

801

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - MORNING (D1)

801

EMILY descends the stairs for work, and suddenly freezes when she hears a door downstairs. It's Gabriel and Camille, and Emily clearly doesn't want to talk to them. She peers over the banister, waiting for them to go. As they descend the stairs, Camille turns-- did she hear something? Emily ducks to avoid being seen.

802

EXT. STREET - MORNING (D1)

802

As Emily walks to work, her phone buzzes. Camille: **Can we get lunch today? I need to talk to you about something important.**

MINDY (PRELAP)

Oh my god.

803

EXT. CAFE - MORNING (D1)

803

Mindy's looking at the text on Emily's phone.

EMILY

She knows. Right?

MINDY

Knows what, though? I mean, what did you really do?

EMILY

I've now kissed him twice--

MINDY

First one doesn't count.

EMILY

The second one more than made up for it.

MINDY

So don't do it again.

EMILY

It's not that easy. As soon as we're in the same room, it's all we can think about. It's like a fog sets in when I'm with him and neither of us can see straight.

MINDY

Well you can't punish people for their thoughts. I'm from China: we've tried.

EMILY

I think I have to move. I feel so guilty, I like Camille so much.

MINDY

If she knows, I'm sure she just wants to get it out in the open. Just go to lunch. But maybe avoid anywhere with steak knives?

EMILY

What?!

MINDY

Sushi's safe. Though if she's mad enough, a chopstick can puncture skin. Don't ask how I know that.

EMILY

Can we hang this weekend? I need to not be at home.

MINDY

Ugh, I can't. My "friend" Li and her five bachelorettes are in town wedding dress shopping.

EMILY

Aw, that sounds fun.

(off Mindy's discomfort)

Wait, why won't a weekend with your friends be fun?

MINDY

Oh, they're always fun. They're also insanely rich, wildly successful and aggressively competitive. And they think I'm living this fabulous life in Paris.

EMILY

But you are living a fabulous life. Have they seen your hats?

MINDY

Their version of fabulous is insane. Dinner at the Peninsula. Suites at the Ritz. It is definitively not living in a maid's room and carrying a purse full of imported fruit roll-ups in case a six-year-old has a meltdown. Their heads would explode if they found out I'm a nanny.

EMILY

They're your friends. I'm sure they'll understand.

MINDY

Please, I'm not telling them any of this. My parents are still telling people I'm in business school. And if the girls find out, they'll tell their parents, who will tell my parents, and suddenly my dad will be landing a helicopter on the Trocadero and demanding I stop embarrassing him.

Emily gawks at her usually unflappable friend.

EMILY

Wow, that was... Maybe you should just tell them?

MINDY

Maybe you should tell Camille you're obsessed with her boyfriend.

(beat)

Sorry. Please come? I need a witness to my fake life.

Emily's phone buzzes with another text from Camille: ????

EMILY

Text me the details for tonight. I have to set up lunch with my executioner.

(beat)

This is nice. For once, you're the mess and I'm the support system.

MINDY

The support system shouldn't use the word "mess."

EMILY

Good note.

804

EXT. SUSHI SPOT - DAY (D1)

804

Emily nervously picks at a bento box as Camille treads lightly towards a proposition.

CAMILLE

It's hard to get good sushi in Paris. How did you find this place?

EMILY

(eyeing the chopsticks)
Just had a craving. I looked
everywhere.

CAMILLE

So I have something kind of
awkward to ask you. I'm a little
nervous. I had a conversation with
Gabriel about it, and--

EMILY

Oh. What did he say?

CAMILLE

He said I shouldn't bring it up.

EMILY

Then maybe you shouldn't?

CAMILLE

But I need you to be honest.

EMILY

(bracing herself)
Okay. Say whatever you need to--

CAMILLE

Would Savoir be interested in
taking on my family's champagne
house? As a client?

A beat as Emily processes. The firing squad didn't shoot.

CAMILLE

I know we're probably smaller than
your usual clients--

EMILY

Oh my god. Yes. Of course.

CAMILLE

My brother and I finally got Maman
to meet with a firm, but it's her
family's company and she's
protective. But I think she'd
consider it since we're friends.

EMILY

We are! We're totally friends.

CAMILLE

Come to the chateau with me this
weekend! I'd love her to meet you
and hear any ideas you have.
Please? Otherwise I'll have to
drive down all alone.

