

WORKING GIRL



"WORKING GIRL"

by

Kevin Wade

Director: Mike Nichols

Producer: Douglas Wick

Executive Producer: Laurence Mark

"WORKING GIRL"

FADE IN

1 EXT. STATEN ISLAND HEIGHTS - A SERIES OF SHOTS - 1
EARLY MORNING

IN CLOSE ON FEET, one pair of them, padding quickly down a hill in well-worn, rain-soaked running shoes.

INCLUDING LEGS, nice ones, trotting. Her hand reaches down and yanks up a sagging stretch of stocking.

ALL OF THERESA MCGILL, TESS to her friends, a secretary in her late twenties. Very appealing looks, nothing rooty-tooty, and sexy in her way. She is balancing umbrella and newspaper and bag and practically juggling as she races for:

REVERSE ANGLE, sweeping, and we SEE she's headed towards a slowly-moving throng, hundreds of commuters surging into the gaping jaws of the Staten Island Ferry, huddling against the rain and the gray morning.

PULLING BACK FROM Tess, as she presses into the masses.

CUT TO:

2 INT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - SAME 2

Tess and CYN, her fellow secretary and best friend, short spiky haircut and a substantial amount of makeup, crammed together on the ferry. Tess is clutching a bunch of flowers and Cyn is lighting a match set in a Hostess Twinkie. She starts singing "Happy Birthday" in a strong borough twang. One or two other COMMUTERS join in the song but the great majority start to grumble, some quite audibly. Tess smiles gamely and blows out the match. The HORN SOUNDS LOUDLY. Everyone jostles for the exits.

CUT TO:

3 INT. PETTY, MARSH AND CO. - LOBBY - LATER 3

The teeming, cavernous lobby of the world's largest brokerage house.

Tess is balancing on one leg at the elevator bank, changing from her running shoes to pumps she's taken out of the bag. Cyn is next to her, holding the flowers. The elevator arrives. She is almost run over as the crowd piles on.

CUT TO:

4 INT. OFFICE - RETAIL BROKERAGE SECTION - SAME 4

A few thousand square feet crowded with rows of work stations stacked with computer screens and quotron monitors and phone

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

banks and whirring fans, manned and womanned by young MEN AND WOMEN who move around at a fever pitch, their SECRETARIES shoulder to shoulder with them, trying to keep up. A fluorescent-lit, computer-age Dickensian counting house. DAVID LUTZ, one of Tess' bosses, sharply-dressed and sharky-looking, is talking rapidly into the phone and popping Mylantas like beer nuts.

LUTZ

(into phone)

You're gonna love this girl, I'm telling you, she's lean and undervalued and her quarterly report this morning gave me a hard-on Ron...

Tess alights at the desk next to him and picks up the phone ringing next to her and punches the lit button.

TESS

(into phone)

Mr. Turkel's line...
Moment please.

She looks at Lutz, indicating the empty seat next to them. He makes a quick "in the bathroom" gesture amidst grunts and wheelies into the phone.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. MEN'S ROOM - SAME

5

Tess hesitates, opens the door a crack, peers in awkwardly, and calls out in a discreet voice.

TESS

Mr. Turkel? Mr. Turkel?

6 INT. MEN'S ROOM - SAME

6

Turkel GRUNTS, from one of the stalls.

TESS

Mr. Alagash is on the phone, and he's real, real anxious to talk to you...

TURKEL

You couldn't maybe get him to hold for a minute!?

Another man is finishing up at the urinal. Tess tries to ignore him.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

TESS

...you've got him in Dentitech --
remember the one I said go short
on, it's fine but he don't want to
hear it from me --

COMMOTION SOUNDS from the stall.

TURKEL

There's no paper!!!

TESS

What?

TURKEL

(hysterical)

There's no goddamn toilet paper
in this stall!!! GET ME SOME!!!

Tess ducks into a stall, fetches a roll, goes to the one
Turkel is yelling from. A moment as we SEE her deciding whether
to spike it in overhand or hand it in from underneath. She
hands it under -- more humiliating, less antagonistic.

7 HALLWAY - SAME

7

FOLLOWING Tess racing over cable piles and nearly colliding
with a coffee cart and back into the fray on the floor. She
snatches up the phone and speaks into it like it's life or
death.

TESS

You're short on Dentitech at
eighteen and he'll be right here!

CUT TO:

8 INT. MACY'S - LATER

8

Tess and Cyn entering the fine china department and waltzing
around a million and one pieces.

TESS

(antsy)

Eeny meeny miny mo, okay? I've
got class at six.

CYN

Got it narrowed down, only take
a sec.

TESS

Shouldn't Tim be doing this with
you?

8 CONTINUED:

8

CYN

He doesn't want to know from it unless it can be registered at a Corvette dealers. What class you got?

TESS

Trading seminar.

CYN

You don't take classes enough nights, you gotta go on your own birthday?

Tess shrugs.

TESS

I like it. Don't start on me. Pick some plates and let's go.

CYN

When you're a big exec, can I be your assistant?

TESS

You'll be home, wifing it up.

CYN

I'll come out of retirement. We could sit in a nice office and order up sandwiches and watch soaps.

TESS

Only way I'd even consider the job.

Cyn picks up a dinner plate. Tess looks it over, shrugs. Nah. Cyn mimes tossing it like a frisbee.

CUT TO:

9 INT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - NIGHT

9

Tess on the top deck, poring over her notes from the seminar and the textbook. She glances up as they pass the Statue of Liberty.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ST. GEORGE - STATEN ISLAND - NIGHT

10

Tess trudging up the hill, on a street of old row-houses. We SEE the dramatic skyline of Manhattan, way behind her.

11 INT. APARTMENT - SAME

11

The small, top-floor apartment she shares with MICK DUGAN, who is snoring on the couch, comically half-dressed as if he fell asleep in the middle of pulling on his left sock. He is long and lean and red-Irish handsome.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS

12

looking at him fondly. My hero. She kisses him gently on the forehead, calls his name. He awakes with a start, sits up, dazed.

DUGAN

What happened?

TESS

You fell asleep.

DUGAN

Birthday girl.

He pulls her down on top of him, kissing her passionately, his hands making a quick tour of the rest of her, alighting on her legs and moving up under her skirt. She moans a little and melts into him and they roll around for a bit. Steamy. After a moment, Tess disengages with difficulty.

TESS

We've got to go eat first. I'm starving and I don't want to end up having take-out Chinks on my birthday.

DUGAN

So we'll go eat...

TESS

How was your day?

He starts hopping around, pulling on the rest of his clothes.

DUGAN

(wearily)

Don't ask. Fucking Riley, I told him it was your birthday, right? But he's got a charter for us, I've been up since five, he's got a hangover, I've got to sight and helm and bait for these assholes from Jersey...

TESS

You thought any more about taking out a loan, getting your own boat?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

DUGAN

(laughs)

Yeah, sure. All these people
wanna lend me money, just don't
know who to pick...

TESS

I'm serious, I checked it out,
there's this thing called the
SBA, Small Business Administration,
they give start-up loans, real low
interest...

He silences her with a passionate kiss and takes a little gift
box from a drawer, hands it to her.

DUGAN

Happy Birthday, Tess.

She opens it, smiles and sighs, resigned. She pulls out a set
of "erotic" lingerie.

TESS

You know Mick, just once I could
go for a sweater, some earrings,
you know, something I could
actually wear outside of this
apartment...

CUT TO:

13 INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

13

Tess and Dugan, sitting in a back booth in some waterside dive,
eating lobsters, he with Tom Jones lascivious aplomb, she with
a gnawing frustration.

DUGAN

(gently)

I buy you nice underwear, I buy you
a lobster dinner, you still got
this look like you're mad at me.

TESS

Not at you, Mick.

(adamant)

Mick, I'm twenty-eight today, and
where am I?

DUGAN

(evenly)

Sitting across from me eating
lobster.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

TESS

That's not what I mean. I work fifty hours a week, take nine hours night school --

DUGAN

I know what you mean. Don't start this, Tess. You'll just make yourself crazy...

TESS

I see pharmaceuticals are slow, I tell Lutz and Turkel to get short on a few, Dentitech drops to eighteen today, just like I said, they look like geniuses and I'm typing orders. I mean, what is that!?

DUGAN

Way of the world, babe.
(sympathetic)

What happened, you found out about that Entry job thing?

TESS

Entre. I find out tomorrow.

DUGAN

Well, maybe they'll accept you this time. You wanna make yourself all mad before you even find out?

TESS

No...

The WAITRESS, a little spitfire named DOREEN, slips in and refills their wine glasses. She gives Dugan a sly, flirtatious smile. He sees it, we SEE it, Tess doesn't.

DUGAN

Thanks, Doreen.
(clinks glasses with Tess)
Six, this makes. Six birthdays I been taking you for lobsters.

TESS

I know, Mick.

DUGAN

Here's to six more lobsters, and six more after that.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

TESS
We gonna be married by one of
those birthdays?

DUGAN
(laughs)
Gonna hit all the bases tonight
huh?

TESS
I was with Cyn before, looking at
patterns you know, and --

DUGAN
(earnest, gentle)
Tim's set up, Tess. Working for his
old man, about to take over. He can
provide.

TESS
That's not the --

DUGAN
(firm)
Course we're gonna get married. But
I want to wait until I'm set up, 'til
my wife can be a wife and mother
and not a commuter.

CUT TO:

14 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

14

Dugan lounging on the bed, Tess at the foot of it, modeling
her new lingerie distractedly. He makes an appreciative noise.

TESS
(after a beat)
What if I want to keep working!?
I mean, I love business, there's
nothing I love more than the thrill
of the --

DUGAN
Nothing!?

TESS
(resigned)
Ohhhhh...

She climbs into bed with him.

CUT TO:

15 INT. PETTY, MARSH - HALLWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

15

Turkel and Lutz ushering Tess away from the din.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

TURKEL

Good news and bad news.

TESS

Bad first.

TURKEL

The straight shot Tessy is that they've turned you down for the Entre Program again.

Tess leans against the wall for support, sighing.

LUTZ

(chiming in)

We did all we could.

TESS

(muttering)

Well fuck me.

(frustrated)

Why?

TURKEL

You've gotta understand, Tess, you're going up against Harvard, Wharton degrees with (what?) some night school and some secretarial time on your sheet...

LUTZ

Christians and lions, Tess.

TESS

And the good news?

TURKEL

David has a friend...

LUTZ

Bob in Arbitrage. You're so hungry, they're looking for hungry down there.

TESS

Really?

LUTZ

Hungry's the name of the game down there. He's looking for a new assistant. He wants to meet you for a drink.

TESS

(pointed)

This isn't another set-up...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

LUTZ

(mortified)

What do I look like, a pimp!?
 Bob says he's looking for
 hungry, I think to myself, Tess.
 The rest is up to you.

TESS

Bob in Arbitrage.

LUTZ

Bob Brenner. Extension 256.
 He's expecting your call.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - LATE AFTERNOON

16

pulling onto the FDR Drive.

CUT TO:

17 INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - SAME

17

BOB BRENNER, beefy, red-faced, good-looking in a WASP-y way, sitting too close to Tess in the plush rear of a Cadillac stretch. Bar, TV, the works. Bob takes a small vial of cocaine from his breast pocket, snorts up a couple of huge hits, offers it to Tess. She smiles weakly, shakes her head, no. He shrugs -- hey, more for me.

TESS

So. Is this where you usually
 meet for drinks?

BOB

Big week. Super week. We're
 celebrating.

He snakes an arm around her. She wiggles away, discreetly.

TESS

(unphased)

So. Arbitrage. Whew. Talk about
 adrenaline, huh? Tell me, what's
 the most important quality, in your
 view, to a great arbitrageur.

BOB

We'll talk it through at the hotel.

Tess gives him a look -- now what.

TESS

The hotel?

18 EXT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - SAME 18
speeding uptown.

19 INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME 19

BOB

(winking)

Company keeps a suite at the Ritz-Carlton. When it's vacant, they let it out to the boys on a bonus basis. Should've seen me all week, clipping quarter points like they were goddamn nose hairs. We're gonna par-tee, Tess...

Bob gets a bottle of champagne from the little refrigerator and brandishes it along with extravagantly wiggling eyebrows and hands Tess a couple of glasses. She sighs and looks out the window. He pops the cork. It explodes and goes careening around the back of the car, conking Tess on the forehead. The champagne spills out and down the front of her dress and into her hair. Tess YELPS.

BOB

Whoops! Allow me...

Bob smothers her with himself, alternately kissing and licking champagne off her neck, like a bear after honey.

TESS

(fending him off)

Bob, PLEASE!?!??

BOB

Okay, okay. Sorry. I get carried away...

Bob disengages himself and pours the champagne and hands her a linen napkin to dry off with.

BOB

...tell you what. Arbitrage has made a little "introduction to" tape for the business schools, why don't we have a look, see if you have any questions...

TESS

That'd be great, thank...

Bob slips a cassette into the VCR and slips on the little TV. Tess settles back into her seat. He hits the button. Cheap jazz and moans and groans fill the air. A porno video. Tess rolls her eyes heavenward.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BOB .

Wrong tape.
 (suggestively)
 Unless of course...

TESS

Bob, you're not seriously looking
 for a new assistant, are you.

BOB

Well, not exactly at the moment,
 but I'm always on the lookout for
 new blood.

TESS

You just had Lutz arrange --

BOB

(eagerly)
 Tess, what say we leave work at
 the office, huh?

TESS

So -- and correct me if I'm wrong
 here -- the sooner this bimbo shuts
 up and gets her knees behind her ears,
 the happier Bob's going to be, am I
 right?

Bob is somewhat taken aback.

BOB

Tess...

TESS

I'm hungry, Bob, but I'm not that
 hungry.

BOB

(protesting)
 Tess, Tess, I wouldn't put it
 like that --

TESS

(firm)
 I would.

She starts knocking on the divider.

BOB

What're you doing?

TESS

(yells, to Driver)
 I'll just jump out right here,
 thanks.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

She takes the champagne bottle and puts her thumb over the top and shakes it vigorously and puts it in Bob's lap, holding it pointing up.

BOB

Please. Don't.

TESS

Par-tee, Bob.

She takes her thumb off. The champagne shoots out, showering him.

20 EXT. LIMOUSINE - FDR DRIVE - SAME

20

Tess slams the door and strides away down the narrow shoulder of the elevated highway.

CUT TO:

21 INT. OFFICE FLOOR - THE NEXT MORNING

21

Tess sitting down at her post between Lutz and Turkel, both of whom are barking buy orders into the phone. Lutz looks up, puts his hand over the receiver.

LUTZ

You're late, Tess.

Tess doesn't look at him, takes a deep breath, switches a keypad on-line and starts typing.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE - ELECTRONIC DISPLAY BOARD

22

high up at the far end of the floor visible to all. A message on it reads -- "AmWstAir filing Chap. 11 this P.M." We SEE a message coming on beneath it, reading -- BOB LUTZ IS A SLEAZOID PIMP WITH A TINY LITTLE --

23 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON THE FLOOR

23

Tess typing nonchalantly. Other PERSONNEL, around them, standing up, pointing at Lutz, laughing. The reaction spreads like wildfire. He looks around, smiling stupidly. He sees the board, finally, just as Tess finishes with a flourish. He explodes, grabs the keyboard. She pushes her chair back and, with a smile, goes.

CUT TO:

24 INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - LATER

24

The personnel director, RUTH, looks up from the papers in front of her. She is in her early fifties and has a reproving, maternal tone with Tess. She speaks with a heavy Brooklyn accent.

RUTH

(shaking her head)

Tess, Tess, Tess.

(CONTINUED)

TESS

I know.

RUTH

You don't get ahead in this world
by calling your boss a pimp.

TESS

Well he is.

RUTH

I'm just looking at your file here.
This is the third time in six months
I've had to place you.

TESS

It wasn't my fault.

RUTH

Now where have I heard that before?

TESS

I got turned down again for the
Entre Program, right on top of that
Lutz sets me up with this guy
practically rapes me in a company
car. So I went a little wild on
him this morning. I mean, who wouldn't?!

Ruth shuffles through some papers.

RUTH

Lots of people. Now let me see
what I have.

TESS

(impassioned)

Ruth, I'm twenty-eight years old.
It took me five years of night school,
but I got a degree, with honors. I
know I could do a job. You ask Lutz,
you ask any of my bosses if Tess McGill
hasn't called a few.

RUTH

You ask them. I don't think they're
going to sing your praises, Tess.

(a beat, then)

Look, I know it's tough. I've been
here since nineteen fifty-nine, in
personnel since sixty-eight, and
second-assistant manager is as high
as I've gotten and am likely to get.
You may look at me and think, God, I
don't want to end up stuck like that,
but honey, you better make peace with
it, 'cause there isn't room at the top
for local girls like us.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

TESS
I'm not giving up.

