

JULES RUSHES IN

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FADE IN

EXT. - BASE OF AJAX MOUNTAIN, ASPEN - AFTERNOON

Snowflakes, big and fluffy, fall from the sky. He stands behind her, hands around her waist, hugging her. She melts her body into his, leans her head back onto his shoulder. They rock gently together.

JULES, a pretty 30-something blonde, clad in new ski clothes, looks up at Ajax Mountain, the white powder sparkling in the late afternoon sun. TOM, mid-40s and cute with a bit of a belly and dark, curly hair with a receding hairline, follows her gaze.

JULES

(Whispering)
Are you having the happiest
birthday ever?

TOM

Absolutely.
(a quick nibble on her ear)

Jules tilts her head back, opens her mouth and catches snowflakes on the tip of her tongue. One lands on her eyelashes. She wipes her eye, smearing her mascara.

JULES

Good! Now let's go toast 45.

They kiss, sweet and sexy. He pats her derriere.

INT. - AJAX TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Quintessential apres-ski: the playground of the wealthy and beautiful. There's no better people-watching.

Jules and Tom walk into the tavern, rustic and chic.

They take stools at the bar, facing the base of the mountain, their backs to the smattering of restaurant guests.

He orders wine. The skiers, dapper in cream and beige cold weather couture, gather at the tables outdoors. Inside, the fire keeps the room toasty.

The bartender sets down their glasses of red.

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They toast to his birthday and share a quick kiss.

Jules catches just a glimpse but knows: It's him.

She has anticipated this moment since Tom first mentioned celebrating his birthday at his favorite ski resort.

Jules has the perfect view as MARK, a gorgeous man with a self-assured swagger approaches the restaurant door.

Mark looks good. He looks younger now than when he left Manhattan and investment banking a few years earlier. His longish chestnut brown waves with natural gold highlights and deep tan are ski-bum chic. His reflective sunglasses hide his eyes but not the object of his gaze. The perfectly coordinated cream ski clothes complement his lean, fit physique.

He pushes through the tavern door while on his cell phone, his gait smooth, even in ski boots. Jules watches as he continues on the short path that will bring him within touching distance.

TOM

Jules?

The paper napkin peels from Tom's glass, drifts to the polished hardwood floor. Jules leans over to pick it up as Mark passes by. Still leaning over, her blond hair concealing her face, she watches Mark walk to the back of the restaurant, look around then circle back to the front door. She straightens up, the napkin in hand, then drops it again when Mark hesitates inside the door.

TOM

Jules? Are you okay?

Finally! Mark exits Ajax Tavern and passes by the windows. Jules' heart is racing. She needs out.

JULES

I feel funny. I need to go.

TOM

Probably altitude illness.

JULES

I need fresh air and a hot bath.

She hops off her stool and nearly runs for the door.

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CONTINUED: (2)

TOM

Jules, wait! I'll be right there!
(pulling out his
wallet for the tab)

JULES

(over her shoulder)
Meet me outside.

EXT. - BASE OF AJAX MOUNTAIN, ASPEN - AFTERNOON

Jules takes deep breaths. She scans the crowd while
donning her glasses and rushes into the back of someone.

JULES

(distracted)
Sorry.

MARK

Jules?

He removes his sunglasses. He's gorgeous.

MARK (CONT'D)

You didn't tell me you were
coming.

Sweet Jesus.

JULES

Oh, Mark! Hi!
(faux surprise)

He touches her elbow and leans in to give her a firm
kiss. On the lips.

JULES

I meant to call, but...

MARK

You're not here alone.

JULES

Ummm, no.
(she starts)
Well, yes, I'm here with someone.

He looks at her, silent.

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JULES (CONT'D)

My boyfriend. It's his birthday and he wanted to come here and I suggested somewhere else, but here we are.

(weak smile)

MARK

We haven't spoken in a while. You must be in love.

He enjoys her obvious nervousness. It means she still has feelings for him.

JULES

Well...I am. I want this to be an amazing trip for him. I don't want to ruin his birthday by having a weird thing here, okay? I'm going to get going. It is great to see you! I will call you when I return to New York, okay? And let me know the next time you're in town so we can...have lunch or something.

(rambling)

MARK

What happened here? You've been crying?

Wipes the trace of the smeared mascara tear on her cheek.

Jules turns and smiles as Tom lumbers toward them in his clunky, ski boots. Mark never looks his way.

JULES

Ah, there you are!

She kisses Tom's cheek.

JULES (CONT'D)

Tom, meet Mark Whittaker. Mark, Tom DeMarco.

The men eye each other. Tom offers his hand.

TOM

Nice to meet you. Jules has mentioned you.

MARK

(smirking)

Nice to meet you as well.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm surprised Jules hasn't mentioned you.

Jules is quick to hook her arm into Tom's.

JULES

Yes, well, as I was just saying, what a nice surprise to run into you, Mark! We're off to the hotel.

MARK

Of course. I'll be seeing you.

Mark begins walking away, confidence personified.

TOM

I know you don't mind older guys, but not that much older.

JULES

Actually, Tom, you two are the same age. But, he and I dated ages ago.

As they walk, she leans into him, putting her hand around his waist. He doesn't reciprocate. Jules notices the slight.

JULES (CONT'D)

Don't be silly!

TOM

I don't like that he said you hadn't even mentioned me to him. Why are you still in touch with him anyway?

JULES

Please...he was making it up to unnerve you. He's just jealous.

They walk the rest of the way to their hotel without speaking. It's a comfortable silence.

INT. - LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - DUSK

Tom draws a bath, Jules peels off layers of clothes. As she places her silenced phone on the bedside table, she sees a text.

Mark: U could do better. She smiles at his little jab. She responds: What makes you so sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Within seconds, her phone lights up again: BC you dated me. She turns off her phone and walks to the bathroom.

INT. - DAYS LATER - CORPORATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jules flops into her chair. The office is quiet and her space compulsively organized.

Jules calls MADELEINE, her curly-haired, olive toned beauty of a friend, with a post-trip report.

JULES

Mad, it's me.

INT. - MUSEUM OFFICES, BOSTON - SAME TIME

MADELEINE

How was it? And, how does it feel to be in love with a man on the brink of a mid-life crisis?

JULES

It was perfect, except...

MADELEINE

(jumping in)

The sex just isn't what it used to be? You know there are prescriptions for men his age.

JULES

(laughing)

No! No, we are fine. But, I ran into Mark, literally ran into him, and had to introduce them.

MADELEINE

Oh, to be a fly on that wall!

JULES

It was awkward. And, funny, the way they sized each other up so obviously. Tom handled it well. Imagine being in his shoes?

Jules switches on her computer.

MADELEINE

Imagine YOU being in either of their shoes! It would drive you crazy. Still in love?

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JULES

Very much so. It's easy with him.

MADELEINE

Great! Now, let me fill you in on my excitement, which surely trumps your jet-setting off to Aspen for the weekend. We have a trustee dinner this week and with my recent promotion, I'm now fully in charge.

JULES

You are an amazing hostess, it's just for a much larger group.

MADELEINE

I know, but it's my first, so...

JULES

It will be perfect, I promise.

MADELEINE

Oh! There's the florist. Speak later!

Jules hangs up, opens her notebook and gets to work.

EXT. - BERGDORF GOODMAN - THE NEXT MORNING

Jules takes a moment to enjoy the fully dressed windows before entering the 58th Street entrance.

INT. - BERGDORF GOODMAN - AGLITTER - SAME TIME

The gilded elevator doors open to The Beauty Level. Jules breathes in deeply. Sparkling, lightly perfumed and abuzz with soft, hushed voices, appealing to her every sense. She makes her way to the LaMer counter.

SLOANE, a thin, fair and freckled beauty with long red hair joins Jules at the counter, minutes later.

SLOANE

I knew I'd find you here! New eye cream?

Jules smiles as she opens her eyes to see Sloane, who leans in and gives her a peck hello on the cheek.

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SLOANE (CONT'D)

You look younger already, honey.

JULES

I think it's time to use a daily product. Look at these lines.

Jules looks into the mirror, turning her head one way, then the other. She looks at Sloane.

JULES (CONT'D)

You still have a few years, lucky.

SLOANE

I've been using eye cream since I got out of diapers. My mother.

(beat)

Shoe department?

JULES

Yes! Then we really should shop for others! I still have so much to buy. Especially for Tom.

Jules checks her phone and sees that Tom has sent a text.

JULES (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil, guess who wants your number?

(to the woman behind the counter)

Thank you, Etta. Happy holidays!

Sloane looks at the phone as they walk towards the elevators.

SLOANE

Jules, you know what this means!

JULES

He wants Christmas gift ideas?

SLOANE

Can you be so naive? We'll skip the shoes and head to Harry Winston, where you'll show me exactly what you want so I'll know just what to tell him. Thank goodness he came to me!

(MORE)

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SLOANE (CONT'D)

I know just how to handle this...I won't rain on your parade, but I will make sure you know to get your hair blown and your nails done the day he'll drop to bended knee.

JULES

I would love, love, love for you to be right, but no ring shopping!

SLOANE

(interrupting her)

Since my grandmother, Mimi, we Masters women have had insights into matters of the heart. Tom will propose by New Year's, if not Christmas.

EXT. - FIFTH AVENUE - AFTERNOON

Jules walks home, her mind racing with possibilities. She pulls out her cell phone and dials.

JULES

Madeleine? How is my favorite fertility woman?

INT. - MADELEINE'S BOSTON APARTMENT - SAME TIME

MADELEINE

Overwhelmed. You should see these charts!

JULES

It'll be worth it, I'm sure. Tom texted, asking for Sloane's phone number. What do you think?

MADELEINE

Just before Christmas? Break out the chuppah! Our girl's getting married!

INT. - A QUIET TRAIN CAR - CHRISTMAS MORNING

The conductor announces another town. It will be a long ride. She picks up her phone and dials.

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CONTINUED:

JULES

Ho, ho, ho!

INT. - MADELEINE'S BOSTON APARTMENT - SAME TIME

MADELEINE

Merry Christmas! How's your day?

JULES

Lovely. Everyone loved the gifts.
I just finished my father's big
breakfast.

MADELEINE

Delicious!

JULES

I overate and rolled myself onto
the train. I'm on my way to meet
Tom and his extended family.

MADELEINE

No pressure.

JULES

None at all. Traditional Jewish
Christmas celebration today?

MADELEINE

A double-feature followed by a
Chinese dinner. My only pressure
is figuring out which movie to see
first. Are you preened for the
introduction?

JULES

New outfit, full on hair - which
will drop before I get half way
there - and fresh mani, pedi, wax.
(she hesitates)Madeleine, do you really think he
may have something umm...planned?

MADELEINE

Makes sense to me. You have been
inseparable since June and you've
already had 'the talks' about
where to live, kids, rings. Plus,
no need to remind you that the man
just turned 45. It's time for him
to get started if he wants to be a
father.

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JULE

Did Sloane say anything to you?
She would tell me if they
discussed a ring, right?

MADELEINE

I haven't spoken with her,
honestly. As close as you are,
nobody would ruin the surprise of
a proposal, including me. That
said, I honestly don't know a
thing. You have to call me, I
don't care the time, and let me
know.

JULES

Even if it's after 9:00? This is a
big offer!

MADELEINE

Yes, call me!

EXT. - TRAIN STATION - THAT AFTERNOON

Oyster Bay station is filled with couples and families
balancing gifts, greeting each other with Merry
Christmas! Jules and Tom exchange quick kisses then hurry
to move her bags of gifts and clothes into his car trunk.
They climb into the idling BMW.

INT. - TOM'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

He lowers the radio playing Christmas carols and gives
her another kiss.

TOM

Merry Christmas, Jules.

He launches into a DeMarco family run-down.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now, a little review. Robert and
Lisa are hosting, Aunt Lucia will
put food on your plate, no matter
your protests, uncle Pat...

EXT. - DRIVEWAY OF DEMARCO FAMILY HOME - EVENING

He looks at Jules, visibly nervous. Unbuckling his seat
belt, he pauses.

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TOM (CONT'D)

They will adore you, don't worry.
(He pats her hand and
gives her a kiss.)

JULES

Hope so!
(she musters a smile)

INT. - WELL DECORATED GREAT ROOM - EVENING

They enter the sprawling home to a boisterous gathering of three generations of family, speaking excitedly, the elders loud in Italian.

Tom's first cousin, ROBERT, is a pleasant-looking if pouchy middle-aged construction contractor. His wife, LISA, is clearly a fitness devotee. Jules hand them a Ralph Lauren candle, which they enthusiastically receive. Lisa gives a slight nod and raised eyebrow to Tom.

Robert hands Jules a glass of Italian red. Too quickly, she takes a sip.

The older men put down their playing cards, the women set the hot serving plates mounded with aromatic, Italian specialties on the table. Everyone takes their seats. Napkins unfold, wine is poured. They move to the

INT. - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The Italian Christmas meal is picture perfect.

Robert clinks his fork gently on the side of his glass. The teens seated at the other table finally comply. Robert stands.

ROBERT

Thanks, everyone, for celebrating
this holiday with us. We are
blessed to be together tonight.
And, let us welcome Tom's lovely
friend, Jules, to our dinner.
(looking at Jules)
We are happy to have you.

JULES

Thank you for having me.

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ROBERT

Tonight, I'd like to start a tradition we usually reserve for Thanksgiving. Let's each name one thing we are grateful for this year. Aunt Lucia?

AUNT LUCIA, a heavy breather with a thick Italian accent, speaks. It's unintelligible. Everyone smiles and raises their glass.

A younger cousin and husband announce they are pregnant. Cheering, kissing and blessings erupt.

They move around the table in a counter-clockwise direction so Jules will follow Tom. Finally, it is Tom's turn.

Jules takes another sip of her wine.

TOM

I am grateful for something new in my life this year. It's changed my life as well as my outlook. And made me very happy.

Jules smiles, head down, moves her hand closer to his.

TOM (CONT'D)

Every day starts with sunshine, which puts a smile on my face.

Jules looks up, at him, smiling.

TOM (CONT'D)

I moved into a new apartment with lots of windows. Overlooking the park. Spectacular views!

Stunned, Jules pulls her hand away and flushes up her neck to her cheeks. She keeps the smile glued to her lips. Her hand shaking, she lifts her glass and gulps the rest of her wine.

ROBERT

(chiding)

I would think you would be thankful for the beautiful blonde sitting at your side.

Bless you, Robert.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JULES
 (praying her voice
 doesn't crack)
 I'm grateful for my grandmother's
 health. She has had a difficult
 year and we are lucky she is doing
 much better.

She waits for the others to finish - an eternity - then finds the bathroom for a few tears and deep breaths.

Back at the table, Jules chokes down a bite of bread and pushes food around her plate. She drinks a little too much wine but is careful not to become noticeably tipsy.

The family offers them warm kisses, hugs and pinches on the cheeks as they say farewell as dessert is served.

INT. - TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

They ride in silence, Tom navigates the quiet roads through the affluent neighborhood. Once on a country road, he breaks the silence.

TOM
 (Nonchalant)
 Nice time?

JULES
 (trying to sound
 normal)
 Lovely.

TOM
 Mmmhmm.

She dives right in.

JULES
 A nice tradition, voicing your
 gratitude each year.
 (Passive-aggressive)

He pulls the car to the side of the road and Jules stares out the window. He takes her chin and guides her face to look at him. He looks her in the eyes and speaks.