EMILY
(brightening)
Oh. Gabriel isn't going with you?

CAMILLE
No, he has to work. Also he's
still upset that I asked Maman for
the loan for his restaurant.

EMILY
I thought he didn't want you to?

CAMILLE
He never wants help, especially
when he needs it. He's stubborn.
Sometimes I think I should just
date women. So much easier.

Camille smiles at an increasingly uncomfortable Emily.

EMILY
I mean... I get it. He wants to
build something of his own--

CAMILLE
And Maman wants to help him do it.
And much faster than he could.
He's so provincial sometimes...
Uch, don't let me talk about him
all weekend.
(off her confusion)
At the chateau. You'll come, yes?

EMILY
Oh. Um. Sure? I can pitch it to
Savoir this afternoon.

CAMILLE
Fantastic!
(re: Emily)
See? Women. So much easier.

Off Emily, wondering how she's going to get out of this.

805 INT. SAVOIR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D1)

805

Emily is seated in a staff meeting. She's just presented
Camille's vineyard and is fielding questions.

SYVLIE
I've never heard of them. Can they
afford us? What was their revenue
last year?

EMILY
I'm not sure.

LUKE

The market is very saturated.
What's their brand identity?

EMILY

I don't know.

SYLVIE

Do you know anything about them?

EMILY

My friend's parents own it and she asked me to consider them as a client. I'm visiting this weekend. But look, it's beautiful!

She shows them a photo on her phone.

JULIEN

This is your idea of client outreach? Bragging about your weekend plans?

SYLVIE

How are you friends with a champagne heiress?

EMILY

She's dating my friend. My neighbor.

SYLVIE

The one you went home with from the Fourtier party?

EMILY

I didn't go home with him.

SYLVIE

(to Luke and Julien)
The chef from the Zimmer dinner.

LUKE

Ah! Emily's boyfriend, no?

JULIEN

No. She just has a crush on him.

EMILY

I never said that!

JULIEN

You didn't have to.

SYLVIE

And now you're going home with his girlfriend? To meet her family?

EMILY

I am just going to meet with a potential client.

LUKE

("bullshit")
D'accord...

EMILY

I can just tell her that Savoir isn't interested--

SYLVIE

So you're going to let your sex life determine business decisions?

EMILY

We never had sex!

A beat as they all react to her outburst.

SYLVIE

Maybe you should. You're very tense.

Emily shrinks into her seat as they move on.

SYLVIE

Does anyone have any actual new business to discuss?

Off Emily frustrated that she's so worked up about this.

806 INT. NIGHTCLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT (N1)

806

Mindy and Emily crowd around a VIP table with Mindy's glamazon friends who love to party. They chant in unison:

GIRLS

Plane! Club! 'nother club! 'nother club! Bus! 'nother club! No sleep!
Drink, bitch!

They take their shots and cheer.

EMILY

Your friends are fun!

MINDY

Maybe too fun. You should drink some more water.

Suddenly SHAY (20s, bubbly, wasted), who smacks the water bottle out of Mindy's hand.

SHAY

Water?! We in Paris, bitch! Oh god-

Suddenly Shay covers her mouth. She holds up a finger and dashes to the ladies' room to barf. Mindy turns to LI (20s, imposing party girl in Louis Vuitton).

MINDY

I guess you'll meet Shay later.
But here's Liiii! I can't believe
you came all the way to Paris.

LI

Well, you wouldn't come to
Shanghai, so we had to bring
Shanghai to you.

MINDY

Em, this is Li. The bride.

Li searches Emily's face for a sign of recognition.

LI

The bride and her best friend.

EMILY

(horrible lying)
Oh! Right! Li! She's told me so
much about you. Too much, really.
I feel like I know you!

LI

That's so nice to hear. Know what
she hasn't told me? Anything about
her life in Paris.

As Li eyes her skeptically, the bridesmaids cheer a
WAITER wheeling in a bottle of Dom on a cart.

EMILY

Ooh, is that Dom Perignon?

LI

It is. Excuse me.

Li intercepts the cart, snatches the bottle, shakes it up
and sprays it all over the gaggle of bridesmaids. They
scream, delighted. Some put their tongues out for a
taste. Emily's shocked; Mindy's unfazed.

EMILY

We don't get to drink it?

MINDY

Relax. They'll buy more.