RUTH
(exasperated)
Look, I can place you one more time.
But you've got to promise me you'll
knuckle down and learn a little
patience. Okay?

TESS
(resigned)
Yeah, okay. Thanks.

She scans a file folder and slides it across the desk.

RUTH
Here's one for you. Transferring
down from Boston. Mergers and
Acquisitions. Name's Parker.

Tess picks up the file.

RUTH
Starts Monday. Now go home and
cool off.
(then, firmly)
And Tess, this is the last time I
can help you. Four strikes and
you're out.

CUT TO:

25 INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EVENING

25

Tess in the bathtub, studying some Mergers and Acquisitions tome.
A KNOCK at the door. She makes "wait a second" sound, grabs a
copy of Glamour from the floor and jackets it over the textbook.
Dugan looks in.

DUGAN
We're gonna miss the food.

TESS
Just want to finish this
chapt...um, article.

CUT TO:

26 INT. OFFICE - MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS -
MONDAY MORNING

26

ANGLE ON a desktop, bare save for a telephone and a typewriter.
Quickly, ceremonially it is covered with a stack of newspapers.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

and magazines, (everything from Forbes to WWD), a Walkman, a make-up kit, four packets of No-Doz, a copy of "The Search for Excellence," a framed photograph of Dugan, a plain yoghurt, some tape cassettes (couple of rock n' roll, couple business how-to's) and a bunch of flowers stuck in a mug.

27 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

27

sitting behind her new desk, looking around anxiously. It is quieter here, private offices lining the perimeter of the floor, secretaries in adjoining anterooms, lesser executives and clerks and interns in clustered cubicles in the center.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE KATHERINE PARKER

28

striding up, leather briefcase in hand. She is tall and beautiful and impeccably dressed, with a confident air and a throaty, patrician-sounding voice. She is, in short, everything Tess longs to be.

KATHERINE

I'm Katherine Parker, you must be Tess.

She extends her hand for a shake. Tess takes it, gets shook. Katherine picks up the flowers.

KATHERINE

How do I put this? I don't like flowers in the workplace. We're not running a boutique.

Tess just looks at her, at her flowers. Katherine catches the look.

TESS

(quietly)

I don't usually, um...my birthday, a few days ago.

KATHERINE

(brightly)

Well, no kidding. Mine's next Tuesday. How old?

TESS

Twenty-eight.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

KATHERINE

Well, what do you know. I'll
be twenty-eight Tuesday. Isn't
that something. We're practically
twins.

Tess sags a little.

TESS

(quietly)
Except I'm older.

KATHERINE

(scoffing)
Just barely...

TESS

(forces a
smile)
I just...I've never worked
for someone younger than me.
Or a woman.

KATHERINE

First time for everything.
(a beat)
Tess, that's not going to be
a problem, is it?

TESS

(covering)
No, no. No no no no no.

KATHERINE

(brightly)
Good. Then why don't you pour
us a couple of coffees and come
on inside.

Katherine breezes into her office.

29 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - SAME

29

Katherine and Tess and coffee and an office with a view.
Katherine pacing, Tess unsure of where to stand. A
little dance.

(CONTINUED)

KATHERINE

A few ground rules. The way I look at it, you're my link with the outside world. People's impression of me starts with you. You're tough when it's warranted, accomodating when you can be. You're accurate, you're punctual, and you never make a promise you can't keep. Let's put our feet up, Tess. Go ahead, put 'em up.

Katherine abruptly sits and Tess does like it's musical chairs and Katherine swings her feet up on the desk. Tess follows suit, tentatively.

TESS

Right.

KATHERINE

I take my coffee black, my lunches at one, and you might want to keep a pack of Larks in your desk. I'm never on another line, I'm in a meeting. I consider us a team, and as such, we have a uniform. Simple, elegant, impeccable. Dress shabbily, they notice the dress, dress impeccably and they notice the woman. Coco Chanel?

TESS

How do I look?

KATHERINE

Okay. Lose the noisy accessories.

Tess fingers her bracelet, self-consciously.

TESS

Got you.

KATHERINE

I want your input. I welcome your ideas. And I like to see hard work get rewarded. It's a two-way street on my team. Am I making myself clear?

TESS

Yes, Katherine...

KATHERINE

(blithely)

Call me Katherine.

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

TESS

I just did.

KATHERINE

Oh, well, good. Let's get to work then, shall we? This department's profile last year was damn pitiful. Our team's got its work cut out for it.

Katherine stands up and reaches across the desk and vigorously shakes Tess' hand. Tess gets shaken, mumbling agreement.

30 INT. OFFICE - LATER

30

Tess arriving at her desk with a carton of Larks. The intercom buzzer sounds.

KATHERINE

(over speaker)

Tess, could you come in here? And bring a notebook?

31 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - SAME

31

Katherine behind her desk, another young female exec, GINNY, arranged on the couch. Katherine introduces them, motions for Tess to sit down.

KATHERINE

Tess, I'm having a little cocktail thing to introduce myself to the department, and Ginny here's got some great ideas. Jot them down?

GINNY

The caterer's called Acme Eats, you'll get the number from information, they do the usual hors d'oeuvres and such...

Tess jots.

GINNY

...The Raging Bull has a bartender service, and the liquor store on Broadway and Liberty delivers... Got that, Bess?

TESS

Tess. Yes.

(to Katherine)

If that's the way you want to go...

(CONTINUED)

KATHERINE

You have another idea?

TESS

Well, I was just reading (I think in Women's Wear) about this Dim Sum, you know, Chinese dumplings, this restaurant on Mott Street that does them for cocktail parties.

KATHERINE

I love those little dumplings...

TESS

(pleased)

Might be more fun than the usual tidbits. I have it on my desk, I could find out...

GINNY

The secretaries are reading Women's Wear now, hmmm? What a world...

TESS

I read a lot of things. You never know where the big idea's going to come from.

GINNY

(coolly)

I guess you're right, if dumplings can be considered a big idea.

(to Katherine smiling)

Well, whatever you decide, that ought to get you started...

KATHERINE

Ginny, thank you so much...

Ginny checks her watch and gets up.

GINNY

Back to the gold mines...

She nods to Tess and goes.

KATHERINE

You'll set those up?

TESS

Right away.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

KATHERINE

Dim Sum, Tess. I like it,
contribution-wise. Keep it up.

Tess nods, pleased, eager, and heads back to work.

CUT TO:

32 INT. EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 32
- THURSDAY

Hundreds of dumplings piled on tin-foil platters, waiting on the steam table. Tess arguing with two tiny CHINAMEN, she in English, they in Chinese with supplicating gestures.

TESS

Also serve! Yes!
(demonstrating)
Serve!

CHINAMEN

(shaking their heads)
(quick burst of Chinese)

Katherine tears in.

KATHERINE

Five minutes and counting!

TESS

(helpless)
They won't serve!

Katherine turns to the Chinamen and smiles and speaks politely in perfect, rapid Chinese. They nod, smile, answer back, shrugging.

KATHERINE

(to Tess)
They're cooks. Can't stay. Somebody
got the deal botched up.

She dismisses the Chinamen.

TESS

(contrite)
I'm sorry. I swear I made arrangements
to --

KATHERINE

No matter. We'll just roll up our
sleeves and serve them ourselves.
Teamwork, remember?

32 CONTINUED:

32

TESS
 (relieved)
 Yeah. Thanks.

KATHERINE
 How do I look?

TESS
 Terrific.

KATHERINE
 Damn straight.

She takes a little can of Cling-Free spray out of her purse and hands it to Tess and lifts up her dress.

KATHERINE
 Spray me down.

TESS
 (bewildered)
 What!?

KATHERINE
 I should walk around my own party
clinging!?

Tess hesitates, holds the can out at arm's length, crouches down and sprays the stockinged legs as Katherine pirouettes. Katherine blithely smooths her dress down.

KATHERINE
 Fringe time, Tess. Drinks, dumplings.
 People let their hair down. But not
 us. Let's go get 'em.

Katherine breezes out. Tess watches her go, awed, turns back to the dumplings, dismayed.

CUT TO:

33 INT. EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM - LATER

33

ON Katherine, surrounded by a small knot of men. She is talking animatedly, eyes flashing beguilingly at each one in turn. They're enthralled. She touches an elbow in emphasis, picks a piece of lint off of a lapel. She murmurs a punchline. They all laugh.

34 ANOTHER ANGLE - FOLLOWING TESS

34

toting a platter of steaming dumplings and napkins and sauce, subtly dabbing sweat from her brow. She serves a GROUP, patiently. Her back is to Katherine.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

One of the knot of men, JIM, has cornered Katherine and is crowding in real close, whispering to her, smarmy and a little drunk. Tess turns to them.

KATHERINE

Jim, Tess...

Jim smiles vacantly at Tess.

KATHERINE

(honey-coated)

Jim, I'd love to get away, but it's my party and besides, I'm sure we'd accomplish a lot more over coffee in my office instead of drinks in your apartment...

Jim backs away, mumbling. Katherine turns to Tess, dropping the smile.

KATHERINE

(shudders)

What a slob.

TESS

You were so...smooth with him. I probably would've --

KATHERINE

(coolly)

Never burn bridges. Today's junior prick, tomorrow's senior partner. How's the party going?

TESS

Pretty well, I think. Can I stop serving yet?

KATHERINE

(looking around)

Mmmm -- make one more round.

TESS

(gingerly)

What about teamwork?

KATHERINE

Can't busy the quarterback with passing out the Gatorade.

Katherine spots someone, smiles and winks at Tess, spears a dumpling and moves off. Tess watches her go, bewildered, snowed.

CUT TO:

35 INT. OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

35

Tess at her desk, poring over the prospectus for TRASK ELECTRONICS. She makes a little noise of recognition, jots something down, opens a tabloid newspaper to a dog-eared page and rips out a column, paper-clips it to the prospectus. Katherine shuffles by, stormy.

TESS

Didn't go well.

KATHERINE

Boone's gonna eat West Air for breakfast. Need a white knight and there's no one in sight. I'm really, truly fucked.

TESS

I ordered your couch, sent your sister the Filofax calendar, and your gynecologist can take you Tuesday at eleven.

KATHERINE

No good. See if you can move it up to twelve.

TESS

Right.

She starts into her office. Tess gets up, takes the notebook from the desk and follows her in.

36 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - SAME

36

Tess closes the door behind her. Katherine settles in her chair.

KATHERINE

Yes?

TESS

I had this idea, and you said to come to you, and --

KATHERINE

Shoot.

Tess flips open the notebook.

TESS

You know how Trask Electronic has been looking to buy into broadcasting?

(CONTINUED)

KATHERINE

(vaguely)

Something about it. The department's --

TESS

Working on it, yeah. Well, I've been following it myself, and all of a sudden I thought...radio.

Katherine leans forward, smiling patiently.

KATHERINE

Uh-huh. But Trask is looking for television stations.

TESS

So's every Tom, Dick and Harry. My idea is, they get their feet wet in radio, build from there. Not as glamorous as jumping right into TV, but it's a solid place to start, and there's a lot more of them for sale. Plus it solves Trask's problem with his Japanese competitors trying to take him over -- FCC forbids foreign ownership of radio stations as well as TV.

A BEAT. Katherine raises her eyebrows.

KATHERINE

Interesting. You've been...following this, you say?

TESS

Yeah.

KATHERINE

No chance you overheard this, say, on the elevator...?

TESS

No, no. No way.

KATHERINE

Somewhere?

TESS

(encouraged)

My idea.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

KATHERINE

Good, good.

(casually)

Discuss it with anyone else?

TESS

Nope. You think there's something there?

KATHERINE

(cagily)

Well, um, I can think it through for you. Why don't you leave me your notes, I'll have a look-see.

Tess puts the notebook on her desk. Katherine opens a folder. Back to work, wordlessly.

TESS

(hopeful, tentative)

And if anything happens, you'll remember where you got it?

KATHERINE

(looking up)

Oh. Absolutely. Two-way street, remember?

Tess smiles, pleased, and slips out of the office. As she shuts the door behind her, Katherine slides the notebook over, turns to the computer and punches it on-line.

37 ANOTHER ANGLE - COMPUTER SCREEN

37

as a spreadsheet scrolls down. At the top, blinking, we SEE TRASK ELECTRONICS, followed by columns of numbers.

38 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON KATHERINE

38

grabbing a pen and pad and starting to scribble, her face eerily lit by the glowing green computer screen.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. ST. GEORGE - STATEN ISLAND - NIGHT

39

FOLLOWING Tess and Dugan, walking home with a take-out pizza and a sack of groceries, Dugan nodding as Tess babbles happily.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

TESS

...it's just so exciting, you know, she takes me seriously, I think it's because maybe (I know you hate when I say this) but she's a woman, there's none of that chasing around the desk crap, and it's like, she wants to be my mentor, which is exactly what I needed, I mean, I'm finally getting somewhere, Mick...

DUGAN

That's great Tess. Let's step on it, pizza's gonna freeze.

They pick up their pace.

TESS

...maybe we could all go out sometime, you know, dinner in the city, you'd like her I think...

CUT TO:

40 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - FRIDAY AFTERNOON 40

ANGLE ON a pair of shiny new high-tech ski boots, stomping back and forth across the floor.

41 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE KATHERINE 41

reaching down and adjusting a dial on the heel. Comical in her business suit and Competition Nordicas.

KATHERINE

God, remember when all you had to do was a few buckles?

Tess is standing by the door, notebook in hand. Katherine resumes her clonking back and forth.

TESS

(vaguely)
Yeah. Those were the days.

KATHERINE

Did you reach the Reverend?

TESS

Yes. Second Saturday in June is open.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

KATHERINE

Super. And the club?

TESS

You can have the pavilion and the dining room.

KATHERINE

(quietly)

Perfect. Everything's in place.

TESS

Well yeah, except -- what if he doesn't pop the question?

KATHERINE

'Pop the question', that's adorable! What I'd give to still have your... outlook.

TESS

(self-conscious)

Doesn't he have to...?

KATHERINE

Tess, Tess, Tess. You don't get anywhere in this world by waiting for what you want to come to you. You set up your parameters, you cover your bases, and you make it happen.

TESS

Yeah, but...

KATHERINE

You watch. I'm going to come back from this weekend the fiancée of the man I love. And that's the bottom line, isn't it?

TESS

(thoughtful)

I guess so, sure.

Katherine puts a hand on her shoulder.

KATHERINE

Watch me, Tess. Learn from me.

Tess nods, determined. Katherine flashes her a big smile and pats her on the back.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

KATHERINE

Oh and Tess, I ran your Trask-radio idea by some of our people. Seems Trask is dead set on television...

TESS

(disappointed)

Oh...

KATHERINE

(encouraging)

...but hey, it wasn't out in left field, either. You keep plugging, bring me your ideas, and we'll see what we can do.

TESS

Thanks, Katherine.

KATHERINE

(emphatic)

Tess. Tess. Look at me. Who makes it happen?

TESS

(tentatively)

I do?

KATHERINE

(adamant)

Who does?

TESS

(after a BEAT, willfully)

I do. I make it happen.

KATHERINE

Only then do we get what we deserve.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. SKI AREA - DAY

42

tight on Katherine, beaming. She drops out of frame o.s.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDE

43

Katherine gathering speed down a steep, narrow slope, yodeling. She takes off on a bump, catches an edge, and whirlybirds in a spectacular wipe-out, snowballing down the trail, poles and goggles and skis flying off in different directions.

CUT TO:

44 INT. OFFICE - MONDAY MORNING

44

Tess staring into space with sleepy eyes and chugging a cup of coffee. The phone RINGS. She picks it up.

TESS

Ms. Parker's office...Hi Katherine...
You're what? You're where?

45 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

45

Katherine in traction, both legs and an arm wrapped and suspended. She holds the phone with her free hand. An ORDERLY is adjusting the level of her legs.

KATHERINE

...broke them skiing, and they won't
be able to move me for at least a
couple of weeks, so here's what I
need you to do...

46 INT. OFFICE - SAME

46

Tess scribbling furiously.

TESS

West Air file to Ogilvy, feed cat,
water plants, cable comes Friday...

47 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

47

Katherine, cranky, barks at the orderly.

KATHERINE

Easy with the leg, will you!? And
quit staring up my gown.

He blushes furiously and resumes cranking her leg.

KATHERINE

(into phone)

I'll call the super in my building,
tell them to give you a key...I know
there's more but I just can't think
of what...check the calendar on my
desk, there's a bunch of invitations
to be RSVP'd...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

KATHERINE (Cont.)

(syrupy)

Tess, I know I'm asking an awful lot, but I don't know what else to do. I need you to take over...

