

EMILY IN PARIS

Written by

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EXT. CHICAGO - ESTABLISHING - DAWN (D1)

The majestic skyline at dawn.

MUSIC PLAYS: DJ KHALED'S "ALL I DO IS WIN."

EXT. CHICAGO LAKEFRONT - DAY (D1)

EMILY COOPER, late twenties, attacks her morning run, passing fellow joggers with competitive determination.

Finally she reaches the end of her route and stops, breathless. Speaks into her wristwatch.

EMILY
Run complete.

BRITISH VOICE
Well done, Emily. Five point three miles. Forty one minutes. Seven hundred and thirty calories.

Emily listens for it. Then:

BRITISH VOICE (CONT'D)
Eighteen seconds faster than yesterday. Good effort.

Emily allows herself a moment of satisfaction.

INT. EMILY AND DOUG'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)

Emily, sensibly dressed for work in a black "power suit" with heels, is putting the finishing touches on a cake: "Bon Voyage Madeline." An icing outline of the Eiffel Tower. Her boyfriend DOUG MARSHALL (28) approaches from the bedroom, neatly dressed in Dockers and a J Crew button down. Doug is blandly handsome, nice, down to earth.

DOUG
Morning.

EMILY
You're out early.

DOUG
Client wants to look at that office space on Wacker Drive.

EMILY
(excited)
The full floor?

DOUG

They're a startup. It will never happen.

EMILY

It's been vacant for a year and they're a cool company. Throw in the first two months. It could help attract some other creatives.

DOUG

Hmmm.

He notices the cake.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What's that for?

EMILY

Madeline. It's her last day before she transfers to the job in Paris. And no promises, but when she's gone I'm going to have the opportunity to move from associate brand manager to senior brand manager.

DOUG

No wonder you're celebrating.

EMILY

Stop. I'm going to miss her.

DOUG

Will you?

Emily fixes him with a look.

EMILY

Yes. She's been an amazing mentor. She rated me high po on my last performance evaluation.

DOUG

'Hi po?'

EMILY

High potential.

DOUG

Anybody could see that.

He sticks his finger on the side of the cake, tasting a bit of icing.

EMILY
(slapping him away)
Hey!

INT. THE GILBERT GROUP - DAY (D1)

Emily approaches the desk of her forty-something colleague, MADELINE WHEELER, brandishing an iPad.

EMILY
Madeline! You're in *AdWeek!*

Madeline looks at the screen.

MADELINE
Where?

Emily enlarges the image with her fingers.

EMILY
Right here. Under "Movers and Shakers."
(reads)
Chicago based Gilbert Group expands international portfolio with acquisition of French luxury marketing company, **SAVOIR!** Gilbert Group vet Madeline Wheeler named Director of Social Media Marketing for Franco-firm.

MADELINE
Yes! I am here to prove that a Masters in French does not go to waste.

EMILY
This is going to be amazing for you.

MADELINE
I've been dreaming about moving to Paris forever. French men love older women. Look at their president. He's young and hot and his wife was his schoolteacher.

EMILY
I just emailed you my thoughts on the presentation for the new IBS drug.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's a social initiative to add
'meditation to your medication.' If
you like it, you can pitch it
today. Your last hurrah.

MADELINE

I want you to pitch this yourself.

EMILY

Seriously?

MADELINE

The client needs to start feeling
comfortable with you.

EMILY

I don't want to step on your toes.

MADELINE

You're not. You're stepping into my
shoes. And you're ready. We're both
getting an opportunity here.

She reaches for a flask of perfume. Takes Emily's arm and
spritizes a bit on her forearm.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Try this.

EMILY

What is it?

MADELINE

De L'Heure. The latest scent from
Balenciaga. I'll be doing all of
their social. For whatever reason,
the French are like in the dark
ages when it comes to social media.

EMILY

(sniffs)

It's like wearing poetry.

MADELINE

(spritizes herself)

I'm going to use that.

She sniffs. And recoils. Almost in shock.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Wow. It smells really weird. Does
it smell weird to you?

EMILY
(sniffs)
No, just floral.

Madeline sniffs again. Turns white.

MADELINE
I think I'm going to be sick!

She turns and races off. Off Emily, concerned.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N1)

A fun hot spot, i.e., "Girl and the Goat." Emily urgently makes her way through the crowd where she finds Doug waiting for her at the bar.

EMILY
(breathless)
Doug! Sorry I'm late.
(beat)
I've got some crazy news.

DOUG
Wait. Me first. I leased the space on Wacker. Three years.

EMILY
Seriously?!

DOUG
You were right. The first two months were the incentive they needed.

She hugs, kisses him.

EMILY
I'm so glad.

DOUG
(calls to bartender)
Bartender, please get this beautiful lady a beer.

EMILY
(correcting)
White wine. Anything French if you have it.

Doug looks at her quizzically.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Madeline isn't going to Paris.

DOUG

What happened?

EMILY

She's pregnant!

DOUG

Wow. I thought she was too old to get pregnant.

EMILY

So did she. Until she got completely nauseous sniffing this perfume she was planning to promote. She went to the doctor this afternoon.

DOUG

Wow. Who's the dad?

EMILY

There are a few candidates.

DOUG

So she's going to...

EMILY

Keep it. She tried to have a baby on her own for a year. But now that she's pregnant, she's decided not to take the job in Paris.

DOUG

So what does that mean for you?

EMILY

No promotion. Not as long as Madeline is still there. Which could be forever.

DOUG

That's a bummer.

EMILY

But they still need someone in Paris. They asked me if I would take the job. For a year.

DOUG

In Paris?!

EMILY

If I do, they'll guarantee me senior brand manager when I get back.

DOUG

And if you say no?

EMILY

Maybe another three or four years or longer?

(beat)

The apartment there is all set up. Plus there's a relocation bonus.

She pulls out her phone.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Just to explore the idea, here's a spreadsheet for the next year. Weeks you might be able to come to Paris, times I can come back to Chicago, taking into account vacation and sick days.

Doug looks at the calendar, reeling a bit.

DOUG

You're serious about this.

EMILY

I know it's crazy, but when would we get a chance like this? It'll be an adventure.

DOUG

Unless I missed something - you don't speak French!

EMILY

I'm good at my job. That will translate. And in the meantime...

Emily speaks into her phone.

EMILY (CONT'D)

My boyfriend is a very sexy man.

She holds up the phone, which repeats in a vaguely robotic female voice:

COMPUTER VOICE

Mon petit copain est tres sexy.

DOUG

Really? That's your plan?

EMILY

Fake it 'til you make it.

She leans in and kisses him. The COMPUTER VOICE accidentally continues translating.

COMPUTER VOICE

Fais semblant jusqu'a ce que tu y arrives.

EMILY

Or I'll tell them no. I just have to make a decision, that's all. I won't do it if you don't want me to.

Doug nods, realizing this is a real no-win situation.

EXT. PARIS - VARIOUS SHOTS - DRIVING (D2)

INT. TAXI - DAY (D2)

Find Emily in the taxi, craning her neck out the window, literally gawking at the series of postcard vistas she passes by: Eiffel Tower, Place de Concorde, Rue de Rivoli...

EXT. TAXI/STREET - DAY (D2)

The cab pulls up to a decidedly more low-rent, less touristy part of Paris. Pigalle.

DRIVER

Vingt-six Rue De Navarin,
Mademoiselle.

Emily gets out of the taxi as the driver opens the trunk. He begins to take out an enormous amount of luggage. A handsome man, late twenties, approaches: GILLES DUFOUR, the real estate agent.

GILLES

Emily Cooper? Gilles Dufour from the rental agency. I have your keys. Apartment 501.

