silence, his drum roll.

JACK

Today in Times Square there are six billboards for energy drinks. Not Panther. But hell, they might as well be-- the look, the message.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

We've got six brands riding our ass hard into a market we built. What do we do?

(dramatic pause)

We tell a radically new story. The new Panther is about the secret dream you haven't got up the guts to act on. Yet.

On Emma, taken aback. By how *passionately* Jack speaks.

JACK (CONT'D)

Maybe it's that thing you lie in bed alone at four a.m., thinking about.

Jack's eyes meet Emma's.

JACK (CONT'D)

Or on the way to the job you hate.

She smiles a little. Can't help it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Our conceptual space-- the gap between what you secretly want to be and what you are. And Panther-- your promise to yourself: some day you *will* act on that dream.

A lot of the Marketers are smiling. Nodding.

ARTEMIS

I've said it over and over-- Panther appeals to men by affirming what they think they are: faster, stronger, cooler. But women buy things because of what they think they *aren't*: pretty enough, thin enough, successful enough. With this-- we could finally penetrate our one untapped market.

Connor FIST PUMPS the air enthusiastically.

CONNOR

JH is *back*!

As applause spreads through the room...

Jack stares at Connor oddly. *Realizing*.

Then meets Emma's gaze. And the tiniest of smiles plays on *his* lips. *Mortified*, Emma puts her face in her hand.

JACK
What do you think, Emma-- with the
strong volunteer background?

Emma looks up, taken aback.

Very aware of all of her colleagues staring at her.

But the tension of the moment... is kind of *delicious*.

EMMA
I think it feels very... recognizable.

Connor eyes Jack and Emma. *Curious*.

JACK
Not too recognizable, though?

EMMA
No. Just authentic.

JACK
Good. That's what it has to be.
Paul-- Corona's the number one import
beer in America. Why?

PAUL
A bartender in Florida shoved a lemon
in one and bet his friend it would
catch on.

JACK
Exactly. Rituals. That's what you
need to be thinking about. Simple,
everyday ways people remind themselves
of their secrets.

Emma, mulling Jack's words...

Looks through the glass -- out to her desk. Actually *under*
her desk. Getting an idea...

INT. THE JEMIMA HUNTER GALLERY / BALLARD - DAY

Jemima's small, hip art gallery in Ballard; a leafy area of
cafes and bars. A few PATRONS look at paintings as Emma chats
excitedly to Jemima and Lissy at Jemima's desk.

EMMA
I never thought marketing could be
inspiring. But he's so *passionate*
about it-- it's sort of infectious.
He's always been the idea guy. In
2004, Pete took over operations, so
Jack could focus solely on branding--

Lissy and Jemima stare at each other. Oddly.

JEMIMA

Who are you?

LISSY

A girl with a crush on Jack Harper.

EMMA

Not a crush.

But she *is* smiling.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's just flattering when someone takes your private thoughts, riffs on them and turns them into something cool.

JEMIMA

A new way to sell an energy drink?

EMMA

A story, Jemima. Marketing is about telling a story.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

From her desk drawer, Emma takes the **Hershey's Kiss** and puts it back under her desk.

Then replaces it with: a can of PANTHER COLA.

From her desk, Rachel pipes up--

RACHEL

Harper sure honed in on you yesterday.

EMMA

He asked me a *question*, Rachel.

But Emma smiles to herself. Enjoying the suggestion.

EXT. SKATE RAMPS IN FRONT OF PANTHER - DAY

Emma approaches Milo, on a bench eating his lunch, watching the skateboarders fly over ramps. Specifically: Cassie -- agile and at ease on her board, her skirt very short.

Emma sits beside him.

EMMA

What if I said I want you to make a video clip, cool enough people would actually send it to each other.

MILO
I'd say I do that all the time.

EMMA
What about one based on an idea I
have for the new campaign?

MILO
I'd say I'm a temp, dream on.

Emma eyes Cassie. Smiling.

EMMA
But, Milo... what's the one thing
you know about *her*?

Now he's listening...

INT. PARK - DAYS LATER

A leafy park. A 'shoot' in progress. The 'set' is an 'office' in the middle of the grass. Filing cabinets, office chairs. Surreal and odd. Emma watches as Milo, very serious, moves with a digital camera -- toward the desk where Cassie, dressed in 'boring office clothes,' sits.

Under the desk is a CAN of PANTHER COLA.

When he reaches the desk, Emma yells--

EMMA
Cue Cassie!

Cassie reaches down and grabs the can. Milo stops filming.

MILO
That was *perfect*.

CASSIE
Really? I wasn't feeling it--

MILO
Okay people-- Let's go again!

Emma grins, rolling her eyes.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

At her desk, Emma jots notes:

Your secret dreams. Keep them close.

She crosses it out. Tries another:

You are not what you do. Yet.

Emma stops. Sets the note pad down.

Thinking.

And looks below the bed...

Pulling out a dusty portfolio she flips through photos she has taken; mostly **PORTRAITS**. Stopping at one she likes...

She takes it out and tacks it on the wall.

Flipping through the portfolio, she finds another she likes.

Tacks *it* up too.

Then another.

One makes her pause: **LISSY, 13**, tiny with tragically dorky glasses, a Ramones shirt, spiked hair, and a guitar nearly as big as her.

Emma smiles. Grabs her pad and jots:

We all have secrets...

The she looks up again at the young photo of Lissy.

Considering...

EXT. YARD OF OLD WAREHOUSE - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

Emma and Lissy walk through an unlit industrial yard by an abandoned warehouse, where PUNK ROCK KIDS make their way toward a door that's been torn open.

LISSY

I can't believe you dragged me here!

I have court in the morning.

They reach the door. PUNK ROCK KIDS disappear into the darkness beyond, as Emma and Lissy eye each other.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emma and Lissy emerge in the MASSIVE INNER ROOM -- scattered with industrial debris. In the center, a HUNDRED PEOPLE CLUSTER around a band.

As a hard, fast Punk song begins--

EMMA

This is pretty amazing.

Wayne emerges from the crowd. Yells over the music--

WAYNE
You came!? You want drinks? My
friend sells booze at the back.

EMMA
In a bit.

Wayne moves off.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I steal your clothes, Lissy. I've
seen the CDs in the back of your
closet. So the Iron and Wine on
your iPod-- not fooling me.

Emma starts to walk toward the crowd. But Lissy hangs back.

LISSY
I'll watch from here.

Emma turns back--

EMMA
If you do not get your ass up here--
I will play Jemima your cover of
'Anarchy in the U.K.' at the freshie
talent show.

On Lissy, cringing.

LISSY
Such a miscalculation.

Reluctantly, Lissy follows Emma

And they push into THE CROWD.

Emma *smiles* -- as Lissy starts to move to the music, edging
to the band...

Until Emma loses her to the crowd completely.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Emma, very nervous, is with Milo at his computer.

MILO
Ready?

Emma nods. Milo hits PLAY.

INSERT VIDEO:

Cassie, demure, works away in her 'office.'

She looks under her desk and grabs the can of Panther Cola. Drinks it down, and HURLS the desk on its side. Goes *ballistic*. Files scatter. As cool, joyful music plays! Then she storms off--

On screen: **For your secret rebellion. Whatever it is.**

Now the image is **REVERSED**. Cassie returns to her desk, freaks out, and puts the can of Panther Cola under her desk. Back to normal. At work. Sounds of a busy office resume...

On screen: **Keep it close.**

MILO (CONT'D)

What do you think?

On Emma, *excited*.

EMMA

I think it's great, Milo.

MILO

Yeah?

Emma walks through the busy aisles to PAUL'S OFFICE

Knocking, she pops her head in. Paul looks up.

EMMA

I just sent you something.

PAUL

Okay.

Paul goes back to work, and Emma walks out of the room. Returns to her desk. Eying Milo at his.

Anxious...

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - END OF DAY

Emma packs up her stuff, eying Paul's office -- where he is on the phone. Having not said a thing about the clip.

Disappointed, Emma heads for the elevator.

EXT. PANTHER COLA - END OF DAY

A little down, Emma heads toward the bus stop.

JACK-O.C.

Emma!

Emma turns to Jack, very handsome in a TUX, with Sky, on the phone, as they head from the building.

JACK

The viral approach is smart. I think you really might have something there.

EMMA

I thought Paul hated it. He hasn't said a thing.

JACK

He likes it. But I wanted to be the one to tell you. I also want to commission some more.

(to Sky)

Can you give us a minute?

Nodding, Sky moves off--

JACK (CONT'D)

Pretty above and beyond for a person calling it in at a job she hates.

EMMA

It was mostly Milo.

JACK

You put the can under the desk. It's a ritual. And it's good.

EMMA

I'm trying to turn over a new leaf.

Jack stares at her oddly.

JACK

What a shame. I thought we'd skipped that.

EMMA

What?

JACK

The making a good impression stage.

EMMA

Okay. The campaign speaks to me for obvious reasons. But mostly-- I didn't want you to think I'm a write off.

On Jack, very taken aback. The silence between them loaded.

Into which -- Sky approaches.

SKY

You have to get in the car now, Jack--

JACK
I have this chamber of commerce thing.

SKY
He's the key note speaker!

JACK
Walk with me--

They head toward Jack's car.

JACK (CONT'D)
I already know the company I want to work on the clips. They rep the best commercial directors in the city.

EMMA
What would they be doing?

JACK
Directing them!

Emma's face falls.

JACK (CONT'D)
They're supposed to be bare bones, I know-- but we can pump some production value into them.

And with that, Jack is in the car. And so is Sky, and they are off.

As Emma watches them drive off. Dejected.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Emma is with Milo in his cubicle, as Connor approaches.

CONNOR
Love the clip, guys.

Emma smiles, half-heartedly.

EMMA
Thanks.

Connor lingers, but Emma and Milo are preoccupied.

MILO
It's not a big deal. I'll have it for my reel.

EMMA
It *is* a big deal, actually.

Gathering courage, Emma rises and heads for the elevator.

On Connor -- disturbed. Where's the love?

INT. WAITING ROOM OUTSIDE JACK HARPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Emerging from the elevator, Emma finds the waiting room outside Jack's office empty. She looks in Jack's office.

Empty.

Then she hears his voice from the office that was Pete's. She peeks in.

At the desk, Jack has just ended a call, and is staring off into space, the phone still in his hand.

Emma is about to speak, when--

Jack SMASHES the receiver down onto the phone.

