



THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY

I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE DOES IT

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Based on the best selling novel by Allison Pearson

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I Don't Know How She Does It

by
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based on the book by Allison Pearson

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FADE IN:

A QUIET STREET IN THE SOUTH END OF BOSTON

A row of tidily renovated brownstones.

We move down the street. Late at night. Not a person outside.
We hear strains of Frank Sinatra: "In The Wee Small Hours..."

ON AN EMPTY FOYER

Of a narrow brownstone apartment. Crowded with kid stuff --
sweatshirts on pegs, toys scattered, half empty sippy cups.

It's dark and quiet.

Suddenly we hear noises, RUSTLING and CLANKING. We creep
towards the sounds, which are coming from...

INT. KITCHEN -- 2 AM

...where we find KATE REDDY (20's/30's) standing over a pie,
thwapping it with a kitchen tool.

We hear KATE in VOICE-OVER.

KATE (V.O.)

How did I get here? Can someone
tell me that? Not in this kitchen,
in this life -- 2 in the morning
before the kindergarten bake sale
and I am hitting an apple pie with
a meat tenderizer, trying to give
the pastry a pleasing homemade
appearance. And homemade is what
I'm after. Home is where the heart
is. Home is where the good mother
is, baking for her children.

KATE studies the pie. Frowns, unsatisfied.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All this because of an email from
Emily's preschool.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN OF KATE'S COMPUTER -- a cheery pink flyer
with bubbly graphics and lots of exclamation points.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I got it right before I got on the
plane home from Frankfurt.

Widen out to find KATE shoved into the back of Coach.

V.O.

At this time please discontinue the
use of all electronic devices.

A STEWARDESS passes. KATE pretends to close the computer,
then flips it back up to read the flyer.

KATE (V.O.)

The email asked if parents could
please make a "voluntary
contribution of refreshments" for
the bake sale. Do not for a moment
be deceived by the outbreak of
cutesy exclamation marks.

The STEWARDESS passes, glares, KATE closes the computer.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

School emails are written in code.

IN THE AIRPORT: KATE races by, expertly pulling her roll-on
suitcase through the crowd.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...a code buried so cunningly it
can only be decoded by guilty women
in the advanced stages of sleep
deprivation.

ON THE STREET: KATE wrestles her briefcase, purse, suitcase
and self out of a taxi in a tangle.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Take the word "parents". What they
mean is "mothers". Has a father
with a wife on the premises ever
read an email from school?

KATE runs into a grocery store. We stay outside.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And "voluntary?" is school speak
for "on the pain of death." As for
"festive refreshments", these are
definitely not something bought
late at night by a lazy cheat in a
supermarket.

KATE exits the grocery store clutching a bag.

CUT BACK TO

THE KITCHEN, KATE searches through drawers.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've always known there were two
kinds of mothers: good, self-
sacrificing baking ones and the
other ones. I know which kind I am.
And which kind I want to seem like.

That's when her husband RICHARD (30's) enters. He just folds
his arms and looks at her.

RICHARD
Is this like the time you made me
power-sand those Chips Ahoy?

KATE
Come on, help me find the sieve. I
think sifting powdered sugar over
it would help.

RICHARD
Oh no, I think what we're looking
at here is way past "help".

KATE
Richard, twenty years from now,
when Emily is arrested with duct
tape and diapers in her car--

She finds the sieve and yelps, triumphant. She taps sugar
through it onto the pie.

KATE (CONT'D)
-- a criminal psychologist will
appear on the news and say "Friends
trace the start of Emily Shanks'
mental problems to a school bake
sale where her mother, a shadowy
presence in her life, once again
humiliated her in front of her
classmates."

RICHARD
Well, at least you're not being
dramatic.

KATE (V.O.)
You don't understand. I still
remember the look my mother gave
Mrs. Frieda Davies in 1974--

CUT TO: SCHOOL PARKING LOT: the 70's. We see the following as KATE describes it:

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
--when a small boy in a dusty green
parka brought two tins of Libby
Cling Peaches in a shoe box to
school for a bake sale--

KATE'S mom and MRS. FRIEDA DAVIS exchange sad looks.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His mother worked. In the city. The
way they looked at him, he might as
well have been a crippled orphan.

The LITTLE BOY slinks away, humiliated.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN

RICHARD
Kate, times have changed.

KATE
...said the man.
(steps back)
Does it look homemade?

RICHARD
Definitely. Barcode's a nice touch.

KATE
Shit!

She peels off the sticker on the pie tin.

RICHARD
Good night, Kate.

He shakes his head, turns and walks out of the kitchen,
turning the light off as he goes.

KATE
Um... I'm still in here!

He turns the light back on, walks away. She hurriedly tosses
the kitchen tools in the sink.

KATE (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm coming, I'm coming.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

RICHARD tosses throw pillows aside, pulls back the comforter.

RICHARD
You must be exhausted.

We can tell there's a question in there.

KATE
Well, not COMPLETELY exhausted.

He smiles at her. Really? She shrugs.

KATE (CONT'D)
Maybe.

IN THE CLOSET--

KATE considers two nightgowns: floor-length or flirty.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For your information, I'm not one
of those wives who doesn't want to
have sex with her husband. In fact,
I'm one of those rare women who
still has a crush on her husband...

IN THE BATHROOM

RICHARD takes out his contacts.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...his adorable frown line, seaweed-
colored eyes, the weathered spot on
his hands from his drafting pen...

IN THE BEDROOM

We see KATE lying across the bed, wearing the flirty
nightgown. She arranges herself nicely.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There's just one problem.

SECONDS LATER

RICHARD walks out of the bathroom, looks at KATE. We see him
sigh, smile and we see what he sees...

...KATE, looking very pretty on the bed...

OUT, completely asleep, powdered sugar dusting her hair.

RICHARD smiles, covers her, kisses her on the forehead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The clock shows 4:24 AM. KATE and RICHARD are asleep. RICHARD is peaceful. KATE wriggles like she's in a Sominex ad.

KATE (V.O.)

A recent study showed that 64 percent of women with young children don't sleep through the night. The researchers were at a loss to explain why. They coulda just asked me.

KATE'S eyes fly open.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I haven't slept a whole night in three years. Despite the fact that I'm always deep-sea-diver voyage-to-the-bottom-of-fatigue tired.

KATE walks into EMILY'S room, watches her sleep.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Instead of sleeping--

In BEN'S room, KATE scooches his teddy bear closer to him.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I do the list.

Back in bed. KATE stares at the ceiling.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Let's see, Emily needs angel wings for the talent show... do they have those at the party store? Call about the carpet on the stairs, it's fraying...

As KATE starts to quietly panic, we move in closer.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Shit, I forgot to take the lasagna out of the freezer for tomorrow night.

(MORE)

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Things to buy: paper towels,
stainless steel polish-y stuff for
fridge, present for Jedda's
birthday party... Must find out:
Jedda, a girl or boy?

As the items pile up, KATE buries herself in the covers. And now KATE'S voice is distorted, going faster and faster.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
New Christmas lights, doll for
Emily, birthday present for
Richard. Pelvic floor exercises?
Renew Pill subscription! Stuffing?
Hamster? Check for Ben's gym class?

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

KATE finally sleeps, mouth open, flung across the bed.

KATE (V.O.)
The day after a business trip is
fraught with ups and downs.

Suddenly she feels someone tugging on her blankets, looks down and sees BEN, 18 months, angelic.

KATE reaches over and grabs him, cuddles him onto the bed.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ben doesn't hold my absence against
me. Too little for grudges.

BEN squeals with delight, thrilled. KATE beams at him, kisses him, tickling him.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The guy doesn't even mind my
morning breath. The mother of a one-
year-old boy is a movie star in a
world without critics.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

KATE, BEN on her hip, walks in and is greeted with a glare by EMILY, her 5-year-old daughter.

KATE (V.O.)
Emily, on the other hand, has a
tyrant's disdain for fairness.

KATE begins to make breakfast, heat milk, all the while bouncing BEN and keeping him from grabbing everything.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(looking at EMILY)
She grants no credit for cuddles
received, band-aids applied, games
of CandyLand played--

KATE puts breakfast in front of EMILY. Who rolls her eyes.
Not what she wanted she walks away. KATE watches her.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My return triggers an intricate
sequence of snubs and punishments.

QUICK CUTS:

EMILY at bedtime, exasperated.

EMILY
Um, Paula reads me that story.

EMILY, half-dressed, races away from KATE.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I want Daddy to give me a bath!

BACK TO THE KITCHEN

KATE puts her arms out to hug EMILY.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I don't like hugs.

She races away, dragging her doll on the floor.

KATE (V.O.)
I bear it. My heart collapses into
a lump of coal but I bear it. Maybe
I think I deserve it.

RICHARD walks in.

KATE (CONT'D)
The carpet at the top of the stairs
is frayed and we need to call
Beachwood Carpets and get an
estimate.

RICHARD
God, you say the nicest things.

She looks at him.

KATE
What's different about you? You're--

RICHARD
--in a shirt without barf on it?

KATE
Your meeting... That's today...

RICHARD
I'm getting the gig. Definitely. Go
buy a fur coat at lunch.

KATE
Done.

RICHARD
I mean, so what if we're up against
huge firms with their portfolios
that have museum wings and hotel
lobbies? I have a fantastic
bathroom in Back Bay and the ground-
breaking yurt in New Hampshire.

She goes over and hugs him.

KATE
And a shirt without barf.

RICHARD
Thing is, if I get this, I'm gonna
be nuts, really busy--

KATE
--got it. Don't worry about it.

RICHARD
Really?

KATE
I'm done with the European project.
I've got nothing major coming up
before the holidays.

RICHARD
--oh I love that kind of sexy talk.

He kisses her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
All right, I have to go.

KATE

Oh shit. Can you just let me take a shower first?

RICHARD

(groans)

Where the hell is Paula? She's been late every day this week. We have to talk to her about--

KATE

No. No no no. Richard, please don't say anything. If we don't keep her happy, she'll leave.

RICHARD

Would that be the end of the world?

KATE

Frankly, at this point, it would be easier if you left.

RICHARD

Maybe I should look into that.

She lightly punches his arm. We hear a key in the door.

KATE

She's here! She's here!

RICHARD barely disguises a roll of the eyes as KATE sweeps over and greets PAULA like she's a long lost friend, instead of someone she sees every single day.

PAULA, 20's, looks like Gwen Stefani's punkier sister.

KATE walks PAULA to the kitchen, earnestly discussing the kids' day...

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men and women look at childcare differently. Richard sees an outflow of cash. I see a person I have to rely on to love and to cherish and to watch out for the first symptoms of meningitis.

PAULA looks at the pie, sitting on the counter. She looks at KATE, pleasantly surprised.

PAULA

You... made a pie?

KATE doesn't miss a beat.

KATE
(proud)
Ee-yep.

MATCH CUT OF PIE

As it is being walked down the street. Widen out to see KATE and EMILY rushing down the street.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
By the time I got dressed, soothed Ben, played Bendominoes with Emily eight times to bribe her into getting dressed, and squeezed myself into my Spanx and Nine Wests, we were late. Again.

INT. SCHOOL -- DAY

KATE tries to walk quickly, while being as quiet as possible, her heels clacking down the hall.

KATE (V.O.)
The wood-block floor in Emily's school hall was obviously installed with the express purpose of exposing late-arriving working mothers in heels.

KATE bends down to EMILY.

KATE (CONT'D)
Does Mommy love you a little or a lot?

EMILY
A little.

KATE gasps in mock horror. EMILY giggles.

EMILY (CONT'D)
A lot.

KATE hugs her and sends her into the classroom, nodding sheepishly at the TEACHER, who gives her a disgusted look.

KATE sighs.

KATE (V.O.)
Emily's teacher hates me. On
account of an unfortunate Career
Day incident.

FLASH BACK TO

KATE in EMILY'S classroom on Career Day.

KATE (CONT'D)
So I'm Emily's mom -- my name is
Kate -- and I'm a research analyst
at a brokerage house.

Crickets.

KATE (CONT'D)
Basically what I do is take
people's money, put it together in
a big pile, then try to make more
money with it.

The KIDS stare. Finally one KID raises a hand.

KID #1
So... you're a gambler?

KATE
Yes, exactly!

The TEACHER glares at KATE.

FLASH BACK TO

IN THE HALLWAY

KATE tries to sneak her pie onto the back of a table marked
KINDERGARTEN BAKE SALE.

KATE sees another MOM walking down the hall holding a bowl of
reddish Jello, moving slowly since the Jello's not set.

This is ALLISON. She catches KATE'S look.

ALLISON
It's all I had. I have a huge case
going to trial.
(notices)
You baked a pie? Trying to make me
look bad? I thought you liked me.

KATE
(looks around, then)
It's from Key Foods.

ALLISON
Nice.
(examines it)
You distressed it. You hide the
carton from the nanny?

KATE
Well, duh.
(sighs)
God, it's so sad. Women used to
make the pies and fake the orgasms.
Now we fake the pies.

ALLISON
Big improvement, far as I'm
concerned.

KATE looks at her watch.

KATE
I gotta go. I have an 8:30 and--

ALLISON
--and oh shit. Brace yourself. Here
they come.

We see a group of attractive women in their 30's. ALLISON
shoves KATE at them.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Say I'm Busy and I'm Proud. Do it.

KATE
You do it.

ALLISON
I can't. They corner me and I start
babbling about what a saint my
husband is for letting me work.

They look at the moms.

KATE (V.O.)
On the left, Claire Best--

We FREEZE on CLAIRE BEST. Then, as KATE describes her, we see
her stats come up, like a NFL player on ESPN.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 --room parent, field trip
 chaperone, parent association vice-
 president, also Chief Poobah in
 charge--

We see CLAIRE'S cookies. Martha Stewart, eat your heart out.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 --of terrifying innocent mothers
 with her domestic prowess.

KATE looks at the other mother, an attractive blonde.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Janine LoPietro. Last year her
 husband's firm was bought out and
 they came into the kind of wealth
 that buys you a yacht named
 Tabitha.

A photo of JANINE on the deck of a yacht. She peels off a
 robe to reveal she's wearing a bikini. Looks great.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She used to run the Economics
 Department at Harvard. Now she runs
 5k's, triathlons and mini-
 marathons.

On the streets of Boston, in the pouring rain, JANINE runs,
 getting soaked.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She has no choice. She must be
 perfect or her marriage is over.
 She's literally running for her
 life.