INT. EMILY'S BUILDING - STAIRCASE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER (D2)

Emily and Gilles are both carrying luggage.

GILLES

The building is very old. It does not have an elevator.

EMILY

It's charming.

They rest for a moment at the landing.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Is this it?

GILLES

No, it's on the fifth floor. This is the fourth floor.

EMILY

I schlepped these bags up five flights. This is the fifth floor.

GILLES

In France, first the ground floor. Then the first floor. Then the second floor. And so on.

EMILY

That's weird.

GILLES

Non... c'est normal.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

They enter and Gilles turns on a light.

GILLES

Et voila. Your magnificent *chambre de bonne*.

Emily is hit with a moment of disappointment as she takes in the small dark space.

EMILY

Chambre de what now?

GILLES

It means 'the room for the housekeeper.' The top floor was typically reserved for the servants. The space is small. But the view...

He opens the shutters, revealing a glorious vista of Paris. Emily lights up, enthralled.

EMILY

Oh my God. I feel like Nicole Kidman in *Moulin Rouge*.

He steps besides her, puts his hand on her back, pointing out the sights. Just the two of them standing there is undeniably romantic.

GILLES

Centre Pompidou, Le Tour Eiffel, L'Arc de Triomphe...

EMILY

Wow.

GILLES

So, ça va? It's good?

EMILY

Oh yes. Très good. Très wonderful.

GILLES

Are you hungry? Would you like to have a coffee?

EMILY

Actually, I have to get to my office.

(takes out phone)

Can you tell me how to get here?

GILLES

(shrugs)

I can take you. No problem.

EMILY

Wait...

She sits on the windowsill, the magnificent view behind her, and takes a selfie. Posts it to her Instagram account, **EMILYCOOPER**.

#roomwithaview.

Then, suddenly hit by inspiration, changes the username of her account to:

EMILYINPARIS

EXT. SCOOTER/STREET - DAY (D2)

Emily holds onto Gilles back as he drives her through Paris.

GILLES

I like American girls. They have very nice breasts.

EMILY

Excuse me?

GILLES

Boobs? Tits? I mean they're very...
(gesturing)
Big. French girls, very small.

EMILY

Oh, well. Cultural differences.

EXT. BUILDING - PALAIS ROYALE - DAY (D2)

Gilles pulls up to a large Haussman-style building.

GILLES

Do you want to have a drink tonight?

EMILY

I have a boyfriend.

GILLES

In Paris?

EMILY

In Chicago.

GILLES

So you don't have a boyfriend in Paris?

EMILY

Thanks for the ride.

INT. SAVOIR - DAY (D2)

Emily walks into the stylish offices - a mix of classic French and modern decor. The receptionist JULIEN, (20s) eye candy for the front desk, chats animatedly in French on the phone. Emily tries to interrupt.

EMILY

Hi - hello - bonjour - I'm Emily Cooper. From the Gilbert Group. In Chicago.

He hangs up. Looks at her quizzically.

JULIEN

Eh bon?

EMILY

(louder)
Emily Cooper. From Chicago.

JULIEN

You are? I'm sorry I don't understand...

Emily speaks into her phone.

EMILY

I'm going to be working in this office.

She then turns the phone towards JULIEN. A FEMALE SYNTHESIZED VOICE translates.

COMPUTER VOICE

Je vais travailler dans ce bureau.

JULIEN reacts, as if struck. He presses the intercom on his phone.

JULIEN

(whispers)
La fille Américaine est là.

He looks at Emily, up and down. Like she's from Mars.

A moment later, a very stylish woman, late thirties, approaches. This is SYLVIE GRATEAU. Like all of the principals in the office, she is effortlessly chic. It's impossible to put your finger on why this is - it's a look that is trying but not trying.

Dressed head-to-toe in the color *Français* (a cross between grey and black), little make up, flats, and hair verging on bedhead - a look that simultaneously says both "fuck me" and fuck you" - she possesses a born-and-bred Parisian 'je ne sais quoi.' And projects an aloof sense of feminine superiority that makes all women, especially Emily, feel they will never be that.

SYLVIE

Bonjour! Je ne vous attendais pas avant demain. Comment était votre voyage? Et le nouvel appartement?

(subtitles)

[Hello! I wasn't expecting you before tomorrow. How was your trip? And the new apartment?]

Emily pauses for a beat, confused. JULIEN raises an eyebrow.

EMILY

You lost me at 'bonjour.'

INT. SAVOIR - HALLWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER (D2)

Emily walks through the chic office scape with Sylvie.

SYLVIE

I was told the American coming here spoke French?

EMILY

That was Madeline.

SYLVIE

So you are not Madeline.

EMILY

I'm Emily.

She subtly looks Emily up and down, the high heels, floral dress - not exactly pleased or impressed.

SYLVIE

That is very unfortunate.

EMILY

Hmmm.

SYLVIE

That you do not speak French. It is a problem.

EMILY
(gamely)
Je parle un peu francais...

SYLVIE
(appalled)
Perhaps it is better not to try.

A suave handsome man, mid-forties, approaches, smoking a cigarette. This is JEAN PAUL BROSSARD, the owner of Savoir.

Sylvie takes his arm.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)
Jean Paul, I'd like to introduce you to... Emily. The American girl who has come to work with us.
(to Emily)
Monsieur Brossard is the owner of Savoir.

EMILY
(extends her hand)
Emily Cooper. Nice to meet you Monsieur Brossard.

JEAN PAUL
(friendly)
Ahh, it's a pleasure. Bienvenue a Paris.

He grabs her hand, then kisses her once on both cheeks and holds her face his hands, a beat too long for Emily's comfort - both intimacy-wise and smoke-wise.

JEAN PAUL (CONT'D)
So you have come to teach the French some American tricks?

EMILY
I'm sure we have a lot to learn from each other.

He takes a drag, appraising her.

JEAN PAUL
But your experience is not with fashion and luxury brands?

EMILY
True. Most of my experience has been in promoting pharmaceuticals and geriatric care facilities.

JEAN PAUL

In Chicago.

EMILY

Yes. I mean oui.

JEAN PAUL

I was in Chicago once. I ate the deep dish pizza.

EMILY

That is our speciality. We take a lot of pride.

JEAN PAUL

It was degueulasse. How you say?

SYLIVE

Disgusting.

JEAN PAUL

Like a quiche made of cement.

EMILY

Oh no. You must have gone to Lou Malnati's.

JEAN PAUL

And the people are so fat. Why are they all so fat?

SYLVIE

From the disgusting food.

EMILY

True, we are in the midst of an obesity epidemic. In fact, Merck was one of our biggest clients. They make a diabetes drug that we marketed the heck out of. Sales went up 63 percent!

JEAN PAUL

So you create the disease. Then you treat the disease. Then you market the treatments to the disease.

EMILY

Well...

SYLVIE

Perhaps stop eating.

JEAN PAUL

There is no money in that.

He takes another drag off his cigarette.

EMILY

Smoking also causes diabetes. And cancer.

JEAN PAUL

Yes, well, smoking is a pleasure. And without pleasure, who are we?

He smiles and takes drag.

EMILY

I don't know. German?

JEAN PAUL

(pleased)

Exactly right. All of the brands we market here - from perfume to cognac to couture - are all to do with pleasure. So perhaps you have something to learn from us, but I'm not sure if we have much to learn from you.

EMILY

Actually, Monsieur Brossard, I've been doing a deep dive on your company for the past few weeks. And with all due respect, I have been sent here for a reason. So if you don't mind, I would like to share some of my thoughts with you about your social media strategies, in particular.

SYLVIE

(in French with subtitles)

She's so direct!