Off Mindy, wary as Li keeps an eye on her.

807 EXT. STREET - MORNING (D2)

807

Emily struggles to cram her suitcase into the backseat of Camille's sporty convertible.

EMILY

I overpacked. I've only been to one winery, in Wisconsin, and it had a paintball course. I wasn't sure about the dress code. I want to look professional but casual--

CAMILLE

It's not a business trip. You're coming home with a girlfriend! We can all squeeze in front.

EMILY

"We all...?"

Gabriel approaches with a weekender bag. Fucking hell.

EMILY

Oh! Gabriel's coming? Yaaaaaay...

CAMILLE

He finally got a weekend off.

GABRIEL

(to Emily)

Hi. Haven't seen you in awhile.

She replies only with a nod and a smile.

CAMILLE

Squeeze in! It will be tight, but it's only a few hours!

Off Emily, smiling through her deep discomfort.

808 EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (D2)

808

Camille's roadster whips through the gorgeous countryside.

809 INT. CAMILLE'S CAR -- DAY (D2)

809

Camille speeds toward home, smiling ear to ear. PAN OVER to the passenger's seat where we find Emily, sitting on Gabriel's lap, awkwardly staring into middle distance.

CAMILLE

Everyone okay?

GABRIEL
I'm fine--

EMILY
Totally great! My butt's
asleep, I can't even feel
anything.

Jesus, Emily. A beat as that lands.

810 EXT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU -- DAY (D2)

810

Camille leads Gabriel and Emily to the front door of her family's shabby-chic chateau.

EMILY
So anything else I should know?
Why didn't she like the other
firms?

GABRIEL
She hates outsiders.

CAMILLE
(shushing him)
She's going to love you. And so is
my brother.

GABRIEL
What are you doing?

CAMILLE
Ignore him. My brother's finishing
business school. Maman wants us
take over the vineyard one day. He
might join us this weekend. I
think you'll like him.

GABRIEL
Did you get "Maman's" permission?
Will she allow it?

CAMILLE
She tried to fund your restaurant.
You wouldn't allow it. So be kind
to her this weekend.
(re: Gabriel)
They adore him, Emily. You'll see.

Camille leads them inside. Emily turns to Gabriel.

GABRIEL
Oui. You'll see...

811 INT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - FOYER - CONTINUOUS (D2)

811

Once inside, they're greeted by LOUISE (50s, elegant,
imperious) and FLEUR (the family's shaggy Barbet).
Camille gives Louise a hug.

CAMILLE

Salut, Maman!

LOUISE

Bonjour! This must be Emily.

She pulls Emily into a hug.

EMILY

Bonjour. Thank you for having me.

Louise turns to Gabriel, quick bises.

LOUISE

(rapid-fire, in French)
I don't have time to go to the market and we don't have half the ingredients you requested. You should go as soon as you can.

GABRIEL

(forced politeness)
Bien sur.

Off Emily clocking a hint of tension as they move into--

812 INT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D2)

812

Emily takes in the beautiful old house.

EMILY

The chateau is beautiful! I'd love a tour.

LOUISE

(baffled)
We don't give tours of the chateau. We live here.

CAMILLE

(en français)
It's an American custom. To show off your home to visitors.

LOUISE

(to Camille, in French)
Why? She wants to see our dirty laundry?

(to Emily)

If you'd like a vineyard tour, there's one in thirty minutes. Just follow the road signs.

(to Camille, in French)

Camille, I need to show you something in my office.

EMILY

Ooh, I think I caught "bureau?"
Does your mother want to talk
business now?

Louise is already out of the room.

CAMILLE

We have all weekend for that.
Don't worry, she's gonna love you!

GABRIEL

"You'll see."

CAMILLE

(ignoring that)
Show her around? Maybe the pool?

LOUISE

(in French)
This way, darling!

Camille rushes to her mother's side, leaving Gabriel and
Emily alone. He starts to lead her to the pool, but--

EMILY

I can find it.

Emily dashes where Camille pointed, leaving him alone.

813

EXT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - POOL - CONTINUOUS (D2)

813

Emily gasps the view is breathtaking.

GERARD

Bonjour!

Emily turns and gasps even louder at the sight of GERARD
(late 50s, a soft, gregarious man of leisure who is
completely nude and maintaining his modesty with a well
placed champagne bottle).

