

FAMILY MAN

by

David Diamond & David Weissman

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Beacon Communications
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INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT, PAN AM TERMINAL - NIGHT

SUPER: AUTUMN, 1987

A line of PASSENGERS about to board a Pan Am flight to London.

JACK CAMPBELL, 22, head full of long unkempt hair, Tom Selleck mustache, and the hopeful look of youth in his eyes, sitting next to...

KATE REYNOLDS, 21, pretty, Dorothy Hamill haircut...takes off a pair of large red-framed glasses, rubbing the tears from her swollen red eyes...

KATE

I got you a few necessities...

Kate hands Jack a new copy of Vonnegut's, "Cat's Cradle."

KATE (cont'd)

Your copy was a mess...

Jack accepts the book but he's unable to take his eyes off Kate. She hands him a cassette.

KATE (cont'd)

Every one of these songs will remind you of me in a slightly different way...

JACK

All in one tape? Very convenient.

KATE

I also put side two of London Calling on there...

Jack smiles as Kate hands him a box of Peppermint Lifesavers.

KATE (cont'd)

I know you can't live without them...

JACK

I'm pretty sure they have Lifesavers in London.

KATE

Just in case...

Kate leans over and kisses him passionately on the lips.

KATE (cont'd)

That was not officially the goodbye kiss. It was just an interim kiss...

He looks into her eyes a moment, his eyes welling up. He reaches an arm around her neck, pulling her in close, kissing her deeply. Then...

ANNOUNCER (o.s.)

This will be the final boarding call for Pan Am flight 4 to London, Heathrow.

Jack takes Kate's hand in his, both of them rising from their seats, turning forlornly toward the gate.

KATE

You have your ticket?

Jack pulls out a BLUE PAN AM TICKET ENVELOPE. Kate nods. She pulls him close and kisses him again. They separate...

JACK

I'm not even gonna say it, Kate. And then maybe it'll be like I never left...

Jack takes one last look at her, then heads for the gate.

Kate stands there, watching him go. Then...

...a moment of intuition. Something isn't right. She looks at Jack, about to disappear into the jetway, trying to decide...

KATE

Wait.

Jack turns. Kate approaches him.

KATE (cont'd)

I have a bad feeling about this.

JACK

Honey, it's Pan Am...they never crash.

KATE

I know we've talked about this a thousand times and we both agree that going to London is the right thing to do. But in my heart...this feels wrong.

She looks at the gate...the last few passengers are boarding, then back into Jack's eyes.

KATE (cont'd)

Don't go, Jack...

JACK

You mean don't go at all? What about my internship?

KATE

Believe me I know what an incredible opportunity this is for you...

JACK

For us, Kate.

KATE

Right, for us. But...I'm afraid that if you get on that plane...

JACK

What?

Kate looks at him, pleading with her eyes, but she can't say...

KATE
(shaking her head)
Go. I'm sorry, you should just go...

JACK
(thinking, then...)
No, you're right. What are we doing here?

KATE
(convincing herself)
We're being responsible. Go. Get on the plane.

He looks into her eyes, she nods - it's not entirely convincing but it's enough for Jack.

JACK
(resolute)
Okay, I'm going...

He takes her in his arms one last time and hugs her tight. Jack looks toward the gate, the line disappearing... Kate grasps his shirt tightly.

KATE
I can't seem to let go of you...

JACK
You hear me complaining about that?

They share a warm smile.

JACK (cont'd)
Look, we're at the airport and no one ever thinks clearly at the airport so maybe we should just trust the decision we already made. We have a great plan, honey...

Kate nods, then, with resolve...

KATE
You want to do something great, Jack? Let's flush the plan and start our lives right now...today...

Jack is jolted by her words.

KATE (cont'd)
We improvise. You could take the job at E.F. Hutton. Maybe I go to law school at Rutgers instead of NYU. We could save some money, buy an apartment. Or something totally different. The point is, I don't know what that life's gonna look like but I do know that it has both of us in it. And I choose us...

Jack is transfixed, he's almost there...

KATE (cont'd)
The plan doesn't make us great, Jack.
What we have together, that's what
makes us great.

Her words sink in... A long moment of decision...He looks toward the gate, only one person left in line...back to Kate...imploring him with her eyes.

Finally...He kisses her deeply on the lips...

JACK
I love you, Kate...

...a smile from Kate...relief...then...

JACK (cont'd)
(taking her face in his
hands)
...and two years in London's not gonna
change that. Two hundred years couldn't
change that...

Jack gives her one final kiss then walks pensively to the gate, handing the attendant his ticket, not able to look back.

Kate watches him go, tears streaming down her face, as the gate door closes behind him. She waits, almost willing it to open again...waiting...waiting...but it doesn't...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - CHRISTMAS EVE 1998

Snow is falling as we close in on a spectacular downtown apartment building...

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A huge loft with gleaming hardwood floors, ornate moldings, and floor to ceiling windows displaying the entire cityscape.

The place looks like a museum display...everything is of the highest quality and meticulously maintained.

A wall covered with photographs - Jack shaking George Bush's hand, Jack with Patrick Ewing, Jack atop a horse, Jack sandwiched proudly between Alan Greenspan and Henry Kravis.

And, a "Willie Mays" baseball bat encased in glass...

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...impeccably decorated and obsessively neat.

Close in on the bed where JACK CAMPBELL, now 33, sans mustache and long hair, opens his eyes.

A FLASH of bright morning light from the window. Jack shields his eyes, turning his head toward the bathroom where he sees...

A WOMAN'S BACK...draped in a sheet...an incredible back, neither flabby nor overly toned, beautifully curved...Jack focuses on it a moment, as the woman turns to him...

PAULA. Beautiful, late 20's, a toothbrush in her mouth...

PAULA
(holding up toothbrush)
I hope you don't mind. There were like
ten new ones in the cabinet.
(a playful smile)
I'm not even going to ask why...

JACK
It's not what you think. I took
Mentadent public...

Paula smiles, moves over to a chair and grabs a little black dress hanging neatly over it.

PAULA
Last night was great...

JACK
I can't believe you're in publishing.
You should be giving motivational
seminars.

PAULA
Thanks. You're no slouch yourself...

Jack grabs a Rolex watch from the night table, slipping it on his wrist. He looks at Paula as she slips the dress on.

JACK
I want to see you again.

PAULA
I'd like that, too.

JACK
Tonight.

She turns to him.

PAULA
It's Christmas Eve, Jack.

JACK
So we'll get egg nog.

Paula laughs.

PAULA
(putting on her shoes)
I have to go to my parents' house out
in Jersey.

JACK
Jersey? You know what the traffic's
gonna be like?

PAULA
I'm taking the train...

Paula approaches Jack, leaning over him, her long hair
dangling on his chest.

PAULA (cont'd)
Don't you have anywhere to go?

JACK
Yeah, I've got plenty of places to go.
But I'm willing to ditch everyone else
just to see you. Who's got the greatest
fella in the world, huh?

PAULA
(a chuckle, then...)
Maybe I can try and sneak away some
time tomorrow morning...

A satisfied smile from Jack.

PAULA (cont'd)
(kissing him on the lips)
Okay?

JACK
(coy)
If it's something you feel strongly
about.

Paula smiles and walks to the door, then turns back to Jack.

PAULA
It was nice meeting you, Jack...

INT. JACK'S BATHROOM - MORNING

The Rolling Stones' "Tumbling Dice" is BLASTING in the b.g.

Jack's at the mirror in this incredibly neat marble-tiled
bathroom, shaving with a silver-plated Hammacher Schlemmer
razor, SINGING along with the Stones.

INT. JACK'S CLOSET - MORNING

...the size of a small house, a long row of Zegna suits, shoe
trees stacked with Italian shoes, tailored shirts everywhere.

Jack, still SINGING, is dressing in front of a mirror.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Jack, wearing an elegant camel's hair overcoat and carrying a
leather brief case, watches the numbers go down...

The doors open at 6. An OLDER WOMAN in a mink coat gets on, carrying a yappy little dog. She is MRS. PETERSON, 60's.

JACK

(a charming smile)
Selma Peterson. I always knew you'd
come walking back into my life.

MRS. PETERSON

(with a laugh)
You are a charmer, Jack.

JACK

Listen, when are you going to leave Mr.
Peterson and run away with me?

MRS. PETERSON

You know you could never satisfy me the
way he does...

The doors open to the lobby. Mrs. Peterson walks out ahead.

INT. JACK'S BUILDING, LOBBY - MORNING

TONY THE DOORMAN holds the door open for Jack and Mrs.
Peterson...

TONY THE DOORMAN

Merry Christmas, Mr. Campbell.

JACK

How'd you do this year, Tony?

TONY THE DOORMAN

About four grand. And a bottle of
hundred year old scotch from Mrs.
Johnson in 9D. I'm putting it all in
commercial paper like you said.

JACK

Just until the Deutsche Mark turns...

Jack exits the building...

EXT. JACK'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...heading to a new Ducati 916 motorcycle waiting for him.
Jack gets on and drives off in a burst of acceleration.

EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - MORNING

A modern Wall Street building. The sign above the glass doors
reads, "P.K. Lassiter and Associates, Investment House."

Jack pulls up on his motorcycle, a PARKING ATTENDANT waiting
for him by the curb. Jack gets off and gives the attendant a
pat on the shoulder then heads into the building...

INT. LASSITER BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Through the windows of this beautiful conference room we see the sparkling lights of the city.

Seated at a huge oak table littered with coffee cups and dinner waste are six EXECUTIVES, including LARRY MINTZ, 30's but already balding, a faraway look in his eyes.

Mintz is poking at a shiny gold cherub dangling from a small, plastic Christmas tree, sitting in the middle of the table.

Jack is at the front of the room, beside a board covered with stock charts and tables, addressing the group.

JACK

...if MedTech's shares sink any lower than forty we're in trouble with the stock valuation so for god's sake watch what you say to your institutional customers.

Jack notices Larry Mintz playing with the cherub.

JACK (cont'd)

...we still have almost a full day of trading before zero hour and I don't want any trouble...

(distracted by Mintz)

...penny for your thoughts, Larry...

Larry looks up at the mention of his name.

LARRY

Sorry, Jack. I told Dee and the kids I'd be home by eight. You know, Christmas Eve.

Jack approaches Larry, putting a hand on his shoulder.

JACK

I hear you, guy. You think I like being here on Christmas Eve?

LARRY

I don't know. Maybe...

A LAUGH from the others. Even Jack lets out a good-natured chuckle.

JACK

Okay, I deserve that. And maybe I do have a touch of the tunnel vision this holiday season. But in two days we're going to announce a ten billion dollar merger between MedTech Pharmaceutical and Global Health Systems. Ten billion dollars...

(more)

JACK (cont'd)
 (basking in the glory)
 When this kind of deal turns up you get
 on and you ride it 'til it's over. You
 don't ask it for a vacation...

A chuckle from the group...the esprit de corps seems to energize Jack.

JACK (cont'd)
 (to the group)
 December 26th. After that there'll be
 so much money floating around here
 it'll be like Christmas every day...
 (smiling)
 December 26th, people. If you'd like to
 celebrate that day, you all have my
 blessing...

Enthusiastic nods and words of agreement from the suits around the table...

LARRY
 You're right, Jack. Sorry...

Jack practically takes Larry's face in his hands.

JACK
 I don't want you to be sorry, Larry, I
 want you to be excited. This is going
 to be the best damn Christmas any of us
 have ever had. N'est ce pa?

LARRY
 Oui bien.

JACK
 There you go. Merry Christmas...
 (to the rest of the room)
 God bless us all, everyone...

INT. LASSITER BUILDING CORRIDOR - EVENING

The conference room door opens and the SIX ENERGIZED SUITS emerge, each met by an ASSISTANT handing them messages...

Jack is the last one out. He's met in stride by ADELLE (50's), carrying a filofax and a pile of phone message slips.

ADELLE
 Only eight thirty? What's the matter,
 had some last minute shopping to do?

Jack pops a peppermint Lifesaver in his mouth as Adelle hands him his messages.

JACK
 You too? This holiday's about giving,
 Adelle.
 (more)

JACK (cont'd)
And I'm giving everything I've got to
this deal, so in a way, I'm more
Christmassy than anyone...
(holding out the candy)
Lifesaver?

ADELLE
(ignoring the candy)
You're a ray of sunshine, Jack.

JACK
Thank you...

They approach an office, the words, "Jack Campbell - Senior Vice President" stenciled on the glass...

INT. JACK'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...continuing past Adelle's desk...

ADELLE
The CNBC people called. They want to do
the interview Tuesday morning, but
they've agreed not to run the piece
until the merger is announced.

JACK
Good. Did those guys call about my
fresco yet?

ADELLE
They can't start it until after the
first of the year.

JACK
(indignant)
Did they give a reason?

ADELLE
I don't know, Jack. Office fresco
painters are such a fickle bunch...

...and into Jack's office.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A cavernous office, you could land a helicopter in it - high tech fixtures, full bar, leather sofa, \$3,000 Stairmaster...

Jack walks to an enormous, bare mahogany desk, and sits down in a high tech ergonomic leather chair. He gets to the last message, sees the name on it, and reels back.

JACK
Kate Reynolds...

ADELLE
She's not in the Rolodex. Probably some
kid looking for a job...

Jack stares at the message like he's looking at a ghost.

JACK
She's not looking for a job...
(looking up at Adelle)
Kate Reynolds was my college
sweetheart. I almost married her...

ADELLE
(laughing heartily)
You? Married?

JACK
Almost married. And almost a junior
broker at E.F. Hutton...

ADELLE
Excuse me?

JACK
She didn't want me to go to London.

ADELLE
So you left her? Just like that.

JACK
God, no. I thought about it for
practically the entire flight...

ADELLE
Stop Jack, I'm getting all weepy.

JACK
I took the road less travelled, Adelle.

ADELLE
And look where it's lead you...
(picking up the phone)
I'm gonna get her on the phone...

Jack pauses, focused on the message, his mind drifting back...

Adelle begins dialing the number. Finally, Jack reaches out
and hangs up the phone.

JACK
No...

ADELLE
No?! You almost married this woman.
Aren't you even curious what she wants?

JACK
She's probably just having a fit of
nostalgia. You know, lonely Christmas
Eve, call the one that got away, that
kind of thing.

Adelle rolls her eyes at him.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm telling you, it's ancient history...

Jack looks up as PETER LASSITER, 60's, founder and chairman of P.K. Lassiter and Associates, saunters into the room.

LASSITER
Eight forty-five on Christmas Eve and
Jack Campbell is still at his desk.
There's a Hallmark moment for you...

Lassiter heads to the bar like he's done it a million times.

JACK
Peter. I don't see you rushing home to
trim the tree.

LASSITER
(pouring himself a scotch)
That's because I'm a heartless bastard
who only cares about money.

JACK
And God love you for it.

Lassiter drops down in a soft leather chair opposite Jack.

LASSITER
(sipping the scotch)
Ah...that's nice. Listen, Jack, I just
got a call from Terry Haight over at
Global.

Jack raises an eyebrow.

LASSITER (cont'd)
Bob Thomas is officially having second
thoughts about the merger. Last minute
jitters, you know. Someone's going to
have to nurse him through the final
hours...

JACK
Why are you staring at my breasts?

LASSITER
I know it's Christmas but I need you,
tiger.

JACK
Where is he?

LASSITER
Aspen.

Jack pauses for a beat.

JACK
(to Adelle)
Call Aunt Irma. Tell her I won't be
able to make it tomorrow...

Adelle rolls her eyes at Jack.

LASSITER

You're a credit to capitalism, Jack.

Lassiter gets up. Jack glances at Adelle, then looks back at Lassiter.

JACK

Hey Peter, lemme ask you a question. An old girlfriend calls you out of the blue on Christmas Eve. What do you do?

LASSITER

You suddenly having trouble getting dates?

JACK

Not by a long shot.

LASSITER

Then leave it in the past. Old flames are like old tax returns. You keep'em in the file cabinet for three years and then you cut'em loose.

Jack shoots Adelle a satisfied smile, crumpling up the message and tossing a perfect hook into a N.Y. Knicks hoop by the bar.

LASSITER (cont'd)

(getting up)

Good. Now you can focus on something you really love. Investment banking...

JACK

Knicks game next Thursday?

LASSITER

I'll be there...Merry Christmas...

Lassiter turns and leaves the room.

ADELLE

(shaking her head)

That conversation was wrong on so many levels...

JACK

(rolling up his sleeves)

I'll leave straight from the office tomorrow afternoon. Call the group. Schedule an emergency strategy session for noon.

ADELLE

That'll be a nice little holiday treat.

EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - NIGHT

As snow falls, a single light remains on in the building.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jack is pouring over spreadsheet printouts at his desk. The office door opens and Adelle comes in. Jack looks up.

ADELLE
I'm leaving, Jack. And don't give me an argument.

JACK
But what if I need something?

Adelle shoots him an angry glare.

JACK (cont'd)
Okay, okay...go.

Adelle nods, then starts to leave. Jack leans back in his chair rubbing his eyes. He checks his watch. It's past eleven.

JACK (cont'd)
You want to get a drink or something?

Adelle stops at the door, turning to Jack.

ADELLE
You're joking, right?

JACK
Why not? We never spend any quality time together.

ADELLE
Don't take this the wrong way, Jack, but I'd sooner have a bone marrow transplant.

Jack nods.

ADELLE (cont'd)
Merry Christmas, though...

Adelle leaves. Jack looks out the window, the city in all it's Christmas glory. He shakes his head, grabbing his brief case...

INT. LASSITER BUILDING - NIGHT

Jack comes out of the elevator, walking past the lobby desk where FRANK, a security guard sits watching the security monitors.

FRANK
Mr. Campbell. Why didn't you call down, I would've had Joe get your ride.

Jack looks outside the front door to the snowy, quiet street.

JACK
I'm thinking I might walk tonight, Frank...

FRANK

Nice night for it. Merry Christmas to you, sir...

JACK

Thanks. To you too...

Jack puts on a pair of soft leather gloves and heads out into the crisp night air...

EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack emerges from the building, walking across the large plaza, past the fountain, snow falling into the water...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Jack's walking down the nearly empty street, a bounce in his step, looking at the windows of the closed shops along the way.

He gets to the end of the block, about to cross the street when he sees some lights a couple hundred feet away...he looks uptown a moment, then back toward the lights...it appears to be an open bar...

Finally, he heads down in the direction of the bar, a smile on his face...

EXT. WONG BROTHER'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chinese writing adorn its exterior, a SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE outside talking, and a banner above that reads, "Wong Bros. Bar - Celebrate Christmas Eve With Us!"

Jack walks up to the place, looking inside the window a moment, then heading inside...

INT. WONG BROTHERS BAR - SAME TIME

The place is filled with the kind of people that have nowhere to go on Christmas Eve - DRUNKEN DEPARTMENT STORE SANTAS, HOOKERS, BIKERS, TRANSIENTS, SOLDIERS...

The dog-barking version of "Jingle Bells" is playing on the jukebox. Behind the bar, SAM and LOU WONG (both 60's) are recreating the "Hippie Hippie Shakes" scene from "Cocktail," wielding liquor bottles like bowling pins in a juggling act.

Jack enters, taking off his gloves and surveying the scene as he walks to the bar. An old DRUNKEN SANTA raises his glass to him, spilling it on Jack's shoes.

DRUNKEN SANTA

Merry Christmas!

JACK

(shaking off his shoe)
Hey, watch the shoes old timer...

DRUNKEN SANTA

Sorry. If you're a good boy, you might just find a new pair under the tree tomorrow morning.