Then Jack picks up the phone and throws it at the wall.

Very weirded out, Emma backs away from the door... and walks quickly to the elevator. Hits the button.

Cringing -- when the elevator bell rings in the silence of the waiting room. Dying for it to open...

JACK-O.C.

Emma?

Emma turns. Jack, flushed, is at the door of Pete's office.

JACK

You saw that, didn't you?

EMMA

What? No. Yes.

On Jack, awkward.

JACK

If you don't mind-- please don't mention that to anyone.

EMMA

Of course not.

JACK

You must have come up here for a reason.

EMMA

Now's not the time. Clearly you're dealing with something--

JACK

There probably won't be a better time for a while.

EMMA

Okay.

(bracing herself)

This production company thing seems unfair. And kind of lame.

On Jack, surprised.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You and Pete were known for *not* relying on outside firms. Your campaigns were what you thought were cool and funny and relatable. Which this is. A guy messing around with a camera. A guy with a ton of talent, who did it on his own time. So don't you think you owe him a look at his reel-- before you hire someone else?

Jack is disconcerted. In fact... angry.

JACK

I'll take that into consideration.

Jack turns into Pete's office. Closing the door.

Leaving Emma alone. Very weirded out.

INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Arriving home, a little defeated, Emma flips on the lights in the living room. To see -- a massive new TV and SPEAKERS.

As Emma puts down her purse, she spots -- on the floor, THE LARGE BOX they came in.

Emma stares at the box strangely.

EMMA

Lissy! Jemima!

Getting no response, Emma kneels down and looks INSIDE THE BOX. Then crawls inside it.

Staring up at the corrugated cardboard 'roof.'

Her phone rings. She pulls it from her pocket.

It reads: PRIVATE NUMBER.

EMMA-INTO PHONE

Hello?

JACK-OVER THE PHONE

You were right.

EMMA

Mr. Harper!?

The following is INTERCUT between **Emma in the cardboard box** and **Jack in his spacious living room.**

JACK

Pete would've said exactly what you said today. We always caught each other-- when we were being idiots.

On Emma, amazed.

EMMA

I thought you were mad at me.

JACK

I was. It scared me. How *off* my instincts were. Very few people are candid with me since I got back. Except you. So can you call me Jack? We are colleagues.

EMMA

Colleagues, yeah. You took your company public at twenty seven-- that milestone year I was in my parent's basement hitting up a kid I used to baby sit for pot.

Jack chuckles--

JACK

Most people have a problem with truth if it makes them look bad. Not you.

EMMA

Just not with you. You know every embarrassing thing about me. Why lie?

JACK

So you can tell me anything?

EMMA

Sure.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Right now, there's this big box in my living room, and I sort of want to crawl into it.

JACK

I did that! A dishwasher box. I was six. It was great in there.

EMMA

Right? Don't you wish lying in a box still could make it all better?

JACK

Lately. All the time.

In the pregnant pause by both of them...

Emma smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)

Emma--

EMMA

What, Jack?

JEMIMA-O.S.

Why the hell are you in a box?

Jemima, just home, is staring down at Emma.

JACK

(laughing)

Are you actually *in* the box?!

EMMA

Thanks so much for your feedback!

Emma hangs up the phone. Annoyed.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I was on a work call.

Gets out of the box. *Trying* for dignity.

JEMIMA

Guess what closeted gay Senator is not selling my client's work, and sent me that.

EMMA

You gay shamed a Senator, and he sent you a TV? That's messed up.

Jemima smiles at the massive TV.

JEMIMA
So is lying in a box, all giddy,
talking to your *boss*.

On Emma, caught out--

JEMIMA (CONT'D)
I knew it! I so called it!

Emma walks out, hiding her very giddy smile.

INT. PANTHER LOBBY - MORNING

This morning Emma *enjoys* arriving for work.

Passing Cassie giving a tour, she high-fives her...

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT / PANTHER COLA - MORNING

Getting off the elevator, Emma is all smiles.

Beams at Rachel as she reaches her desk.

EMMA
Morning Rachel!

But Rachel looks uneasy.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What?

Emma follows Rachel's gaze to PAUL'S OFFICE: filled with Marketers. Laughing.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma enters. The Marketers are watching the large screen on Paul's office wall.

And Emma's face *falls*...

Because they are watching a YouTube clip, titled:

PANTHER GIRL GOES MENTAL

Set to *Eye Of The Tiger*... Emma, in her 'Panther Punch' hat, fights the kid, TYLER, at Pier 91. The footage -- filmed on a kid's cell -- has been edited: think lots of slow motion of Emma's awkward slaps, punches and angry expressions.

It *is* hard to imagine a grown woman looking sillier.

EMMA
I'm so sorry, Paul.

PAUL
Why? There's been over three hundred
thousand hits.

JACK-O.C.
What are you guys watching?

Dying, Emma turns...

Jack is behind her in the doorway.

He eyes the screen. *Amazed*.

EMMA
He was... very rude.

PAUL
Well you showed him!

Paul fast-forwards / reverses the image -- making Emma on screen slap the twelve year old over and over again.

Which the Marketers think is *hilarious*.

JACK
That is one stupid hat.

Jack's words silence the room.

EMMA
It is. In fact-- I can't imagine
anything on a person's head that
would invite more ridicule.

Paul looks at Emma. *Pissed*.

PAUL
You said you liked it! You said it
went over well.

EMMA
I was lying, Paul. Didn't you find
it weird no-one else in the department
wanted a free trip to New York!?

On Paul, disconcerted. And in that tense silence--

JACK
A minute in the board room, Emma?

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Jack closes the glass door behind them. And they are alone --
in a fishbowl.

EMMA

You realize there are about eighty people watching us.

JACK

Which is why I brought a prop.

Jack puts Milo's reel in the DVD player, and a MUSIC VIDEO comes on screen: luscious, sweet and colorful.

Emma and Jack stand before it, watching it.

But certainly not each other.

JACK (CONT'D)

He *is* talented. I'm about to tell Paul to let him direct the new clips.

EMMA

Can I give him a thumbs up, then? Because I think he might pass out.

Emma looks through the glass: at Milo, *not* subtly -- staring at them watch his reel. *Very* anxious.

JACK

Definitely.

When Emma gives him a thumbs up -- Milo beams. And raises his arms. Victorious! *Racing* off through the aisles.

JACK (CONT'D)

Emma... what I'm about to ask you is completely inappropriate. Given our circumstances professionally.

EMMA

I fought a twelve year old. Inappropriate doesn't scare me.

JACK

Okay. Because that's what I've wanted to be with you for a while now.

On Emma, thrilled, but trying to look very professional, for all the prying eyes beyond the glass.

EMMA

How inappropriate are we talking?

JACK

I thought we could start with dinner.

In her most professional voice--

EMMA

I think that could be arranged.

Emma tries very hard not to show her excitement...

As THROUGH THE GLASS

Connor watches she and Jack. Annoyed.

INT. THE GIRLS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack waits in the living room with Jemima, as Lissy fixes them drinks.

JEMIMA

Emma will be just a few minutes. So,
Jack... what do you do?

JACK

I'm in business. What about you?

Lissy hands Jack a drink.

LISSY

Oh please. We know who you are.
And I'm so sorry about what happened
to your friend.

JACK

Thank you, Lissy.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma rushes to get ready. Excited. As a KNOCK sounds at her door--

JACK-THROUGH THE DOOR

Can I come in?

Panicked, Emma surveys her messy room. Then races to close drawers -- shove clothes under the bed -- push up her push-up bra -- and open the door--

'Relaxed.'

EMMA

Hey.

Jack enters her room, fascinated...

JACK

Which one do you have the dreams
about: Lissy or Jemima?

Emma blushes--

EMMA

That I'll never tell.

Jack explores the room. Fascinated. Which makes Emma uneasy.
Eying her BARBIE BEDSPREAD:

JACK

Nice blanket.

EMMA

It's ironic.

Jack eyes her framed photos on her dresser of Lissy and Jemima
and various family pets -- many with 'unicorn horns.'

EMMA (CONT'D)

So are those.

(embarrassed)

There's this website.

Smiling, Jack eyes the far wall -- now *covered* in tacked up
PORTRAITS.

He stares at them. Then Emma. Impressed.

JACK

You are serious about photography.

EMMA

Was. Let's go.

As Emma ushers Jack from the room, his phone BEEPS.

Reading a text: his face falls.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

Jack looks up, a little flustered.

JACK

Yeah.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT BY WATER - NIGHT

A cozy, posh restaurant. Jack and Emma have just settled at
their table.

EMMA

This is so weird.

JACK

What do you mean?

EMMA

You knowing all my secrets. Usually on a first date you might test the waters with one. You know, something light--

JACK

--Like how if I open your purse later, there'd be a roll of toilet paper from the bathroom in it?

Emma laughs--

EMMA

Yes! I mean no. I'm not going to do that.

JACK

Why? It's three-ply here, very soft. I'll be disappointed if you don't.

EMMA

I'll think about it. Point is, you tell your secrets over months, years... and *maybe* you get to the doctor porn but I'm not sure you ever get to 'I was my cousin's stalker.'

Jack chuckles.

JACK

One of my favorites.

EMMA

So how does a first date go when you know all the... weird, unsettling things about me?

Jack nods to a WAITER, who appears a bottle of champagne:

JACK

Like this.

WAITER

Krug's *Clos de Mesnil*, Sir. Miss.

EMMA

(charmed)
...With Champagne just appearing.

The WAITER fills their glasses.

JACK

There are upsides to all that truth.

Jack's phone makes a sound. He checks it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Shit. Sorry. I have a bit of a
situation I'm monitoring.

Emma waits for Jack to send a text. Not a short one.

Then he raises his glass to hers, in a toast.

JACK (CONT'D)
To... being way past good impressions.

TIME CUT -- LATER

Over appetizers, Emma talks as Jack listens intently.

EMMA
I *had* to get out of my parents'
basement, so I applied for a job
with my cousin. A few weeks later,
we're at dinner with my parents--
she slips me a standard rejection
letter from her HR department.
Doesn't say a word.

JACK
Christ. She sounds like a nightmare.

EMMA
She's half the reason I moved to New
York. I'm exaggerating. But not
totally. I went there to... be
something very different. Hard to
do in your home town.

JACK
What made you come back?

EMMA
I've been talking too much.

JACK
I'm interested.

EMMA
New York...