TOM
 Jules, you know you are the most
 important thing that happened in
 my life this year, right?

(CONTINUED)

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She nods unable to speak.

TOM (CONT'D)

I keep my private life private. My family meddles enough without invitation.

He takes her hand and kisses it. Her relief is visible.

EXT. - TOM'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

They arrive at Tom's large, shingled Amagansett beach home. The pebbled driveway crunches beneath their feet. The crashing surf is the only other sound.

INT. - TOM'S BEACH HOUSE - AMAGANSETT

Tom flips the switch and lights the open living room and kitchen, decorated in bamboo wood and cream. Jules unpacks her bags on her side of the closet and in her dresser drawers. Her new LaMer goes into the bathroom drawer with her other products.

Tom starts a fire, uncorks the wine and sets the glasses before them. WEHM plays eclectic holiday carols.

Tom takes Jules' hand and pulls her down next to him on the rug in front of the fire. He wraps his arms around her and nuzzles her neck.

Jules already feels this round of wine. She could be seduced just as easily as she could succumb to sleep. She kisses Tom's neck, he pulls her closer. His breathing changes.

JULES

Wait!

TOM

Condoms?
(teasing)

She unfolds his arms around her and heads to the master bedroom.

JULES

Maybe better.

She returns with a stack of beautifully wrapped and color-coordinated Christmas gifts.

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TOM

Wow! Jules!

He scrambles up from the floor, looking impressed with the stack of color-coordinated wrapped gifts.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll be right back! I kept yours hidden so you couldn't peek.

He returns with a small, pumpkin orange shopping bag. Louis Vuitton.

He hands her the bag and kisses her on the lips.

TOM

Merry Christmas. Hope you like it.

Inside, a small, flat box. He gives her an earnest, expectant smile. Removing the lid, she sees a piece of paper. A gift certificate to Louis Vuitton. A generous one. Purchase date: December 24th.

JULES

Tom! This is so...generous.

TOM

I wasn't sure what to get you and called Sloane. She said you love Louis Vuitton. I didn't know which bag to get you.

She moves her stack of gifts in front of him: a new backgammon set, their favorite game. The recent thriller from his favorite author. A framed photo from their sailing trip in Newport.

TOM

(delighted as he unwraps each)
You shouldn't have gone to this much trouble.

He opens the last gift, Jack Johnson concert tickets to his upcoming show. He leans in, takes her into his arms.

TOM

Nobody has ever done anything as thoughtful as this for me before.
Thank you, honey.

They make love, in front of the fire, the wrapping paper scattered around them. He drifts off to sleep, she untangles herself and covers him with a throw blanket.

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CONTINUED: (2)

She goes to the master bedroom and sees a message from Madeleine: Call me!

Jules checks to make sure Tom is sound asleep and phones Madeleine while gazing out at the rough surf and the dunes.

JULES

Hi, it's me.
(a touch flat)

MADELEINE

You didn't get a ring.

JULES

A gift certificate to Louis Vuitton. A generous one.

MADELEINE

Ohgod.

JULES

(voice strained)
Bad, isn't it? Be honest.

MADELEINE

Aren't I always? It's generous but impersonal. How are you?

JULES

A little deflated. Was I expecting too much? We did say a year together before taking the next step. It's just...

MADELEINE

Deep breath, Jules.

JULES

(she does as
instructed)

It was a roller coaster ride even before the gifts tonight. I met his family - the whole family - and they have this gut-wrenching tradition of sharing what they're most thankful at dinner.

MADELEINE

Who would think this is so awful?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULES

You might, when your boyfriend tells his entire family, while you're seated next to him, he's most thankful for his apartment.

MADELEINE

WHAT?

JULES

I drank too much at dinner then pouted in the car.

MADELEINE

Mature, good.

JULES

He said he was just keeping his private life private, that they meddle too much.

(Deep breath)

First, that. Then his deep pocket versus deep meaning gift. Am I putting too much pressure on this holiday?

MADELEINE

(comforting)

I don't love the paper gift. But you are heading in the right direction. He wanted to spend the holiday with you. He wanted you to meet his family. And you two have been together only six months, as intense as those six months have been. Give it time, Jules.

JULES

You're right, I know.

MADELEINE

Of course I am! Listen, we don't want to him overhear this. And, I have to run ... Let's talk when you are back in New York and we can fully analyze.

JULES

Enjoy! And thank you.

INT. - TAXI IN MIDTOWN TRAFFIC - MORNING - DAYS LATER

Wendi Waldman Epstein, WWE, an unfortunate nod to the Wicked Witch of the (Upper) East, presents herself flawlessly today and every day. She's in an enviable couture wardrobe, her naturally black mane reflecting her frequent dark moods. Her screaming fits are legendary. Today's would prove no exception.

WENDI

How many homepage features have we given Carolina Herrera?

Wendi looks out the window.

JULES

Three.

The taxi slows to a stop in the traffic.

WENDI

(looking at her, for the first time)

I don't believe you.

Jules blinks first. Damn it.

JULES

Three. I checked. As did Channing.

WENDI

(annoyed, punches the number to her office with her wrapped fingernails)

Hold on.

(to Jules. Then into the phone)

Channing, tell me, how many features on Carolina? Oh, and don't tell me the number Jules may have told you. How many times DO. YOU. KNOW. One of her dresses was on the homepage?

(waits one beat)

Thanks.

With a sigh, she tosses her phone into her bag.

WENDI (CONT'D)

I don't believe either of you. I will check when I return to the office. You better be right.

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CONTINUED:

JULES

Or what?
(she wonders to
herself)

She looks out the window. Just 10 more blocks to go.

WENDI

How much have they committed to
run this year?

JULES

\$150,000. Double last year.

WENDI

And with the comp set?

Jules pulls the overview page out of her bag and shares
it with Wendi.

WENDI (CONT'D)

How much of this is bridal versus
couture and fragrance?

Jules flushes as she desperately shuffles through the
papers in the folder.

JULES

Umm, hold on, I think I have it.

With a shark's ability to smell blood in the water, Wendi
attacks. The rest of the ride is pure, unadulterated
hell. The fashion district is only blocks away. As they
exit the taxi, Jules already smiles a big smile grateful
for her clients, her saviors.

INT. - JULES' OFFICE - LATER THAT WEEK - AFTERNOON

Jules dials Maria, still away with her brood, "enjoying"
her holiday break they extended into the second week of
January.

JULES

Happy New Year! You holding up?

INT. - LARGE FLORIDIAN BATHROOM - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

MARIA

Holing up, in my in-laws'
bathroom.

(whispering)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIA (CONT'D)

You bring your girls to Yaya's for a visit, have them speak Greek and still you get criticized. And I haven't even tried cooking yet. Imagine the horror if she tasted my spanakopita?

JULES

Maybe the stay's a bit long?

MARIA

The stay is hell. So is the drive. Try driving to Florida with a husband who feigns deafness until his phone beeps with a message and four girls under eight, bickering.

JULES

Get some rest before your hiding spot is discovered. We'll talk when you can lock yourself into the sanctity of your own bathroom.

MARIA

I know you think I have the life of leisure, Jules, but really, sometimes, I don't even know how the hell this all happened to me.

JULES

If a nap's not possible, how about a cocktail?

MARIA

Perfect! Coming sweetheart! Oh, I meant her, not you, Jules. Bye!

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Jules is cozied up in her small, pre-war one bedroom, under her big, fluffy duvet. The room is pristine, a steaming cup of tea on the bedside table. She dials her phone.

JULES

Good morning! It's me! Have your calendar handy?

INT. - MADELEINE'S BOSTON APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Madeleine mixes a bowl of oatmeal, the phone under her chin. She settles into her Eames chair and ottoman.

MADELEINE

I'm sure you'll want to do something with Tom, so don't worry if it doesn't work this year.

JULES

I wouldn't miss it! This is our thirteenth year celebrating together. We're not skipping this!

MADELEINE

Our annual birthday visit is on!

JULES

I can't wait! Don't forget to ask your friends about the new places in town and book us a reservation. Oh and our spa appointments.

MADELEINE

I will. Though this year, we may have to change things a little.

JULES

(hesitantly)
Because?

MADELEINE

Just a very sore thigh right now.

JULES

(thinking aloud)
You know...if I help you with those hormone shots, one could say I practically helped you conceive.

MADELEINE

One could not say that!
(laughing)

JULES

Not to mention all the positive energy I will bring your way, even when you're impossibly hormonal.

MADELEINE

Good luck. I'm an emotional mess.

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JULES

Fantastic! Let's drop by Neiman's. Don't ask me to abide by the 'no gifts until the baby' policy. You know I won't be able to resist buying a little something.

MADELEINE

You're welcome to buy things for me!

Jules checks the Amtrak site as they sort the best train schedules.

JULES

You, Punxsutawney Phil and I will celebrate soon! Our 34th! Good things are coming this year!

INT. - TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

Jules and Tom are asleep in his cherry wood bed. The sun is streaming in.

Jules wakes to a discussion on NPR about Phil seeing his shadow. Spring will come early this year. Welcome news.

Tom pulls her next to him and gives her sweet kisses.

TOM

Happy birthday, honey. Don't forget we have dinner at 8.
(kissing her head)

JULES

Oh, tonight? Sorry, I have plans.

TOM

Break them. I want to celebrate and spoil you today.

JULES

Mmm...
(cuddling into him)

He spansks her playfully then jumps out of bed. He's dressed in a tee and shorts within minutes.

TOM

Get up, sleeping beauty!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom leaves for his swim. Jules stays put a few minutes longer. The radio announcer tells her it's 28 degrees. Emerging from the down-blanket cocoon, she shivers in the chilly room and groans as she hurries to dress.

After pulling on her running clothes and shoes, she adds a layer with one of Tom's snowboarding fleeces, splashes water on her face, brushes her teeth and pulls her hair back.

She enters the well-kept living room. Half expecting a surprise - flowers? a card? - she scans the oversized table and finds everything as it was last night, a mess of papers.

She leaves for her morning run.

EXT. - CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

She crosses Central Park West and is in the park, heading south on the running path, within a few frigid minutes. The rhythm of her breathing, her footsteps and the music blaring from her iPhone put her in a trance as she easily manages the Big Loop's six miles.

INT. - TOM'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

A flushed and sweaty Jules checks her texts and sees she's missed a few calls. The birthday greetings have begun.

Tom has been here and has already left for a client visit. Jules gets ready and heads to her office.

INT. - STYLE OFFICES - LATER THAT MORNING

Jules' cube is an explosion of birthday decorations, appropriate for a pink-crazed tween. Balloons cling to the drop-tiled ceiling, the smell of fresh muffins and coffee compete with the fragrant bouquet of flowers. Even her screen saver is a hot pink birthday cartoon message.

Jules stands with her coat on, bag in hand, taking it all in.

CHANNING

Good morning, birthday girl! Your phone has been ringing off the hook!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hands her a list of calls.

JULES

Channing, you've outdone yourself!

Jules reviews the list, all birthday wishes, including Maria, who is at home with her youngest, under the weather. Madeleine, thanking her for her visit and Sloane, just back from St. Barth's.

Channing has left the room and returns again, all smiles.

CHANNING

I just picked these up from the front desk for you!

She smiles as she pulls off the ribbons, releases the cellophane and opens the card: Happy birthday! Love, Mark

JULES

Thank you, Channing!

CHANNING

I love Tom. If only I could find a guy like him!
(gushing)

Jules opts not to correct her colleague as she heads back to her desk. Channing turns on her heels.

CHANNING (CONT'D)

I nearly forgot! A charming Brit called this morning and didn't leave a message. Said he'd call later.

Meet ROY, the only man on the sales force. Dapper and impeccably groomed at all times, he is today as well.

ROY

Excited for your boozy birthday lunch?

(pointing to his tie)

Channing asked me to coordinate with your birthday decorations. I'll be the only guy in the steak house wearing a pink tie and pocket square.

JULES

And it's much appreciated.

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT

Jules bathes in her favorite bubble bath, exfoliates the bottoms of her feet and scrubs the rest of her body with body polish. With still-damp skin, she applies a liberal coat of body oil and finishes with a light spritz of her signature fragrance.

With her hair freshly styled at Dry Bar, she gets to work on her make-up. She stands back and takes a look. Her eyes sparkle, as only a happy woman's do.

Among the sea of black dresses, she pulls out a baby blue cashmere wrap dress. The color complements her fair winter complexion, the style is sexy and demure.

She pulls on silver Prada sandals, despite the frigid temperatures, admires her new pedicure and grabs her coat and bag on her way out the door.

EXT. - JULES' APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

She rushes toward the car where Tom awaits her. He helps her into the car before he closes the door.

INT. - UBER CAR - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

TOM

Having a happy birthday, sweetie?

He leans over, inhales her scent then kisses her.

JULES

I am! And, I believe it's about to get even better.

The driver makes a right onto East 63rd Street and stops at the light on Madison Avenue. Jules knows their destination: Daniel, New York's ultimate special occasion restaurant. He means to impress her. And she is.

JULES

(cooing into his ear)
Daniel? How nice!

TOM

I wanted to take you somewhere really special, somewhere you haven't been before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jules omits she celebrated her birthday at Daniel a few years ago with Mark. She responds by kissing Tom.

INT. - DANIEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They enter the grand foyer, down the carpeted steps and past the lounge. It is filled with elegant and well-dressed couples.

The maitre d' sweeps them into the serene dining room, shades of cream.

Jules and Tom flirt over champagne, after he toasts her. They enjoy a decadent, New French meal, served in three flawless acts. It is matched only by the dessert, a three-part study in perfection.

The waiter presents the basket of white cloth clad homemade madeleines, Daniel Boulud's signature dessert finale.

JULES

I can't eat another bite, but these are my favorite...

TOM

What's your favorite?

Jules bites into one of the delicious, crusty cookies, exaggerating the experience.

JULES

The madeleines. Daniel Bolud's little surprise and delight, just when you think it can't get any better.

She pops another into her mouth.

TOM

Speaking of surprise and delight, just when you think it can't get any better...

He takes her hands into his across the table.

JULES

Mmmhmm...

A smile curls on the outer corners of her lips. She tries to discretely swallow her mouthful of crispy, buttery heaven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

You surprise and delight me all
the time, Jules.

JULES

I do ... ?
(able to speak again)

TOM

Yes and just when I think it can't
get any better with you, with us,
it does.

JULES

I feel the same way, Tom.

Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God. Is this happening?

He gently kisses her fingers.

TOM

I'd like to surprise and delight
you.

(a bit nervously)

I thought about what I could get
for you that would be so memorable
and show you how I feel about you.

JULES

Just say it!
(she pleads,
silently)

TOM

I, well, I didn't really get you
anything.

She cannot tell if he is teasing her. Her silence signals
him to continue.

TOM (CONT'D)

Since you like to travel so much,
and I know you would probably like
to go somewhere warm, I will treat
you to a weekend away.

If she hadn't had her forehead Botox-ed a couple of weeks
ago, he would have noticed her eyebrows coming together,
as she tries to make sense of what she is hearing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM (CONT'D)

I didn't book anything because I don't know what your calendar looks like.

He continues, making matters worse.

TOM (CONT'D)

And I have a few more weekends of boarding out west, end of the season and all. Let's plan to go in April or May. Depending upon the powder.

Jules sits up a little straighter, unsure what to say. She forces a convincing smile, which probably appears weak, and hesitates before speaking.