JEAN PAUL

You mean "the Twitter" and "the Snapchat?"

EMILY

(nods)

And "the Instagram."

JEAN PAUL

By all means.

INT. SAVOIR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D2)

Emily speaks to the small staff of Savoir: Jean Paul, Sylvie, Julien and a couple people we haven't met: a thirty-something straight but stylish man, LUKE, and a bird-like forty-something married woman, PATRICE.

EMILY

First let apologize for my English.
(joking)
I did Rosetta Stone on the plane
but it hasn't kicked in yet.

Crickets. Patrice whispers something to Sylvie. Then stands and leaves.

SYLVIE

Patrice does not speak English.
Please continue.

EMILY

OK. So your company works with some of the biggest brands in the luxury sector from Chanel to YSL. That makes Savoir - your company - or if I may be so bold - our company - a brand in itself. But to build a brand, you need to meaningfully engage in social media. And your social media engagement is, quite frankly, a joke. Over the course of last year, you had exactly 43 impressions on Facebook, seven on Instagram, and 76 followers on Twitter, which is fewer than my grandmother. And she tweets Ruth Bader Ginsberg memes and cat videos. May I ask, who is responsible for your social media here?

LUKE

Patrice.

EMILY

Makes sense. Anyway, it's not just about the number of followers. It's about content, trust, interest and engagement. You have, on key platforms, close to zero audience engagement with your content. If you can even call what you put out there in the world content.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Your last post on Facebook, which got three likes, was a photo of, well, I don't know. Was it a staff meeting? A cult gathering? An intervention for a drug addict?

SYLVIE

It was a press conference for Lanvin.

EMILY

Even worse! A missed opportunity to piggyback off Lanvin's audience! You didn't even tag them. Your Instagram feed has stock photos of "workers," your Pinterest looks like the scrapbook of a three-year-old who got Distracted, and whoever's doing your Snapchat hasn't even realized you have to hold the phone vertically. I kept having to go like this--

(turns head sideways)

--to watch today's story. Anyway, my point is you cannot claim to help a brand build their social media presence when your own company's online presence is a complete zero.

Sylvie leans over to Jean Paul.

SYLVIE

(in French with subtitles)
She's a disaster.

EXT. PONT DES ARTS - NIGHT (N2)

ANGLE - CELL PHONE

We see a gorgeous panorama of Paris on the phone screen and pop wide to find...

EMILY. Standing on the bridge. She is Facetiming with Doug. Just as the Eiffel Tower sparkles like a Roman candle in the distance.

EMILY

It's amazing, isn't it? The entire city looks like Ratatouille.

DOUG

Beautiful.

EMILY
Soooo beautiful.

DOUG
How was the first day?

EMILY
Great. OK. Maybe a few things got lost in translation. I mean, it took them a minute to realize I was me and not Madeline. But I really feel like I can be a big asset here.

DOUG
Look what I got today.

He waves a passport on camera.

EMILY
Oh thank God. You're going to love Paris. I don't want to spend another day in the most romantic city in the world without you.

DOUG
Be there soon.

EMILY
Hurry. I already miss you here.

Emily blows him a kiss and hangs up. Then looks wistfully over to find two lovers kissing on the bridge.

EXT. EMILY'S BUILDING - NIGHT (N2)

She approaches her building and freezes in her tracks when she spots a MAN pissing against the wall next to her front door. A beat later, the man finishes, zips up, clocks her watching him.

MAN
(gruffly)
Bonsoir, mademoiselle.

EMILY
(nervously)
Bonsoir.

He walks off as Emily hits the door code, flustered.

INT. EMILY'S BUILDING - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Emily enters to find herself in a pitch black lobby. She uses her iPhone to find the light switch, which she hits, illuminating the stairs.

INT. EMILY'S BUILDING - STAIRCASE - SOON AFTER (N2)

Emily trudges up the final step, winded. She tries the key. Door doesn't open. She tries again.

EMILY

C'mon!

She BANGS on the door in frustration.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't believe this!

Suddenly, the door swings open, and a great-looking shirtless thirty-something man, GABRIEL, flings open the door. They stare at each other a moment. Silent attraction.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(taken aback)

Sorry, I thought this was... my apartment... fifth floor...

GABRIEL

(points up)

Fifth floor.

EMILY

Right. Merci. Bonsoir.

He nods, slams the door. Emily pauses at the door, still thrown by the hotness of the encounter.

EXT. PARIS - ESTABLISHING - MORNING (D3)

Various shots of the city waking up.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY (D3)

Emily crosses a picturesque street (which from this point on goes without saying as every street, corner, cobblestone, building and doorway is Instagrammably picturesque) by her building and enters the bakery.

INT. BAKERY - DAY (D3)

Emily approaches the counter. The BAKERY WOMAN behind the counter greets her cheerfully.

BAKERY WOMAN
Mademoiselle.

Emily peruses the irresistible goodies in the display case. She points to a croissant.

EMILY
Uh, une chocolate croissant.

The BAKERY WOMAN's countenance stiffens as she brusquely shoves pastries in a bag, correcting her.

BAKERY WOMAN
Un pain au chocolate. *Un*. Pas *une*.
(beat)
Trois Euro quarante.

Emily guesses at the amount. Throws some coins on the counter. The woman counts it out unhappily.

Emily takes the coins and heads out. Throws back a cherry:

EMILY
Merci. Have un bonne journee.

BAKERY WOMAN
Une! *Une* bonne journee!

EXT. STREET - DAY (D3)

Emily begins walking as she takes the pain au chocolate out of the bag and bites into it. She stops in her tracks, having an orgasmic reaction.

EMILY
Oh my God.

She takes a boomerang video of herself biting into the croissant. Posts the story:

Paris Morning Mouthgasm.

Satisfied, she takes another bite of her croissant. So good.

EXT. SAVOIR - DAY (D3)

Emily tries the door. It's locked. She rings the buzzer. After a beat, she looks at her watch. It's 8:30.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAVOIR - DAY (D3)

Emily is on the phone as she checks her watch. It's 10:30 AM.

EMILY

Sylvie, it's Emily. Are we closed today? Is there a national holiday I don't know about? I've been standing outside for two hours and--

Julien approaches on his bike. He gets off by the entrance.

JULIEN

What are you doing?

EMILY

I've been here since 8:30.

JULIEN

Pourquoi? We open 10:30.

He unlocks the door.

INT. SAVOIR - EMILY'S DESK - SOON AFTER (D3)

Emily is working at her desk as just outside the open door she sees Sylvie arrive.

SYLVE

(calling out)

Bonjour.

Emily checks her watch. 11:15. She reacts, goes back to her work.

ANGLE - EMILY'S SCREEN

She is working on a memo, or a manifesto: **STRATEGIES TO ENHANCE SOCIAL MEDIA ENGAGEMENT ACROSS ALL BRANDS.**

INT. SAVOIR - PATRICE'S DESK - LATER (D3)

Emily approaches. She speaks slowly, as if to a child.

EMILY

Patrice. I'm wondering if I can share some ideas with you about how we might enhance our social engagement. I am so excited about the potential here.

Patrice looks at her as if she's from Mars. Emily pauses, holds up a finger.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She quickly types something in her phone. Then we hear the synthesized voice speaking the French translation.

COMPUTER VOICE

Patrice. Je voudrais partager quelques idées avec vous sur la façon dont nous pourrions améliorer...

Patrice stands, smiles at Emily as one would a crazy person.

PATRICE

No, no, I understand.
(pushes past her)
Pardon.