JACK

Bruno Magli. Nine D. And no tassels, got it?

DRUNKEN SANTA

No tassels. Check. Merry Christmas!

Jack takes up a stool at the bar away from everyone else. He gestures over to one of the Wong brothers.

JACK

Bushmills and soda.

Sam Wong tosses a glass high into the air, then catches it, tossing some ice in and grabbing the bottle of Bushmills.

Jack watches with interest as Sam then throws the bottle up, catching it and pouring out a perfect shot into the glass.

He reaches for the soda dispenser like he's going for a six shooter, fills the glass and slides it over to Jack.

JACK (cont'd)

Well, I'm impressed...

SAM WONG

Thanks...that's four bucks.

Jack removes a fifty from his wallet and slaps it on the bar.

JACK

Keep it.

SAM WONG

Hey Lou! We got a big spender here!

LOU WONG

(shouting out to crowd)

Big spender!

HOLLERS from the crowd. Jack shakes his head and takes a sip.

SULLY, 60's, wearing an old Dodgers jacket, walks out of the men's room to his place at the bar, right next to Jack.

SAM WONG

How'd it go in there, Sully?

SULLY

Don't ever get old, Sam. Hey, fix me up one of those nice Irish coffees, would ya'? Emphasis on the Irish...

SAM WONG

You got it...

SULLY
(turning to Jack)
Nice coat...

JACK
(looking Sully over)
Thanks. I like your smile.

SULLY
Funny guy...
(touching the fabric)
Italian, huh?

JACK
Actually, it's Portuguese.

SULLY
Really? I almost married a Portuguese woman once. 'Course she was nowhere near as soft as that coat. Good cook, though. You married?

JACK
(chuckling)
Me? No.

SULLY
Huh. I had you pegged for the marrying type as soon as I saw you.

JACK
(sipping his drink)
Never been married.

SULLY
Ah...it's a great life...somebody to talk about your day with when you get home, a warm body next to you at night, there's nothing like it...

JACK
Sounds nice...

SULLY
But you never took the leap, huh?

JACK
Nope.

SULLY
I guess you just never met the right one.

JACK
I guess not.

Jack smiles politely, then goes back to his drink.

SULLY
I'm sorry, I'm prying...You probably just want to have a quiet drink...

JACK

No, it's okay. There was someone. A long time ago. But we drifted apart.

SULLY

Like two ships that passed in the night.

JACK

(a chuckle, then...)
Yeah. Something like that.

SULLY

You must really miss her on a night like tonight, huh Jack?

Jack is taken aback...

JACK

How'd you know my name was Jack?

SULLY

(laughing)
Relax, I call everybody Jack...

Jack raises an eyebrow...

SULLY (cont'd)

(shaking his head)
Yeah, rough night...

JACK

Are you kidding? I'm having a great night.

SULLY

C'mon, it's Christmas Eve and look where you are. You're telling me you don't regret letting that special someone slip out of your hands?

Jack smiles, looking Sully over, sizing him up. Then...

JACK

You know what I think? I think regrets are an indulgence. That's just not me.

SULLY

Maybe you oughtta try it some time. You know, shake things up a bit.

Jack smiles then downs the rest of his scotch. He gets up from the bar stool and gives Sully a friendly pat on the back.

JACK

Like I said, it's just not me...

He winks at Sully, then walks toward the door, stopping in front of the Drunken Santa on his way out.

He plants a big kiss on the Drunken Santa's cheek, then continues out of the bar. Sully follows Jack with his eyes.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Jack walks in and throws his keys on a table. He takes off his gloves and overcoat, glances at the mail, then heads upstairs.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jack, asleep in his bed, tossing and turning...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Close in on Jack's face, bathed in morning light...he opens his eyes...feels something strange...

Jack looks down...there's a woman's head resting on his chest.

A look of confusion crosses his face...trying to remember...did he meet a woman last night...?

He turns his head to find a GREAT DANE the size of a race horse sitting faithfully beside the bed, wagging his tail...

...did she have a dog?

He looks down at the woman again, craning his neck to get a look at her face. And then he sees her...

...KATE REYNOLDS...

...now 32 and even more beautiful, a look of utter contentment on her radiant face, sleeping soundly, her head on his chest.

A wave of shock crosses Jack's face...

His head darts around the small room - it's cramped, messy and lived in with clothes and toys strewn about, family photos on the dresser, Laura Ashley curtains, a tiny poster bed and a charming little bay window. The clock reads, "7:57 A.M..."

Jack looks back at Kate...he rubs his eyes...maybe it's a dream...but nothing changes. Then, Kate stirs...

KATE

Mmm...ten more minutes, Jack...it's Christmas...

Jack jumps as he hears Kate talk for the first time...

Suddenly, the door bursts open.

A SIX YEAR OLD GIRL, ANNIE, in a little night gown walks into the room carrying an 18 MONTH OLD BOY, JOSH, under the arms.

ANNIE

(singing)
Jingle bells, Santa smells, Rudolph
laid an egg...la la la, la-la la la, la
la la la la...

Annie places Josh on the bed and then jumps up herself. She gestures to the dog, patting the bed.

ANNIE (cont'd)

You too, King...

The dog faithfully jumps on the tiny bed, joining everybody else and leaving very little room. Annie starts jumping.

ANNIE (cont'd)

Rise and shine...!

KATE

(stirring)

You're jumping, sweetheart...

Jack looks at this activity like a man at his own funeral.

ANNIE

Mom, don't you think we need to open the presents?

KATE

(groggy)

Mommy needs five more minutes in la la land. That could be her present...

Josh crawls directly up to Jack's stomach, climbing on.

ANNIE

C'mon, Dad. Get up!

She said "Dad."

That's it. Jack moves the baby gingerly over, then gets out of bed, stumbling over a baseball bat lying next to it.

Jack picks up the bat...it's the same Willie Mays autograph bat that was encased in glass in his N.Y. apartment.

Frightened, Jack drops the bat, looking down at himself for the first time...he's wearing green, flame retardant pajamas.

He lets out a WHIMPER...

JACK

Oh god...

Kate, still half asleep, reaches out her hand.

KATE

Jack...?

Jack turns by instinct. Kate grabs him, drawing him near. A look of fear on his face as Kate opens her eyes...

Eye contact...Jack's certain he's about to hear her scream...

KATE (cont'd)
 (still groggy)
 Strong coffee, okay? Use an entire can
 if you have to...

She lets him go, falling back to the bed, as Jack scurries out.

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

A garishly decorated Christmas tree sits in the middle of this messy and disorganized living room, a bevy of gifts underneath and four red stockings over the fireplace.

Jack comes down the CREAKY stairs, still in shock.

JACK
 That is the last time I drink at a
 place not listed in Zagat's...

At the door, he grabs an overcoat from a hook, then slips on a pair of rubber over-boots sitting next to the door. Then...

The doorbell RINGS...Jack looks at the door, not quite sure what to do...It RINGS again. Finally, he opens it...

Standing there, arms laden with wrapped gifts, are BIG ED and LORRAINE REYNOLDS (both 60's), Kate's parents. Big Ed's wearing a ten gallon hat and a suede overcoat. Lorraine, has a cigarette dangling from her mouth. They enter...

JACK (cont'd)
 (shocked)
 Ed? Lorraine?

Big Ed hugs Jack as best he can with an armful of gifts.

BIG ED
 Jack you ol' bird dog. Merry Christmas
 to ya'...

Lorraine plants a big fat kiss on Jack's cheek.

LORRAINE
 Talk to him, Jack. Please. One day a
 year away from the Ponderosa. I don't
 think that's too much to ask.

BIG ED
 I heard that. This is who I am, woman!
 (to Jack)
 Tell her, Jack! You're the only one who
 gets me, for god's sake!

Jack, still holding the door open, is stunned silent.

LORRAINE
 (looking at Ed)
 I need some egg nog...

BIG ED

'Course you do. Hell, it's almost 8 a.m.

(to Jack)

Where are my two l'il pardners?

(shouting upstairs)

Annie! Josh! Giddy up, Big Ed's here!

Jack grabs a set of KEYS off the table, then dashes outside.

LORRAINE

Where are you going, Jack?

(to Big Ed)

Where's he going?

BIG ED

Damned if I know...

(shouting out to Jack)

Hey, Jack, if you pass by a 7-Eleven
pick me up a tin of Skoal, okay?

EXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack emerges from this small, definitive, suburban two-story colonial, Christmas lights and decorations everywhere. The lawn needs a mowing and the shrubs could use some pruning.

Jack races to a blue Dodge mini-van with a "My Rolls Is In The Shop" bumper sticker sitting in the driveway.

JACK

Got to get out of here...

He climbs into the mini-van, and peels out of the driveway...

INT. MINI-VAN - SECONDS LATER

Jack sees a sign that reads, "New Jersey Turnpike - 3 miles."

JACK

Jersey...?

INT. MINI-VAN - MINUTES LATER

A sigh of relief as Jack passes under a sign for "Manhattan."

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

The mini-van pulls up near Jack's apartment building. Jack, still wearing pajamas under the coat, leaps out, running toward the grand entrance where Tony stands sternly in front.

JACK

Tony, thank god...

Jack starts to walk past but Tony moves in front of the door.

TONY THE DOORMAN

Sorry, pal. Entrance is for residents
and guests only...

JACK

What are you talking about? It's me,
Jack Campbell. Penthouse C. I put you
into commercial paper!

TONY THE DOORMAN

(not moving)

Uh-huh...

Just then, Mrs. Peterson walks to the door with her little
DOG. Tony opens the door for her...

JACK

Selma Peterson!

The little dog starts BARKING ferociously at Jack.

MRS. PETERSON

(annoyed, to Tony re: Jack)

Who is this man?

Tony shrugs his shoulders.

JACK

You know me, Selma. You do. Jack
Campbell. We're on the co-op board
together. We fought side by side for
garbage disposals. Every morning we
exchange quasi-sexual witty banter.
Think, damnit...

She looks at Jack with a raised eyebrow, the dog still YAPPING.

TONY THE DOORMAN

(to Mrs. Peterson)

Should I call the cops? I'm gonna call
the cops...

Jack pleads to her with his eyes.

MRS. PETERSON

(raising a hand to Tony)

No...

A smile of relief from Jack.

JACK

Thank you, Selma. Oh god, thank you. I
won't forget this. If I can just sleep
this off, I'll be fine...

MRS. PETERSON

And sleep you shall. Noblesse oblige is
not dead. Not yet anyway...Come, let's
get you some help. Surely there must be
a shelter somewhere in this city.

JACK

A shelter?! I'm the richest guy in the
building...I've got twice the square
footage you have!

Selma looks at Jack in his robe, a look of pity on her face.

MRS. PETERSON

My you're a feisty one. A hot meal will do you well. It's just after noon, maybe we can get you some lunch...

A look of realization on Jack's face.

JACK

Noon...My meeting!

He looks at his wrist but his Rolex isn't there. He grabs Selma's wrist, the dog nipping at his hand, and sees the time.

JACK (cont'd)

Damnit! I'm late...

Jack runs excitedly toward the mini-van...

CUT TO:

EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Jack pulls up and gets out of the van. Running through the empty plaza toward the building entrance...

INT. LASSITER BUILDING, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jack bursts through the door, approaching the lobby desk where FRANK the security guard sits.

Frank spots Jack and blocks his way.

FRANK

Whoa, whoa, whoa...hold it right there...

JACK

Oh for god's sakes, not you too, Frank.

FRANK

I don't know what you're talking about.

JACK

Is Larry Mintz here yet? He'll recognize me...

FRANK

Mr. Mintz? I don't think so. I don't know where you work, but around here the big brass does not come in on Christmas Day.

JACK

Big brass...?

Jack's eyes dart over to the BUILDING DIRECTORY. There it's written, as plain as day..."Larry Mintz - Senior Vice President." Jack reels back in horror.

Frank sees how shaken Jack is...

FRANK

Look, if you want to make an appointment with Mr. Mintz I suggest you come back after New Years. But right now, you're gonna have to leave the building.

Jack nods sheepishly, turning around and heading out to the plaza...

EXT. LASSITER BUILDING, PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

...it's desolate...

Jack walks through the plaza like a zombie, his face registering nothing. Then, a VOICE from behind...

SULLY (O.S.)

Jack!

The voice is like a jolt passing through Jack's body.

JACK

Yes!

Jack turns around, excited, relieved, only to find...

Sully...sitting on a bench in front of the fountain, a plastic bag beside him...

Jack's excitement turns to confusion...then, recognition.

JACK (cont'd)

You...

Jack approaches slowly, tentatively...

SULLY

(a wide smile)

Merry Christmas, Jack!

JACK

What the hell is happening to me?!

SULLY

Take it easy. This kind of thing can be pretty disorienting in the beginning. A lot of people throw up.

JACK

(enraged)

I will not take it easy...!

Suddenly, all the color drains from Jack's face, his head getting woozy. As he reaches down to the bench for support, Sully hands Jack an air sickness bag.

SULLY

Here...try to hold it in, it's my last one.

Jack takes the paper bag and starts breathing into it, sitting down on the bench next to Sully.

SULLY (cont'd)

Deep breaths. Good...

Finally, Jack starts to calm down. He takes the bag away and some of the color has returned to his face.

JACK

Please. Tell me what's happening to me.

SULLY

It's a glimpse, Jack.

JACK

A glimpse? A glimpse of what!?

SULLY

Isn't it obvious?

JACK

Not to me.

SULLY

Then figure it out. You've got plenty of time.

JACK

How much time?!

SULLY

As long as it takes. You're very curious.

Sully sees the desperation in Jack's eyes...

SULLY (cont'd)

You don't have to be scared, Jack. People have glimpses all the time...

JACK

Look, I just want my life back. Now what's it gonna take?

SULLY

I can't answer that.

JACK

Why not?

SULLY

Because you have figure it out. Are you listening to me?

JACK

Figure it out?! That's it? That's all I get?!

SULLY

Simple. Elegant. Classy.

Jack looks at Sully a moment, frustrated.

JACK

Look, I don't have time for this right now. I'm in the middle of a deal...

SULLY

You're working on a new deal now...

JACK

Well I won't do it. How about that.

Sully laughs, looking Jack in the eye.

SULLY

What else are you gonna do?

Jack sits there, completely at a loss. Sully holds out the small plastic bag.

SULLY (cont'd)

Here. Take this...

Jack takes the bag and looks inside, pulling out a BARBIE BICYCLE BELL. He looks at it curiously.

JACK

What's this, a signal? Will you come whenever I ring it?

Sully gets up from the bench.

SULLY

I'm not a genie, Jack. Now do yourself a favor and go home to your family.

JACK

So that's what I have to do? Spend time with that family?

SULLY

You didn't wake up in China, Jack...

Sully walks off in the opposite direction, Jack following him with his eyes as he disappears down the street.

Jack sits there a moment, shaking his head mournfully. The wind whips up, blowing across the light fabric of his robe.

Shivering, Jack looks toward the Lassiter Building, then to the plastic bag in his hand, and finally to the blue mini-van parked on the street...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE MORNING

The blue mini-van snakes through the curved streets of the development, almost all the houses decorated for Christmas.

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME TIME

Jack, a map unfolded on the steering wheel and the car's registration in hand, trying to find the house...

JACK
(to himself)
Spend time with them...I can't even
find them...

Jack sees ARNIE BENDER, late 30's, carrying an empty science kit box to the trash. His wife, JEANNIE, also late 30's, is getting in a Ford Taurus wagon, a bowl of fruit in hand...

Jack pulls up to the curb near Arnie and unrolls the window.

JACK (cont'd)
Excuse me. Do you know where Pine
street is?

Arnie looks up and sees Jack in the van. He smiles, then calls out to his wife...

ARNIE
Jeannie! I found Jack!

She turns and looks over at Arnie.

ARNIE (cont'd)
(to Jeannie)
Why don't I meet you over there. I need
to talk to Jack for a minute...

JEANNIE
Okay...
(waving to Jack)
Hey, Jack...

A curious look from Jack as Arnie opens the car door.

ARNIE
(to Jack)
C'mon inside, we can have a little sit
down...

Jack looks at him, considering his options as Arnie waits for him, an inviting smile on his face. Finally, Jack turns the car engine off and climbs out...

INT. BENDER HOUSE, DEN - A LITTLE LATER

Arnie leads Jack into the den of this garishly decorated suburban home, his arm around Jack's shoulder.

ARNIE
You look terrible...

It's a male leisure time fantasy room - old pinball machine, wide screen t.v., dart board, and kitschy 50's style bar...

ARNIE (cont'd)

Truth is I kind of expected you. Kate called before and asked if I knew where you were.

Arnie shepherds Jack onto a bar stool and pours a drink out of a bamboo bottle holder. Arnie sees Jack staring at the bottle.

ARNIE (cont'd)

I know. It's awful but I saw it at a yard sale and I couldn't resist. You know me...

Jack raises an eyebrow.

ARNIE (cont'd)

So Jack...you okay?

Jack doesn't respond, his eyes drawn to a softball team photo on the bar...Jack and Arnie kissing a huge trophy with the caption, "Plainfield, N.J. Softball League Champs, 1994."

ARNIE (cont'd)

I mean you leave the house on Christmas morning, you don't tell anyone where you're going...

Jack looks over from the photo to Arnie...

JACK

We're friends, aren't we?

ARNIE

To the bitter end, pal.

Jack nods.

JACK

So we're good friends...

ARNIE

The best. So open those flood gates and let it all pour out.

Jack focuses on Arnie standing there, open eyed, ready to listen.

JACK

I'm having kind of a bad day.

ARNIE

(nodding)

I read somewhere that the suicide rate doubles during the holidays...

A raised eyebrow from Jack.

ARNIE (cont'd)

That might not have been the most sensitive thing to say...

(to himself)

Damnit, Arnie, why can't you keep your big mouth shut...

(to Jack)

All I meant was a lot of people have a hard time dealing with all the forced reverie, that's all. Is that what's going on with you?

JACK

No.

ARNIE

Trouble at work?

JACK

I don't think so.

ARNIE

It's not Kate, is it?

Jack pauses at the mention of Kate. Arnie's eyes widen...

ARNIE (cont'd)

Bingo.

Arnie walks out from behind the bar, taking Jack by the arm.

ARNIE (cont'd)

C'mon, we can talk on the way...

Jack looks at Arnie curiously as he lets Arnie lead him through the the sliding glass door...

EXT. ARNIE'S YARD - CONTINUOUS

Arnie walks Jack through his back yard...

ARNIE

Look, I hate to say it, but you fit the profile exactly. Thirties, house, kids, financial responsibilities. You start thinking...this isn't the life I dreamed about. Where's the romance, where's the joie de vivre? Suddenly, every lingerie ad in the Newark Star Ledger represents a life you can't have...

JACK

The Star Ledger?

ARNIE

You made a choice, Jack, a promise to your wife. Maybe sometimes it seems like you gave up the world, but look what you got...

Arnie opens the back gate, passing through, and gazing at...

The back of the Campbell house...the cluttered with a swing set, a dog run with chewed up lawn, an above ground pool and a massive, partially built sun deck...

ARNIE (cont'd)

Four bedrooms, two and a half baths,
and a partially finished basement...

Jack trips over a wayward BIG WHEEL.

ARNIE (cont'd)

Watch your step there...

Arnie continues walking Jack toward the house.

ARNIE (cont'd)

Look, buddy, I'm gonna do you a solid
and give you the same advice you gave
me last summer when I almost had that
thing with Arnie Jr.'s speech therapist.

They arrive at the sliding glass door...Arnie faces Jack squarely, grabbing his shoulders and looking him in the eye.