GERARD

You must be Emily!

Emily should be able to comprehend this basic French, but--

EMILY

(shielding her eyes)
Oh my god! Um, hi.

GERARD

*Sorry, I forgot you don't speak
French. I am Gerard. Le père de
champagne. Le champére!*
(re: the bottle)
You see? Père means--

EMILY

Father! Yep! I remember that one!

GERARD

May I offer you a glass?

EMILY

No! I mean, *non, merci*. I was just... looking for my room.

GERARD

Mais oui. I will show you.

He bends over to pick up his robe. Emily winces.

EMILY

I'm just gonna give you a minute.

814

INT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)

814

Emily races back in to find Gabriel snickering.

GABRIEL

Did you meet Gerard?

EMILY

Yeah, thanks for the heads-up.

Gerard, now in a loose robe, follows her inside.

GERARD

Gabriel! Bienvenue. Can I get you a glass?

GABRIEL

Maybe when I return. Louise is sending us to the market.

GERARD

You are seducing us with another of your delicious meals? Emily, have you tasted this man's coq au vin?

EMILY

I definitely have not.

GERARD

I tell you, when it hit my lips, I was ready to propose to him.

GABRIEL

We should get going to the market.

GERARD

Of course, do as my wife says.
She's in charge! Take the bikes.
It's a beautiful day for a ride.

He shoos them towards the front door. Off Emily and Gabriel, thrust together yet again.

815

EXT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - DAY (D2)

815

Emily and Gabriel arrive at the bikes. He wheels one out for her, hands it over.

EMILY

Thanks. I think I'm going to go on the tour. Sample some product.

GABRIEL

There's plenty of champagne in the house. We can have a glass before we go.

EMILY

I want to get the full experience. I came here to work.

GABRIEL

You're not coming with me?

EMILY

On a romantic bike ride to a picturesque country market? Great idea. Why don't we just do it in the barn?

GABRIEL

They don't have a barn. The cask room is really nice, though...
(off her glare)
I'm joking.

EMILY

I'm not laughing.

GABRIEL

You've been avoiding me for a week, and now this? It's just a farmers' market. You think we can't keep our hands off each other for an hour?

EMILY

I think I like the odds better if my hands are somewhere else.

She steers around him and starts walking her bike to the road. He keeps pace next to her.

GABRIEL

I think you're overreacting. We
can be friends.

EMILY

I feel like we've made it pretty
clear that we can't just be friends.

GABRIEL

But you live on top of me--

EMILY

You're proving my point--

GABRIEL

So, what? Do we stop speaking?
What do we tell Camille?

EMILY

We don't tell Camille anything. We
have to be friendly--

GABRIEL

But not friends.

EMILY

Yes.

GABRIEL

Can you make me a list of the
rules? This is very complicated.

She finally stops and faces him.

EMILY

Then I'll make it easy. You go to
the market. I'll go on the tour.
And everybody keeps their hands to
themselves.

She hops on the bike, a little wobbly, and sloppily
pedals in a huff. He can't help but laugh, at the image
and the situation. He sighs and takes off in the opposite
direction as we:

END ACT I

ACT II816 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY (D2)

816

The countryside is stunning and serene. Emily zips down the road on her bike, determined to enjoy herself and not think about Gabriel. She notices an adorable couple walking hand in hand by the road, looks at them wistfully. Then she snaps out of it, annoyed with herself, and pedals faster.

817 INT. CHAMPAGNE CAVE - DAY (D2)

817

We find Emily with a dozen or so British tourists listening to TIMOTHÉE (looks early 20s, tall and lanky, unshaven stubble) describes the *methoide champenoise* next to a pair of small remuage racks.

TIMOTHÉE

...that brings us to the subtlest step in the whole process: *remuage*. Each bottle is turned a tiny bit each day to collect the dead yeast cells in the neck.

As he speaks, he notices Emily-- specifically that her mind seems to be somewhere else.

TIMOTHÉE

A professional *remeur* can handle tens of thousands of bottles in a single day. It is a delicate, precise skill. Who wants to try?
(no volunteers)
How about... you, mademoiselle?

A tourist nudges a distracted Emily.

EMILY

What? Me? Uh, *non, merci*.

TIMOTHÉE

Une Americaine? *Parfait*.
(faux sotto)
Don't worry, I won't embarrass you in front of the British.