CUT TO:

48 EXT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - CENTRAL PARK WEST 48
EARLY EVENING

FOLLOWING TESS up the wide, clean sidewalk, past stately, awninged entryways and welcoming lobbies, the soft light of dusk mingling with the street lamps flickering on. New York, just like you picture it. She stops at one of the buildings, checks the number against a note in her hand, goes in.

49 INT. LOBBY - SAME - MOS 49

Warm carpets and polished brass. Classy. Tess conferring with the DOORMAN. He checks a list, opens the key locker and hands her a set of keys.

50 INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - SAME 50

Tess ENTERS, flicks on a light in the foyer, goes into the living room, looking around, awed. High ceilings, built-in bookshelves, fireplace. Elegant. A few unpacked cartons are stacked against one wall. Oversized leather furniture, oversized coffee table, oversized potted palms, an oversized oil portrait of Katherine hanging over the mantle. Tess tours, gingerly touching fabric, marble, wood, inspecting books, the bar stock, etc. Someone actually lives here.

51 INT. APARTMENT - DEN - SAME 51

Tess turns on a light. A home office. A small computer, papers, books on a large, old oak desk. A black cat, sitting on a stack of papers, stirs, looks at her. Tess meows, reaches out to pat him. The cat tears away, scattering papers. One neurotic cat. Tess picks up the papers.

52 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE DESK 52

Tess notices a folder, exposed when the papers on top of it were scattered by the cat. She picks it up.

53 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V. 53

a hand-written memo clipped on. It reads:

54 BY HAND - FOR YOUR EYES ONLY 54

FROM: Katherine Parker -- Petty, Marsh and Co.

TO: Jack Trainer -- Dewey, Stone and Co.

RE: Trask Electronics/Radio Network Acquisition

Dear Jack,

There's a lightbulb over my head. I know Trask and you know radio, and that adds up to us (finally) doing a deal together. Let's run with it.

K.

She flips it open. We see pages of data columns, breakdown graphs, a glossy Trask Electronics yearly report, etc.

55 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS 55

shocked, betrayed, furious, staring at the evidence in her hand.

TESS
(murderously)
...two-way street...you make it
happen...

CUT TO:

56 EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - MOVING - LATER 56

Tess sipping from a can of beer and staring out into the night.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. APARTMENT BLDG. - STATEN ISLAND - LATER 57

FOLLOW Tess trudging in and starting up the stairs, as if each step were Katherine's limbs. She pushes open the apartment door.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V. 58

Dugan HOPPING out of the bedroom and into his pants, with great consternation disguised as a lit-up grin.

DUGAN
Tess!? You're home early...no
class?

(CONTINUED)

TESS

(darkly)

Forget the classes. Forget everything.
Can't believe what a dope I've been...

DUGAN

(quickly)

Jeez, bad day, huh? Tell you what,
let's go knock back a few and --

A THUMP and a female SQUEAL, o.s. Tess shoots Dugan a look and pushes past him and into the bedroom.

59 ANOTHER ANGLE - BEDROOM

59

Doreen, the waitress from the lobster joint, is half-dressed and clutching the rest of her clothes in her teeth and lowering herself out the bedroom window. She gives Tess an ashamed look.

DOREEN

Thorry. Reewy thorry.

And, with another THUMP and SQUEAL, she's out of sight. Tess wheels around to face Dugan. He stands square but avoids her gaze, pained and truly sorry. Tess looks about to cry.

TESS

Goddamnit, Mick!

DUGAN

I'm sorry, Tess...

TESS

You snake!

DUGAN

I'm so sorry, Tess...

TESS

Damn you!?

DUGAN

She, see, she came over and was gonna cook dinner for Riley and me and it...Riley bagged out and then we just...

TESS

Couldn't keep your mitts off each other!?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DUGAN

I know what I've done is wrong, I know that, but you gotta understand, I'm telling you, Tess, it's been getting real lonely around here!

TESS

What, I'm working hard means you gotta go porking Doreen DiMucci!?

DUGAN

No! But...could you maybe leave something over for me, you know, for us!?

Tess pulls a suitcase out of the closet and furiously throws clothes in and jams it shut and pushes past him towards the door.

60 EXT. BUILDING - SAME

60

Tess tearing out the door and down the street. Dugan FOLLOWING shirtless and barefoot in the cold, bellowing after her.

DUGAN

Tess, c'mon -- I love you baby, I said I was sorry...

TESS

You said, yeah, you said...!

DUGAN

(desperately)

C'mon, Tess, I'm sorry, I really am and I love you and...c'mon, come back and hit me, hit me hard...PLEASE!?

A NEIGHBOR shouts for quiet. Tess disappears around a corner.

CUT TO:

61 INT. KATHERINE'S APT. - LATER

61

Tess stalks in, slams the door behind her.

62 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

62

Tess collapsed on the couch. She catches her reflection in a huge, gilt-framed mirror standing unhung against the wall. looks weary, glum, beaten. Quietly, she starts to cry.

63 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

63

Tess at the refrigerator. Mustard, a La Yogurt, a half-empty bottle of wine. She takes out the wine.

Tess on the phone, Chinese take-out menu in hand.

TESS

...General Chang's five-flavor
Paradise Pork. Parker, 17-G.

64 INT. DEN - LATER

64

Tess enters eating from the carton, the wine bottle tucked under her arm. She sits at the desk, opens the Trask folder in front of her. She takes Katherine's memo from the cover. A BEAT, staring at it. She rolls a piece of paper into the typewriter and starts to type, pounding, taking her anger out on the keys.

65 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON PAPER

65

"Dear Mr. Trainer, Enclosed please find my proposal for a Trask Electronics aquisition of a mid-market radio network:"

CUT TO:

66 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

66

Tess behind the desk, the stolen file in front of her, her memo affixed. With a determined look, she punches a number on the telephone.

TESS

(in borough-ese)

Hello? Mr. Trainer's office, please...
Hello, Tess McGill calling from
Petty, Marsh. May I put her through?
Thank you...

She puts her hand over the receiver and waits a beat.

TESS

(in her own voice)

Mr. Trainer? Hi, this is Tess McGill,
I work with Katherine Parker over
here in Mergers and Acquisitions. I
have a proposal I'd like to discuss
with you...not over the phone, though...
I have an opening tomorrow morning,
ten o'clock...okay, and I'll messenger
an outline over to you right now...

CUT TO:

67 INT. KATHERINE'S APT. - EARLY EVENING

67

Tess breezes in, dropping her coat on the floor and tossing the keys on the table. Like she owns the joint. Cyn follows her in, looking around, impressed.

CYN

We'll take it.

Cyn shrugs, wanders over to the stereo and turns it on. Classical station. Somber Mozart. Cyn makes a face.

CYN

'Somebody died' music. Perfect.
Never trust anybody who listens
to this stuff when they don't have to.

She finds some rock'n'roll.

68 INT. BEDROOM - SAME

68

Tess in her birthday underwear, flipping through the closet clothes rack. Cyn lounging on the bed.

CYN

Slight underwear.

TESS

Packed in a hurry, only ones I had clean. So anyway -- I run down my idea for this Mister Trainer, messenger it over to him. My idea. Got a meeting with him tomorrow.

CYN

Uh-huh. And what happens when he finds out you're some secretary from Petty, Marsh...?

TESS

Look, all I have to do is pull it off for a couple of days. Get the ball rolling. Then I come clean, if the plan's moving ahead he's not gonna care if I'm the janitor, and I get to show Petty, March what I can do if they just give me a shot.

Tess pulls out a slinky, stunning black dress and holds it up against herself.

CYN

Call me from the unemployment line.
We'll talk. What is this thing, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

TESS

Closing party for the Brigham-Syntech merger. Dewey Stone's throwing it, which is where this Trainer works. Best way to meet him, mix business with pleasure. The fringe times are crucial, you know...

CYN

Uh-huh. What'd you do, snatch her invite?

TESS

She can't use it. Besides, it's important for me to start interacting with people, you know, not as a secretary...

CYN

...but as a total impostor. Right.

Tess slips into the dress. A little sexy, a little plunging.

CYN

It's not maybe a little...much?

TESS

Nah. It's elegant, simple, and yet...makes a statement. Says to people, confident. A risk-taker. Not afraid to be noticed. Then you hit 'em with your smarts. Shoes. I need shoes.

She selects a pair of pumps and screws them on, with difficulty.

TESS

(wincing)

God, she's got small feet.

She strikes a smart pose for the mirror, attitude in place. Her right eye starts twitching, comically, like a wink gone out of control.

TESS

Damnit. There goes my eye.

CYN

Little antsy?

TESS

I guess.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

CYN
Let's see if she's got anything
soothing.

69 INT. BATHROOM - SAME

69

Cyn rifling through the elaborately stocked medicine cabinet.
She pulls out a large prescription bottle.

CYN
(calling out)
Valium! In the convenient economy
size...

70 INT. BEDROOM - SAME

70

Tess holding the pill, dubious.

TESS
You sure?

CYN
Just chills you ever so slightly.
You won't even notice it.

Tess shrugs, takes the pill.

CUT TO:

71 INT. RESTAURANT - CLOSE ON TESS - EARLY EVENING

71

standing by the bar, waiting for a drink. Surreptitiously,
she reaches down and tries to adjust her shoes. They hurt.

72 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDE

72

All around her, MEN in blue suits and white shirts and WOMEN
in the female version of same. Everybody's "buttoned-down"
but Tess.

73 ANOTHER ANGLE - A MAN

73

a distinguished-looking CEO type strides purposefully up to
Tess. She brightens.

TESS
(hand extended)
Hi, I'm Tess McGill.

The MAN smiles, a little puzzled, and accepts the handshake.

MAN
Bill Suter.

TESS
Nice to meet you, Bill.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

MAN

(politely)

Er, thank you. I was wondering, do you have a corner table for eight?

74 ANOTHER ANGLE - FOLLOWING TESS

74

confidence shaken, skulking at the edge of a small group of Men and Women, trying to blend in. They are a very intent, serious little bunch. A man in his early thirties is speaking in a low, conspiratorial voice.

75 ON MAN

75

MAN

...but this is where Computex made their goal-line stand against Simmons last March, greenmailed them at the two minute warning --

He notices Tess, stops, smiles, icily. All turn and look at her

MAN

(to Tess)

Fourth down huddle.

TESS

(lightly)

Fake the field goal, try an end run.

Tess smiles. They look at her, gravely, assuming she's speaking their language.

MAN

(a beat; then,
interested)

You think?

76 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

76

Ginny, Katherine's co-worker, REVEALED in a knot of people close by.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

77

reacting. Cheating her face out of Ginny's view. The group is still looking at her, waiting for her response.

TESS

(quickly)

Absolutely.

She quickly hobbles out of sight.

78 ANOTHER ANGLE - P.O.V.

78

from ten feet away, of Tess, slinking onto a stool at the bar, hiding her face from the room, discreetly prying off her shoes, exposing an expanse of thigh and cleavage in the process. She edges the shoes underneath her stool and rubs her feet together.

79 ANOTHER ANGLE - REVERSE

79

a man, about thirty, good looking in an offbeat way, watching her. This is JACK TRAINER. His ear is being chewed by a gloating COLLEAGUE. Jack listens, wearily.

COLLEAGUE

You know what I feel like, Trainer?
The matchmaker, what's her name,
Dolly Levi? Only it's Brigham and Syntech
I've brought together, instead of,
you know, Moishe and whoever. But
it's that same nice glow. Family,
unity, kismet. Feels...right.
(a beat, then)
Your luck getting any better?

JACK

(flatly)
Hope springs eternal.

He touches his hair and starts away.

80 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT THE BAR

80

Jack sits on the stool next to her.

JACK

I've been looking for you.

TESS

(warily)
Why me? You know me?

JACK

No, but you're the first woman I've
seen at one of these goddamn parties
who dresses like a woman and not like
a woman dressed like she thinks a man
would dress if he were a woman.

TESS

Thanks, I guess.

JACK

I promised myself that when I saw
you, I'd get to know you.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

Tess gives him a look -- still wary, but a little intrigued.

TESS

Look, I...actually, I'm looking for someone myself. Jack Trainer, works at Dewey, Stone. Do you know if he's here?

A BEAT. Jack looks at her, enigmatically.

JACK

Why're you looking for him?

TESS

Well, we have a meeting tomorrow, thought it might be nice to say hello, get a head start...

JACK

Ah. Well, he just left.

Tess looks around, sees Ginny at the other side of the room.

TESS

I really ought to get going myself.

JACK

Have a drink with me. One drink.

TESS

Can't. Listen, my name is --

He gently puts his hand over her mouth.

JACK

No, not yet. No names. NO business cards, no you-must-know-so-and-so's, no shop talk.

TESS

What is this?

JACK

Let's just meet like humans and not like resumes. For once.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

TESS

Listen, whoever you are, nice
to meet you but I have to go.

Jack takes her by the arm and looks her in the eyes. She
averts her face, then looks back at him, challenging.
Sparks.

JACK

Please. One drink.

TESS

(cautiously)

All right, but I'm buying.

JACK

All right, but it's an open
bar.

TESS

(off-guard)

Right. I know. If it wasn't,
I'd be buying. You know what
I mean...

JACK

Fine.

Jack signals to the BARTENDER. He comes over to them.

TESS

Um...

JACK

(evenly)

Two shots Wild Turkey, two beer
backs.

The Bartender looks at them, shrugs, goes off.

TESS

Why did you --

JACK

I also promised myself that
when I met you, we'd drink
boilermakers.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (3)

80

Tess looks at him, attracted and amused despite herself. The Bartender sets the shots and beers down in front of them. Jack takes his shot and holds it over the beer. Tess watches, does likewise. He drops the shot in and drinks it down. Tess does too. It puts a big smile on Jack. On top of the Valium, it totals Tess.

TESS

(after a moment)

Oh boy. Ohboyohboyohboy.

JACK

You okay?

TESS

Fine, just fine. Took a...
antihistamine before. Makes
for a nice little buzz...

JACK.

(smiling)

Under that cool corporate veneer
beats the heart of a real...bad
girl. Doesn't it.

Tess is flattered and feeling loose in her anonymity and her increasing fuzziness. She slides him a bit of a bad girl look.

TESS

Yeah, that's me.

(giggling)

A head for business, a bod
for sin.

81 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

81

in the mirror over the bar. She sees Lutz and his friend Bob, a ways down the bar. Bob notices her looking at him, grins suavely, picks up his drink and starts towards her.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

82

Back to reality, quick. She gets up.

82 CONTINUED:

82

TESS

(quickly)

I have to go. Glad to be the
girl with the boilermaker for
you.

Tess makes a wobbly line for the coatroom. Jack follows,
holding her shoes.

JACK

You forgot something.

She takes them, sheepishly, tries to quickly cram them on,
almost loses her balance, swearing. Jack holds her up.
amused.

83 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

83

Lutz and Bob, all grins and waves, coming towards her. She
looks towards the coatroom. Ginny standing there, waiting
for hers.

84 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

84

presses her coat check marker into Jack's hand, frantic.

TESS

I need air. Meet me outside!?

Tess makes a sidwinding, covert, tenderfooted, beeline for
the door.

85. EXT. RESTAURANT - SAME

85

a cab is idling curbside, the backdoor open.

Jack exits the restaurant, coats in hand. He looks around
for Tess, sees the cab, looks in.

Tess is curled up in the backseat, shoes off, eyes closed, a
lopsided smile on her face. Out of it.

Jack gets in, blankets her with the coat, shuts the door.

JACK

Where do you live?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

Tess stirs, slightly.

TESS

(mumbling)

Park. Trees. Tall building.

Jack shrugs, eases slightly forward and speaks quietly to the driver.

JACK

Ten West Eighty-Third.

CUT TO:

86 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CLOSE ON TESS - MORNING 86

eyes opening slowly. She winces. She sits up, holding her head with one hand, looks around.

87 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V. 87

The bedroom. Sparely furnished, but clearly out of disregard and not some design concept. Tess' dress is draped over the back of the only chair. Jack's clothes are draped over everything else.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS 88

sitting on the edge of the bed, in her tarty lingerie. Abruptly, she reaches behind and pats down the other side of the bed, searching for a body. Jack stirs. He's in briefs and a T-shirt. Tess winces again.

89 INT. BEDROOM - LATER 89

Tess dressed now. She leans over Jack, as if trying to divine something about the night before in his sleeping face. He smiles and turns over, oblivious. She gently pulls the blanket up over his chest. He snorts in gratitude. She tiptoes to the door and slips out.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. JACK'S BUILDING - STREET - LATER 90

Empty at this early hour. Tess exits the building and hobbles down the street in her too-tight shoes.