ARNIE (cont'd)

Don't screw up the best thing in your
life just because you're a little
unsure about who you are. Okay?

Arnie turns Jack toward the door and slides it open.

ARNIE (cont'd)

Go get'em, tiger...

He pushes Jack inside...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, DEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack turns back toward the door but Arnie's gone.

JACK

(calling out, tentatively)
I'm home...

Then, Kate enters the room. Jack looks at her, she's dressed now, nothing fancy but she looks great.

JACK (cont'd)

You cut your hair...

A curious look from Kate.

KATE

Ten years ago...

Kate just stands there looking at Jack, impatient.

JACK

You're angry, right?

KATE

You missed the pancakes. And Annie opening her bike. You spent sixteen hours putting that bike together... Where were you, Jack!?

JACK

In the city...

KATE

The city? Why?

JACK

(tentative)

I had to get something...?

KATE

What could you possibly need to get in Manhattan on Christmas Day?

Jack has no idea how to respond...

Just then, Annie enters the room, riding her new bike. She looks at Jack...he looks at her...each a little suspicious.

Annie looks down to the plastic bag Jack has in his hand.

ANNIE

What's that?

She pedals over to Jack, takes the plastic bag from his hand and pulls out the BARBIE BICYCLE BELL...

ANNIE (cont'd)

Cool...

She jumps up and gives Jack a peck on the cheek.

ANNIE (cont'd)

Thanks...

KATE

(doubtful)

A bell...?

JACK

For...uh...Annie's bike...

Annie rides excitedly out of the room on her bike.

JACK (cont'd)

(a satisfied smile)

See? The little mite loves it...

Kate shakes her head in amazement.

KATE

You could've called, you know. I was worried.

JACK

Do you know how hard it is to find a bicycle bell on Christmas Day?

Kate gives Jack a suspicious look.

JACK (cont'd)

Am I dismissed? I have to wash my hands now...

Jack walks right by her...toward a door, Kate watching him as he goes. He opens the door...it's a closet.

JACK (cont'd)

Christ...

(turning around)

Where the hell is the bathroom?

KATE

Nice. Keep it up, Jack. Now get dressed. We're late for the Thompson's party...

JACK

I can't go to a party right now, I have to sort things out. Can't we have a little quiet time?

KATE

What are you talking about? You've been looking forward to this all week.

JACK

Believe me when I tell you that I don't think going to a party is the right move for me at the present time.

Kate looks at him a moment, then shakes her head.

KATE

All right, fine. Do whatever you want.

(picking up the phone)

You really are acting weird today...

JACK

What are you doing?

KATE

Telling my mother she doesn't have to stay with the kids.

JACK

Why not?

KATE

Because you'll be here.

JACK

(alarmed)

Alone? With the kids?

Kate nods to Jack.

JACK (cont'd)
I'll be ready in ten minutes.

Jack darts out of the room to the confused stare of Kate.

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, BEDROOM CLOSET - MINUTES LATER

Jack gazes in shock at a long row of Hagar slacks, Docker sport coats, and cheap imitation leather shoes.

JACK
My clothes...

He can't take it anymore - he starts weeping. The sobbing continues as he mournfully dons a pair of Hagar slacks.

ANGLE ON: The bedroom door, where Annie is standing watching Jack sobbing in his closet...

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

DING DONG. Kate, holding a casserole dish, rings the doorbell of this modest house. Jack is beside her...

LINDA THOMPSON, 30's, opens the door and Jack gets a look inside - the house is filled with 50 GUESTS.

LINDA
Kate! Jack!
(turning around, to guests)
Everybody, Jack and Kate are here!

A loud WHOOP from the guests...Jack has the look of a condemned man on his face as he's lead inside by Kate...

LINDA (cont'd)
(as Jack passes by)
Hi Jack...

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The party is in full swing, Christmas music in the b.g., GUESTS talking, laughing, drinking egg nog...

Jack is standing with a group of MEN, Arnie among them.

Jack's eyes dart around the room...it's small, neater than his and Kate's but still very lived in...The Thompson KIDS run in and out of the room, playing with new toys...nobody is wearing or eating anything imported from Europe, but everyone's having a good time...

Except Jack...he's having his ear chewed off by NICK CARELLI, a walking advertisement for Levi's Cotton Dockers...

NICK

Did you see Van Horn last night? This kid's gonna single-handedly save basketball in the state of New Jersey...

JACK

The Nets? What a joke...

NICK

They're the people's team, Jack. Don't you do this to me. I'm countin' on your support come playoff time...

BILL KRAMER, a huge pile of fried chicken wings on his plate, tugs at Jack's shirt.

BILL KRAMER

So tomorrow's the big day, Jacko...

JACK

I have no idea what you're referring to.

BILL KRAMER

Triple bypass. I'm going under the knife. I told you, didn't I?

JACK

Triple bypass?
(pointing to his plate)
You really think you should be eating all that?

BILL KRAMER

Why not? I figure I'm going in for a cleaning tomorrow, I might as well load up on the fried stuff tonight...

ARNIE

Good thinking, Bill. Have another drink.

BILL KRAMER

Well, maybe just one more...

Nick reaches into his pocket and pulls out a packet of Dutch Masters cigars. Jack's had enough.

JACK

I have to go...
(at a loss, then)
...away from here.

He walks away, through the room, encountering...

EVELYN MATTHEWS, 36, a sexy woman wearing a red dress that's a smidge too short and tight...

EVELYN

Hi Jack...
(suggestively)
Like the dress...?

JACK
(glancing quickly at the
dress)
I guess so...why?

EVELYN
Because you certainly seemed to like it
at the kids' recital.

JACK
It's magnificent...would you excuse me?

She looks at him a little funny as he continues toward the stairs...

ANGLE ON: Kate...standing with a small group of people on the other side of the room.

She spots Jack climbing the stairs...a curious look on her face.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE, DEN - EVENING

Jack is sitting on the arm of a couch filled with guests' coats, talking on the phone...

JACK
(loudly, into phone)
...what do you mean he won't come to
the phone?! Do you realize how much
money I've made for that sonuvabitch in
the last eight years?!
(shaking his head)
Forget it, just forget it...

Jack hangs up. He looks around the room, momentarily at a loss, then sees the arrangement of family photos hanging on the wall.

JACK (cont'd)
(realizing)
Aunt Irma...

He picks up the phone and dials a number...

As the phone RINGS, Jack looks up on the bookshelf at a complete, bound set of TV Guides dating back to the fifties. Jack rolls his eyes...

AUNT IRMA (O.S.)
Hello?

JACK
(into phone, excited)
Aunt Irma! Thank god you're there. It's
Jack...

AUNT IRMA (O.S.)
Jackie? Is that you? I've been waiting
for your call. All day...

JACK
I'm sorry, but...

AUNT IRMA (O.S.)
I don't think it's too much for a grown man to phone his only living relative on Christmas Day. Not that I'm not appreciative for all you do for me...

JACK
(cutting her off)
Irma, I need to ask you something. This may sound a little strange but...am I...am I an investment banker?

AUNT IRMA (O.S.)
Oh you have quite a gift. I always tell my friends, my nephew Jackie is a financial genius...

For the first time, a smile appears on Jack's face.

JACK
Thank you...

Just then Kate appears at the door...

KATE
Jack...?

JACK
(cupping phone, to Kate)
I'm talking to Aunt Irma...

KATE
Now? From here?

JACK
(into phone)
One second...
(cupping phone)
I forgot to call her. You know how she is...

KATE
(a bit concerned)
Are you all right, honey?

JACK
Fine.

She nods, lingering a moment, not totally convinced. Jack smiles at her, a little uncomfortable.

KATE
Okay...

She turns and leaves...

JACK
(back into phone)
Irma, are you still there?

AUNT IRMA (O.S.)
Oh yes, dear...

JACK
Now, when you say financial genius, you mean architect of billion dollar deals, don't you?

AUNT IRMA (O.S.)
You can be anything you want, Jackie. I've always said that...an architect, a banker, all you have to do is put your mind to it and one day it'll be yours...

A defeated look on Jack's face.

AUNT IRMA (cont'd; O.S.)
With the way you invest my pension and do my tax returns? They'd be crazy not to hire you for any...

He hangs up the phone with Aunt Irma still in mid-sentence, the frustration building up inside him...until...

BAM...he slams the phone receiver into the cradle...

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Jack comes down the stairs, a lost look in his eyes when...

Linda Thompson approaches with a tray of MUSHROOM PUFFS...

LINDA
(to Jack, holding out a puff)
Here Jack...I know how much you loved these at the last party so I made them especially for you...

He takes the puff, looks at it curiously, sniffs it, then puts it into his mouth.

LINDA (cont'd)
Good?

Jack's pupils practically dilate...he nods, forcing a smile.

She smiles back at him then hands him the entire tray.

LINDA (cont'd)
Go crazy...

She happily walks away. Jack puts the tray down, looks around a moment, then spits the mushroom puff into a napkin.

JACK

A glimpse of hell, that's what it is...

He looks across the room and sees...

Kate, with a group of GUESTS, looking great in her jeans and white blouse, the center of attention. He walks toward her...

KATE

(to party guests)

...so I open the gift and it's this hand-knitted sweater with the words, "Non-profit Lawyers Do It For Free" embroidered on the front...

...through the party guests, people waving to Jack as he passes, a couple of slaps on the back...approaching Kate...

KATE (cont'd)

...she starts crying, telling me how much working there means to her and how she spent seven weeks knitting this sweater. And I'm crying because I'm actually gonna have to wear this thing to work at least once...

The friends LAUGH. Jack catches Kate's eye...she gives him a subtle smile.

KATE (cont'd)

Then she tells me to put it on. What choice do I have, right?

Jack watches as Kate charms the crowd...

KATE (cont'd)

But as I'm slipping it on I notice she's misspelled the word "lawyers."

(laughing)

I had to go through the entire day wearing a sweater that said, "Non-Profit Layers Do It For Free."

The guests laugh again. Even Jack finds himself laughing, until...

JACK

(to Kate, realizing)

Wait. You're a non-profit lawyer?

A chuckle from the group. Kate's confused.

JACK (cont'd)

Completely non-profit? Nobody makes a dime?

Blank stares from everyone, including Kate...

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, FOYER - LATE NIGHT

Kate and Jack walk in the front door...the dog greets them happily, jumping up on Jack, a weary look on his face.

KATE

I better go wake my mother...

Kate grabs a leash off a hook and hands it to Jack.

KATE (cont'd)

Here you go...

JACK

You've gotta be kidding me...

KATE

He's your dog, Jack.

JACK

No, he's not.

KATE

You're right. He's the kid's dog. And just like I predicted, they never walk him. So now he's your dog.

JACK

(looking back at the door)
But it's twenty degrees outside...

KATE

I'm sorry, honey. I'd go with you but...actually, there's no way in hell you're gettin' me back out there...

Jack looks at the dog's face. King couldn't be more excited. Finally, Jack shakes his head and takes the leash.

KATE (cont'd)

Make sure you reward him verbally when he does a number two...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE NIGHT

The sound of CRICKETS.

Jack, wearing a down jacket, is being dragged down the street by King, his breath condensing in the cold winter air. The dog sniffs at a hydrant and a couple of garbage cans, but isn't doing his business.

JACK

(to King)
If you could take a dump some time in this century, then we could go home where it's warm...

Jack looks around at the unfamiliar houses...

JACK (cont'd)
That is if I can even remember how to
get home...

(to King)
You remember, don't you boy?

But the dog ignores him, dragging him on...

JACK (cont'd)
(to himself)
I'm supposed to have regrets, huh...
I'll tell you something, I regret I
ever walked into that bar...

The dog stops, sniffing at a manicured lawn...

JACK (cont'd)
(to King)
It's as good a place as any...

But the dog keeps moving, pulling Jack with him.

JACK (cont'd)
...but obviously not up to your high
standards...
(to himself)
Okay, Jack...let's think about this.
You don't know how long you're gonna be
here...He said you're working on a new
deal now...fine, you've done a thousand
deals, what's the first thing you do?

King's sniffing around directly on someone's Christmas display
but Jack's now too wrapped up in his thought process to notice.

JACK (cont'd)
(to himself)
Triage. It's your signature. You find
out everything you can, you probe,
leave nothing to chance. How did you
get Mentadent? You learned everything
there was to know about toothpaste and
then you pounced...

Jack narrows his eyes, thinking about that deal...

JACK (cont'd)
(to himself)
That's our play here...

Jack stops and tries to drag the dog in the opposite
direction. But King won't budge.

JACK (cont'd)
(mournfully)
Of course we've never been up against
these kind of odds...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kate is in bed, fast asleep.

Jack walks into the room, his face still red from the cold outside. He looks over at Kate, sleeping happily.

He takes off his shirt and khakis, laying them neatly on the chair. He looks over at the pair of flannel pajamas folded on the dresser. He shakes his head, resigned, then dons the pajamas and climbs into bed...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light streams into the room. The clock reads, "7:14."

Jack opens his eyes - a burst of light hitting them from the window...like the light he got every morning in his old loft...

Jack reaches over to the other side of the bed...it's empty...A smile of hope from Jack as he puts his head back on the pillow...maybe it was only a day...Then...

The sound of a baby CRYING from the next room...Jack's head darts up from the pillow and he looks around...he's still in Jersey. He shakes his head mournfully.

But the baby is still CRYING...he stays there a moment, hoping it'll stop...it doesn't. Then, he hears the sound of the SHOWER TURN ON in the bathroom.

He gets out of bed and walks to the bathroom...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The shower is running, a tape player is BLASTING "Beast of Burden." Kate is in the shower SINGING LOUDLY with the song...

KATE

(singing)

...never be your beast of burden...I
walk for miles...

JACK

Hello?

KATE

...my feet are hurtin'...

JACK

(shouting)

Hey!

Finally, the music is turned down and Kate pulls open the shower curtain...

He sees her naked body, immediately covering his eyes, embarrassed...

KATE

Very funny, Jack...

He lowers his hand slowly but he still can't look her in the eye...

JACK

That baby's crying...

KATE

Damn, and I'm running late. Would you mind getting the kids to day care?
Thanks...

She closes the curtain and turns the radio back up.

Jack lingers a moment, thinking about what he's just seen. He cranes his neck, trying to get a peek through the gap between the curtain and the tub wall...

But the baby's still crying in the background. Finally, he turns and heads out of the bathroom...

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S ROOM - MORNING

Jack, in a robe, stands in front of a changing table, Josh laying happily on his back, playing with a set of plastic keys.

Annie's watching from a baby-size Laz-E-Boy lounger.

Jack takes a fresh Huggies diaper and puts it next to the baby. He surveys Josh, scratching his chin and rubbing his hands like Indiana Jones. Josh playfully grabs at Jack's nose.

Finally, Jack makes his move. He tries to pull the used diaper off like it was a pair of shorts. The diaper won't budge.

He looks over to Annie. She's still staring at him like he's a Martian. He looks at the instructions on the box of Huggies.

JACK

Pull tape...

Jack searches the diaper for the tabs of tape, then gingerly pulls them apart, releasing the diaper from the baby's bottom.

Jack lifts Josh's legs and pulls the diaper out, getting his first whiff of what's inside, nearly fainting in the process.

JACK (cont'd)

Holy mother of god!!

Jack holds the full diaper out away from him, searching frantically for a place to put it.

Annie points to a covered garbage pail on the floor.

Jack desperately kicks the lid off and throws the diaper in, replacing the lid as fast as he can. He looks at the baby, then Annie, as if to say, "Now what?"

Annie points to the container of Baby Wipes.

JACK (cont'd)

You must be kidding...

Annie shakes her head no.

Jack sighs and grabs a Baby Wipe, cleaning Josh's bottom, then repeating the garbage pail process.

ANNIE

You're not really our dad, are you?

Jack turns to her. She's looking back at him with complete earnestness. They stare at each other for a moment. Then...

JACK

Oh, thank god. No, I'm not. I work on Wall Street, you know with the big buildings...?

No response from Annie...

JACK (cont'd)

I live in an apartment house with a doorman, I can afford to buy anything I want...

Annie nods at Jack, still suspicious.

JACK (cont'd)

This isn't my real life. It's just a glimpse...

ANNIE

Where's my real dad?

JACK

I don't know...

Annie gets a concerned look on her face, almost like she's about to cry. Jack sees it and responds immediately.

JACK (cont'd)

But don't worry, he loves you and I'm sure he'll be back very soon...

(to himself)

...very, very soon...

Annie approaches Jack, climbing up on a little chair and tugging firmly at his hair.

ANNIE

They did a pretty good job.

JACK

Who did?

ANNIE

The aliens....In the mother ship. You look just like him.

JACK

Uhh...thanks...slightly better looking, though, right?

Annie's now stone faced, trying to decide about Jack.

JACK (cont'd)
You're not going to start crying, are you? Because I'm not really sure I could deal with that right now.

She thinks about it for a moment.

ANNIE
Do you like kids?

JACK
On a case by case basis...

ANNIE
You know how to make chocolate milk?

JACK
I think I could figure it out.

ANNIE
You promise not to kidnap me and my brother and implant anything in our brains?

JACK
Sure.

Beat. Then...a smile from Annie.

ANNIE
Welcome to Earth.

INT. MINI-VAN - MORNING

Jack's driving, Annie buckled in in the front seat...

Josh, in the baby seat, looks like he was dressed by monkeys - his shirt buttons are off by one, and they're clearly supposed to be in the back.

ANNIE
Stop here...

Jack stops the van in front of a building with a sign on top reading, "Playland Day Care Center."

ANNIE (cont'd)
This is day care. It's where babies go when their parents are at work.

JACK
Check...

He gets out of the van...

EXT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

...and pulls Josh out. He walks quickly toward the building, holding the baby under the arms and out away from his body.

He gets to the door and holds Josh out to the DAY CARE LADY.
She stares at the way Josh is dressed as Jack hands him to her.

JACK

Do I get a receipt or something...?

The woman stares at Jack like he's crazy.

EXT. YMCA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The mini-van pulls up to the drop off point at this suburban New Jersey Y. Annie opens the door.

ANNIE

I have winter camp until four, then
ballet until five thirty.

JACK

Five thirty. Okay.

ANNIE

Try not to be late because kids don't
like to be the last one picked up.

JACK

Got it. Good tip.

ANNIE

Bye...

Jack watches her as she runs toward the building. Then...

JACK

(calling out window)
Hey! Annie!

Annie turns back toward him, a lost look in Jack's eyes.

JACK (cont'd)

Where do I go now?

ANNIE

Big Ed's.

JACK

Big Ed's? Big Ed's Tires?
(suspicious)
Why...?

ANNIE

That's where you work.

JACK

(a little taken aback)
You mean that's where I have my office.
He rents me some space, something like
that...

ANNIE

Nope. You're one of his range riders.

Silence from Jack, he's in shock. Then...

JACK

You're telling me that I work for Big Ed Reynolds. That's my job.

ANNIE

Uh huh. You'll like him, he's funny...

JACK

I work at a tire store. For a living.

Annie smiles as if there's nothing remotely wrong with that statement.

ANNIE

Yup...

She gives him another nod, then runs happily into the building, leaving Jack sitting there, still shocked.

JACK

(to himself)

She's only a kid. Please God tell me she doesn't know what the hell she's talking about...

INT. MINI-VAN - A LITTLE LATER

Jack's driving down a busy street, passing a mall on the left, and spotting something about a hundred yards down the road.

JACK

Oh my god...

ANGLE ON: A huge, 3 story tall, colorful plastic likeness of...

Big Ed Reynolds, ten gallon hat, lassoing a huge tire...