JANINE runs out of frame. Camera keeps moving, back into
 frame in the school hallway.

CLAIRE and JANINE reach KATE and ALLISON.

JANINE
 There you are, Kate. Haven't seen
 you in ages. You look great.

CLAIRE
 Yeah, I'm jealous. You get to wear
 heels and look nice all day and we
 just frump around in the park.

She is, of course, the furthest thing from frumpy.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Are you part-time yet?

JANINE
There's no part-time in finance.
You take a second off, some jerk
will steal all your clients, right?

KATE
Basically.

They both look at her, shaking their heads in amazement.

JANINE
I don't know how you do it. Claire
and I always say that -- God knows
I couldn't.

KATE
Well, I have a lot of help. Richard
does a lot. He's very supportive.

CLAIRE
Oh, I know, Richard is fantastic.

KATE
He is. He's a saint.

Behind JANINE and CLAIRE, in KATE'S sightline, ALLISON mimes shooting herself in the head.

EXT. SCHOOL -- DAY

KATE and ALLISON finally make a break for it, sprinting in opposite directions.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

KATE races toward her office at top speed.

KATE (V.O.)
Checklist: Shoes, matching, two of?
(glances down)
Check. No barf on jacket? Check.
Skirt not tucked into tights?
Check. Bra not visible? Check.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

KATE gets off the elevator, bashing directly into CLARK COOPER, imposing, elegant.

KATE (V.O.)
My boss, Clark Cooper. Basically a
fair guy, though he occasionally
thinks it's still 1962.

FLASH BACK TO:

In a meeting: CLARK pulls out a chair for KATE. Confused, she
tries to grab it herself. An awkward beat of tug-of-war.

On the street: walking back from a meeting with a group of
colleagues, CLARK opens the door for her. She tries to grab
the door handle. He waves her under his arm.

She trots under his arm like a show pony, uncomfortable.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

CLARK looks at her, vaguely disgusted.

CLARK
I put the document from Bengt
Bergman on your desk, Kate. Sorry
to see you've had problems getting
in again.

KATE
(wincing)
Yes, I'm sorry. I...

She hesitates.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I have two choices here: the man's
excuse -- bad traffic, downed power
lines, faulty carburetors -- or:

KATE (CONT'D)
Had to get a mammogram.

CLARK
(flustered)
Oh, okay, yes, then...

He walks away as quickly as he humanly can.

We follow KATE down the hall, and as we do we see the offices
of the men KATE works with...

KATE (V.O.)
At Edwin Morgan Forster, the desks
of the men are dense with
photographs of their offspring.

We float into CLARK'S massive corner office, his desk indeed
lined with silver picture frames.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A missing tooth, a skiing vacation,
a soccer goal... for a man, the
pictures enhance his humanity. If a
woman has them, it decreases hers.
Reminds everyone of what she's not
doing for her kids.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- DAY

KATE tosses her stuff into her office, tiny, cramped, with an
oddly located window.

KATE (V.O.)
I used to have pictures on my desk.

FLASH BACK TO:

KATE in her office, looking at pictures of EMILY and BEN.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But when I caught the children
looking at me, I would think: you
are providing for them, but you are
not bringing them up.

Another flash -- KATE puts the photos in her bottom drawer.

FLASH BACK TO:

The present. A beautiful girl in her 20's, the crisply
attired MOMO, passes KATE'S office.

MOMO
(curt)
Meeting.

KATE
Just a second.

KATE scoops up her stuff and starts walking out the door.
MOMO points to KATE'S lapel, which is flecked with something.

MOMO
Um... blech.
(looks at KATE'S hair)
Is that a Rice Krispie?

KATE picks out the Krispie.

KATE
Yes, thanks. Can I go to the
meeting now?

MOMO
I guess. You don't have time to do
anything about your roots.

IN THE HALLWAY

KATE and MOMO walk together.

KATE (V.O.)
Momo is a junior research analyst.
Fresh out of Harvard Business
School, so she thinks she knows
everything.

KATE and MOMO ride up in the elevator together. KATE eyes
MOMO's crisp outfit.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sometimes I envy her ability to do
the most fantastic things, like go
for a drink with her friends, or
stay up all night having sex,
instead of stay up all night with
the product of sex.

MOMO
How was Frankfurt?

KATE
Hectic, but at least I'm done
traveling for a while.

MOMO
I heard they're looking for someone
to work with New York on a new
global fund.

KATE
Yeah, well, it won't be me.

MOMO

That's a huge promotion. You don't want that?

KATE

Of course I want it. But I'm not too worried about getting it.

MOMO

Why not? You're not here as much as you should be, you fall asleep at your desk sometimes, and of course your grooming is sub-optimal--

KATE holds up her hand. Yes, I get it.

MOMO (CONT'D)

--but you do write the best reports on the floor--

KATE

--which might make a difference if anyone ever read them.

They close in on a small group of people clustered near the door to the conference room.

We see a compactly masculine guy of about 40, CHRIS BUNCE, talking to CLARK.

BUNCE

There you are, Kate. I was just saying to Clark how when you took six months off for maternity leave--

KATE

Six WEEKS off--

BUNCE

I was saying, I don't know how she does it. All those kids.

KATE

I have two--

BUNCE

It's quite amazing--

KATE

You have four.

He shrugs, smiles.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Bunce is the only man at the firm
 who likes that I have kids. Chicken
 pox, summer vacation, school
 concerts -- opportunities for Bunce
 to shine in my absence. And Bunce
 knows he has another big advantage
 over me. Bunce is the king of the
 schmooze.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Pan across MEN in suits, ties loose, drinking at a table.

KATE (V.O.)
 You know, after work is done,
 before the deal is finalized. The
 drinks, dinners, golf games.

Finally we see what the men are looking at -- STRIPPERS
 dancing on stage.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Like the good diligent girls we
 were at school, women still think
 that if we do our very best and get
 our work done on time then A. Merit
 will have its own reward and B. We
 can be home by seven.

The MEN laugh as another round is put in front of them.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We choose to believe the schmooze
 is optional. When we know it's not.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Everyone walks in and takes a seat.

KATE (V.O.)
 It took early man somewhere between
 two and five million years to walk.
 Give Bunce that long and he might
 realize it's possible a woman might
 be as good at his job as he is.

CLARK chairs the meeting.

CLARK
 Bunce made some good predix in the
 tech sector, so kudos on that.

BUNCE smiles.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Okay, new business. New York is
looking for an analyst out of our
office to help with a new fund.

BUNCE beams, waiting for the honor to be bestowed on him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I'll need a senior and a junior
analyst on this.

BUNCE
I'd be happy to--

CLARK
Project's being run by Jack
Abelhammer out of the Wall Street
office. He requested someone
specific to spearhead this project.

Everyone looks at him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Congratulations, Kate. You'll be
heading out to New York tonight.
You have a seven a.m. with
Abelhammer.

And no one looks more stunned than KATE.

CLARK (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
Guess someone finally read one of
your reports.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- DAY

KATE looks at the phone.

KATE (V.O.)
I knew it was not a good time to
call. That Richard was getting
ready for his big meeting. But
maybe that would be better. He'd be
distracted, wouldn't have time to
get angry that I was leaving again.

KATE sighs. Looks over at her email. One from ALLISON. She
clicks on it, hears ALLISON'S voice as she reads the email.

ALLISON (V.O.)
*Hey, let's blow off work early,
drink green cocktails like working
moms do on TV.*

KATE smiles. Reads another email. We hear JACK'S voice.

JACK (V.O.)
*Confirming our meeting tomorrow, 7
AM. Looking forward to meeting you,
Jack Abelhammer.*

KATE highlights ALLISON'S email. Clicks on reply.

KATE (V.O.)
*Would love to get blotto, sadly
can't. Have to go to New York and
blow somebody.*

Then she clicks on another reply.

KATE (CONT'D)
*Dear Jack, looking forward to
meeting you too. Kate Reddy.*

Then she looks at the phone again. Sighs. And dials.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

RICHARD and his partner MIKE are inside their office, a raw space, blueprints laid out in front of them.

RICHARD is on the phone with KATE. We intercut between them.

KATE
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It's just
a quick trip to New York.
Apparently, I wrote something that
someone there likes.

RICHARD
God, you really need to stop doing
things like that.

KATE
--I called Paula, but she can't
stay, she has improv class. Can you
go home early?

RICHARD
Wow this is great--

KATE

I'm sorry. Richard -- I wish there was something I could do, but I--

RICHARD

Okay, fine. I'll go home right after our meeting. But Kate, this is the last surprise, right?

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- DAY

KATE sighs, relieved.

KATE

Yes. Absolutely. The last surprise. And besides, it's such a quick trip, no one'll notice I'm gone.

EMILY/PRE-LAP

Noooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

EMILY looks at KATE, extremely pissed.

EMILY

You just got back. You were going to take me to ballet. Olivia Beinstock's mother takes her to ballet EVERY WEEK.

KATE

I will only be gone for a day. And I'll have my phone and you can call me any time you--

EMILY

That's not true. When I call you it sounds like you but it's a MACHINE. Paula told me.

EMILY stomps away. KATE, heartbroken, looks at BEN, who grins up at her like a faithful puppy.

KATE

At least you don't hate me.

She picks him up. And notices something.

IN THE KITCHEN

KATE carries BEN in. PAULA haphazardly loads the dishes.

KATE (CONT'D)

Did you take Ben to get a haircut?

PAULA

His bangs were in his eyes. I took him to the place on the corner.

KATE

Oh. That... was his first haircut.

PAULA

(defensive)

I would've called, but I didn't want to disturb you at work. Should I just bother you any time something like that comes up?

KATE

Of course. You're never bothering me. Nothing is more important than the kids. Nothing is...
(why am I fighting tears?)
...more important.

PAULA shrugs.

PAULA

Okay.

Behind her, EMILY glares at KATE.

KATE

Okay. Mommy has to go.

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

At the doorway, EMILY glares while BEN twists in PAULA'S arms, trying to grab onto KATE, shrieking.

KATE

Okay sweetie, okay...

She kisses and hugs him and peels him off her at the same time. PAULA pulls BEN in the house and closes the door.

But we can still hear BEN wailing. KATE closes her eyes, trying not to cry herself.

KATE (CONT'D)

The books say children get over Separation Anxiety by two years. No age limit is given for mothers.

KATE gathers herself and bumps her suitcase down the stairs.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

We see KATE and MOMO hurrying down the street. We hear Sinatra, "New York, New York," of course.

KATE
...they didn't have purple tights
in your size, Em. I will keep
looking, I promise.

KATE hangs up the phone, scratches her head with the edge of the phone. MOMO looks at her.

KATE (CONT'D)
What? I'm a little itchy. That a
crime now?

Her phone immediately rings again.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

KATE and MOMO walk though the lobby. KATE is on the phone.

KATE
Hi, Paula... Yes, he can have
yogurt. Well, I'd prefer it's not
Go-Gurt, but if that's what he
wants... The playdate's in the
park, you just have to confirm it
with Owen's nanny... Yes, I have
the phone number somewhere.

MOMO watches as KATE fishes through her purse, looking for the phone number.

As KATE talks we see INSERTS of the items she names:

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Contents of purse: two emergency
packs of Tylenol. Unwashed white
medicine spoon with pink crud on
the rim, spare panties for Emily's
swim class, lone grubby tampax,
stripped of plastic cover and
string, hideous chartreuse Pokemon
toy from last weekend "crisis" Toys-
R-Us visit, orange felt tip with no
top, Pete's a Pizza board book, wad
of Kleenex dyed orange by felt tip,
wallet, wad of dried up wipes, also
stained orange and...

(MORE)

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
a ticket to Sesame Street Live with
a phone number written on the back.

KATE pulls the ticket with the number out of her purse. A half-eaten butterscotch is stuck to it.

MOMO watches her with disgust.

KATE (CONT'D)
Aha! Got it! Okay, here's the
number--

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

MOMO and KATE walk into the elevator.

KATE
Bye, bye, Shmookie. I love you and--

EMILY hangs up on her. KATE flinches. Notices MOMO staring.

KATE (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Say it.

MOMO
Say what?

KATE
Just get it out.

MOMO
No, it's just... I don't know how
you do it.

KATE
Yeah, there you go.

KATE scratches her head a little, heaves a big sigh.

KATE (CONT'D)
You'll see. One day.

MOMO
Me? No. I'm not having kids.

KATE
Really? Why not?

MOMO
Well--

KATE
I'm sorry. Can you hold this?

KATE hands her phone and bag to MOMO. Then takes both hands and itches the hell out of her hair. MOMO backs away.

KATE (CONT'D)

Ahh... better.

(off Momo's look)

Probably just my stress eczema flaring up again. You were saying?

MOMO

Never mind.

INT. LOBBY -- JACK'S OFFICE -- DAY

The RECEPTIONIST looks at KATE.

RECEPTIONIST

He will be right with you.

KATE nods. She looks over at MOMO, who is standing at attention, legs slightly apart. What are you doing?

MOMO

I read an article in the Harvard Business Review. Standing evenly and leaning forwards signals openness and attention.

KATE

It also looks like you're planning to eat him for lunch.

Her phone rings. She picks up. It's ALLISON.

ALLISON (O.S.)

Hey it's me.

KATE

Oh, hi. About to walk into a meeting--

ALLISON (O.S.)

--yeah, quick question. Why did you send me an email saying you were looking forward to meeting me?

KATE

What?

ALLISON (O.S.)

Last night when I asked you if you wanted to get a drink.

(MORE)

ALLISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I just reread your response and it
doesn't make much sense--

KATE
No. No no no. I didn't send you
that. I sent you a different email
about-- Oh my God. Wait.

She realizes. Her stomach drops into her feet.

KATE (CONT'D)
You didn't get an email about a
(whispers)
--blow job?

MOMO stares. Cannot believe how nuts this person is.

ALLISON (O.S.)
No, honey.

KATE
Oh my God. Oh my God.

ALLISON
Who is it you're planning to blow
exactly?

And just then JACK ABELHAMMER appears. He's in his 40's,
square-jawed, but sly.

JACK
Kate Reddy?

KATE hangs up the phone. Tries to say Hi but no sound comes
out of her mouth.

JACK (CONT'D)
Jack Abelhammer.

She mutely shakes his hand, panicking. MOMO does her odd eat-
him-for-lunch thing.

MOMO
Hello there.

JACK gestures for them to follow down the hall. Shakes his
head. Odd women, these two.