INT. SAVOIR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D3)

A meeting in progress. Luke, Patrice, Jean Paul, Julien and Sylvie are casually sitting around a table. Jean Paul and Patrice are smoking cigarettes. Patrice is speaking heatedly and quickly. (In French with subtitles:)

PATRICE

You bring this American girl in to replace me? I'll leave!

JEAN PAUL

She's not replacing you. It was a condition of the investment.

PATRICE

I need four weeks off. For mental health.

SYLVIE

Bullshit! You just want to spend the summer at your farm in Normandy.

PATRICE

It belongs to my mother-in-law.

LUKE

You were just a month in the Seychelles.

PATRICE

That was my mandatory vacation.

JEAN PAUL

So a month for mental health in July, and we are closed in August. Perhaps if we are lucky we will see you in September?

Emily slips in, unsure what this is about. Senses it's not good, and about her.

PATRICE

My niece is getting married in Boston. My husband and I are taking a road trip after and then I will be back by October.

SYLVIE

Then I would like the summer off. To fuck my brains out.

PATRICE

I think you manage quite well.

LUKE

Nymphomania is a condition. You may have a chance.

EMILY

(tentatively)

Can I get anyone a cappuccino? I think I saw a Starbucks nearby?

The room stops dead, reacting to this ludicrous offer. As if Emily was offering Drano.

SYLVIE

(in English)

A "cappuccino?" You think we want to drink a cappuccino? Now!? Are we cows? It's almost noon!

JULIEN

Déqueulasse!

Luke expells air in that French way that's something between a raspberry and a pout. Patrice gets even more wound up by Emily's offer.

PATRICE

Six weeks! I want six weeks!

She storms out. Jean Paul looks at Emily and sighs, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

EMILY

Frappuccino?

(beat)

Just kidding.

INT. SAVOIR - QUICK CUTS - DAY (D3)

Emily variously asks Jean Paul, Sylvie, Luke, and Julien the same question.

EMILY

Would you like to have lunch?

And in every case, gets the same response.

ALL

Non, merci.

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY (D3)

Emily squeezes a couple of peaches for ripeness. The middle-aged FEMALE VENDOR rushes over.

FEMALE PROPRIETOR

Mademoiselle! On ne touche pas les fruits!

EMILY

I'll just take this peach.

She puts it down, unsure. Squeezes another.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Or maybe this one.

The woman slaps Emily's hand. Makes her drop it.

FEMALE PROPRIETOR

Mademoiselle!

(English)

We do not touch the fruit. We point.

Emily points, chastened.

EMILY

That one.

The woman picks it up, weighs it. Emily picks up another peach.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And this one.

The woman snatches it from Emily's hand. She turns her back to weigh the fruit. Emily takes a picture. Posts it to Instagram under **EMILYINPARIS** and captions it: **MEAN PARISIAN FRUIT LADY.**

EXT. PALAIS ROYALE GARDEN - DAY (D3)

Emily, parked on a bench, eats her Parisian picnic lunch in this seventeenth century haven.

Suddenly, a couple of children scream by, a BOY and a GIRL, seven and six respectively, knocking Emily's baguette off the bench. A moment later a twenty-something CHINESE GIRL, MINDY CHEN, calls after them in MANDARIN.

MINDY

(in Mandarin)

Laurent! Sabille! Apologize to the lady!

She picks up the sandwich and turns to Emily, in French.

MINDY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, please let me buy you another one.

EMILY

Sorry, I don't speak French.

MINDY

American?

EMILY

Yes.

(beat)

Did you think I was French?

MINDY

Honestly, no. I was being polite. You look American.

EMILY

Why?

MINDY

Shoes. Dress. Hair. Nails.
Everything. Very sensible. Are you
from Indiana?

EMILY

Chicago.

MINDY

I was close. I went to school in
Indianapolis.

EMILY

Why?

MINDY

Long story. Very boring. The story.
And Indianapolis. But the girls,
they look like you.

(beat)

"Nice." And a little plain.

EMILY

Are those your children?

MINDY

No. I'm their nanny.
(yells in Mandarin)
Laurent! Stay where I can see you!
(back to Emily in English)
All the nannies in Paris are from
China now. So the children can
learn Mandarin.

EMILY

How long have you been here?

MINDY

Two years.

EMILY

And do you love it?

MINDY

Yes, I love Paris. The food is so
delicious. The fashion so chic. The
light so magical.

(beat)

But the people. So mean.

EMILY

They can't all be mean.

MINDY

Oh yes they can. I thought Chinese were mean. But Chinese people are mean behind your back. French people - mean right to your face.

EMILY

(resonating)

Hmmm.

MINDY

But you're on vacation here.

EMILY

Actually, I'm working here. I have a job. With a French marketing firm.

MINDY

So you know!

EMILY

I just started yesterday.

Mindy gives her a sorrowful look, like she has no idea what's in store for her.

MINDY

Ohhhhh.

(beat)

You have friends in Paris?

EMILY

No. My boyfriend's coming next week, but...

MINDY

Are you lonely?

EMILY

No, I mean, I don't know.

MINDY

(motions)

Give me your phone.

Emily tentatively takes hands it to her, Mindy snatches it.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Here is my number. You lonely. You text me. We have dinner.

(MORE)

MINDY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm Mindy.

EMILY

Emily. Nice to meet you.

She enters her phone number, then looks up at the kids splashing in the fountain. She yells at them. LAURENT and SABILLE yell back in Mandarin.

LAURENT

You're not our mother!

SABILLE

I want ice cream!

Emily takes a picture. It could be a Henri Cartier Bresson - the cutest little French boy and girl screaming. She posts the it to her Instagram: **#BATTLE ROYALE AT PALAIS ROYALE.**

EXT. STREET NEAR PALAIS ROYALE - SOON AFTER (D3)

Emily hustles back to the office when she spots ...

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - SAME (D3)

The entire staff - Jean Paul, Sylvie, Laurent, Luke - having lunch. Talking animatedly and laughing. Two bottles of wine are upside down in buckets, while a waiter opens a third. Emily clocks the scene, her stomach dropping a bit, then quickly strides away before she can be seen.

INT. SAVOIR - LATER (3)

Emily is sitting at her desk. Alone, working. The office is empty. She checks her watch. 3:45. Suddenly, everyone crashes in, chatting noisily. They pass Emily's desk.

SYLVIE

(sweetly)

Bonjour, La Poubelle.

JULIEN

Bonjour, La Poubelle.

LUKE

Bomjour La Pou...

He cuts himself off, then quickly walks away, sheepish.

EMILY

Bonjour.

Emily approaches Julien.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What is "la poubelle?"

Julien's eyes go wide in hesitation.

JULIEN

Oh, it's a little term of
endearment. Like ma petite choux...
la poubelle... nice. Don't worry.

He smiles uncomfortably and darts away.

Suspiciously Emily Google translates "la poubelle" on her
phone.

COMPUTER VOICE

"La Poubelle." The Trashcan.

Emily reacts, as if slapped.

END OF ACT I

ACT IIEXT. SEINE - DUSK (N3)

Emily walks home alone along the Seine. The cafes are packed with people drinking, in passionate conversation, after work. Everyone is impossibly stylish. Paradoxically, the beauty, the romance, the conviviality induces a feeling of even greater isolation.

EXT. CAFE - SOON AFTER (N3)

Emily sits down at a cafe, with a front row seat to the urban catwalk. A moment later, a handsome 30ish MAN approaches Emily's table. He motions to the empty seat.

HANDSOME MAN

T'addends quelqu'un?

EMILY

I'm sorry I don't speak...

HANDSOME MAN

(in English)

Is the seat free?

Emily considers for a beat, then nods. Happy for the handsome company.

EMILY

Yes, please.