JULES

(musters)

Thank you for a truly lovely dinner. And, I can't wait for our weekend together.

No ring. No card, flowers, token gift. The meal was the height of New York fine dining, but she leaves Daniel a bit queasy.

EXT. - CENTRAL PARK - EARLY EVENING - NEXT DAY

Jules walks through the park, heading home after busy but somewhat shorter day at the office. Her phone rings.

INT. - MARIA'S EXPANSIVE SUBURBAN HOME - SAME TIME

MARIA

I have disappointing news. I can't make dinner. One of the girls has a tummy ache.

JULES

Sorry, Maria. Who is it?

MARIA

My third, Calliope. Third child, third letter in the alphabet.
(teasing)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

You had four in how many years?
They do look alike, you have to
admit. All those beautiful
brunette waves!

MARIA

I'm so disappointed. I was looking
forward to finally getting into
the city, having a meal that
someone else prepared and isn't
interrupted by whining.

JULES

Promise we'll reschedule soon?

MARIA

Of course! I am at the mercy of
these overscheduled and overpriced
babysitters. For the past five
years, I have been dealing with
sitters, morning sickness,
diapers, formula stains and temper
tantrums. Can you believe the
former Queen of Scheme of the
London Scene is a stay at home mom
with those jeans designed to hide
a perpetually post-baby bump?

JULES

Grass could be greener. I'm ready
for a commitment and, in a few
years, a baby. Maybe not the
suburbs, but the rest...

MARIA

You're nearly there! Then you'll
know marital bliss. And the joys
of motherhood.

(teasing)

JULES

I hope so! For my birthday, he
took me to a very nice dinner but
didn't bother with any sweet
little gestures. Not even a card
or flowers.

MARIA

See? The courtship's over. Already
he's getting lazy. It proves he's
comfortable. He's not going
anywhere. Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES

Sweets, what's that noise?

MARIA

I'm rocking the dear child who sabotaged our dinner plans. She doesn't let me out of her sight when she's sick. It's going to be a long night. Now, when are we rescheduling dinner? I need something to look forward to. Desperately.

JULES

And there's a lot to share. Madeleine's IVF, Sloane and my Valentine's Day plans.

MARIA

Valentine's Day with Sloane?

JULES

She's mourning her latest breakup. Perfect time for this dreadful holiday. I'm happy to keep her company. Tom and I are having an après Valentine's Day dinner. See what I mean about romance?

MARIA

To avoid the crowds and the ridiculous prices? Ari and I have been doing that for years.

JULES

No, he'll be out of town. Is it wrong for me to feel slighted?

MARIA

Where?

More bouncing of the phone and the quiet whining of an unhappy child.

JULES

Out west. I know he loves snowboarding but I'll be glad when the season's over. He's promised to take me to a romantic dinner out at the beach when he returns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARIA

Imagine how much money Tom would
save on hotels if only he could
stay with Mark!

JULES

Bite your tongue! One chance
encounter was one too many!

Jules laughs alone as Maria is distracted by the calls,
getting louder, in the background.

MARIA

Do you hear this? Bye! Can't wait
to see you!

Jules walks north up Madison Avenue. Waiting for the
light, she checks her phone, the log shows four missed
calls. Maria's call to reschedule dinner. Tom called
twice, just checking in. And Mark, with belated birthday
wishes, "love." He's just back in from Hong Kong.

She dials.

INT. - MARK'S WELL-APPOINTED ASPEN HOME - AFTERNOON

Mark lounges on a couch in front of a roaring fire.

MARK

Hello, love! How was your big day?
I was thinking of you, somewhere
in the midst of a hellishly long
flight.

JULES

So very nice, thank you.
(she smiles)

MARK

I feel obliged to ask. What did
the man who doesn't deserve you do
for you?

JULES

We had dinner at Daniel. It was
lovely.
(she tries to sound
convincing)

MARK

Very pretentious, too. And, we did
that. Years ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK (CONT'D)

Bet you didn't tell him.
Annnddd...anything else?
(prodding)

JULES

We're going to take a long weekend
together. His treat.

MARK

Of course it should be his treat!
But, what did he actually GET you?

JULES

The weekend away. And a lovely
dinner.
(annoyed, defensive)

MARK

That's it? Reservations and an
IOU? Jules, tell me, amuse me, why
do you bother with this guy?

JULES

Because he adores me and he isn't
going to run off to Aspen on me.

This quiets him.

MARK

Touché, love.

There is beeping audible on the phone.

MARK (CONT'D)

Someone trying to interrupt our
little chat, love?

JULES

(without looking at
her phone)
It may be Tom. I must return his
calls.

MARK

You called me first? Very
interesting, isn't it?
(A statement, not a
question)

Jules climbs the stairs to the front door of her
building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES

I should let you go now. I'm home.

MARK

Call me when you are all tucked in. Let's talk a little more.

JULES

(giggling)

Looking to resume the phone sex?

MARK

God, yes. The only thing that rivals those calls were our e(rotic) mail.

Once upstairs, she strips her clothes, pulls on her softest cotton lounge pants and tank top then climbs into bed. She picks up her phone to call Mark back then stops.

Tom can wait until the morning.

INT. - AIRPLANE INTERIOR - NIGHT - THE FOLLOWING WEEK

A sun-kissed Jules in white tee and old jeans, sunglasses propped on her head, sits in a window seat.

Upon landing at Newark, she is pleased to see Tom's text, asking her to call as soon as she lands. She dials as a text pops up: Getting a jump start on Aspen. They just got 6" of powder. Will call when I land. Welcome home!

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jules takes a bubble bath, the bathroom lit only by candles, then jumps under her covers, the cool sheets causing a quick shiver.

She picks up Candace Bushnell's latest book. She reads the page then rereads it. She puts the book down. She grabs her phone, hesitates then dials.

JULES

Not screening tonight? Even on a Sunday night, this is impressive.

INT. - SLOANE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Sloane is lounging on her couch, clothes scattered around, a bottle of wine and empty glass on the side table, her doting dog on her lap.

SLOANE

Honey! I was on the line with my mother, who was further chastising me. I thought it was him calling. Again. It's got to stop. He showed up the other night. Drunk. It's a long story and I won't bore you.

JULES

Great. Just back from my parents'.

SLOANE

(concerned)
Are you okay?

JULES

It went well, until my mother started getting a little too personal on the personal life questions. How was the farm?

SLOANE

Great. My stepfather was trying to kill pheasant. My mother was trying to kill me.

JULES

Sorry. Still my favorite from your mother: marry the first for love, the second for money and the third for companionship. Want to go first?

SLOANE

Given my awfully late start, I'll have to jump directly to companionship. Your call, you first. Any pearls of wisdom imparted to you this weekend?

JULES

I should break up with Tom because he was snowboarding on Valentine's Day. He's thoughtless and unromantic. And it explains why he's still single. And will likely always be single. That's all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOANE

Huh. Impressive.

Sloane considers before she shares.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

My mother offered to pay to have
my eggs frozen. Over dinner.
Unsolicited. I win.
(matter-of-factly)

JULES

You do win! I confess, I was
furious Tom missed Valentine's
Day, but then he more than makes
up for it with sweet gestures,
like running out for my favorite
muffins while I ran last weekend
out east. And, I loved our dinner
together.

SLOANE

Honey, you see it's just sabotage.
You run and he buys you fattening
treats. He's trying to fatten you
up so other men won't hit on you.
He's serious about you.

JULES

It's that kind of gesture or
waking me with, 'Good morning,
beautiful' that forgive all.

SLOANE

That is sweet.
(sincerely)

JULES

Even though he's the sweet,
sensitive type, the kind of guy
you marry, recently, I've had this
vague feeling our relationship is
changing.

SLOANE

I promise you, a few trips to hang
out with the guys out west does
not a fall from the pedestal make,
honey. Which is very different
from him looking up to you, like
my leprechaun of a man. Pierce has
to look up to me. And everyone for
that matter. Little bastard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She exhales a deep, yoga-type sigh. Let it go.

JULES

Any word from him?

SLOANE

Since he told me he loves me, but he can't commit to me? And he's going to see a therapist?

This has been going on for years. Sloane is tired of telling the story.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

The last he saw of me was when I was running down the stairs of that goddamned brownstone, dragging my overstuffed bags and my poor little Bella, screaming, "You don't need a shrink! You need a jeweler!"

JULES

There is so much love, if only he could see it.

SLOANE

Codependent, twisted love.

JULES

So now what?

SLOANE

Now? I'm like some crazy recluse because how can I go anywhere? I've just had a peel.

JULES

Are you okay?

SLOANE

I'm fine but itching to go out. I sound like I'm hallucinating, but I've seen him on my block, visiting my old haunts. He even dared to buzz my ringer late one night, begging me to let him in.

On cue, Sloane's phone begins beeping, a call ringing in.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

See? He KNOWS. Let me deal with him, sweets. Call you, promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jules turns off her light when her phone rings again.

SLOANE

It was my mother, checking in to see if I've checked myself into some looney bin. Who calls after someone's med time? Anyway, let's not worry about these silly men, honey. They're not worth losing our beauty sleep. Sweet dreams.

Tom would never drag things on and on like Pierce. Maybe he's a little too into snowboarding, but he is also good, kind, honest.

She sends Tom a text: Have fun, honey. She turns off her light and settles into bed, a smile on her lips.

INT. - TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - NEXT DAY

Jules lets herself into his apartment and takes a deep breath of his smell.

She turns on the lights, enters the spotless kitchen, unpacks the groceries, hiding the strawberries and whipped cream in the produce drawer.

On the oversized table in the living room, she places her card on top of the small stack of receipts and paperwork. Perched on top, she notices a white envelope embossed with the classic Tiffany and Co. logo.

She hesitates before picking up the envelope, careful with the thick paper. Inside, a receipt. For a diamond ring.

She sits, staring at the paper, overwhelmed with emotion. Her hands shake. After a few minutes, she scrambles to put everything back in place.

Recreating the pile of paper, she catches a glimpse of the American Express receipt now on top. \$400 flat. No tip, no name of establishment. Thursday at 12:13 am. Thursday night dinner with his parents while she was visiting hers.

The next receipt: a cash withdrawal from POM POM diner, at 12:28 am for \$200. She finds her phone and googles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES
 (to herself)
 Urban Dictionary...Pom Pom is
 slang for female pubic hair.

She types more.

JULES (CONT'D)
 Yelp...Yelpers are fans.

Quick typing.

JULES (CONT'D)
 Perhaps lured by the ATM just
 beyond the doors, its customers
 are a mix of suited men straight
 from the strip club...

She catches her breath. A strip club?

She checks her Thursday texts. He had texted her, wishing
 her a good night, saying he didn't want to call in case
 she was already asleep. Lying bastard!

He bought a ring for her that day, then hit the strip
 club that night? She feels sick to her stomach and runs
 to the bathroom just in time to be ill.

INT. - STYLE OFFICES - LATE AFTERNOON, DAYS LATER

After ignoring his calls, neglecting his voice mails and
 not answering his texts, Jules finally picks up Tom's
 call to her office on his second day back from Aspen.

JULES
 Hello?
 (nonchalant)

INT. - TOM'S CAR - SAME TIME

TOM
 Jules!
 (hint of panic)
 Where have you been? I've been
 trying to reach you!

JULES
 Care to tell me where you've been?
 (she thinks, but
 instead says:)
 Just crazy busy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Good. I saw all the things you
left in my apartment then couldn't
reach you...I was worried.

JULES

No need to worry, Tom.

She winces at how saccharine sweet she sounds.

JULES (CONT'D)

We have a lot of catching up to do
but I've really got to get going.
I'm running late.

TOM

Want to come over tonight? It's
been so long...

JULES

Tonight? I can drop by after work.

TOM

Drop by? How about I make dinner?
Gnocchi?

(He is on to her)

JULES

Your homemade gnocchi?
(her resolve
faltering?)

TOM

Yes. 7?

JULES

See you then!
(too cheerfully)

Her hands are shaking. She checks on Wendi, on a call in
her office behind closed doors, then dials Madeleine.

JULES

Madeleine?

INT. - DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

MADELEINE

How are you holding up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

We just spoke. He may know something is up.
(she whispers quickly)

MADELEINE

What would give him that idea? The fact that you have given him the cold shoulder for days when you normally talk or text countless times in any given hour?

JULES

He must know something is up. Maybe he should. He probably thinks I'm just miffed about his trip to Aspen.

MADELEINE

Right! He should also know only you are allowed to take long weekends away.
(teasing)

JULES

Okay. Listen, I'm going over there tonight for homemade gnocchi.

MADELEINE

His grandmother's recipe? Get him to write it down before you write him off!

JULES

Entertaining yourself? I'm serious.

MADELEINE

Jules, you've been nothing but serious for the last dozen conversations. And, it's not like I'm relishing what's about to come. A little levity, please?

Madeleine makes a good point.

JULES

Sorry, I'm shaking. You know how I am with confrontation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MADELEINE

You're just going to talk. That's all. As far as how you get the information from him, you know where I stand.

JULES

Yes, I know.

Jules hoped her friend would come around to her plan.

MADELEINE

Please understand: I would love to be the one you call if you need someone to talk to tonight. But, I'm so exhausted, I collapse in bed at the end of the day. If you need a late night ear, I suggest you try Sloane. Early morning, I'm all yours.

JULES

I understand. You've been so amazingly supportive, really. I appreciate it. And, I hope to visit soon. That way, there will be no escaping my endless talk of my troubles.

MADELEINE

Promise me you will. But only after you're done with your mopey phase. Because, really, I have enough emotional swings on my own, I don't need you add to it.

JULES

Madeleine!
(laughing)

MADELEINE

Okay, okay. Come up whenever you like. I'll be happy to have you.

JULES

Thank you.

MADELEINE

Good luck.

Jules dials one of the few places she knows will calm her frazzled nerves: the Oscar Blandi salon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULES

Stephen, this is a hair 911. I wouldn't ask if this wasn't critical. Can you please get me in tonight?

INT. - A MADISON AVENUE SALON - EARLY EVENING

The salon is abuzz with small talk and hair dryers.

Moments later, STEPHEN, thin, clad in black and of an indeterminate age, greets Jules with a hug and a glass of champagne. He puts her in a chair and, in no time, makes his way around her head with expert precision.

He listens, nods and makes eye contact via the mirror as she fills him in. She finishes the edited version of the story and the glass of champagne at the same time.

JULES

Your thoughts, please.

STEPHEN

One: the decision is yours if you want this man in your life. Two: I have not a shred of concern that if this is not the man to walk you down the aisle, there will be no shortage of suitors. And, for whom, may I add, I am happy to keep you appropriately gilded.

He carefully unfolds the tinfoil to examine the first section to see how the color is coming along.

JULES

I always look and feel better after I see you.

STEPHEN

That's why I charge you so much. Now, let's get you rinsed, glossed and styled.

INT. - TOM'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The door swings open and there he stands, a big, smile plastered on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles as she takes long strides through the door, oozing confidence with her head-to-toe winter white outfit, fresh hair and barely-there make-up. Look closely: you can tell she has butterflies in her stomach.

TOM

Jules! I've missed you!
(his arms out, for an
embrace)

JULES

I hate you.
(she thinks, but
says)
Hi!

She offers her cheek rather than accept his embrace.

TOM

Don't mind if I don't help you off
with your coat. My hands are all
flour and dough.

JULES

(she remains silent
while thinking)
Touching's not allowed in the
strip club either, is it?