IN THE HALLWAY

KATE gathers herself together.

KATE

Listen, Jack, um, about the email I sent you earlier--

JACK

(doesn't miss a beat)

Oh yes. Are you still planning to start the meeting with that action item? Thought that was innovative.

KATE

Um, unfortunately I was unable to clear that activity with our compliance department--

JACK

Pity. Too much corporate oversight these days if you ask me...

MOMO looks confused. But KATE grins, itches her head a few times, follows JACK. Likes this guy.

Just then KATE'S phone rings.

KATE

(to JACK)

Sorry. Very sorry.

(into phone)

Hi, Em. I'm going into a meeting. Okay... yes, about ten minutes of TV, but after dinner, okay, sweetie? Love you bunches.

She races into JACK'S office.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

JACK sits in a chair across from them.

JACK

Basically it's an income-for-life retirement fund...

KATE'S phone rings.

KATE

Sorry, I-- turning off the ringer.

She turns off the ringer.

KATE (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

JACK

I'd been looking for something like this, then I read your research. This fund's going to need a big dividend yield and you've got a real nose for great dividend companies.

KATE

Thank you, I--

JACK

What I need is someone to draft the proposal with me, take the lead on the research, and together we can make a good case to the board to open this line of business. It's a tough road, because Harcourt has been averse to this kind of thing, but I have a slim window with him and I think we should take it.

KATE leans forward, amazed.

KATE

God, that's... I'm thrilled. I've been trying to get the company interested in something like this but dividends--

MOMO

Yes, Kate has been leading the charge on that--

Just then JACK cuts her off.

JACK

What's a bouncy house?

KATE

What?

JACK

You have it written on your hand. I haven't seen a girl write on her hand since the fifth grade.

KATE hides her hand, embarrassed.

KATE

It's a big tent and kids get in it
and they blow it up with a machine
and the kids jump up and down. My
daughter's birthday's is next week.

JACK

How many children do you have?

KATE

Six.

MOMO

(panicked)

Two! She has two!

JACK laughs.

KATE

Though sometimes it seems like six.
But really, it's no problem, it's--

Just then JACK'S SECRETARY walks in.

SECRETARY

Phone call for you.

KATE smiles blandly. Until she realizes the SECRETARY
means... KATE.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

It's your nanny. She called your
cell phone and you didn't pick up,
so then she called your office
looking for you, and then she tried
your husband and he wasn't there so
they tried your office again and
they gave her our number.

KATE

Oh my God. Is everything okay?

SECRETARY

She's on line one.

KATE looks at JACK.

JACK

By all means, take it. Something
could be wrong.

KATE takes the phone.

KATE
Anyone dead or injured?
(quickly)
Superb. Then I have to call you
later.

She hangs the phone up. A beat.

KATE (CONT'D)
Okay, look, I know I've done
nothing but make an ass out of
myself here today, but before I
leave I have to say one thing--

And just then there are three loud bells.

KATE (CONT'D)
Sorry.
(tiny)
Text message. I'll turn it off too.

MOMO puts her head in her hands. As KATE turns off the phone
she looks down.

**EMILY SNT HOME FROM SCHOOL WITH LICE. HOLE FAMILY MST B
TREATED. U2!**

A long beat.

As KATE realizes.

That she has lice.

JACK
Is everything okay?

KATE
With me? Yes. Perfect.

She takes a deep breath.

KATE (CONT'D)
What I wanted to say was that this
fund you're talking about -- it's
the kind of thing I've worked
towards my entire career. The
reason I went into investing was
because of all the years I watched
my father spending every paycheck
on the ponies-- well, whores first,
then ponies--

MOMO gasps.

KATE (CONT'D)

--and I always wished he had made a plan to save money. The kind of income-for-life plan you're talking about would have left my mother with something, instead of what she had, which was two jobs and no savings. Which is a long way of saying, I would be honored to work with you on this. Really.

On KATE, breathless.

EXT. STREET -- NYC -- DAY

KATE and MOMO exit.

MOMO

Well, he didn't call the police, so that's a positive.

KATE

I have lice.

MOMO

You have--

KATE

I couldn't get out of there fast enough. All I could do was picture tiny bugs rappelling out of my hair into his in-box.

MOMO

Oh my God. I'm going to barf.

Just then KATE'S phone rings.

KATE

Great. What is it now?

She looks. Picks up.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hi, Richard. No... I'm... everything's fine. What's up?

She closes her eyes. Oh no.

KATE (CONT'D)

(like someone died)

You got the project.

(recovers)

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
I mean... that's great! I'm so
happy for you! Such great news.

She hangs up the phone.

KATE (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

INT. HAIRFAIRIES -- BOSTON -- DAY

A special salon for removing lice. Pan along a line of kids and adults having their heads assiduously scrubbed by people wearing gloves.

CAMERA finds KATE, EMILY, then ALLISON and her son OTIS, having their hair shampooed and combed out.

KATE
Oh no. Trust me. It was pretty bad.
The blowjob thing was the high
point of the meeting.

ALLISON
Maybe you'll still get it. He liked
your work enough to meet with you.

KATE
Allison, who am I kidding? Taking
that assignment is tantamount to
taking a promotion. And worse,
could lead to more promotions. If
we set up a fund, they'd have to
make me a manager.

ALLISON
And that's bad?

KATE
Richard's about to do the biggest
job of his career. We're barely
holding things together and -- Ow!

She yells as the LADY combs out her hair.

KATE (CONT'D)
--anyway it's a moot point. I'm not
getting it. You should have seen
the way he was looking at me.
Reminded me of the time my milk
came in during an offsite and Clark
almost threw up on the carpet.
(sighs)
Trust me. It's for the best.

Her phone rings.

KATE (CONT'D)
Yes. Hi, Clark. I'm...

She covers the phone so he can't hear the kids twittering.

KATE (CONT'D)
--at lunch. Is everything... okay,
got it. Sounds good.

She hangs up. ALLISON looks at her. KATE shrugs, perplexed.

KATE (CONT'D)
Abelhammer wants to talk to me.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- EMF -- DAY

KATE is waiting for a video conference. The I/T guy finishes adjusting a few things.

I/T GUY
Call will be up in a few seconds.

KATE
Okay. Great. Thanks.

She taps her fingers, nervous. She notices her tights are uncomfortable. She adjusts them. Then again. Then yanks up under her skirt to adjust everything.

Then hears a noise. And looks up. Sees JACK on the screen, watching her, arms folded, smiling.

KATE (CONT'D)
How long have you been there?

JACK
Long enough. But go ahead. You have
anything else you need to adjust,
I've got nothing but time.

KATE laughs, embarrassed.

KATE
Look, Jack, about the other day,
I'm so embarrassed--

JACK
Okay, but--

KATE

It's usually not that bad -- okay,
sometimes it is but--

JACK

Jesus, stop talking for a second.

(she does)

Thank you. Kate, I've been doing
this a long time and I've
noticed... most people do what we
do for no good reason except to
enrich themselves.

KATE

Okay...

JACK

You have a passion for this
project. I need that. And clearly
you have a superior grasp on the
material.

She looks at the screen, alarmed to feel her hopes rising.

JACK (CONT'D)

But if we do this together, it will
be a massive amount of work.
There's a hard deadline of December
1 and we will be cramming until
then. That means a lot of travel
and late nights. And it just might
be too much for you, considering
what you're up against, the phone
calls. And the text messages. Oh,
and the lice.

KATE

The--

JACK

I can read upside down.

KATE reels.

JACK (CONT'D)

So what do you think, Kate? Can you
swing it?

On KATE. Trying to take this in.

EXT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

KATE, leaving for the evening, intersects with BUNCE. Sees him heading right for her. Oh, shit.

BUNCE
Heard you're partnering with New York. Congratulations.

KATE
Thanks, Bunce. I know you're thrilled.

BUNCE
Oh, now don't be sarcastic. You know I'm proud of you.

He claps her on the back.

BUNCE (CONT'D)
And Richard will be thrilled, huh?

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

RICHARD walks in. Doesn't hear anything. Walks into the kitchen. Where he finds KATE, waiting for him.

KATE
Hi!

She kisses him.

RICHARD
Everyone asleep?

KATE
(nods)
Emily told me she doesn't love me anymore, so all in all, a pretty good bedtime.

She goes to the fridge, pulls out a bottle of champagne.

RICHARD
For me? Wow.

KATE
It's not every day one of us...
(voice trails)
...gets a big new project.

He pours champagne for both of them.

RICHARD
And how was New York?

She looks at him. Wants to tell him. Is about to. And then--

KATE
Uneventful.

RICHARD
Oh. Sorry about that.

She walks over, grabs her jacket.

KATE
(quickly)
Anyway, glad you're here. Party's tomorrow and I don't have half the stuff I need.

She kisses him.

RICHARD
You're going to the store -- now?

KATE
Be right back.

INT. MARKET -- NIGHT

The place is deserted. KATE goes through the aisles, tossing party decorations, candy, cookies in the cart...

KATE (V.O.)
I know, of course I should have told him the truth right away. Problem is, I've gotten so good at lying. A working mom lies all day. Yes, I'd love to attend the parent association meeting, no, I'm not too tired for sex, yes, I'm almost finished with that report, no, I don't want another cocktail.

She gets to the register. She heaps stuff onto the conveyer.

KATE (CONT'D)
When you think about it, telling people how you feel is overrated, isn't it? It's a lot of work and people don't like you for it.

The CASHIER looks up at her.

CASHIER
Hungry, huh?

KATE looks at her, amazed by the question.

KATE
Yes, that's right, I am buying
eighty mini hot dogs, twelve tins
of cookie dough, and eighteen bags
of potato chips because I am a
deranged bulimic.

The CASHIER glares at her.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
See?

KATE smiles wanly.

KATE (CONT'D)
Sorry.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

KATE brushing her teeth, wanders out of the bathroom, looks
at RICHARD.

KATE (V.O.)
I was just going to wait for the
right moment to talk everything
through with Richard. Just as soon
as we had some quiet time together.

QUICK CUT TO

INT. HOUSE -- THE NEXT DAY

Pandemonium.

BEN runs through naked, dragging a noisy fire engine toy.
EMILY jumps on the couch, unable to contain her excitement.

The doorbell RINGS. RICHARD opens the door. His parents stand
there, BARBARA and HOWARD, a bit stiff and very WASPY.

The kids race over to them, hugging them. RICHARD greets his
parents. They look around.

BARBARA
Where's Kate?

INT. HOME OFFICE -- DAY

KATE is huddled at her computer.

KATE (V.O.)

*Dear Jack, just got your
preliminary outline proposal--*

She hears RICHARD calling out for her.

KATE (CONT'D)

*--will put together my thoughts
together later today. And once
again... my gratitude is boundless.*

(delete delete)

You're awesome...

(delete delete)

*Thanks for the opportunity. I won't
disappoint you. I promise.*

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

BARBARA and HOWARD play with the children outside as...

...KATE whirls around getting everything ready. RICHARD puts drinks in a cooler on the table.

RICHARD

What happened to juice boxes?
Didn't we used to put those out?

KATE

These days you give a kid a sugary
beverage, someone calls Child
Protective Services. Last year the
nursery school issued a *fatwa* on
raisins.

RICHARD

Okay. I'll see if my parents want
something to drink before everyone
gets here.

KATE

Great, okay.

(abruptly)

Wait!

(he turns)

Richard, we have to talk.

RICHARD

(startled)

O... okay. Now?

Just then the doorbell rings.

KATE
Okay, later. You're right, later.

RICHARD
You sure? Can I get the door now or should we take a moment to review our estate planning?

KATE
No. Go ahead. Get the door.

He starts to walk away. And before he gets two steps--

KATE (CONT'D)
(quickly)
I just got a big promotion at work and I'm going to be really busy for the next two months. And going to New York a lot.

He just gapes at her.

KATE (CONT'D)
Great, thanks, I knew you'd be cool about it.

She gives him a quick peck, walks by him, goes to answer the door. He stands there a moment.

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

The party is in full swing, kids swarming the back yard. One of the MOMS approaches KATE, who is cutting birthday cake.

MOM
Is this cake organic?

KATE heaps a piece on a plate.

KATE
Ee-yep.

RICHARD blows bubbles for BEN. CLAIRE and JANINE from school look over at him.

CLAIRE
I'm telling you. Man's a saint.

RICHARD catches KATE'S eye. She smiles. He shakes his head, annoyed. She waves.

Just then BARBARA walks over to KATE.

BARBARA

Katharine, I hope you don't think I'm speaking out of turn, but you might want to consider putting on a bit of makeup before you entertain. A spot of rouge can work wonders. Personally I can't speak highly enough of Estee Lauder's Autumn Bonfire.

KATE opens her mouth, unable to cough up anything to say. Just then RICHARD walks by carrying BEN.

RICHARD

He needs a diaper change.

KATE

You want me to do it?

RICHARD

Nah. I got it.

He walks by.

BARBARA

Isn't that interesting?

KATE sighs. But what else can you say:

KATE

What's interesting?

BARBARA

I don't think Howard changed more than two or three diapers the whole time our children were small. In my day men didn't do any of it.

KATE

They didn't do any--

BARBARA

Woman's work. I think it's interesting. That Richard has to do woman's work. Because you do a man's work.

KATE sighs.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
You know I'm concerned about Ben.
Eighteen months and he's not said a
word. Are you at all worried about
that?

On KATE, plastering a smile on her face.

INT. HOUSE -- EVENING

BARBARA and HOWARD kiss the children, who are both in their
pajamas, goodbye.

BARBARA
We'll be seeing you at
Thanksgiving, then.

KATE closes the door. A moment. RICHARD starts to say
something. KATE blows past him.

KATE
I'll put the kids to bed.

INT. HOUSE -- EVENING

KATE comes down the stairs. RICHARD sits among the wreckage
of the party. KATE tries chatting pre-emptively...

KATE
...worst part is she's right. About
Ben not speaking. By this age Emily
was reciting the Rime of the
Ancient Mariner and all Ben does is
grunt, I probably don't read to him
enough and --

RICHARD
You lied to me.

KATE
I did not. I omitted. That's
different.

RICHARD
Kate this is a huge project for me
and--

KATE
--I know it is, but--

RICHARD
--and how the hell do you think
we're going to manage all this?

KATE
We'll hold it together somehow.

RICHARD
Good plan. Very well thought out tactically.

She gives him a look.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Kate, our life is already like that carnival ride, what's it called? The one where the screaming people stick to the side while it spins... Wall of Death, that's it.