Emma's smile dies. This, still a sore spot.

EMMA (CONT'D)
My apartment flooded. The global
economy collapsed. The photographer
I was working for went bust.
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
And the whole art world thing...
seemed really unrealistic.

Emma shakes that off. Smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Here I've been going on and on...
but what about you?

JACK
What about me?

EMMA
Where were you last year?

On Jack, tense. His words, a little cold--

JACK
That's not something I feel
comfortable talking about.

EMMA
(stung)
Oh. Okay.

Jack's PHONE RINGS.

JACK
I have to take this.

EMMA
Of course.

Jack slips out the doors to a balcony overlooking the water.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT BY WATER - NIGHT - LATER

It's been way too long. The main course waits. Emma, feeling insulted, is aware of people glancing at her. Curious.

A WAITER approaches. Delicate.

WAITER
Did you want me to put those back in
the oven?

Jack returns. Flustered.

JACK
I'm so sorry.

The Waiter moves off.

EMMA
Do you want to talk about it?

JACK
No.

There is an awkward silence.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's a work thing. It's complicated.

EMMA
Try me.

JACK
(sharp)
I *can't*, Emma.

EMMA
Is it the same reason you murdered
the phone the other day?

Jack eyes her. Annoyed.

JACK
Some secrets are a little more
important than 'I hate my job,' or
'I want to be spanked by a medical
professional.'

On Emma, very taken aback. And feeling very exposed.

EMMA
Are you sure it's the *secrets* you're
talking about?

JACK
What?

EMMA
Because I think what you really mean
is some *people* are more important
than others.

JACK
What? No!

But Emma sets her napkin on the table. And rises.

EMMA
If you'll excuse me--

And with that, Emma is moving through the restaurant...

EXT. STREET NEAR FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Emma is in a crowded bus stop near the restaurant. Jack pulls up in his car. Jumps out.

JACK
You're not taking the *bus* home!

Jack gets dirty looks from OTHER PEOPLE at the bus stop.

EMMA
There's nothing wrong with public transportation.

JACK
Sorry. Bad choice of words. I *mean*--
I always see a date to her door.

EMMA
This was not a date. People on dates do not leave each other for half an hour to watch their food get cold. People on dates *share* things.
(the crux)
You know more about me than anyone has ever known-- but you don't trust me enough to tell me anything about your life. Or even to try.

The BUS lumbers up.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Later, Mr. Harper.

Emma gets on. As Jack watches her. Frustrated.

EXT. THE SKATE RAMPS OUTSIDE PANTHER - LATER THAT NIGHT

The concrete expanse in front of the Panther Office is floodlit -- busy with TEENAGERS skateboarding.

And Jack. His baseball hat pushed low. At ease on his board.

Two TEENAGE SKATERS watch him--

TEENAGE SKATER
The old guy's back.

JACK
I heard that. Assholes.

Jack circles, flipping his board a few times, heads for the biggest ramp--

Crouching low, jamming his foot on the ground for speed, he takes the ramp...

Landing on the top deck, with ease.

Standing on the top of the ramp, Jack looks out over the skate park, then up at the Panther building.

Brooding. Troubled.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT / EMMA'S DESK - LATER

Emma works at her desk, a little blue.

Artemis approaches.

ARTEMIS
Want to grab lunch?

On Emma -- very surprised.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A busy lunch spot near Panther, filled with young professionals. Emma and Artemis chat over their food.

ARTEMIS
What you did with Milo, that showed project management instincts.

On Emma, surprised.

EMMA
Thank you, Artemis.

ARTEMIS
I'm serious. Leadership skills. Commitment.

Artemis smiles. Warmly.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)
Something's changed in you, Emma. Since Harper got back.

At the mention of Jack's name, Emma's smile pales.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)
And I like it.

EXT. PANTHER COLA - DAY

Emma waits at the bus stop across from Panther. Across the street -- she sees Jack leaving Panther with Sky. He eyes Emma. His expression neutral.

Then he gets on his phone and turns away.

Hurt, Emma gets in line as the BUS pulls up.

MALE VOICE

Emma!

Emma turns, hopeful...

But it's Connor -- who's run across the street to catch her.

CONNOR

I got tickets to Uri Caine with Larry
Grenadier on bass. Town Hall Saturday.

Emma looks confused.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

We saw him in the fall. Amazing
solos, really free form.

Emma is touched. And somehow lying feels ridiculous...

EMMA

That's really nice Connor, thank
you. But I don't like jazz.

CONNOR

What? You went on about how great
he was.

EMMA

I know. I wanted you to think we
had things in common.

On Connor, taken aback.

CONNOR

Oh. Okay.

Connor, disconcerted, watches Emma get on the bus.

As Emma steals a glance at Jack -- still on the phone.
Oblivious.

INT. BUS - DAY

As the packed bus nears her stop, Emma pulls the bell. But
watches - confused - as the bus speeds past her stop.

EMMA

That's my stop!

In the crowd, her voice is lost...

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hey!

Emma's voice is drowned out, as MANY PASSENGERS yell at the driver. Because the bus is TURNING OFF THE MAIN STREET...

Emma pushes through PASSENGERS to the bus driver. But her words trail off...

Because he has just pulled up in front of her HOUSE.

DRIVER

This your stop?

Emma smiles. AMAZED.

ANGRY PASSENGER

This ain't *my* stop!

BUS DRIVER

I'd give Jack Harper another chance
if I were you.

EMMA

Did he *pay* you?

BUS DRIVER

That'd be a bribe, and the Metro
Seattle Transport Authority does not
take bribes. But Panther Cola *is*
the proud new sponsor of my kid's
baseball team.

The driver, grinning, hits the doors open.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma walks up her lawn, as Jemima, on the balcony -- watches the bus head up the street, incredulous.

Emma's cell rings. She answers--

JACK-OVER PHONE

I *always* take a date to her door.
And you were right. I was a dick.

Emma smiles.

JACK-OVER PHONE (CONT'D)

Is that silence you smiling? I'd
really like it to be.

Emma starts jumping, happy.

But her voice is somber--

EMMA-ON PHONE

It *might* be...

Emma is oblivious to Jemima signaling to her from above.

JACK-OVER PHONE

Most girls melt for my bribe the bus driver shtick.

EMMA-ON PHONE

Well, I'm not most girls, Jack.

Emma resumes jumping, adding some dance moves. Not good ones. But really getting into it...

Jemima gives up. Covers her face. It's just too embarrassing.

EMMA-ON PHONE (CONT'D)

And this time-- I take *you* out.

JACK-OVER PHONE

Will you do *that*-- when we go out?

Emma stops. Looks up at Jemima -- who peeks out from behind her hands. Emma cannot turn around. CANNOT.

To the curb -- where Jack is in his car. Grinning.

Jemima waves at him.

EMMA

I have to go.

Burning with embarrassment, Emma hangs up and walks straight into the house. Closing the door behind her.

JACK

Think she'll be coming out?

JEMIMA

Would *you*?

INT. EMMA'S DESK / MARKETING DEPARTMENT - DAYS LATER

Emma is on the phone with Lissy; perusing the on line version of the Seattle weekly *THE STRANGER'S* night life section.

EMMA-INTO THE PHONE

I am such an idiot! How am I going to impress a millionaire!?

LISSY-OVER THE PHONE

Just be yourself.

EMMA-INTO THE PHONE

That's not a suggestion. That's you working while you humor me.

LISSY-OVER THE PHONE

You're right, I should wing this deposition for a young mother who stole food for her kids, to help you with this--

On Emma, taken aback. When you put it *that* way.

EMMA-INTO THE PHONE

Well I think we both know where your priorities lie, Counselor.

Emma hangs up. Looking around... who can help?

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT / PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma enters Paul's office. Paul looks up from his desk.

EMMA

Theoretical question?

PAUL

Shoot.

EMMA

When you're a little brand going up against a very established brand-- when you can't compete financially, how do you... frame your campaign?

Paul considers.

PAUL

Give people something they've never *thought* of. Farther from their normal lives, the better. Jack and Pete built a brand by setting up skate-parks where guys in offices could tear it up on their lunch hour.

Emma smiles. As it dawns on her...

EMMA

Thank you, Paul.

PAUL

Good to see you so engaged, Emma.

INT. TAXI - A WEEK LATER - NIGHT

Emma and Jack travel in the back of a taxi through dark, industrial streets.

EMMA
It's very underground. Trust me--
you're gonna love it.

Jack eyes the empty streets. Skeptical.

Emma spots the warehouse.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Here it is!

The taxi pulls to a stop.

JACK
You sure?

EMMA
It's gonna blow your mind.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Jack eyes the dark street, the taxi's tail-lights receding.

JACK
It's pretty quiet out here.

EMMA
That's the point. It's still way
below the radar. Very word of mouth.

Emma leads Jack to the hole in the fence.

MOMENTS LATER

As they walk through the moonlit yard, Emma is getting worried. Shouldn't she see people by now?

Emma and Jack crawl through the debris-strewn doorway...

Through a small, dark OUTER ROOM...

INT. INNER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

And into the massive inner room, which Emma is horrified to find *utterly empty*.

EMMA
What the hell?

Jack, baffled, looks around the cavernous space.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I swear there's this amazing party
tonight. The location of which...
(mortified)
Must *change*.

Emma looks around the dank room.

Her spirits *dying*.

Jack, stepping over a stained mattress, makes a very noble
effort not to laugh.

Insult to Emma's injury.

EXT. YARD OUTSIDE ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Humiliated, Emma gets off the phone as she walks quickly
toward the street. But Jack lingers -- staring back at the
empty building.

EMMA

The taxi will get us two blocks over--
there's a Seven Eleven there. And
Jemima got us a table at this cool
restaurant by her gallery--

JACK

You sure? I bet that roof has an
amazing view.

Emma breaks. The failure of the night boiling up--

EMMA

You don't have to *spin* this, Jack.
I am aware of how this looks.

JACK

What do you mean?

EMMA

Your idea of a good time is the French
Riviera, yacht parties, celebrity
DJs... And I brought you to an empty
warehouse that smells like pee.

Jack stares at her intently. Not laughing.

JACK

Do you always do that?

EMMA

What?

JACK

Be sarcastic or self-deprecating--
when something makes you vulnerable?

On Emma, considering.

EMMA

Yes. I probably do.
(disarmed)
I just really wanted to surprise you
tonight, Jack.