Jack pulls the mini-van into a parking space then gets out of the car...

EXT. BIG ED'S TIRES - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks toward the front entrance to the store like he's walking to his own execution...slowly, looking around at the environment...

It's a large set-up, like a Pep Boys with a Texas theme. A nice sized retail store for tires and other auto parts, and a twenty car repair bay where everything from alignments to brake jobs are done...

There are already quite a few customer's cars in the parking lot...

Jack walks up to the front door, takes a deep breath, then opens it and heads inside...

INT. BIG ED'S TIRES - CONTINUOUS

...where it's already teeming with activity, a post-holiday sale in progress...

TOMMY, wearing a Big Ed's sales associates name badge, accosts Jack practically as soon as he sets foot in the door...

TOMMY

'Morning, Jack. Hey, what's the stock number on those new Goodyear Run Flats?
(as Jack is walking by)
You happen to know that off hand?

But Jack can't even bring himself to answer the guy, he just keeps walking...

TOMMY (cont'd)

(calling out to Jack)
That's okay, I'll just look it up myself. Thanks, big guy...

Jack walks past the auto parts section...where a CUSTOMER holds up a package of windshield wipers...

CUSTOMER

Anybody know whether these'll fit on a Town Car?

Jack quickly changes direction to get out of the man's path, approaching the customer waiting area where HECTOR, 40's, a Guatemalan mechanic wearing grease stained coveralls stands with a Slavic looking WOMAN in her 50's, gesticulating wildly with her arms...

WOMAN

(in a heavy Russian accent)
Ees brahkees...brah-kees!

HECTOR

(with a heavy accent)
Keys? You got a problem with your keys?!

Hector calls out to Jack as he walks by.

HECTOR (cont'd)

Hey Jack, could you help me here? I don't understand a word she say!
(to woman, louder)
I got your keys right here, lady...!

WOMAN

No...brah-kees! Make stop!

HECTOR

(seeing Jack walk past)
Jack? Jack?!

But Jack's not stopping for him either...now he's starting to move more quickly through the store, beads of sweat appearing on his forehead...

He makes it toward the front counter, lined with computers and SALES ASSOCIATES, Big Ed standing behind wearing his signature ten gallon hat.

As soon as he sees Jack, Big Ed's eyes light up...

BIG ED

Jack my boy! You are looking mighty worse for the wear, son...Hey, guess who I played bridge with two nights ago...?

Jack looks at Big Ed carefully, still moving forward.

BIG ED (cont'd)

Hell, you'll never guess. One Sydney Potter. That's Sydney Potter, Chief Executive Officer of BuyRite Transportation, only the third largest trucking company in the state. I even let the sonuvabitch win, which wasn't easy because the guy's been bashed in the head by Teamsters so many times his brain's like porridge. Anyhoo, he's looking for a new parts supplier...we can handle that kind of volume, can't we...?

Jack nods quickly at Big Ed but you can tell from the look on his face that he's growing more and more uncomfortable.

BIG ED (cont'd)

That's what I thought...

A STOCK BOY is stacking a pile of air filters near the front.

STOCK BOY

(seeing Jack)
How's it look, Jack?

A WOMAN'S VOICE comes over the p.a. system...

ESTELLE (O.S.)

Jack...phone call on line two for Jack...

Jack's eyes dart around, looking for someplace to go, away from all this activity...

BIG ED

(to Jack)
I'll stop in to your office later and we can work out the particulars...

JACK

(anxious)
My office...?

BIG ED
(turning to a customer)
Yeah, I just gotta finish up a few
things here...

Jack sees a very young SALES ASSOCIATE with the name tag
reading, KENNY, walking by him.

Jack reaches out and grabs the guy's shirt.

JACK
My office, where is it...?

The guy gets a nervous look on his face.

KENNY
Uh...

JACK
Where, dammit?!

Kenny nervously points down a small corridor. Jack nods and
lets him go, then practically runs down the hallway, finding
the office with the name "Jack Campbell" on the door...

He opens the door and darts inside...

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...he slams it shut then locks it from the inside...

Jack stands there a moment, his back against the door,
breathing heavily, a look of relief on his face...

...which slowly turns to shock, then distress as he gets a
first look at his office...

There's no Stairmaster here, no leather sofa or bar...it's
small, cramped and cluttered, the walls littered with tire
inventory and price lists...

Jack shakes his head, taking a slow, sad lap around the
office...

He makes it to the small wooden desk at the far end of the
room and sits down behind it...

On the desk are photos of Jack, Kate, and the kids, a Goodyear
blimp model, a "Women Of Firestone" day calendar, and a small
plastic figurine of a BOWLER, the words, "Bowler's Do It In An
Alley" embossed on its base...

He surveys the desktop briefly, then opens the top drawer,
finding a personal checkbook and looking inside...

He sees the bottom line and GASPS, shutting it quickly and
throwing it back in the drawer...

Jack picks up the "Bowler's Do It In An Alley" figurine and
gives it a good look...

JACK

Bowlers do it an alley?...Non profit lawyers do it for free...what is it with these people? Don't they realize this refers to sex?

He replaces the figurine then opens the bottom drawer where he spots a bottle of Bushmill's lying at the bottom. He lifts it out...

JACK (cont'd)

You must've needed this every day...

He takes a paper cup and pours himself a shot. He drinks it down in one gulp and then crumples up the cup, throwing it toward the NET'S basketball hoop/garbage can near the door.

He misses...

He shakes his head, then looks more closely at the photographs...most are family photos, a happy Jack with Kate, with Annie at the pony rides, at Josh's birth...in every one of them, Jack is smiling...

JACK (cont'd)

(talking to Jack in the family photo)

What are you smiling about...?

He turns his head...spotting a small plaque on the wall behind him. It reads, "Jack Campbell - E.F. Hutton #1 Junior Sales Associate, 1988."

Jack raises an eyebrow as he look at the plaque...

JACK (cont'd)

Number one...not bad.

He grabs it off the wall and looks at it more carefully...

JACK (cont'd)

1988...? I was in London in 1988...

A look of realization on Jack's face...he drops the plaque, it lands with a THUD on the desk...

JACK (cont'd)

My god...

(to Jack in the photo)

You never went to London...

(picking up the photo)

...you never got on that plane...

He stays there a moment...in shock. Then...

The P.A. system comes to life...

ESTELLE (O.S.)

(over P.A.)

Jack to mag wheels...Jack, you're
needed in mag wheels, customer
waiting...

Jack doesn't move...he stays perfectly still, except for his
eyes which dart around nervously, hoping nobody will even know
he's in there...

Then...a KNOCK at the door...

ESTELLE (cont'd; O.S.)

Jack!

He doesn't answer...more KNOCKING.

ESTELLE (cont'd; O.S.)

C'mon, Jack, I know you're in there.
Tommy needs you, he's got a customer...

LOUDER KNOCKING...Finally, Jack puts down the photo and shakes
his head. He gets up from the chair, walks over to the door,
takes a deep breath, then opens it...

Standing on the other side of it is ESTELLE, 50's, his
secretary...an annoyed look on her face...

ESTELLE

Christ, Jack, don't scare me like that!
I thought maybe you'd had a heart
attack in there or something...

(in a hushed tone)

...you know I was the one who found Big
Ed...

(back to her loud voice)

Tommy needs you in mag wheels. Stat.

Jack nods his head complacently. He's about to take a step
forward, then realizes he has no idea where he's going.

JACK

Point me in the right direction...

Estelle looks at him a little curiously, then points her
finger in the direction of the front of the store...

Jack nods.

JACK (cont'd)

Thank you...

Jack steps out of the office...

INT. BIG ED'S TIRES - CONTINUOUS

...past Estelle, down the hallway, out to the main floor...

JACK
(to himself)
It makes no sense...even if I didn't go
to London...

He walks past the front counter, gets a few nods and waves
from the various EMPLOYEES, heading toward the front of the
store...

JACK (cont'd)
(to himself)
At least I was a stock broker...I was
the number one junior sales associate,
for god's sake...I could've built on
that...

He approaches the expansive mag wheels section...where Tommy
stands with a YOUNG CUSTOMER....

TOMMY
(to customer)
Just lemme ask Jack a couple things.
I'll be right back...

Tommy takes a few steps toward Jack...

JACK
(to himself)
But why here...?

TOMMY
Excuse me?

JACK
Why do I work here....?

A beat as Tommy looks at Jack, a bit confused. Then...

TOMMY
You're right, Jack. You're not here to
teach me the business all over again.

JACK
I taught you the business?

TOMMY
Don't be mad, but the specs on these
alloy wheels are really tough to figure
out...

Jack thinks for a moment, then...

JACK
Lemme hear it.

TOMMY
What?

JACK
I want to hear it all over again.
Everything I taught you.

TOMMY
(gesturing to the young
man)
But I've got a customer...

Jack takes a look at the customer.

JACK
(to customer)
What kind of car do you drive?

CUSTOMER
Trans Am...

JACK
Those cars have perfectly nice factory
installed wheels. Now get outta here...

Jack smiles at the guy...

CUSTOMER
(confused)
But...

JACK
Ah! Don't make me have to come over
there and kick your ass...

The customer shrugs his shoulders than leaves the store. Jack
turns back to a shocked Tommy...

JACK (cont'd)
Everything I taught you...

TOMMY
Okay...
(hesitating, then...)
Rule number one, the customer is always
right...

A raised eyebrow from Jack...

INT. BIG ED'S TIRES, JACK'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack is behind his desk, his tie loosened, on the phone...

JACK
(into phone)
...I have no idea what our current
inventory level is, that's why I'm
asking you!

A KNOCK at the door...

JACK (cont'd)
(into phone)
Look, just send us what you sent us
last month, okay...? And keep doing
that until further notice...

He hangs up the phone as the door opens. Big Ed sticks his head in...

BIG ED
Got a minute, Jack?

JACK
(weary)
I've got all the time in the world...

Big Ed walks in, followed by SYDNEY POTTER, 60's, a tough looking man...

BIG ED
(introducing)
Jack, meet Sydney Potter, BuyRite
Transportation, one of Jersey's top
businessmen...

Potter extends a hand, Jack rises from his chair, trying to place the name. Then...

JACK
...and a helluva bridge player. Ed's
told me a lot about you...

They shake hands. Potter nods his head at Jack, immediately impressed. Big Ed is beaming.

POTTER
(with a heavy Jersey
accent)
Lucky in cards, lucky in business,
lucky in love. My cup runneth over...
(to Big Ed)
He's a nice looking boy...

BIG ED
(to Potter)
My daughter's no slouch either...

A smile from Potter, then a serious look.

POTTER
(to Jack)
Let's cut to the chase. Big Ed tells me
you're the grease that makes the wheels
turn around here so here's my
situation. I need a new parts supplier
for my fleet. You seem to have the
parts. That we know. What we don't know
is why the hell I should buy them from
you. Discuss.

Potter stares Jack down. But Jack's not about to be intimidated by him. He pauses, matching Potter's stare. Then...

JACK
I have no idea...

A surprised look from Potter. An anxious laugh from Big Ed.

BIG ED

(nervous)
C'mon, Jack...

JACK

(to Potter)
I mean it. From what I can tell, we're a mom and pop operation, we're already over extended in terms of sales, and any price advantage we could offer you could easily be matched by a larger supplier...

Jack continues to stare down Potter.

JACK (cont'd)

So like I said, I don't have any idea why you should buy your parts from us...

The staring match continues. Big Ed's getting more nervous. Potter's the first to blink.

POTTER

Okay, you got my attention...

JACK

Except for rule number one...

Jack smiles.

JACK (cont'd)

The customer is always right. A cliché? Sure it is. The difference is, we mean it. We're small, we need our customers. We can't afford to disappoint them, ever. Yes, you could go to some leviathan parts supplier, probably save a few pennies on the price of motor oil, but with us you get more than a supplier, you get a bridge partner...

A smile from Potter. Jack feeds off it.

JACK (cont'd)

You want to bid hearts, we're right there with you. You feel the need to redouble, you're not going to get any argument from us...

Potter nods at Jack. Jack moves in for the kill.

JACK (cont'd)

The big guys may have the high cards, but you know as well as I do Sydney, high cards don't always take the trick...

Potter pauses a minute, then...

POTTER
 (turning to Big Ed, re:
 Jack)
 I like him...

Big Ed smiles, letting out a relieved sigh.

BIG ED
 (a wink to Jack)
 That's my boy...
 (putting an arm around
 Potter's shoulder)
 C'mon, lemme show you the rest of the
 ranch...

Big Ed and Potter exit the office...

BIG ED (cont'd)
 (turning back to Jack)
 Nice work, Jack...

...leaving Jack standing there with a satisfied smile on his
 face.

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack is in bed watching CNBC...On the t.v. a young woman
 REPORTER stands in front of the Lassiter Building...

CNBC REPORTER (ON T.V.)
 ...it is here that market savvy
 businessman and super dad Larry Mintz,
 architect of the nine billion dollar
 Global Health/MedTech merger, begins
 his work day each morning...

Jack stares in shock as the image changes to a super confident
 looking Mintz addressing his team in the Lassiter offices.

CNBC REPORTER (cont'd; ON T.V.)
 Ironically, Mintz first met Global
 Chairman Bob Thomas at a Lamaze class...

JACK
 A Lamaze class...!?

CNBC REPORTER (ON T.V.)
 ...while coaching their pregnant wives,
 Mintz and Thomas struck up a dialogue
 about corporate consolidation, and the
 MedTech deal was born...

JACK
 No! That's my deal!

Kate comes into the room from the hallway wearing just a
 Michigan T-shirt...

KATE
 The kids are asleep...

She goes over to the window and draws the blinds. Jack looks up at her, nods, then goes back to the t.v.

KATE (cont'd)
Jack. I said the kids are asleep...

JACK
(exhausted)
Well that's just great...those little monkeys can be a real handful...

Kate goes over and shuts off the t.v.

JACK (cont'd)
Hey! I was watching that!

KATE
I thought we had a deal about you watching CNBC in bed.

JACK
I'm working on a new deal now.

Kate throws a Kate Bush CD in the stereo.

KATE
Fine, but not tonight...

She climbs onto the bed, a seductive look on her face.

JACK
Wait a second. You want me, don't you?

KATE
That is the general idea, yes...

Kate starts kissing him...but Jack's a little uncomfortable with the sudden intimacy...he pulls back, a little nervous.

JACK
Shouldn't we grab some dinner first?
Maybe a bottle of wine...?

KATE
It's ten thirty, Jack. By eleven you're gonna be sprawled out on the bed snoring your head off. We don't have time for wining and dining.

JACK
Whatever you say...honey.

She starts kissing him again...but this time he just goes with it, and as her hands run through his hair he's brought back to a different time and place...

Jack momentarily pulls back and looks at her...it's like the first time he's really looked at her in eleven years...

JACK (cont'd)
God...you're beautiful...

She smiles...

JACK (cont'd)
You're such a...a woman...you're ten
times sexier now than you were in
college...

KATE
(blushing)
This is good stuff, Jack, keep it
coming...

JACK
(lost in her)
I mean you were always pretty but
this...this is how you were meant to
look...

Jack stares at her, entranced...Kate pulls back, reacting to
the intensity in his stare...

KATE
How can you look at me like that?

JACK
(nervous)
Like what...?

KATE
Like you haven't seen me every day for
the last twelve years...

These words hit Jack like a splash of cold water...they're not
meant for him...Then...

A loving smile from Kate...

KATE (cont'd)
Don't move.

She gets up off the bed and heads for the bathroom...

He looks at the door...not sure what to do...he looks around
the room...nothing there is his. Finally...

He turns onto his side and closes his eyes...

ANGLE ON: The bathroom door...it opens and Kate emerges, she
sees Jack on the bed, hears his breathing heavy with sleep...

A deflated sigh from Kate. Then, shaking her head good
naturedly, she turns off the CD player and heads into bed.

She pulls the covers up over Jack, shutting off the light...

She puts an arm around him, kissing him sweetly on the neck...

KATE (cont'd)
'night, honey...

...then closes her eyes...

Close in on Jack's face...turned away from Kate...he opens his eyes...looks down at her arm...loneliness on his face...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAINFIELD MALL - DAY

A busy Sunday at this local Mall...

INT. MACY'S - SAME TIME

Jack, Kate, Annie, and Josh in the Children's shoes dept.
Annie walking back and forth, trying on a pair of Mary Janes.

ANNIE

I'm never taking these off...

KATE

They are cute...maybe we should wait
for the sale, though...

(to Jack)

What do you think, Jack?

Jack couldn't be more bored.

JACK

Wait for the sale? But that means we'd
have to come back here again...

Annie smiles.

KATE

You know what? Why don't you go to the
Men's department. We'll catch up to you.

Jack nods, anything is better than this. He gets up and starts walking...to the Men's department where...a display of Zegna suits catches his eye...he's drawn to them like a moth to the light...

He pulls out a dark green suit, gently touching the soft wool.

SALESMAN (O.S.)

It's perfect for your frame...

Jack turns and sees a SALESMAN standing behind him.

SALESMAN

Would you like to try it on?

CUT TO:

INT. MACY'S, MEN'S DEPT. - A LITTLE LATER

Jack, at a mirror wearing the Zegna suit. It is perfect for his frame. The color is spectacular, the line is dazzling.

Jack looks at himself in the suit. If he shuts everything else out, he can almost imagine himself back in his old life...

KATE (O.S.)

You look amazing in that suit...

Jack snaps out of his trance. He sees Kate standing behind him, Annie and Josh happily playing a few feet away.

KATE

I mean...wow...off the charts great.

JACK

It's an unbelievable thing. Wearing this suit actually makes me feel like a better person.

(taking one final look)

I'm gonna buy it...

Kate raises an eyebrow, then looks at the price tag.

KATE

\$2,400?! Are you out of your mind?

JACK

(pointing to Annie)

She got those shoes...

KATE

Those shoes were twenty five dollars. C'mon, take it off. We'll go to the food court and get one of those funnel cakes you like.

Jack looks at her...it's a moment of decision.

JACK

No.

Kate looks at Jack, a little surprised.

KATE

No?

JACK

Do you have any idea what my life is like?

A few PEOPLE standing nearby look over.

KATE

Excuse me?

JACK

Every morning I wake up covered in Great Dane saliva...I drop the kids off, spend eight hours selling tires retail...retail, Kate.

Kate just stands there, aghast...

JACK (cont'd)

I pick the kids up, walk the dog, which by the way, carries the added bonus of carting away his monstrous crap...I play with the kids, take out the garbage, get seven hours of sleep if I'm lucky, and then it all starts over again...

Now he's causing a scene...people are staring...

JACK (cont'd)

...and why is it that I always have to drive everyone everywhere? I spend practically my entire day in that slow as hell mini-van listening to Raffi tapes and trying to figure out how the cup holders work...I'm sick of it.

KATE

Really.

JACK

What's in it for me? Where are my Mary Janes?

Kate stares at him, shaking her head...

KATE

It's sad to hear your life is such a disappointment to you, Jack.

JACK

(louder)

I can't believe it's not a disappointment to you!

Jack's got fire in his eyes, anger pouring out of him...

JACK (cont'd)

Jesus, Kate, I could've been a thousand times the man I became. How could you do this to me? How could you let me give up on my dreams like this?!

Kate stares at him in disbelief. Then...

KATE

Who are you?

Kate's words pierce Jack...he has to avert his eyes.

JACK

(lowering his voice)

Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was such a saint before and I'm such a prick now. Maybe I'm just not the same guy I was when we got married...

KATE

Maybe you're not. The Jack Campbell I married wouldn't need a \$2400 suit to make himself feel better about his life, but if that's what it's gonna take, then buy it. Just buy the goddamn suit...we can take the money out of the kids' college fund.