The handsome man immediately snatches the chair and brings it to the next table full of great looking young people.

Emily reacts. Then she texts Doug: **So romantic... wish you were here.** There are some dots then

DOUG: **In a meeting.**

She texts back: **Miss you.**

She takes a selfie. Then captions: ***So romantic I may be falling in love with myself.***

Then, suddenly, a familiar voice.

JULIEN

Emily.

Emily looks up to see Julien, from the office, standing across from her.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

I just want to say I am sorry for this. I do not agree to calling you La Poubelle.

EMILY

Thank you?

JULIEN

But people who are -- how do you say -- higher -- enjoy it, so there is little I can do. You are meeting someone?

EMILY

No.

JULIEN

I can?

She motions.

EMILY

Please.

JULIEN

Merci.

He sits and immediately lights a cigarette. Offers one to her.

EMILY

I'm good.

JULIEN

You know, we are all a little afraid of you.

EMILY

What? Afraid of me? How?

JULIEN

Your ideas. They are more new. Maybe they are better.

EMILY

Yes, very possibly.

JULIEN

Now you are here, maybe we feel we have to work harder. Make more money.

EMILY

Honestly, from what I've seen, I think you could all be working a little harder.

JULIEN

Why?

EMILY

You can be more successful. You have amazing clients.

JULIEN

But then where is the time for us. For our lives?

EMILY

It's a balance.

JULIEN

Exactly. A balance. And I think the Americans have the wrong balance. You live to work. We work to live. Yes it's nice to make money, but what you say is success, I say is punishment.

EMILY

But I enjoy work. And accomplishment. It makes me happy.

JULIEN

Work makes you happy?

EMILY

Yes. I mean, it's why I'm here. For work. And look where work has brought me - to this beautiful city.

JULIEN

Maybe you don't know what it is to be happy.

EMILY

That's a little... arrogant.

JULIEN

You come to Paris. And you don't speak French. That is arrogant.

EMILY

More ignorant than arrogant.

JULIEN

Let's call it the arrogance of
ignorance.

EMILY

Hmm. Let's not.

JULIEN

OK, maybe you prove me wrong.

EMILY

Maybe I do.

He puts out the cigarette.

JULIEN

(softly)

I see you tomorrow, Emily. Don't be
early.

He leaves. Emily looks at her phone. And the picture. She
changes the caption to **LONELY IN PARIS** and posts.

Puts the phone down. Drinks in the view.

CAMERA SLIDES DOWN TO FIND:

ANGLE - PHONE SCREEN

EMILYINPARIS now has 230 followers...

EXT. SEINE - DAY (D4)

Emily is running along the riverbank. On headphones, she is
listening to a FRENCH LANGUAGE CLASS.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Comment t'appelles tu?

MAN'S VOICE

Je m'appelle Marc. Et toi?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Je m'appelle Catherine.

MAN'S VOICE

Je suis enchanté de faire votre
connaissance, Catherine.

EXT. EMILY'S BUILDING - DAY (D4)

Passersby look at her curiously as she reaches the door, drenched in sweat.

INT. EMILY'S BUILDING - STAIRCASE - DAY (D4)

Emily bounds up the stairs to the door of her apartment. Fiddles with the lock, out of breath. Bangs on the door in frustration. After a beat, the door swings open. Shirtless Gabriel again. He just stares at her, stupefied.

EMILY

Ah jeez I did it again. I'm really so so sorry.

She tries out her new French.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(extends hand)

Je m'appelle Emily. Et toi?

GABRIEL

Gabriel.

He takes her sweaty hand, not quite sure what to make of her.

EMILY

Je suis enchanté de faire votre connaissance. Gabriel.

She turns heads upstairs. Feeling a little foolish, but also victorious for having spoken a bit of French.

EXT. EMILY'S BUILDING - LATER (D4)

Emily exits, dressed for the day, in bright colors and heels. She steps in dog poop. Reacts. Then spots a stylishly dressed woman allowing her dog to poop on the sidewalk - without picking it up. She takes a picture. And posts: **#mindthemerde**.

She looks at her Instagram and reacts. The 230 followers have morphed overnight into 1435 followers.

Emily scrolls down the feed, glancing at the hundreds of comments and likes in amazement.

She's hit a nerve.

INT. SAVOIR - RECEPTION - DAY (D4)

As Emily enters the office, Julien greets her brightly.

JULIEN
Bonjour, La Poubelle!

Emily types "go fuck yourself" into Google Translate and keeps walking.

COMPUTER VOICE
Va te faire foutre.

JULIEN
(calls after)
I think I like you.

INT. SAVOIR - SYLVIE'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

Emily knocks on the door.

EMILY
French is such a funny language.
Why is it la poubelle? And not le
poubelle? What makes the trash can
female?

SYLVIE`
(busted)
I don't know. It just is. Like many
things here, you are just born
knowing.

EMILY
Look, I know you all aren't that
excited to have me here, and I know
my French needs some work..
(beat)
OK, it's basically merde. But I have
some ideas about marketing De
L'Heure that I'd like to share--

SYLVIE
(correcting her
pronunciation)
De L'Heure.

EMILY
(trying to imitate her,
miserably)
De L'Heure.

SYLVIE

I don't think this is the account for you.

EMILY

I studied the marketing plan before I got to Paris. It's weak.

SYLVIE

How so?

EMILY

You're piggybacking on the ad campaign. Very little social engagement. I know you're about to launch and you're keeping me out of the loop.

SYLVIE

That is true. The party is tonight.

EMILY

Tonight? And you were going to tell me this... never?

SYLVIE

I don't agree with your approach. You want everything to be everywhere. Accessible to everyone. You want to open doors. I want to close doors. But we work with exclusive brands. They require mystery. You have no mystery. You are very... obvious.

EMILY

Maybe I am. But I do understand what it means to be on the outside looking in. I have perspective you will never understand because no, I'm not sophisticated, or French, or thin, or maybe even beautiful. I don't know how to look like you. That... slouchy, sexy, 'je ne sais quoi' thing. But I'm the customer that wants it. And you're not because you've already got it - and you don't even know how you did it. Just like you don't know why the 'trashcan' is female.

Sylvie considers for a beat. Then nods, almost pained.

SYLVIE

So, you want to go to this party.

EMILY

Bien sur.

SYLVIE

Then we need to go shopping.

EXT. STREET - DAY (D4)

Emily and Sylvie walking down a street.

EMILY

What exactly don't you like about my look?

SYLVIE

OK, where to begin. The pants, they have pleats. And too matchy matchy with the jacket which is a horreur. Cut much too big and not flattering at all. You have a nice bosom, so be proud - don't hide. You are a woman, after all. The shirt underneath - so boring. White polyester. And the shoes - too much heel - impossible to walk in.

EMILY

Well, I guess I should be flattered you even noticed.

SYLVIE

Noticed? You're like a car crash - I can't look away.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY (D4)

They enter a chic store. All of the clothes are white, navy and grey. Sylvie greets the SALESWOMAN in French, kissing her as if they are long lost friends. (In French with subtitles:)

SYLVIE

How are you? It's so good to see you.

SALESWOMAN

You as well. Thank you for coming in. How is your day?

SYLVIE

Work is too much as always, but
it's nice to have a moment to shop.
The store is beautiful.

SALESWOMAN

Thank you so much. And what can I
do for you today?

SYLVIE

(in English)

This is my American colleague,
Emily. I would like to find her
something nice for tonight.

SALESWOMAN

My pleasure.

The Sales lady starts away.

EMILY

I didn't realize this was your
friend's store.

SYLVIE

She is not my friend. We just met.

EMILY

But you ...