CUT TO:

91 INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - LATER 91

CLOSE ON a glass. A can of V-8 juice is emptied into it. Two Alka-Seltzer tablets are stuck in and swizzled around with a finger. The thick red juice starts to bubble.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS 92

blearily chugging the mixture as she pores over data sheets spread out in front of her.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. WALL STREET - LATER 93

Tess hurrying down the crowded sidewalk and through the revolving doors of a large office building. We SEE a plaque by the doors -- DEWEY, STONE AND CO.

CUT TO:

94 INT. DEWEY, STONE - ELEVATOR - SAME 94

Ascending. Tess dressed in a snappy, tailored suit (Katherine's) and clutching a file folder full of papers, bound with an elastic band.

TESS

(murmuring)

Don't fuck up, don't fuck up,
don't fuck up...

A DING, and the elevator doors WHOOSH open.

95 INT. DEWEY, STONE - RECEPTION AREA - SAME 95

Tess strides up to the Receptionist.

TESS

Tess McGill to see Mr. Trainer...

96 ANOTHER ANGLE - FOLLOWING 96

Tess, following the Receptionist. She RAPS lightly on a door at the end of the hallway. She knocks and leans in.

RECEPTIONIST

Gentlemen, Tess McGill...

97 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME 97

Three suits stand up. We SEE them from behind. Tess ENTERS, facing us. Her bright, confident grin goes pained when she sees:

98 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE JACK 98

crossing to her and shaking her hand, amused, just slightly penitent.

JACK

Tess? I'm Jack Trainer...

99 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS 99

mortified. She manages a weak smile and a sigh.

100 ANOTHER ANGLE - JACK 100

He recovers, grins slightly.

JACK

...and this is Bernie Kotar...

Tess shakes hands with Bernie.

JACK

...and John Romano.

Again, a shake. All sit. Smiles, nods all around. Tess rattled. Jack steals glances at her but keeps his amusement down at a businesslike level. The other two look at Tess expectantly.

JACK

Coffee?

Tess, with a Pavlovian response, starts to get up to fetch it.

TESS

Sure, I'll --

RECEPTIONIST

(simultaneously)

Milk or sugar?

Tess sits back down, as nonchalantly as possible.

TESS

Both. Please.

The Receptionist exits. Tess looks around, smiling.

TESS

I, uh...suppose we just get down to it, that okay with you fellows?

Tess fumbles with the folder. The elastic goes flying across the table, just missing Jack. The contents spill out all over the table. Tess gathers them up frantically. The others slide her papers towards her, smiling politely.

TESS

(sheepishly)

Briefcase...lost...

101 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS

101

She takes a deep breath, tries a smile, looks around and dives in. Nervously, haltingly. She's never done this before.

TESS

In each of the last three quarters, Trask Electronics has announced plans to acquire a major market television station, each time unsuccessfully. At the same time, they have expended time and money fighting off hostile takeover attempts by two of their Japanese competitors. An acquisition of a radio network would in one fell swoop accomplish two important tasks -- give Trask a solid base in broadcasting and, because of FCC regulations forbidding foreign ownership of radio stations, wipe out the threat of the Japanese takeover...

CUT TO:

102 INT. OFFICE - LATER

102

Tess sitting at her desk, her face buried in her hands, groaning. Cyn is sitting on the edge of the desk, casually adjusting her nail polish.

TESS

Shoot me, okay? Just shoot me.

CYN

Would you cut that out?! They didn't throw you out, did they?

TESS

They don't have bouncers, Cyn. They're a little more subtle than that.

(shudders)

And last night.

CYN

Yeah, sorry. I shoulda checked the milligrams. Live and learn.

(gently)

Look, you got a taste, and you were over your head. So just come on back to the real world and quit kicking yourself..

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

TESS

(frustrated)

That's not the point!! I had a chance
for something good to happen, and I --

Tess stops cold, noticing:

103 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

103

way across the floor and through the glass doors, Jack Trailer,
inquiring at the reception desk. The Receptionist gestures
towards Tess.

104 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS AND CYN

104

Tess bolts up from her chair and pushes Cyn into it.

TESS

It's him! He's coming over here!

CYN

Him him!? Where!?

TESS

Do me a favor? Be me. Be the
secretary.

CYN

Tess --

TESS

(pleading)

C'mon, Cyn! Please just do it?

And before Cyn can answer, Tess has sped into Katherine's
office, kicking the door shut behind her.

105 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - SAME

105

Tess settling behind the desk, in a flurry. She opens a folder
pushes back her hair, takes a deep breath and tries to look
casual. A KNOCK at the door.

TESS

Yes?

She looks up. Cyn opens the door, leans in and speaks with
barely concealed derision.

CYN

A Mr. Jack Trainer to see you,
Ms. McGill.

Tess gives her a warning look. Jack steps in, carrying a box
under one arm.

TESS
Thank you, Cynthia.

Cyn makes a lascivious face behind Jack's back.

CYN
Hold all calls, Ms. McGill?

TESS
(evenly)
Yes, Cynthia. Thank you.

Tess spots a photo of Katherine and her family on the desk and deftly flips it over.

CYN
(perky)
Get you anything, Mr. Trainer?
Coffee, tea? Me?

Jack smiles at her. Tess laughs, too loudly.

TESS
Isn't she a riot?
(restrained)
That'll be all, Cynthia...

Cyn shuts the door.

TESS
Why'd you say you weren't you last night!?

JACK
All right, I'm sorry. I just thought...if I told you I was me, it'd be all business and no... pleasure.

TESS
Crummy thing to do to a person.

JACK
Said I was sorry.

TESS
I'm not that woman you met last night. I took a pill, the drink, and...
(gingerly)
I miss anything?

Jack takes a moment, settles into a chair.

JACK

Nothing happend.

TESS

I woke up in my underwear.

JACK

Bet you looked nice.

TESS

(persistent)

Did you...get me that way?

JACK

I took off your shoes, took off your dress, put you on the bed. Kept my eyes closed.

TESS

And that was...it?

JACK

I might've peeked, I don't remember. End of story.

TESS

I guess I should thank you. Thank you.

JACK

Don't mention it.

He hands her the box.

TESS

What's this?

JACK

A good luck to us token. Open it.

She does. It's a leather briefcase. Lettered on the catch strap, in gold, it says "T. McG".

TESS

What's this for?

JACK

We'd like to work on it with you. I thought you could use a better briefcase.

TESS

(excited)

You did!?! You liked it!?!

JACK

I want to go first to Metro Radio Systems. They're a solid, family-owned, mid-sized network in the South. Had offers before, rejected them, but the father's about to retire and the son was just forced out by his board of directors. Lot of squabbling, good time to go in.

TESS

Sounds promising...

JACK

One thing we don't get, though. How come you didn't just put it together with your people here? Why come to us?

TESS

(fumbling)

Why didn't I, ah...

Just then, the intercom buzzer SOUNDS. Tess picks up the phone, mumbles something quietly frantic into it, quickly stands up and heads for the door, as calmly as possible.

TESS

Would you excuse me for just a sec...?

106 OUTER OFFICE - SAME

106

Tess comes out of the office. Cyn turns to her, helpless. Ginny, Katherine's colleague, is standing impatiently over the desk.

TESS

(sweaty)

Ginny, hi, how are --

GINNY

Bess, my computer's down and I'm right in the middle of something. I'm going to need Katherine's office...

TESS

Sure, of course, no problem, um... just give me five minutes...

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

GINNY

(curtly)

I need it five minutes ago...

TESS

Right. Be right with you --

GINNY

What's going on in there?

TESS

Nothing...!?

Tess slips back inside the office.

107 INT. OFFICE - SAME

107

Tess doing a song and dance.

TESS

Jack, listen -- my one o'clock meeting's getting antsy, um...why don't I walk you to the elevator?

JACK

Okay. But first, answer my question, all right?

TESS

Your...? Oh, oh...um, the thing is, Jack, they're just so rigid here, no one wants to go to Trask about radio when he's all lathered over TV I figured I'd just put a package together he couldn't say no to, you know, quit fighting and just do it...

Jack looks at her. Tess fidgets, smiles. Suddenly, he stands up.

JACK

I'll fly down to Memphis in the morning, feel them out.

TESS

Absolutely. Fine.

The intercom BUZZER starts SOUNDING again, urgently. COMMOTION, from outside. Tess hurries to the door, mouthing a silent prayer. Jack follows right behind.

108 OUTER OFFICE - SAME

108

Ginny glowering as Cyn physically blocks her from the inner office door. Tess opens the door.

CYN

(with great relish)

Look, everyone wants a piece of the McGill mind. But you'll just have to wait!

(to Tess)

Miss McGill, I just don't know how much longer I can take it!

(to Jack)

I'm sorry, but she's backed up. You're gonna have to go...

GINNY

What the hell are you talking about?!

TESS

(to Ginny, casually)

Ginny, go right in. I'll be with you in just a minute...

Ginny shoots her a look..."you'll what!?"

Tess grabs Jack by the arm and pulls him away. He trails, bewildered.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS AND JACK

109

at the elevator bank. Tess stabs the button.

JACK

You free for dinner?

TESS

No, sorry.

JACK

Okay. Tomorrow night. I'll be back around eight.

TESS

(hesitant)

I...can't.

JACK

Well, when then?

Tess avoids his gaze.

TESS

(firmly)

I don't think we should get involved that way.

JACK

What do you mean!? What about last night!?

TESS

I told you, I'm not that girl, I -- last night was...special --

JACK

It wasn't special, I had to carry you up three flights of stairs --

TESS

I meant unusual special...Look, we're in a business deal together now, the last thing we should do is get involved that way. My life is real complicated as it is...

JACK

I don't want complicated either. I just want dinner, maybe a movie --

TESS

We both know what we're talking about.

The elevator arrives. The doors open. A few PEOPLE step back to make room.

JACK

Wait a minute -- this morning you're in my bed in some world-class lingerie and tonight you won't even eat with me!?

The Passengers are listening, watching.

TESS

(glaring at him)
I can't tonight...

Jack steps into the elevator, polls the assembled.

JACK

What do you guys think?

A chorus of impatient "Eat with him's" directed at Tess. Jack grins at her as the doors shut.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS 110

sagging with relief.

CUT TO:

111 INT. DONOHUE'S BAR - THAT NIGHT 111

A standard neighborhood tavern. The usual decor of neon beer logos and softball team schedules is supplemented tonight with streamers and GOOD LUCK banners. The place is jammed with working class COUPLES, the people Tess grew up with, people who've been coming here forever. There's a party goin' on.

112 ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO LITTLE KIDS 112

just over knee high, making a mess with a bag of beer nuts. A hand reaches down and takes the nuts and pats the heads affectionately.

113 ANOTHER ANGLE - A COUPLE OF COUPLES 113

dancing in a tight little spot by the jukebox to Bruce Springsteen singing "Jersey Girl". THEY come together and dance in a huddled foursome, singing along.

114 ANOTHER ANGLE - DUGAN 114

All dressed up and baleful, at the bar. He knocks back a shot and looks at his watch. Cyn sits down beside him and puts an arm around him. He smiles and gives her a kiss.

DUGAN

You sure she's gonna show?

CYN

(reassuring)

It's my engagement party, she knows she's dead meat if she doesn't.

Cyn moves off. Dugan signals the bartender for another drink.

115 ANOTHER ANGLE - AT THE DOOR 115

Tess, still dressed up for work and carrying her briefcase. She looks snazzy and sophisticated and out of place. She hugs Cyn.

TESS

Real sorry I'm late. Got stuck at work.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

CYN

You're gonna be out of work,
you keep scamming like you are...

(a beat, then)

Look, I'm nervous as hell, and I
think Mick's about to drown
himself in a scotch bottle.

TESS

He's bad, huh?

CYN

Throw him a bone, will you? I
want happy humans here tonight.

116 AT THE BAR - SAME

116

Tess sits down next to Dugan, rests her briefcase on the bar
and signals to the Bartender. Dugan does a double take.

DUGAN

Tess ?!

TESS

(same surprised
tone)

Snake ?!

DUGAN

You look...different.

TESS

Yeah, well I'm not the same
pathetic trusting fool I was
a couple days ago. Shows, huh?

The Bartender comes over.

BARTENDER

Hey, Tess. What'll it be?

She hands him the briefcase.

TESS

Stow this behind the bar for
me, will you Tony? And bring me
a Chivas on the rocks, and buy Mick
one of whatever.

(CONTINUED)

The Bartender, nods and moves off.

DUGAN

I just meant -- the pearls, the
duds, the briefcase with the
initials -- what's going on?

TESS

(defensive)

Make fun if you want.

DUGAN

(quickly)

No, uh-uh. You look good. Classy.
Did you have to go to traffic court
or something?

TESS

No. I just came from work. I
sort of got a promotion.

The drinks are set in front of them. Dugan raises his.

DUGAN

To Cyn and Tim, to you and me,
to you and your promotion, to me
getting a boat loan...

Tess turns to him, surprised and really pleased.

TESS

You what?! You did?!

DUGAN

(bursting)

That SBA thing you told me
about? They came through,
just this morning. Put a down
payment on Jimmy Noonan's old
boat...

TESS

That is just so great!!

Some song starts to play. Dugan pulls Tess over by the jukebox
and they come together and start to dance.

117 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS AND DUGAN 117

swaying together.

DUGAN

Missed you like all hell.
 Couldn't believe how hard it
 hit me.

TESS

Had Doreen to ease the pain...

DUGAN

Doreen who?
 (earnest)
 There's a saying -- why go out
 for hamburger when you can have
 steak at home. You're steak,
 Tess. I'm not ever gonna forget
 that again.

TESS

It'd have to be different, Mick.
 It's gonna be no good if you're
 going to make me feel guilty
 'cause I work hard...

DUGAN

No, forget about that...

He kisses her, hard, passionate. Tess isn't finished, but she responds to his ardor.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE - CYN AND TIM 118

at the pool table, opening the gifts laid out upon it, the ASSEMBLED looking on and oohing and aaahing. Cyn holds up the last one. She opens the box, pulls out a set of "erotic" lingerie, holds it up for all to see, vamps with it. Tim reads the card, aloud.

TIM

Hours of fun for the entire
 family. Love, Tess and Mick.

LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE.

119 ANOTHER ANGLE 119

120 TESS AND DUGAN 120

standing by the bar. She looks at him. He shrugs.

120 CONTINUED:

120

DUGAN

I put from both of us, I didn't know if you'd gotten something or what...

Tess smiles, puts her arm through his. Dugan grabs a bar spoon and dings it against a beer pitcher.

DUGAN

Okay, toast, we need a toast.

MORE APPLAUSE, CHEERS. Dugan gets up on the bar, all swash and buckle, and picks up his drink and holds it out.

DUGAN

Thank you, thank you. Um, let's see...To Tim, the groom to be the man who means everything in the world to me, the man who's owed me a hundred dollars since nineteen seventy-three...

121 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

121

gazing up at him, joining in the laughter and the catcalls. Right now, she's really taken with him again.

DUGAN

(o.s.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you, and you can have him, Timothy James Rourke!

122 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING DUGAN

122

raising his glass, spilling a little. All do, with a ROAR. He calls for silence and gets it and continues, really cranked up now, and very charming.

DUGAN

...and Cynthia. The Original Cyn. Been like a sister to me. In fact, we were still taking baths together until just recently...

LAUGHTER, CHEERS. Tess smacks him on the leg.

DUGAN

...hey but seriously, from me and Tess and everybody here -- may your life together be long and happy, may the road always rise up to meet you.

AAAHHS and APPLAUSE.

123 ANOTHER ANGLE - TIM AND CYN 123

blushing, smiling. They lift their glasses to Dugan.

TIM

And when are we going to toast the
two of you, Mick?

OTHER VOICES echo his. WHISTLES, LAUGHTER.

124 ANOTHER ANGLE - DUGAN 124

on the spot.

DUGAN

Well, we haven't really discussed
it, I mean, not in a while --

TIM

You don't discuss it, boy you
just ask!

MORE WHISTLES, CHEERS of encouragement. Dugan getting into it.
He does a slow take around the room, like Spartacus gauging the
strength of his support.

Tess smiles gamely. She looks up at Dugan pleading with her
eyes -- don't, not now, in front of all of these people.

Dugan, playing it for all it's worth.

DUGAN

Here?! Now?!

The CROWD responds with roaring YES.

Tess tries in vain to catch his eye, her own look roaring NO.

Dugan gets down on one knee. Earnest -- he means it, and he
means it to be incredibly romantic. He holds a hand out to
Tess.

DUGAN

Tess, will you marry me?

A CHEER, and the assembled fall silent, all eyes on Tess.

Tess' game smile is frozen in place. She gives the room the
hairy eye.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE - CYN 125

burying her face in her hands.

126 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

126

settling her look on Dugan. You could hear a pin drop.