KATE
Look, you're right. You've waited a long time for this opportunity. We both have. And I'll just... make things work. Don't worry.

RICHARD
But--

KATE
I said don't worry!

RICHARD
Actually you yelled "don't worry". Not quite as comforting.

He looks at her, deeply suspicious.

KATE
Come on. Isn't this what we wanted? The work, the kids, each other... it's everything we talked about when we were dating. Isn't this... having it all?

RICHARD
I don't know... does anyone have it all... I mean, at the same time? Is that even possible?

KATE
Richard, please...

She walks over and wraps her arms around him, leans into him.

KATE (CONT'D)
Your mother thinks I let myself go,
by the way.

RICHARD
My mother thinks Grace Kelly let
herself go.

She kisses him, slowly.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Wait a second.

She looks at him. Yes?

RICHARD (CONT'D)
So... you screwed up our entire
lives and now you're going to try
and use sex to make everything
better? Is that the plan?

KATE
Yes.

RICHARD
I like it.

He grabs her and pulls her into him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
But from now on you're going to
tell me the truth, right?

She kisses him, wrapping herself around him.

KATE
Ee-yep.

From the next scene we hear the strains of Frank singing
"Night and Day."

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dead of night, RICHARD sleeps peacefully beside KATE. Who is,
of course, wide awake.

KATE (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking but
come on -- how hard could it be?

She gets out of bed, hyperventilating.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I just had to plan everything
carefully, break it into steps.
First, stick to a tight schedule.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

We see KATE peering out the window, BEN on her hip. PAULA walks up the steps.

The door bursts open. KATE hands BEN to PAULA, kisses him, then she and EMILY race down the street.

OUTSIDE EMF

KATE hurries down the street.

KATE (CONT'D)
Second, make fewer mistakes.

IN THE HALLWAY

KATE hides behind a pillar and when CLARK walks past... she dashes to her office.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Third, work later hours.

IN KATE'S OFFICE AT HOME

KATE works late at the computer. RICHARD, on his way to bed, reaches in and turns out the light.

RICHARD
Come to bed, Katie.

KATE (V.O.)
Um... I'm still in here!

KATE in the car to the airport.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And four, try to make the list into
an actual list.

She writes the list down on a piece of yellow legal paper.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Speech therapist for Ben? Check for
Bouncy Babies class, fix Emily's
leotard, Allison's birthday --
massage gift certificate --
Highlights!

(MORE)

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Downstairs toilet screaming when it
flushes, find out if it's a problem
that Emily writes every letter
backwards, lightbulbs, tulips, lip
salve, Botox?

INT. OFFICE -- EMF -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE walks down the hall carrying a tall stack of documents.

KATE (V.O.)
Thank God I had Momo.

She dumps the reports on MOMO'S desk.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Kind? Supportive? Friendly?

MOMO takes the documents without acknowledging KATE.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She was none of those things. But
she worked her ass off.

Widen out to see MOMO is running six different data analysis
programs on three different computers.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My job was to handle preparing the
presentation with Jack.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

The sweep of a gorgeous fall day.

KATE swings down Wall Street on her way to JACK'S office. We
hear Sinatra singing "On the Sunny Side of the Street."

KATE (V.O.)
Which, you know, was a tough job,
but somebody had to do it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- EMF -- NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

KATE and JACK are at a conference table. Charts and graphs
are up in front of them.

KATE
I've been crunching those numbers
on the European utilities--

JACK
--I like those, they've been
consistently over the S & P--

KATE
--and I've been thinking about the
insurance wrapper--

JACK
--we need it for the low-income
retirees--

KATE
Exactly.

She writes it down. Then she looks up at him.

JACK
Are you about to thank me again?
Because it's getting annoying.

KATE
I know, but--

JACK
You're doing a great job, okay?

KATE
Okay but--

JACK
Jesus, shut up and get to work.

She grins.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

...as the sun sets over the conference room. KATE and JACK
pace, crumple pages, add empty Diet Coke cans to their
collection...

Finally, KATE stands up.

KATE
Gotta hit the ladies' room.

She exits.

INT. HALLWAY -- EMF -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

JACK walks out of the conference room. The setting sun casts
long shadows down the hall.

It's quiet, the office empty. JACK sees KATE on the phone.

KATE
(on phone)
Yes, puppy. I love you so much.

She looks around, sees no one.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Okay.
(sings)
"I love you, a bushel and a peck. A
bushel and a peck and a hug around
the neck..."

INT. HOUSE -- BOSTON -- EVENING

PAULA looks at BEN.

PAULA
Say "Hi Mommy"! Say "Hi"!

BEN looks at the phone. Frustrated. Dying to say something.
Just not ready.

KATE (O.S.)
Mommy will be home tomorrow, okay?
Miss you miss you miss you.

INT. HALLWAY -- EMF -- EVENING

She hangs up. Stands there a moment, leaning against the
hall. Puts her head in her hands a moment. Before she turns--

JACK ducks back into the conference room, thoughtful.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- EMF -- EVENING

KATE walks back into the conference room.

JACK
You hungry?

KATE
Well, I-- sure--

JACK
If we're going to work all night,
we might as well do it over some
lousy food.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

An old school Wall Street place, all red booths and checked tablecloths. KATE and JACK are ensconced in a booth, their work stretched out in front of them.

KATE
...here we can do a time series
showing the higher yield on the
MSCI index--

JACK
--sounds good.

She taps her foot along with the music. He smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sinatra.

We hear Frank singing something uptempo but moody -- "Summer Wind" or "Night and Day".

KATE
Can't beat it.

JACK snaps along with the music.

KATE (CONT'D)
My dad did a great Sinatra. He'd
stand on his chair singing "Schick-
kargo, Schick-kargo!" If he was
singing Frank, I knew he was in a
good mood. It was truce music in
our house.

JACK
I had an uncle, Marvin, he played
in a jazz band. He used to say
Sinatra was the patron saint of
Unrequited Love. And that
unrequited love is the best, cause
it's the only kind that lasts and--

As JACK'S talking KATE reaches up and moves JACK'S glass to
the center of the table.

JACK (CONT'D)
--and can I have my martini back?

She looks at him, confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
You keep moving it away from the
edge of the table.

KATE
Oh that's horrible. Sorry. You're
lucky I'm not cutting your steak.

Beat. He smiles. She takes a long sip of her martini.

JACK
So why'd you pick such a crappy
business for women? You don't like
cigars or golf, it's tough to get
anywhere in finance.

KATE
(shrugs)
You know, the usual reasons. Roof
over our head, food on the table...

JACK
That's bullshit.

KATE
No it isn't--

JACK
Come on, Kate. You want to pay the
rent, there are a lot of other ways
for a smart, interesting woman like
you to do it.

KATE
Okay, fine, you want to know?

And she has to think a second. Not sure if she's ever said
this out loud.

KATE (CONT'D)
I do it because I like the thrill
of being right, of making the right
bet -- no different from my Dad,
putting down twenty at the track. I
do it because I'm good at it, and
that feels great. But most of all,
I do it because...

(she thinks)
...because it matters. Because if I
make the right choice, that means
some family will be able to send
their kids to college or retire a
little sooner.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

A tiny move in the market that I can anticipate means a lot of money to a lot of people. So it's brutal. It's 24/7. You can't pick what you love. If I could then maybe I wouldn't be...

JACK

--away from your family so much.

KATE

I didn't say that.

JACK

You're allowed to miss your kids.

KATE

Hey, I didn't bring them up. You did. Look. Forget about all that. Don't think of me as Kate, mother of two. Think of me as... Bill, your trusty financial analyst.

JACK

Okay, but you miss your kids, huh?

KATE takes a big sip of her martini, then leans in.

KATE

Can I tell you something crazy?

He nods. Not sure. But okay...

KATE (CONT'D)

Sometimes if I get home late, and they're asleep, I go into their room, pull their clothes out of the laundry basket and smell them.

JACK

Wo-ow.

KATE

See? That's why I should not drink booze. I've never told anyone that. Another drink and I will lose it completely. You're lucky I'm not dancing naked on the bar by now.

JACK immediately sticks his hand up.

JACK

Waitress, we need a couple more rounds here.

She laughs.

KATE

The point is, Jack, no matter how I feel about my family, I promised I would never disappoint you. And I won't. I promise. I have everything... under control.

He nods.

JACK

My mom didn't work, by the way. Stayed home with me and my three brothers. Drove me to school every morning. Picked me up every afternoon.

KATE

That must have been great--

JACK

The rest of the time she played bridge and drank vodka martinis with her friends. She was there all day and never really around. You can screw up near or far. You know that, right, Bill?

Beat. She looks at him, suspicious.

KATE

You're just saying that to make me feel better.

JACK

No, no. Trust me. It screwed me up forever.

KATE

Now I know you're just being nice.

JACK

Come on, look at me -- unmarried, workaholic. I'm a mess.

KATE

(very cheered)
Really? You mean it?

JACK

(grins)
Dis-aster.

WE CUT TO OUTSIDE

Where we look in as rain spatters the window and the Sinatra plays on. KATE and JACK are back to work, shoving documents around, making notes...

...and having a great time.

KATE (V.O.)
The funny thing is that, for a while, I believed I was making everything work.

INT. EMF -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE makes a Power point presentation to her entire division, looking collected and professional.

KATE (V.O.)
I read somewhere that the key to juggling is not catching, but throwing.

INT. KITCHEN -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE makes pancakes while the kids play. We hear Sinatra singing "I've Got the World On a String."

KATE (V.O.)
And so I just kept throwing.

Her Blackberry buzzes. Still stirring batter, she reads it.

JACK (V.O.)
Sorry to disturb esteemed analyst on weekend. You sure you want to include Momo's chart on the efficient frontier of non-US equities? I can't understand any of it. Together you and I are half as bright as Momo.

AT NIGHT, IN THE BATH

KATE is in the tub with BEN, who flings bubbles at her face. She thumbtypes on her Blackberry.

KATE (V.O.)
Esteemed analyst will adjust chart promptly, making allowances for slow people such as yourself. And you're never disturbing me.

She hits Send. Puts the Blackberry down. Realizes something's making her uncomfortable. So she reaches into the tub. And removes a foam letter "B" from her ass.

AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE PARK

KATE fixes EMILY'S ponytail with one hand, rocks BEN to sleep in his stroller with her other, and talks on her Bluetooth.

KATE (CONT'D)

Momo, we have to change that chart to show the sector inversion in Europe during the last recession...

The other MOTHERS stare at her.

IN THE CAR AT A REDLIGHT

KATE proofreads a document. Gets an email.

JACK (V.O.)

Coup in Nigeria. Dammit. Think we should scale back amount of Sub-Saharan investment.

AT MOMMY AND ME

BEN plays in the sandbox while KATE thumbtypes:

KATE (V.O.)

Don't worry. Financial ramifications of coup being corrected for as we speak. Coups often a problem. Down with coups.

AT NIGHT WATCHING TV

KATE watching TV with RICHARD. RICHARD is relaxing. KATE is busy fashioning a pair of angel wings from pipe cleaners, organza and glue.

Her Blackberry buzzes. She looks. Beat. She laughs out loud.

RICHARD

What's funny?

KATE

Oh, it's nothing.

RICHARD

Go ahead.

KATE
It's just... well, Jack just sent
me an email...

On RICHARD. And...

KATE (CONT'D)
He said oil prices are so high he
feels like he's gonna turn on the
TV and see a new episode of Maude.

RICHARD looks at her blankly.

KATE (CONT'D)
(trying to explain)
...because it will be like the 70's
and Maude was on in the 70's and...

He stares at her.

RICHARD
Yeah, no. Funny.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

KATE and RICHARD racing past each other...

KATE fixes a bottle... RICHARD packs his briefcase... KATE
opens a packet of Veggie Booty... RICHARD peels a bunch of
stickers off his briefcase.

KATE
-- okay so Paula has to leave at 5
today, can you--

RICHARD
--I have a meeting at 4, then a
dinner, so--

KATE
--oh, shit, okay, so--

RICHARD
--so maybe you can do it--

KATE
--maybe sure yes got it--

RICHARD
--great gotta go thanks--

He kisses the heads of both children and speeds for the door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Where the hell is Paula?

KATE
Don't worry. I got it. Go!

RICHARD leaves. KATE paces, looking out the window.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

KATE runs down the street, trying to hurry EMILY, a nearly impossible task with a 5-year-old.

INT. OFFICE -- EMF -- DAY

KATE dashes into her office, picks up a huge stack of papers and starts to hurry out, leaving her cell phone on the desk.

As she's about to leave, she runs into MOMO.

KATE
You need me right now--?

MOMO
Well, I--

KATE
--because I've got a conference call with Jack--

MOMO
Just wanted to let you know I'm leaving early today for a doctor's appointment.

KATE
Oh, okay--

MOMO
OB-GYN.

KATE
(waves her off)
You don't have to do that. It's me.
You don't need an excuse to--

MOMO
Because I'm pregnant.

KATE stops. Puts her briefcase down.

KATE
You're--

MOMO

Some kind of systems failure on the birth control.

(quickly)

Don't worry, I'm dealing with it--

KATE

You're--

MOMO

I'm not having kids, remember?

KATE

Oh.

MOMO

--anyway, just wanted you to know I'm leaving a bit early.

She starts to go.

KATE

Wait.

MOMO turns. Still impassive.

KATE (CONT'D)

You know Momo, if you did want to... go through with it... I could help you. I know some other single moms and I can talk to Clark for you and--

And MOMO just shakes her head no. And walks out the door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

KATE waits for her conference call. Suddenly JACK appears.

KATE

Hi. Look. Here you are and I'm not doing anything embarrassing.

JACK

How do I know that? I can only see your top half. You could be naked with clown shoes on under the table.

KATE

God, you know me so well.

JACK

I always feel weird about appearing on TV screens in someone's office. I feel like I'm going to start babbling and shrieking like Steve Carrell in that movie.

KATE

Who?

JACK

Steve Carrell? Funniest man on the planet?

KATE

Oh right. Sorry. I haven't seen a grown up movie in years. If it doesn't have a Heffalump in it, I haven't seen it.

JACK

Really? That's just sad. That makes me want to cry a river of tears.

KATE

Trust me, I know. It's awful. I see a Milk Dud, I get misty.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

MOMO walks down the hall. We follow her into the conference room. JACK and KATE are still on the conference call, KATE'S papers are spread out on the table.