She removes her coat and drops it on the couch.

JULES

How's it coming in there?

She looks around the room - the big, potted plants, the brown leather couch, the masculine wood furniture and oversized TV - maybe her last time here.

TOM

I'd be lying if I said it was
easy. But, it's nearly done.

JULES

(thinking, not
saying)
Lying? Interesting word choice.
(instead)
Mind if I pour myself some wine?

Picking up the bottle of Barolo he has open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM

Help yourself.
(looking at her)
How are you?

JULES

I've been better.
(trying to look him
in the eye)

He rinses his hands in the sink.

TOM

I'm sorry, sweets. Let's talk
about it over dinner.

He stands before her, the wine bottle in one hand, the
salad in the other, waiting for her to move.

JULES

Let's talk about it right now.

She stands firmly in his path. He is trapped in the
kitchen. He finally looks her in the eyes.

TOM

Okay, let's do this.

He squeezes by her, walks into the living room and sets
the wooden bowl and wine bottle on the dining room table.
They stand looking at each other across the table.

JULES

Tom, did you go to the Penthouse
Club while I was at my parents'?

One, two, three...hesitation means guilt.

TOM

Yes. BUT, Richard talked me into
going, to keep him company. But
that's the first time I've gone in
ages and...

JULES

The night you said you were having
dinner with your parents? And
described in detail where you
went, what you talked about?

She is amazed by her ability to sound calm in spite of
how her heart had lodged itself in her throat at "Yes."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOM

That was the plan. But they couldn't make it and Richard called. I know how you feel about those places so...I didn't mention it.

JULES

You mean you had an alibi. You lied about everything that happened that night. In detail! Yes, you do know how I feel about those places. And, I thought I knew how you felt about them. At least if you admitted you went...
(getting shrill)

TOM

(interrupting her)
What the hell do you want? I just admitted it! Don't I get any credit for telling the truth?
(his voice tight)

She is startled by his tone.

JULES

You want credit for being honest about lying? Are you serious?

TOM

Look, I'm sorry you found out.

JULES

That's the point! You're not sorry you lied! You're not sorry you went! You're only sorry I found out. And you now have to take responsibility for your actions.

TOM

What's the difference? You're impossible!

JULES

Character, Tom, that's what!

He stands silent across the table from her. His eyes, usually with a little twinkle in them, are heavy with tears. She is shaking with emotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TOM

I do everything you want. I live by 'Jules' Rules.' I say the right things. I do the right things. You know what? I'm tired of it. I've changed everything for you. Who I am. What I am. For you. And still it's not enough.

JULES

You changed who you are? Do not dare say that!

TOM

It's true! I gave you what you wanted.

JULES

What the hell are we doing here? Who am I in love with then?

TOM

Your perfect guy, Jules. The one you wanted. I'm tired of being the answer to your romantic fantasy of a happy couple. I'm not even sure who is happy.

JULES

I'm not! And I sure as hell don't care if you are. You're not honest about where you go or what you do. You're not even honest about who you are! My God, Tom!

She grabs her coat and bag and heads for the door. She hesitates before opening it.

TOM

Jules?
(quietly, gently)

She stops.

TOM (CONT'D)

Jules?

JULES

Yes?

Please stop this before it's too late. Tell me we're being ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

She turns around.

TOM

Would you please not tell Vicki?
It would create a real problem for
Richard.

She shakes her head, looking into his eyes. She turns and walks out the door. She lets it to slam behind her.

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jules catches a look at her swollen face in the mirror. She pulls out a basket from a closet shelf and searches through prescription bottles.

Her phone rings. After the third ring, she gives in.

JULES

There is absolutely no way I would
have picked up for anyone else.

INT. - SLOANE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Sloane, beneath a facial mask, looks alarmed.

SLOANE

Mygod! I've been trying you since
that text! I didn't believe it,
sweetie. Why haven't you picked
up? I've been worried sick.

JULES

I went for a run at the gym. Then
I wept hysterically in front of a
very nice taxi driver. It just
dawned on me. It's done.

She gets chocked up again.

SLOANE

Better to be a sobbing, puffy-face
mess in front of some pour soul
driving a taxi than that lying
coward.

(beat)

Don't worry, honey. You're in good
company. This makes two of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

Tell me. I'm sick of running through my story. Over and over.

SLOANE

You've heard it time and again. Pierce got another case of cold feet. It's my fault for letting him back into my life, anyway.

JULES

I'm sorry.
(sympathetic)

SLOANE

Tell me. Were you right about the strip clubs?

JULES

About one, at least. You know the irony? The ring didn't even come up. If I hadn't gone over there with the groceries and best intentions, I'd probably be engaged right now.

SLOANE

Don't fret over it. He probably spent as much money on cover charges and tips as he did on that ring. He'll be back. They always come back.

JULES

I don't want him back. I want sleep. What do you think, Vic, Perc or a little Toradol?

SLOANE

Tread a bit more lightly, sweets. Get your hands on Tylenol PM. That will do the trick without any threat of that ugly, stomach-pumping routine and addiction.

Jules rifles through the rest of her bottles. She finds the last Tylenol PM.

SLOANE

We'll talk again soon, honey. Just get through the next few days as best you can and with whatever it takes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Let me know if you run a little low. I've got plenty here and I'm just a taxi ride away.

Jules takes the pills.

JULES

Thanks. Night.

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

With the bright morning sun, Jules wakes in last night's running clothes that smell musty. She stretches, lengthening her body with her arms above her head and her toes pointed.

Then a wave of emotion, sinking, changes her expression. She takes deep breaths...she catches herself before it washes over her.

INT. - CROWDED CITY BUS - LATER THAT MORNING

Puffy-faced Jules rides the crowded M66 as it crosses the park. She reaches Madeleine, also on her way to work.

INT. - CROWDED BOSTON T TRAIN - SAME TIME

JULES

Oh, Mad. My bus is passing his building right now.

She looks up and down Broadway for a chance sighting.

MADELEINE

First, find another route to work. Second, I'm not going to sugarcoat this. The sooner you recognize the end of this chapter, the sooner you can heal and move on.

JULES

Jesus, Madeleine!

MADELEINE

I'm sorry. I am so sorry. But, you are too good for him. He knew it. He resented you for it. That's why he was sneaking around behind your back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

After he put you up on that pedestal, he tried to chip it out from under you.

JULES

I don't know...

MADELEINE

You need a change in scenery. Come up for the weekend. We can head to the beach and catch up on a month's worth of New Yorkers.

JULES

Perfect!

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - LATER THAT WEEK - NIGHT

The streetlight streams in through the windows when Jules arrives home from work at 8:30. She stretches out on the couch, looking very content, and dials Maria for cheerleading.

JULES

I know what you're going to say...go to the gym.

INT. - MARIA'S HOME - SAME TIME

Maria walks around her large, suburban house, tossing toys in containers, collecting clothes strewn about.

MARIA

It's the best way to keep your mood and energy up. Which you really need, especially with the stress at work.

JULES

Thanks for not even hinting his name.

MARIA

I wouldn't dare. Hitting the gym is like married sex. Even when you're tired and you may not feel like it, once you get started, you're glad you did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES
(chuckling)
Says my happily married friend!

MARIA
You know what you need?

JULES
Please be kind.

MARIA
A goal.

JULES
To help keep the heartbreak pounds
off. I'm down 10 pounds already.

Jules sits up on the coach, pulls her running shoes
closer and starts to put them on.

MARIA
A goal you have to train for. Like
a marathon!

Tying her shoes, Jules bolts up at the suggestion. House
straightened, Madeleine plops down in a stuffed chair.

JULES
A marathon?

MARIA
Putting that fool's ridiculous,
off-base comment to the side, and
I know how it upset you, you've
talked about running a marathon
for ages.

JULES
On a beautiful November Sunday
afternoon, after Bloodys or
Mimosas while cheering on the
runners along First Avenue, I
always swear I'll do it next year.
Half of New York does.

MARIA
True. But, you've talked about
this since London. Please don't
tell me he's shaken your
confidence?

JULES
Interesting, Maria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She finishes lacing up her shoes.

MARIA

Aren't you already running about five miles a few times a week?

JULES

About that. And I love it. But, a marathon is entirely different. And a serious commitment.

MARIA

Commitment-phobia is contagious?

(teasing)

Don't wait another minute. Go run those five. Or more. Make this the start of something. Go! Now!

JULES

I'm laced up and going! Promise to get back tomorrow.

INT. - GYM - NIGHT

There are fewer people and the music is louder than usual.

Jules jumps on a treadmill in the middle of the back row. She completes the run easily and exactly in an hour.

iPhone still blaring pop music, she exits.

INT. - STYLE OFFICES - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Jules can feel her post-run calm melt away upon entering the office. Channing's face shows she's embroiled in today's drama.

WENDI

What is this doing here? This was to be delivered to the client!

(pointing to the trays of breakfast on Channing's desk)

Channing is on the verge of tears. Roy takes the hit.

ROY

I thought we would bring it.

Wendi is further enraged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDI

This is not the Style way!
(she repeats, again
and again)

She continues until she notices the founder's assistant walking down the hall. Wendi strokes her hair, flashes a smile and retreats to her office.

Minutes later, Roy, juggling the platters, and Wendi, carrying only her Hermes bag, leave the office.

Hours later, Wendi and Roy return, and so has the argument. Roy follows Wendi into her office. Jules can hear their discussion.

ROY (O.S.)

Wendi, it's not that big a deal.

WENDI (O.S.)

Well, I think it is!
(nearly shrieking)

ROY (O.S.)

Well, I think you're wrong.

Then, silence.

INT - BREAKAWAY ROOM, HOURS LATER

ROY

Her head could have easily exploded. Smoke streamed from her ears. Her veins pulsed and looked like they could have popped out of her forehead. She slammed her hands flat on her desk as she bolted out of her chair. I physically pushed my chair back, to get out of belting range.

He grows more animated, demonstrating on the table.

ROY (CONT'D)

My reaction brought her back to her senses. She slowly took her seat, checking her nails.

(he sits)

'You are driving me to smoke, Roy!' She opened her drawer to search for her emergency stash.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY (CONT'D)

I reached into my pocket, pulled out my pack of Marlboro Lights and said, 'Here, take one of mine.'

Jules laughs silently and nods in agreement.

ROY (CONT'D)

After the requisite 10-second wait, she said, through gritted teeth, I'm glad you find this funny then she stormed out.

Jules and Roy can hear movement in the office next door, indicating Wendi has returned. He smiles as he opens the door and exits. Jules follows closely behind. Safety in numbers.

Later, she looks at her watch: 8:30. She packs up and heads out, catching Channing working with her head down. She looks up and gives Jules a sad smile.

JULES

How much longer are you working?

Channing holds her finger to her lips then points in the direction of Wendi's office.

CHANNING

(whispering)

I don't leave until she does.

JULES

She's still here?

CHANNING

She just got her hair blown out. Industry event tonight.

Wendi emerges from her office.

WENDI

Ohhhh...you're still here?

JULES

I'm just leaving.
(cutting the conversation short)

WENDI

Good! I need a ride to the Waldorf. It's on your way.

She flashes a big smile, problem solved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jules chases down a taxi on Sixth Avenue while Wendi, in strappy heels, plays damsel in distress on the sidewalk.

WENDI

Channing is out.

JULES

What? Why?

WENDI

She's not working out. I've given her so many chances, but after the nightmare day I had, which was entirely her fault, I have no other choice.

JULES

The breakfast? It was a mistake. The caterers are to blame.

Wendi reapplies her lipstick.

JULES (CONT'D)

I think you should reconsider. Besides, not every assistant will babysit for free. Or dog sit when you go away for weekends.

WENDI

True. Just one more chance.

INT. - STYLE OFFICES - NEXT MORNING

Jules stares at her computer screen. She looks harried. She has empty water bottles and a Kind bar wrapper littering her typically immaculate desk. She stretches, picks up the phone and dials.

JULES

Madeleine, I'm in a rut. All I do is work and work out. I don't even think about sex anymore.

INT. - BOSTON T - SAME TIME

MADELEINE

I've conceived a child and haven't had sex in ages. Consider that.

JULES

Madeleine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELEINE

I'm expecting! Can you believe it?

JULES

You're glowing! I can hear it!

(beat)

Wait, why are you whispering?

MADELEINE

I'm on the T. It's still early so let's keep those fingers crossed. And let's give me a little time to process this. How are those work outs coming along?

JULES

Obsessive. Last night, after dropping my boss, I returned to Equinox, because my morning run was only three miles when the program called for six.

MADELEINE

That is obsessive.

JULES

Splitting the distance in half with a 12-hour break is not what the schedule intended, but I'm on track with my weekly mileage.

MADELEINE

Still obsessive. And work?

JULES

Eh, it's okay. There are only so many wedding shows a single woman should attend. Especially one who is trying desperately to focus on every other aspect of her life.

MADELEINE

Sorry.

JULES

It's depressing, talking weddings all day.

The office phone starts to ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES (CONT'D)

Must grab this call. I bet
Channing is guarding the men's
room door.

MADELEINE

I have no idea what that means.

JULES

More later. Congratulations!

She grabs the phone, just in time to miss the incoming
call from a private number.

She dials Sloane's cell which immediately sends her to
voicemail. She forces a smile as she leaves the message.

JULES

Honey, it's me. I'm sure you are
with your mother in Charleston or
at the wifi-free farm. Or that man
finally came to his senses and
whisked you away to meet his
family in Ireland. I had a call at
work from a private number. Was it
you? Give me a call. I miss you.
And, I have an extra ticket to one
of the hottest shows at fashion
week. You have to call me to find
out which show it is. But, it's
big! Call me! Bye!

That'll get her.

She hears the guitar riff of The Bitch is Back from down
the hall, Roy's signal of Wendi's return.

INT. - CLASSIC COLLEGE TAVERN - AFTERNOON - PRINCETON

Maria and Jules sit across from each other in a wooden
booth for Sunday brunch.

JULES

It's so quiet with the school on
break.

MARIA

And so young. Our waiter is 12.
Thank God he didn't call me ma'am.

Two glasses of wine are set before them. Jules raises
hers to toast Maria, who cheerfully offers

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIA (CONT'D)

Happy break up brunch!

Jules furrows her eyebrows in response.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I saw that. You need more Botox.

JULES

I know. It's still tender.

MARIA

Listen, you need your girlfriends to be your shoulder but also to give you tough love when you need it. I'm going to give it to you straight: move on.

JULES

You're right. And you, Sloane and Madeleine have been amazing. I just don't have it in me yet.

MARIA

Get out there and kiss a frog! Don't let him be the last one you've kissed. Trust me. Have I ever steered you wrong?

JULES

Never. But a little time, please.

Maria finishes her Chardonnay.

MARIA

It's not like marriage solves everything. You trade one set of problems for another. Plus a traditional, judgey mother-in-law.

JULES

Says the happily married mother of four young, beautiful girls.

MARIA

Having the perfect Greek husband who works from home and four girls is like meeting a great-looking, successful and thoughtful guy who has an enormous penis. Enormous!

(she nearly knocks
over her glass)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIA (CONT'D)

It's exactly what you thought you always wanted - or at least your parents wanted - but sometimes too much is just too, too much.

She shakes her head in a slow, knowing way.

MARIA (CONT'D)

It's not all champagne and flowers. Believe me.

Maria cranes her neck to find the waiter. Jules takes another sip. They are pacing very differently.