JACK

Since you sat by me on that plane--
you haven't *stopped* surprising me.

Emma smiles. Touched.

JACK (CONT'D)

But for someone who claims I've told
them so little, you have a lot of
opinions about what I like to do.

Jack starts walking toward the street.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go to Seven Eleven
then *actually* do something cool.

EXT. ROOF OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emma and Jack sit on the roof of the warehouse, which does
have a great view -- of the vast, twinkling lights of Seattle.
Jack opens a 7-11 bag and takes out two MOON PIES, the super
sweet cake-sandwich.

Emma bites into hers.

EMMA

So good! I don't think I've had one
of these in twenty years.

JACK

That makes me really sad for you.

Emma smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)

Wanna know a secret?

EMMA

What do you think?

Their eyes meet. For Jack, this is hard:

JACK

There's a 7-11 by my old school in Wayne, New Jersey. And late at night last year, I'd buy these, and skate in the playground.

Emma stares at him strangely.

JACK (CONT'D)

On that plane you had me at 'I ran home to my parents' basement.'

EMMA

What?

JACK

In a rec room, where many living room sets have gone to die-- I watched a lot of daytime TV. And was very, very scared.

EMMA

People think you were in Tibet!

JACK

I know. It's awkward.

Emma laughs. Blown away.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know how Pete got Wallop? We were walking past this biker bar. Every guy was twice our size. And there was that dog in a truck-- *roasting* in the sun. Pete just grabbed a two-by-four, smashed the window, and took him. *That* was Pete. This huge heart. Afraid of nothing.

EMMA

It must've been so hard when he died.

On Jack, somber. Considering.

JACK

We never expected Panther to take off. Pete's hippie uncle had invented this drink, said we should come out here and try and sell it as a summer job. That was it... It was just us, trying stuff. The more outrageous the better. And we *could*. Because we had each other to say the only thing that matters when you're trying something that will probably fail.

EMMA

What?

JACK

I believe in you completely.

On Emma, moved.

JACK (CONT'D)

I spent years as the company grew--
imagining how it would all fall apart.
But I *never* imagined having to pull
it off without Pete.

Emma smiles. Taking it in.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're thinking, this guy is *such* a
pussy, right?

EMMA

I'm thinking for the *first* time-- I
get this guy.

Jack smiles. Stares at her, and she at him...

And in that beat of expectant silence--

Jack grabs Emma and KISSES her.

And it's *electric*.

Emma opens her eyes -- as a SET OF HEADLIGHTS enter the yard
below. Then another.

JACK

That, very unfortunately is my ride.
And yours. I have a flight to Madrid.

EMMA

Madrid?

JACK

I have a lunch-- We're trying to
renew Beckham's sponsorship deal.
He's being difficult.

EMMA

You're having lunch with David Beckham
tomorrow?

JACK

And some face time with Panther Spain--
to reassure them I'm not a junkie or
insane. Or in Tibet.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
(heartfelt)
But thank you. For a great night.

EMMA
Oh, this is nothing. Next time I'll
take you to the dump. Or a meat-
packing plant.

Jack laughs. Ever so close to her lips...

JACK
Can I? One more time...?

EMMA
Don't ask.

Emma kisses *him*. Hard. Long, and hungry...

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT / SMALL MEETING ROOM - MORNING

Emma is with Milo in a meeting room, looking at story boards
he has made for the new online clips.

MILO
I can't believe I'm actually getting
paid to direct something.

EMMA
Its about time.

MILO
Thank you, Emma. I mean it.

Emma smiles.

Her cell rings. The screen says: **Jack.**

JACK-INTO PHONE
Hey.

EMMA-INTO PHONE
Mom! How are you?

Milo grins. Curious.

MILO
Tell your mom she should get that
really low man's voice looked at.

Emma moves out of the meeting room, into THE MAIN OFFICE

EMMA-INTO PHONE
How's David?

JACK-OVER PHONE

Fine. How are things on your end?

Emma passes the BOARD ROOM -- where PANTHER STAFFERS assemble samples of a new product.

EMMA-INTO PHONE

R and D's showing us the new meal replacement bar.

JACK-OVER PHONE

You must be so excited.

EMMA-INTO PHONE

Oh yeah, couldn't sleep last night.

Jack laughs.

JACK-INTO PHONE

Gotta go. Beckham's on his way back from the bathroom.

Jack hangs up, as Emma eyes the phone, amazed.

EXT. EMMA'S STREET - DAY

Emma gets off the bus at the foot of her street. Passing the window of the SKY LINE DINER, she is surprised to see Lissy at a booth with Wayne. And clearly, what they're discussing -- thrills them.

Emma enjoys how excited Lissy looks.

She wants to go in, but... opts to give them their privacy. And heads home.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma, fast asleep, is woken by the ringing of her cell phone on the night table. Groggy, she answers.

JACK-OVER THE PHONE

Is it too early to call?

Coming to, Emma smiles. Tries to sound perky.

EMMA-INTO PHONE

No! Just back from my run.

JACK-OVER THE PHONE

You haven't run since eighth grade.

Emma cringes.

JACK-OVER THE PHONE (CONT'D)
I took notes, remember?

EMMA-INTO PHONE
How's Spain?

JACK-OVER THE PHONE
I came back early.

EMMA-INTO PHONE
Why?

JACK-OVER THE PHONE
To take you for breakfast.

Emma sits up. Beaming.

EXT. PIKE PLACE MARKET - THAT MORNING

A bustling, multi-level market in the heart of downtown -- *packed* with TOURISTS. Jack and Emma stand in a crowd watching a FISHMONGER throw huge fresh fish in high arcs over the heads of the crowd -- to another, who packs them in newspaper.

JACK
Why on earth have we come to the
biggest tourist trap in the city for
breakfast?

EMMA
Because as a kid that's what I loved
about it. It's like traveling without
going anywhere. *And* because chances
are very low of running into anyone
from work.

JACK
Yeah, that'd be tricky, wouldn't it?

EMMA
Tricky? Try one text away from being
the only thing anyone is talking
about Monday. Come on--

Emma walks toward the stairs.

EMMA (CONT'D)
The restaurant's upstairs.

INT. PIKE PLACE MARKET / SECOND FLOOR - MORNING

Small booths sell everything from shoes to soap to magic props. Emma leads Jack through the crowded hall towards a grungy Chinese restaurant overlooking the water.

EMMA

It was my family's favorite dim sum
place when I was a kid--

Spotting something -- Emma YANKS Jack behind a pillar in the
middle of the hall.

JACK

What are we doing?

EMMA

We have to get out of here.

JACK

Why?

EMMA

My family-- they're here! They didn't
see us. We can still exit gracefully
if we just get behind a large group
and move with them--

JACK

Graceful might be a stretch.

Emma's cell beeps. It's a text from Kerry: **WE CAN SEE YOU**

EMMA

What the?

Another text: **ALL OF US.**

Emma turns to a perfect reflection of she and Jack behind
the pillar -- in the FUN HOUSE MIRROR by the magic shop.

Another text: **TOTALLY STARING AT YOU**

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ok, I get it!

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT / PIKE PLACE MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Her worlds *colliding*, Emma and Jack squeeze into the way too
tight confines of the table in the busy restaurant with:
Linda, Dale, Nev and Kerry -- whose eyes are locked on Jack.

NEV

Smooth entrance.

LINDA

Kerry and Nev grabbed us on the way
back from golf.

EMMA

Nice. Huh. Everyone, this is--

KERRY

Jack Harper. Jack owns Panther.

Linda and Dale eye each other, surprised.

JACK

Guilty as charged.

Kerry extends her hand to Jack. Which Jack shakes heartily.

KERRY

I'm Kerry, Emma's cousin.

JACK

Emma's told me so much about you.

Kerry eyes Emma -- amazed.

KERRY

Emma didn't tell me she worked so closely with you! I'm not surprised. She's doing so well. As a business owner myself, who's just gone national--

JACK

Congratulations.

KERRY

Thanks! I know it takes the right leadership... so rare, to unlock someone's potential. And Emma's *amazing*. As we've all known for years.

Jack's gaze goes from Kerry to Emma.

JACK

Wow. That was a perfect mix of sucking up to me and being wildly condescending to you.

Kerry's smile dies. So does everyone's at the table.

EMMA

(a warning)

Jack--

JACK

You *have* to say something.

If looks could kill, Emma has just *offed* Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

You cannot let her talk about unlocking *potential*...

EMMA

Jack--

JACK

Because didn't you apply for a job
with her when you were having a rough
time?

EMMA

Shut up.

DALE

What are you talking about?

EMMA

He's confused. That's a story about
a friend of mine.

On Kerry, tense.

KERRY

If you *did* apply for a job with me,
Em-- I'm gonna have a word with my
HR people.

Emma and Kerry's eyes lock. Emma, amazed by her smooth lie.

And Emma breaks--

EMMA

You put a rejection in my purse!

Dale and Linda are shocked.

LINDA

Is that *true*?

Kerry is for once, speechless.

NEV

She was trying to handle an awkward
situation gently. Emma was trying to
use nepotism to get herself a job.

Emma eyes Nev. Years of frustration boiling up...

EMMA

Well, no shit-- Nev. So I wanted a
little nepotism?

Linda eyes Kerry, very disappointed. And Dale looks *pissed*.

DALE

Nepotism?

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

You had no problem with that when we
lent you money to start your company.
(to Emma)
Why didn't you tell us this?

Kerry smiles coolly at Emma. Eying the NEARBY TABLES, at
which people stare at them.

KERRY

You're making a scene.

EMMA

I don't care! I am so sick of not
calling you on your bullshit. You're
amazing, and your life is one glorious
achievement after another. And I try
really hard to be cool with that.
But when someone in your family comes
to you for a crap job when they're
desperate-- what kind of asshole
just doesn't say yes?!

Kerry is shocked. So are Linda, Dale, and Nev.

JACK

Fair question, I think.

EMMA

Let's go, Jack--

Emma rises. Jack awkwardly smiles at Linda and Dale--

JACK

Really nice to meet you.

By the entrance, Emma moves through PEOPLE LINED UP to get a
table...

Then stops. Courage rising.

And turns back. Pushing back through the crowd toward Kerry:

EMMA

And your stalker in high school,
Kerry-- was *me*! And I meant *every*
threatening word!

Now her family is *really* shocked. Her exit *far* more grand.

INT. JACK'S CAR / TRAVELING - DAY

Jack drives as Emma laughs in the passenger seat.