KATE

(to JACK)

...I just think we should come out, hit them hard...

JACK

...then I'll go right to the endzone, you fall back...

KATE laughs. MOMO puts a stack of papers on the table.

MOMO

Sorry.

(to JACK on the monitor)

Hi, Jack,

(to KATE)

Kate, here are those numbers you asked for--

KATE
Great, thank you.

MOMO
You need anything else?

KATE
That's okay. You go ahead. I can--

And suddenly KATE bursts out of her chair.

KATE (CONT'D)
--oh my God, what time is it?

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE -- DAY

RICHARD and MIKE in their office which is crammed with plans and blueprints.

MIKE
Richard, we have to settle this.
We're meeting them for dinner in
ten minutes and they're going to
want to discuss the budget--

RICHARD
...that window has been in the
plans for weeks...

MIKE
...they need us to make cuts
somewhere. We move this window,
save 80 grand.

RICHARD
No, no way. You'll tell them we're
not making the changes.

MIKE
Me? Why me?

RICHARD
Okay, I'll do it. See if they want
to pay for the design THEY SIGNED
OFF ON and if they don't they can
shove it up their asses because I'd
rather renovate bathrooms until the
return of Christ than compromise on
that goddamned window.

Beat.

MIKE

Yeah, I'll tell them. Should be a fun dinner.

Just then they hear a buzzer at the door.

RICHARD

What the hell is it now?

He goes over, throws the door open, in a bad mood.

And sees PAULA, holding BEN and EMILY.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- DAY

KATE rushes in, sees her cell. It says **NINE MISSED CALLS.**

KATE

Oh shit. Shit shit shit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

KATE rushes home, breathless, talking on her cell phone.

KATE

Richard, it's me again. I'm really sorry. I know you had a dinner. I'll be home in two seconds and then you can go. I'm so so sorry--

INT. HOUSE -- BOSTON -- NIGHT

KATE sweeps in, breathless.

KATE

I'm home!

The kids rush over to her. KATE scoops BEN up in a hug. EMILY wraps herself around KATE'S legs, immobilizing her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Where's Dad?

EMILY

He had to go somewhere.

KATE looks around, confused.

KATE

He's not here? Then who are you--

And that's when she sees an elderly woman half asleep on the couch. On KATE, stunned.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

RICHARD and KATE argue in the kitchen.

KATE

You could have called me.

RICHARD

I did call you. And Paula called you. Many many times. And then, in desperation, she brought the kids to me. I had to find someone to watch the kids so I could make my dinner meeting.

KATE

So you called a stranger? Where did you even... find her?

RICHARD

I just called Claire what-her-name and asked if her sitter could come to our house after work...

KATE

You... called Claire Best? Claire "I Do Everything Perfectly" Best?

RICHARD

You were not here.

KATE

(reels)

You called her, told her I was a bad parent, and then left my kids with someone I don't know.

RICHARD

You. Were. Not. Here.

KATE

You had other options--

RICHARD

YOU WERE NOT HERE.

She looks at him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You're rarely here. And even when you are it's all this

(mimes a Blackberry)

And this

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(typing on a computer)
And this
(talking on the phone)
And--

KATE
Yes. I get it. Thank you.
(defensive)
I was going to get a back up
sitter. It was on my list.

He rolls his eyes.

RICHARD
Oh God. The lists. Why do you even
MAKE those? "Do Pilates" "organize
photographs" "make lasagna"... You
might as well put down "dock space
station."

KATE
That's not fair.

RICHARD
You may have intended to find a
sitter. But you didn't. I did. And
she may have been ancient, but she
was probably less distracted than
you -- I bet she wasn't IM'ing her
boyfriend in New York all evening.

KATE
(gasps)
Hey. That's unfair. The only reason
I'm working so much, in case it
escaped your attention, is because
I have a major presentation --

RICHARD
No, REALLY?

She looks at him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
For it to have escaped my attention
that you have a major presentation,
I would have to be embalmed in a
grave in Ulan Bator.

He walks out the kitchen to the stairs--

KATE
Wait a second ---

RICHARD
I've had enough. I'm tired.

--and turns out the light.

KATE
Hey!

And this time she just says it softly to herself:

KATE (CONT'D)
Um... I'm still in here.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NYC -- NIGHT

The Frank Sinatra restaurant. Inside KATE and JACK are working, sitting in a corner.

JACK
Everything okay?

KATE
Huh?

JACK
You just seem... distracted.

KATE
No, I... I just want to make sure we get everything right. We don't have very much time left.

JACK
Okay, so the main thing you need to know about Harcourt is that he has no attention span. We're going to have to get in and talk quickly and get our data up.

She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
They're very resistant to opening new lines of business. And we're squeaking in, he only has one day to give us a go ahead to approve the fund.

KATE
Is this your regular pep talk? Because it's a little downbeat.

EXT. STREET -- NYC -- NIGHT

They walk back to the hotel, KATE carrying stacks of papers.

KATE

Jack, I... I wanted to say--

JACK

Oh, no. Here it comes.

KATE

No. I promised I wouldn't thank you anymore. I just wanted to say it's been great working on this with you. Whatever happens.

JACK

Don't say it like I'm dead. We're going to sell them this fund and then we're going to run it together.

She looks at him. He sounds utterly confident.

KATE

You said yourself, it's a long shot.

JACK

So? I like longshots.

(off her look)

We're going to make this thing happen. Look at us, we're ahead of the game. We're even done early.

KATE

Yeah, guess I'll just go back to the hotel and catch up on some other work--

And just then JACK sees something.

JACK

--no.

She looks at him. What?

JACK (CONT'D)

You're not doing that. Your kids are asleep at home in Boston, your presentation is done, you're in New York City, I'm not going to let you go and overachieve by yourself in a hotel room. Not when I have a better idea.

KATE

What are you talking about?

JACK

I know EXACTLY what you and I are going to do right now.

And KATE follows his sightline.

KATE

Oh my God.

JACK

Come on.

KATE

We can't.

JACK

Sure we can...

She hesitates. He walks out of frame. He comes back, grabs her arm, pulls her away.

INT. MOVIE THEATER -- NIGHT

KATE and JACK sit together in the middle of the theater.

KATE has a box of Milk Duds, a popcorn and a soda. She's so happy she looks like a kid at the circus.

JACK

...someone had to do something. I can't believe you're so deprived. You've missed some masterpieces these past few years. The Basic Instinct sequel? Come on.

She laughs. He grabs a handful of popcorn.

JACK (CONT'D)

And so... now you can thank me.

She smiles as the theater goes dark.

KATE
You sure?

JACK
Oh yes. I'm ready. Hit me.

She grabs his soda. Takes a sip.

KATE
Thanks, Jack.

And he looks at the screen. KATE looks at him. For just a moment longer. She grins.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL -- NEW YORK -- NIGHT

KATE and JACK wander back to her hotel, in no rush.

KATE
--it was not that bad--

JACK
--you say that because you're a
shut-in and you don't know better.
My God, that was atrocious--

She laughs. They stop in front of the hotel.

KATE
In any case, it was... a fun night.

Beat. They just stand there. And it couldn't possibly be any more like the end of a date.

KATE (CONT'D)
So... and... um...

She looks at him. He looks at her. A moment of suspended animation. QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL -- BOSTON -- DAY

ALLISON stares at KATE in disbelief.

ALLISON
And so then you made out.

KATE
Oh stop.

ALLISON
Sorry. You watched the movie, THEN
you tongued each other--

KATE

--then I went back to my hotel--

ALLISON

--and he followed you in and then you did it like rabbits in the whirlpool tub.

KATE

Stop it. It's not like that.

ALLISON

Oh. Un-huh. I know. It's the very pure love between two financial executives, one of whom is married. And he definitely does NOT want to hump you.

KATE

He's not creepy. He's not one of those guys who talks about you like you're a slab of beef.

ALLISON

Un-huh.

KATE

Stop saying un-huh.

ALLISON

How does he sign his emails?

KATE

How does he--?

ALLISON

"Best", "yours", "thinking of you"?

KATE

I don't know. I think he just writes his name and--

ALLISON

Is he cute?

KATE

I don't know.

ALLISON

You don't know. If he's cute. You spend hours with him and you somehow disabled your libido?

KATE

Stop cross-examining me, this isn't one of your depositions.

But she's blushing.

ALLISON

Oh my God. Look at you. Kate, don't you dare do anything disgusting or amoral... without telling me *everything*.

KATE

Oh, stop it. Nothing's going on. And besides, this project we're pitching is such a long shot. If it doesn't happen, that's it. I won't see him again.

ALLISON

And that will be fine with you.

KATE

Of course.

On ALLISON, deeply skeptical.

IN HER HOME OFFICE

It's late at night. KATE is at the keyboard.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Of course my feelings for Jack were strictly professional. He'd given me a huge opportunity. That's all. There was nothing else to it.

KATE stares at the blinking cursor.

KATE (CONT'D)

Dear Jack, I hope you have a great Thanksgiving.

(types)

"Should you have any desire--"

(delete delete)

"I will be putting the finishing touches to bed--"

(delete delete)

"You know I would bend over backwards--"

(delete delete)

See you after Thanksgiving. Kate.

Finally she presses SEND.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What I didn't want to tell Allison,
or myself, was the truth. That I
knew the Logan to LaGuardia flight
schedule better than air traffic
control. That sometimes I checked
the weather in New York just to
imagine the sky over his head.

She starts clearing out her email box.

KATE(V.O.) (CONT'D)
And that I looked forward to seeing
Jack's name pop up on my computer
screen more than I had looked
forward to anything in a long time.

And suddenly an icon pops up: Instant Message from Jack
Abelhammer. KATE clicks on it, smiling.

JACK (V.O.)
You still up?

KATE (V.O.)
Working.

JACK
*We're in good shape, okay? Go to
bed.*

KATE
Bed's a waste of time.

JACK (V.O.)
Not always, I hope.

KATE'S eyes widen. She stifles a laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)
Good night, Kate. XO Jack.

KATE looks at the screen. XO. Wow.

KATE (V.O.)
Good night.
(pause, closes her eyes,
does it)
XO Kate.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT -- NEW YORK -- NIGHT

We see JACK at his computer. His apartment has a wide view of the New York skyline, glittering beneath him.

JACK reads the email from KATE. Pushes back from his desk, folds his arms and grins.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. KITCHEN -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE is packing EMILY'S lunch, throwing string cheese and fruit leathers into a brown bag. RICHARD packs his portfolio.

KATE

....the good news is, now I can take off the five days for Thanksgiving without stressing. Jack thinks we're in good shape.

RICHARD

"Jack thinks we're in good shape", "Jack likes the tech sector", "Jack grew up in Michigan", "Jack's allergic to tree nuts".

She throws a dishtowel at him.

KATE

First we'll go to your parents -- rake leaves, mash some potatoes, listen to your mother criticize my personal hygiene, values and parenting--

RICHARD

--it's a good thing you don't take that stuff to personally--

KATE

Friday I told the kids we could get our Christmas Tree, start our shopping. We could even...

She looks at him. Wait for it...

KATE (CONT'D)

...get a sitter and go see a movie.

He looks at her, mildly surprised.

RICHARD

A movie?

KATE

We haven't... seen one in a while.

And he looks at her. Something a little off about how she said that. Just then EMILY walks in.

EMILY

Mom, can we make a snowman at Grandma and Grandpa's?

KATE

There might not be snow.

EMILY pouts.

KATE (CONT'D)

Tell you what, first time it snows, we'll drive up and make a big fat snowman, okay?

EMILY nods, pleased.

RICHARD

As long as Jack says it's okay...

She shoots him a look.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Kidding.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- EMF -- DAY

KATE talks to MOMO as they hurry down the hallway.

KATE

...I think we should adjust these charts so the dividends are grouped by asset class instead of...

She hands a stack of files to MOMO in front of MOMO'S (immaculate) office.

MOMO

Great. We can go over these tomorrow.

KATE

Email them to me.

MOMO looks confused.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'm out of the office until Monday.

MOMO looks at her, astonished.

MOMO
You are? But--

KATE
We're done with the presentation.

MOMO
I know but--

KATE
It's Thanksgiving. We're fine.

MOMO just looks at her, deadpan.

KATE (CONT'D)
Okay, well then, have a great
break, Momo and--

MOMO
--oh and I'm having the baby.

KATE
I'm sorry, what?
(stunned)
You... are going to have a child?

MOMO
I'm only disclosing that to you
because as my superior--

KATE
Oh my God, Momo, forget all that...

And KATE can't stifle a small beam of joy.

KATE (CONT'D)
Momo, I'm... really happy for you.
What happened? Why did you change
your mind. No -- let me guess.
(grins)
You were inspired by my amazing
ability to do it all?

The sound of tumbleweeds across the desert.

MOMO

I ran all the alternate scenarios
and I couldn't think of any other
way to handle it.

But she looks distinctly depressed about it.

KATE

Momo, children are the best thing.
I promise. And once you have them,
they're the only thing. It's
like... life is a riddle and they
are the answer. Does that sound
ridiculous?

MOMO just looks at her.

KATE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

You can't understand. I was the
same way. Then, after you have the
baby, you'll wonder why no one ever
told you how it felt. And that's
because... it can't be explained.

MOMO

Are you going to keep talking?

KATE

(smiles)

No. I'm done. Have a great
Thanksgiving, Momo.

And she hugs MOMO, basically against her will.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

KATE on her way out, crosses paths with BUNCE.

BUNCE

There you are. Heard you're taking
off... what, five days?

KATE

Three. One of which is Thanksgiving
and--

BUNCE

Wow. I love that carpe diem thing
you have going on. But just so you
know, I'll be in town.

(MORE)

BUNCE (CONT'D)

Wife cooks for about twenty people -
- makes three turkeys -- so if you
need me to cover for you, I'm right
here.

(smiles)

Why don't you give Abelhammer my
cell, in case he needs anything?

KATE

(dry)

Gosh, that is so nice of you. And
people say there's no camaraderie
among men and women on Wall Street.

BUNCE

I try to do my part.

BUNCE grins and walks away. KATE glares at him. But no time
to worry about this. She hurries out of frame...

INT./EXT. HOUSE -- BOSTON -- DAY

...and hurries to pack the car for vacation. KATE shoves a
bunch of quarterly reports in a brightly colored tote bag.

She tries to fit it into the car. RICHARD walks out.

RICHARD

What's that?

KATE

Nothing, just a little busy work.