SYLVIE

In France, you just don't just walk
into a shop and say "I want this, I
want that" without saying hello.
It's not polite.

EMILY

(explains a lot)

Hmm.

SYLVIE

You know, when Americans think
French people are rude, it's only
because we are responding to your
rudeness first.

EMILY

Well, that explains about fifty
percent of things.

The shopkeeper returns with some clothes.

SHOPKEEPER

Mademoiselle... I think I found
some things you might like. Follow
me?

EMILY

Merci beaucoup.

She glances at Sylvie, who gives her a nod of approval.

INT. BOUTIQUE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER (D4)

Emily emerges wearing a simple but fashionable striped blouse and beautifully cut black skirt. Everything tailored to show off her assets.

It's a big transformation. Sylvie reacts, satisfied. The shopkeeper inhales sharply through her lips, the universal French indication of impressed surprise.

EMILY

What do you think?

SYLVIE

I think now we can work on the hair
and the makeup.

SHOPKEEPER

Oui.

EXT. LOULOU - NIGHT (N4)

The De L'Heure party is held on the terrace of this glamorous spot, overlooking the breathtaking gardens of the Louvre.

A gigantic De L'Heure perfume bottle towers over a fashionable crowd as Emily makes her entrance. A stunning transformation, from Chicos to chic.

Emily takes an hors d'oeuvre from a passing waiter. She eats it. So amazing. She follows the waiter and takes a handful of canapes off of his tray. As she begins to devour them with gusto, Julien interrupts.

JULIEN

La Poubelle. What happened? You
look chic.

EMILY

(mouthful)
Thank you.

Sylvie is right behind, a cigarette in one hand, a drink in another.

SYLVIE

There you are. Stop eating. Why are you eating?

She looks at her hands full with canapes, distastefully.

EMILY

I'm sorry. It's just so good. And I'm so hungry.

SYLVIE

Have a cigarette.

Hands her one.

EMILY

I don't smoke.

SYLVIE

What? Why not?

EMILY

Because... they will kill you.

SYLVIE

Maybe. When you are old.

(beat)

Anyway, better dead than fat.

Jean Paul approaches cigarette in hand. With ANTOINE and CATHERINE LAMBERT. ANTOINE is handsome, well dressed, around 40s, president of the perfume company. His forty-something wife, CATHERINE, is slim and chic.

JEAN PAUL & ANTOINE

Bonsoir Sylvie.

SYLVIE

Bonsoir. Jean Paul. Antoine.
Catherine.

Kisses all around. Catherine holds SYLVIE's hands as she kisses her warmly on both cheeks.

Jean Paul takes in Emily's new look.

JEAN PAUL

Emily. Quelle métamorphose! Très belle.

EMILY

Merci.

JEAN PAUL

(to Antoine, in English)
Emily has just joined us from
America.

ANTOINE

Antoine Lambert. And my wife
Catherine. Enchanté.

EMILY

Enchanté here as well.

JEAN PAUL

Antoine, of course, runs the
fragrance division of Balenciaga.
(beat)
Emily, unfortunately, does not
speak French.

CATHERINE

And why do you come to Paris?

EMILY

To bring a bit of an American
perspective on things, from a
marketing point of view.

ANTOINE

And how do things look, from that
point of view?

EMILY

I think you have an amazing, sexy
product that can practically induce
pregnancy in older women. In fact
it's part of the reason I'm here.
(beat)
Never mind, long story.

ANTOINE

Please, I'm curious.

EMILY

Well, I do think we can do much
more on social. Hire award-winning
writers to create editorial
features that we can push out on
Facebook and Twitter.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Last year, at my company, we marketed a vaccine to combat the chikungunya virus and saturated the web with gorgeous content that was shared by so many people - we were actually responsible for increasing tourism in the Virgin Islands thirty percent. If you googled "tropical beach," "dream vacation," "#paradise," or even "topless beach selfies" - you were somehow directed to our product. Sales of the vaccine went through the roof. And the best thing is, we can track everything - who views what, where, when and for how long.

CATHERINE

(confused)

What is she saying?

John Paul's eyes go wide, sensing disaster. He quickly takes Antoine's arm and pulls him away.

JEAN PAUL

Juliette from *Marie Claire* is waiting to talk to you.

He pulls him away.

ANTOINE

Interesting ideas. Nice to meet you.

He gives her a lingering look as he is pulled away. Sylvie turns to Emily, upset.

SYLVIE

Are you crazy? You don't talk about work at a party!

EMILY

He asked me.

SYLVIE

Then you change the subject. We are at a soiree. Not on a conference call.

She turns and heads off as Emily's phone rings. Facetime from Doug. She picks up.

EMILY

Hi sweetie.

DOUG

Where are you?

EMILY

At a soiree. For this perfume launch we're handling.

She sweeps the phone around the room, giving him a panoramic view.

DOUG

Wow, kind of fancy.

EMILY

It's work, though we're not supposed to be working. In fact, I'm not quite sure when we're supposed to be working.

DOUG

You look different.

EMILY

I just let my hair down. And scrubbed off what they called my "maquillage de pute." That means whore makeup. Apparently.

DOUG

Huh. I've got some big news for you. The Cubs won today. They made the playoffs!

EMILY

Oh my God!! I'm going to lose it!

She looks around quickly, hoping nobody saw this outburst.

DOUG

We have to figure out a way to watch the world series in Paris.

EMILY

Bien sur!

DOUG

What?

Nearby, Sylvie motions her to put the phone away. Emily quickly wraps up.

EMILY

Sweetie, I've got to go. We'll figure it out. But I can't wait to see you. So soon!

ANGLE - BAR

Promotional bottles of De L'Heure line the bar. Emily takes a glass of champagne from the bartender as Antoine sidles up to her.

ANTOINE

How are you enjoying Paris?

EMILY

I love it, I mean, who doesn't, right?

(beat)

And sorry if I was talking too much about work. I just get a little over-enthusiastic sometimes. I mean I know it's a party, and--

(beat)

Cheers.

She clinks her champagne glass with his.

ANTOINE

Sante.

(beat)

I know America well. I lived in New York for two years.

EMILY

And what did you think?

ANTOINE

I think we have much to teach each other. Americans know how to make money. But the French know how to live.

He leans in, closer to catch her scent.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

You're not wearing the perfume?

EMILY

Oh sorry, not yet.

He reaches for a bottle. Takes her arm. Sprays a little on her wrist.

ANTOINE

Try a little here...

He points to the nape of her neck.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

And right here.

He keeps her eyes on Emily as she pulls her hair back and dabs some on her neck. It's a sexy moment. But it's also business - and the product. Antoine leans in for a subtle whiff.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

It suits you.

EMILY

It does smell really good. I'm not usually a perfume girl.

ANTOINE

And why not? It's like wearing a beautiful dress. It makes you feel more confident, sexier, happier... and of course with the right chemistry, it can be an aphrodisiac.

Emily fights to keep her cool against this seductive onslaught.

EMILY

I'll have to keep that all in mind for our marketing materials. The user experience is key.

ANTOINE

And how do you experience it? What does it smell like to you?

EMILY

(sniffs)

Gardenia? Leather? Musk?

(beat)

And a little bit like sweat, though that could be me.

(too honest!)

Sorry - it's... it's like wearing poetry.

ANTOINE

Genial! I love it. "Like wearing poetry." Exactement. Perhaps you wear it and see how you feel.

(MORE)

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

And how other men feel around you.
Or other women, as you please.

EMILY

I usually please men. I mean -
prefer men.

ANTOINE

Ahhh. Well, then you need to find
yourself a nice French boyfriend.
That's the best way to learn the
language. In bed.