Emily's competitive spirit kicks in.

TIMOTHÉE

First one to turn all the bottles one-quarter turn wins. Cheer for your American conqueror. She's going to need it.

(MORE)

TIMOTHÉE (CONT'D)
(he winks at her)
Ready? Set? Go!

She starts turning the bottles, then notices Timothée is giving her a head start, faking a yawn.

EMILY
Don't just roll over and let me win. I'm American, not French.

They both dig in, racing through their bottles as the crowd cheers. Emily narrowly beats him to big applause. Timothée takes out a bottle of champagne.

TIMOTHÉE
Congratulations, Americaine. You have won the first taste.

He pours two glasses, hands her one. They clink.

TIMOTHÉE
A la reine de remeure!

BRITS
A la reine de remeure!

Emily smiles genuinely for the first time today and gulps down some ice cold champagne, ignoring the spit bucket.

BRITISH TOURIST
I think you're just supposed to taste it, dear.

EMILY
Oh. Whoops.

TIMOTHÉE
It's okay. Everyone to the tasting room, please!

The Brits start to file out.

EMILY
I'm sorry--

TIMOTHÉE
You already paid for the tour.

EMILY
Actually, I didn't. My friend's family owns the place.

TIMOTHÉE
Ah! You are my sister's friend?

EMILY
Emily. You're Camille's brother?

TIMOTHÉE

Oui. I am Timothée.

EMILY

So you're going to run this place one day?

TIMOTHEE

Oui, some day. I've been working weekends here since I finished college.

EMILY

Looks like the place will be in good hands. Not fast hands, but.

He laughs. A spark as they both size each other up.

TIMOTHÉE

Please, have more. The bottle costs us the same whether you drink it or not.

(conspiratorially)

If you'd like a refill at any time, just tap me on the shoulder.

He turns to join the group, but she taps him on the shoulder. He smiles, pours her another glass. He winks and rejoins the group. Off Emily, charmed.

818

INT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT (N2)

818

We find a tipsy Emily at dinner with Camille and her parents gushing over the gorgeous platters of food Gabriel places on the table.

GABRIEL

Et voila. It was a good day at the farmer's market.

CAMILLE

This looks spectacular, amour.

LOUISE

Beautiful job, Gabriel.

GABRIEL

Thank you, everyone. Bon appetit.

They all begin to eat. Gerard moans with pleasure. For a moment they are all seduced by the cooking.

GERARD

Emily, you must taste his aubergine.

LOUISE
It melts in my mouth.

EMILY
Aubergine?

GABRIEL
(shrugs)
My eggplant.

Emily and Gabriel make eye contact. He smirks. She gives him a subtle eye roll.

EMILY
I'm allergic. Probably not a good idea.

Gabriel stares her down: Seriously? She looks away.

CAMILLE
Would anybody like more champagne?

EMILY
Ooh, I could definitely could use a refill.

Emily reaches for the bottle, but Louise blocks her.

LOUISE
Gerard, darling--

EMILY
I can pour it--

Timothée (freshly showered and a little dressed up) swoops in and grabs the bottle and pours Emily a glass.

TIMOTHÉE
Women aren't supposed to touch the bottle at the dinner table. It's silly and old-fashioned, but so is my mother.
(winking)
Just tap me on the shoulder when you'd like a refill.

LOUISE
How was the tour, dear?

TIMOTHÉE
(bise)
Fine. We went through more product than usual, though. The guests were very thirsty today.

He eyes Emily playfully. She smiles, sipping her drink. He begins eating.

EMILY

Louise, your champagne is so special. I'm glad I had a chance to really appreciate it.

TIMOTHÉE

Oh, she appreciated it, alright.

EMILY

The point is I have some marketing strategies I'd like to discuss--

LOUISE

The other thing we don't do at the dinner table is talk business.

CAMILLE

Maman has so many rules.

EMILY

Rules are good. I like rules.
They force us to behave.
(toasts)
To rules.

Everyone looks a little confused but they toast anyway.

EVERYONE

To rules.

TIMOTHÉE

Gab, dinner is amazing.

LOUISE

Agreed. He really should have his own restaurant, shouldn't he?

Gabriel winces. He's instantly uncomfortable. He looks to Camille; she shrugs.

GABRIEL

That's the goal. Someday.

LOUISE

Of course. Just not with our help.