EMMA
You don't understand! I've wanted
to do that for fifteen years!

JACK
Well you did it. You *really* did.

Emma's leans back. Happy.

EMMA
Where are we going?

JACK
Don't know. If you could be anywhere
this weekend-- where would it be?

It's a moment before she speaks...

EMMA
This photographer I love has a show
in New York. I'd take you to see
it.

Jack smiles. Saying nothing.

Which is when Emma realizes where they are heading--

EMMA (CONT'D)
Why are we going to the airport?!

EXT. TARMAC ON PRIVATE RUNWAY - DAY

Emma is nervous, as she and Jack stand on the tarmac staring
up at a small, sleek AIRPLANE.

EMMA
It's very romantic... but as *you*
know-- flying: not my idea of *fun*.

Jack smiles and waves at THE CREW -- as they head toward
them, from a hangar--

JACK
I thought of a way to distract you.

EMMA
Nothing can distract me from being
thirty thousand feet in the air--

Jack, holding a paper bag -- hands it to her.

JACK
Not even these?

Emma looks in at the contents. Amazed, she smiles.

EXT. JACK'S PRIVATE PLANE / TRAVELING - DAWN

The plane glides east over the clouds into a perfect, clear morning...

INT. JACK'S PRIVATE PLANE / TRAVELING - DAWN

In the private cabin, the contents of the brown bag are strewn on the floor: **doctor's scrubs**, a **nurse's uniform**, and **surgical tubing**... and Jack and Emma are cozy under the blankets. Emma, hair askew, still has her nurse's hat on.

EMMA

You're gonna have to talk dirty to me whenever we fly, doctor.

JACK

Good god. We're only over Minnesota and I've run through all my material.

EMMA

Oh come on--

Jack considers. Tries his best to look very stern.

JACK

Ok. In this scenario, you're less a floor nurse. More a research assistant.

EMMA

That could be hot, sure--

Jack clears his throat.

JACK

I'm disappointed in you, Nurse. I checked the blood cultures in your petrie dish-- and your bacterial growth is out of control.

Emma looks at him in distaste.

JACK (CONT'D)

Not doing it for you?

Emma shakes her head.

JACK (CONT'D)

Slacker nurse?

EMMA

Yeah, that sounds good!

JACK

(stern)

If you don't get on the floor and do
your rounds, we're going to lose
another patient.

On Emma, trying not to laugh.

EMMA

You're the worst dirty talker in the
world.

JACK

I am so gonna spank you for that.

EMMA

Great. You're good at *that*!

On the other side of the LOCKED DOOR--

Wallop sleeps by the FLIGHT ATTENDANT, who reads the *New York Times*. As happy squeals come from behind the locked door...

EXT. PRIVATE RUNWAY / MANHATTAN - DAY

New York *in style*. Emma and Jack emerge from the plane -- dashing across the runway to their driver who waits for them.

EXT. CHELSEA - DAY

A gorgeous NY afternoon. Emma and Jack walk arm in arm along 23rd Street in Chelsea -- a strip of galleries. Stopping before the gallery she has come for, Emma regards Jack.

EMMA

One rule. Do not at any point turn
to me and say-- you're good too. You
should try photography again.

JACK

You've thought this out.

EMMA

It's natural, when you're involved
with someone... to give them the
'little engine that could' speech.
But I did not bring you here for
that. I brought you here to show
you something that makes me happy.
And I don't want to feel all awkward
and have to explain to you all the
reasons why you're wrong.

JACK

Promise. Not an encouraging word.

INT. GALLERY ON 23RD STREET / CHELSEA, NYC - DAY

A small gallery. Emma and Jack study intimate PORTRAITS.

Jack studies one of a LITTLE GIRL, perched on a suitcase in a bus station; smiling, mischievous. Emma joins him.

JACK

She's planning something. And its big. To her.

EMMA

That's what he does. Shows you a crack in the surface-- where things start to get interesting.

Jack eyes Emma -- about to say something.

Emma turns to him. Stern.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Don't.

JACK

I just--

EMMA

Because you don't know anything about photography. And people who *do*, didn't see it that way.

JACK

--Wanted to know if you thought I should buy it.

EMMA

Oh.

Jack's phone rings. He eyes it; his face falling.

JACK

Will you excuse me a minute?

Emma nods. Jack exits.

Emma eyes him through the window as he walks across the street - deep in conversation. His expression grave.

EXT. STREET IN CHELSEA - DAY

Emma heads out of the gallery toward Jack up the street. He is off the phone and she can tell something is very wrong...

EMMA

Hey.

Jack looks at her. But doesn't answer.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You all right?

Clearly not. Jack stares at her. Hard. Considering.

JACK

I need to tell you something. Because
it's killing me.

Emma nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

Six weeks ago, in an internal audit,
irregularities were found. That's
why I came back.

(this is hard)

It seems that... Pete overstated the
profits of a number of our foreign
holdings, and funneled cash to a
maze of dodgy offshore banks.

On Emma, *horrified*.

EMMA

Oh my god.

JACK

I don't know if we'll recover half
of what he stole. I just offered
the President of the bank of Macau a
hundred grand bribe-- just to access
Pete's accounts.

EMMA

Is this why you're selling the
bottling plants?

JACK

Yes. Any hard assets we can do
without. To put the cash where it
was supposed to be. You could say
we're making his lies reality. To
cover up what he did.

EMMA

Why?

JACK

The official answer: if the public
gets wind of it, our stock price
takes a serious hit.

(hard)

Between us-- I can't let this be how
he's remembered.

They walk up the busy street, as daylight wanes. And in the
silence, Emma puts her arm in his.

EMMA

I'm so sorry, Jack.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SKYLINE DINER - WEEKS LATER

Autumn in Seattle. Rain patters on the window of the diner
as Jemima, Emma, and Lissy eat sunday brunch.

LISSY

I can't believe your boyfriend is on
Larry King tomorrow.

EMMA

It is a little surreal.

JEMIMA

Your *secret* boyfriend. You guys
have to tell the people you work
with some time, you know--

Wayne passes, coffee pot in hand--

WAYNE

You girls need anything?

LISSY

We're good, thanks.

As Wayne moves off, he winks at Lissy. Which Jemima sees.

JEMIMA

Oh my god. You're sleeping with the
23 year old.

Lissy rolls her eyes.

JEMIMA (CONT'D)

It's so true! I've seen you in here
with him. And the last three fridays
you've been--

(quoty fingers)

Out.

LISSY

People go out on Friday nights.

JEMIMA

You go over contracts Friday nights.

On Lissy, uneasy.

LISSY

Okay. You got me.

But Emma eyes Lissy. *Not* so convinced.

Emma grabs her ringing cell--

EMMA-INTO PHONE

Hello. Of course. I'll be there.

Emma hangs up.

EMMA

That was Artemis. She and Paul want to meet tomorrow. That's weird. Usually she just looks stern and motions toward her office.

JEMIMA

They *so* know.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Emma sits on the couch. Beside Artemis. Paul is at his desk.

ARTEMIS

So...

(grinning)

Harper's on Larry King today--

On Emma, worried. *What* are they getting at?

EMMA

Which is exciting. For *all* of us.

ARTEMIS

Yes, but he's talking about a campaign you're pretty involved in.

Like bequeathing a treasure, Paul hands Emma the new PANTHER BAR, still in generic packaging.

PAUL

This... is for you.

EMMA

The new meal replacement bar?

ARTEMIS

We want you to run with it.

PAUL

We want to make you a brand-manager.

EMMA

Really!?

PAUL

There's a significant pay increase,
of course.

EMMA

I can't believe it. Thank you!

Paul smiles at Emma. So does Artemis.

ARTEMIS

Congratulations!

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Happy, Emma walks toward the board room -- filling with
MARKETERS gathering to watch Jack's interview -- as she talks
on her cell to her mom:

LINDA-OVER THE PHONE

That's amazing honey! And your
sweetie's about to be on Larry King!

EMMA

You didn't tell anyone about him,
did you?

LINDA-OVER THE PHONE

Of course not!

INT. STAFF ROOM AT LINDA'S SCHOOL - DAY

In the staff room at her school, Linda hangs up her cell
phone, amidst A CROWD of her FELLOW TEACHERS around the TV.
A FEW OTHER TEACHERS walk into the room.

LINDA

My daughter's boyfriend-- Jack Harper,
is about to be on Larry King!

Excited, the TEACHERS gather...

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - DAY

As Emma reaches the board room, her phone rings again. Seeing
who it is -- she hangs back for privacy.

The following is INTERCUT between Emma at Panther and Jack in the GREEN ROOM at **The Larry King Show**:

EMMA

Hey? Aren't you going on right away?!

JACK

Yeah. But I have to cancel our plans tonight.

EMMA

Why?

JACK

We located three of Pete's bank accounts in St. Kitts. I'm flying there right after the show.

A cute P.A. peeks into the GREEN ROOM and gives Jack the 'THREE MINUTE' signal. Jack nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

I should go.

EMMA

Wait! Guess what! I'm brand-managing the meal replacement bar.

JACK

Oh...
(a pregnant pause)
That's great.

Emma's elation *dies*.

EMMA

I'm such an idiot. You made them promote me, didn't you?

JACK

No, Emma. That was all you.

But why does she find Jack's tone so *odd*?

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Emma sits in the crowded board room, watching Jack on Larry King, on the large TV.

ON SCREEN: JACK BEING INTERVIEWED BY LARRY KING

LARRY

We're back with Jack Harper, founder of Panther Cola, talking about his
(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)
new campaign to try and woo women to
the energy drink market.

Jack chuckles.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I can say that, can't I?

JACK
Sure. That's exactly what we're
trying to do.

LARRY
With a campaign very different from
the hyper-aggressive image you and
Pete built.

JACK
I disagree. This campaign is about
aggression. Just a more private
kind. A promise to yourself to act
on your secrets-- is about changing
your life. A hell of a lot scarier
than extreme sports, don't you think?

LARRY KING
But you're a big proponent of
authenticity in marketing, right?

JACK
Well, not a lot of CEOs would come
here and talk to you about the new
image they want to build.

LARRY KING
But you and Pete were young ambitious
guys selling something to guys a lot
like you. How can you, Jack Harper,
CEO, understand what it's like to be
someone whose dreams are unrealized?

Jack stares at Larry. Considering.

And his answer, is with conviction--

JACK
Because I know this person. I get
her.