EMILY

I have a boyfriend. In Chicago.
We're basically engaged to be
engaged.

(beat)

He's coming tomorrow.

ANTOINE

I'm not sure that will help with
your French.

Antoine gently puts his hand on her leg. It's all a little
ambiguous.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

I'm very happy to have an American
on my team. We will learn from each
other.

He kisses her on both cheeks.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Expensive sex.

EMILY

Excuse me?

ANTOINE

That's what it smells like to me.
Expensive sex.

EMILY

Well... better than a cheap date.

He slips her his card.

ANTOINE

(jauntily)

I look forward to working with you.
And to get to know you. Emily.

He smiles and starts off. Emily looks at the card, and after him. Uncharted waters.

Off Sylvie, not far away. Watching this entire exchange with interest.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. PARIS BEAUTY SHOTS - ESTABLISHING - DAY (D5)

INT. SAVOIR - DAY (D5)

Emily passes Julien's desk. Her look is becoming decidedly simpler, more "French."

JULIEN
Bonjour... Emily.

EMILY
Bonjour Julien.

A bit of a thaw. Jean Paul approaches.

JEAN PAUL
Very successful party last night.
Antoine was impressed with you. He
would like you to work on the
account.

EMILY
Really? That's great, I was worried
I was maybe too enthusiastic.

Sylvie approaches, overhearing.

SYLVIE
I would love the help on the
account, but we discussed that
Emily will help with Vaga-Jeune.

EMILY
What is Vaga-Jeune?

JEAN PAUL
Suppositoires. So that the vagina
can become "*mouilles*."

EMILY
I'm sorry?

SYLVIE
Suppositories. To promote vaginal
wetness in older women.

JEAN PAUL
Because the weather in the vagine,
when the lady is older...

EMILY

Isn't so "mouilles" anymore. I get it.

SYLVIE

Très bien. You learned a new word.
(to Jean Paul)
So perhaps Emily spends time on this for now?

JEAN PAUL

Oui. It is an important product. A necessity. First you start with the necessities and then you move to the luxuries.

SYLVIE

Exactement. And your experience is with pharmaceuticals so this makes sense.

EMILY

(not thrilled)
Of course.

Emily begins to start away. SYLVIE stops her.

SYLVIE

Also, I think last night perhaps you were a little too friendly with Antoine.

EMILY

What? No.

SYLVIE

He seemed very friendly with you.

EMILY

I think he was just being French.

SYLVIE

And you find him attractive?

EMILY

Yes, but I mean, no. He's married. I met his wife.

Sylvie looks her up and down, unsure of what went on.

SYLVIE

Hmmm... so you do find him attractive.

EMILY

He's a client. A married client.

SYLVIE

Exactly. And his wife is very nice.
A very good friend of mine.

(beat)

I will send you all the materials
for Vaga-Jeune.

Emily reacts, offended by the insinuation. Julien approaches.

JULIEN

Something you should know. Sylvie
is Antoine's mistress.

Off Emily, suddenly understanding what that was about.

INT. LES TROIS GARCONS - NIGHT (N5)

The kind of local french bistro that you dream about.

Emily has dinner with Mindy. They drink wine, waiting for
their entrees to arrive.

MINDY

You never flirt with another woman
in front of your mistress. It's
worse than doing it in front of
your wife.

EMILY

They were both in the room, to be
precise.

MINDY

Ah, then they probably know about
each other. I'm sure they are
friends.

EMILY

Friends?? You think Antoine's wife
knows about his affair with Sylvie?

MINDY

Of course. I'm sure she approves.

EMILY

Why?

MINDY

Nobody wants to have to have sex
with the same person forever. I bet
she has a lover too.

EMILY

Ok my head is spinning. So they're
all in on it together?

MINDY

(laughs)
I think it's probably tolerated
more than discussed.

The waiter arrives with their food.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Merci.

(beat)

Looks wonderful. How do you know
about this place?

EMILY

It's on my block. It looked so
cute. And every time I walk by,
it's packed.

She cuts into her meat.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Uggh, this steak is *dégueulasse*.
It isn't cooked at all.

She gets the waiter's attention.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ummm - pardon - monsieur--

The WAITER returns.

WAITER

Oui?

EMILY

Sorry, I ordered this medium - and
it's kind of... bloody.

MINDY

(in French)
She would like the steak more well
done, please.

EMILY

What she said.

The waiter shrugs, not pleased. Removes the plate.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Anyway, what's the point of being married if you're just going to cheat on your spouse?

MINDY

Maybe after you're married for twenty years you might feel differently. The French are romantics - but they're also realists.

A waiter reappears with the steak. He puts it down.

WAITER

The chef tells me the steak is correct.

EMILY

Correct for him, but not correct for me.

WAITER

(shrugs)
I suggest you try it.

EMILY

May I speak to the chef?

WAITER

(shrugs)
As you wish.

He starts off. Mindy begins to trade plates, concerned.

MINDY

I eat yours. You have mine.

Emily won't have it.

EMILY

C'mon, the customer is always right.

MINDY

No. Here, the customer is never right.

EMILY

Maybe I can educate the chef about customer service.

MINDY

You think you are going to change
the entire French people by sending
back a piece of meat!

The CHEF arrives at the table. It is GABRIEL. The man who
lives downstairs from Emily. Whose door she has been
mistakenly banging on.

EMILY

(suddenly recognizing)
It's you.

GABRIEL

And it's you. Again.
(beat)
There is a problem?

Emily digs into her meat.

EMILY

No. Everything is perfect.

She chews with gusto as Mindy watches this exchange,
curiously.

EMILY'S INSTAGRAM STORY - MONTAGE

EXT. PARIS - DAY (MONTAGE)

A SHOT OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

CURSIVE SCRIPT: ***BOYFRIEND ARRIVES IN PARIS TOMORROW***

EXT. RUE MONTORGEUIL - DAY (MONTAGE)

VARIOUS SHOTS along this most famous market street in Paris.

Emily confidently points to fruit and cheese at various
stands where she now gets a warmer welcome from the vendors.
She is offered a taste of various cheeses.

A LOGO APPEARS: ***Paris is for Lovers***

Then the word ***CHEESE*** gets inserted before "Lovers."

COMMENTS ROLL IN:

Good luck!

Living vicariously!

Wish I had your life!

What a dream!

GORGEOUS SHOTS OF STRAWBERRIES AND FLOWERS

CAPTION: *Fraises et Fleurs for days*

INT. BAKERY - DAY (MONTAGE)

Emily takes a selfie with the now smiling Bakery Woman holding a decadent chocolate tart.

A little "Bonjour" goes a long way!

EMILYINPARIS now has 5643 followers.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (D6)

Emily walks with her arms full as her phone rings. She fumbles for it - sees the call is from Doug.

EMILY

I hope you're on your way to the airport, Mister.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - SAME (D6)

Doug is walking along the lakefront.

DOUG

Emily, I can't make it tomorrow.

EMILY

Why? What happened?

DOUG

I packed. I took a week off from work. And then I thought, what am I going to do in Paris all day while you're at work?

EMILY

I don't know. See the sights? There are a lot of sights here, Doug.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

I mean, Paris is kind of famous for their sights, of which there are many.

DOUG

Alone. While you're working.

EMILY

Actually, the lunch breaks here are extensive. I could spend three hours with you in the Louvre in the middle of the afternoon and nobody would miss me. You could shoot a cannon through my office between one and three and no one would get hurt.

(beat)

Is this about the Cubs?

DOUG

No.

EMILY

Because we can watch the playoffs on a slingbox. You won't have to miss a game.

DOUG

It's not about the Cubs, Emily.

(beat)

I'm not sure want to have this relationship...