TESS

Maybe.

DUGAN

That's an answer?

Tess shoots him a look -- joke's over.

TESS

(lightly)

You want another answer, ask another girl.

WHISTLES, CATCALLS. Dugan shoots her a look back -- thanks a lot. He forces a big grin and shrugs for the crowd, palms up in a comical gesture of helplessness. LAUGHTER.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. DONOHUE'S - LATER

127

Tess and Dugan by a parked car, arguing. Tess is crying, Dugan is wound-up, walking wounded.

DUGAN

You fucking humiliated us in there!

TESS

You set us up, Mick, doing it like that! What'd you expect me to do, just lie in front of all those people, just automatically say yes?!

DUGAN

Didn't know you'd have to lie. I thought you were wanting me to ask...

TESS

(exasperated)

Mick, we've been apart, you know, barely had a drink and a dance again and then -- boom! You want an answer about the rest of my life!

DUGAN

Alright, okay -- here we are just the two of us. Will you marry me, or what?

127 CONTINUED:

127

TESS

Jesus, Mick. Do we have to decide this right now?!

DUGAN

I want to get things solidified. Things in my life. You're not the only one's got plans, you know...

TESS

I said maybe.

DUGAN

(belligerent)

Maybe means dick. Fuck maybe. I want an answer...

TESS

(pleading)

Please don't yell at me like that. You treat me like I'm --

DUGAN

What's all this talk about how you get treated?! Who the fuck died and made you Grace Kelly?!

TESS

I'm not steak! You can't just order me!

DUGAN

(tough, final)

Look, I don't need this. You get your priorities straight maybe we can talk. Right now, we're history.

And he turns on his heel and strides off into the night and doesn't look back.

128 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

128

all alone on the street, watching him. She starts to call his name, but can't -- it is over, and that hits her, and all that comes out is a long, sad sob.

CUT TO:

129 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING - TWO DAYS LATER 129

Jack at the water cooler, shirtless. He pours cold water into his cupped hands, splashes some on his face, under his arms etc., shivers. FOLLOW him, across the empty floor and back into his little office, littered with sandwich wrappers, donut scraps, coffee containers. He pulls open a file drawer, takes out a shirt, unwraps it and puts it on, sinks back into his chair, punches up a file on his computer, hits another button and the printer clatters to life behind him.

CUT TO:

130 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - LATER

130

the phone ringing. Tess bursts in, drops bag and take-out coffee on the desk, picks it up.

TESS

Katherine Parker's office...

(alarmed, covering)

Oh, um, must've...I'll switch you over...

She hits the hold button, counts two beats, hits the line button.

TESS

(boroughese)

Tess McGill's office...may I ask who's calling...just a moment please...

Again, with the hold button. Then:

TESS

Jack?

131 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME

131

We hear his voice, but we don't see him until the CAMERA FINDS HIM on the floor, curled up, bone weary, using the receiver for a pillow.

JACK

Went well in Memphis, but we're gonna have to move fast and hit them high, Armbrister looks at Metro like it's part of his family and you know how that gets...he's willing to listen but you've got to get Trask to talk sweet, Armbrister's thinking about twenty million...I've been up all night going over their prospectus...

(sings, softly)

Lullabye, and goodnight...

132 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - SAME

132

TESS
 JACK!? You still there?...Okay,
 lunch, yeah...northwest corner
 Wall and Pearl...yeah, I'm gonna
 get to them this morning...bye.

She hangs up the phone. Cyn shoulders the door open, lugs a huge suitcase into the room, drops it with a SIGH.

CYN
 Here. I couldn't find the red
 shoes, but I got everything else.

TESS
 (distracted)
 Thanks.

CYN
 Mick's really raw. He says he's
 gonna throw the rest of your
 stuff out. Kept me there talking
 at me until three this morning.

TESS
 God, Cyn. I'm sorry.
 (a beat, then)
 How hard would it be to crash
 a wedding?

CYN
 What are you talking about?

Tess whips open the New York Post.

133 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE NEWSPAPER

133

open to Suzy's column. WE SEE a picture at the top, of a pretty young girl. Underneath, it reads -- Phyllis Trask.

TESS
 (wired)
 Reception at the Union Club
 following the ceremony...

134 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

134

pacing. Cyn sinks into a chair.

(CONTINUED)

TESS

...blend in, get next to Oren Trask
I mean, how else am I gonna get
to him, right? Can't exactly
go through the usual channels.
And it's safe, right? Last
thing the wedding party wants
to do is admit they've never
seen you before...

CYN

Tess, wait a minute...

TESS

...what if you're cousin Fenster
or something...

CYN

(sharply)

TESS! I'm talking to you!

Tess stops in her tracks, startled.

TESS

Cyn, what!?

CYN

(a beat, then
seriously)

You said when the ball got
rolling you'd tell these
people what you're up to.
Well it's rolling, and if you're
so smart why don't you act
smart and save your ass while
you still can. Else they'll
find out, and you're not gonna
have your job or any job, you're
out of your man and your home
already --

TESS

(adamant)

Soon as I get to Trask, get my
end set up. If I spill it
before then, I'm not gonna
have anything solid to show
and it'll all have been for
zip. I'll tell him soon as
I have Trask Electronics
listening. I swear. I know what
I'm doing.

CYN

Yeah. So do I. Screwing your life up.

TESS
I'm not gonna spend my whole life
working my ass off and getting
nowhere just 'cause I played by
rules I had nothing to do with
setting up...

The phone RINGS. Tess picks it up.

TESS
Tess McGill...
(then, covering)
KATHERINE!?!...No, it's still your
office, I just...hah hah hah...

Cyn gets up to leave. Tess puts her hand over the mouthpiece.

CYN
I'll see you, Tess.

TESS
(hapless)
Cyn, I --

Cyn leans in like she's telling a secret.

CYN
Sometimes I sing and dance around
the house in my underwear.
Doesn't make me Madonna.

She slips out the door. Tess sinks into the chair and takes a
deep breath.

TESS
(into phone)
Katherine?

135 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

135

Katherine on the bed, with a telephone. She is less bandaged
and tractioned than the last time we saw her.

KATHERINE
Don't get too used to the long
lunches, Tess. They're letting
me go a week from this Friday...

136 INT. OFFICE - SAME

136

Tess on the phone, frazzled.

TESS
...week from tomorrow, that's ah...
faster than you thought, isn't it?

137 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

137

KATHERINE

(breezy)

...the doctor says I've got great bones. His aren't too bad, either. God, am I horny! I can't wait to get home...anyway, I need you to summarize the Baron Oil prospectus, federal express that along with...

138 INT. OFFICE - SAME

138

Tess scribbling down orders.

TESS

...get the last two quarterly reports, uh-huh...okay...it already arrived...Yes, I am a sport. Bye...

She makes a face at Katherine through the phone and hangs it up.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. STREET - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NOON

139

FOLLOWING Tess and Jack, exiting a pizza parlor carrying slices and walking down the street, Tess struggling to keep up with his hurried pace.

TESS

(huddling against the cold)

Nice day to eat outside.

JACK

(weary, dogged)

No time to sit. Cools the slice off. I put Metro at a cash flow multiple of seven. Ain't gonna find any lower than that unless he's just looking for a stick and a microphone in Podunk. Trask ready to roll for twenty mil?

TESS

I don't exactly know...

JACK

Where's his ballpark? What'd they say this morning?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

TESS

Well...I want to get them excited about the concept before I start throwing actual figures...

JACK

(impatiently)

And are they excited?

TESS

(stalling)

They're going to be...

JACK

(exploding)

WAIT A MINUTE! I've been up for thirty-six hours straight, got a prospectus and a meeting on this at two with the head of my department. Where the hell exactly are we!?

TESS

Don't yell at me!

JACK

Answer me!

A BEAT, Tess, stalling, defensive.

TESS

I'm...as a matter of fact...I'm going to see Trask himself on Saturday. I feel we're strong enough to go right to him.

They are at the entrance to an underground parking garage. Jack steers her inside.

JACK

You have a meeting with him? This Saturday? Where?

TESS

(a beat, then)

The Union Club.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

JACK
I should definitely be there.

TESS
Why!?

JACK
What do you mean, why? I've been eating and sleeping Metro Radio. You're leaving us wide open if you leave me out.

TESS
(rattled)
Yeah, right. Okay.
(resigned)
Where're we going?

JACK
Visit my assets. Sorry I yelled at you, I just...

140 INT. GARAGE - SAME

140

FOLLOWING THEM to the Attendant's booth.

JACK
...it's been a bad year for me, I thought Katherine Parker might've even put you on to me as a...charity case...I don't know if you know, but my job's a little...on the line, last thing I need's another screwed up deal.

The ATTENDANT nods to Jack and hands him a set of keys. FOLLOW THEM, into the recesses of the cavernous garage.

TESS
Yeah, me either. Better believe it.

They reach a car in the corner, covered with a tonneau. Jack whisks it off, revealing a gleaming red, mint condition 1957 pop-top Thunderbird coupe. He smiles, wistfully, and for the first time all day.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

JACK

Always wanted one of these, finally made enough money to buy one and only have time to come down once a week and start her up. What's the fucking use, huh?

He gets in, opens the other door for Tess. She gets in. He starts it up.

141 INT. CAR - SAME

141

TESS

Why not something you can use, you know, nice apartment say...

JACK

My father always said -- you can live in your car, but you can't drive your house.

He slaps it in gear and starts tooling around the garage.

JACK

(resolute)

Got a packed suitcase and a case of Harp in the trunk. One day, this grind's gonna finally sit on me full press, and I'm gonna come down here and get in the car and drive 'til it's hot and sandy somewhere...

142 INT. GARAGE - SAME

142

The T-bird, running in a tight little circle, radio blasting.

CUT TO:

143 INT. TAXICAB - MOVING - SATURDAY

143

Jack and Tess, sitting in the back, all dressed up. Tess fidgeting, keyed-up, nervous.

JACK

He jet-lagged from somewhere or he just lunches late?

TESS

(distracted)

Huh?

JACK

Three o'clock's a late lunch.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

TESS

Oh, yeah...actually, it's not exactly lunch. There'll be food there, though...

Jack fixes her with a look. She looks out the window. He pokes her in the ribs.

JACK

(evenly)

What's the story, Tess.

TESS

(quickly, defensive)

It's his daughter's wedding.

Jack sinks into his seat, moaning.

JACK

That's the meeting?!

TESS

It's a perfect opportunity. He's happy, little cake and champagne, we look for an opening. Trust me.

JACK

JESUS CHRIST!! What the hell do you -- ?

TESS

LOOK! We have to get to him fast, and this is our best shot. You wanted to come, so just GET WITH THE PROGRAM, ALL RIGHT?!

CUT TO:

144 EXT. UNION CLUB - LATER

144

The cab pulls up to the entrance. A uniformed DOORMAN opens the door and Tess and Jack slip out. MUSIC drifts from inside, big-band stuff. Jack offers his arm, perfunctorily, and Tess takes it, gingerly, and they head inside.

CUT TO:

145 INT. UNION CLUB - SAME

145

Tess and Jack enter through a bamboo screen.

146 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

146

The huge ballroom transformed into a Caribbean paradise. GUESTS milling around tables festooned with riotous tropical flowers. WAITERS and WAITRESSES in starched white uniforms, wearing helmets. A sixteen-piece Calypso band, also in uniform, banging and honking away. Specially lit palms swaying in

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

front of specially placed fans. A video crew circulating, getting it all down. Incredible amounts of money spent to make an incredibly opulent ballroom look like a town plaza in some little banana republic.

147 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

147

wide-eyed, awed. A YOUNG WOMAN walks up to them with a guestbook.

WOMAN

Nice to see you. Do you know which table you're --

TESS

(quickly)

Yes.

JACK

(simultaneously)

No.

TESS

I do, darling.

(brightly)

Oh, I see Phyllis --

She grabs Jack's arm and pulls him off and right into MR. and MRS. OREN TRASK, coming over to greet them. Trask is in his mid-fifties, tan and fit, with imposing, distinguished WASP-y looks and a gargantuanly gregarious demeanor. Mrs. Trask flutters beside him.

TRASK

(shaking hands)

Glad you could make it! Oren and Barbara Trask...

TESS

(wired)

Tess McGill! Jack Trainer! So good to see you again! What a great idea!

TRASK

Well, the kids thought it'd be fun...

BARBARA

You must be friends of Mark's...

TESS

Right!

Jack slides Tess an alarmed look.

TRASK

Well let's get you over there!

147 CONTINUED:

147

TESS

(quickly)

Ah, well, actually -- I really must
powder my bathroom -- NOSE.

(to Jack)

Wait here, darling.

(to Trasks)

So good to -- see you later!

Tess moves quickly off. The Trasks and Jack look at her,
baffled.

148 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

148

passing a table. She stops, looks closer. There are little
Watchman-sized televisions at each place setting, with ribbons
around them. Favors. She shakes her head, incredulous.

CUT TO:

149 INT. LADIES ROOM - SAME

149

Yes, it's tropical. Tess is hunched over a sink, eyeballing
herself in the mirror.

TESS

(vehemently)

Get a grip, get a grip, get a --

The door opens and Phyllis Trask enters and locks the door
and bursts into tears and then sees Tess.

PHYLLIS

Oh...do you love it or do you hate it?

TESS

(hesitant)

Love it?

PHYLLIS

So do I. But Mark thinks it looks
like El Salvador and that we're
making some kind of statement.

TESS

(gushing)

Oh, no, it's...more like just
paradise. Paradise with little
free TV's.

Phyllis smiles, dries her eyes. Tess smiles reassuringly and
heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

PHYLLIS

I hope I'm not being rude but --
who are you?

Tess freezes, turns to her.

TESS

(waffling)
I'm um, I'm Tess, I'm a friend of
Mark's, I'm --
(hugs her, abruptly)
I'm just so happy I could be
here for you...

Tess beelines for the door, pulls. It's locked. She fumbles
with the lock, mumbling reassuringly, quickly:

TESS

Just...paradise...never seen a
lovelier reception, believe me...

And she's out.

CUT TO:

150 INT. BALLROOM - SAME 150

Tess hovering discreetly behind a big palm, scanning for Jack.

151 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V. 151

Jack and a blonde beauty in a bridesmaid's dress with flowers
in her hair, in close across the way, against a wall. She is
laughing and touching him and he's touching back. He whispers
something into her ear and she seems to melt a little. Jack
looks away, catches Tess looking at him, reluctantly excuses
himself and starts towards Tess.

152 ANOTHER ANGLE - JACK AND TESS 152

head to head, whispering fiercely.

JACK

Friend of Mark's my ass. We're
just plain crashing this thing.

TESS

You seemed to be having an okay
enough time with blondie over there.

A WAITER passes by with a tray of champagne. Jack grabs one
and downs it.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

JACK
(exasperated)
We'd better just get out of here
before we get thrown out, okay!?

TESS
(a beat, then,
contritely)
I guess we should, I...I'm sorry.
I thought...never mind.

They start discreetly for the door, Jack notices something,
stops her, pulls her in close.

JACK
You want to take a shot, or what.

TESS
What do you mean?

He points.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE - THEIR P.O.V.

153

The dance floor. REVEAL Oren Trask dancing with the blonde
bridesmaid.

JACK
(o.s.)
I'll cut in, get blondie (might as
well get her number out of this),
you dance with Trask and see what
you can do.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS AND JACK

154

breaking in. He swoops blondie off. Tess pastes on a huge
grin and starts waltzing with Trask.

155 ANOTHER ANGLE - IN CLOSE

155

swirling around with Tess and Trask.

TESS
(winging it)
Talk about a small world, huh?

Trask smiles at her, politely but clearly uncomprehending.

TESS
I mean, here we've just met and yet,
um, I feel as if I've spent so much
time working with you, in a way...I'm
in Mergers and Acquisitions at Petty,
Marsh...

155 CONTINUED:

155

TRASK

Well, I sure wish we were having more luck with your team...

TESS

Well so do I, so do I...I've been trying to set you up with a radio network, but my bosses, they think you're just stuck on acquiring television and wouldn't even listen...

TRASK

Well that's not true...

TESS

That's what I said, I said you don't get to be an Oren Trask by shutting your ears to new ideas...

TRASK

(smiles)

We considered a radio purchase last year. It wasn't...what we needed.

TESS

(crushed)

Oh...

156 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

156

over his shoulder. Phyllis and Mark, the groom, pointing at Tess. We SEE clearly that they are agreeing that neither one knows her. They start walking towards her.

157 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

157

wheels spinning. She dances him over to Jack, who's in a tight clinch with blondie, and kicks him discreetly in the leg and mouths "we have to go NOW!". He gets it. The song ends. Tess breaks away from Trask, quickly.