JULES

I hate it but I'm becoming one of those women with trust issues. After what Tom pulled...I trusted that man and he lied so convincingly. More than once.

Jules sits back, her back hitting the worn wooden bench.

MARIA

Before my second glass of wine arrives, a word on trust. Sometimes, you just have to have faith in someone. Just believe that they are good and trustworthy.

JULES

Do not give me sad stories from boyfriends long ago to try to make me feel better. It's condescending.

MARIA

The grass is always greener. Ari is home more than any other guy. And he just took this project in Los Angeles. He's there nearly two full weeks a month.

JULES

You encouraged him to take it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARIA

I did! But, when your husband is living the good life in expensive hotels and client dinners at LA's "it" restaurants half the month with the beautiful people and you are by yourself with a bunch of sick, whining kids, exhausted from lack of sleep because your one-year old has an ear infection that kept you up all night and you're lucky to pull on sweats - never mind Lulu Lemon - in the morning and the phone rings at 7:00 am and it's a woman crying, asking for him and you don't know her voice or her name, then you better trust your husband. With everything you have. Because you've got nothing else.

JULES

You don't know her name? Maybe it was work related?

MARIA

She was hysterical. Nothing at the office would make someone that upset.

JULES

Wait...you still have a land line?

Maria looks up from her wine glass, eyes glassy.

JULES (CONT'D)

Sorry. Did you look at the caller list?

MARIA

I didn't. I trust him. I know he loves his family and me and would never do anything to jeopardize that. Never.

Maria forces a smile.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Enough of that. Let's order those pita chips with artichokes!

INT. - MIDTOWN LUXURY HOTEL - A WEEK LATER - MORNING

Jules' taxi stops in front of a hotel. A long line of town cars and a few company vans are lined up, idling, killing the environment.

Jules sits next to her editors in the front row, smiles and nods as the violins start.

QUICK CUTS

The first model, at the end of the runway

...a posse of photographers clicking away

...light, billowy dresses on disturbingly-thin dancers en pointe

...the heads of all in attendance follow each model as she glides past them. Again in unison, the heads look down to jot notes about which pieces to pull for their shoots

...the designer appears at the top of the runway, surrounded by the girls in her gowns. Applause from all attendees. She bows, the attendees grab bags and coats and run. The fleet moves, en masse, to the next show.

INT. - ANOTHER MIDTOWN LUXURY HOTEL - SAME DAY - NIGHT

The day's final show rivals any New York Times featured wedding. Tuxedo-clad waiters tend the caviar bar and seafood station while others pass by with cocktails, with purpose but not rushed.

Jules sees SONIA, impeccably dressed and coiffed. Her sweet demeanor belies her clout; she decides which designers will adorn Bergdorf's windows and brides.

JULES

Sonia, from today's shows, who do you like?

(Jules alternates her weight from one high-heeled foot to the other)

Sonia wears her black uniform and Chanel flats. A market veteran, she looks fresh, despite the long day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONIA

They all showed beautiful dresses.
I need to balance our whimsical,
sleek and modern with traditional,
always keeping my brides in mind.
(revealing nothing)
Tell me, what will you wear?

JULES

Excuse me?

SONIA

I have something in mind for you.

Jules looks confused.

SONIA (CONT'D)

For a dress. Something tells me
we'll need to spend some time
together, in the salon.

JULES

No, we broke up so I won't be
coming in. Not anytime soon.
(her voice cracking.)

SONIA

Oh, I am so sorry! I didn't know.

Sonia sees Jules' eyes brimming with tears.

JULES

No, I'm sorry. I'm just exhausted.

SONIA

Of course you are! Let's get you
out of here.

Sonia takes Jules's cocktail out of her hand, puts both
of the glasses onto the tray of a passing waiter.

JULES

And seeing those dresses all day
today...it was a lot.

SONIA

Of course it was! You shouldn't be
subjected to bridal dresses when
you are heartbroken. If we leave
now, we can beat the rush.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Limping along on her sore feet, her shoulders slightly slouched, Jules exits with Sonia, taking a gift bag that is handed to her on the way out. Stepping outside, Sonia's driver spots her and pulls up.

SONIA

Do you have a car here?

JULES

I'll call an Uber. If my feet weren't on fire, I'd walk home.

SONIA

I'm happy to drop you.

Jules slides in next to her host. The driver closes the door behind her. She's survived the first day of bridal market.

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - DAYS LATER - NIGHT

Jules pours herself a sparkling water, sits down to call Sloane after receiving a voice mail that she's home after her rehab stint in Malibu.

INT. - SLOANE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Sloane is in her kitchen, chopping vegetables.

SLOANE

Hey, sweetie!

JULES

So happy to speak with you! How are you?

(heavy on the "are")

SLOANE

Super, honey! Happy to be back!

JULES

You sound great! You feeling...okay?

SLOANE

Great! I was a train wreck. Pills to sleep, pills to wake and pills to get me through the day. I just couldn't swallow another one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

So you decided...

SLOANE

To stop numbing myself so I could work through it, straight through.

JULES

And?

(tentative)

SLOANE

Feel the anger, resentment, rage. I used to think of what he did to me. But, it is what I participated in. And I will never do it again.

About to take a bite of carrot, she interrupts herself.

I even got rid Winnie, my mole, his maid. I don't think she was even cleaning my apartment. She was using all my Chanel products!

JULES

Good for you, Sloane!

(too peppy)

I'm so, so sorry I didn't realize you needed help.

(openly upset)

SLOANE

Oh, sweetie! I hid it really well, from everyone, including you. Just wipe that thought right out of your pretty head. Right now.

JULES

So I can go back to being completely self-absorbed sans guilt?

SLOANE

Absolutely! Now, when can we get together so I can hear about all that I missed while I was getting my life together?

INT. - BRASSERIE L'ABSINTHE - LATER THAT WEEK - NIGHT

A classic French brasserie, filled with a well-healed, mostly silver-haired crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jules sits and sips a sparkling water with extra lime at the zinc bar across from the antiqued mirror.

SLOANE

You're adorable! You're early and you're drinking water?

She and Jules exchange kisses.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

You can drink! I'm the one who had to clean up.

JULES

I've been cutting back and running more.

SLOANE

Still, it's sweet of you.

They chat and without having to order, Kareem sets their split order of medium rare steak frites before them.

SLOANE

We are such creatures of habit.

JULES

We should go downtown more often but I love our nights here.

SLOANE

Our date night place?

JULES

You're the perfect date! And we should think about our summer plans.

SLOANE

Mmm, right.

She nibbles on fries, dipping them in the housemade mayonnaise.

JULES

We have the house the first weekend in June. I wonder if some of Eric's doctor friends are in?

SLOANE

That's the last thing I need right now. I was so messed up after him. I'm on self-imposed hiatus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES

Yup. You need to take care of yourself. I'm training, so I'll focus on running, beach time and good dinners.

SLOANE

Now that's a summer fit for a spinster like me!

Sloane is her sassy self again.

JULES

I'll call Eric and tell him we're in.

They finish their meal then a Grand Marnier soufflé and fall right back into where things left off.

INT. - CAPE AIR'S BOSTON - HYANNIS SHUTTLE - FRIDAY DUSK

Sunset is brilliant orange, as seen in the tiny, six-passenger plane over the still frigid Atlantic. The two pilots look young enough to be college students.

The 40-minute flight's soundtrack is the deafening hum of twin propeller engines. The plane glides gently down lower, banking left before touching down on the small landing strip. The pilot pops the door open.

Jules skips down the few metal steps onto the tarmac, grabs her bag and waves to Madeleine inside the tiny terminal. She rushes in, drops her bag and they hug, pulls back to admire Madeleine's slightly puffy belly.

JULES

Look at you, adorable pregnant woman!

MADELEINE

Adorable, cranky and hormonal.

JULES

No crankiness this weekend! Let's go get some chowder then let me see what you've done to the house!

INT - MADELEINE'S VINEYARD BEACH HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jules and Madeleine enter the cozy, tastefully done beach house nestled on an expansive, wooded property.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

The renovations are amazing!
Clever girl, buying out your
graduate school friends!

MADELEINE

Relocations, relationships and
reinvestments. Now it's mine!

JULES

Just in time for baby!

In the guest room, Jules unpacks, opens the sliding door to let in the night air and sounds. In the closet, her favorite blanket, a beautiful, funky twist on the traditional patchwork quilt. She slides under the sheets.

EXT. - MADELEINE'S VINEYARD BEACH HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

On the outdoor brick patio, enjoying the crisp early spring morning, Madeleine is half way through the current New Yorker and a cup of tea.

JULES

Are you on the current issue?!
(she greets her
friend)

MADELEINE

I haven't been out in months.

JULES

Never has a subscription caused me
such anxiety. Every week, it waits
in my mailbox and makes me feel
inadequate. Who keeps up?

MADELEINE

I've decided to give it up once
the baby arrives. My life will be
Goodnight Moon rather than 'Shouts
and Murmurs.'

JULES

I'll give mine up in solidarity.
We can fall into the same abyss of
ignorance. I'd do that for you.

Jules smiles as she does a few quick stretches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES (CONT'D)

Mmm. I slept so well.
(pulling her cardigan
around her)
Which is a welcome relief.

MADELEINE

Why? You don't have a little one
pressing on your bladder.

JULES

Sleepless, thinking of Tom.

MADELEINE

Hope you sleep well this weekend.

JULES

(shaking it off)
I'll warm up more water. Would you
like me to make breakfast?

MADELEINE

I'll run to the general store.

JULES

I'll run. Literally run. I need to
get in a few miles anyway.

MADELEINE

Are you sure?

JULES

Positive! I'd love a new running
path after hitting the loops in
the park far too many times
already. You shower and I'll be
back in two shakes.

EXT. - CAPE COD BACK ROADS - LATER THAT MORNING

Jules runs, breathes in the cool salt air, heavy with
pine fragrance. Her path is heavily treed and dotted with
weathered cottages.

She arrives at the general store, a pine-shingled, two-
story building from the 1800s. She "fixes" her soaked
hair and wipes her drenched brow, then enters.

INT. - SPRINGS GENERAL STORE - MINUTES LATER

She bumps into a tall man in CAPE CODDIE uniform: khakis, Oxford shirt over a tee, slightly frayed collar, tattered baseball cap.

With her still warm pastries, scones and muffins, Jules exits, the creaky old screen door slamming behind her.

EXT. - SPRINGS GENERAL STORE - MINUTES LATER

Outside, she searches her playlists. The Cape Coddie drops down the steps in just two strides.

He pulls up next to her in an old Ford pickup, a black lab's head sticking out the window. She smiles.

CAPE CODDIE

You new around here?

JULES

Visiting a friend.

CAPE CODDIE

Your friend didn't lend you his car? He's making you walk?

JULES

The car is a manual transmission, which I can't drive.

(beat)

And, she knows I like to get in a good run in the morning. Thank you for the offer of a ride, assuming that was one.

He smiles at her directness.

CAPE CODDIE

You have a good one, then.

He shifts into gear and pulls out of the lot, slowly. Jules returns to her music.

EXT. - CAPE COD BACK ROADS - 30 MINUTES LATER

Earbuds in, Jules starts along Highway 6A. She runs along the winding road then checks her watch. She's run too far. Walking, she tries Madeleine, who doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She continues forward. Minutes pass, she tries Madeleine again. Her phone has lost its signal. She turns around, back toward the general store.

She doesn't hear the truck pull up, jumps with surprise.

CAPE CODDIE

You're from New York, aren't you?

JULES

You scared me!
(hand to her heart)

She removes her ear buds.

JULES (CONT'D)

Sorry, what did you say?

CAPE CODDIE

You're from New York.
(beat)
Get in.

He leans over, opens the passenger door.

CAPE CODDIE (CONT'D)

Baldrick! Stay!
(commanding the dog)

JULES

Don't I strike you as a nice
Chatham girl?

She climbs in.

CAPE CODDIE

No chance. A Chatham girl knows
how to drive stick. Where you
headed?

JULES

8 Doane Road. Know it?

He chuckles as he makes a U-turn.

CAPE CODDIE

Take a girl out of the city...

JULES

We have taxis. It works perfectly.

She pets while gently pushing away the eager lab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES (CONT'D)

Baldrick is his name? He's very cute. And very persistent.

He elbows the dog in the chest, to force him back.

CAPE CODDIE

Like me, he's very cute and persistent. I'm Peter. What's your name, New York girl?

JULES

Jules. What makes you think I'm from New York?

PETER

That fish belly white skin and black get up. You're deliciously urban.

Fish belly white? Deliciously urban?

JULES

Why the Yankees cap, Peter?

PETER

I'm from Connecticut.

He pulls into Madeleine's driveway. Jules bids Baldrick farewell. Her still damp skin sticks as she slides off the seat then hops out of the truck.

JULES

Thanks so much. I was turned around there for a minute.

PETER

No problem. Don't be a stranger.

He smirks and pulls away. Only Baldrick looks back.

Jules turns and heads inside.

INT. - MADELEINE'S BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Madeleine at the oversized, antique oak table, reviews work from the office, classical music playing.

JULES

Don't you have anything with a beat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADELEINE

Now I can say that it's soothing the baby. What took so long?

JULES

Didn't you get my message? I got lost on the way back. Totally turned around in all this nature.

MADELEINE

It's two turns off the main road. You found your way back. And you have food!

She takes the bags out of Jules's hands.

JULES

I have always depended on the kindness of strangers. A Yankee fan originally from Connecticut, Peter, with a pick up truck and a black lab, Baldrick. Know him?

MADELEINE

The only people I know are those I pay and those I drag out with me.

JULES

Already preparing to be the eccentric, old woman who lives in the woods.

MADELEINE

That's right. Let's eat!

They enjoy iced tea and baked goods on the patio. After, Madeleine turns her attention to her work, Jules showers outdoors.

Jules returns to the patio, white tee and dark jeans, scrub faced and hair wet, with a pile of old New Yorkers.

An hour later, Jules lets out a deep sigh, Madeleine looks up.

JULES

Okay, I'm ready for a break. You?

MADELEINE

I could use a little stretch. Care for a walk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES

Yes, just not alone.

EXT. - PRIVATE ROAD LEADING TO BAY BEACH - LATER

They walk down the pine-tree framed road of crushed shells that deposits them onto the bay beach. It's low tide. They kick off their flip-flops and venture out onto the still-rippled wet sand.

MADELEINE

Maria disapproves of my decision to become a single mother by choice.

JULES

I don't know. She's not that traditional, despite appearances.

Madeleine looks at Jules.

JULES (CONT'D)

(Reassuring)

Friends don't agree with each other's every decision.

MADELEINE

At least they should support them.

Jules nods in agreement. Madeleine changes the topic.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

Thoughts on dinner?

JULES

Lobster, as promised. And homemade, full fat, mint chocolate chip ice cream with rainbow sprinkles. Or jimmies.

EXT. - MADELEINE'S BEACH HOUSE - LATER

The girls wipe their sandy feet on the back patio.

MADELEINE

What do you say we skip the showers and head to an early dinner? I'm starving! Blame it on 'my condition.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

I'm sure I look absolutely beautiful, but I'll skip primping. Who do I know up here, anyway?

MADELEINE

This qualifies us for the early bird special! But my first hunger pangs quickly become full-blown starvation in no time.

They jump into Madeleine's car, windows rolled down, James Taylor singing about Mexico. They pull into a gravel parking lot as JT finishes "Shed A Little Light."