GABRIEL

It was a very generous offer, but one I can't accept.

Louise just shrugs, swigs her champagne.

GERARD

Gabriel: When a woman wants to take care of you-- you let her.
(MORE)

GERARD (CONT'D)

Look at me: Have you met a happier man?

Gabriel looks at Gerard-- red nose, food on his shirt-- and sees his future. He looks to Emily again, who gives him nothing.

GABRIEL

I need to put in the soufflés.
Excuse me.

He gets up, leaving the table in an awkward silence.

CAMILLE

(sharply)
Maman, just let him be.

Emily tries to lighten the mood.

EMILY

Timothée, would you mind getting a picture of us?

She hands Timothée her phone. Sidles up next to Camille. Raises her glass.

EMILY

Drinking champagne in Champagne.

She and Camille raise their glasses together as Timothée takes the picture.

SUPERIMPOSED: Emily's Instagram caption: Drinking Champagne in Champagne!

818A INT. CHATEAU -- GUEST ROOM -- NIGHT (N2)

818A

Emily sits alone in her room, texting and trying to ignore muffled French arguing (Louise, Gerard, Camille) next door. Mindy DMS her on IG, replying to her photo with Camille.

MINDY: Looks like you and Camille are getting cozy.

EMILY: Gabriel here too. All a little too cozy. How's bachelorette weekend?

MINDY: Nuts. Shay is planning a big surprise. She's about to live stream. Check it out in case the surprise is kidnapping us all on a yacht again.

EMILY: Will do lolol.

MINDY: I'm not kidding. <3

Emily pulls up Shay's Instagram, intrigued.

819 INT. CHEZ MICHOU - NIGHT (N2)

819

Mindy and her friends are seated at a table (champagne bottles on ice) near the stage watching a drag queen finish an old French torch song. Mindy leans over to Li.

MINDY

I thought the itinerary said we
were doing the Peninsula tonight.

LI

(cryptically)

Change of plans. There's a
performer we had to see. It's kind
of the reason we came to Paris.

An EMCEE drag queen takes the mic and then switches to English.

EMCEE

And next on our legendary stage,
we have a special guest. A fallen
idol from Shanghai who has come to
Paris to rise from the ashes...

Mindy's face falls: FUCK. As the Emcee continues, Mindy turns to Li.

MINDY

Li, I would, but... I haven't sung
in forever. I've been so busy with
school and--

SHAY

Oh my god, we know you're not in
business school.

Fuck. Mindy can barely breathe. Before she can lie again:

LI

And we know that you're a nanny.
And that your parents cut you off.

MINDY

Why didn't you say anything?

SHAY

Bitch, why didn't you say
anything?!

Li silences her with a look, turns to Mindy for an answer.

MINDY

I don't know. I just thought you
guys wouldn't understand...

LI

Mindy, the only thing I don't understand is why you're in Paris and not singing. You've been dreaming of being a singer since we were kids.

A beat as Mindy thinks: Can she actually do this? Then Li starts pushing her towards the stage.

MINDY

I would love to, but--

LI

Good. Shay paid them a ton of money for stage time.

MINDY

What song--

LI

You know what song.

MINDY

(realizing)

No. I totally blew it on Idol.

LI

(tough love)

Then do it right this time.

EMCEE

(impatiently)

Please welcome Mindy Chen!

Mindy, panic-stricken, climbs onstage and takes the mic. She looks at her friends, so terrifying before, looking up at her with genuine encouragement. Then:

GIRLS

Plane! Club! 'nother club! 'nother club! Bus! 'nother club! No sleep! Sing, bitch!

Lady Gaga's "Gypsy" starts to play. Buoyed by her friends' show of support, Mindy belts the opening line.

In the audience, Shay holds up her phone to record Live on Instagram.

819A INT. CHATEAU -- GUEST ROOM -- INTERCUT (N2)

819A

Emily watches the action on Shay's feed. She's ecstatic for her friend.

EMILY

Oh my god!

BACK IN THE CLUB: By the time the dance-pop chorus kicks in, they're in the palm of her hand. Li and her bridesmaids jump onstage and dance with her, cheering louder than anybody. The song ends and the crowd erupts.

Shay grabs a champagne bottle and sprays them both. They laugh exuberantly.

AT THE CHATEAU: Emily laughs, beaming with pride for her friend.