TRASK

However -- that was last year. If you've got the right property, I'd like to hear about it.

TESS

You would

TRASK

Absolutely. What looks good?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

TESS

(frantically)

I really -- it's not the time or
the place and I just realized I...
I'm monopolizing the father of the
bride I see Phyllis coming I really
think say what if I gave you a call
say Monday --

TRASK

Our media consultant's Tim Draper --

TESS

Tim, right!

We SEE Phyllis and Mark getting very close. Suddenly -- Jack
grabs Tess and pulls her in the other direction.

JACK

Honey I'm starved!

TESS

(to Trask)

BYE!

CUT TO:

158 EXT. UNION CLUB - SAME

158

Jack and Tess exiting into a cold drizzle. Jack starts
quickly up the street, weaving on and off the sidewalk,
flagging for a taxicab. Tess stays on his heels.

TESS

(pleading)

C'mon, Jack -- it worked, didn't it!?

JACK

So we got a meeting. Monday morning,
yeah, I tell my boss, oh the Metro
deal, it's closing fast, we've got a
commitment to take a fucking meeting!
Like my ass needs more time on the
grill...

TESS

It's going to happen -- we're ready,
they're ready, Metro's ready --

JACK

Lady, I'm ready to...

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

He practically stops a passing cab with his hand. It skids to a halt. He pulls open the door, almost tearing it off.

TESS

I'm sorry. I really need this deal to work, and --

JACK

Hey, don't be sorry. Crashing a wedding, that kind of balls, this business loves that stuff.

(a beat, then, evenly)

It's just that...when I met you at that party, and you were dressed to kill and we had a pop and I thought -- now here's one who's not in overdrive, doesn't take it so goddamn seriously...

TESS

(stung)

I have to take it seriously, you don't understand...

JACK

Forget it.

(takes her arm)

C'mon, take the cab. You're gonna catch cold.

TESS

No, you take it.

JACK

I'm walking. I'll talk to you Monday.

He heads off up the street.

159 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

159

A BEAT, watching him go, effected.

CUT TO:

160 INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - LATE MONDAY NIGHT

160

Tess at the home office, surrounded by an awesomely intimidating array of prospectuses, briefs, charts and graphs. She is scribbling on a legal pad. MOVE IN CLOSE, on her hand, scribbling on the pad. Notes. SECRETARY. BOSS STOLE TRASK IDEA. TRYING FOR ENTRE PROGRAM. SORRY WAITED SO LONG TO TELL. She underlines the last.

161 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

161

picks up the phone and dials, nervously arranging the legal pad in front of her.

CUT TO:

162 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - SAME

162

Jack on the floor, surrounded by papers and coffee cups and McDonalds wrappers. The phone rings. He picks it up.

JACK

(wearily)

Hello...yeah, hi...tried to call you. You're unlisted...The Metro prospectus says the FCC ruling on their transmitter is pending. That's outdated. They approved it, Friday. Doubles the signal reach in Memphis. You got that?...I'm so fucking tired I could die, and I still got three hours work...we are still on for tomorrow right? And this is a real meeting, right? We don't have to jump someone on the sidewalk or anything?...Good. I just can't take any surprises tonight...

163 INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - SAME

163

Tess drumming her pen on the legal pad, wired.

TESS

(into phone)

Why'd I call?...well, to, to -- just see how you were doing...you're dead, right. Me, too...okay see you tomorrow...

She hangs up, slowly, tears the sheet off of the legal pad and crumples it up.

CUT TO:

164 EXT. TRASK OFFICES - MIDTOWN - TUESDAY MORNING

164

FOLLOWING TESS, striding purposefully up the avenue, lugging her overstuffed briefcase. She turns into a skyscraper entrance and heads through the revolving door.

165 INT. BUILDING - LOBBY - SAME

165

She sees Jack leaning against the wall by the elevator bank. His eyes are closed. She gently nudges him. He opens his eyes, startled.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

JACK

I'm here lezzgo....

TESS

Plenty of time. You okay?

He blinks, shakes his head.

JACK

Yeah. Perky as ever.

They get into the elevator.

166 INT. ELEVATOR - ASCENDING - SAME

166

Tess whips a compact mirror out of her pocket book, gives it to him to hold, starts adjusting the make-up under her eyes. With his free hand, Jack takes a bottle of Visine from his pocket, takes the cap off with his teeth, and squeezes some into his eyes. The floor bell DINGS and the elevator doors slide open.

CUT TO:

167 FULL SCREEN - SCANNING

167

a bank of television monitors, all silent. WE SEE a sales meeting with a WOMAN pointing to a screen projected pie chart; a group of MEN gathered around a table inspecting a pushbutton phone system not quite as big as a coffee table; an empty office; then, one showing Tess and Jack, standing at a conference table, three suits across from them. Handshakes all around. All sit.

168 ANOTHER ANGLE - OREN TRASK

168

sitting behind his huge desk, bare save for the remote control he is playing his bank of monitors with. He leans back, watching, and switches on the sound.

169 ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SCREEN

169

the monitor.

TESS

Are we waiting for Mr. Trask?

CUT TO:

170 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

170

The suit in the middle looks with amusement at the men flanking him. This is Tim Drapper, the media consultant. He is about thirty-five, slick, arrogant.

DRAPER

Mr. Trask doesn't sit in on this level.

TESS

(embarrassed)

Course not. Well. Why don't I just begin then...

(a beat, then)

Here's the way I see it. Trask Electronics has two big needs at this point in time -- to protect themselves from a hostile takeover by a Japanese competitor, and to diversify by expanding into broadcasting. Acquiring a television network would solve both needs, but that could take 'til kingdom come. By acquiring the Metro Radio System, you nail the two birds with one stone, and quickly. You get your FCC license to guard against the Japanese, and you get a solid profitable foundation in broadcasting. And you can have it now. If you turn to page four of the prospectus, you'll see --

Draper interrupts her.

DRAPER

Excuse me, Ms. McGill, but do you have another proposal besides Metro?

TESS

(surprised)

No. Why?

JACK

Metro's a terrific --

DRAPER

I'm sure it is, but a Chicago group just put a bear hug on them this morning. The company's in play.

JACK

(deflated)

Dammit. Just this morning?

DRAPER

That's right. Trask isn't aiming at radio anyway, we're certainly not going to get into a bidding war.

TESS

Wait a minute.

(to Jack)

You said Armbrister thought of it, what, like family you said. Cares who he's selling to.

JACK

(quickly)

Has the majority of the stock.

(to Draper)

Look, if this Chicago group's uninvited which I'm sure they are and Armbrister and Trask agree to a sale, you won't have a war. If I can get him up here, will Trask take the meeting?

DRAPER

(officious)

Lot of ifs. We really don't want to get involved.

TESS

(pleading)

Twenty-four hours...

DRAPER

(final)

Sorry. Not interested.

The phone BUZZES. Draper picks it up. A voice buzzes, adamantly. Draper's face falls into a chagrined, tight scowl.

DRAPER

Yes, Mr. Trask. Okay, Mr. Trask.

He hangs up.

DRAPER

Yes, he'll take the meeting.

TESS

That was Trask?

DRAPER

Yes it was.

TESS

How'd he know?

DRAPER

He knows everything.

Tess looks around, uncomfortably.

CUT TO:

171 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

171

Tess pacing back and forth. Jack on the phone, pacing back and forth.

JACK

...they're holding tomorrow late afternoon open for the two of you...if there's anything I can do about hotel rooms or...very good...yes Sir...you enjoy your dinner too...thank you...goodbye.

He hangs up, collapsing onto the couch.

TESS

How'd he sound!?

JACK

(southern drawl)

Ahm gone git some supper now son, you till this Trask fella...

TESS

Positive? Negative?

JACK

Well, he's flying up tomorrow noon. Says a lot right there.

TESS

(jazzed)

We did it! You did it!

JACK

We did it.

(a beat, then)

Look, um...I feel like I haven't had a hot meal since the late sixties or a drink, or seen a movie, maybe we could...

TESS

Yeah.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER

172

A little CHINAMAN and a white KID with a mohawk and a tall black kid with unlaced Nikes are lined up outside the door, each carrying a bag. Jack opens the door, takes the bag from each and checks inside and pays off each in turn.

JACK

...very good...Wild Turkey, good...(movie title), it was in, great...

173 INT. APARTMENT - SAME

173

Tess and Jack and drinks and Chinese food, arranged around the living room floor.

JACK

...not so much the work itself, I mean, sure, it's exhausting, but it's more...all the bullshit that goes with it. The idea of money as some Holy Grail. Measuring your life by how many abstract dollars you're moving around. I had a girlfriend, she even...

He breaks off, laughs.

TESS

What?

JACK

She gets off on it, the bullshit, like it was some kind of Spanish Fly. Thinks rank is sexy, and absolute rank is absolutely erotic. Her favorite position is CEO with board approval.

They laugh and catch each other's eyes.

TESS

What do you think's sexy?

JACK

Mmmm...tan lines, the way they kind of outline the good parts. You?

TESS

(shrugs)

Ummm...sense of humor...

JACK

(goads)

Come on. Good stuff.

TESS

(a beat, then)

When you see a guy in jeans and in the front it's faded on the side they, you know, wear it on.

Jack laughs, Tess blushes furiously.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

TESS
 (flustered)
 Okay. I'm totally embarrassed. Fine.
 Could we watch the movie now?

174 FULL SCREEN

174

the television, showing the credits and playing the closing music of (movie title). CAMERA WANDERING, over half-finished drinks and half-eaten plates of Chinese food and Tess curled up asleep on the floor and Jack curled up asleep also, close by. The tape flips into rewind, and the TV switches over to broadcast, Crazy Eddie screaming about his Fourth of July Blow-Out. Both wake up with a start. Jack reaches over and gropes the sound down.

JACK
 Sorry, I...
 (looks at her, smiles)
 You too, huh?

TESS
 Yeah. Like a light.

She smiles back at him. They lock looks, for a beat. Sexy.

JACK
 Now I'll never get to sleep.

TESS
 Me either. What do you want to do?

JACK
 You.

They make a sleepy scramble for each other and melt into a kiss, passionately.

CUT TO:

175 INT. JACK'S APT. - BEDROOM - LATER

175

Jack and Tess in bed, post-lust sweaty, limbs all akimbo. Tess sighs, contented.

TESS
 Did you ever have a moment when it just went right through your bones that you felt...good. That you were happy, right where you wanted to be?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

JACK

Yeah. Right now.

She puts her arms around him and buries her face in his chest.

TESS

(gingerly)

There's something I ought to tell you.

JACK

Something I ought to tell you, too. The girlfriend I told you about before? I haven't gotten to break it off yet.

TESS

Oh.

(quickly)

It's none of my business, you don't have to --

JACK

No, it's alright. We were supposed to go away together, few weeks ago, and I was going to tell her then, only I had to work straight through the weekend and never got there. Just a timing thing.

TESS

Oh.

They entwine again, all over each other, hungrily.

JACK

I...you're really something. With and without your clothes on.

TESS

(softly)

You too...

His kisses start travelling south on the swooning Tess.

JACK

She broke her legs skiing and has been laid up and I just couldn't see doing it over the phone, you know, kicking someone when they're down...

176 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS

176

delirious, eyes half-closed.

TESS
...skiing...broke legs...

JACK
(from below)
...wouldn't even have mentioned it,
but she's in your department at Petty...
in fact, you mentioned her the first
time you called...

Tess slowly opens her eyes as the nickel drops.

TESS
(fearfully)
Katherine?

JACK
(from further below)
Parker, yeah...

177 ANOTHER ANGLE - EXTREME CLOSEUP

177

as Tess' eyes widen, as simultaneously this news hits home
and Jack's ministrations hit the spot. She GASPS from the
overload.

DISSOLVE TO:

178 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - MATCHING

178

Tess, eyes still wide open. She hasn't slept a wink. The
digital clock on the bedside table flips over to six-fifty-four.
Jack stirs. She touches him, gently.

TESS
(quietly)
You awake?

JACK
Semi.

TESS
There's something I wanted to tell
you too. Remember the first day,
when I called you up and said I was...

The phone RINGS. Jack fumbles for it.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

(into phone)

Hello?...Katherine, yeah, hi...I'm fine, I'm asleep...La Guardia? This afternoon? Jeez. Kath, I'd love to but I'm absolutely swamped... well try your secretary again, and if you still can't get her, call me at the office later...

(lowers his voice)

...yeah, you too...Bye.

He hangs up and sits on the edge of the bed, rubbing his face awake.

TESS

Katherine...Parker?

JACK

She got a seat on some hospital charter, she's flying in this afternoon and can't find her secretary to come pick her up...

TESS

(quickly)

I'm sure she'll get hold of her...

JACK

Hope you're right...now, what were you saying?

TESS

God, look how late it is...

JACK

It's only five after seven...

TESS

(gravely)

It's later than I thought.

Tess jumps out of bed.

CUT TO:

179 EXT. DRY CLEANERS - LATER 179

Tess rapping insistently on the door. The CLERK finally comes and opens it, flipping the CLOSED sign over to OPEN. Tess rushes in.

180 INT. DRY CLEANER - SMAE 180

The Clerk hangs up a bundle of Katherine's clothes (the ones Tess wore) by the counter. He tears the bill off the hanger.

CLERK

One hundred twenty, even.

Tess winces, takes all the bills from her wallet, starts digging into her change purse.

CUT TO:

181 INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - LATER 181

Tess hanging up the clothes, tearing off the plastic, hurriedly rearranging them in the closet.

182 INT. DEN - SAME 182

Tess puts back the original Trask file in the middle of the stack on the top of the desk, re-affixes Katherine's memo to it, stacks the rest of the papers on top.

183 INT. KITCHEN - SAME 183

Tess at the open refrigerator with a garbage bag, loading it with Chinese take-out cartons, a half-eaten Blimpie, etc. She strips it down to the mustard and yoghurt she found there.

184 INT. BEDROOM - SAME 184

Tess shooing the cat and buzzing up and down the bedsheets with a Dustbuster, then starting to carefully make the bed.

185 INT. FOYER - SAME 185

Tess with her little suitcase and her briefcase. She takes one last look around and, satisfied, heads out the door.

CUT TO:

186 INT. OFFICE - LATER 186

Tess tearing across the floor towards her cubicle, past the other SECRETARIES, who are sipping coffees and slowly starting their day. She reaches the RINGING PHONE and picks it up, breathless.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

TESS

Hello, Ms. Parker's -- Katherine?!

She collapses into her chair as Katherine's VOICE BUZZES angrily from the receiver.

CUT TO:

187 INT. AIRLINE TERMINAL - LA GUARDIA -
THAT AFTERNOON

187

Tess pacing nervously by a window. She looks at the clock. Quarter after two.

188 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

188

Katherine in a wheelchair, being lowered from a small airplane and onto the tarmac. An ATTENDANT starts to wheel her across lugging her suitcase and her crutches. We SEE Katherine laughing and making juvenile flying airplane moves.

189 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

189

apprehensive, waiting by the door. Katherine approaching. Tess smiles, waves, tentatively. Katherine sees her.

KATHERINE

(booming)

Tess, you son of a bitch, how the hell are you!?

The Attendant wheels her up. Tess takes the bag and crutches from him.

ATTENDANT

She had a muscle relaxer for the flight down.

KATHERINE

And I feel great. How about another round, old man?

ATTENDANT

I don't think so.

KATHERINE

Okay then, lend me a quarter and wheel me to a telephone. Tess, why don't you load up the car. We'll be right out.

190 EXT. TERMINAL - TAXI STAND - SAME

190

Attendant and Tess loading Katherine's things into a Checker cab, in the b.g. In the f.g., Katherine speaking into a pay phone.

190 CONTINUED:

190

KATHERINE

Jack?...I'm at the airport...it's absolutely imperative that you meet me at my apartment in an hour... can't talk now...bye...

She hangs up, smiling, and starts wheeling herself over to the cab, singing.

KATHERINE

Take me back, carry me home, down to Gasoline Alley where I was born...

CUT TO:

191 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS AND ATTENDANT

191

loading the trunk.

ATTENDANT

She had the pill before we took off. She'll be quiet soon...

CUT TO:

192 INT. TAXICAB - MOVING

192

heading into Manhattan. Katherine quieter now, as promised, lolling a little in her seat. Tess opens her briefcase.

TESS

I brought the weekly reports, if you'd like to have a look...

Katherine waves them away.

KATHERINE

How've you been, Tess? I mean, really, been.

TESS

(gingerly)
Oh, fine. Busy.

KATHERINE

Good busy or bad busy?

TESS

Good busy, I guess. Pursuing some of my own, you know, personal goals...

KATHERINE

And how are those goals coming?