RICHARD

You said you could take time off.

KATE

Of course I can. Ee-yep.

She smiles at him. Surveys what they've already packed.

KATE (CONT'D)

Okay so I have --

(quick inserts as she
describes everything)

changing mat, portable high chair,
porta-crib, Bibs, Thomas the Tank
engine bowls, pajamas, crackers,
carrot sticks, the sheep, the hippo
and the Scott Baio wombat.

...a stuffed animal who indeed looks like young Chachi...

RICHARD

(sighs)

God, this is disgusting. Louis XIV travelled lighter than our children.

KATE

You know how your mother is. I ask her for anything and she gives me that look. The "you are inept and incompetent" look.

RICHARD

Can we just relax this weekend?
Just for once?

KATE

Me? I'm very relaxed.

(snaps her fingers)

Aha! Almost forgot the frozen fruit purees!

She bustles out of frame, RICHARD shakes his head.

EXT. HOUSE -- MILTON -- EVENING

BARBARA and HOWARD'S elegant house in a very WASPY neighborhood of the wealthy Boston suburb of Milton.

KATE and RICHARD pull up in their car.

INT. HOUSE -- EVENING

BEN and EMILY run over to BARBARA and HOWARD.

BARBARA

We thought you'd be here earlier.
Don't tell me you had to work today.

She looks pointedly at KATE. Before KATE can respond--

RICHARD

I didn't but Kate had to--

KATE

(quickly interrupting)

-- get some last minute things before we left. From the store. So that kind of held us up.

BARBARA

Oh.

They walk in. KATE gives RICHARD an exasperated look.

RICHARD
What? You want me to lie?

KATE
Um, let's see... Yes.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

EMILY is watching Little Mermaid while the adults eat dinner.
BARBARA gestures over to where...

...EMILY is singing along with Ariel the mermaid, her lyric recall word-for-word.

BARBARA
My. How many times has she watched that video?

KATE
(sheepish)
Couple... few... times.

A dance number starts. EMILY does the choreography, picture perfect.

KATE (CONT'D)
Maybe a few.

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

KATE and RICHARD unpack. KATE is in mid-rant.

KATE
...she thinks I'm a complete failure as a mother. It comes out in every single thing she says.

RICHARD
She's just from a different era.

KATE
You don't get it. You can only be a better father than yours. Just knowing how to change a diaper makes you the most capable father in the history of parenthood. I can only do a worse job than our moms did. I'm doomed.

RICHARD

Can you just stop worrying about
all the bullshit -- all of it --
and have a good time?

She looks at him, knows he's right.

KATE

Oh... well, if you *insist*.

EXT. HOUSE -- THE NEXT DAY

KATE and RICHARD are outside with BEN and EMILY, playing in the autumn leaves.

Just then KATE feels something buzz, takes her Blackberry out of her pocket, starts scrolling.

Looks up. RICHARD raises an eyebrow.

KATE

Sorry, I'm sorry.

She puts the phone down in the yard.

RICHARD smiles, then tackles her into the leaves. The kids run over and pile onto them, laughing.

INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

The whole family is in the kitchen. EMILY sings along to Yellow Submarine, which blasts from a CD player.

RICHARD looks over at KATE, near the stove, notices.

RICHARD

Good God, are you... actually
cooking something?

KATE

Mashing potatoes.

RICHARD

Looks delicious.

He dips his finger in. KATE hits his hand away, laughing.
BARBARA looks over KATE'S shoulder.

BARBARA

That smells delicious, Kate.

And with that, she actually... smiles. KATE looks at RICHARD, amazed at the hint of approval.

The kids buzz through, playing with toys.

And for a moment, it's the picture of domestic contentment.

Just then the phone rings from the living room. KATE keeps mashing. In a moment, HOWARD walks in.

HOWARD

Phone for you. Someone called...
Moomoo?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

KATE grabs the phone.

KATE

Are you okay?
(listens)
Trying to reach me? I don't... I
haven't checked my phone... Momo,
don't worry, I'll get it...

INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

KATE walks back into the kitchen.

KATE

Be right back.

No one notices. Except for RICHARD. His eyes follow her as she walks out of the room.

INT. DINING ROOM -- EVENING

The Thanksgiving meal is being laid out on the table. Through the window, we see a figure...

EXT. HOUSE -- EVENING

...KATE, sneaking away from the house. She puts her hands out in the pitch black, cursing, until she finds her Blackberry.

She checks it.

A COUPLE MOMENTS LATER

KATE on the phone, pacing.

KATE

Oh, hi. Jack. Sorry I missed your
calls. My cell connection is...
anyway, what's, um... up?

She listens.

KATE (CONT'D)
Shit. When did this happen?

Closes her eyes.

INT. HOUSE -- EVENING

KATE walks back in. RICHARD is playing with EMILY and BEN, a picture postcard of the happy family.

KATE is almost unable to bring herself to say anything...

RICHARD locks eyes with her. Knows immediately.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

KATE throws things in her bag while RICHARD stands in the doorway, arms folded.

KATE
Harcourt has to go to Hong Kong the day after tomorrow -- an emergency with the Asian brokerage house.

He just looks at her.

KATE (CONT'D)
Tomorrow morning is our last shot. We have to be approved before Monday.

Still just staring.

KATE (CONT'D)
Jack was so apologetic. He told me if I can't come, he'd figure something out and present it without me--
(finally)
What?

RICHARD
If he's comfortable doing it without you, then--

She looks at him, incredulous.

KATE
Richard, you know how hard I worked on this. It's my project. I have to be there when we pitch it.
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
(off his look)
You don't understand. You're your
own boss. You work really hard, but
you set your own hours.

He starts to talk, she interrupts him.

KATE (CONT'D)
This is not my fault. I planned
everything so this wouldn't happen.
You know that I've been trying so
hard, doing everything I can--

RICHARD
That's my point. You're trying to
do everything at the same time. My
point is -- if you do everything,
are you really doing anything?

She looks at him, dumbfounded.

KATE
Wait a second. You want to do this
now? You want to discuss
existential philosophy with someone
who hasn't slept in six years?

RICHARD
No, you're right. I'll wait for all
the downtime we have where we feed
each other grapes and talk about
our feelings.

She zips her bag.

KATE
I have to go--

RICHARD
Yeah, I got that part.

KATE
--and I know you're pissed at me.
Because you're always pissed at me--

RICHARD
That's not fair.

KATE
--but I can't worry about that now.
Right now I need to think of
something to say to your mother so
she doesn't call Child Protective
Services and sue for custody.

INT. HOUSE -- MILTON -- NIGHT

BARBARA and HOWARD look horrified as KATE puts her suitcase by the door. KATE hugs both children.

EMILY

Will you be back for the tree?
We're going to get the tree Sunday.

KATE

I hope I'll be back, Em. I do. But
if I'm not back, you can go with
Daddy, okay?

But EMILY is already walking away. KATE tries to ignore the looks of her in-laws as their eyes bore into her skull.

She gives BEN a long squeeze. He looks deeply in her eyes.

And says the first words of his young life:

BEN

Bye-bye. Bye-bye. Bye-bye.

Everyone stands there astonished. KATE grabs him into a hug.

KATE

Ben! You spoke!

BARBARA

(under her breath, not
really)

His first word is bye-bye.

She tsks. KATE ignores her, hugging BEN. RICHARD quietly walks over to the door and opens it.

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

KATE bumps her suitcase down the stairs and natters:

KATE

...I have extra wipes -- they're in
the diaper bag, don't forget Emily
is really into soybeans right now
so I put some in the freezer and--

RICHARD closes the door. KATE flinches.

She looks up, and in the window sees EMILY, looking at her.

KATE waves, tries to smile. EMILY slowly waves back.

INT. TAXI -- NIGHT

KATE looks out the window, miserable.

KATE (V.O.)

There have been times over the past year when I have tried to explain to my daughter why Mommy has to go to work.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

KATE moves through security by rote--

KATE (V.O.)

I told her that Mom and Dad need to earn money to pay for our house and school and food.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- NIGHT

KATE gets out of a taxi--

KATE (V.O.)

That Mommy has a job she is good at and it's really important for women to work as well as men.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

KATE checks in at the front desk of the hotel.

KATE (V.O.)

I try to seem definitive and confident about that. But every once in a while--

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

KATE sinks back into the bed in the hotel room.

KATE (V.O.)

--every once in a while I get out my calculator and figure out how we could manage financially.

CLOSE ON

KATE puts her alarm clock on the bedside -- it's in a frame with pictures of BEN and EMILY.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I think about how I would be, alone
with the kids all day. Picking them
up from school, doing homework with
them, doing all the things a mom
should...

CLOSE ON

A pie as KATE pulls it out of the oven. It's perfect.

INT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

KATE lies in bed, unable to sleep, once again.

KATE (V.O.)
So many of my friends did stop
working when they had kids. Giving
up is what they call it. Which
makes it sound like surrender.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. HOTEL -- THE NEXT MORNING

KATE steps into frame, dressed in a charcoal suit, checks
herself in the mirror.

KATE (V.O.)
But these were honorable campaigns,
bravely fought, with grievous
injuries. Did they give up on work?
Or did work give up on them?

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

KATE sits besides MOMO. They have their charts and figures up
on their respective laptops.

MOMO, however, doesn't look too good.

KATE
I was thinking we should start with
an overview on global funds or--

And MOMO gets up and races past her to the bathroom.

KATE (CONT'D)
--or you could barf again a few
more times.

INT. DINER -- BOSTON -- DAY

RICHARD is eating with the kids. The table is a mess, covered with half-eaten pancakes, used napkins. BEN wipes rivulets of snot across his face into his hair.

RICHARD'S cell phone starts ringing again.

RICHARD
You can stop calling, we're fine--

KATE
Richard, I had to make this trip.
You know that, right?

RICHARD
We'll talk when you get back, Kate.

INT. LOBBY -- NEW YORK -- DAY

KATE hangs up the phone. Sighs. MOMO stumbles out of a restroom, looking awful.

KATE
You ready?

MOMO nods, queasy. They start to exit the hotel.

That's when KATE notices a long stream of toilet paper trailing MOMO'S Stuart Weitzman pumps.

KATE steps on the toilet paper to get it off. MOMO realizes.

MOMO
(eyes filling)
Oh my God. It's official. I'm
disgusting.

INT. EMF -- NEW YORK -- DAY

KATE walks in. Sees JACK. He nods. She smiles.

JACK
You ready?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- EMF -- NEW YORK -- DAY

The room is populated with ROGER HARCOURT, distinguished, (50's) and several of his senior lieutenants.

JACK and KATE start their presentation. MOMO runs the slide projector, leaning against it for support.

KATE

We're here today to talk about
income-for-life, providing
investors with insured investments
by looking to dividend-earning
companies in the global markets.
Now, we have a few charts which--

She looks over at MOMO. But MOMO is asleep standing up, mouth open. KATE coughs. MOMO rouses.

KATE (CONT'D)

--which will show you the potential
for this kind of fund...

INT. EMF -- DAY

They exit the conference room. MOMO sprints for the bathroom.
JACK immediately joins KATE.

KATE

It was terrible. I was boring. I
bored my own self--

JACK pulls her around the corner.

KATE (CONT'D)

--what are you--

And as soon as they're out of sight of the conference room:

JACK

You were amazing. Where did you get
that stuff about the downside
capture ratios?

KATE

Oh, I found that last night and--

He grabs her by the shoulders.

JACK

I love you. Did you know that, Kate
Reddy? I love you.

KATE stands there. Of course, he's just being collegial...

KATE

Well, I'm happy that you...

Suddenly JACK looks around the corner.

JACK
Here he comes. Let me talk to him.

INT. EMF -- DAY

In the main lobby of EMF, KATE and MOMO are waiting. JACK is outside talking to HARCOURT. Suddenly he runs back in.

JACK
Very positive on the whole thing.
And you -- he was very taken with
you. Wants to know what you were
doing stuck up there in Boston.

KATE
You're shitting me.

JACK
Oh no. No no. I wouldn't do such a
thing as to shit you. He wants to
take me and you out to lunch.

He sees KATE'S face--

JACK (CONT'D)
...but I know, you have to get on a
plane and go right back home.

KATE
Are you sure that's okay?

JACK
If you need to go, I will cover for
you. Absolutely.

INT. LOBBY -- A FEW SECONDS LATER

KATE, torn, watches HARCOURT and JACK walk away. MOMO looks at her, appalled.

MOMO
Harcourt didn't officially say yes.

KATE
I know but--

MOMO
And you know what men are like.
This part is important to them,
sealing the deal --

KATE
(sighs)
The schmooze.

MOMO
The what?

KATE
I know, okay? I get the irony. I finally found someone I want to schmooze and he's walking in the other direction.

MOMO
Only because you're letting him.

KATE looks at her.

MOMO (CONT'D)
You earned this, Kate.

On KATE, teetering... what should she do?

EXT. STREET -- NEW YORK -- DAY

JACK and HARCOURT walk down the street.

Suddenly JACK hears the bump of wheels on the sidewalk. Turns. Sees KATE, trotting over to them, pulling her suitcase. JACK smiles.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NEW YORK -- DAY

We look in from the outside...

KATE and JACK and HARCOURT at lunch. KATE is telling a story, very animated.

Then we catch sight of JACK. He's watching KATE, a look of unmistakable admiration on his face.

EXT. STREET -- NEW YORK -- DAY

KATE shakes HARCOURT'S hand.

HARCOURT
I'll get back to you by Monday morning.

KATE
Well, that's great, and thanks again for taking the time--

HARCOURT
(to JACK)
You're right. She does say thank
you a lot--

JACK
Ignore her.

HARCOURT shakes JACK'S hand. KATE stays relaxed until he
rounds the corner out of sight.

Then she puts her hands up and she and JACK high five.

KATE
We are awesome.

JACK
Can't argue with that.

They walk down the street. A perfect New York day. Out of the
deli, they hear music. Sinatra. "Fly Me to the Moon."

They stop and laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)
You think you can make your flight?

KATE
Let me check the time...

She fishes out her Blackberry. And notices.

KATE (CONT'D)
Oh shit. I can't believe it. This
thing actually quit.

JACK
Battery died?

KATE
Don't see how. I charged it. It
must have just finally thrown in
the towel, the poor thing. Overuse
and emotional distress.

JACK
(laughs)
All right, use my phone.

He fishes his phone out of his pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's odd. I have a bunch of
missed calls.