Shay's feed ends. Emily wishes she'd been there, texts Mindy a quick **OMGOMGOMG that was amazing!!**

After a beat, her excitement is punctured by the argument again. Emily decides she's had enough. She grabs a towel and her swimsuit and bolts as we:

END ACT II

ACT III

820

EXT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - POOL - NIGHT (N2)

820

Emily sits on a deck chair, rewatching the video of Mindy's friends spraying champagne at the club to distract her from the tension in the house. Just as an idea is forming, Timothée appears poolside with a bottle and two coupes.

TIMOTHÉE

I wondered where you were hiding.

EMILY

Not hiding. Just... couldn't sleep.

TIMOTHÉE

Because you heard everyone fighting in their rooms?
(off her shrug)
Would you like a coupe?

EMILY

OK. Maybe I'm hiding. A little.

TIMOTHÉE

I have a motorbike. Should we run away?

EMILY

That's always a bad idea.

TIMOTHÉE

No? You ran away from home and now you live in Paris. Not too bad.

EMILY

I didn't run away. I moved here for work.

TIMOTHÉE

So they forced you to come to a country where you don't speak the language? That's a bad idea.

EMILY

No, I wanted to come, but I wasn't running. I had a nice job. Nice boyfriend. Nice friends. It was...
(beat, realizing)
Oh my god. I ran away...

TIMOTHÉE

But it sounds so "nice!"

EMILY

It was, but... everything was laid out, there were no decisions left to make. Even wrong ones. I always knew what was going to happen.

TIMOTHÉE

And now?

EMILY

And now... I don't know anything. Everything is new and a confusing and honestly kind of scary...

TIMOTHÉE

And you love it. No?

Emily shrugs, blushes. She drains her glass.

TIMOTHÉE

Slower. You're supposed to savor it.

She taps his shoulder and lets her hand linger.

EMILY

Let me try again?

He moves closer to refill the coupe.

EMILY

I thought champagne was supposed to be served in a flute.

TIMOTHÉE

Flutes are a more practical choice. But coupes are sexier. They were modeled after Marie Antoinette's breasts. They are "the ideal size and shape to deliver pleasure."

Emily considers the coupe, holds it to her own breast. It's pretty close. Without warning, Timothée abruptly puts his hand on her other boob. She's just drunk enough to find this sexy. She puts her coupe down, puts his other hand on her other breast. After a beat of awkward boob fumbling, she lunges at him. They sloppily make out and we smash cut to:

821

INT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

821

Emily and Timothée fumble their way through clumsy, but sweet, sex. He's a touch overeager.

EMILY

Slower. You're supposed to savor it.

He grins, and then goes even faster. Now she's grinning as we cut to...

822 INT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - GUEST ROOM - MORNING (D3)

822

Emily awakes, smiles as she notices an empty coupe by the bed. She sits up - and the hangover hits. Oof.

She stumbles over to the vanity mirror, appraises herself and finds a massive hickey on her neck. Fuck. She cringes. And then she laughs. So what? Her phone bleeps with messages from Camille:

I have a surprise when you come down to breakfast! :)

Then: Come down when you're ready!

And then Are you okay?

Emily looks at the clock: it's after 10:00am. Oops. She races to pull herself together as we cut to...

823 INT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - DINING ROOM - MORNING (D3)

823

Emily, wearing a scarf and sunglasses, enters the room to find an excited Camille plus a DUDE (20s, buttoned-up) having breakfast with Louise and Gerard. Camille eagerly pulls Emily towards the table.

CAMILLE

Emily, salut! This is Theo.

They exchange hellos.

EMILY

Do you work for the company?

CAMILLE

He's my brother. The one I told you about.

All the blood drains from Emily's face.

EMILY

But I already met your brother. On the tour. And at dinner.

CAMILLE

Timothée? He's seventeen!

EMILY

(mild aneurysm)

But he said he finished *collège*.
How can a 17 year-old be out of
college?

THEO

You're thinking of *université*. In
France, *collège* is-- how do you
say it? Junior high?

Emily's throat has gone completely dry.

EMILY

That is... needlessly confusing.

Timothée-- freshly shaved and suddenly looking very much
seventeen-- bounds in, makes a beeline for Emily.

TIMOTHÉE

Bonjour, mon americaine.