Kate grabs the kids, and pushes through the GROUP OF LOOKEELOOS on her way out...

Jack watches her go, then starts taking off the suit...

JACK

(to himself)

Forget it...

(calling out)

We'll get a funnel cake. It'll be the highlight of my week...

EXT. NEW JERSEY ROAD - EARLY EVENING

The blue mini-van makes it way down this road...

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME TIME

There's an icy silence in the car...

Jack is behind the wheel, Kate next to him looking out the window, anger still on her face...

Jack checks the rear-view mirror, sees the Annie and Josh in the back, both asleep...

JACK

(to Kate)

Listen, I'm sorry about that back in the store. I really don't want to fight with you...

KATE

(still looking out the window)

I can't believe what you said back there.

JACK

I know. And I am sorry for that. I've had a lot on my mind, lately, a lot that I need to figure out...

KATE

Make sure you let me know when you do.

He looks at her a moment...focused, concentrating...

JACK

You ever wonder how we ended up here?

She turns to him and shoots him an annoyed look.

JACK (cont'd)
No, I don't mean it like that. I'm just
saying...back in college, did you see
us...you know...
(looking around)
...here...?

KATE
I guess I didn't really think about it
all that much. That was your thing.

Jack nods, he knows the truth when he hears it.

KATE (cont'd)
I do know this. Life has thrown us a
few surprises...

A glimmer in Jack's eye...

JACK
It really has, hasn't it?

KATE
Yup.

JACK
So if you had to...what would you say
was the biggest surprise? I mean...in
your opinion...

A confident smile from Jack. She looks at him a moment, not
really sure where he's going.

KATE
Well...Annie for one.

JACK
Surprise. We're pregnant...

A goofy laugh from Jack. Kate chuckles, then looks over her
shoulder at Annie and Josh, making sure they're asleep.

JACK (cont'd)
Yeah...that must've been...I mean that
was very unexpected. But what are you
gonna do, right?

KATE
I think it worked out okay.

JACK
Sure. I really like Annie.

KATE
That's good, Jack.

JACK
I'm kidding...But those were good
times...right?

KATE
(a nostalgic smile)
We were young...

JACK
Uh huh...it was seven...
(off her confused look,
correcting himself)
...six years ago. I was the number one
junior sales associate at E.F. Hutton,
wasn't I...?

KATE
Uh huh. Remember that little place on
Charles Street we used to go to after
work?

JACK
Charles Street? In the Village?
Greenwich Village?

KATE
Yeah, with the garden.

JACK
When we were living in the Village.

She nods.

JACK (cont'd)
Great place. Great times. And we left
because...?

A chuckle from Kate.

KATE
Sometimes I wonder about that, too.

JACK
I guess you can't really raise a kid in
an apartment in the Village...

KATE
The trek out to the hospital every day
didn't help either.

JACK
Were you in medical school?

A guffaw from Kate.

KATE
Practically...

JACK
Sure, what with you having to go to
that hospital every day...

KATE
I really think it helped him. But you
were the real hero...

JACK
I practically saved his life.

A laugh from Kate. Jack returns it uncomfortably, still unaware of who they're talking about.

KATE
You were great. Surviving the heart attack was one thing, but if you hadn't stepped in at the store, who knows what would've happened.

JACK
That's why I work for Big Ed?

A look from Kate.

JACK (cont'd)
(recovering)
I mean, that's why I work for Big Ed...

KATE
Jesus, remember what a basket case my mother was?

JACK
She was completely out of her mind. And who wouldn't be?

KATE
It worked out okay. Big Ed stopped eating pork, Annie got a backyard, and neither one of us had to work past five p.m. ever again.

JACK
(a smile)
Five p.m...quittin' time...
(probing)
...it's no wonder I turned my back on Wall Street, right?

KATE
Yeah, I guess I always thought you'd get the itch to go back...

Jack looks out at the road a moment, piecing it all together in his mind.

JACK
So we had a baby, Big Ed had a heart attack, we bought our house, and I've been working for him ever since...?

Kate looks at him a little strangely.

JACK (cont'd)
(recovering with a laugh)
Our life in a nutshell, right?

KATE

Sure. If you want to look at it that way.

Jack looks at her again, nodding.

JACK

How would you look at it?

She glances back to the back seat, checking the kids a moment, then looks back over at Jack, putting a hand on his shoulder.

KATE

A great success story...

A smile from Jack. He admires her outlook even if he can't bring himself to share it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

A crowded suburban New Jersey bowling alley...

Jack, the nickname "The Hammer" emblazoned over his bowling shirt pocket, stands at a lane holding a bowling ball...He approaches the line and throws the ball down the lane...

It's ugly...The ball caroms off the hardwood surface into the gutter...

JACK

Damn...

ARNIE

(o.s., from behind)

Jesus, Jack, this is a league match, for god's sake!

Jack turns. Arnie and the BOWLING TEAM, including Nick Carelli and Bill Kramer, are in the scorekeeping area watching Jack make a mockery of the sport. Jack scowls.

ARNIE (cont'd)

Where's your follow through? Where's your stance?

JACK

Hey, I'm doing the best I can...

(under his breath)

I'd like to see you hit a squash ball after seventeen beers...

ARNIE

(with affection)

You're right. Damn it, why do I have to be so competitive all the time!? This is supposed to be fun, right? Just focus, Jack. You can still pick up the spare...

Jack retrieves his ball, sets up, genuinely concentrating...

JACK
(quietly, to himself)
You are Jack Campbell. You're better
than this sport. You shot the rapids at
Kenai. You ran with the bulls at
Pamplona. You jumped out of a plane
over the Mojave desert, for Christ's
sake. You can do this...

Jack puts everything he has into the throw, heaving the ball
down the lane with as much grace and power as he can muster.

...hitting the six pin and taking out four others.

JACK (cont'd)
(screaming, excited)
Yeah!!

He turns, a fist pumped...But the guys could care less...

ARNIE
(to TEAMMATE)
Okay, Pete, you're up...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

Jack walks out of the men's room, heading toward the lounge.
He sees a familiar face walking toward him...a woman in a sexy
little bowling outfit, carrying a bowling ball to a far lane.

EVELYN
Hi Jack...

A moment of confusion as he tries to place the face. Then...

JACK
Evelyn, right?

EVELYN
Very funny. I saw you out there on lane
five. What do you have the flu or
something?

JACK
Something like that.

EVELYN
(with a wink)
Need a nurse?

JACK
You're a nurse?

Evelyn laughs.

EVELYN
If that's what you want...

She brushes past Jack, continuing to her lane...Jack follows her with his eyes a moment, then...

JACK

Wait a second...

She turns.

JACK (cont'd)

Are we...?

EVELYN

Are we what, Jack?

JACK

Is there something going on between us?

Evelyn's surprised at Jack's directness. She stands there a beat, then walks back toward him.

EVELYN

Are we finally being honest?

JACK

Why not?

EVELYN

Okay, you're right, we've been dancing around this for years. We flirt at parties, I've got six sets of snow tires I don't need piled up in my garage, and our kids just happen to be in the same ballet class every year. So, if you're asking me whether I'd like it to be more, the answer is yes...

A look of surprise from Jack.

EVELYN (cont'd)

...and Kate would never have to know.

Jack considers this for a moment.

JACK

Do I have your number?

A wide smile from Evelyn.

EVELYN

You live three houses down from me, Jack. You don't need my number...

She turns, leaving Jack standing there, watching her sashay back to her lane.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY, LOUNGE - SECONDS LATER

Jack walks into the lounge, a little dazed. He heads over to Arnie who's having a beer at the bar.

ARNIE

(looking at Jack)

Jeez, Jack, you're all flush. I guess that seventy one took a lot outta you.

JACK

(sitting down)

I just saw Evelyn Matthews...

ARNIE

Yowza...

JACK

She wants to have an affair with me.

ARNIE

She said that?

JACK

Pretty much.

ARNIE

(shaking his head)

What is it about you?

JACK

So does she live three doors east of me or three doors west?

ARNIE

Whoa...whoa...wait a second, Jack. You're not actually gonna cheat on Kate?

JACK

I'd be discreet about it, Arnie. Kate wouldn't have to find out.

ARNIE

They find out, Jack. Trust me. Look, a little flirtation's harmless but you're playing with fire here. The Fidelity Bank and Trust is a tough creditor, pal. You make a deposit somewhere else, they close your account forever, if you know what I mean.

JACK

I have no idea what you mean.

ARNIE

Cheating's not the answer. You gotta look past the sex...

JACK

To the life of indentured servitude behind it? I hate to tell you Arn, but the Jack Campbell you know and love... he's cursed...

Arnie laughs...

ARNIE
You gotta be kidding me...

JACK
It's true. I seem to have suffered one bad break after another. You should feel sorry for me...
(quietly)
I know I do...
(back to Arnie)
A minor tryst with Evelyn Matthews may be the tiniest of consolations, but it's a start...

ARNIE
Wake up, Jack. Evelyn Matthews may be sexy as hell but there isn't a guy in this town who wouldn't kill to be married to a woman like Kate.

Jack considers this...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - EVENING

Jack walks into the house carrying his bowling bag. He dumps the bag in the coat closet and walks into the kitchen where...

Kate is sitting at the counter, her back to him, pouring over some legal documents.

KATE
(not looking up)
How was the game, honey?

Jack opens the refrigerator.

JACK
Long, boring, and generally pretty sad. Arnie seemed to enjoy it...
(peering into the fridge)
Hey, where's that chocolate cake...?

Kate turns around, revealing a huge hunk of chocolate cake on a plate in front of her and a bite ready to go into her mouth.

KATE
(with a smile)
You mean this chocolate cake?

JACK
That's my piece. I was saving that piece because I got nauseated from that Boston Market chicken.

Kate takes the bite, a little piece of icing sticks to the side of her mouth.

KATE
It's good...

Jack approaches the counter.

JACK

Gimme that cake.

She takes another bite.

KATE

No way.

He makes a grab for the plate but she holds it out where he can't reach it.

JACK

C'mon...

KATE

Sorry, Jack. It's too important to me.

They stare each other down a moment. Then...

He tries to swipe the plate. Kate jumps out of her chair, running out of the kitchen with the cake, laughing...

Jack takes off after her...

Chasing her through the house...just about to catch up to her when...

She darts up the stairs, still laughing...he follows her...

JACK

I want that cake!

...reaches up...grabs her shirt...pulls her down playfully on top of him...

KATE

(laughing)

You want the cake!?

JACK

(out of breath)

I want the cake...

She looks at him, then takes the whole piece in her hand and smooshes it right in his mouth...

Beat.

Then, Jack starts laughing...

JACK (cont'd)

Thank you...

KATE

It's good, right?

He takes a big clump of it and smooshes it right back in her mouth.

They stay there a moment, lying on the stairs, feeding each other cake, laughing.

Jack leans back on the stairs. He looks at Kate's face, practically covered in cake, smiling, and realizes...

...he hasn't laughed like this in eleven years.

Then...

JACK

Are the kids asleep?

A sexy smile from Kate...they start kissing passionately right there on the steps...it's heating up...

KATE

(caught up in the moment)
Say it, Jack...

JACK

What...?

KATE

C'mon, you know what I like to hear...

JACK

(in the throes of passion)
Yeah, baby, I know what you like to hear...

KATE

(kissing him)
Then say it...just say it to me...!

JACK

(swept up in the moment)
Oh yeah, you're a bad girl, baby...You make me so hot...

Kate pulls away.

KATE

What...?

Jack looks up at her, he can practically see the passion drain from her face...

JACK

I mean...we're really good together...?

An expectant look from Jack but Kate's not buying this one either.

KATE

Nice, Jack. You're sweeping me off my feet. Thanks for nothing.

She gets up and heads up the steps, disappearing into the bedroom...

JACK
 (calling after her)
 You're a really good mother...?
 (still no response)
 You have excellent posture...?!

But he's lost her. He sits there, cake on his face, alone on the stairs, frustrated...

CUT TO:

INT. ARNIE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Arnie's in bed with his wife, fast asleep.

RING.

Arnie's reaches over and picks up the phone...

ARNIE
 (into phone, groggy)
 Arnie Bender...

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, DEN - SAME TIME

Jack in the den, phone to his ear...

JACK
 Arnie.

ARNIE (O.S.)
 Jack? Jesus, I was sleeping here. And I have carpool tomorrow...

JACK
 Yeah, whatever. Listen, is there some special thing I say to get my wife to have sex with me?

ARNIE (O.S.)
 Excuse me?

JACK
 Don't we talk about this kind of stuff?

ARNIE (O.S.)
 We're friends, Jack. We're not women. I gotta go. Hang in there, pal...

CLICK. Arnie hangs up on Jack. Jack shakes his head, frustrated. Then, he feels something licking at his hand...

He looks down and sees King standing next to him, wagging his tail, looking up at Jack with an "I've gotta go" look on his face. Jack heaves a sigh, then...

JACK
 C'mon, King. Maybe one of us can get a little relief tonight...

He leads the dog toward the front door...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE FOYER - LATER THAT NIGHT

The front door opens and Jack walks in with King on a leash, his face red from the cold outside.

He removes the leash, gives the dog a pat on the rump, then takes off his coat, hanging it and the leash on a hook by the door...

He walks through the quiet house, into the living room, rubbing his hands together to warm them up.

He goes over to a glass bar stand and pours himself a scotch, taking a sip, letting the alcohol warm him...

He strolls through the room, looking at some of the family photos framed and hanging on the wall, focusing on his own face, studying the expressions...

He moves to a book shelf next to the pictures where a pile of video tapes sits, marked with titles like, "Trip to Yosemite, '96" and "Josh's 1st Birthday." He runs his fingers along the tapes, stopping at one marked, "Jack Singing." His eyes linger there a moment...

He puts his drink down on the shelf and takes the tape out of the pile, moving over to the TV. He pops the tape in the VCR and turns it on, hitting play...

ON TV:

It's a party for Kate's birthday thrown at the Kramer's house ...same crowd of people as the Christmas party, cheesy "Happy Birthday" decorations.

The image jerks up and down, surveying the crowd...

Bill Kramer at the piano, playing some light cocktail music...Kate talking with a group of friends...

ARNIE (O.S.)

*Jesus, Bill, this thing is an antique.
Don't you even have image stabilization?*

Bill stops playing and looks up at Arnie.

BILL KRAMER

Four hundred bucks at Best Buy, Arn.

Then...Jack comes into frame, a confident smile on his face.

JACK

*And everyone knows image stabilization
is for the weak...*

Jack is jarred by the image of himself on the video...

Jack on the TV....

ARNIE (O.S.)
 (pointing the camera in
 Jack's face)
 Hey Jack, say something funny.

JACK
 (doing William Shatner)
 Captain's log, stardate 2456.7...the
 ship is overrun with yuppies...they're
 drinking lattes, wearing Calvin Klein
 underwear, and indiscriminately buying
 Internet stocks...

A LAUGH from Arnie and Bill...

Even Jack can't help but chuckle...the Shatner is pretty good.

Jack smiles again...Kate walks into frame, easily putting an
 arm around Jack...

KATE
 He's not doing Captain Kirk again, is
 he?

ARNIE (O.S.)
 (a laugh, then to Jack)
 So Jack, it's your wife's birthday, got
 anything to say to her?

JACK
 (to Kate)
 It's your birthday? Today?

She slaps him playfully on the arm...

JACK (cont'd)
 I do have one thing I wanna say...

Kate looks at him expectantly. Then...

JACK (cont'd)
 (singing to her)
 Oh those fingers in my hair, that sly
 come hither stare, strips my conscience
 bare, it's witchcraft...

Jack doesn't have the greatest voice in the world but he's not
 the least bit self-conscious...and Kate seems to like it,
 there's a twinkle in her eye...some of the guests focus their
 attention on Jack and Kate.

Jack winces, embarrassed, as he watches himself sing...

JACK (cont'd)
 ...and I've got no defense for it, that
 heat is too intense for it, what good
 would common sense for it do...

Bill Kramer still at the piano, chimes in with the basic
 chords for "Witchcraft," sounding it out as he goes along...

JACK (cont'd)

... 'Cause it's witchcraft, wicked witchcraft...and although I know it's strictly taboo...when you rouse the need in me, my heart says yes indeed in me, proceed with what you're leadin' me to...

The camera catches the reactions of guests in the crowd...the women, smiles on their faces, wrapped up in the romance of the moment. The men, doubtful, scoffing looks...

A musical interlude from Bill as Jack takes off his jacket... some HOOTS and HOLLERS from the crowd...Arnie captures the image of Kate whistling at her husband...

Arnie follows with the camera as Jack strolls in front of the gathered guests...

JACK (cont'd)

It's such an ancient pitch, but one that I'd never switch, there ain't no nicer with than you...

Jack walks past Linda Thompson, a tray of mushroom puffs beside her...Jack takes one of the puffs and puts it in his mouth, chewing it and giving Linda a wink...she blushes...

Jack watches himself move gracefully. But it's no longer embarrassment on his face, it's fascination...

Back in the video, the camera catches Evelyn Crawford watching longingly as Jack moves back toward Kate...Evelyn can't take it anymore, she abruptly turns and walks toward the kitchen...

Smash Cut to Jack raising an eyebrow...

In the video...Jack approaches Kate, she couldn't have a more delighted look on her face. He picks up the verse...

JACK (cont'd)

'Cause it's witchcraft, that koo koo witchcraft...and although I know it's strictly taboo...

The camera pans across the crowd, even the men are getting into it, focused on Jack as he sings lovingly, unashamed, to his wife...Nick Careli mouths the words along with Jack, almost as if he's studying him, revering him...

Jack watches the TV, seeing Nick do this...maybe he underestimated his alter ego...

On the video...Jack staring into Kate's eyes...

JACK (cont'd)

...when you rouse the need in me, my heart says yes indeed to me, proceed with what you're leadin' me to...

Jack and Kate exchange a sexy smile...

JACK (cont'd)
*It's such an ancient pitch, but one
that I'd never switch...*

Jack kisses her on the lips...HOOTS and HOLLERS from the crowd.

JACK (cont'd)
*'Cause there's no nicer witch than
you...*

Kate brushes a hand across Jack's face...

*Smash cut to Jack watching this...seeing the connection, the
heat between them...coveting it...*

*Back to the video...the music building...the crowd completely
in the palm of Jack's hand...*

JACK (cont'd)
...than you...

*The camera closes in on Jack and Kate as the music builds to
a crescendo...*

JACK (cont'd)
...than you...

*A little musical flourish from Bill as the crowd breaks out
into huge CHEERS and APPLAUSE...*

*Cut to Jack, watching this other version of himself in the
video, the center of attention, larger than life, focused on
Kate...*

Back on the video...

JACK (cont'd)
*(speaking quietly to Kate)
Happy Birthday sweetheart...I love you.*

*Kate leans over, giving Jack a deep kiss...OOHS and AWS from
the crowd...but Jack and Kate are in their own little world...*

*Jack continues to watch himself on the video his smile fading,
becoming a look of realization...then loss...*

A tear at the corner of his eye...

*The SOUND fades in Jack's head as the action in the video
continues...*

He's left standing there...silent, still...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPBELL MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

King licking Jack's face. Jack pushes the dog away...as...

The ALARM RINGS. Kate pushes the button to stop it.

KATE

(groggy)

Time to get up, honey...

Jack obliges without question, getting out of bed, putting on a robe and slippers and exiting, still practically half-asleep.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Jack walks into the kitchen.

He turns on the Mr. Coffee, gets a bottle from the fridge, throws it in the microwave, removes it, and heads upstairs.