TESS

(a beat, then)
As a matter of fact, I took some of your advice, about how I've got to make it happen, and it looks like... things are happening. Big things...

CUT TO:

193 EXT. KATHERINE'S APARMENT BUILDING - SAME

193

Tess laden down with Katherine's luggage, leading her into the building.

KATHERINE

So...what big things?

TESS

I'd rather wait, 'til it's final.
I get superstitious.

The Doorman smiles and tips his hat as he opens the door for Tess.

DOORMAN

Afternoon, Tess...
(to Katherine)
Afternoon, Ma'am...

Tess smiles and hurries past him. Katherine looks at the doorman, at Tess, questioningly.

194 INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - SAME

194

Tess drops the bags in the foyer. The cat purrs affectionately, rubbing herself against Tess' legs.

KATHERINE

(to cat, baby voice)
Emma honey sweetie...

The cat scampers away. Katherine scowls, looks at Tess, and galumphs into the den. Tess watches her, apprehensive, and follows.

195 INT. DEN - SAME

195

Katherine at the desk, holding out the Trask file, as Tess enters. Tess stops short.

KATHERINE

(a beat, then,
evenly)
Did you happen to see this?

TESS

(hesitant)
Um...what is it?

KATHERINE

An outline of your idea for a
Trask-radio acquisition.

TESS

(gingerly)
Oh?

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

KATHERINE

(smiles)

You see, I was planning to send it to Jack to have a look, thought I'd give your idea one last go around.

TESS

(nervous)

Oh?

KATHERINE

And it just occurred to me that the memo on it read that it was my idea.

TESS

Oh?

196 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON KATHERINE

196

glancing at Tess, checking her reaction with an eagle eye.

KATHERINE

Jack's very sticky about ethics. Got burned once, accused of stealing someone's strategy. He wouldn't have looked at it if I said it was from a colleague, and I couldn't very well say it was a secretary's notion. The point is, I'm still trying to get you heard.

197 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

197

completely confused, intimidated.

TESS

Oh.

KATHERINE

(brightly)

Glad there's no misunderstanding.

TESS

I really have to get going...

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

197

KATHERINE
(suspiciously)

Why?

TESS
(quickly)
Doctor appointment.

KATHERINE
You do seem a little...antsy?
Nothing serious, I hope.

TESS
I hope not too.

KATHERINE
(syrupy)
Do me one more favor? Run down
to the drugstore and fill a
prescription? It's right in
my coat --

TESS
I really have to get going, I --

KATHERINE
Please? And some magazines? And
then -- you can take tomorrow off.
Deal?

Tess BOLTS. Katherine watches her, like a hawk.

CUT TO:

198 EXT. BUILDING - SAME

198

Tess hurrying out the door and down the street, just as a taxicab pulls to a short stop in front of the building. Jack jumps out and hurries inside.

CUT TO:

199 INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME

199

Katherine slipping a lacy little nightgown over her head. A KNOCK at the door.

KATHERINE
Jack!? It's open...

She gets on the bed, with difficulty, swinging her legs up.

200 INT. FOYER - SAME

200

Jack entering.

200 CONTINUED:

200

JACK
(o.s.; calling out)
Katherine...?

KATHERINE
(o.s.)
In the bedroom...

201 INT. BEDROOM - SAME

201

We SEE Katherine reaching back and hiking up her nightgown, arranging it fetchingly up around her behind. Jack enters.

KATHERINE
(sultry)
Jack...

JACK
(evenly)
Katherine...

He stares at her legs. She wiggles a little.

KATHERINE
God, did I ever miss you...

Jack tears his eyes away from the view.

JACK
Katherine...you said it was urgent!?

KATHERINE
Look at you. I forgot how damned handsome you are...

JACK
Yeah, thanks, look...I meant what I said, I am swamped, and --

KATHERINE
(pouty)
Boy, some welcome home. I haven't even gotten a kiss...

Jack SIGHS, bends over and kisses her lightly. She grabs his head and responds with some serious stuff. After a moment, she lets him up for air.

KATHERINE
(breathy)
Darling, I'm so dry go get me something to drink?

JACK
And then I have to go...

202 INT. HALLWAY - SAME 202

FOLLOWING Tess, heading down the hall, carrying the bag from the pharmacy. She goes into the apartment.

203 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME 203

Tess heading towards the bedroom. Suddenly --

JACK
(o.s.; calling out)
Have to be ice water.

Tess FREEZES.

KATHERINE
(o.s.; answering)
Just fine...

TESS IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE TWO VOICES. Frantically, she looks around for a place to hide. FOOTSTEPS, coming towards her, from the kitchen. She's by the bedroom door.

204 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V. 204

the bedroom closet. The door is open. Katherine is on her stomach, facing the other way. Tess dashes on tiptoes into the closet. Just in the nick of time. Jack enters, close behind.

205 ANOTHER ANGLE - JACK AND KATHERINE 205

He gives her the water. She drinks it down, grabs him by the belt.

KATHERINE
They gave me this drug, for the
ride down...

JACK
I really do have to get back...

KATHERINE
...it feels like a Quaalude.
Remember how horny I get from...

JACK
...I've been working on this
acquisition deal, and it's gone
through, and --

KATHERINE
(breathy)
...imagine that plus two solid weeks
in bed, without you...

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

JACK
 (sweating it out)
 ...the principals are all meeting
 at four, and my...partner, we
 have to be there...

206 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

206

Katherine pulls Jack in for another deep kiss. He succumbs.
 It's starting to get a little steamy. A BEAT. Jack stands up,
 with all his might.

KATHERINE
 It's only three. There's time for
 a quicky.

JACK
 (voice cracking)
 I really do have to go...

KATHERINE
 Lift up my nightgown.

JACK
 (pleading)
 No, no, no...

KATHERINE
 See what it says...

Jack goes around to the side of the bed. A BEAT. We SEE that
 he is reluctant. We also SEE he's human. He lifts up her
 nightgown, looks. She is wearing a pair of bikini underpants
 that say "Eh, What's up, Doc?" embroidered across the rear.

KATHERINE
 Aren't they adorable? The nurses
 had a set of them made...

Jack hazing. She wiggles a little. Pure cheesecake.

207 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

207

squirming, powerless.

208 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

208

Jack lowers the nightgown.

JACK
 (barely audible)
 Adorable, yes...

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

208

KATHERINE

C'mon, Jack...get the hell in here...

JACK

(weakening)

I...I...you're all...the cast, how would we...

KATHERINE

Oh, I've got some ideas, but I'm damned if I'm going to tell them to anybody wearing a suit and tie.

A BEAT. She squirms in the bed.

JACK

(resolved)

I have to tell you something... there's someone else, and I...

209 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

209

watching, mortified.

210 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V.

210

KATHERINE

(slowly)

Someone...else!

JACK

(a beat, then)

Someone else that I...

(quickly)

...have to be meeting with right now big deal going can't be in two places at once talk to you later bye.

He swoops down like a hawk and kisses her with a peck and flees.

KATHERINE

JACK!?

But he's gone.

211 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS

211

a slight smile on her face.

212 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS 212

She eases the door open and takes a tentative step out of the closet. Katherine is facing the other way, pouting audibly. Tess eyes the door. The coast is clear. She tiptoes over through the door, holding the bag with her fingertips. A BEAT, standing in the living room. She turns around, rattles the bag, clears her throat and strides back into the bedroom, part apprehensive, part plain giddy.

TESS

Here we are...I've got to run.

KATHERINE

(grumbling)

Some welcome home I'm getting.
Jack's here for a fat five minutes
and doesn't even lay a hand on me,
now you're --

TESS

(impatient)

Sorry...bye.

213 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE 213

on her purse and briefcase, sitting on a chair. She grabs them, swiftly. An appointment book drops out of the purse, left behind on the chair.

214 ANOTHER ANGLE - KATHERINE 214

grumbling still, over the SOUND of Tess' footsteps beating a retreat and the door closing. She notices the appointment book and reaches over and grabs it.

CUT TO:

215 EXT. STREET - SAME 215

Tess searching in vain for a cab. She checks her watch. She tears off down the street.

CUT TO:

216 INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - SAME 216

Katherine flipping through the appointment book.

217 CLOSE SHOT OF THE BOOK 217

open to the current week. Jack's home and office numbers. Trask Electronics address. Meeting times, circled, including the meeting this afternoon.

218 ANOTHER ANGLE - KATHERINE 218

furious, swearing a streak and maneuvering herself out of bed and onto her crutches with impressive dexterity.

101

219 EXT. TRASK BUILDING - SAME 219
Tess galloping in heels, crossing the street, dodging traffic.

220 INT. TRASK BUILDING - ELEVATOR - ASCENDING 220
Tess frantically repairing her makeup in the fish-eye security mirror.

221 INT. TRASK'S OFFICES - RECEPTION AREA - SAME 221
Tess tears off the elevator and over to the RECEPTIONIST, who leads her through a door.

222 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME 222
Tess slips in.

223 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDE 223
sweeping across a room just smaller than a football field, all onyx and rosewood and vast Oriental carpets, with a conference table about the size of a tennis court. Suits all over the place, huddled over papers, talking in corners. All look up, at Tess. PICK OUT Jack, spotting Tess, starting towards her.

224 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS 224
by the door, looking around, awed. Jack reaches her.

TESS
Everything okay?

JACK
You're the only one here from Petty so far. What's the story?

TESS
(a beat, then)
They're letting me go solo on this.

JACK
Okay...Armbrister and Trask are off in the corner. We're all waiting to see what color smoke's gonna come out of the chimney.

TESS
Tell me something? If a colleague of mine had a strategy I thought you could help with, would you look at it, if I gave it to you?

JACK
(shrugs)
Sure. Why?

224 CONTINUED:

224

TESS

No ethics problem, you know, open to accusations about stealing...

JACK

I look at stuff all the time, and no one's ever accused me of stealing. What's this about?

225 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

225

relieved. She almost hugs him.

TESS

I'm so nervous, I can hardly stand still.

JACK

It'll be fine.

(quietly)

I'm crazy about you. I can hardly concentrate...

TESS

Crazy about you, too. Never felt so much, so fast...

(a beat, then,
resolved)

Jack; I'm not who you think I am. It's my fault for letting it get this far, but I, I could never find the right time to tell you and then I got scared of what you'd say when I did --

226 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDE

226

a flurry of activity, as Trask and Armbrister come away from their corner and head for opposite ends of the table. All take their places, standing behind chairs.

227 ANOTHER ANGLE - TRASK

227

motioning for them to sit, clearing his throat.

TRASK

There was a story on the news last night. It seems a truck got stuck at the entrance to the Holland Tunnel, too tall for the clearance. For hours the experts tried to find a way to un wedge the vehicle, to no avail. Finally, a ten-year-old girl in a passing car suggested simply letting some air out of the truck's tires, thus lowering it to the clearance level. They did, and it worked.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

TRASK (Cont.)

(nods to Tess
and Jack)

By letting some of the air out of our strategy to expand into broadcasting, Miss McGill and Mr. Trainer have effectively shown us here at Trask the light at the end of our tunnel.

POLITE LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE, Tess looks around, nervously.

228 ANOTHER ANGLE - ARMBRISTER

228

looks like the Kentucky Fried Chicken Colonel.

ARMBRISTER

I have decided to sell Mr. Trask the Metro Radio System for nineteen point five million dollars, cash and securities.

APPLAUSE. Jack gives Tess a victorious look. She smiles, gamely.

ARMBRISTER

What we have here is an agreement in principle. As to what constitutes principles in this day and age, well, that's for you barracudas to fight over.

POLITE, UNCOMFORTABLE LAUGHTER, Armbrister grins and sits down. Then, COMMOTION, just outside the office.

229 ANOTHER ANGLE - ALL

229

Heads turning towards the door. We hear:

KATHERINE'S VOICE

...I'm sure they're going to want to hear this --

230 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

230

sinking into her chair.

231 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THE DOOR

231

as Katherine bursts in, hopping on the crutches. She brandishes one at the pursuing Receptionist.

(CONTINUED)

KATHERINE

BACK!

TRASK

What the hell's going on here!?

KATHERINE

You're being tricked -- that's,
what's going on here!!

Jack jumps up.

JACK

Katherine, what're you ---

KATHERINE

I'm saving your ass here, Jack.
SIT DOWN!

(to all)

My name is Katherine Parker, and
I'm in Mergers and Acquisitions
at Petty, Marsh...

She points at Tess with one of the crutches.

KATHERINE

...and this woman is my secretary!

GENERAL HUBBUB, ALL EYES ON TESS.

JACK

She is not!!

KATHERINE

NO!? Ask her!

JACK

(incredulous)

You're not her secretary!?

Jack looks at Tess, utterly confused. Tess looks utterly stricken.

TESS

(stammering)

I...I can explain --

JACK

You are her secretary!?!??

ARMBRISTER

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!?!??

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: (2)

231

KATHERINE

And while I was laid up with broken bones, she rifled through my desk, read my memo outlining a Trask-radio acquisition, and has been passing it off as her idea!!

(to Jack, angrily)

A memo addressed to you. Looks like you picked the wrong horse.

TESS

It was my idea!!!

KATHERINE

OH!? Suppose we all head on over and take a look at the memo in my desk.

TESS

(plaintive)

She stole it from me, I swear...

KATHERINE

(incredulous)

You just don't know when to quit, do you!?

TESS

(anguished)

You're lying!!!

Her words ring out like a shot. Katherine sags visibly, like an animal taking a bullet. STUNNED SILENCE. One of the suits gallantly pulls his chair over for her. She sits.

KATHERINE

(to all)

Gentlemen, I'm living in a nightmare. This...person...has taken my hard work and called it her own, deceived and schemed and...

She breaks off, burying her face in her hands, unable to continue.

232 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON JACK

232

stony, silent.

233 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS

233

mortified, helpless.

234 ANOTHER ANGLE - KATHERINE

234

beautiful and noble in her pain. She makes a little show of pulling herself together.

KATHERINE

...I'm sorry, I...I felt it was my responsibility to...inform you, before this embarrassment became public.

A tidal wave of sympathy rolls to Katherine. Fighting back tears, Tess pushes her chair back. All eyes turn on her, except for Jack, who is staring a hole into the table with immense concentration.

TESS

(beaten)

I know you don't believe me, but... oh, it doesn't matter. I'm sorry...

Abruptly, Jack stands up, shaken.

JACK

Mr. Trask, Mr. Armbrister, gentlemen...I'm as surprised by this as you are, but I must also take responsibility as a part of the --

TESS

(to Jack)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

Tess, holding back tears and with as much dignity as she can muster, strides past them all and flees out the door.

CUT TO:

235 EXT. STATEN ISLAND - SATURDAY MORNING - TWO DAYS LATER

235

A lower class residential street.

236 INT. CYN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

236

Wedding gifts, some open, some still boxed, scattered around the room.

237 INT. BEDROOM - SAME

237

Cyn sitting in front of a mirror, resplendent in her bridal gown. Tess in her maid of honor dress, hovering around her, putting little flowers into her hair.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

CYN

(eyeing herself)

God, these bags under my eyes. I look like the May Queen with a hangover.

TESS

Do not. You look beautiful.

CYN

What's the time?

TESS

It's nine-thirty. Your father's coming at ten. How're you feeling?

CYN

Well...okay I guess. The gown's still clean. Tim swore he'd show up. This time tomorrow I'm gonna be in fabulous Miami Beach. How about you?

TESS

I'm flat broke, out of work, got no place to live, crazy over a man I'll probably never see again, my best friend's taking off, and...

CYN

Well, besides that.

Tess smiles, gamely. It dissolves into tears.

TESS

I'm sorry...

CYN

Hey, it's all right. It's okay.

Cyn sits her down, murmuring sympathy.

TESS

Look at me. It's your wedding day and I'm...

CYN

You're allowed.

Cyn gets her a Kleenex.

TESS

I feel so alone, Cyn, like I gambled everything and everyone I cared about, and lost. If I'd just told them, early on, while I still had a chance. Be happy with getting my foot in the door instead of trying to fool all the people all of the time...

CYN

(gently)

Why didn't you?

TESS

(a beat, then)

I think... 'cause I got scared. Scared that if I did tell them, they'd just throw me out on my ass, and the one thing I've been holding on to, that good work and guts gets you ahead no matter who you are, well that'd be out on it's ass right beside me. And now I'm never gonna know.

CYN

You had a life before, and you'll have one again. Maybe it won't be exactly what you've got in your head, but nobody's is, case you didn't know that. Stay here until I get back. You'll find some job, and you've got your looks, for another six months or so anyway. There's men. Maybe even Mick...?

TESS

Maybe patch things up. Maybe even...settle down. Sounds real good right now.

CYN

See what happens.

A BEAT. Tess looks at Cyn, snuffles, pulls herself together.