INT. - LOBSTER SHACK - EARLY EVENING

Young families, older couples already eating. The lack of atmosphere is the place's charm. An older woman, accent thick as chowda, shows them to a table by the window, overlooking the parking lot.

MADELEINE

Please enjoy the views. They have excellent food - the steamers and lobsters are amazing - even if they'd fail a health inspection.

MADELEINE

I'm in but must wash my hands. I'm filthy.

(sliding out of the booth)

The pink and black tiled bathroom is heavy with potpourri. Jules gets a good look at herself in the mirror. Not a stitch of make-up, save the residual mascara under her eyes. A bit of sun on her cheeks is flattering. She winces as she tries to tame her wind-blown hair. It doesn't help. She doesn't care.

She returns to the table, noticing the back of a tall, athletic-built man. He's familiar.

TALL, DARK & HANDSOME

I'll take a couple two-pounders. She won't want anything bigger.
(to the man behind the lobster tank)

It's the Yankee from earlier today. Instinctively, her hand goes to her hair. There is no hope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES
Entertaining tonight, are you?
(to his back)

He turns. With his back against the tank, they are standing quite close. Jules takes a small step back.

PETER
If it isn't the New York runner
with the great sense of direction.

JULES
My friend drove us here.

She waves to Madeleine, who waves in return, puzzled.

JULES (CONT'D)
I should be able to find my way
back at least to our table just
fine, thank you.

PETER
No ride from a stranger needed?

LOBSTER MAN
Evans, here are your lobsters.
That'll be \$40.

PETER
Thanks, Jack.

He takes the brown paper bag that shows signs of life with muffled kicks. Jules looks at the bag then Peter.

JULES
I can only have lobster out. I
just can't bring myself to put
them in the pot of boiling water.

PETER
Don't mind if someone else does?

JULES
Nope. Call me a hypocrite.

PETER
Well, hypocrite, I'd be happy to
kill a lobster for you.

He hands the cash to the man behind the counter and a business card to Jules.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER (CONT'D)

Let me know when, City Mouse.

Jules returns to the table.

MADELEINE

You go to wash your hands and wind up chatting up some Cape Coddie?

JULES

That is Peter Evans, the man who delivered me to your home this morning. An architect, apparently.
(looking at his card)

MADELEINE

If only you had gotten lost last summer, when I needed an architect!

JULES

I'll work on meeting a landscaper.

MADELEINE

Or a pool guy.

The bucket of steamers arrives and the girls pick through them quickly. After a delicious and messy lobster bake - plastic bibs and all - Jules pays the check and tucks Peter Evans's card into her wallet.

INT. - MADELEINE'S BEACH HOUSE - SUNDAY MORNING

The Times crossword puzzle, list of baby names, coffee and half-eaten homemade baked goods are scattered on the table. Madeleine is sorting the house.

Jules tosses her clothes into her duffel and throws it along with a few of Madeleine's into the trunk of the car. They head off to Hyannis Airport.

Jules, rested and relaxed, settles into the seat of the little prop plane, with the same young pilots who delivered her to the Cape.

INT. - STYLE OFFICES - FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

Jules enters Wendi's office, wedding and baby photos everywhere, and sets the large salad, no dressing, on her desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDI

Channing, reformat. 20 minutes.

Channing exits, silently.

WENDI (CONT'D)

It wasn't that nice in the
Hamptons. Where were you?

JULES

On the Cape. It was beautiful.

WENDI

Ugh! I love the Cape!
(slapping the desk)
I used to go there all the time
when I was at BU. I should be a
Jewish Jackie O!

JULES

Yes, you should.
(stone faced)

WENDI

I love those preppy boys up there.
I wish Scott had some style.

JULES

Yes, adorable.

Jules blushes, so slightly. Wendi does not miss this.

WENDI

Oohhhh? What happened? I know!
You met someone!

She beams, proud of her intuition.

JULES

Not really. Just a guy gave me a
ride when I got lost during a run.

WENDI

New Englanders are NOT friendly
people! If he offered you a ride,
it's because he's interested.

JULES

Trust me, Wendi, if you saw what I
looked like, I doubt it. I was in
my running clothes, all sweaty,
wet hair. There's no way...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDI

That's why I don't run. Who wants to be seen like that? Still, if he gave you a ride, when you looked so icky, then that's a great sign! Does he have a beach house there? Live in Boston? When are you going to see him?

JULES

He lives there year round. And, I'm not sure when...

WENDI

(interrupting)

You can't date someone who lives there year round! It will never work. What would you do for work? What would you do off-season? And, LL Bean clothes and boat shoes! God, no!

JULES

Honestly, I don't know if I'll see him again, so it's nothing to worry about.

WENDI

Mark my words: bad idea.

Jules knows it's best to not argue and lies,

JULES

I have to prepare for a client.

She quickly exits Wendi's office.

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - WEEKEND - MORNING

Jules enters, post-run. A shower and an iced tea later, she finds his card and dials Peter Evans - Architect.

PETER

Peter Evans
(all business)

JULES

This is Jules Keneally, we met at the general store, when I was running and got turned around...

She waits for him to interrupt her but he doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Yes, I remember.

JULES

Good. I'm hoping you may be able to help out my friend? The one with the house in Chatham?

She cringes at how everything sounds like a question.

PETER

The house I saw?

JULES

Yes! She'd like to get some more work done.

PETER

Okay.

JULES

Do you do renovations?

PETER

Interesting.

JULES

Interesting?

PETER

Because Tommy Weber is your friend's general contractor and just finished her house.

JULES

(nervous laughter)

That may be the case, but when I came by to inspect it, I insisted she have the whole thing ripped out and redone.

PETER

Not up to your standards. I see. And, you thought I was just the guy for the job.

JULES

Exactly. Just the guy I needed. To talk to.

They discuss everything except renovations. Peter surprises Jules with references to Hemingway and of having lived in Paris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He shares his cottage in a national park with a black lab and black cat. The conversation still strong, Jules wraps up the call.

JULES

Now you have my number.

PETER

We both have each other's numbers.
Don't be a stranger.

Jules smiles as ends the call and is still smiling as she dials Madeleine.

INT. - MADELEINE'S CAR - SAME TIME

MADELEINE

Ready for the latest humiliation at the doctor's office? They circle your weight in RED if you are tracking over.

JULES

I used you as an excuse to call the architect.

MADELEINE

Using your pregnant, overweight and single friend to meet men? Brilliant. Do tell.

Jules provides the highlights of the phone call.

MADELEINE

Pay another visit to Chatam! We can arrange an accidental run-in.

JULES

Sounds good! Let's plan a date when we have calendars in hand. Chat later? I'm running to meet Sloane for pedicures. I'm cheating on my salon because my feet are awful.

EXT. - AMAGANSETT BEACH HOUSE - EARLY SUMMER - MORNING

Early Saturday morning, Jules and Sloane finish their six miles in exactly an hour. They return to the house, Jules breathing heavily, face flushed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The living room is empty, the house quiet. She heads to the outdated avocado guest bathroom to shower.

Après shower, a billow of steam emerges when Jules opens the door. Sloane stands just outside the door.

JULES

Sloane! What are you doing?

She is truly startled.

SLOANE

Saving you from embarrassment!
Shh! Come with me.

Sloane pulls Jules into their room, peering around the corner before closing the door firmly.

JULES

What?

SLOANE

There is a ridiculously thin Sandra Bullock-look alike outside. I walked out to the patio and she was on the phone, giggling, 'Yes, Marky. I miss you, Marky.' When she saw me, she waved, pinky high.

JULES

Okay.

SLOANE

Marky is Mark! She's talking to Mark Whittaker. The one who wanted to fly you out to Aspen for a visit last weekend!

Sloane speaks in a loud whisper, her eyes wide.

JULES

What makes you think that? Mark is hardly an uncommon name.

Jules also speaks in sotto voce. She grabs her toiletry bag off the dresser and returns to the bed, searching through it until she locates her hairbrush.

SLOANE

For starters, her boyfriend lives in Aspen, at the base of Ajax, right near her place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES

She's anorexic thin, looks like Sandra Bullock and she has a place in Aspen? I hate her.

Seemingly unaffected, she pulls her detangler through her dripping wet hair.

SLOANE

Jules, she met him when she flew into Aspen and was seated next to his mother, flying in from Europe.

JULES

Hmmm. That is pretty convincing.

Jules pulls back the thin, white curtain to sneak a look. Sloane rushes across the room to pull it closed.

SLOANE

Don't let her see you! And, besides, do you want to see her flirting with your beau?

JULES

He's not my beau. Anymore.

Jules takes her cosmetics bag and walks over to the dresser. She inspects her skin in the mirror.

SLOANE

Are you sure? You were considering taking him up on his invitation.

JULES

Until someone said he was starting to treat me like a high class prostitute, flying me out for a weekend rendezvous.

SLOANE

Did I say that, sweetie?

Sloane sorts through her bag for something to wear.

JULES

(laughing)
Ummm...yes!

Still digging in her bag, she looks up at Sloane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULES (CONT'D)

It was a little questionable,
especially if there is a woman in
the picture.

SLOANE

And I am very proud of you. For
not acting like a prostitute.

JULES

I was very tempted, though.

They sort Jules's approach to meeting her not-so-ex-
boyfriend's girlfriend.

Jules walks out onto the patio, the redwood paint peeling
beneath her bare feet, she and her rival, SAMANTHA, who,
in fact, could be Sandra Bullock's eating disorder-thin
sister, dressed in a tight tank and the tightest white
jeans - smile wide.

JULES

Hi, I'm Jules.

SAMANTHA

Samantha, nice to meet you. Your
friend, I forget her name, tells
me we have a friend in common.

JULES

You could call him that.
(Let her wonder)
You know Mark? Mark Whittaker?

SAMANTHA

Yes, isn't it just the smallest
world? I was on the phone with
Whitty just now!

JULES

He always was an early riser, but
never on Sundays.

Why does she feel compelled to establish knowledge of his
patterns?

SAMANTHA

Ha! We have so much to talk about!
I was just going to run for a
juice. Join me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULES

I'd love to but Sloane and I are getting ready to head over to her friend's place for brunch. Catch you later?

SAMANTHA

Definitely!

Jules smiles awkwardly.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I must go find my bikini. Oh, I have the one I bought when Whitty and I went to Hawaii!

Samantha heads into the house, after a flip of her hair.

Immediately, Sloane joins Jules on the patio.

SLOANE

Ding, ding! End of round one!

JULES

What the hell was that?

SLOANE

That was you being pummeled, honey. You started off strong, but by the end, you were on the ropes.

JULES

I'm not ready for this, Sloane. This was to be our little escape.

Sloane waves her hands to stop her.

SLOANE

Let's go to Allison's!

Sloane stops upon seeing Samantha approaching the sliding glass door, in a string bikini and tiny wrap covering her perfect body, oversized sunglasses pulling her hair back.

SAMANTHA

See you later!

Samantha trills from the other side of the glass. She's beaming.

SLOANE

Now!
(mouths silently)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Jules responds with a subtle nod and follows her friend.

INT. - AMAGANSETT SHARE HOUSE - EARLY FOLLOWING MORNING

The morning sun streams bright through the open, streaked window. Jules has slept in. She looks to the other single bed, where Sloane is sound asleep, her long, auburn hair looking deliberately tousled.

Jules dares not rouse Sloane from her beauty sleep. She sits perfectly still on her bed and squints her eyes, focusing them on Sloane's face. In no time, Sloane, without opening her eyes, speaks.

SLOANE

Stop it.

JULES

What?

SLOANE

Stop willing me awake.

JULES

You're awake? Join me for a run?

SLOANE

Not today. I need some sleep.
(eyes remain closed)

JULES

Are you sure?

SLOANE

Perfectly. Now go.

Jules walks lightly, careful not to wake her house mates. She pulls the front door open, which sticks, and hears a woman giggling. At first, she smiles. As she leans in to pull the door closed, the giggling woman speaks.

SAMANTHA

I miss you too, Whitty. You have
no idea how much.
(purring)

Jules pulls the wooden front door closed, maybe a little too hard. On the driveway, she quickly plugs in her ear buds and cuts across the crabgrass and sand front lawn.

INT. - SHARE HOUSE AMAGANSETT - AN HOUR LATER

SLOANE

Honey! Where have you been? I'm an absolute slug and you ran well over an hour!

Sloane greets her in the kitchen.

JULES

Great! Six miles easy one hour.
(wiping her sweaty
and sunburned face)

SLOANE

Are you sure?

She is preparing an iced tea for Jules.

JULES

I ran past his house, Sloane.

SLOANE

Oh. Was it just painful?

Sloane sits at the faux butcher-block kitchen table. Jules sets down her iPhone and sits down next to her, picking up the cold drink Sloane puts before her.

JULES

I was upset. Then I cried. Wept, actually.

SLOANE

You needed that. You were not yourself yesterday and maybe it was more than just petty, ridiculous comments that contributed to that.

JULES

Am I being awful?

She searches Sloane's face for a response.

SLOANE

It's justified. She's rubbing your face in her happiness with your ex. Maybe you're giving it back a little harder than necessary. She'll just have to get over it. Why don't we just leave it at that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

Okay. I'm done mourning Tom.

SLOANE

Good for you, honey!
(a little upward nod
of her chin)

JULES

And, I made a mistake with Mark.

SLOANE

Don't go there, Jules.

JULES

It's true. I wasn't ready for what
he was ready for, when he was
ready for it.

SLOANE

I actually follow you, which
scares me to bits.

JULES

Mark was my first love. But, we
met so young and I had no idea how
rare a connection like that is.
And, though I was thrilled he
moved to New York for me, I felt
like he gave up on us when he
moved to Aspen.

SLOANE

He begged you to go with him!
And, he stayed stateside, which
says something.

JULES

I see that now. It was always 'we'
and never 'I,' but 'I' panicked
and later blamed him for my
feeling abandoned.

SLOANE

And now you are going to ...

JULES

Call him.

SLOANE

Jules!

Her voice gives away what her face does not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLOANE (CONT'D)

I'm scrunching my eyebrows right now, you know.

JULES

Don't worry. I'm not going to try to win him back. I'm going to give him the blessing he gave me with Tom and wish him well with what's-her-name.

SLOANE

There you go, honey!

JULES

Even if she is just awful.
(whispering into
Sloane's ear)

Jules gets up from the table and places their glasses in the sink.

SLOANE

I'm going to hop into the shower and get ready before you change your mind. Let's get to the beach.

INT. - STYLE OFFICES - MONDAY MORNING

There is a low hum coming from behind closed doors. Wendi is pumping.

JULES

Hi Madeleine. I've got 10 minutes.

INT. - BOSTON OB/GYN'S WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

MADELEINE

Jules! How was the Hamptons?

JULES

Miserable and then cathartic.

MADELEINE

Sounds more like a Catholic retreat than a weekend of debauchery. You pay for this?

JULES

Yes, pay dearly, actually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops to check that the humming noise hasn't stopped.

MADELEINE

Did you see him?

JULES

No, but I ran by his house. And, I had the lucky coincidence of being in the same share house as Whitty's new girlfriend.

MADELEINE

Who?

JULES

That's her pet name for Mark.

MADELEINE

Small world! That IS miserable.

JULES

You can say that again! They were talking or texting all weekend.

MADELEINE

So she says. What does he say?

JULES

He tried calling a few times last night, but I missed him. Probably I was in a dead zone on the drive back. He had just landed in Asia.