LARRY KING
So who is she?

Jack smiles. Considers. Then speaks with passion.

JACK
She has a killer sense of humor.
Her bedroom's an emporium of all
things ironic.

Emma smiles. Is he talking about *her*?

JACK (CONT'D)
And all that irony-- it's symbolic,
I think. Of doing things sort of
half-ass. Not trying hard enough to
fail, or succeed.

Emma's smile dies...

JACK (CONT'D)
Take the sexual fantasies she has
about one of her best friends-- yet
she never got up the guts to do it
with a girl in college.

Emma is *mortified* -- and trying hard not to show it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Or how she likes that she just got
promoted-- but not the new job itself.

Around the table, Emma's colleagues look at her strangely.

Especially Artemis and Paul.

JACK (CONT'D)
But see, here's the rub. Once she
did try something she cared about.
But then things got bad, and she
fell into a dark hole in her parents'
basement, lined with years of self
doubt, years of fearing her family
isn't proud of her...

Connor stares at Emma. Indignant.

CONNOR
Oh my god. It's true! You're banging
Harper!

On Emma, horrified -- as now EVERY MARKETER in the room stares
at her.

JACK
...And with an amazing ability to be
the punch line of her own jokes, and
a little Lexipro-- she lowered the
bar for herself.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Took a job at a place, that when
she's *honest*-- she calls a soul-less
corporate abyss.

PAUL

Ouch.

A sentiment echoed by MARKETERS across the room.

JACK

But this woman has passion, Larry.
And this unique take on the world.
I've seen it. Tragedy is, it's spent
pissing around. Photo-shopping Hitler
into pictures with senior staff.

Stifled laughter around the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

And-- making up literature for the
fake non-profit she invented to *get*
that job she can't stand.

Paul stares at Emma, amazed. Betrayed.

She *can't* look at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

And though it may fail, Larry, I
think she really owes it to herself
to try what she loves again. *That's*
what the new Panther is about.

LARRY

Well, that's quite specific.

JACK

Marketing is *about* specificity.

As LARRY KING cuts to a commercial break--

Emma looks around at her colleagues, who stare at her.

And in the fraught silence, Emma rises. Humiliated.

EMMA

Excuse me.

And leaves the room...

ARTEMIS

What was with the Hitler reference?

The entire room of Marketers look *anywhere* but at Artemis.

INT. PANTHER COLA / ELEVATOR - DAY

Emma rides the elevator with two PANTHER WOMEN from another department.

PANTHER WOMAN ONE
Who d'you think she is?

PANTHER WOMAN TWO
Apparently some low-level person in marketing.

Panther Woman One chuckles.

PANTHER WOMAN TWO (CONT'D)
You know Harper. He studies people.
That's how he gets his ideas.

PANTHER WOMAN ONE
You think he was *studying* her?

PANTHER WOMAN TWO
Come on. The guy could have *anyone*.
And he kicked ass in the interview.

Emma, burned, suffers. Her eyes -- welling up.

INT. THE GIRLS LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Emma, distraught, sits with Lissy and Jemima -- who is *fuming*.
Much wine consumed.

JEMIMA
He's not going to get away with this!

EMMA
I can't believe he told America I
made up a fake non-profit.

LISSY
About that-- why didn't you just use
a real one?

Emma looks at her. Realizing.

EMMA
I didn't even *think* of that.

JEMIMA
I mean-- who does he think he is?!

EMMA
He's Jack Harper and I'm a girl he
screwed on his plane.

JEMIMA

I was worried about this! The power differential is just way too big.

(intense)

Love is *all* about power. And *never* letting him get the upper hand--

Emma and Lissy eye Jemima. Who feels she's said too much.

LISSY

That's way too screwed up to unpack right now. But Em, Jack spoke very passionately about you. And I think he said things that were... the product of much thought.

JEMIMA

Aw-- Jack Harper peered into her soul and saw something. How totally condescending of him. That *truth* Lissy, that's *hers*. Not his-- to use to connect with an audience.

EMMA

She's *right* Lissy.

TIME CUT -- A LITTLE LATER

Emma, more drunk, fills her glass, as Lissy checks the messages on the land line -- in the kitchen.

LISSY

(hollering)

Your parents called again. And your gran, who's freaking out about the Lexipro. And Jack-- twice more from the plane.

JEMIMA

He can just keep calling, can't he!

Jemima, making sure Lissy is out of earshot, looks at Emma:

JEMIMA (CONT'D)

By the way-- I'm totally cool with the sexual fantasy thing.

EMMA

Dreams, not fantasies. Very different. And they weren't about you.

JEMIMA

What?! That's sick. Who wants to do Lissy?

Lissy enters, smiling--

LISSY

One more person than wants to do you
in this house. I knew it was me.

Emma moves over to let Lissy sit on the couch.

But Lissy takes the chair.

LISSY (CONT'D)

I'm good here. I don't want to give
you the wrong idea.

EMMA

You're serious.

LISSY

Half. Am I *good* in these dreams?

On Emma, mortified.

EMMA

Jack Harper ruined my life!
(quiet, in anguish)
You know... I spent so long thinking:
why me? But that was the *point*. I
was Jack Harper's authentic way in
to *ordinary*. I was the guided tour.

JEMIMA

(with *fury*)
And he is gonna regret making you
feel *that* for the rest of his life.

For once, Emma appreciates Jemima's anger.

LISSY

The hypocrisy is what gets me. The
guy *disappeared* for a year. Did he
tell America where he was?

Emma glances at Lissy. Anger rising. No *shit*.

EMMA

His parents' basement in New Jersey.

Lissy and Jemima look at her. Amazed.

JEMIMA

What kind of secret is that?

EMMA

I thought it was pretty good actually.

JEMIMA

Well it isn't one we can use.

Emma pours herself more wine, now very looped.

EMMA

Okay... want a secret? Pete Lawson
was *not* who everyone thinks he was.

Jemima and Lissy stare at her. Now they're listening.

INT. THE GIRL'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Emma, very hung over, dressed for work, quietly opens Jemima's door. Looks down at her sleeping friend. Taps her foot.

Jemima groans.

EMMA

The stuff I told you about Pete-- I
shouldn't have done that. I was
pretty hammered. It needs to stay
between us. You know that, right?

Jemima nods. Turns to the wall.

But as Emma closes the door, Jemima opens her eyes.

Pissed off all over again.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Emma steps off the elevator to the ultimate WALK OF SHAME.
Her Colleagues stare at her. Some openly. Some more discrete.
But no-one *doesn't* look.

Then Emma spots--

On the wall of a COLLEAGUE'S CUBICLE

A copy of her M.A.R.Y. pamphlet

Annoyed, Emma rips it down, as the Marketers snicker.

But, in another cubicle -- is another M.A.R.Y. pamphlet.

Staring around her, she sees MANY COPIES, on MANY CUBICLES.

EMMA

Hilarious, guys.

Humiliated, Emma walks to her desk.

Where there is a M.A.R.Y. 'collection box.'

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma enters. Paul looks up from his desk. *Cool.*

EMMA
About my volunteer work, or lack
thereof--

PAUL
Dark, Corrigan. I wondered why I
couldn't find M.A.R.Y. on-line.

EMMA
I'm so sorry.

PAUL
I'm glad we gave to the ASPCA.

EMMA
Me too.

PAUL
And not your fake organization. For
fake kids.

Emma nods, ashamed. Paul eyes a M.A.R.Y. pamphlet. *Mournful.*

EMMA
Is there any disciplinary action you
want to take?

PAUL
You're banging my boss. We both
know you're bullet proof.

EMMA
Was. There'll be no more banging.
And it's not like that.

A SLAM on the glass makes Emma turn to see Artemis, fuming --
the photo of her with Hitler against the glass.

PAUL
Oh shit.

Artemis enters.

ARTEMIS
What part of me and Hitler on a ski
lift is funny to you?

On Emma, dying. What to say?

Paul tries to keep a straight face.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D)

Paul? All the times you saw this and said nothing-- what about it was funny to you?

PAUL

Not one part really. More the whole idea.

Dismissing him with a withering look, Artemis glares at Emma.

EMMA

(genuine)
I'm so sorry.

ARTEMIS

(hurt)
I took you under my wing. I took you to *lunch*. And this is what I get?

Artemis drops the photo and speeds through the department...

EMMA

Artemis!

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Miserable, Emma walks to her desk and eyes her new name-plate that reads:

EMMA CORRIGAN, BRAND MANAGER

Connor walks by--

CONNOR

That's *one* way to get a promotion.

Mortified, Emma hears LAUGHTER from nearby cubicles.

Emma, hurt, glares at Connor striding away--

EMMA

Wait to kick someone when they're down, Connor! I am so not picking the phone up anymore when you're drunk and want some.

Connor turns back. The eyes of the whole department on *him*.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And for future reference: if a woman compares her G-spot to a bedding plant-- you *haven't* found it! She just wants you to stop slamming her head into the arm of the couch!

Shocked silence. Connor stares at her in disbelief.

Then Emma sees Rachel gazing in horror *behind* Emma.

Emma turns--

To see... her parents, who stand AWKWARDLY in the aisle.

LINDA

When you wouldn't return our calls--

DALE

We thought we should check in.

INT. SOME FIRKIN BAR - DAY - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

A pub near Panther. Emma sits with her parents in a booth over beer. Mortified. She breaks the silence--

EMMA

Yes, I had sex with Connor. For like a year. No, he was not my boyfriend.
(pained)
Nor did he ever want to be.

DALE

You're an adult, Em. That's not our business. We're here because of what Jack said on TV... about you not thinking we're proud of you. Honey, we're so proud of you.

LINDA

So proud!

DALE

When you had those big meetings in New York, I told everyone at work!

On Emma, *burning*--

EMMA

There was no big meeting in New York, dad. I made that up. I wanted you to think I had my shit together-- after all I put you through last year.

LINDA

Put us through?

DALE

You came home. You moped. As we learned on Larry King, you went on an antidepressant. Your gran's quite upset about that, by the way--

LINDA

Honey, we had no idea Kerry made you feel so *many* things. Maybe we turned a blind eye, because of her mom.

DALE

I think we did. And I'm so sorry.

LINDA

I'm sorry too.

Emma is touched. This, so long-coming...

EMMA

And I should have *said* things.

Dale leans over and gives Emma's shoulders a squeeze.

DALE

We all have secrets. You know how I was home-schooled in the ninth grade?