TESS

Maybe now would be a good time to recite the code.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: (3)

237

Cyn SMILES. An old routine, between them.

CYN

The eleventh commandment.

They cue each other, Tess on the line between laughing and crying again.

BOTH

(vigorously)

Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!!!

CUT TO:

238 EXT. CHURCH - LATER

238

a KNOT of FAMILY and FRIENDS throwing rice as Cyn and Tim hurry down the steps to an old Chevy with "Just Married" scripted in shaving cream on the doors. Tess presses in, hugs Cyn and kisses her, but it's a crush and she's replaced by a Mama before they can talk, and Tess is in the back of the crowd as Cyn flings her bouquet. Doreen Dimucci catches it, screaming.

239 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE DUGAN

239

a few feet away, dressed in a morning coat, very handsome. They catch each other's eyes. They nod and smile, tentative.

TESS

Well, they did it...

DUGAN

Yeah, sure did.

TESS

You really look...great. How are you?

DUGAN

Oh, good, good. Business is great, and --

Doreen comes running up to him.

DOREEN

(excited)

MICK!? Did you see me!? I caught it, one-handed --

(sees Tess)

Oh. Hi.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

TESS
 (quietly)
 Hey, Doreen...

Doreen shuffles by Mick's side, uncomfortable. Discreetly, reassuringly, he takes her hand. Tess reacts with a slight, sad smile.

DUGAN
 My boat's booked through three weeks from now. Doreen's working the lines for me.

TESS
 That's...great. Really.

DUGAN
 So, how's life in the fast lane?

TESS
 Oh, well, it's...fast. Real fast, and busy, and...it's good to see you, Mick. I'd better get...

DUGAN
 Good to see you, too.

Tess turns away from them, her painted-on smile sagging into a sorry sigh.

CUT TO:

240 INT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - MOVING - MONDAY MORNING 240

Tess wedged in among the mass of humanity slowly floating to work. She's reading the Daily News and nibbling on a donut. Something catches her eye. She holds the donut poised midway to her mouth and reads it over. We don't see what it is.

She folds the newspaper closed, staring into space, shaking her head. The boat lurches to a stop, and the PASSENGERS start for the exits. Tess gets up, leaving the paper on the bench. A beat. She picks it up, flips it open, tears out part of a page and sticks it in her pocket.

CUT TO:

241 INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - LATER 241

Tess is rummaging around in the office closet, packing her stuff into a couple of cardboard boxes. Her replacement, BETH, stands by the door, watching impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

BETH

She's gonna murder me, she finds out
you're in here without her here --

TESS

I'm almost finished, Beth. Where is
she, anyway?

BETH

There's a lunch thing for Trask
and company downstairs.

TESS

Give her my worst, will you?

Tess hoists the two boxes, grabs her suitcase, and, struggling,
goes.

242 INT. OFFICE FLOOR - SAME

242

Tess rests her load on one of the other SECRETARY'S desks.
A FEW SECRETARIES gather around.

SECRETARY #1

Cyn told us what happened. Bites
the big one, Tess. Really.

A second GIRL tucks an envelope into Tess' purse.

SECRETARY #2

We took up a little collection --

TESS

No, you guys --

SECRETARY #2

It's just enough to go out and get
good and toasted some night when
you need it. We wanted to, so don't
say no. And no paying the Con Ed
with it.

TESS

(moved)

Okay. Thanks.

SECRETARY #3

What're you gonna do now?

TESS

Oh, you know. Play some golf,
redecorate the country house...

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

TESS (Cont.)
 (then, shrugging)
 ...start over, I guess. Find a job,
 place to live. Wise up and not take
 the whole thing so seriously. I'll
 be okay...

Tess looks around at them, smiles bravely and picks up her
 boxes. Kisses and hugs, and she goes.

CUT TO:

243 INT. PETTY, MARSH BUILDING - LATER 243

Tess getting off the elevator, struggling with her load of
 boxes. As she emerges, she sees:

244 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS' P.O.V. 244

Jack. Katherine. Oren Trask. The whole shootin' match,
 coming towards her.

245 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS 245

she takes a deep breath, nods to them. Cool. One of the
 boxes slips from its perch and flops to the ground, scattering
 papers all over the place. Jack bends down to help her pick up.

TESS
 (flustered)
 Don't need any help, thanks...

JACK
 (urgently)
 Been trying to find you...

KATHERINE
 (breezily)
 What's this? More stolen files?

246 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE KATHERINE AND TRASK 246

standing by, watching.

TESS
 My stuff...from the desk...

KATHERINE
Your stuff. Now there's a broad
 term.

247 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS

247

as all her anger and frustration and humiliation kicks in.
 (NOTE: This sequence, though textually played out with Katherine
 and Trask, is, at its core, about the unresolved issues between
 Tess and Jack.)

TESS

No, it's MY STUFF!!! Look you,
 maybe you can fool these guys with
 this saint act you've got down, but
 DO NOT EVER speak to me again like
 we don't know what really happened!!!
 GOT ME!!!??

Katherine is momentarily speechless. Trask and Jack stare at
 Tess, dumbfounded. Katherine steals a look at Trask, as if to
 make sure he's not impressed. She covers, puts on a forgiving
 face.

KATHERINE

(conciliatory)

Tess, listen, let's bury the hatchet,
 what do you say?

TESS

You know where you can bury the
 hatchet?! Now get your boney ass
 out of my sight...

Katherine ducks into the elevator.

KATHERINE

Gentlemen, they're waiting upstairs...

Both slip into the elevator, still staring at Tess.

248 ANOTHER ANGLE - TESS

248

fired-up. She sticks her foot between the closing doors.

TESS

(right at Jack)

And I'll tell you one more thing!
 You've got a big hole in the Metro
 deal!

She takes her foot out, wincing. Then Trask stares at her.
 Katherine stabs the floor button. The doors close.

Tess stands staring at the elevator, favoring her good foot.

The elevator doors reopen. Trask holds the doors.

(CONTINUED)

TRASK

I've got...what?

TESS

You've got a problem.

KATHERINE

Oren, she's just playing games again.
Let's get going.

TRASK

(to Tess, evenly)

And you just happen to know this.

Tess whips out the newspaper article from her pocket and hands it to him, pointing out a picture and paragraph.

KATHERINE

The People Page!? Oren, this is
ridiculous!

TRASK

'Former Miss America Dawn Bixby has
been house-hunting here. Seems Dawn
and hot-hot-hot DJ hubby Slim Slicker
are getting ready to take a bite of
the Big Apple...

(a look, askance)

So?

TESS

Slim Slicker's one of Metro's major
assets! Syndicated to all their
stations, a number one lock in his
slot, the cornerstone of their
programing. You lose him, and Metro's
just some okay real estate and falling
ratings, and you didn't buy it for a
write-off. Ask Jack, you don't
believe me...

TRASK

And what would you do about that?

TESS

See if he has some change-of-management
clause in his contract. Get him a new
one. Make sure he knows how valuable
you think he is.

A BEAT. Tess starts to walk away. Trask calls her name,
beckons her into the car. She walks over, hesitantly.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED: (2)

248

TRASK

Jack, Katherine -- take the next car.

(to Tess)

You. In here.

THEY get off, Jack bewildered, Katherine trying hard to maintain composure. Tess gets on with Trask.

249 INT. ELEVATOR - ASCENDING

249

TRASK

Shoot.

Tess starts rifling through the carton at her feet, handing him folders and clippings. She stands beside him, arranging and pointing. Hyper at first, but then, as he listens intently, she is calm, authoritative. She's finally got her chance to be heard.

TESS

See this...this is from the Wall Street Journal, just your basic article about how you were trying to expand into broadcasting, right...okay, now the same day I'll never forget this I'm reading Page six of the Post there's this item about Bobby Stein the radio talk show guy you know the one does all the gross jokes about Ethiopia and the Betty Ford Center anyway see he's hosting a charity auction that night real bluebloods and won't that be funny -- now I turn the page to Suzy who does the society stuff...and there's this picture of your daughter see? Nice picture. And she's one of the organizers of the same charity ball see it says here and I start thinking Trask, radio, Trask, radio, I was, you know, aware of the Japanese giving you a pain in the anyway that was a Friday, which is the day we get the Brown Report me and some of the other secretaries chipped in for a subscription together sometimes we play the NASDAQ stocks and his best buys that week see here -- Metro Radio Network, ripe for the picking. So I sent for the annual reports of both the companies and started matching up numbers and aims and all and...that's it.

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED:

249

DING. The doors open onto the executive dining room foyer. The MURMUR of a power lunch bubbling in the b.g. A BEAT. Trask looks at her, breaks up laughing, amazed. Tess shrugs. He takes one of her boxes, helping her off.

250 ANOTHER ANGLE - JACK AND KATHERINE

250

getting off the elevator car next to them.

TRASK

Miss Parker, let me ask you a question.
How did you come up with the idea
for Trask to buy up Metro?

KATHERINE

(off-guard)

How did I...well, let's see...

TRASK

(patiently)

The impulse. What led you to put
the two together?

KATHERINE

Well, I'd...I'd have to check my
files...I can't recall exactly --

TRASK

Generally? It's not as if it was
in the mainstream...

KATHERINE

(grasping)

I guess it was...hmmmm...

Despite her best efforts at covering, Katherine is clearly a day late and a dollar short, and knows it, and glowers at Tess. Tess smiles, discreet, devilish.

TRASK

(sharply)

Miss Parker, if I were you, I'd go
back up to your office and take a
long last look around, because in
about five minutes I'm going to see
to it that you get the boot, but good.

KATHERINE

(spluttering)

You...you can't do that!!!

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

250

TRASK

I can, and I will. Now get your --
 (to Tess)

What did you call it?

TESS

Boney ass?

TRASK

Right. Boney ass out of my sight.

With a glare for everyone, Katherine steps back onto the elevator, vanquished, but forever composed. But when the doors close, there is a mighty, anguished WAIL, a POUNDING, fading as the elevator descends.

TRASK

Why didn't you tell us all this
 in the boardroom that day.

251 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON TESS

251

She steals a look at Jack. She looks Trask in the eye.

TESS

No one was gonna listen, sir. Not to me. You can bend the rules plenty once you get upstairs, but not while you're trying to get there. And if you're someone like me, you can't get there without bending the rules. What do you call that, catch something.

JACK

Catch-22.

TESS

That's it.

252 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE JACK

252

with a sad, rueful expression, looking at her.

TRASK

Trainer, get in there and track down a Metro lawyer and see about Slim whatsisname.

JACK

Yes, sir.

He steps back, still watching. A fleet of suits come up to Trask, vying for his attention.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

252

TRASK
 (to Tess, quickly)
 You need a job?

TESS
 Yes, sir.

TRASK
 Be at our personnel office eight
 tomorrow morning. Maybe they can
 find something for you.

TESS
 Yes sir. Thank you.

Trask is surrounded by the suits. Tess looks for Jack, but
 he's nowhere in sight. A BEAT. She gets back on the elevator.

CUT TO:

253 EXT. STATEN ISLAND HEIGHTS - EARLY MORNING - MONDAY 253

Tess trotting down a hill, a shopping bag swinging at her side.
 PULL BACK TO REVEAL her heading into a CROWD OF COMMUTERS
 huddled against the cold and the gray morning, surging onto
 the Staten Island Ferry. A reprise of the opening shots.

CUT TO:

254 EXT. TRASK ELECTRONICS BUILDING - STREET - LATER 254

Tess jockeying her way through the rush hour crowd on the
 sidewalk, nearing the entrance.

255 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE JACK 255

sitting on the hood of his car, parked by the entrance,
 watching the stream of people on the sidewalk. He is dressed
 in jeans and a leather jacket and drinking from a bottle of
 Harp. As if in a parking lot on a beach somewhere. He spots
 Tess, yells her name. Again, louder. She hears him, sees him,
 stops and comes over.

256 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO OF THEM 256

A BEAT, looking each other over.

JACK
 Beer?

TESS
 Little early for me.

(CONTINUED)

TESS (Cont.)

(suddenly,
sympathetic)

Oh God. You lost your job, didn't
you --

JACK

Nope. It lost me. In fact, I lost
me. So I'm going somewhere hot and
sandy for a little while, see if I
can find me again. Hopefully under
a palm tree with a tan and a new
attitude.

TESS

I am really, really sorry I never
told you what I was up to. The
worst of it...what I like to think,
anyway, is that you might've
understood. Or tried anyway. But
the way you found out...I don't
blame you for whatever you think
of me.

JACK

I didn't stand up for you. There I
was, knew you were smart, knew you'd
done the work, knew...I was falling
in love with you. But when the shit
hit the fan, I reacted...cut your
losses, screw her, save your ass.
That's not me. Or at least, it didn't
used to be. So I'm gonna go bury
that on a beach somewhere, and when
I get back...

He breaks off. They lock looks, embrace, kiss, deeply, lying
on the hood of the car. After a bit, they come up for air.

TESS

I have to go...

JACK

Yeah, me too...wait a minute --

He goes around to the side of the car, reaches in, comes out
with her briefcase. She takes it, smiles.

JACK

Left it in the boardroom that day.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED: (2)

256

TESS

I'm back to being a secretary. Don't really need this.

(kisses him)

Come back, okay? Maybe we could start all over again...

JACK

Okay...

He gets in the car, revs it up, cranks up the radio, and jets out into traffic. A BEAT, Tess watching him go. Then, she turns and hurries into the building.

CUT TO:

257 INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - SAME

257

A Secretary slides a folder and a key across the desk to Tess.

SECRETARY

The director's out sick today, so she'll want to see you first thing tomorrow. Mr. Leavitt's already up there, he'll show you the layout.

258 HALLWAY - LATER

258

PEOPLE scurrying in and out of offices, phones ringing, etc. Following Tess, checking door numbers against a key. She stops at a door. It's ajar. She steps in.

259 INT. OFFICE - SAME

259

a small anteroom with a secretary's desk and a couple of chairs. Tess puts her bag and folder on the desk and knocks at the door to the inner office. It's open.

260 ANOTHER ANGLE - INNER OFFICE

260

a desk, piled high with boxed files, a computer terminal, diskettes etc., a loveseat, a window, high up, facing another huge building.

BEN

(o.s.)

Can I help you?

Tess turns around quickly, startled.

BEN

Sorry, didn't mean to --

(CONTINUED)

TESS
 (recovering)
 No, no, don't be silly. Hi. I'm
 Tess McGill.

Ben is a couple of years younger than Tess. They shake hands.

BEN
 Ben Leavitt. How about some coffee.

TESS
 Sure, if you'll just tell me where --

BEN
 I'll get it. How?

TESS
 (surprised)
 Milk and sugar. Please. Thank you.

He disappears. Tess takes some things out of her bag -- Wall Street Journal, a wrapped sandwich, a couple of framed photographs, a Walkman -- and starts arranging them on the desk. Ben reappears, coffees in hand. He sees what she's doing, looks at her, confused.

BEN
 (tentatively)
 Ah, Ms. McGill?

TESS
 Tess, please. What?

BEN
 (gesturing)
 That's your desk. Inside.

Tess looks at him, looks inside. Confused.

TESS
 I don't think so...

BEN
 Oh yes. I sit out here.

TESS
 I'm sorry. I thought the secretary
 would sit out here.

BEN
 That's right. I am the secretary.
 You've got a ten o'clock with Slater
 from Development, here, eleven with
 Donahue in Logistics, his office on
 23, and lunch with Mr. Trask, meet at
 his office, one o'clock.

260 CONTINUED: (2)

260

BEN (Cont.)

It's all in the computer. Hit
shift - S for your schedule.

The nickel slowly drops. Tess opens the folder she got from personnel and riffs through the first few pages, with growing joy and amazement. She walks into the inner office and sits behind the desk, a little dazed. Ben puts her coffee and paraphernalia in front of her and back out, watching her, askance.

BEN

I'll be outside, if you need anything...

Tess looks up at him, grinning.

TESS

FINE!

Ben shuts the door behind him. Tess goes to the window, looks out, tries the loveseat, lounging, all like a kid in a candy store. She goes to the telephone, gets a piece of paper out of her purse, punches a long distance number.

TESS

(into phone)

Yes, Cynthia O'Rourke please...I
don't know the room...CYN!? GUESS
WHERE I AM!

CUT TO:

261 EXT. BUILDING - FRAME TESS' WINDOW - SAME

261

from the outside we SEE Tess in her little box, on the phone and looking out, and then, slowly, continuously PULLING BACK, the boxes and the people in them next to and over and under her, and next to them, multiplying into a screen full of windows and little figures busy inside.

FADE OUT

THE END



Twentieth Century Fox SCRIPT DEPARTMENT
10201 W. Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90035
Telephone: (213) 203-2494