MADELEINE

Wait...if he was flying, then...

JULES

(calculating)
She faked the Saturday afternoon texts! And yesterday's early morning call with him!

MADELEINE

This makes my head spin.

JULES

You should have heard her!

MADELEINE

What are you going to do about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES

About him? No idea. He's been suggesting we visit. Have I misread this?

MADELEINE

I don't know how. Honestly.

JULES

He has a serious girlfriend.

MADELEINE

According to...?

JULES

True. Either way, I'm checking the calendar to make sure she and I are not on any of the same weekends again.

She searches her in box for the email that includes the summer schedule.

JULES (CONT'D)

Oh no! In two weeks, we're both on.

MADELEINE

Can you switch or something? Why is your life always so complicated and dramatic?

JULES

That's what I'd like to know!

She holds the phone away from her ear. No tell-tale humming.

MADELEINE

Come up here! We could have an exciting weekend of making dinner, preparing the nursery, all the wild stuff. I promise you lobsters and no drama of running into your ex...or your ex's new flames.

JULES

Perfect! I would love to see you before the baby comes, because that will mark the end of my visits. I'm telling you now, so don't be offended later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MADELEINE

I appreciate your honesty. All
the more reason for a visit now.

JULES

Let me dig up everything navy.
We're headed to the Cape!

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - LATE THAT NIGHT

The streetlight provides a hint of illumination of her
room. Jules' phone rings.

JULES

Hello?
(sleepy voice soft
and raspy)

INT. - MARK'S HOME - SAME TIME

Mark's comfortable in his dark living room.

MARK

Hello.

Her eyes flash open upon hearing his voice.

JULES

What time is it?

MARK

Too late to be calling, especially
your time, but I couldn't resist.
You don't return my calls.

JULES

Well...Everything okay?

MARK

Yes, I was thinking about you.

He takes a sip of red wine.

MARK (CONT'D)

I came across your big, puffy coat
when digging through my closet.

JULES

The sexy cream Michelin man number
I left behind on my last visit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

The very one. That was hot, Jules.

JULES

Hot it was!

INT. - TAXI IN ASPEN - EVENING - FLASHBACK - 2 YEARS AGO

JULES

How was your day of skiing?

She balances her phone while checking her make up. She fakes a mellow, spa day vibe while very excited to surprise him with her visit.

MARK

I love spring skiing. I'd love it more if you were here. Where are you, anyway? Must you stay overnight at this spa? I want to speak later.

JULES

No, I mustn't. I'm in a taxi.

She answers honestly, omitting the detail that the taxi is in Aspen.

JULES (CONT'D)

And where are you?

MARK

One of your favorites, Campo de Fiori. At the bar, having a glass of Chianti, surrounded by Americans. And missing one in particular.

JULES

The Brit who tolerates Americans so well. Funny, since I've been missing one particular Brit very much, I think it's high time to pay him a visit.

She is ready to burst with excitement.

MARK

Do tell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

I will tell you all about it. When you get home. When will that be?

MARK

I won't be too long. I'll call you the minute I leave so you can keep me warm on my walk home.

JULES

Perfect. Speak then.

MARK

Until then, love.

Jules checks her phone before speaking to the taxi driver about the change in plans.

She primps one final time. She adjusts her bustier and garters beneath her big, puffy cream coat, smooths her black stockings down to her high Christian Louboutins.

The taxi driver drops her bags onto the covered porch outside Mark's door then pulls up to the restaurant. Jules quickly pays, takes a deep breath, chinchies her coat belt, tugs at the hem and walks through the door.

INT. - CAMPO DE FIORI - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

The bar is packed with beautiful people, two deep.

Jules sneaks up and stands right beside Mark, talking with another patron at the bar.

JULES

Excuse me, would you mind ordering me a Chianti?
(whispering in his ear)

MARK

Oh. My. God.

He stands, grabs her around the hips and kisses her hard, quick and several times before releasing her. He pushes back her hair and takes a long look at her face.

MARK (CONT'D)

You little schemer.

She smiles, pleased she pulled off the surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

I missed you.

MARK

You have no idea.

MARK (CONT'D)

Now, let's get you a proper glass of wine and a bite. God knows what they served you on the flight.

JULES

We could go back to your place.

MARK

Nonsense. I have no food in the cupboard and I'd like you to have a little something to eat. You'll need some energy, love.

He flags the bartender and orders.

MARK (CONT'D)

Calamari, grilled veggies and a risotto. Flat breads as soon as you can and more Chianti, thanks.

JULES

Mark?

She speaks quietly, while taking the stool. Mark's busy ordering with the bartender, she can't argue. She tries to get comfortable on the stool and tugs at her coat to ensure she's covered.

MARK

Let me take your coat.

He stands to help her off with it. The bartender places her glass in front of her and tops off Mark's.

JULES

No, no, I'm fine.

She lies, eyeing the heater running the entire length of the windows, just a few feet from her.

JULES (CONT'D)

I still have a chill.

She takes her glass and they toast, "To surprises." They take a sip and kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Thirty minutes later, while Jules and Mark enjoy intimate conversation, the bartender places their plates of Aspen's best Italian in front of them. She tugs at her coat.

MARK

(more insistent)

Jules, let me take that coat. How can you possibly eat in that big, puffy thing?

JULES

Really, I'm fine.

Drops of perspiration above her lip tell him otherwise.

MARK

You're not a little warm?

He is being kind. Her hair is sticking to her neck.

JULES

It's just the altitude. You know how it throws me.

MARK

If you insist.

He places her napkin on her lap before one on his own.

They finish their meal. The bar is packed. And warm. Jules feels completely overheated in the down coat. And, faint.

JULES

Can we leave now?

She pushes her very damp hair away from her cheek so she can blot her face with her napkin.

MARK

You really are suffering, aren't you, poor thing? Let's get the check and get you home.

(with a wink)

He signals to the bartender and they are out the door within minutes.

MARK (CONT'D)

No bags?

Jules tears open the entire front of the jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULES

I dropped them at your place.

She doesn't care sees her and what they see.

MARK

(eyes wide)

You wore that?

JULES

Now you know why I couldn't take my coat off until now. But this little surprise seduction didn't count on a stop at a restaurant. I feel a little silly.

MARK

Silly? You're the sexiest woman.

He grabs her for a kiss, long and deep. Then he throws her scarf around her neck for a little modesty, takes her arm and walks her home.

MARK

I miss you, Jules.

His confession brings her back to the present time.

BACK TO PRESENT

JULES

Mmmm...I know, Mark.

MARK

That's not exactly I miss you, too.

JULES

I do. But, I'm not sure I should say it, given...

MARK

I know you do. But I'd prefer to hear it. I'm holding the jacket ransom until you do.

JULES

Deal.

MARK

Early morning run tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULES

Yes, of course.

MARK

So disciplined. Always have been.
Sweet dreams, love.

JULES

Sweet dreams.

INT. - JULES' APARTMENT - LATER THAT WEEK - NIGHT

Isias, the nighttime doorman, greets Jules as she enters. He tells her she has a package and hands her a Whole Foods bag. She looks at the bag, then him, quizzically.

She spots her golf glove on top and her expression drops. She mumbles thanks and heads to her apartment.

On the elevator, she hits 5 and the sadness sweeps over her by the time the doors close.

She runs into her apartment and drops the bag just inside the door. She drops on the couch, staring at it.

The paper bag across the room mocks her. Confirmation Tom is over her. They are over.

She finds her phone and dials.

JULES

Sloane? He did it. He dropped off
my things. In a Whole Foods bag.
(her voice monotone)

INT - SLOANE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

SLOANE

Ohhhhh, honey. Paper or plastic?

She mutes her television.

JULES

Paper. I hate him.

SLOANE

I am so sorry, Jules. Really.

JULES

Sloane! A paper Whole Foods bag!
(her voice cracks)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOANE

He is a black-hearted man.
(sympathetic)

JULES

Really, I hoped he hadn't returned these things because he realized he had made a terrible mistake and wanted me back.

SLOANE

Oh, sweetie. I'll jump into a taxi and get that bag out of there.

JULES

I need to get it over with.

SLOANE

Do you have anything to drink? No pills. Don't be brave, be smart.

As instructed, Jules heads to the freezer, takes a big swig right out of the Tito's bottle, her lips stick for a second to the mouth of the frozen glass.

Jules picks up the bag and brings it to the couch. Piece by piece, she empties it of her items Tom has returned, crushing her heart and her hope in one gesture.

She pulls out her golf glove, a jar of Crème de la Mer and the photos of them together, wrapped in tissue paper. Seeing how happy they looked sets her off.

SLOANE

Are you sure you want to continue?

JULES

There are only a few more things.

A few minutes later.

JULES (CONT'D)

Okay, done. Thank you, Sloane. I couldn't have faced it alone.

SLOANE

Now, put it all back in the bag and bury it in your compulsively clean closet. Put everything away that will remind you of this moment, wash up and get to bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES

I will, I promise.

Jules removes her jacket, splashes cold water on her face, peels off her clothes and climbs beneath her sheets. She'll be okay.

INT. - STYLE OFFICES - NEXT MORNING

Everyone scatters as Wendi storms into the office. The tension is real.

Wendi throws her Women's Wear Daily on Channing's desk, knocking over her coffee. She speaks, teeth gritted.

WENDI

In my office. Five minutes.

As soon as Wendi slams her office door, Jules goes to the break out room and tries to determine the cause of today's drama. She can't make out the words, just the hostility, behind the screaming going on next door. Just as suddenly as it started, it stops.

Jules texts Roy, no answer. She emails Channing: What's going on? Channing responds: Called to Catherine's office. Jules remains out of harm's way, well hidden.

Minutes later, there's a knock at the door and Wendi peeks her head in. Jules stands at the edge of the table, unsure what to do.

WENDI

Here. Take this and finish it.

She hands Jules the oft-updated presentation that Jules has not been able complete to Wendi's satisfaction.

WENDI

Should I manage this? Again?

Jules is careful asking Wendi a question.

WENDI

Yes, I'm leaving. For good. Like, done, fired.

Tears begin to collect in Jules's eyes and one starts to roll down her cheek. Wendi mistakes this as sadness.

WENDI

Don't worry, Jules. I'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

Not a doubt in my mind, Wendi.

WENDI

(calm, in control)

Don't cry. This is for the best. I was ready for more. There's just no place for them to promote me here. I'm too big for this place.

JULES

Of course, Wendi.

WENDI

One question. Do you think I'm a good manager?

JULES

I've told you, if you didn't kill me, you'd make me the best sales rep. Looks like I survived, so that must mean something.

Wendi, pleased, gives Jules a quick hug then, head held high, the security guard a few paces behind, marches down the hall, commanding it. She is gone.

Jules stands in the eerily quiet hallway. She walks to her desk and sits, her fingers lightly caressing the linen cover. She looks up, Channing standing before her.

CHANNING

Are you okay?

JULES

How?

CHANNING

Using the men's room. One of the guys in digital filed a complaint with HR.

Before Jules can answer, Channing adds,

CHANNING (CONT'D)

Here comes Catherine.

CATHERINE, the president, perfectly dressed and coiffed, walks into the conference room. Jules and Channing follow, as does Roy, who has just walked in.

She takes a seat and they all follow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE

We've made some changes to demonstrate our dedication to this team's success and happiness. I hope you understand we are committed to keeping you here, keeping this team functional and keeping it professional. Questions?

Channing, Roy and Jules just shake their heads in response. Catherine smiles, stands and exits.

Like that, it is over. Her ruby red Manolos will haunt these halls no more.

INT. - UPPER EAST SIDE ITALIAN CAFE - NIGHT - DAYS LATER

JULES

This must be a special occasion!
We're on time!

She and Maria, who has arrived with her, greet Sloane with kisses and hugs inside the restaurant door.

SLOANE

I haven't been here in ages.

JULES

Every Italian place is packed tonight with all of the marathoners carb-loading. Tourists don't know our little spot.

MARIA

I offered to make one of my specialty pasta dishes but she wouldn't hear of it.

She hands over her coat to the hostess and takes the seat along the window.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You have that spotless kitchen and brand new All Clad collection.

JULES

They will remain in pristine condition from lack of use.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOANE

It's a city thing, honey. There are specialists for everything and we leave it to them.

Maria and Sloane order glasses of Pinto Grigio, Jules a large glass of water with extra lemon. The waiter returns quickly, setting the glasses before them.

JULES

I can't wait to order wine without thinking about my morning run.
(eyeing her water)

MARIA

A good run for you tomorrow!

JULES

A good and painless run for me tomorrow and a good and painless delivery for Madeleine tonight!

SLOANE

Pardon me?

JULES

Madeleine texted, minutes ago. The baby is coming. She's on her way to the hospital.

SLOANE

Already? Isn't she due later this month, like Thanksgiving?

MARIA

When did the hard labor start?

JULES

I just know she's on her way to the hospital and she's early.

MARIA

She'll probably deliver by the morning. The doctors will give her a Caesarean if the labor goes too long. Doctors abuse the C-section in this country. That's why we have such an astoundingly high infant mortality rate in this, one of the most medically advanced countries in the world. And why I was tempted to give birth in Greece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sloane and Jules look at each other and Sloane gives her friend wide eyes. Sloane drops her menu onto the table.

JULES

Oh God! Childbirth? At dinner?

MARIA

You two always were a little squeamish. It's just so nice to talk with adults.

JULES

We understand. Just no more labor talk. What is everyone having?

An hour later, the meal is complete and table cleared. The conversation turns to Jules's final race preparation.

SLOANE

What are you wearing tomorrow?
(distracted by Maria,
digging through her
bag)

JULES

Broken in running shoes and my favorite running clothes.

SLOANE

We hope you'll wear this!

She pulls a wrapped package out of her bag and hands it to Jules.

MARIA

Yes! I found one!

She tosses an herbal peppermint tea bag on the table.

SLOANE

From your favorite flatmates.

Jules unwraps the gift to find a black Mizuno running shirt. She looks at her friends, beaming.

JULES

Beautiful! I'll wear it tomorrow!

She reaches across the table to place thank you kisses on her friends' cheeks.

MARIA

Black to hide the sweat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SLOANE

By an Italian designer.

Sloane winks then turns her attention to the waiter.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Two decaf skim cappuccinos and a hot water, please.

MARIA

I have my own tea bag.

The waiter smiles politely in response.

JULES

This will be my new lucky shirt!
Like the one we shared in London!

MARIA

I may still have that shirt.
Somewhere in my basement.

SLOANE

God, I so loved that shirt! We would fight over it. What was it? White cotton button down?

MARIA

Eyelet. Sweetly sexy. With just the tiniest bit of skin showing.

JULES

I met Mark in that shirt. Once I told him about how we called it the lucky shirt, I couldn't wear it in front of him again.

SLOANE

Have you spoken with him lately?

JULES

Actually, I have.
(with a sly smile)

SLOANE

Do tell, you little hold out!

MARIA

How did I not know about this?

The waiter sets their drinks on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULES

I don't want to jinx it, but...
we've been talking. And it's been
nice. He was trying to come
through New York this week, but it
wasn't good timing with the run.

She takes a sip from her cappuccino.

MARIA

I always liked you two together.

SLOANE

Bravo, honey!

The waiters politely rush the patrons at the tables with
the growing crowd. Sloane grabs the check.

SLOANE

It's the least I can do for two of
my oldest and dearest. I wish
Madeleine could be here for our
reunion.