And then he kisses her right on the lips as Gabriel
enters with a breakfast tray, which he almost drops.
Timothée fixes Emily's scarf and notices the hickey.

TIMOTHÉE

Je suis désolé.

The whole room takes in what's happening.

CAMILLE

(dawning realization)

Oh my god...

EMILY

(mortified)

I thought... you wanted me to meet
your brother, and... I didn't
know...

After an agonizing beat of silence, Gabriel puts the tray
down on the table a little too hard and returns to the
kitchen. Gerard gets up and leaves, avoiding the conflict
as usual. Theo returns to the table as Timothée takes
Emily's hand. Louise stands.

LOUISE

Timothée. Camille. Sit.

They join their brother at the table. Emily starts to
follow them but Louise cuts her off.

LOUISE

Come with me, please.

Louise exits. Emily looks to Camille and her brothers for a friendly face, but none of them are going to die on this hill. Off Emily, utterly terrified.

824

INT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - LOUISE'S STUDY - DAY (D3)

824

Emily sits anxiously across from an impossible-to-read Louise. After far too long:

LOUISE

I need you to be honest with me.

(Emily nods)

You and my son--

EMILY

I had no idea he was so young!
Camille told me she wanted me to
meet her brother, and he was such
an expert. About champagne!

LOUISE

Stop talking, please. I don't care
about any of that. I need to
know... is my son a good lover?

A beat. What the fuck? Emily can't even speak.

LOUISE

I worry for my children's future.
It's a mother's job. And my little
boy--

EMILY

Oh my god, please tell me this
wasn't his first time.

LOUISE

Oh dear. Did it seem that way?

EMILY

What? No! He was... sweet. And
gentle. And... I'm sorry, how much
detail are you looking for here?

LOUISE

(relieved)

His father finally passed down
something helpful. My husband is
an excellent lover, but beyond
that, he is as useful as this
surplus of grapes. Thank you,
Emily. I will call you a car to
the train station. I imagine you
would like to run away from this
bomb you exploded.

Emily's grateful, but as Louise picks up the phone:

EMILY

Hold on. I came down here to pitch
Savoir. And you've dodged me all
weekend.

Louise, impressed, puts down the phone.

LOUISE

Okay. You know about the surplus.
So we need to find new buyers or
else pour it all down the drain.
How do we do that?

Emily, on the back foot, thinks for a beat, then pulls up
Mindy's video on her phone and shows it to Louise.

EMILY

That's how.

LOUISE

So you would pour it down the
drain.

EMILY

A bottle to sip and a bottle to
spray. You make the same amount of
money whether or not they drink
it, yes? We can make your brand
the official "spray" of Paris. Of
anywhere, really.

LOUISE

I can hear my grandmother rising
from her grave to strangle me.

EMILY

You're worried about legacy.
Understood. It's your job. What
about a second label for the
"spray" campaign?

LOUISE

But what to call something so
useless?

EMILY

How about *champère*?

A smile creeps across Louise's lips. She stifles it, but
she's clearly interested.

LOUISE

I'll consider it.

Off Emily, thrilled and incredibly relieved.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

825

EXT. CAMILLE'S CHATEAU - DAY (D3)

825

Gabriel and Camille pack up the car when Emily lugs her bag to the trunk. It's awkward for a beat.

CAMILLE

My mother said she was very impressed with your presentation.

GABRIEL

The whole family was impressed.

Emily smirks at him.

EMILY

Camille, I am so embarrassed--

CAMILLE

Don't be. I knew we'd get you into the family one way or another.

EMILY

I promise now that we're working together--

CAMILLE

We don't make so many rules about these things. I can't control who you get into bed with.

Camille gets in the car. Gabriel takes Emily's luggage and shoves it in the car. She tries to read him.

EMILY

Is this gonna be weird?

GABRIEL

Non. We are all adults, oui? Except for Timothée.

EMILY

Okay, get it all out in the car.

GABRIEL

I don't know what the laws are in the States, but--

EMILY

We have them there, too.

GABRIEL

Is that why you came to France? Did they make you leave?

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Should I alert the all-boys'
school on our street?

EMILY

Grow up.

GABRIEL

But I'm already far too old for
you.

She rolls her eyes as he flashes a friendly smile and gets in. Off Emily, still embarrassed but a little proud of herself. She didn't run away. She gets in and the car takes off into the countryside as we:

END EPISODE