LINDA

Sure.

Dale looks at Linda. Getting up the guts.

DALE

I wasn't. I was in a youth detention center-- for setting some sheds in my neighborhood on fire.

Linda and Emma stare at him -- amazed.

DALE (CONT'D)

I was working some things out.

LINDA

I can't believe you never told me!

DALE

I was afraid to.

Emma starts laughing. *Losing* it. Linda starts laughing too...

Then Emma isn't laughing anymore... she's tearing up.

DALE (CONT'D)

What, Em?

EMMA

Nothing. No... Truth? I bought it. I bought *him*. Jack Harper was using me to sell an energy drink. And I thought I was falling in love.

Dale puts his arm around Emma. As Linda reaches across the table and holds her hand.

INT. WAITING ROOM / LISSY'S LAW FIRM - DAYS LATER

Lissy walks through an office of busy lawyers, emerging in the WAITING ROOM -- very surprised to see -- Jack waiting for her. He rises.

JACK

Please. Hear me out?

Lissy tries very hard to glare at him.

Which does not come easy to her.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL YARD OUTSIDE AN OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emma and Lissy make their way through another moonlit industrial yard where PUNK ROCK kids mill about. But this time, Lissy greets some of them.

EMMA

Have you been coming to these on your own?

But Lissy, preoccupied, scans the dark yard...

EMMA (CONT'D)

Lissy?

Because she has spotted him first--

LISSY

I'll meet you inside.

Emma, puzzled, watches Lissy dash off.

As, through the darkness -- Jack approaches.

EMMA

What the hell are you doing here!?
Wow, that really sucks of Lissy--

JACK

I messed up, Emma. Big time.

EMMA

You used me for research. And
humiliated me on national television.
Own it, Jack. And leave me alone.

JACK

Research? No!
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

After your blanket rejection of
'little engine that could' speeches--
I figured I had to shake you up to
make you listen.

(somber)

But I got carried away.

EMMA

You *think*? You told my secrets to
millions of people!

JACK

Carried away is an understatement.
Look... I was walking into the studio
after you told me about your
promotion, and I was hit by the fact
that if I hadn't been on that plane,
you might have quit. You couldn't
care less about marketing! And what
if because of me... you stay in a
life that has nothing to do with who
you are?

Jack takes out his wallet and retrieves the very crumpled
COCKTAIL NAPKIN from the plane.

JACK (CONT'D)

I keep this in my wallet. Not for
research purposes-- well, at first
yes, but... Because sometimes in the
midst of all the crap going on with
what Pete did, I look at this stupid
napkin. And it makes me happy.
Because *these*-- are the secrets of
the most interesting person I know.
Who...

(hard)

I believe in completely.

Okay so Emma is moved. A little.

EMMA

Please. You know David Beckham.

JACK

David Beckham doesn't send threatening
letters to members of his family.
Or fight kids. Or lie about being a
long distance runner-- And he
certainly isn't the person I'm falling
in love with.

On Emma, struck. Reeling--

EMMA
(smiling)
Screw you, Jack Harper.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emma and Jack walk into the massive moonlit room where PUNK ROCK KIDS cluster around the band.

JACK
You're right. It *is* a good party.

EMMA
Isn't it? Let's find Lissy.

Emma and Jack push into the crowd.

EMMA (CONT'D)
She'll be near the front.

Then Emma stops. Amazed. Because...

The 'band' in the center of the crowd -- ***is Lissy.***

With Wayne, on drums.

Lissy sings a Punk version of something we recognize. Something unexpected. With her pearls, Wayne's beat-up guitar, and her hair, low over her face, she kisses the microphone.

And *is very punk rock.*

Emma stares at Lissy. Amazed. So does Jack.

JACK
Does she do this often?

EMMA
In her mind. All the time.

She looks at Jack in the dark. Smiling. He grabs her hand.

Her heart, as their hands touch -- *racing.*

Emma's phone rings. The screen reads: Jemima.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Jemima *has* to see this. Just a sec--

Emma fights her way out of the crowd, to answer the phone.

EMMA-INTO PHONE
You have to get here *now!*

Excited, Jemima says something inaudible...

EMMA-INTO PHONE (CONT'D)
Just wait-- I can't hear you!

Emma moves farther from the crowd...

JEMIMA-OVER PHONE
I got your revenge on Jack Harper!

EMMA-INTO PHONE
What are you talking about?

JEMIMA-OVER PHONE
I told my friend at Gawker about
Pete. You've got to see the article.

Emma hangs up. Drops the phone to her side.

In disbelief.

Emma walks, with dread, to Jack, in the crowd, watching Lissy.

His smile, when he turns to her -- *kills* her.

EMMA
I have to tell you something.

Emma leads Jack to a dark corner, away from the crowd.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Jemima...
(this, so hard)
told her friend at Gawker about Pete.

On Jack -- *horrified*.

JACK
What *about* Pete?

EMMA
My guess-- everything you told me.

Jack looks like he's been punched.

JACK
How *could* you?

EMMA
I'm so sorry. I was so hurt. I really
thought you used me. Can you blame
me? Who'd believe that of all the
people you could have, you'd choose
me!?

Jack's anger rises.

JACK
You couldn't. That's the problem.
You know, Emma-- there's this fine
line between self-deprecating...
(hard)
And just not taking yourself
seriously.

On Emma, taken aback.

JACK (CONT'D)
And you cross it. All the time.
And *that* is so grating. And toxic.
Because if you'd just held a beat,
and believed the guy you've been
seeing for weeks could actually *care*
about you--

Jack's phone is ringing. Grave, he gets it--

JACK-INTO HIS PHONE
Yes, I'm aware of the situation.
Yes, I know how bad it is.

Jack is so angry, he's shaking.

About to speak, he stops.

JACK
(hard)
Good bye, Emma.

Jack heads out of the warehouse. And Emma watches him go...
Devastated.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT / BOARD ROOM - DAYS LATER

Emma, suffering the fire storm she has unleashed, sits in
the room packed with Marketers. The mood, grim.

PAUL
Focus on the offensive. Every nasty
article you read about Pete-- turn
it into fire in your belly--

Connor is whispering with a few other Marketers.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Question, Connor?

CONNOR

Is it a bad time to talk about our
stock options?

The Marketers, whispering amongst themselves, *clearly* wonder
the same thing.

But Rachel's question is more emotional--

RACHEL

I know our job is just to get people
to buy an energy drink. But Pete
was stealing. I don't know about you
guys-- but I woke up this morning
thinking that really sucks.

The whispering in the room says they agree. And Paul -- master
of spin, is at a loss for words.

On Emma, feeling sick.

INT. JACK'S PLANE - DAY

In the cabin of Jack's plane, Jack sits with members of his
legal team. Strategizing.

But for a moment, their voices die out...

As a *New York Times* article on the table catches Jack's eye.
The headline, above the familiar picture of he and Pete, by
the van with their skateboards, is:

JERSEY BOYS DONE GOOD. OR DID THEY?

At his feet, Wallop sits.

Suffering, lost in thought, Jack reaches down to pet him.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The TV box is in her room, Emma in it. As Lissy peeks inside.

LISSY

You're going to have to come out of
there some time.

Emma, a wreck, does not answer.

LISSY (CONT'D)

Jemima found an apartment.

EMMA

I don't want to talk about Jemima.

LISSY
She tried contacting Jack again--

EMMA
(hard)
So have I.

Lissy nods. She knows. Heads for the door.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Do you think I don't take myself
seriously?

LISSY
Do you really want me to answer that
while you're lying in a box?

Emma crawls out of the box.

LISSY (CONT'D)
Honest?

EMMA
Yes.

LISSY
I think moving to New York took a
lot of courage. And when it fell
apart, you got scared. I think it
was easier to say you failed and
make fun of yourself for that-- than
figure out how to try again. And as
your best friend since we were
thirteen... yes. I think it's a cop-
out.

On Emma, taken aback. Somber.

EMMA
Thank you, Lissy.

Then Emma crawls back in the box. And as we move in on Emma's
face... the impact of Lissy's words are apparent...

She is right.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT / PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma arrives at work. The department bustling. She passes
her desk and heads for PAUL'S OFFICE

Paul glances up from his desk as she enters.

PAUL
Hey.

This is hard. Really hard...

EMMA
I quit, Paul.

On Paul, very surprised.

PAUL
Jumping ship, huh?

EMMA
I kind of sunk the ship. Or at least,
bore a good sized hole in the hull.

PAUL
What are you talking about? The
past few months, you kicked ass.

EMMA
Yeah, but that was mostly about the
boss I was banging.

Emma walks out of the office. As Paul watches her.

INT. EMMA'S DESK / MARKETING DEPARTMENT - DAY

As Milo and Rachel look on, Emma packs up the contents of
her desk in a box.

RACHEL
We'll miss you.

Emma looks over to see Artemis powering by -- sternly.

MILO
Some of us will.

EMMA
I'll miss you too.

From under her desk, Emma gets the **Hershey's Kiss**.

Unwraps it.

MILO
You're *not* gonna eat that--

EMMA
Oh, yes I am.

As Emma heads for the elevator, she puts the chocolate in
her mouth. And yes, it's stale. And as she chews, her teeth
encounter something that might be ant eggs...

But she eats the whole thing.

INT. BUS / TRAVELING - DAY

Emma sits on the bus, her box from work in her lap.

The tension of the last horrible week -- breaks open. She starts to cry. A HEAVY SET WOMAN beside her, passes her a tissue.

Grateful, Emma tries to smile.

But just cries *harder*.

HEAVY SET WOMAN

You okay?

Between sloppy sniffles, Emma nods.

HEAVY SET WOMAN (CONT'D)

Because, you know-- sometimes it can help to talk to a stranger.

Through her tears, Emma looks at the woman.

Struck by her words.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - DAY

Tears dried, Emma rushes into her room and puts down her box of office stuff.

She paces, excited. An idea blooming in her mind.

She flips on her laptop. Intent.

Brings up CRAIGSLIST.

And begins to compose an ad. Growing more excited as she writes, her fingers fly--

The title she gives it:

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?

Then, eyeing the ad with anticipation, Emma hits **send**.

Putting it out to the world...

And... turning to the TV box, she **kicks** it flat.

Hauls it out of her room...

EXT. FANCY HOUSE ON THE WATER - NIGHT

With trepidation, Emma rings the doorbell of a posh house by the water.

Kerry opens the door, very surprised to see Emma.