EMILY

Are you serious?

DOUG

You put me in a no-win situation. Either I stand in your way, or we have this crazy long distance thing that honestly, I don't want to do.

EMILY

Why didn't you tell me you didn't want to do it before I took the job?

DOUG

Because I wanted this for you...

EMILY

Not if it means we won't be together.

DOUG

Emily, maybe this is a good thing.
It gives us a chance to take a
break - see how we are after a
year.

EMILY

Just come here for a week. Leave
tomorrow. We'll have an amazing
time, I promise.

There is an excruciating pause. Then:

DOUG

I think it's better to pull off the
band-aid now.

It suddenly lands with Emily. She's being dumped.

EMILY

So you wanted me to take this job.
And move five thousand miles away.
So you could break up with me?

DOUG

Honestly, I didn't realize until
after you left that - maybe we're
not compatible.

(beat)

I'm a guy who hates to leave
Chicago. You're the girl who moves
to Paris for a job.

Emily tries to compute this, reeling. Then:

EMILY

You're damn right I am.

She hangs up the phone and processes for a beat. Willing
herself not to cry.

END OF ACT III

ACT IVINT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING (D7)

Emily flings open the shutters to reveal a dramatic view. Rain coats the window. Thunderheads roll over the city as the sky opens up. Melancholy and surreal.

Emily takes a picture. Posts it to her account.

Paris is weeping.

EXT. SAVOIR - DAY (D7)

Emily heads purposefully towards the building. One umbrella in a sea of umbrellas.

INT. SAVOIR - DAY (D7)

Emily passes by Julien's desk, barely acknowledging him.

JULIEN
Bonjour Emily.

EMILY
Bonjour.

INT. SAVOIR - EMILY'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER (D7)

She hangs up her raincoat and sits at her desk. Confronted by a package of Vaga-Jeune and a pile of promotional material.

Emily examines the product. An ugly pink box. With Vaga-Jeune spelled out in vaguely feminine lettering.

Emily Google translates "jeune." "Young" pops up.

EMILY
Young vagina. Hmmm. I guess everyone wants one.

She looks at the box, considers some copy.

Types: The irony of menopause. Just when you have the time to really explore your mature, adventurous, sensual self...

The vagina goes on strike.

Emily allows herself a small smile. Not bad.

She Google translates: **The vagina goes on strike.**

The translation pops up: **Le vagin se met en greve.**

Emily blinks. **Le** vagin?

She types: **The vagina.**

Translation: **Le vagin.**

Stares at disbelief at the translation.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

INT. SAVOIR - HALLWAY - DAY (D7)

Sylvie is working as Emily interrupts.

EMILY

'The vagina' is masculine?!

SYLVIE

Pardon?

EMILY

Why is it 'Le Vagin' and not 'La
Vagin?'

SYLVIE

(Gallic shrug)

I don't know. It is just that way.
Perhaps because it is something a
woman owns but a man possesses?

Emily stares at her, speechless across the cultural divide.
Seriously wondering if she will ever be able to bridge it.

EMILY

Your language is seriously f'd up.

She storms out of Sylvie's office. Off Sylvie, unsure what
that was about. And not particularly interested either way.

INT. SAVOIR - EMILY'S DESK - A MOMENT LATER

Emily takes a picture of Vaga-Jeune. Then overlays the slogan
"Le vagin n'est pas masculin!" over the image of the box.
Creating a meme. Posts it to her **EMILYINPARIS** Instagram.

EXT. PALAIS ROYALE GARDENS - DAY (D7)

The sun is out now. Emily sits next to Mindy as the kids play.

EMILY

This was a big mistake. I should never have come here.

MINDY

No, it's good you came! Than waste another minute with a man who won't leave Chicago.

EMILY

I feel like Alice through the looking glass. It's like up is down. I'll never learn the language. Or understand anything here.

(beat)

Do you realize the city is laid out in circles? Like they deliberately designed it to confuse us.

MINDY

It's an illogical culture. But a beautiful one, too. Better to just let it wash over you.

EMILY

That's just it. I'm worried I might drown.

MINDY

First you have to ask yourself - why did you want to come to Paris?

EMILY

It was never my dream - it just happened - and I thought it would be an adventure...

MINDY

And it is! Maybe a better one than you imagined.

EMILY

What made you want to move to Paris?

MINDY

Business school. My father is the zipper king of China.

EMILY

What?

MINDY

(nods)

Zipper king. I came here for business school. So one day, I can work for my father. But I flunked.

EMILY

I'm sorry. So why not go home?

MINDY

And tell my father I failed? Never. So I found a job as a nanny. I can't go back to China now. Too embarrassing.

EMILY

(choking up)

I can't go back either. I won't!

MINDY

Why would you ever want to leave Paris? The city is so beautiful, the food so amazing, the men so sexy.

EMILY

I just never pictured myself here alone.

MINDY

You're not alone. You have a friend here now.

Mindy smiles at her. Squeezes her hand. Emily returns the smile.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Paris is the most exciting city in the world! You never know what can happen here next.

Then Mindy stands, barks at the children in Mandarin.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Stay away from the fountain!

Off Emily, taking in the splendor of her surroundings. And the new life she's committed to.

EXT. ELYESSE PALACE - ESTABLISHING - DAY (D7)

INT. ELYESSE PALACE - DAY (D7)

A uniformed WAITER approaches a woman sitting alone at a dining table. (NOTE - we only see the woman from the back). He presents a plate topped with a silver cloches and removes the dome, revealing a small perfect piece of salmon and baby vegetables.

WAITER
Madame Macron.

MADAME MACRON
Merci, Monsieur.

Madame Macron begins to eat, as she surfs her Instagram feed on the phone beside her plate.

She pauses at a friend's post. It is a REGRAM of Emily's post of the "Vaga-Jeune" meme: *Le Vagin n'est pas masculin!*

Mme Macron 'likes' it. Comments: **Exactement!** Then, with a couple flicks of her well-manicured nails...

Copies the meme...

And reposts it to her TWITTER account:

@BRIGITTEMACRON
FIRST LADY OF FRANCE

EXT. CAFE - DAY (D7)

Jean Paul, Sylvie, Julien and Luke are enjoying a leisurely lunch when Jean Paul's phone buzzes repeatedly. He looks at it, eyes going wide. (In French with subtitles:)

JEAN PAUL
My God!

SYLVIE
What is it?

JEAN PAUL
I just got this from the president of Vaga-Jeune. Brigitte Macron has posted something about the product on her Twitter account. From Emily's Instagram.

Sylvie is stunned.

SYLVIE
(reverentially)
Brigitte Macron? Let me see.

Jean Paul hands her the phone.

JEAN PAUL

The client is very pleased.

Sylvie looks at the phone. Impressed disbelief. Julien leans in to take a look.

SYLVIE

(reads it)

"Le Vagin n'est pas masculin."

JULIEN

That is for sure.

SYLVIE

(conceding)

Bravo.

Suddenly Jean Paul spots Emily walking back to the office. He stands and waves to her.

ANGLE - EMILY

She waves back, tentatively.

BACK TO TABLE

JEAN PAUL

Emily! Come join us!

The rest of the group join in.

EVERYONE

Emily! Come!

ANGLE - EMILY

She smiles, surprised by the warm invitation, then heads to the table. Her phone is BUZZING up a storm in her pocket.

As she approaches the table, she takes out her phone. And is stunned to see that thanks to Brigitte Macron, **EMILYINPARIS** now has...

150,000 new followers. Prestigious ones. Like Bernard Henri Levi and Carla Bruni.

And has perhaps single-handedly opened up a new front in the cultural wars.

END OF PILOT

*