She looks at him. What's odd?

JACK (CONT'D)
They're from you.

He holds up the phone. It says: **FOUR MISSED CALLS: KATE HOME.**

INT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT-- DAY

A pack of PASSENGERS races across the concourse.

And one figure cuts through the pack. KATE at a run. A plane
outside takes off with a ROAR.

MATCH SOUND TO:

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT -- DAY

The ROAR of planes arriving as KATE races out of the airport,
trying to hail a cab.

INT. TAXI -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE, distraught, leans forward.

KATE
Please, can you go faster?

INT. HOSPITAL -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE runs in, sees RICHARD.

KATE
Where is he?

RICHARD
He's in with the doctor. They said
to wait out here. They don't know
what's wrong. He fell and bumped
his head and he seemed fine but
then he woke up from his nap and he
was crying and then suddenly he
went limp...

KATE
What happened? Why did he fall?

RICHARD
He tripped on the carpet on the stairs.

On KATE, stunned. A DOCTOR comes out.

DOCTOR
Are you Ben's parents?

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM -- DAY

KATE and RICHARD walk down the hall with the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
Did he have a fever today?

KATE
Um... well, let's see...

DOCTOR
Did he play normally after the fall?

RICHARD
See, the thing is, he was with the sitter, so...

DOCTOR
(irritated, to KATE)
What does he weigh?

KATE
Um...

DOCTOR
(turns to RICHARD)
At his eighteen month checkup what did he weigh?

RICHARD
I'm not sure--

KATE
(jumps in)
Paula -- the baby-sitter -- she took him to that checkup and she said he was fine. Absolutely fine.

The DOCTOR heaves a sigh.

DOCTOR

Let's go with date of birth -- one of you is familiar with that, I presume?

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

KATE and RICHARD outside BEN'S room. The NURSE walks over.

NURSE

He said you can take him home, but keep a close eye on him. If you have any problems, bring him back right away.

EXT. STREET -- BOSTON -- NIGHT

RICHARD carries EMILY, asleep, up the stairs into the house. KATE cradles BEN.

INT. BEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

KATE checks on BEN, who is sleeping.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

KATE closes the door, walks out of BEN'S room, moving slowly to not make any noise.

She walks into the hall, where she sees RICHARD, on his hands and knees, ripping out the carpet with the back of a hammer.

KATE

Oh great. Now you're doing it. I asked you -- fifty times I asked you to change this carpet--

RICHARD

Bullshit. You mentioned it once--

KATE

Wait a second. Don't you live here? Haven't you tripped over that thing a million times? I told you about it. It was on the list--

RICHARD

Jesus, those lists -- what did they get me? Kid in the hospital and you're not in the state --

KATE

This is my fault?

RICHARD

You didn't make it a priority. Then again, who can tell what's a priority anymore?

KATE

What does that mean?

RICHARD

You tell me. I called you to tell you about Ben, your phone doesn't answer --

KATE

I told you, it broke--

RICHARD

--so I'm reduced to breaking into your address book to get the phone number for your boyfriend--

KATE

Oh, come on--

RICHARD

Who also doesn't answer--

KATE

We were in a meeting. You're being ridiculous. I wasn't naked on a beach in Aruba with Jack sipping mai tais--

RICHARD

That's a weirdly vivid denial--

KATE

I was an hour away by plane and I got on the very next flight and--

RICHARD

Forget it, Kate, what difference does it make? You have been lying to me for months.

KATE

Lying--

RICHARD

You told me you would cut back on work, then you took a promotion, then you said nothing would fall by the wayside -- that was a crock of shit -- then you said you'd be able to go away for Thanksgiving--

KATE

Hey, that's not fair. You're holding me to a crazily high standard.

RICHARD

Me? I'm not the one up all night smacking pies with a cleaver for NO REASON, I'm just asking you to be realistic--

KATE

Jesus, Richard, if I were a man -- if it were Bunce, he would have sailed out the door to that meeting with his wife cheering him on, saying go get 'em Tiger?

RICHARD

Least he has a wife.

KATE stares.

KATE

Oh that's just mean.

RICHARD

You never sit down, you never ask me how I am, you rarely smile at me or the kids. I won't even discuss how often we're NOT having sex--

KATE

You know I'm trying. You see that, don't you? I don't understand what you want from me--

RICHARD

You know what I want? I would like a minute where we're not in a panic.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I would like you to play on the floor with the kids without looking at your watch and I -- I, personally, me, Richard, I would like to have five minutes -- just five minutes of your attention -- once in a while.

She doesn't say anything, speechless now.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
We're not happy. We're not. I think at some point you gave up on our happiness, that you decided that getting things done, worrying what people think of you, spinning plates in the air, is more important than what it feels like to LIVE in this house.

KATE
That's ridiculous! You think I don't want us to be happy? I do.

He shrugs, dismissive.

KATE (CONT'D)
I work my ass off around here. I do things you don't understand or see or appreciate. I don't sleep, I don't get my hair cut, I eat mac and cheese off a high chair for dinner, I haven't waxed anything since the Clinton years--

Realizing she sounds vaguely insane, she reels herself in.

KATE (CONT'D)
You think I don't know you think I do everything wrong? That I'm always in the wrong place at the wrong time? That I'm taking too many courses and getting a D plus in all of them? Of course I know that--

He tries to interrupt. But she's on a roll.

KATE (CONT'D)
I don't complain. I don't ask for anything for myself. I don't ask you to do too much. God, I even let you take that job--

RICHARD
You -- what?

KATE
No, wait, that didn't come out
right--

RICHARD
You LET me take that job?

KATE
What I meant was--

RICHARD
Wow. Big of you.

KATE
Oh, come on. You know what I was
trying to say--

RICHARD
Yeah. That's the shitty part. I do.

He looks at her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You said we would make this work.
None of this is working. None of
it, Kate. We don't even recognize
each other.

KATE
That's not fair--

He grabs his coat.

RICHARD
And I don't want to be lied to. Not
anymore.

KATE
What are you doing? No, no, no,
Richard, wait--

And his hand is already at the doorknob.

KATE (CONT'D)
Richard, don't--

But he's gone. KATE stands there, breath knocked out of her.

FADE OUT AND FADE BACK IN

INT. KATE AND RICHARD'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

KATE lies in bed, wide awake. Just then BEN toddles into the room. He looks at her. Breaks into a huge smile.

BEN

Bye-bye? Bye-bye? Bye-bye?

She pulls him into the bed. He cuddles into her arms, instantly asleep. KATE holds him tighter.

FADE OUT AND FADE BACK IN

INT. KATE AND RICHARD'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

The next morning. KATE gets the kids ready.

EMILY

Where's Daddy?

KATE

He... he had to go to work early.

EMILY nods, accepting that without question.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I had to leave Thanksgiving, Emily. You know that, right? I wanted to stay and--

EMILY

--yes, you missed it. Like you missed Jamaica Day. And Evie's birthday party. And when Ben almost died. Because you have to talk on the phone and check your computer and take the airplane to New York. I tell everyone that.

And what's upsetting is that now, instead of seeming mad about it, EMILY seems completely matter of fact.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And someday maybe we'll make a snowman if it snows. But probably not.

KATE stares, dying inside. Her phone rings. RICHARD.

KATE

Richard, where are you?

RICHARD
I'd like to talk to the kids--

KATE
Come on, please don't do this.

RICHARD
Let me speak to Emily, please.

And KATE hands over the phone.

INT. SCHOOL -- LATER THAT DAY

KATE, spent, drops EMILY off. As EMILY races away, KATE stops, leans tiredly against the wall for a moment.

Just then ALLISON spots her, walks over.

ALLISON
Hey, there you are--
(realizes)
Jesus, are you all right? Even by
our standards, you look like shit.

KATE
Oh, I'm just... I can't...

ALLISON looks at her. What the hell is going on?

KATE (CONT'D)
Allison, I don't know if I can do
this anymore...

She lets that linger. And ALLISON quickly realizes:

ALLISON
Oh, no... not you. Don't tell me
the pod people have gotten to you.

KATE
Come on. You must think about it.
I'm just saying -- not having to
worry about priorities all the time
-- just having them be clear --

ALLISON
Kate. Don't do this, please...

KATE
I didn't say I was going to...

ALLISON
You love your job. More than almost
anyone I know.

KATE
--maybe there are jobs that are
less demanding, more conducive to--

ALLISON
--one of those bullshit mom
careers? Where you make homemade
body scrubs or design sweaters for
babies?

KATE tries to interrupt. ALLISON keeps going.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
The answer is no. I never think
about quitting. You know why?
Because I would go bananas in
thirty seconds. And so would you.

And she's surprised to find herself almost in tears.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
And for God's sake... if even you
give up, Kate... what are the rest
of us supposed to do?

EXT. CORNER -- BOSTON -- NIGHT

A Christmas tree lot near their house, KATE walks through
with EMILY and BEN.

EMILY
But if Daddy's not here, how will
we get the tree home?

KATE
We'll ask someone to help us.

EMILY looks at her, not at all convinced.

KATE (CONT'D)
Let's pick out the best one, okay?

She points at one of the trees, signals a LOT ATTENDANT.

KATE (CONT'D)
How much is that one?

LOT ATTENDANT
That gonna fit in your house?

EMILY
Will it, Mom?

KATE
(no idea)
Yes. It looks perfect.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

KATE is alone in the house, sitting on the couch...

...looking at a tree that's too tall, top mashed against the ceiling.

We hear the kids race through the house, playing with PAULA.

KATE just sits, miserable. Her cell rings. She answers it.

JACK (O.S.)
Hi, it's me. What are you doing?

KATE
Right this... minute?

JACK (O.S.)
Tonight. Can you get a sitter?

KATE looks at PAULA, running by with the kids.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS -- BOSTON -- NIGHT

KATE gets out of her taxi. JACK, seeing her, steps out through the revolving doors.

JACK
Restaurant's a few blocks from here
-- wanna walk?

They head across towards park.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

...they walk through the park...

JACK (CONT'D)
...God, I'm so sorry to hear about
all that, Kate.

KATE
...it's temporary. Richard will
come back. We'll work it out.

JACK nods. She doesn't sound very confident.

KATE (CONT'D)
So... why are you here? In Boston?

JACK
I haven't been here in a while.
Thought I should see how it feels.

She looks at him, confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
I realized it's not fair you have
to come to New York all the time.

KATE
Wait, what?

JACK
Think it through. I'll wait.

KATE
(realizing)
Get the hell out.

JACK
We need a name. I was thinking the
Sinatra Fund, but we can just call
it Jack and Kate's Fund, that also
has a ring to it.

KATE
Now I know you're shitting me.

JACK
Harcourt's only funding the
research stage and a pilot program,
but he rarely establishes funds so--

KATE
--so we did it.

JACK
(grins)
I shit you not.

KATE
Oh my God! Jack!

She hugs him. A hug that goes on a millisecond too long. She
quickly pulls away.

JACK
Kate--

KATE
I'm sorry, Jack, I'm a mess.

He stops her from pulling back all the way.

JACK
Kate, wait... Look, obviously it's
too soon. It's way too soon--

She holds her breath.

JACK (CONT'D)
--but if someday... things don't
work out. Of course I hope they do,
but if they don't... and you want
to go out and NOT talk about
business. Somewhere where they play
Sinatra -- the good tunes, not the
later toupee stuff--

KATE
--Oh God I don't know what to say--

JACK
--you just let me know, okay?

KATE
(trying to gather herself)
Jack, I... over the last few months
you've become... you're... so good
to me, so kind...

He looks at her, waiting for her to finish her sentence.

And it's like she's waiting to see what she'll say too...

They both start to float, just a bit, towards each other.

When suddenly KATE feels something on her hand.

Which stops her dead. As she realizes what it is.

A flake of snow.

And suddenly--

KATE (CONT'D)
Oh God I have to go.

JACK
Kate, wait--

KATE
Thank you for coming up here and
I'm sorry Jack, I--

And she turns. Starts to run.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'll call you tomorrow, I -- I just
have to go.

And she runs away, leaving JACK behind.

EXT. STREET -- BOSTON -- NIGHT

KATE runs through the city as snow is just starting to
lightly fall. She dials her cell phone.

KATE
It's me. I have to talk to you.

RICHARD
Kate, I can't talk right now--

KATE
Richard, don't do this. Please.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT -- BOSTON -- NIGHT

We see RICHARD in MIKE'S bachelor apartment. We intercut.

RICHARD
Look, I was going to call you
anyway. I'm taking the kids away
for the night tomorrow. They're
saying there could be a foot of
snow upstate so Emily can get her
snowman. I'll pick them up early
from school--

KATE
But--

RICHARD
Katie, I love you. I always will.
Believe me, I know this for sure,
because I've tried to stop-

KATE
But--

RICHARD
But something has to change.
Something just... has to change.

KATE
(quickly)
Let me come with you. This weekend.
To make the snowman.

RICHARD
You can't do that. You would have
to leave work tomorrow by 2 o'clock
at the latest.

KATE
I will. I'll leave work early.

He doesn't say anything.

KATE (CONT'D)
I can do this. I promise.

RICHARD
I don't think--

KATE
Richard, I will be there, okay? I
will be there.

And from the next scene we hear EMILY'S excited voice:

EMILY (O.S.)
A snowman? Really? You promise?

INT. HOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

EMILY hugs KATE, swings her around.

KATE
Yes, Emily. I promise.

INT. EMF -- BOSTON -- THE NEXT MORNING

KATE rushes in, excited, happy. She passes BUNCE.

BUNCE
You look happy. Big plans for this
weekend?

KATE
Well, none of your business.
(grins)
And yes, actually.

TIME DISSOLVES during the day at EMF...

We see KATE in good spirits...

...doing her job... on the phone... at her computer... on the trading floor... always looking at the clock as it edges closer and closer to 1:30.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- DAY

KATE is at her desk. She looks up and is startled by CLARK, appearing in the doorway.

KATE
Clark. I didn't see you--

CLARK
Just wanted to say. Congrats on the Abelhammer deal. Just phenomenal.

KATE
(smiles)
Thanks, I--

CLARK
The other thing is, we're hearing some merger rumors out of Cleveland on the PharmaCom stock--

KATE
--oh yeah, I'd heard that--

CLARK
I'd like to get someone out there tonight. We got you on the 5, so if you leave in the next hour, you can just about make it.

Her mouth falls open. He does not notice.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Alright. So I'll see you Monday, then, okay. Have a great one.