INT. KERRY AND NEV'S SPACIOUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma is with Kerry in her spacious kitchen.

EMMA

I'm sorry about the stalker thing.
I shouldn't have scared you like
that.

Kerry laughs. Chilly.

KERRY

I wasn't scared. I knew it was you.

EMMA

You did?

KERRY

I recognized your hand writing. And
whenever I saw Jemima, she'd give me
the finger, so... I kind of figured.

EMMA

But you went to the police!

KERRY

I know. It made me feel like a rock
star.

Kerry softens.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Look-- I was a needy kid. And I was
really jealous of you.

EMMA

Of *me*?

KERRY

Yeah! Your folks are awesome. Your
friends...

(embarrassed)

D'you know when I'm in a restaurant
alone, sometimes I pretend to talk
on my cell with *my* friends-- Lissy
and Jemima.

On Emma, taken aback.

EMMA

That is so weird. And you can *have*
Jemima.

KERRY

I can't help if I do things well,
Emma. I'm very driven.

With humility--

EMMA

I know you are Kerry. Which is why I
want you to do something for me.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. KERRY CORRIGAN DESIGNS - DAY

ON SCREEN: SIX MONTHS LATER

We move through Kerry's bustling design studio. To find Emma,
staring intently at a computer screen at a WORK STATION.

But as we see the screen -- we see she is checking her email
inbox: *filled* with responses to her **CRAIGSLIST AD.**

She grins, perusing one she finds intriguing.

Jots a note to herself about it.

DISGRUNTLED DESIGNER

What are you doing on my computer!?

A DISGRUNTLED DESIGNER approaches.

EMMA

Sorry!

Emma quickly closes out of her email, and grabs an armful of
cardboard tubes that hold design plans -- handing him one.

DISGRUNTLED DESIGNER

This is an hour late!

ANOTHER DESIGNER shoots the Disgruntled Designer a glance.

ANOTHER DESIGNER

Easy. That Kerry's cousin-- She
goes ballistic if you hassle her.

Emma moves off -- dropping more tubes on other WORK STATIONS.

EMMA-V.O.

I am far more up front these days
about when I'm calling it in.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET IN SEATTLE - NIGHT

Emma walks up a street, lugging too much camera equipment. She stops. Consults an address jotted on a scrap of paper.

Looking around, she sees:

A BILLBOARD. Huge, lit up... Of an OFFICE WORKER, at a desk, smiling like she has a secret. And below her desk -- sits a **CAN OF PANTHER COLA**.

Emma eyes the billboard. Smiling, sadly.

EMMA-V.O.

There are even moments when I grasp
the power of marketing.

Picking up the camera equipment, Emma walks up the street. With resolve.

INT. A WOMAN STRANGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An upscale living room. Emma, *very focused*, checks the frame on a camera mounted on a tripod. Then snaps some shots of the **BLACK WOMAN IN HER FIFTIES**, whose home this is.

BLACK WOMAN IN HER FIFTIES

I can't believe I'm doing this!

As the woman giggles, Emma adjusts a light set up nearby.

BLACK WOMAN IN HER FIFTIES (CONT'D)

Whatever gave you the *idea*?

Emma smiles, reframes the shot.

Intent on the task -- like we have *never* seen her.

EMMA

This guy.

INT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Emma snaps shots of a **VERY PROPER BUSINESSMAN** in a suit.

VERY PROPER BUSINESSMAN

So what happened with him?

Emma snaps a few more shots. Then regards the stranger.

EMMA

For a while, it was great. Then it ended. Horribly.

VERY PROPER BUSINESSMAN
So are you over him?

EMMA
Yeah.

EMMA-V.O.
Okay, so I still tell the occasional
lie to keep *certain* secrets.

EXT. STREET IN BALLARD - DAY

On a bright spring day, Emma walks up to Jemima's gallery.
Through the window, she watches Jemima -- alone, on a step-
ladder, hanging a painting.

INT. JEMIMA HUNTER GALLERY - DAY

Emma enters the gallery. We now see she has a portfolio.

EMMA
Hi Jemima. How've you been?

Very surprised, Jemima climbs off the ladder. Speechless...
nervous...

EMMA (CONT'D)
Actually, I know how you are. I ask
Lissy all the time.

Jemima smiles.

JEMIMA
Me too. I'm so sorry, Emma--

EMMA
I didn't come to talk about all that.
I've been working on this thing, and
I want your honest opinion.

Emma sets the portfolio on a table.

JEMIMA
Honesty isn't my problem.

Emma nods. *Knows.*

EMMA
You know where to find me.

Jemima watches Emma walk out of the gallery, up the street.

Then Jemima opens the portfolio. Studies the contents.

Getting somber. *Disconcerted.*

EXT. STREET IN BALLARD - MINUTES LATER

As Emma walks up the street, her cell phone rings. She answers--

JEMIMA-OVER PHONE

Who the hell are you talking to!?

EMMA-INTO PHONE

What?

JEMIMA-OVER PHONE

White Gallery won't do shit, and if Sorenson's trying to woo you, no matter what he says he's totally cut off in Europe--

EMMA

What are you talking about?

Emma hears footsteps behind her. She turns to -- Jemima, breathless, running after her -- on her cell.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Are you saying you like them?

Jemima looks very serious.

JEMIMA

I love them. I mean, I have thoughts--
But I can *sell* these!

INT. JEMIMA HUNTER GALLERY - WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

Emma, in an elegant dress, washes her hands before the mirror in the bathroom of the gallery. One of the STALLS opens, and a BLACK WOMAN, 35, joins her at the sink.

BLACK WOMAN

I have my mom's narrowed down to three. But she won't tell me. Can you just give me a hint?

EMMA

(smiling)
Absolutely not.

INT. JEMIMA HUNTER GALLERY / MAIN SPACE - NIGHT

Emma exits the bathroom into the main room of Jemima's gallery, where a crowded art opening is underway. *Hers.*

In letters across the back wall:

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?

On one wall, simple, framed blurbs of text.

Secrets like:

Every night I pee in my rude neighbor's pool.

And:

I stuck pins through dad's condoms, so I'd get a brother. And it worked!

And some, we might recognize:

I want the courage to be with a guy and not care who has the upper hand. Because at 28, I've never been in love.

And on the opposite wall, the **PORTRAITS**:

Of the people to whom the secrets belong.

Lots are STRANGERS.

But there are also:

Lissy, in a neat suit, holding up her hair to show three new piercings on her ear.

Kerry, in a restaurant, alone amidst tables of women chatting.

And in the crowded art gallery -- mingle people we know:

Like Milo and Cassie, quite cozy, chatting with Rachel and even Artemis.

Lissy and Wayne chat by a secret that reads:

I am banging a 23 year old. And it is awesome.

Emma walks through the crowd to Linda and Dale.

LINDA

Look at the turnout!

DALE

We are so damn proud of you, honey.

Near them, a PORTRAIT OF DALE: by their garden shed, winking -- with a lit match.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Kerry leads Nev to the WALL OF SECRETS.

NEV
What kind of weirdo would do *that*?

The secret he's talking about:

**I have fake phone conversations with friends I
wish I had.**

Kerry, annoyed, glares at Nev.

NEV (CONT'D)
So which one's yours, babe?

KERRY
None of your business.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Emma approaches Paul, studying the haunting PORTRAIT OF
JEMIMA: sexy in her bra, but very alone in her double bed.

PAUL
Making a living with this?

EMMA
No. Not yet.

Paul smiles. Impressed.

PAUL
A certain soul-less corporate abyss
might have freelance photography
work if you're in a pinch.

EMMA
(touched)
Thanks Paul.

Suddenly, Emma sees **Wallop**, wandering through the crowd...

And her heart POUNDS.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh my god!

PAUL
I want credit for that. I sent around
three inter-office memos.

Grinning at Paul, she moves off, scanning the crowd...

Where is he?

And there he is. Jack stares at her. He looks tired; the
past months apparent in his face.

His expression... **neutral**.

JACK
Congratulations, Emma.

EMMA
Thank you, Jack. How have you been?

JACK
Red Bull beat us last quarter.

EMMA
I'm so sorry.

JACK
Me too. I've been so mad at you.
And Pete. And her.

Jack looks over at Jemima, who tries a friendly wave, then thinking better of it, dashes off.

EMMA
I can't imagine.

JACK
But maybe I know what it's like to
do something wrong-- to protect
someone you love.

Emma smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
And sometimes, lately... I can go a
whole day, not wanting to beat up my
dead best friend. And just miss him.

Jack eyes her. Intense.

JACK (CONT'D)
And there were times in the shit
storm of the last six months-- when
I was glad you made me come clean
about what he did.

Emma smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
Which is maybe the point, right?

EMMA
Of what?

JACK
The story.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Girl gets on a plane and tells a guy her secrets. He forces her to act on them. And she... to act on his. And then...

In his face, forgiveness.

JACK (CONT'D)

They're both better for it.

Emma smiles sadly. This, so not the ending she wanted.

EMMA

I should stop drunk-dialing you.

JACK

I should stop watching you fight the kid on YouTube.

EMMA

You do that?

Jack looks around at the portraits...

JACK

There's a lot of weird, unsettling things you don't know about me. In college, my girlfriend said I had womanly hands.

EMMA

But you have quite muscular hands.

JACK

Because ever since-- I've done hand exercises. With little weights.

Emma smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)

And when I hear certain classic rock songs from the '80s-- I imagine I've been in a plane crash and saved all these people. And as I machete out of the dense foliage leading the wounded, CNN is there and I say to Christine L'Amanpour, "I just did what *anyone* would do in these circumstances."

Emma laughs. *Melting.*

JACK (CONT'D)

And I would really like to *not* see a
jazz show with you. And to not go
running with you on a Saturday
morning, but tell everyone we did.

On Emma -- her heart *leaping*.

JACK (CONT'D)

And have champagne appear. Every
day. Wherever we are.

EMMA

That's a *lot* of champagne--

JACK

Shut-up, Emma. I'm trying to be
romantic.

Then Jack kisses Emma. And she him.

Long and hard, and hungry.

Until he pulls away, whispering. His lips grazing her ear.

JACK (CONT'D)

And I so want to talk dirty to you.

Emma laughs.

EMMA

No, Jack. *Not* that. Don't ever do
that.

Then Jack and Emma go back to kissing...

THE END

As across the gallery *MANY MORE* secrets are revealed...