INT. JOSH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...into Josh's room. Josh is wide awake, standing up in his crib, like a prisoner in a cell.

Jack gives him the bottle, pats his head perfunctorily, and then walks out of the room...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and back into the bedroom to find Kate, sitting on the bed, a wrapped present in front of her and a wide smile on her face.

Jack stops, raising an eyebrow at the gift. He looks behind, as if to ask whether it's for him, then back to Kate.

KATE

Happy Anniversary, honey...

A look of dread crosses Jack's face.

JACK

(under his breath)

Uh oh...

KATE

(pushing the gift forward)

Before you do whatever crazy stunt
you've got planned I want you to open
mine...

Jack musters up a smile, then approaches the gift.

JACK

Maybe I should wait...

KATE

No, open it...

He hesitates, then begins unwrapping the package revealing...

...a suit, similar in color and style to the Zegna suit...

KATE (cont'd)
I found it at an outlet store. I know
it's a knock-off, but they did a really
good job. I think it'll look good on
you...

Jack is overcome with emotion...Yes, it's a ZEENA, but this is
probably the nicest thing anyone's ever done for him...

JACK
(tearing up)
You really are incredible...

KATE
Enjoy it, sweetheart...

Jack looks at Kate's expectant face, suddenly remembering how
truly screwed he is.

JACK
You're probably expecting something
from me...

He's sweating bullets...watching as Kate gets a quizzical look
on her face...

JACK (cont'd)
Here's the thing. I really hadn't
planned on giving you your...uh...
anniversary gift until tonight.
(an uncomfortable smile)
You know, anniversary's good all day...

KATE
What are you talking about? You never
wait all day. You can barely wait until
it's light out.

JACK
I know that, but...

Beat. Kate looks at him like she's looking into his soul.

KATE
You forgot.

Jack stands there, silent.

KATE (cont'd)
You actually forgot our anniversary.

JACK
I'll fix it. I'll go out right now and
get you something. I'll make it right.

That didn't help.

KATE
(holding back the tears)
Jesus, Jack...Is this where we are now?
Is this our marriage? Suddenly I'm the
wife who has to drop hints two weeks
before her anniversary so her husband
doesn't fuck it up?

Jack sees a tear run down her face...a pang of guilt on his...

JACK
Please don't cry...

Kate wipes the tear away but they just keep coming.

KATE
(shaking her head, crying)
I don't want to be that, Jack...

Jack approaches her, holding out a hand but Kate pushes it
away, gets up and walks toward the bathroom...

Jack is left standing alone, holding Kate's gift...

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Jack...holding Annie's bike high in the air, RINGING the
BARBIE BELL that Sully gave him...

JACK
(shouting to the ceiling)
C'mon! C'mon! Goddamnit, how was I
supposed to know the date of their
anniversary!? I never married her!

Annie in the doorway...looking at him.

ANNIE
(slowly)
Put the bicycle down...

Jack sees her, gently lowering the bicycle.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack is mixing a glass of chocolate milk. Annie, arms folded,
is waiting expectantly. He finishes, sliding the glass to her.

She takes a long sip, puts the glass down, a chocolate milk
mustache on her lip.

ANNIE
Not bad...I shoulda warned you. Dad
always does something really special
for their anniversary.

JACK

Like what?

ANNIE

One year he had a solar system named
after her...

JACK

What a joke...

ANNIE

Mom liked it.

Jack raises an eyebrow.

JACK

I am not buying her a solar system.
What about something from Cartier...or
a new car?

ANNIE

She doesn't care about that kinda stuff.

JACK

Right. I forgot that I was the shallow,
acquisitive one...

(thinking aloud)

So if I'm Kate...I can't really afford
the finer things, my husband's career
is a crushing disappointment to me, I'm
trapped in suburbia...

Then...

JACK (cont'd)

Hey, did he ever take her to the City?

Annie smiles, impressed.

ANNIE

You're really gettin' the hang of
this...

Suddenly, a look of confidence comes over Jack's face. For the
first time, he seems like a man in control.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Annie is sitting on the bed watching her mother get dressed.

Kate, wearing a silky slip, walks out of her closet carrying
two dresses on hangers, a red one and a sexy little black one.

Kate holds out the two dresses to Annie.

KATE

Which do you think?

Annie thinks about it for a moment, taking it very seriously...

ANNIE

The black one...

Kate nods. She's about to put it on when she looks at Annie...

KATE

Fighting's a part of it, Annie. You know that, right?

ANNIE

I'm not worried, Mom. He's still learning our ways...

Kate looks at her with a raised eyebrow, then nods. It's true. She puts down the dress and holds out a hand to Annie.

KATE

C'mere...

Kate leads her to the makeup table, then opens a lipstick...

ANNIE

(excited)

Really?

Kate nods then applies some red lipstick to Annie's lips.

KATE

Now go like this...

Kate rubs her lips together, showing Annie how to do it. Annie mimics her Mom, then Kate looks at her - Annie's beaming.

KATE (cont'd)

You're gonna break a lot of hearts you know.

A smile from Annie...

EXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Kate, covering her eyes, is led down the driveway by Jack.

JACK

Okay, you can open them...

Kate uncovers her eyes... Jack stands next to a red 1997 Ducati 916 high performance motorcycle, a wide smile on his face.

She looks at Jack, then back to the bike.

KATE

You bought me a motorcycle?

JACK

I rented it. For the night.

He takes one of the helmets from the seat and hands it too her. She accepts it haltingly.

KATE
(doubtful)
Did you rent someone to drive it?

A laugh from Jack.

JACK
Hop on. We're going for a ride.

Jack dons his helmet and straddles the bike.

KATE
You want me to get on that thing.

JACK
Yes.

KATE
With you driving.

JACK
I promise you I know what I'm doing.

Kate looks at him a moment...he starts the bike, 'REVVING the engine...Kate raises an eyebrow, a little excited...

JACK (cont'd)
Trust me.

Finally, she puts the helmet on and gets on the bike behind Jack, putting her arms loosely around his waist. He turns back to her, smiling and giving her a thumbs up...she haltingly gives him a thumbs up in return. Then...

He PEELS OUT down the driveway and onto the street, the motorcycle accelerating with incredible quickness...

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DUSK

The red Ducati...making it's way past the other cars, speeding toward the Manhattan skyline...Kate holding on tightly around Jack's waist...

EXT. LOIRE - EVENING

A small, elegant French restaurant hidden on a tree-lined lower Manhattan street.

INT. LOIRE - SAME TIME

Jack, his over coat draped over his arm and two motorcycle helmets in hand, is wearing the suit Kate gave him. It's not a Zegna, but he looks pretty damn good. He leads Kate toward the cloak room at this intimate restaurant...

He helps her off with her coat. Kate's wearing the sexy little black dress and we can immediately see it's effectiveness...

JACK
(his jaw dropping)
Whoa...nice dress...

KATE
(with a sly smile)
This old thing? You've seen it a
million times...

Jack hands the coats and helmets over to the COAT CHECK GIRL...

JACK
(instinctively)
Thanks, Catherine...

The coat check girl looks at him, surprised. Kate's also a
little surprised.

JACK (cont'd)
(to Kate, recovering)
She looks like a Catherine, don't you
think?

He takes Kate by the arm and leads her to the main room.

She looks out at the room, elegant tables, French country
decor, a violin PLAYER and a cello PLAYER toward the front
playing classical music...

KATE
(quietly to Jack)
Jack...can we afford all this?

JACK
Of course...I mean I think we can but
what's the difference? I'm taking my
baby out for our anniversary, damn the
costs...

KATE
How do you even know about this place?

Jack's caught for a moment. Then...

JACK
Arnie...
(off Kate's surprised look)
He'll throw you a curve ball once in a
while, that's for sure...

Jack puts his arm around her shoulder and kisses her on the
cheek...

INT. LOIRE - A LITTLE LATER

The MUSICIANS are playing a waltz in the b.g...

Jack and Kate sit at a secluded table, a WAITER standing next
to them. Jack's not even looking at the menu.

JACK

We'll have the tureen of quail breast with shiitake mushrooms to start, then the veal medallions in raspberry truffle sauce and the sea scallops with pureed artichoke hearts. Also, a bottle of Lafite Rothschild, 1967...

Kate looks at Jack a mixture of confusion and awe on her face.

WAITER

Very good, sir. And may I say those are all excellent selections.

JACK

You may...

The waiter walks toward the kitchen...

KATE

You've been watching the Frugal Gourmet again, haven't you?

JACK

Frugal Gourmet? That's an oxymoron.

Kate chuckles.

JACK (cont'd)

(trying really hard)

This is a magical night, isn't it?

A skeptical look from Kate.

KATE

You are so not off the hook yet, slick.

JACK

But I'm gettin' close, right?

She gives him a noncommittal nod. He looks around the place, focusing...his eyes ending up on the cello and violin players. His gaze moves back to Kate...

JACK (cont'd)

You want to dance?

A puzzled look from Kate. There's nobody else dancing. There isn't even much room to dance...

KATE

Don't taunt me, Jack...

Jack gets up and holds out a hand.

JACK

C'mon, I want to dance with you.

Kate looks around again, then she smiles.

Kate rises, taking it. As they walk to the front of the room near the musicians they get some curious stares from the DINERS in the restaurant...

Jack takes Kate in his arms, swaying slowly in the limited amount of space, confident and self-assured.

The musicians look on, smiling, appreciating their role in this romantic moment.

Kate moves with Jack, following his lead comfortably. They look good out there together...in sync with each other...

People are watching them...some of the men are impressed, others are scoffing, but the women are clearly charmed...

KATE

(whispering to Jack)

Pretty good for a tire salesman from Jersey...

Jack flashes her his most charming smile.

JACK

I have my moments...

They continue to dance, in a world of their own...

INT. LOIRE - LATER

Jack and Kate at the table enjoying a gourmet meal. Jack holds out a fork with a piece of veal for Kate. She takes a bite.

KATE

Mmmm...

(spearing a scallop)

...here, try one of these...

Jack takes a scallop from Kate's fork.

JACK

(savoring the scallop)

God I missed that taste...

Kate shoots him a look of curiosity. Jack looks back at her, sees the trust in her face...He puts down his fork.

JACK (cont'd)

I need to tell you something.

KATE

Okay...

JACK

I think it may help us but there's a slight chance it could make things worse.

She hears the seriousness in his voice.

KATE

Now I'm worried...just say it. Whatever it is we'll deal with it.

JACK

Are you sure?

She nods. Jack searches his mind for the right words. Then...

JACK (cont'd)

I feel like I'm living someone else's life...

Jack looks to her, expecting the worst. But she just nods reassuringly. He continues...

JACK (cont'd)

I used to be so sure about everything, you know? I knew exactly who I was and what I wanted. Then one morning I woke up and suddenly it was all different...

KATE

Worse, you mean...

JACK

No. Well, maybe a few things. But mostly just different...

Jack lets out a small smile. Now he's the one who's reassuring Kate.

JACK (cont'd)

I never used to be like this, Kate. I had it all figured out.

KATE

And now...?

JACK

Now...I don't...

He looks at her, staring into her eyes, almost desperate for understanding.

KATE

Me neither...

A raised eyebrow from Jack.

KATE (cont'd)

I think it's good to be a little unsure about who you are. It's very human.

JACK

But you always seem so certain.

KATE

C'mon, Jack you think there aren't mornings when I wake up and wonder what the hell I'm doing in New Jersey...

JACK

That's a big one for me, too.

KATE

And my job...you've seen my pay check.

JACK

Your pay check is a disgrace to pay checks.

KATE

My office is a dump, I answer my own phone. I mean yes, I help people that need it...

JACK

I guess...some of them are probably faking.

KATE

(a laugh, then...)

God, sometimes I think it would be so nice not to have to stretch ground beef or maybe drive a car with a CD player...

He smiles, right there with her.

KATE (cont'd)

Imagine having a life where everything was easy...where you asked for things and people just brought them to you...

JACK

It's wonderful...

Kate laughs, nodding.

KATE

You and me...us...we're not that different...

A pause, then...

KATE (cont'd)

I think about it, too, Jack. I do. I think about the kind of person I'd be if I hadn't married you...

It's as if she's inside his head. They stay like this for a moment, looking into each other.

JACK

And...?

She stops a moment, considering. Then...

KATE

And then I realize I've eliminated the things in my life I'm most sure about. You, the kids, my work...

Jack nods.

JACK

Good things...

KATE

What are you sure about?

Jack looks into Kate's eyes.

JACK

I'm sure that right now there's nowhere
I'd rather be than here with you...

Kate smiles at Jack, a loving, secure smile. It's been a while.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Jack and Kate riding through the park on the Ducati, taking a romantic moonlit drive down the twisting Central Park roads...

Kate holds on to Jack, her head resting on Jack's back...
Jack, firmly in control...

LAUGHTER emanating from behind the helmets...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE - NIGHT

The motorcycle pulls up to a small brownstone right on the square. It's like something out of a Henry James novel...
charming, meticulously maintained, elegant...

Kate and Jack get off the motorcycle, removing their helmets...we see the smiles on their faces...

KATE

(re: motorcycle)

We should buy one of these.

Jack smiles.

JACK

After the kids finish college.

Kate laughs, then looks up at the charming little inn, then back to the motorcycle.

KATE

Interesting contrast.

JACK

(a smile)

I'm a man of many faces.

Kate laughs again as Jack guides her inside...

INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PENSION, SUITE - A LITTLE LATER

The door opens and Jack, carrying Kate in his arms, enters...

Jack puts Kate down and she takes in the room, antique furniture, view of the square through the window..it's like walking into another world...

KATE

Nice room...

Jack smiles as he opens a champagne bottle sitting in an silver ice bucket...

KATE (cont'd)

You know champagne makes me do crazy things.

JACK

(pouring)

I'll just fill yours up to the top.

(handing her a glass)

Happy anniversary, sweetheart.

Kate smiles, clinking her glass with Jack's.

KATE

I don't know how you did it, hoss, but you pulled it off.

JACK

I'm out of the doghouse?

KATE

Way out...

Kate saunters into the bedroom, looking at the king-size poster bed, feeling the down quilt. Jack follows her...

KATE (cont'd)

(turning to him)

You may even get lucky tonight...

Kate kisses him...when their lips separate, we can see the powerful effect it has on him.

Jack looks deep into her eyes, stroking her hair, lost in her.

JACK

You're so...beautiful...

KATE

I already told you you were gonna get lucky, Jack...

They kiss again, a long soulful kiss. Then...

Jack pulls back, a look of realization on his face...

JACK

My god, all this time...I never stopped
loving you...

KATE

(a wide smile)
That's all I wanted to hear...

She kisses him, they're bodies intertwined...hands
caressing...more and more passionate...then reaches behind her
to the light. The room goes dark...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PENSION, SUITE - MORNING

Morning sun streams onto Jack and Kate in bed...

Kate, in Jack's arms, her head on his chest, a contented smile
on her face...

Jack's eyes open...adjust to the light. He looks over at Kate.

There's something different in his eyes...something deeper.
Jack smiles...a broad, "I'm in love" kind of smile.

Kate stirs, gently stroking Jack's chest.

KATE

Mmmm...Jack...

Kate lifts her head, turning to face Jack.

KATE (cont'd)

I feel like I should give you money...

Jack laughs.

KATE (cont'd)

I mean, my god, Jack you were always
good but this...this was...like a porno
movie...

JACK

It was all you...

Kate lays her head back on Jack's chest, looking at Washington
Square through the window.

KATE

I could stay here forever...

JACK

I don't think I'd fight you on that
one...

Kate lifts her head and looks at him expectantly. They kiss...

INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Jack and Kate riding over the bridge. They pass the sign that says "Welcome to New Jersey."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING

Music is blasting through the small shower radio...

Jack's at the mirror, shaving with a Gillette razor, singing along with the lyrics...

INT. JACK'S CLOSET - MINUTES LATER

Jack, still singing, dressing in front of the small mirror, happily donning his work outfit - Hagar slacks and a short sleeve oxford shirt...

EXT. BIG ED'S - AFTERNOON

Jack, pointing to a stack of Uniroyal Radials, is standing with a MAN in his 40's wearing a pale blue leisure suit and a pair of high top Nike Air Jordans.

JACK

For the money, they're hands down the best radial we carry...

MAN

(thinking, then...)
Okay, I'll take them...

JACK

You won't regret it...
(shouting to Tommy)
Tommy! Set Mr. Conlin up with four Uniroyal TS-70's...
(looking the man over)
...and give him ten percent off for having the best costume...

Just then, a black ROLLS ROYCE SILVER SERAPH pulls into the lot, it's front left tire riding on the rim...

Jack looks at it curiously. Then...Peter Lassiter gets out...

JACK (cont'd)

I'll be damned...

Jack saunters over to Lassiter.

LASSITER

I seem to have had some kind of blow out...

JACK

Peter Lassiter...

LASSITER

(puzzled)

Do I know you?

Jack lets out a chuckle.

JACK

No. I saw you on CNBC. You look taller on television.

LASSITER

Really. About this tire...

JACK

(looking over the flat)

Congratulations on that MedTech deal.

LASSITER

(a little surprised)

Thanks. I think we made a lot of people happy with that deal.

JACK

Yes, yes you did...

(pausing, then...)

You know you left a billion dollars on the table.

LASSITER

Excuse me?

JACK

That was a ten billion dollar deal, my friend. You got nine...

LASSITER

(with a patronizing laugh)

You might want to stick to selling tires, son. I promise you, we got everything we could out of that deal.

Jack gives him a knowing laugh in return. Then...

JACK

I don't think so.

LASSITER

Oh? Why's that?

JACK

Because the whole thing started at a Lamaze class.

LASSITER

I don't see what that has to do with anything...

JACK

Mintz really has you spellbound, doesn't he...

Lassiter is taken aback.

JACK (cont'd)
I'll let you in on a little secret,
Peter. MedTech needed Global. And they
would have paid a premium to get her...

LASSITER
That's ridiculous.

JACK
Is it? Name one other company with
anything decent in the pipeline small
enough for MedTech to digest without
causing too much damage to their debt
to equity ratio.

Lassiter's at a loss.

JACK (cont'd)
And they were pissing in their pants
scared of a hostile bid from some
European pharmaceutical behemoth...

LASSITER
You got all this from CNBC?

JACK
Not exactly. Truth is, Larry Mintz and
Bob Thomas were so busy timing their
wives' breathing, they didn't see that
they were the only answer to MedTech's
prayers...Ten more days...two weeks
tops, MedTech would've approached you
with an offer. And they would have paid
ten billion dollars.

Lassiter's speechless.

JACK (cont'd)
Problem was, Peter, you had a pussycat
running the show. What you needed was
a rottweiler...

Lassiter looks at Jack, not quite sure what to make of him.

JACK (cont'd)
But what do I know, right? I'm just a
tire salesman...
(pulling a screw out of
the tire)
Here's your problem...

He shows the screw to Lassiter.

LASSITER
(distracted)
Right...can you fix it?

JACK

I could probably patch it up. You really should get a new tire. It'd set you back about six hundred dollars.

LASSITER

That's fine...

JACK

I'll have Hector set you right up.

LASSITER

I'm kind of in a rush here...

JACK

I'll tell you what. One of the guys'll run you wherever you want to go. We'll deliver the Rolls as soon as it's ready.

LASSITER

Sounds fine...

Lassiter pulls a card out of his pocket and hands it to Jack.

LASSITER (cont'd)

That's my home address...

(considering, then...)

Why don't you drop it off yourself...

Jack raises an eyebrow...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kate, sound asleep in bed...