JULES

Speaking of, any updates?

They all check their phones.

MARIA

Nothing here.

JULES

I'll call you as soon as I do.
(addressing Sloane)

SLOANE

Definitely! I have some Light on
Yoga reading to do before I see my
yogi in the morning so I'll be up.

The three are out the door and on the corner of a very
busy Second Avenue. Sloane's Uber is waiting.

SLOANE

Please call me with news, no
matter the time!

She gives big hugs and quick kisses on the cheeks to both
friends before sliding into the back of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Maria, call me when you wake! I scheduled an extra early morning session. Go get 'em, Jules honey! I am so proud of you!

The driver pulls away. Sloane waves out the window and turns to blow kisses out the back window.

MARIA

Now, let's get you some rest!

JULES

I'll try.

MARIA

I will. I'm sure of it.

JULES

Herbal teas? Edibles?

MARIA

Uh, no. I've got something a bit more calming than chamomile. My doctor prescribed some mother's little helper when the last was born, to help with the anxiety.

JULES

Really...you? Of all people?

MARIA

The scandalous life of Greek-American secrets, sex and drugs coming to a bedroom community near you!

They turn the corner and are at Jules's building.

INT - JULES' APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Jules drops her bag, takes Maria's coat. While Maria washes, Jules puts on the kettle and music.

Jules heads to the bathroom to wash up. She looks at the soaking tub and calls out.

JULES

Maria! Mind if I take a bath?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIA

Please do! I am having tea and
relishing reading my book
uninterrupted!

Jules turns on the water and pours in lavender Epsom salt. She slips out of her clothes, leaving them in a pile on the tile floor. She stacks two big fluffy towels next to the tub then eases into the warm water.

INT - JULES' BATHROOM - FLASHBACK - YEARS AGO

Dinner with Tom and his friend, Richard, and his new girlfriend, Vickie. Richard gushes on about Vickie, the athlete, and the number of marathons she's run.

JULES

I'd love to hear about it. I've
always wanted to run a marathon.

TOM

You?
(shocked)

Jules looks at him and responds flatly.

JULES

Yes.

TOM

I don't see it.

She is speechless, stunned. She looks at him, the hurt and anger apparent.

She remains calm and quiet during the rest of dinner and ride home. She gives him her back when he gets into bed.

Probably he hadn't realized what he had done. And, at that point, she hadn't, either.

INT - JULES' BATHROOM - RETURN PRESENT

She jumps out of the tub, splashing water over the side, and pulls on her robe. She finds Maria, reading her book on the chaise lounge, squeezes onto the foot of it.

JULES

Thank you, Maria. I can't imagine
what it took for you to be here.
But, it means so much to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She jokes because Jules is getting very emotional.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Jules, you listen when I lock myself in the bathroom because my girls drive me to tears. You talked me off the ledge when I was convinced my husband was cheating because some woman misdialled. And insisted I get help when I was trying to be the perfect Greek-American who could do it all.

(adding some levity)

You were the only one to tell me my feather earrings were awful when hitting the London clubs. You helped me pull on my tightest jeans with a wire hanger. I wouldn't miss your marathon.

(one last thought)

This is good for me, too. I need to start taking care of myself and that means being someone other than Mommy, if even for 36 hours.

JULES

Thank you, Maria. Speaking of, how do we check on the new mommy?

MARIA

Her mother?

JULES

She's en route from LA. There must be someone closer to the action.

(thinking)

Peter from Cape Cod! His father is a doctor at the same hospital Madeleine is going to deliver. I wonder...

MARIA

Don't give it a second thought.

Jules finds her cell phone and dials Peter.

INT. - ARCHITECT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Peter sits at a desk cluttered with drawings.

PETER

Howdy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His tone reveals nothing.

JULES

Peter, it's Jules. How are you?

PETER

Good, thanks. Found my number?

JULES

Ouch! But, I deserved it. Sorry, I just...got caught up in things.

PETER

It's alright. How are you?

JULES

I'm great, thanks.

(happy and upbeat)

I need to ask a bit of a favor. It's really more about asking if I could ask your father's help on something. Professionally.

PETER

You having a baby?

JULES

Well, no. No! It's my friend, the one with the house on the Cape?

PETER

The one you wanted me to give an estimate to, after the work had already been done?

JULES

That's the one! She's having a baby at your father's hospital and we'd love to get an update. I was planning to be there but she went so early that the scheduled plans are...I can get there tomorrow. I haven't heard from her in hours and I'd really love to know how she's doing.

PETER

I'm no doctor, but I believe these things sometimes take some time.

JULES

Yes, but I would love to know everything is going well.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULES (CONT'D)

It's her first and she's early and
I'd love to be there and her
mother is on her way.

PETER

She's at Beth Israel?

JULES

Yes, she is.

PETER

I'll see what he can find out.
Sure you'll take my call?

A little dig at how she let the ball drop, months back.

JULES

Thanks. Call no matter the time.

PETER

I always do.

She is about to hang up when she hears him speak again.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh and Jules?

JULES

Yes?

PETER

Maybe you were right, not to call.
It's just I can't compete with New
York. I didn't see you leaving
Manhattan and your fashionable
friends and cool clubs and hip
restaurants.

JULES

Maybe you have me all wrong. I'm
just as low key as the next girl.

PETER

Who wears Prada shoes to dives?

JULES

They were Ralph Lauren!

(joking)

I love the Cape, but I don't know
if it's a place I could call home.
Still, I should have called to
discuss your invitation. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PETER

Let me get back to you about your friend. And, maybe when you come visit her, I can make you dinner?

JULES

That would be nice. I'd like that.

PETER

Stay tuned.

Maria overhears most of the conversation and looks at Jules as she enters the living room.

MARIA

That was a little more than getting the update on the baby.

JULES

I'm glad we got that sorted. I wonder if Peter is spending some time on the couch.

MARIA

Shouldn't we all? One hour every week to talk about myself without interruption. I love it.

Maria puts on her pajamas and Jules, her yoga clothes.

Jules reviews everything she has laid out for tomorrow then checks all three alarms. As she turns down the lights in the living room, her phone rings.

JULES

Peter! Any news?

Jules listens and breaks into a full smile.

JULES (CONT'D)

(to Maria)

A boy, delivered at 8:34! Both mother and baby are fine!

The proud new aunts beam.

JULES (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

Julian Mario Sloan?

She laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULES (CONT'D)

Yes, got them all. Thank you,
Peter. I appreciate it. And, yes,
I'll let you know when I will be
heading north for a visit.

(to Maria)

Madeleine's a mother!

MARIA

And, she named him after us!
(welling up)

JULES

Such a sweet honor!

She hesitates before realizing...

JULES (CONT'D)

You had four girls and not one was
named after any of us!

The two climb between the sheets, together deliver the
happy news to Sloane. Sweet dreams, lights out.

INT. - JULES'S APARTMENT - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

At 5 am, Jules finally gives up on getting any sleep and
turns off all alarms.

Maria is sound asleep next to her. Jules crawls out of
bed and tugs gently on the duvet to cover her friend.

She looks out the window to the sky, clear and blue.

She shuffles to the kitchen and pours a large glass of
water, room temperature, and drinks it in one swig. She
heads to the bathroom and showers.

She pulls on the clothes, ready from last night, along
with her watch and heart monitor. She packs her water
belt, Goo and bottles of Coke along with her number,
safety pins and ferry pass. And Body Glide and Band Aids.
Maria pads into the room.

MARIA

How are you feeling? Excited?

She surprises Jules, focused on her mental check list.

JULES

Great! And nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She drops in her last things and pulls on the nylon cord to cinch the navy blue marathon backpack.

MARIA

You are going to be a superstar!

She takes her by the hands and looks into her eyes.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You know that, right?

JULES

Your genuine enthusiasm and support make you the perfect mother. And friend.

MARIA

I wouldn't miss it! And I haven't felt this rested since before the little darlings were born. I bet you didn't sleep a wink. Tea?

JULES

No tea, thanks. I would love a bite of oatmeal.

Jules is ladling oatmeal into bowls. Maria takes over.

MARIA

Run, I cannot. Oatmeal, I can. Get ready!

JULES

Thanks. I have about 20 minutes before I need to leave to get downtown to the ferry.

Jules runs to the bathroom, goes through her bag one last time and eats a few spoonfuls of the oatmeal.

JULES

It's about time for me to go.

Maria smiles and gives a quick hug.

MARIA

Good luck, Jules! See you soon!

QUICK CUTS

Waiting for the race to begin, runners everywhere.
Listening to music, stretching, jogging in place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Long queues for the port a potties. Finally, the announcer calls for runners.

...merging pools of over 45,000 runners. The chirp as her chip registers at the start line, an archway of balloons.

...crossing over the Verrazano Bridge, runners sprinting by. Entering Brooklyn - mile marker 2 - cheering fans.

...mile 3, getting into her groove and getting lost in her music.

...Park Slope, mile marker 7, the various routes merge in downtown Brooklyn's tree-lined streets, charming and trendy shops in quaint buildings alongside the townhouses and walk-ups.

...relaxed in her run, feeling strong, finding a running buddy, mile marker 8.

...artist-cool Williamsburg and Greenpoint's Polish butcher shops and bakeries, the Pulaski Bridge.

...Queens' factory buildings and two-family homes, mile marker 14, the Queensboro Bridge, long and covered.

...Manhattan, ecstatic energy, First Avenue, alive with hordes of fans cheering, holding banners, waving flags, calling names. Live musicians, Frank Sinatra's "New York, New York" and Bruce Springsteen's "Born to Run." Bars are packed with customers, drinks in hand, cheering.

Jules turns off her music and yanks out her earbuds.

MARIA

JULES! JULES!

Maria's voice, high pitched. Sloane, waving furiously.

JULES

HIII! Thank you! At the finish! On the left! See you there!

Manhattan - pure, good energy. Susan turn 70 today, a pair of British friends, trailing hammer jack flags, a young couple, his tee shirt announcing, She said YES!

...Harlem, then crossing Willis Avenue Bridge.

...the Bronx a sprinkling of spectators, the wall, walking not running, faces twisted in pain, a man off to the side, urinating, the woman next to her, crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

"Five miles, people! Five miles to go! Move it!" someone yells as they approach the Madison Avenue Bridge.

...five miles left! Limping, running to Manhattan and the finish line, just across this bridge.

...Fifth Avenue, spectators in droves, cheering, runners running, shuffling, bodies unable to match their will.

Jules hears someone calling her name. She turns off her music, scans the crowd but doesn't see a familiar face.

Again! A man's voice, calling her name.

ROY (O.S.)

Jules! Over here!

Jules breaks into a big smile when she sees Roy. He scans the avenue for race security as he jumps the barricade.

ROY

Keep moving, JK!

He jogs along side her.

ROY (CONT'D)

I had nothing going on today, so I thought I'd go for a jog.

JULES

Roy! I am so happy to see you!

ROY

Don't take this the wrong way but you look like shit. I knew I had to bail you out, like I always do.

JULES

Thanks.

ROY

Nah, you look a little beat up, but you're still going strong.

JULES

I am shattered. But, I feel great at the same time.

ROY

Yeah, well you've got the pleasure of my company for two miles.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROY (CONT'D)

Once we hit the bottom of the park, you're on your own for the moment of glory. I hear they beat the hell out of renegade runners.

JULES

Two miles is perfect, thanks.

ROY

Want me to sing for you?

JULES

Nothing better than your off-key singing. Tiny Dancer?

They enter Central Park, packed with thousands of cheerleaders. Roy sings his favorite songs over the cheering crowd and between catching his breath.

At Central Park South, he's ready to exit.

ROY

You're there. I knew you could do it on your own but thanks for letting me be a part of it.

JULES

Thanks, Roy.

Her eyes are welling up.

ROY

Careful, Keneally. No tears until the finish. Go get it!

She nods. After a quick hug, he drops off and heads for a break in the stanchions, the crowd absorbing him. A little more than a mile left. The cheering is deafening.

JULES

(aloud, to herself)
Almost there!

Jules smiles as she crosses the finish line before looking at her watch: 4 hours and 54 minutes, 17 seconds.

In a dream-like trance, she follows directions from race officials and volunteers. She collects her medal, feels a foil cape being wrapped around her shoulders and walks.

An ear-piercing scream brings Jules back to reality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WENDI (O.S.)

Oh My God! Jules?!

Wendi stands before her. She holds a bouquet of perfectly bloomed roses. Jules wipes her tears and smiles.

JULES

Wendi? What are you doing here?

WENDI

I can't believe it! Did you actually run the marathon?

Her freshly-glossed lips seem to move too slowly for the speed of the words.

JULES

Yes. Yes, I ran the marathon.

It is the first time Jules says these words out loud.

JULES (CONT'D)

But, what are you doing here?

WENDI

Scott. He wanted to run it. Look how slow he is. Even you beat him.

JULES

That's great! I mean, great that he's running it.

WENDI

I guess. But, here.
(hands her the roses)

You deserve them. He doesn't even like white roses. I bought them because they are my favorite.

JULES

I remember. Thank you, Wendi.

Wendi suddenly pulls her phone from her tight jeans.

WENDI

Oh, shit! There's the text. He just crossed the finish line and I missed it. I'll have him cross it again so I can take photos.

JULES

Congratulate Scott for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Wendi is off, doing her best to run in her favorite Jimmy Choos, her black hair shining in the November sunlight.

Maria and Sloane are running towards her, arms outstretched, smiles big, cheers loud. The three embrace, Jules lets the emotions run out of her again.

SLOANE

Someone else is here.

JULES

Wendi? I already saw her.

SLOANE

Wendi's here? This is much better!

Sloane and Maria turn, all smiles, and look.

Under a tree, full with flaming red leaves, is a man, walking towards them. Jules recognizes his silhouette, even as she must peer around mobs of celebrating runners. He walks towards her.

MARK

Jules.

He gives her a full smile as looks at her, completely, before giving her a long hug and beautiful bouquet.

JULES

Mark!

(into his ear)

He pulls back to look at her then gives her a sweet kiss.

MARK

I knew you'd do it. You beat your time, too, didn't you?

She smiles that he remembered.

MARK (CONT'D)

These don't look up to snuff compared to your other suitor, but it was the best I could do, given the trip in from JFK took forever.

JULES

The traffic must be a nightmare!

MARK

That it is. But it appears our timing is quite good, actually.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MARK (CONT'D)

Other than missing you cross the finish line.

JULES

Our timing is perfect.

MARK

I must dash back to JFK now.

JULES

I'm running to LaGuardia once I shower. Madeleine's had her baby!

MARK

Ah, bless! Go babysit a few days then come see me in Blimey. I'll book your flights.

He gives her a quick peck on the cheek.

MARK (CONT'D)

Bye, love. I can't wait to celebrate where it all began!

As he jogs off, Maria and Sloane step back in.

SLOANE

Can you believe it, honey? We ran into him near the finish line.

JULES

Clever man. He asked about the app so he could track me.

SLOANE

So sweet! It brings me back to our Portland Road days.

MARIA

Let's make a pot of hot tea and an ice bath before you fly.

SLOANE

Tea? She ran a marathon! Bubbly!

Sloane pulls a bottle of Veuve Clicquot from her bag. A celebratory pop of the cork. They all take sips, direct from the bottle as they head north. They walk together, Jules' limping growing more pronounced, her friends on either side, arms around each shoulder to keep her foil wrap in place. And to keep her from rushing.

FADE OUT.