And he walks out. KATE sits there, stunned.

KATE
Clark!

He turns. Looks at her. Yes?

KATE (CONT'D)
Oh... um... okay, see you Monday.

He gives her a look. Leaves. She sits frozen.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- LATER

KATE sits in her chair, still in shock, wearing her coat and holding her briefcase and the extra bag she keeps in her office.

One of the office SECRETARIES enters.

SECRETARY
--car is on its way.

The SECRETARY looks at her. KATE reels.

KATE
Yes, okay, I just have to, um, make
a quick phone call.

SECRETARY
Great. You should be ready to go in
fifteen minutes.

On KATE. She looks at the phone. She picks up the receiver.

EXT. EMILY'S SCHOOL -- DAY

RICHARD is outside EMILY'S school, holding BEN on his hip, his car parked by the curb. EMILY comes running out.

EXT. EMF -- BOSTON -- DAY

The car to pick up KATE pulls up outside the office.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- DAY

The ASSISTANT calls out to KATE.

ASSISTANT
Car's here!

On KATE, phone in her hand--

EXT. TRAIN STATION -- BOSTON -- DAY

A taxi stops and RICHARD piles out with EMILY and BEN. They head for the entrance.

INT. HALLWAY -- EMF -- DAY

KATE walks down the hallway. Through the window we can see that outside the snow falls lightly.

KATE (V.O.)
Reasons to give up work.

She rounds the corner towards CLARK'S office.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

1. Because I have two lives and I don't have time to enjoy either one of them.

INT. STATION -- BOSTON -- DAY

RICHARD buys the tickets. The kids huddle against him.

KATE (V.O.)

2. Because twenty four hours are never enough. 3. Because my kids will be grown up in a flash and I will have missed it.

INT. OUTSIDE CLARK'S OFFICE -- EMF -- DAY

KATE walks over to the desk outside CLARK'S office.

KATE (V.O.)

4. Because trying to be a man is a waste of a woman.

KATE takes a very deep breath, nods at CLARK'S SECRETARY.

KATE (CONT'D)

I need to talk to Clark--

SECRETARY

He's in a meeting. He'll be a few minutes.

On KATE, frustrated. She looks at the clock.

INT. STATION -- BOSTON -- DAY

RICHARD herds the kids towards the platform. He stops, looks around for KATE. No sign of her.

INT. OUTSIDE CLARK'S OFFICE -- DAY

KATE paces, waiting. She checks the clock.

KATE (V.O.)

And 5. Because someday, somehow, someday, things have to change.

Suddenly her phone rings. She looks. It's JACK. She picks up.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hi. Glad you called. I wanted to say I'm sorry--

JACK

About yesterday? That was me. My fault. I shouldn't have--

KATE

No. I'm sorry, because... because I'm going to disappoint you, Jack. And I didn't want to.

JACK

What are you talking about--

KATE looks at the clock on the wall. No time left now.

KATE

I have to go.

JACK

Kate, what's wrong? Why does it sound like you're saying goodbye--

KATE

Thanks for everything Jack--

JACK

Kate!

And she hangs up the phone. And walks right past CLARK'S SECRETARY. Who stands to block her way. KATE blows by.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

The large conference room. Filled with about half a dozen men, including CLARK.

Suddenly, the door opens. KATE tumbles in. And it's clear she hasn't thought this through. She punts, looks around--

KATE

Hey, how are you? Hey Mitch, Jon.

Everyone stares. CLARK looks at her. Yes?

KATE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I don't want to interrupt. Clark, just wanted to let you know I'm going to go to Cleveland on Monday. So, take care, then.

She starts to leave.

CLARK

No. You're going today. Client's already expecting you.

Angle on BUNCE. Happy.

KATE

Clark, can we talk about this privately?

CLARK

We can talk about it on Monday.
When you get back from your
Cleveland trip this weekend.
(moving along)
My view on fee-based is--

KATE

Yeah. Problem is, I'm unavailable this weekend.

CLARK

Because--

KATE

Because I have to make a snowman.

And every person who wasn't staring at KATE before now swivels their head to do so.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM -- BOSTON -- DAY

RICHARD, holding BEN and EMILY'S hands, looks around. No sign of KATE.

He hunches his shoulders, resigned--

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The snow is now falling in earnest outside the station. It's crowded, packed with commuters trying to beat the storm, hurrying into the station...

INT. TRAIN -- DAY

EMILY looks at RICHARD. And she doesn't even have to ask. The question is in her eyes. He tries to think of what to say--

--and that's when he sees someone running up the platform--

EXT. STREET -- DAY

And suddenly, in the mass of people, we see...

...one person -- no coat, no bag, wet and bedraggled -- she's been running for blocks and blocks--

It's KATE, cutting through the crowd.

INT. TRAIN -- DAY

RICHARD picks up EMILY.

RICHARD
Look, Em, if Mom doesn't make it today, then--

EMILY
Daddy, you're wrong.

RICHARD
Emily, I know it's hard.

EMILY
No. You're wrong. Look.

And RICHARD follows her gaze. To the platform...

...where KATE, a complete mess, runs to her family as quickly as she can. EMILY shrugs, nonchalant.

EMILY (CONT'D)
See? I knew she was coming.

KATE heaves herself into the train right as the doors are about to close.

The kids fly to her, wrapping themselves around her. KATE turns to RICHARD, out of breath.

KATE
I'm sorry I'm late. I was in with Clark and...

RICHARD
Wait. Hold on. Take a breath.

KATE
Richard, I want you to know: things are going to be different now.
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm going to be calm and organized
and maybe even pluck my eyebrows
and bake a cookie once in a while
and do a better job of pretending
to be interested in your work.

He looks at her. What the hell is she saying?

KATE (CONT'D)

Richard, I went in to see Clark
today. To quit.

RICHARD

You... what?

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. EMF -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- BOSTON -- DAY

And now everyone stares at KATE.

KATE

Clark, I've given everything I have
to this job. And I love it. I do.
But I can't dump out my family at a
moment's notice anymore and I can't
be asked with no notice to go and
blow someone who can just as easily
be blown on Monday. I won't do it.

He looks at her full-on for the first time in this encounter.

KATE (CONT'D)

You have no idea how much this job
means to me. How I put my heart and
soul on the line every day. And the
price I pay for doing it. I have to
hope that's good enough for you.
But if it's not, it's not. But in
the words of Frank Sinatra... I
have to do it my way.

KATE takes a deep breath.

KATE (CONT'D)

If what I am -- what I have to give
-- is not enough for you -- then
fire me. Go ahead. But I won't
quit. I won't take myself out. I
will not -- I can not -- give up.

CLARK glares at her.

CLARK

Get out.

She looks at him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I said, get out.

And KATE starts to leave, resigned. On BUNCE, pleased.

CLARK (CONT'D)

We'll discuss this on Monday.

A moment. She didn't hear that right. She turns.

KATE

On... Monday?

At this BUNCE lets out a bark/cough of disbelief.

CLARK

Shut it, Bunce. You land a global fund, we can talk about you leaving early here and there.

KATE

Clark, thank you--

CLARK looks at her.

CLARK

And now you should leave before I reconsider.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

INT. TRAIN STATION -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE looks at RICHARD.

KATE

I know in many ways it would be better -- but Richard, me without that job... is not me.

He tries to interrupt again.

KATE (CONT'D)

So I want to promise you I'll find a way to do it better.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

Make a better list, come up with a better plan, but the truth is that the only thing I can promise you is that I'll sit beside you in the trenches and give you a sip of water from my canteen when I can and always throw myself over the wall first holding a grenade.

He tries to interrupt again. She talks over him.

KATE (CONT'D)

I know I drive you crazy and I'm sure I sound deranged and God knows I look horrible, but I love you an amazing amount and I missed you more in the last two days than I've ever missed anything in my life and I'm proud of you and I'm sorry for everything and please... please come home.

Beat. He looks at her.

RICHARD

You done now?

She nods.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Is that my five minutes?

KATE

Um... I think that was about three.

RICHARD

Okay.

KATE

Okay?

RICHARD

Yeah, okay. I'll save the other two minutes for later, maybe I'll think of a use for them.

He puts his arms around her.

KATE

Are you sure? I mean, are you really sure?

RICHARD

Oh, God, no. Why would I be sure?

KATE
It's a risk. A big risk. You know
that.

RICHARD
That's okay. I like those.

He pulls her in, kisses her. The kids entwine themselves in
their parents' legs.

KATE
And it will be a mess. That I know
for sure. It will still be a mess.

RICHARD
But it will be our mess.

She hugs him. The train gets further and further out of the
station. And as they pull away we hear RICHARD say:

RICHARD (CONT'D)
And when I get home, maybe you
could just run through that thing
about the grenade again. Couldn't
make heads or tails of that.

And KATE laughs and we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE -- MORNING -- A FEW MONTHS LATER

Another typically chaotic morning. BEN dumps wet Cheerios on
the floor. KATE tries to tug a T-shirt over EMILY'S head.

Through the window we can see it's spring now.

KATE (V.O.)
Turns out Richard was right.
Something had to change.

RICHARD looks at the clock.

RICHARD
This time I'm going to say
something to Paula. I swear.

KATE
Oh you won't have to.

RICHARD
How do you know?

RICHARD looks at the clock. It ticks over to 8 AM and at that
moment they hear PAULA'S key in the door. PAULA strides in.

PAULA

Morning.

She scoops up BEN.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Let's get dressed, Buddy.

RICHARD looks at KATE in amazement.

KATE

She won't be late anymore.

RICHARD

How?

KATE

I calmly explained to her how much I rely on and value her and that her promptness is essential to the functioning of our lives.

RICHARD

(quickly)

Massive raise?

KATE

Enormous.

EXT. STREET -- BOSTON -- DAY

A beautiful day. We see KATE in her suit walking down the street with ALLISON.

KATE (V.O.)

And what had to change... was me.

ALLISON

I don't think I can do this, Kate.

KATE

Yes you can.

INT. EMILY'S SCHOOL -- DAY

A table labeled HOLIDAY BAKE SALE.

We see KATE and ALLISON setting down their contributions near the front of the table...

...two cartons, one clearly labelled Key Foods. The other, Gourmet Garage.

KATE smiles at ALLISON. And they walk away, heads held high.

KATE (V.O.)
In these circumstances, an ending
might be out of the question.

INT. GYMBOREE -- DAY

KATE and BEN in a music class, clapping their hands.

KATE (V.O.)
The wheels on the bus, after all,
go round and round, all day long,
all through the town.

INT. HOSPITAL -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE walks in, sees MOMO in the bed. MOMO holds a tiny baby girl, almost bewildered with joy.

KATE
Momo... she's beautiful.

MOMO is splotchy, hair a mess. KATE picks something off MOMO'S hideous hospital robe.

MOMO
What was that?

KATE
Sandwich.

MOMO
(unconcerned)
Oh. Whatever.

And MOMO can't keep her eyes off the baby. In love.

MOMO (CONT'D)
It's all so... hard to compute. The
second they gave her to me, it was
like all of a sudden this chamber
in my heart opened and love flooded
in. It was... amazing.

She starts to well up. Looks at KATE.

MOMO (CONT'D)
Why didn't you tell me?

On KATE, smiling.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE -- DAY

KATE reaches into the bottom drawer of her desk. Takes out the pictures of her kid.

And puts them on top of the desk, proudly.

Music up. Frank. Singing "The Best is Yet to Come."

INT. STARBUCKS -- BOSTON -- DAY

KATE and ALLISON have coffee.

ALLISON

You should know, the women of corporate America thank you from the bottom of their heart for not quitting. I personally thank you.

KATE

Well, thanks. I'd like to give you more credit, but the truth is, I didn't do it for you. Or for me.

ALLISON looks at her, curious. KATE smiles.

INT. KINDERGARTEN -- DAY

EMILY stands at the head of the class. It's Career Day again.

EMILY

Today we're going to talk about my mom's job. My mom...

She smiles proudly. Points to KATE, in her suit, who beams proudly back at KATE.

EMILY (CONT'D)

...is a gambler.

INT. OFFICE -- EMF -- DAY

We see KATE walking down the hall.

KATE (V.O.)

Of course, there were things I had to give up. Certain fantasies--

ON A MONITOR

We see a tight close-up of a ring box with a gorgeous engagement ring in it.

Pull back to reveal we're:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- EMF -- DAY

KATE studies the images of both rings on the monitor.

KATE
It's perfect.

We see JACK appear on the screen. He shuts the ring box.

JACK
You sure?

KATE
She's going to love it. You two are
going to be very happy.

JACK
I think you may be right. Of
course, you usually are.

KATE
(smiles)
Does she like Sinatra?

JACK
Not a bit.

KATE
Oh good.

JACK
She's too young -- doesn't know a
thing about him.

KATE
(gasps)
Oh my God. I'm going to kill you--

He grins at her.

JACK
Now, about lowering costs on the
fund guarantees...

She laughs.

INT. KATE AND RICHARD'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Another birthday party, this one for BEN.

KATE (V.O.)

Thing is, when they sent us home from the hospital with a baby almost six years ago, they forgot to hand out the manual. You need a license to drive a car, but with making a family, you're expected to pick it up as you go along.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

As the party winds down.

KATE (CONT'D)

And so that's what Richard and I do -- we build the boat at sea. And sometimes, it actually manages to hold some water.

RICHARD, KATE, and RICHARD'S parents sit among the party rubble. BEN is practically buried under a pile of presents and wrapping paper.

Just then the moment is pierced by a familiar sound. KATE'S Blackberry. KATE gets up, still holding BEN.

KATE (CONT'D)

Be right back.

EMILY hands her a doll.

EMILY

Mommy, can you put on Polly Pocket's leotard?

KATE carries BEN, the doll, and her phone, and walks into the kitchen, EMILY following.

BARBARA

Working on the weekend. Poor thing.

RICHARD

She's closing a deal with Japan -- it's Monday there already.

BARBARA

Still--

RICHARD

Mom, stop.

BARBARA

I just wonder how she does--

RICHARD
Leave her alone.

On BARBARA. Surprised. And RICHARD looks over at KATE--

ANGLE on KATE, phone in one hand, BEN on her hip, EMILY wrapped around her leg...

...trying to get the leotard on the Polly Pocket and talking on the phone...

...and just then she sees RICHARD looking at her from across the room. He smiles.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 We like her the way she is.

And for a moment, everything else KATE is doing fades into the background.

And she smiles back at her husband. And we

FADE OUT