Pan across to Jack, his eyes wide open, lost in thought...

EXT. LASSITER ESTATE - DAY

The Rolls Royce pulls up into the huge circular driveway of this massive Upper Saddle River mansion...

The car stops at the top of the driveway. The front door opens...and Jack gets out of the car.

He heads to the door, stopping to take in the incredible surroundings...a massive Tudor style mansion, perfectly manicured gardens, Mercedes S500 in front of the garage...

Jack breathes in deeply, as if he's smelling the lifestyle.

The front door opens, Lassiter standing behind it, smiling.

JACK

So this is how the other half lives...

LASSITER

You should see my country house.

A smile from Jack.

LASSITER (cont'd)
You know, I pride myself on finding talent in unusual places. I don't mind a little tire grease on a resume. Why don't you come inside. We'll talk...

INT. LASSITER ESTATE, SUN ROOM - LATER

Jack and Lassiter in this lavish room, drinks in hand.

JACK
...the point is, Peter, when a deal like that comes along you jump on and you ride it to the end. You don't ask it for a day off...

Silence from Lassiter. Then...

LASSITER
I have to tell you, Jack, I'm not a man who's easily impressed. But Jesus, you just gave me a two hour lesson in the art of the deal. You're like some kind of investment banking savant...

A proud smile from Jack.

LASSITER (cont'd)
Now what's it going to take to get you on my team?

JACK
It's not that simple. I'm in a family business, people count on me.

LASSITER
You could have hundreds more counting on you.

JACK
But this is different, it's my father in law. You see, he got sick and I stepped in and...well, it's just a very delicate situation.

LASSITER
How's he feel now?

JACK
He's fine.

LASSITER
And how do you feel?

Jack lets out a smile...he'd forgotten how good Lassiter can be.

LASSITER (cont'd)
 Think about the best you could do
 there...I'm talking about beyond your
 wildest dreams, best. You take over the
 store, expand, maybe open a few more...

Jack envisions this...

LASSITER (cont'd)
 Now multiply that by a thousand. Ten
 thousand. If I'm right about you, and
 I believe I am, you could be one of the
 greats. An uber investment banker. You
 could have it all. Think about that
 life, Jack...

A smile on Jack's face...he's thinking about it.

LASSITER (cont'd)
 You don't have to decide now. Why don't
 you come in on Monday, meet the group.
 I want to show you off...

CUT TO:

INT. BIG ED'S, JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack wearing his Zeena suit, sitting behind his desk, a bored
 look plastered on his face, as he listens to HECTOR, 40's, the
 GUATEMALAN MECHANIC.

HECTOR
 ...I say to her, Margarita, we already
 have four kids, why do we need more?
 But she say she want an even number. I
 say four is an even number! But she say
 she want six. I tell her, Margarita, I
 just got my green card, I like to sit
 back and rest a little...

JACK
 Hector...do I usually listen to your
 personal problems?

HECTOR
 Sure, Jack, all the time...

Jack nods then looks at his watch.

JACK
 Look, I have some business that I have
 to take care of so I'm leaving early...
 (getting up)
 My advice to you...follow your dreams.

CUT TO:

EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Jack pulls up to the building in his blue mini-van, parking in
 front of the plaza...

He gets out and walks through the plaza in front of the Lassiter Building, stopping to gaze up at the skyscraper...he breathes in deeply, smiles, then heads into the building...

INT. LASSITER BUILDING CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Jack and Lassiter walk together into...

INT. LARRY MINTZ'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Past the assistant's desk...

MINTZ'S ASSISTANT
(seeing Lassiter)
He's expecting you, Mr. Lassiter...

Lassiter doesn't even slow down...

INT. LARRY MINTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's Jack's old office but you wouldn't know it from the decor...lots of country pine, a fabric sofa, and a play pen where the bar used to be. Jack enters, immediately struck by the difference in decor...

LASSITER
(to Mintz)
Larry, this is Jack Campbell...the one
I was telling you about...

Mintz, a confident look on his face, gets up from the desk and goes to shake Jack's hand.

LARRY
Jack, of course.

They shake hands.

JACK
(appropriately deferential)
Mr. Mintz.

LARRY
Please, call me Larry. We try to
cultivate a casual atmosphere around
here...

JACK
(re: play pen)
I can see that, Larry.

A chuckle from Mintz.

LARRY
You have kids, Jack?

JACK
(hesitating, then...)
Uh...actually, yes. Two....Good ones.

Another laugh from Mintz.

LARRY

You must be something very special,
Jack. Peter hasn't been this excited
since the Dow hit nine thousand.

JACK

(turning to Lassiter,
laughing)
I remember that...
(correcting himself)
...because I was excited, too.

LASSITER

Larry, why don't you show Jack around.
Give the two of you a chance to get to
know each other better.

LARRY

I'd love to...

CUT TO:

INT. LASSITER BUILDING CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Jack and Larry walking side by side down the hallway...
EMPLOYEES passing them by, greeting Mintz, Mintz waving back...

LARRY

...Peter's been very focused lately on
leveraged buyouts but I think they're
yesterday's news. I'd like to see us
start introducing some young companies
to the equity markets...

JACK

IPOs. Really.

LARRY

I think it's a direction we should
explore.

JACK

In this market environment?

They turn a corner, coming into a deserted section of the
corridor.

Mintz stops, turning to Jack. Jack returns Mintz's gaze with
a quizzical look.

LARRY

Let's cut the shit, huh Campbell?

Jack's a little taken aback by Mintz's language.

LARRY (cont'd)

I have no idea what kind of designer pharmaceutical you slipped to Lassiter to make him your love slave but let me warn you, he loses interest very quickly. I'm in the big office because I've proved myself to him over the years and nobody is going to waltz in here and take that away from me. Especially not some tire salesman from New Jersey. So you watch yourself and stay away from Lassiter, and maybe, just maybe, I'll keep you on after he gets tired of you. Do we understand each other?

Jack stands there, staring at Mintz, silent, expressionless.

LARRY (cont'd)

Do we?!

Then, a broad smile from Jack.

JACK

God, you're really different, aren't you...

(nodding)

I mean...wow...I am impressed.

Now it's Mintz's turn to look quizzical.

JACK (cont'd)

Good for you. Why shouldn't you protect what's yours.

LARRY

I don't think you're hearing me.

JACK

Oh, I'm hearing you, Larry. That's not the problem. The problem is that what you think is yours, is really mine. And I don't care how low on the totem pole I start, I will get it back...

(poking him in the chest)

So do yourself a favor and don't get too attached to that view because sometime soon, maybe very soon, you and your French country antiques, your chintz sofa, and your little play pen are gonna be moving out of that office, capiche?

Jack smiles at Larry one more time, then turns...

JACK (cont'd)

Oh, and by the way, you try selling tires for a living. I promise you, you'd starve...

Jack heads down the corridor, whistling a happy tune, leaving Mintz standing there, bewildered.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

A double door opens and Jack leads Kate into this huge duplex.
Jack's smiles...

JACK
Welcome to Xanadu...

The place is incredible...marble floors, architectural lines, high tech fixtures, elegant modern furniture...it's striking but not at all homey like the Jersey house.

Kate looks around, taking the place in.

KATE
Wow...

JACK
Pretty incredible, isn't it?

KATE
It's like a museum.

Jack nods.

KATE (cont'd)
(turning to Jack)
So what's the big surprise? You didn't rent this place for the weekend, did you?

JACK
Think bigger.

KATE
For the week?

Jack chuckles.

JACK
This place is a perk, Kate.

KATE
Excuse me?

JACK
A company called P.K. Lassiter and Associates Investment House uses it to attract new executives...

Kate has a confused look on her face. Jack pauses, then...

JACK (cont'd)
You're talking to their new Vice President of Mergers and Acquisitions.

She's still not quite getting it.

KATE

Vice President?

JACK

I'm going into arbitrage, honey. Turns out I have a knack for it. I'll be making two hundred grand a year plus a rather hefty bonus and that's just to start. And, we can live in this apartment practically rent free for as long as we want.

Jack spreads his arms out, waiting for the hug...

JACK (cont'd)

Who's got the greatest husband in the world, huh?

Kate stares at him, silent. Then...

KATE

Am I actually supposed to be jumping into your arms?

Jack lowers his arms, looking at Kate, puzzled.

JACK

I thought you'd be excited.

KATE

What should I be more excited about? The fact that you just moved us to Manhattan or the fact that you're taking a new job without even telling me...

JACK

I had to move quickly.

KATE

I'll say.

JACK

C'mon, you're not gonna stand there and tell me you don't think this place is magnificent.

KATE

I don't care that it's magnificent. What about our house?

JACK

Our house is fine, but it's in New Jersey. Look, if you don't like this apartment there are a thousand others we could have. The point is, we can finally afford to move back into the city. In style.

Kate gives him a doubtful look.

JACK (cont'd)

This is going to be better for all of us, honey. We'll put Annie and Josh in private schools, we'll travel...

KATE

What about my job? Did you even for one minute think of that?

JACK

You could commute. You'd be going against the traffic so it wouldn't end up taking much longer than it does now. Or you could get a job here. This is New York City. It's like the needy people capital of the world. Those Jersey clients of yours aren't a tenth as pathetic as the ones you could get here.

Kate gives Jack an icy stare.

KATE

My father wanted to retire next year.

JACK

He can still retire. The store will survive, I'll make sure of that.

Kate just stands there, shaking her head.

JACK (cont'd)

Look, you said it yourself, life has thrown us surprises. And so we made sacrifices. But now I can finally get us back on track. I have the talent to do this and you're looking at that like it's a bad thing.

KATE

(hurt)

You think we're off track?

JACK

You told me yourself, you were unsure about our choices. You revealed that to me.

KATE

(looking around the apartment)

This isn't what I meant...

JACK

We're going to have a great life, Kate. No more lousy restaurants, no more clipping coupons, no more shovelling snow...

Silence. Then...

KATE
(close to tears)
You used to love shovelling snow...

JACK
Don't you see? I'm talking about us
having a life other people envy...

Kate looks him in the eye - a deep, piercing look...

KATE
They already do envy us, Jack...

Kate walks out of the apartment.

INT. MINI-VAN - NIGHT

Silence in the car. Jack stares out at the road, eyes glazed,
as snow begins to fall on the windshield...

INT. ANNIE'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Annie is in a nightgown, practicing her violin. Jack walks in.

JACK
Hey.

ANNIE
(lowering the bow)
Hi.

JACK
Can I listen?

ANNIE
I'm not really very good.

JACK
I think it sounds great.

Annie smiles and begins PLAYING. Jack's trying desperately to
hold back cringing at every missed note.

JACK (cont'd)
Very nice. What is it?

ANNIE
Mary Had A Little Lamb.

JACK
Ah. A classic...

Annie starts PLAYING again as Jack looks at the dresser. She
has 20 or so family photos lined up and down it's sides...

Jack studies them...in every one Jack's face is totally
contented. Jack studies them, looking at his own face.

Annie lowers the bow, watching him...

Jack turns to her.

JACK (cont'd)
Please don't stop...

She smiles, then starts PLAYING again. He turns back to the pictures...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, DEN - LATER

Jack...standing in front of the desk, nursing a drink.

He looks at Lassiter's business card, sitting on the surface of the desk...

He gazes around the room...his eyes coming to rest on a bookshelf...a book...

He moves toward it...looking at it's spine...it's a tattered copy of Vonnegut's "Cat's Cradle." He pulls it off the shelf, there's something inside...a bookmark...

...a PAN AM ticket jacket sleeve...

...inside...a boarding pass..."From: London/Heathrow, To: New York/JFK, 9/4/87."

He looks at it...something's not right...

JACK
From London to New York...?
(looking up)
He came back...

Then...a NOISE...

Jack turns and sees Kate walking into the doorway, standing there...She sees Jack holding the Pan Am ticket sleeve.

KATE
Our finest moment, right...

A quizzical look from Jack.

KATE (cont'd)
When you got on that plane I was sure
it was over. I left the airport afraid
I'd never see you again. And then you
showed up the very next day...
(a wistful smile)
That was a good surprise...

She continues into the room, leaning against a book shelf.

KATE (cont'd)
I think about you on that plane, about
what must have been going through your
mind...you sitting there imagining our
life together, our life apart...I think
about the decision you made, that you
chose us...

Jack watches her as she lets out small sigh.

KATE (cont'd)
Maybe I was being naive but I believed
we'd grow old together in this house.
That we'd spend holidays here, have
grandchildren visit us here. I had this
image of us all grey and wrinkly, me
working in the garden, you repainting
the deck...

Kate smiles gently as she pictures this.

KATE (cont'd)
Things change, right? People change...
(pausing)
If you need this, Jack, I mean really
need this, I will take these children
from a life they love, and take myself
from the only home we've ever shared,
and move wherever you need to go. I'll
do that because I love you...

The words are like a warm embrace for Jack...

KATE (cont'd)
I love you, Jack. And that's more
important to me than our address...

Kate smiles lovingly at Jack...she walks over to him, kisses
him gently on the forehead.

KATE (cont'd)
I choose us.

She turns and heads out of the room, leaving him there, the
boarding pass still in hand, staring lovingly at her as she
goes...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack walks into the room...

The lights are off, Kate already in bed sleeping.

He undresses for bed, unable to take his eyes off of Kate.

Finally, he lifts the covers and climbs into bed next to her,
moving closer to her, putting an arm around her, drawing her
in...

In her sleep, Kate nestles in Jack's embrace. He savors the
feeling, then closes his eyes as...

They lay there...side by side...together...a single person.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning light streams into the room.

Kate opens her eyes. Jack's not in bed. A look of curiosity...
Then, she hears LAUGHTER from outside.
She goes over to the window...opens the blinds...revealing...
A beautiful white blanket of snow...

And, Jack, LAUGHING with joy, trying to shield himself with a snow shovel as Annie and Josh, each looking like the Michelin Man in their winter coats, pelt him with snowballs...

Kate watches...a satisfied smile sweeping across her face...

EXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE FRONT LAWN - SAME TIME

Jack getting pummeled with snowballs...

He tosses off the shovel and runs after both kids, grabbing them one in each arm and gently falling toward the ground.

The laughter from the kids is uncontrollable, Jack joins in...

Finally, Annie stops laughing and grabs Jack around the neck, hugging him tight.

ANNIE
(whispering in Jack's ear)
I knew you'd come back...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jack is taking the trash out to the curb when he sees a NEIGHBOR sprinkling rock salt on his driveway...Jack raises an eyebrow then heads into the garage...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

...over to a utility shelf, fishing around. He spots a bag of rock salt, grabs it, then sees it's empty...

JACK
(to himself)
Not as perfect as everyone thought, are you...

He tosses the empty salt bag into the garbage.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - MINUTES LATER

Jack heads into this suburban convenience store...

INT. 7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

...right to a display of bags of rock salt...

He looks at the price tag on one of the bags...

JACK
Four ninety nine?! It's just salt for
god's sake...

He shrugs his shoulders then grabs one of the bags. Then...

SULLY (O.S.)
Jack, right...?

Jack turns and sees Sully standing there, a SLURPEE in hand.
Jack reels back in shock...

JACK
You...

SULLY
Rock salt, huh? You know if you buy
that stuff in the summer, you save a
lot of money...

JACK
What are you doing here?
Sully holds up the SLURPEE cup.

SULLY
Can't get enough of these. If they
threw a little bourbon in'em, they'd be
the perfect beverage...

JACK
(suspicious)
Uh huh...

Sully smiles at him.

SULLY
(shaking his head)
Look at you....all suburban, buying
salt for your driveway. You really have
figured some things out, haven't you?

JACK
(suddenly nervous)
You're sending me back...

SULLY
Sending you back where?

JACK
(insistent)
Are you?

SULLY
I'm not doing anything but enjoying a
Slurpee...

Jack looks at him anxiously.

JACK

So I can stay...

SULLY

I didn't say that.

JACK

Well what are you saying?

SULLY

Maybe all I'm saying is that a glimpse is by nature an impermanent thing.

JACK

(suddenly angry)

Look, what do you want? You want me to admit I made the wrong choice? Fine, I did. I get it now!

SULLY

Don't get mad at me, Jack.

JACK

Then don't send me back.

SULLY

Like I said, I'm not doing anything. It's all you...

Jack shakes his head in frustration. Sully reaches into his pocket and pulls out a five dollar bill. He hands it to Jack.

SULLY (cont'd)

Here, the salt's on me...you better get home and take care of that driveway.

He gives Jack a sympathetic look, then turns and heads out of the store. Jack stands there, frozen, watching him go...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, JOSH'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack walks to Josh's new airplane bed. He's sleeping soundly.

Jack gently kisses Josh on the head, careful not to wake him.

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, ANNIE'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack is stands over Annie, kissing her on the cheek.

ANNIE

(stirring, groggy)

Is it morning yet?

JACK

No, honey. Go back to sleep.

She closes her eyes as Jack stands there for a moment looking at her, sadness all over his face.

JACK (cont'd)
Take care of yourself, Annie. I'm going
back to the mother ship...

Finally, he turns to go...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The clock reads, "11:17." Kate is already in bed as Jack walks in.

KATE
(looking up from her book)
Hey...

Jack approaches her, sitting on the bed...

JACK
These past couple of months, Kate, I
know that I've done some...some unusual
things...

Kate nods.

KATE
It's been interesting, that's for sure.

JACK
But I've done some good things too,
haven't I?

KATE
You've been Jack Campbell. And that's
always a good thing...

She kisses him on the cheek.

He takes her arms in his hands and looks her in the eyes.

JACK
I need you to remember me, Kate. How I
am right now, right this very moment.
I need you to put that image in your
heart and keep it with you, no matter
what happens.

KATE
Are you okay, Jack?

JACK
Please, just promise me you'll do that.
You have to promise, Kate. Because if
you don't, then it's like it never
happened and I don't think I could live
with that...

She's a bit confused but she couldn't be more in love with him.

KATE
I promise, Jack...

JACK

Good...

KATE

Come to bed, honey.

Jack stands up, heading toward the door.

JACK

Soon...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE NIGHT

Jack with King on a leash, walking side by side, his mind elsewhere...

King leads him around a corner...to a large open field...

King stops. He looks back at Jack, then out to the open field.

Jack removes the leash. The dog bounds happily out into the field, looking for just the right spot.

Jack puts his hands in his coat pocket...pulls out a half-eaten roll of PEPPERMINT LIFESAVERS, puts one in his mouth...

He looks up at the sky, snow gently falling onto his face. It's cold, but it's beautiful...peaceful and still...the air clean and crisp...

He breathes in the fresh air, the Lifesaver dissolving in his mouth, watching the dog...

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The room is dark...

Jack enters, sees Kate sleeping soundly in bed.

He sits down in a chair and watches Kate sleep, a sad look in his eyes...

As he continues to watch her, to listen to her, his own eyelids appear to grow heavy...

He tries to fight the sleep...opening his eyes...focusing on her...but it's no use...

Finally, he closes his eyes...falling into a deep sleep...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Light streams onto Jack's face...he stirs...opens his eyes...

Jack reaches over to Kate's side...there's no one there

Pull back to reveal...his old Manhattan apartment...his old dressy clothes strewn on the floor...

Jack bolts upright...he's no longer wearing flame retardant pajamas, just silk underwear and an Ascot Chang shirt.

JACK

Damnit...

Jack looks at the clock, "9:23 a.m." He jumps out of bed, throwing on pants and a pair of shoes, and leaves the room...

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Jack bounds down the stairs and gets to the door just as...

The doorbell RINGS. He stops, then cautiously opens the door, seeing...

PAULA, wearing a long overcoat and a wide smile on her face.

PAULA

Waiting for me by the door, huh?

Jack looks at her, confusion on his face.

JACK

Paula...?

Paula opens her coat - the only thing she has on underneath is a sexy little teddy.

JACK (cont'd)

Wow. That's totally see through...

PAULA

(smiling)

Merry Christmas...

JACK

(confused)

It can't be Christmas...

PAULA

(lasciviously)

It's whatever you want it to be, Jack...

Jack stares at her totally confused...

PAULA (cont'd)

Aren't you gonna invite me in?

JACK

(snapping out of it)

I'm sorry...I can't...I have to go...

Jack grabs a leather jacket then walks right past a shocked Paula and heads out the door, practically running down the corridor.

PAULA

Jack?...Jack!

INT. JACK'S BUILDING, LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Mrs. Peterson is waiting for the elevator. The doors open.
Jack is inside.

MRS. PETERSON

Hello, Jack...

Jack bursts out of the elevator, rushing toward the parking garage. Tony the doorman sees Jack go by.

TONY THE DOORMAN

Merry Christmas, Mr. Campbell...

Mrs. Peterson turns to Tony...

MRS. PETERSON

What's the matter with Jack?

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - MORNING

Jack's Ducati speeds down the bridge, toward Jersey...

EXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - MORNING

Jack pulls up in the driveway and hops out. He races to the front door, POUNDING on it...

A MAN in a Van Heusen shirt and Hagar slacks answers. Jack stares at him in shock.

MAN

Can I help you?

JACK

Is Kate here? Does Kate live here?!

MAN

Kate? No, I'm sorry but there's no one here named Kate.

Jack starts rapping his head against the door post, much to the shock of the guy standing there.

JACK

Damn...damn...damn...

MAN

Hey, are you okay?

JACK

No...I'm not...
(resolute)
What day is it?

MAN

Look, Buddy, if this is a joke...

JACK

Please.

MAN

It's Christmas day. 1998.

Jack stands there, shaking his head mournfully.

EXT. ARNIE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Jack's motorcycle drives by as Arnie carries a bicycle box out to the garbage. The bike screeches to a halt in front of the driveway.

ARNIE

(shouting to Jack)

Hey, you can't park that thing here.

JACK

(taking off his helmet)

It's me, Jack...

ARNIE

I don't care if you're the Queen of England, you still can't park here.

JACK

Please tell me you recognize me, Arnie.
Please...

ARNIE

How'd you know my name?

JACK

I know everything about you. You wear a size 12 bowling shoe. You can't play squash to save your life. You're a whiz with the nail gun. We were good friends, Arnie...

Arnie peers at Jack through the window.

ARNIE

Wait a second...

(thinking)

Jack...Jack...

JACK

Yes...Jack Campbell...

ARNIE

Jack Campbell...

JACK

Think, Arnie, think...

ARNIE

Of course. Jack Campbell. I went to high school with you, didn't I...?

Jack shakes his head in resignation.

JACK

No...

Then...

The sound of a CELL PHONE RINGING.

ARNIE

(pointing, with a smile)

You're jacket's ringing...

A curious look on Jack's face, it's been a while since he's heard that sound. He reaches inside his jacket, pulls out a phone and answers it...

JACK

(into phone)

Hello?

ADELLE (O.S.)

(over phone)

Hey Santa, where are you? Everybody's here.

JACK

Adelle?

ADELLE (O.S.)

Yes it's Adelle. You were supposed to be here half an hour ago...the emergency strategy session? Your trip to Aspen? Everybody's panicked here...

Jack glances over at Arnie...his goofy smile, the bicycle box, his house, the suburban neighborhood...

ADELLE (cont'd; O.S.)

Jack...? Are you going through the tunnel?

Finally, Jack shakes his head, defeated.

JACK

I'll be there in twenty minutes...

CUT TO:

INT. LASSITER BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - NOONTIME

It's a beehive of activity...

Jack's TEAM, anxiously going over reports and flow charts, on working the phones, drinking coffee...

Jack enters still reeling from his experience, taking a moment to observe the action...

Mintz spots him...

LARRY
(into phone)
Thank god, Jack's here. I'll call you
right back...

He hangs up the phone as all eyes in the room turn to Jack,
immediately fixating on how disheveled he looks.

LARRY (cont'd)
(approaching)
Jack, are you okay?

JACK
(in a daze)
What's going on here?

LARRY
It's not good. Apparently Bob Thomas
has been secretly talking to a European
drug company. We're not sure which one,
Julia's trying to find out right now.
Word is they're willing to buy a
minority stake in the company and let
him keep running it. And since it's a
minority position there wouldn't be any
anti-trust problems. The Global people
are up in arms. They say we should've
been prepared for this. We're in
trouble here, Jack...

Jack looks at Larry for a minute.

JACK
You know something, Larry. There's a
much more confident person somewhere
inside of you...

Larry looks at him, confused.

LARRY
Excuse me?

JACK
But I think I like you better this
way...

LARRY
Is this another one of those Sun Tzu
"Art of War" tricks?

A sad laugh from Jack.

JACK
No.

LARRY
So what are we gonna do, Jack? We're
losing her...

JACK
(in his own world)
I already have...

LARRY
(shocked)
What are you saying? We're giving up?
That's it?

Jack wallows for another moment in his own sadness...

LARRY (cont'd)
Jack...?

Jack snaps out of it, turning to Larry and the rest of the group...

JACK
Here's what we're gonna do. You're going to find out which European company he's been talking to. Then I'm going to fly to Aspen and drink egg nog with Bob Thomas. I'm going to convince him that the European company is the devil and Global is the answer to his prayers....Then I'm going to spend four hours skiing. Alone. On Christmas day. I'm going to do that because this is my life, this is what's real, and there's nothing I can do to change that...

Jack turns and leaves the office to the shocked stares of his team.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Jack at his desk throwing some files into a brief case.

Adelle puts the phone down.

ADELLE
Limo's here, Jack.

JACK
Five minutes.

ADELLE
You're already late. And you're flying out of Kennedy.

JACK
It's not like there's gonna be any traffic...

ADELLE
Fine. Don't listen to me. I'm just the help...

Jack goes over to a desk drawer and pulls out a freshly laundered boxed shirt as...

Lassiter enters.

LASSITER

How do you feel tiger?

JACK

I've been better...

Jack takes off the shirt he's wearing, then breaks the seal on the fresh shirt, balling it up and tossing it toward the trash.

He misses.

LASSITER

(a little surprised)

Don't quit on me now, Jack. I'm counting on you. This deal is yours to save, I don't care what it takes...move to Aspen if you have to but get me Bob Thomas back on board.

Jack looks at Lassiter a moment, seeing him for who he is...

JACK

You know me, Peter. Anything for a deal, right?

LASSITER

(with a smile)

That's all I wanted to hear...

Lassiter breezes out of the office.

Jack walks to the trash can, bends down to pick up the wayward paper, when something catches his eye in the bin...

He pulls it out and uncrinkles it...

It's Kate's message...

JACK

(to himself)

She called me. She called me yesterday...

CUT TO:

EXT. BROADWAY - DAY

Jack's limo makes its way downtown.

INT. LIMO - SAME TIME

Jack, in the back seat of the limo, a phone in his hand, dialing the number on message...

KATE

(o.s., recorded)

Hi, this is Kate Reynolds at the law offices of Tate and McMahon...

A slight shudder through his body as he hear's Kate's voice on the voicemail...

JACK
(hanging up)
Damn...
(dialing 411)
For Manhattan...Kate Reynolds...I need
an address, too...

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I'm sorry, that number's unlisted.
Would you like me to check another name?

JACK
No...

Jack hangs up the phone, thinks a moment, looks out the window, then turns to the driver...

JACK (cont'd)
Make a right here...

DRIVER
But the airport's the other way...

JACK
We're not going to the airport. We're
going to Jersey...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY NEIGHBORHOOD - MINUTES LATER

A ranch style house in a quaint neighborhood...

The limo is parked out front, Jack is at the door ringing the BELL.

The door opens...

Big Ed Reynolds is on the other side. He looks at Jack, momentarily confused. Then...

BIG ED
Well I'll be damned...

CUT TO:

INT. BIG ED'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Jack sits on a leather sofa in this Western style living room.

Big Ed sits across from him, shaking his head. Lorraine is nearby, sipping a drink.

LORRAINE
Are you sure you don't want a drink,
Jack?

BIG ED
He's not staying long.

JACK
I'm fine. Thanks. Look, I know I'm not
the guy you're most anxious to see, but
I need to find Kate.

BIG ED
You're too late.

JACK
Why? Is she married?

A guffaw from Big Ed.

BIG ED
What do you care?

LORRAINE
She's not married.

Big Ed shoots Lorraine an angry look.

JACK
(relieved)
That's good.

BIG ED
(angry)
Who the hell are you to say what's good
and bad for her?!

JACK
Kate called me yesterday...
(pulling out the wrinkled
message)
She left a message for me. I tried to
reach her at this number but all I got
was a message. I need to talk to her.
Now. Today...

Lorraine looks at Big Ed.

BIG ED
No way...
(to Jack)
You were the worst thing that ever
happened to my daughter. Hands down the
worst.

These words are like a dagger through Jack's heart.

BIG ED (cont'd)
I can't stop you from leaving her a
message, but I'm sure as hell not gonna
help you find her and screw her up some
more. I invited you into my home
because where I come from that's the
polite thing to do, but now I think
it's time for you to leave.

JACK

Please, just tell me where she is.

Big Ed rises menacingly from his chair.

BIG ED

I may not be a young man anymore but I
could still kick your scrawny ass.

Jack raises an eyebrow, then gets up.

JACK

Fine...

He turns to go, then stops a moment.

JACK (cont'd)

(to Big Ed)

How's your heart, Ed?

BIG ED

Excuse me?

JACK

About six years ago. Didn't you have a
heart attack?

BIG ED

(an angry glare)

What the hell kind of question is that?
My ticker's as good as the day I was
born...

Jack nods forlornly. He walks toward the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - A MINUTE LATER

Jack in the back seat of the limo, just sitting there,
defeated...then...

JACK

(to the driver)

Take me to the airport...

As the driver is about to pull away, Jack spots something out
of the car window.

It's Lorraine, running out of the house, a slip of paper in
hand.

Jack rolls down the window as Lorraine approaches.

LORRAINE

(handing him the paper)

She lives in Manhattan. You still have
time to get to her.

JACK

(a smile)

Thank you.

Jack nods, gestures to the driver. The driver puts the car in gear...

Lorraine puts a hand on the door...

JACK (cont'd)

(to driver)

Hold on!

He turns to Lorraine.

LORRAINE

He did have a heart attack. Six years ago, just like you said. We hid it from everyone. That's the way he wanted it...

CUT TO:

INT. EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Jack stands outside an apartment door. He hears The Stones' "Some Girls" BLARING from inside.

He rings the bell a couple more times...then hears the volume of the music get lower...Kate opens the door...

Jack's eyes come alive...except for the hair style, she looks exactly the same. She's wearing jeans and a white blouse.

JACK

Kate...Thank god I found you...

KATE

Jack, I'm glad you called.

JACK

You are? You don't know how happy that makes me...

Kate looks at Jack, askance...

KATE

It's been a long time, huh?

Not for Jack.

JACK

Listen, we need to talk. There's so much I need to say to you...

KATE

Now's actually not a great time for me, I'm totally under the gun here...

Kate opens the door and reaches down behind her...

Jack looks into her apartment. It's a large space, modern and expensive but there's no furniture, only piles of boxes...

JACK

What's going on?

Kate turns back to Jack holding a box full of stuff, old albums, a couple candle holders, Kurt Vonnegut paperbacks...

Jack takes a step inside the apartment.

KATE

Here you go...

He haltingly takes the box.

KATE (cont'd)

It's some of your old stuff. I found it when I was cleaning the place out. It's shocking how much crap you accumulate over the years.

JACK

That's why you called?

KATE

Uh huh. I was going to just throw it out but...

JACK

(looking into her place)
You're moving?

KATE

(smiling)
To Paris. My firm has an office there and I'm going to be heading it up.

Jack is stunned.

JACK

To Paris. Paris, France.

KATE

Yes, I am moving to Paris. I have a nine o'clock flight out of Kennedy. You want to see my ticket?

Jack can't believe it.

KATE (cont'd)

So listen, it was nice seeing you again...

Kate's opens the door for Jack. Jack realizes it's about to be over, then...

JACK

(thinking quickly)
That's...that's great. You must be an excellent lawyer.

KATE
(puzzled)
Uh huh...

JACK
Is it a non-profit firm?

KATE
(a laugh, then...)
Not with what they pay me.

JACK
So your clients are...?

She lets the door close.

KATE
Mostly multi-nationals. I just landed
Air France. That's why we're opening
the office in Paris.

Jack nods.

JACK
Big Ed and Lorraine must be very proud.

Kate raises an eyebrow at the mention of their names.

KATE
You'd think they would be.

JACK
But they're not?

KATE
Let's just say it's not where they
thought I'd end up.

JACK
Sure. They probably thought you'd be
married with kids by now.

Kate's beginning to get a little impatient...

KATE
Yeah, well...

JACK
But you never did...get married, I mean.

KATE
No.

JACK
Ever been close?

Kate stares at him.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm sorry...

KATE

No, you did me a favor, Jack. I know that now. My life is exactly where I want it to be. I don't spend my nights pining over lost love. I'm focused. You taught me that...

JACK

I didn't mean to.

KATE

You don't have to feel bad. I don't...

Jack nods forlornly.

KATE (cont'd)

Anything else you want to know?

He looks at her, flush with the realization that this isn't the same woman he knew twelve years ago, or left yesterday.

JACK

(sadly)

No...

Kate opens the door.

KATE

If you're ever in Paris, look me up.
Maybe we'll go for that cup of coffee...

Jack nods.

JACK

Sure. Goodbye, Kate.

He leaves...

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A scratchy Zeppelin album, the song "All Of My Love," fills the room. Jack, a fifth of Bushmill's by his side, goes through the box Kate gave him.

He removes a worn leather jacket, feeling the soft material, then a "Mondale For President" button, which Jack smiles upon seeing, a couple Neil Young concert ticket stubs...

He puts the leather jacket on, then sticks the Mondale button on the lapel. He digs back into the box, finding...

The copy of "Cat's Cradle" Kate gave him, not nearly as work out in this life. He flips through it, finding the PAN AM BOARDING PASS TO LONDON used as a bookmark...

Jack looks at it for a moment...lost in his sadness...then...

He crumbles up the boarding pass, tossing it to the floor. He looks over at the clock, it reads, "8:29."

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN WYCK EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Jack on his Ducati, racing down the highway at 120 MPH...

He looks at his watch, it reads, "8:46." He opens up the throttle...

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT, AIR FRANCE TERMINAL - MINUTES LATER

Jack races up to the terminal then stops. He jumps off the bike. An AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD sees him...

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD
Hey, you can't leave that there. The
white zone is for loading and unloading
of passengers only...

Jack takes the guard's hand and puts the bike's keys into it.

JACK
Keep it...Merry Christmas.

Jack runs into the terminal. The guard looks at the keys, then over at the Ducati.

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD
(smiling)
Damn straight it's a Merry Christmas...

INT. AIR FRANCE TERMINAL - SECONDS LATER

Jack looking at the board. The nine o'clock to Paris - Gate 8A. Jack sprints toward the gate...

INT. AIR FRANCE TERMINAL, GATE AREA - SECONDS LATER

...and gets there just as the flight is boarding.

Jack looks through the crowd, spotting Kate near the front of the line, about to hand her ticket to the gate attendant.

He pushes through the throng of people, drawing stares, finally making his way over to Kate.

JACK
(calling out)
Kate!

Kate turns and sees Jack, a look of puzzlement on her face.

JACK (cont'd)
You can't go!

KATE
Jesus, Jack, don't ruin the few
positive thoughts I have left of you...

JACK
Don't get on that plane!

The PASSENGERS behind Kate are getting annoyed...

KATE

Oh, I'm getting on the plane. Believe me.

JACK

Please. Let's just go have a cup of coffee. That's all I'm asking for. I'm sure there's another flight to Paris tonight.

KATE

(angry)

What do you want from me? You want me to admit I was sad? Is that what you need?!

Jack just stands there, unsure...

KATE (cont'd)

Well I was. I was heartbroken for months after we broke up...But then I got over it. I moved on and so did you. People change, Jack. I changed. I don't know why you suddenly feel the need to revisit that time in our lives but I assure you, it's over. What we had doesn't exist anymore. I'm sorry...

Kate turns her back to Jack, leaving him standing there...

He sees Kate reach the podium...hand her ticket to the attendant...

Finally, a look of determination crosses his face...

JACK

(shouting toward Kate)

We have a house in Jersey!

Everyone turns to Jack, shocked. Kate turns too, with a look that could kill.

KATE

Don't do this, Jack...

But he continues...

JACK

We have two kids, Annie and Josh...

...and no one can take their eyes off him, including Kate.

JACK (cont'd)

...Annie's not much of a violin player but she tries really hard. She's a little precocious but that's only because she says what's on her mind. And when she smiles...

Jack shakes his head, remembering, fighting back the tears...

JACK (cont'd)
And Josh...he has your eyes. He doesn't
say much but we know he's smart...
(lost in the memory)
...he's always got his eyes open,
always watching us...sometimes you can
look at him and just know that he's
learning something new...it's like
witnessing a miracle...

Kate's expression has shifted from annoyance to curiosity, the crowd is enthralled.

JACK (cont'd)
...the house is always a mess, but it's
ours...
(chuckling)
...well, after a hundred twenty two
more payments it will be...

A CHUCKLE from the crowd...Jack exchanges a look of empathy with a man who obviously has a mortgage too.

JACK (cont'd)
And you...You're a non profit lawyer.
That's right, completely non-profit.
But that doesn't seem to bother you...

Kate raises an eyebrow. It's something she's thought about.

JACK (cont'd)
And we're in love. After eleven years
of marriage we're still unbelievably in
love...
(with a chuckle)
You won't even let me touch you until
I've said it...

Jack gets closer and closer...Kate's spellbound now...
imagining the picture Jack's painting...

JACK (cont'd)
...I sing to you...not all the time but
definitely on special occasions...

Anticipation growing in the crowd as Jack nearly reaches her...

JACK (cont'd)
We made a lot of sacrifices, dealt with
more than our share of surprises, but
we stayed together...

The crowd is eating this up.

JACK (cont'd)
You see, you're a better person than I
am...

Not in this life, and Kate knows it...

JACK (cont'd)
...and it made me a better person to be
around you...

Kate is perfectly still, Jack's words echoing in her ears.

JACK (cont'd)
Maybe it was all a dream. Maybe I went
to bed one lonely night and imagined it
all. But I swear, nothing's ever felt
more real to me...

He's right in front of her. She can't take her eyes off him.

JACK (cont'd)
And if you get on that plane right now,
it'll disappear forever.

Silence. Every eye in the area is focused on Kate.

JACK (cont'd)
I know we can both go on with our
lives. And we'd both be fine. But I've
seen what we can be like together...And
I choose us...

Jack's words resonate in her ears. He gently touches a hand to
her arm...

JACK (cont'd)
Please, Kate, one cup of coffee. You
can always go to Paris. Just please,
not tonight...

She stands there, frozen, staring into Jack's eyes, searching
for the answer...

KATE
Okay, Jack...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT - LATE NIGHT

Jack and Kate, framed in the window of a nearly empty airport
coffee shop...

From a distance we see them...TALKING and LAUGHING over a cup
of coffee...

FADE OUT: