



Scripts.com

The Family Man

By David Diamond

KENNEDY AIRPORT, PAN AM TERMINAL - NIGHT

SUPER:

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

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

KATE REYNOLDS, 21, pretty, Dorothy Hamill haircut... rubbing the tears from her swollen red eyes...

KATE:

I got you a few necessities...

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

KATE (CONT'D)

Your copy was a mess...

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

KATE (CONT'D)

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

JACK:

All in one tape?

KATE:

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

Kate leans over and kisses him passionately on the lips.

KATE (CONT'D)

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

He looks at her, his eyes welling up. He pulls her close, kissing her deeply. Then...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

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

Jack takes Kate's hand, getting up, turning sadly to the gate.

KATE:

You have your ticket?

Jack pulls out a BLUE PAN AM TICKET ENVELOPE. Kate nods. They embrace and kiss again. As they separate.

JACK:

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

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

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

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

KATE:

Wait.

Jack turns. Kate approaches him.

KATE (CONT'D)

I have a bad feeling about
this.

JACK:

About the plane? What do you
think it's gonna crash? Don't
say that...

KATE:

(shaking her head)

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

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

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't go, Jack...

JACK:

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

KATE:

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

JACK:

For us, Kate.

KATE:

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

JACK:

What?

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

KATE:

(torn)

Go. I'm sorry, you should just go...

JACK:

(thinking, then...)

No, you're right. What are we doing?

KATE:

We're being responsible. Go.

Get on the plane.

His eyes narrow as he measures her determination...

KATE (CONT'D)

(a smile)

Get the hell outta my sight.

You bother me.

A laugh from Jack. Kate gives him a calm smile and a nod - it's not entirely convincing but it's enough for Jack.

JACK:

(resolute)

Okay, I'm going...

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

KATE:

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

JACK:

You hear me complaining about that?

A sober look in Jack's eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, we're at the airport and no one ever thinks clearly at the airport so we should just trust the decision we already made. You've been accepted to one of the best law schools in the country, I've got this internship at Barclay's Bank. We have a great plan, honey... Kate nods, then, with resolve...

KATE:

You want to do something great, Jack? Let's flush the plan...start our lives right now, today...I don't know what that life's gonna look like but I do know it has both of us in it. And I choose us... Jack is jolted by her words.

KATE (CONT'D)

The plan doesn't make us great, Jack. What we have together, that's what makes us great.

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

JACK:

I love you, Kate...

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

JACK (CONT'D)

(taking her face in
his hands)

...and a year in London's not
gonna change that. A hundred
years couldn't change that...

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

1AEXT. MANHATTAN - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The skating rink at Central Park...Christmas tree at
Rockefeller Center...the view down Fifth Avenue with
Christmas decorations...Park Avenue.

2EXT. MANHATTAN - EARLY MORNING

We close in on a spectacular pre-war doorman
building...

3INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A huge space with gleaming hardwood floors, ornate
moldings, and a great view of the Hudson and Jersey
behind it...

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

A wall of photos - Jack and Clinton, Jack with Patrick
Ewing, Jack between Alan Greenspan and Henry Kravis.
And a "Willie Mays" baseball bat encased in glass...

4INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...impeccably decorated and obsessively neat.

Close in on the bed where JACK CAMPBELL, now 35, sans
mustache and long hair, opens his eyes.

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

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

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

PAULA:

(holding up toothbrush)

I hope you don't mind. There were like ten new ones in the cabinet.

A playful smile from Paula.

JACK:

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

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

PAULA:

Did you really mean what you said about Tuscany?

JACK:

Of course I did.

PAULA:

Last night was great...

JACK:

You are an amazing lover. You should be giving motivational seminars.

PAULA:

Thanks. You're not bad yourself...

Jack grabs his Frank Mueller watch from the night stand, puts it on his wrist. He looks at Paula as she slips the dress on.

JACK:

I want to see you again.

PAULA:

I'd like that, too.

JACK:

Tonight.

She turns to him.

PAULA:

It's Christmas Eve, Jack.

JACK:

So we'll get egg nog.

Paula laughs.

PAULA:

(putting on her shoes)

I have to go to my parents'
house out in Jersey. Would
you like to come?

JACK:

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

PAULA:

I'm taking the train...

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

PAULA (CONT'D)

Don't you have anywhere to go?

JACK:

I've got plenty of places to
go.

He stays there, confident, sexy, waiting for an
answer...

PAULA:

(a sexy laugh, then...)

Maybe I can try and sneak away
some time tomorrow morning...

(kissing him on
the lips)

Okay?

JACK:

(coy)

If it's something you feel
strongly about.

:

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

PAULA:

It was nice meeting you, Jack...

CHAPTER TWO - MAIN TITLES

4AINT. JACK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jack saunters over to a Yamaha Grand Disclavier in the living room. He puts a disk into the piano and...
...the keys come alive with the music of BACH. Jack hits a switch and suddenly the entire apartment is enveloped in music...

4BINT. JACK'S BUILDING, CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Paula, waiting for the elevator, hears the MUSIC emanating from Jack's apartment...an intrigued glance back at the apartment door as the elevator arrives...

5INT. JACK'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Jack's "Passion According to St. Matthew" is blaring through the speakers, the music is swelling to full orchestra...

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

6INT. JACK'S CLOSET - MORNING

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

Jack's still HUMMING to the music as he dresses in front of a mirror.

7INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Jack, wearing an elegant camel's hair overcoat and carrying a leather briefcase, a "Master of the Universe" smile on his face, now HUMMING the Bach piece from memory...

The doors open at 6. Jack self-consciously stops singing as ELIZABETH PETERSON, 60s, wearing a mink coat, gets on the elevator carrying a yappy little dog.

JACK:

(a charming smile)

Mrs. Peterson.

MRS. PETERSON

Hello Jack. You don't
have to stop singing on
my account...

JACK:

It's because I'm shy,
Betty. So, when are you
going to leave that old
corpse Mr. Peterson and
run away with me?

MRS. PETERSON

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

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

8INT. JACK'S BUILDING, LOBBY - MORNING

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

TONY THE DOORMAN

Merry Christmas, Mr.
Campbell.

JACK:

How'd you do this year,
Tony?

TONY THE DOORMAN

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

JACK:

Just until the Deutsche
Mark turns...

Jack exits the building...

9 OMITTED

9AEXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

Jack's Ferrari racing through the park...

10EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - MORNING

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

The Ferrari SCREECHES to a halt. Jack gets out, heads into the building...

10AINT. LASSITER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...Jack throws his keys to a nearby SECURITY GUARD with a smile on his way to the elevators...

CHAPTER THREE - JACK THE BUSINESSMAN

DISSOLVE TO:

11INT. LASSITER BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Manhattan skyline shines through the windows of this beautiful conference room.

SIX EXECUTIVES are seated at a huge oak table littered with coffee cups and lunch waste. At the end of the table, ALAN MINTZ, 30s, balding, sits with a faraway look in his eyes, three empty Diet Coke cans in front of him.

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

Jack is addressing the group from the front of the room, standing in front of a computer with a huge flat screen monitor, covered with stock charts and tables...

JACK:

...if MedTech's shares sink
any lower than...

(casually executing
a keystroke)

...forty three, we're in
trouble with the stock
valuation. So for god's sake
watch what you say to your
institutional customers...

Jack notices Alan Mintz playing with the cherub.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

(distracted by Mintz)

...penny for your thoughts,

Alan...

Alan looks up.

ALAN:

Sorry, Jack. I told Dee and the kids I'd be home by dinner. You know, it being Christmas Eve and all.

JACK:

Is that tonight?

A LAUGH from the group. Jack approaches Alan.

JACK (CONT'D)

You think I like being here on Christmas Eve, Alan?

ALAN:

I don't know. Maybe...

Another LAUGH. Even Jack lets out a good-natured chuckle.

JACK:

Okay, maybe I do have a touch of tunnel vision this holiday season. But in two days we're going to announce one of the largest mergers in U.S. corporate history. Thirty billion dollars...

(basking in the glory)

When this kind of deal turns up you get on and you ride it `till it's over. You don't ask it for a vacation...

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

JACK (CONT'D)

(to the group)

December 26th. After that there'll be so much money floating around here it'll be like Christmas every day...

(smiling)

December 26th, people. If

you'd like to celebrate that
day, you all have my
blessing...

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

ALAN:

You're right, Jack. Sorry...
Jack approaches Alan.

JACK:

I don't want you to be sorry,
Alan, I want you to be
excited. I want my gift to be
the first one you open this
year. You know why?

ALAN:

Why Jack?

JACK:

Because my gift comes with ten
zeroes at the end...

A MURMUR of excitement in the room, even Alan cracks a
smile. Jack puts a hand on Alan's shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

Good man...

12INT. LASSITER BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

Jack is the last one out. He's met in stride by
ADELLE, 50s, carrying a Filofax and a pile of phone
messages.

ADELLE:

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

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

JACK:

You too? This holiday's about

giving, Adelle. And I'm
giving everything I've got to
this deal, so in a way, I'm
more Christmassy than
anyone...

(holding out the candy)
Lifesaver?

ADELLE:

(ignoring the candy)

You're a ray of sunshine,
Jack.

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

13INT. JACK'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...continuing past Adelle's desk, Jack looking at his
messages, and into Jack's office...

14INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

Jack walks to an enormous, bare mahogany desk, and sits
down in a high tech ergonomic leather chair.

ADELLE:

Oh, and Oxxford called...

JACK:

Ooh, my suits are ready...

He gets to the last message, sees the name on it, and
reels back.

JACK (CONT'D)

Kate Reynolds...

ADELLE:

Her assistant said you could
call her at home after eight.

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

JACK:

Her assistant?

ADELLE:

Yeah Jack, her assistant...

JACK:

(lost in the message)

Kate Reynolds was my
girlfriend in college. I
almost married her...

ADELLE:

(a hearty LAUGH)

You? Married?

JACK:

(snapping out of it)

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

ADELLE:

Excuse me?

JACK:

She didn't want me to go to
London. We're standing at the
airport saying goodbye and she
asks me to stay.

ADELLE:

So you left her? Just like
that?

JACK:

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

ADELLE:

Stop Jack, I'm getting all
weepy.

JACK:

I took the road less traveled,
Adelle.

ADELLE:

And look where it's led you...

(picking up the phone)

I'm gonna get her on the
phone...

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

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

JACK:

No...

ADELLE:

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

JACK:

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

Adelle rolls her eyes at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, it's ancient
history...

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

LASSITER:

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

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

JACK:

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

LASSITER:

(pouring himself
a scotch)

That's because I'm a heartless
bastard who only cares about
money.

JACK:

And God love you for it.

Lassiter drops down in a soft leather chair opposite
Jack.

LASSITER:

(sipping the scotch)

I just got a call from Terry
Haight. Bob Thomas is
nervous...

JACK:

That'll happen when you're
about to spend thirty billion
dollars on some aspirin...

LASSITER:

Someone's gonna have to nurse
him through this.

JACK:

Why are you staring at my
breasts, Peter?

LASSITER:

I need you, tiger..

JACK:

Where is he?

LASSITER:

Aspen.

Jack pauses for a beat.

JACK:

(to Adelle)

Call Aunt Irma. Tell her I

won't be able to make it
tomorrow...

Adelle rolls her eyes at him...

LASSITER:

You're a credit to capitalism,
Jack.

Jack glances at Adelle, then looks back at Lassiter.

JACK:

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

LASSITER:

You suddenly having trouble
getting dates?

JACK:

Not by a long shot.

LASSITER:

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

Jack shoots Adelle a satisfied smile, crumpling up
Kate's message and tossing a perfect hook into a N.Y.
Knicks hoop.

JACK:

(to Adelle)

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

ADELLE:

That'll be a nice little
holiday treat.

15EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - NIGHT

A single light remains on in the building.

16INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jack is alone in the office working on his computer, checking spreadsheets on a large flat screen monitor. Jack leans back in his chair rubbing his eyes. He checks his watch. It's past eleven. He gets up, goes to the window, sees the city in all its Christmas glory, then he see it...

...the message from Kate, crumpled in the trashcan...then turns back to the window, gazing out at the night...

17INT. LASSITER BUILDING - NIGHT

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

FRANK:

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

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

JACK:

I'm thinking I might walk tonight, Frank.

FRANK:

Nice night for it. I'll have Louis send your car home.

A nod from Jack.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas to you, sir...

JACK:

Thanks. To you too...

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

18EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack emerges from the building, walking across the large plaza, past the fountain...snow begins to fall...

19EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - A LITTLE LATER

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

He gets to the end of the block spots the Wong Brothers' 24 Hour Deli across the street...

He heads toward it...

20INT. WONG BROTHERS' DELI - SECONDS LATER

:

Jack walks into the brightly lit deli...

SAM WONG, 20s, is with his 80-year-old GRANDFATHER behind the counter. There's a NERDY COLLEGE KID at the salad bar, a drunken DEPARTMENT STORE SANTA at the liquor display, a WOMAN with a BABY in an aisle and...
...a BLACK MAN, 30s, with a dollar sign and the name "CASH" tattooed on his arm, stands in front of the coffee machine...

CASH:

Oh yeah...yeah, yee-ah! She's
a certified winner...paper-
thin but good as gold...

Jack notices Cash talking to himself, seemingly crazy.
Jack approaches Sam Wong at the counter.

JACK:

Egg nog?

SAM WONG:

(pointing)

Dairy case. Five dollar.

CASH:

(in the b.g., to
Sam Wong)

Y'all do the lotto here...?
`Cause I got me a winner...I
know, I know, Lotto keeps the
black man down... but not
me...

Jack grabs a carton of egg nog, then notices Cash handing Sam Wong his ticket. Jack heads back toward the counter...

CASH (CONT'D)

...06...14...18...48...right
there. Four numbers...that's
two hundred and thirty eight

dollar...

(a smile)

Merry Christmas and shit...

SAM WONG:

(barely looking

at ticket)

Ticket bad. You draw in lines
with pencil.

CASH:

What're you talkin' about?

SAM WONG:

(throwing the ticket

back)

You draw lines with pencil! I
know about this!

The woman with the baby looks over...the college kid
looks up, nervous...the drunken Santa, bottle of
bourbon in hand, starts to walk by Jack...Jack
instinctively puts an arm out, holding the Santa
back...

CASH:

What!?! Look at the ticket...!

SAM WONG:

Get out, I call 911.

The Santa looks at Jack, confused.

CASH:

You're lookin' at me, you're
not even lookin' at the
ticket!

The woman with the baby puts a loaf of bread back on
the shelf, starts nervously inching toward the door.

SAM WONG:

You leave now. Take ticket
somewhere else.

(calling out)

Next customer in line...!

CASH:

You first generation,
xenophobic, money-theistic,
hot pastrami sandwich
making...

SAM WONG:

(screaming)

Get out!

Just watching...Cash shoves the ticket in Sam Wong's
face...

CASH:

LOOK AT THE GODDAMN TICKET!!

A moment of decision for Jack. Then...

JACK:

(carefully)

Let me see that ticket.

Cash turns to Jack.

CASH:

(menacing)

Was I talkin' to you?!

Jack looks at the woman, the college kid, the Santa,
then...

JACK:

Maybe I'll buy it from you.

Now Cash walks over to Jack...

CASH:

Guy in \$2,000 suit gets ass

kicked tryin' to be a hero.

Film at eleven...

(then...turning to

the coffee machine)

What?! Oh no, not another

lookie-loo. You know how big

a job this is?

The patrons exchange nervous glances...Jack watches,
confused.

CASH (CONT'D)

You're double bookin' me!

You're gonna get double
billed! Shit!

Cash throws a bottle of Perrier against the wall, it
SHATTERS. The woman reels back in terror with the
baby...

JACK:

Hey, c'mon...

In a flash, Cash whips a .38 from the back of his
pants, aiming it at Jack's face. The woman SCREAMS,
covers her baby.

CASH:

(in Jack's face)

Do you want to die?

Jack stares at Cash, trying his best to keep his
cool...

CASH (CONT'D)

DO YOU WANNA DIE?!

JACK:

No.

:

CASH:

(a smile)

Yes you do...

JACK:

Look, I'm talking about a
business deal here. I buy the
ticket for two hundred, take
it to a store where the guy
behind the counter...

(glaring at Sam Wong)

...doesn't have a death wish

(back to Cash)

...I just made myself a quick
thirty eight dollars.

Cash gets closer...

JACK (CONT'D)

Like I said, it's a business
deal...

CASH:

Damn, you are the real
thing...

Cash narrows his eyes...then, a smile as he puts the
gun back into his pants...

CASH (CONT'D)

C'mon, Jack, let's get outta
here...

(to Sam Wong)

You were lookin' at me, papa,
you shoulda been lookin' at
the ticket. That ticket was
legit, B. You're fake...

Cash starts out of the deli. Jack follows...

21EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - MINUTES LATER

Jack and Cash walking down the street...Jack, holding
his carton of egg nog under his arm, counting out two
hundred dollars...

JACK:

How'd you know my name was
Jack?

CASH:

I call all you white guys
"Jack."

Jack nods...

CASH (CONT'D)

You know you seem pretty
relaxed for a guy who just had
a gun pulled on him.

JACK:

There's no way I was gonna die
in that deli...

(off Cash's look)

Let's just say I've been on a
lucky streak lately.

CASH:

(a big LAUGH)

A lucky streak, huh?

Jack hands him the money.

CASH (CONT'D)

Sound pretty sure of yourself,
don't you?

Jack nods.

CASH (CONT'D)

So you're telling me, you've
got a gun to your head and you
don't think for one second,
what if this, what if that,
maybe I shouldn't do this, I
shoulda done that.

JACK:

I don't do that. That's just
not for me...

Cash looks at him, then smiles.

CASH:

Okay, Jack. Nice doing
business with you...
Cash is about to take off...

JACK:

Hey...

Cash turns around.

JACK (CONT'D)

What do you want to carry that
gun around for, anyway?
You're just gonna do something
you'll regret...

CASH:

You want to talk about
regrets, you're talking to the
wrong person.

Jack casually takes the egg nog out of the bag, opens
the carton...

JACK:

I'm just saying that you seem
like a smart guy. At a
certain point you're gonna do
something, and then there's no
turning back...

CASH:

Yeah, in most cases that'd be true.

Jack takes a sip of the egg nog.

JACK:

I mean there must be programs out there, opportunities...

CASH:

(a deep laugh)

Wait a minute, wait a minute... you're tryin' to save me?

A look from Jack...

CASH (CONT'D)

Oh man, you're serious...

(out to the street)

This man thinks I need to be saved!

JACK:

Everyone needs something.

Cash looks at Jack...

CASH:

Yeah? What do you need?

JACK:

Me?

CASH:

You just said everyone needs something.

JACK:

I've got everything I need.

CASH:

Wow. It must be great being you. You got it all.

Cash looks at Jack. He smiles and shakes his head.

JACK:

Look, I'm not saying you'd be able to do it without some hard work...

CASH:

(a hearty LAUGH)

You still think this is about me, don't you?

JACK:

Sure it's about you. But it's about society, too.

CASH:

Oh man, I'm gonna enjoy this one... Just remember, Jack, you did this. You brought this on yourself...

And with that, Cash turns and leaves Jack alone on the street with his egg nog...

22INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

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

Through the large windows we see snow falling...

23INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack, flat on his back in bed, fast asleep...

CHAPTER FOUR - A DIFFERENT LIFE

DISSOLVE TO:

24INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

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

He turns his head to find a large MUTT sitting faithfully beside the bed, wagging his tail...

...did she have a dog?

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

...KATE REYNOLDS...

...now 34 and even more beautiful, a look of utter contentment on her radiant face, sleeping soundly... His head darts around the room - it's cramped and lived in, clothes and toys are strewn about, family photos on the dresser, Laura Ashley curtains, a tiny poster bed and a charming little bay window. He instinctively reaches for his Franck Mueller watch on the night stand, but it's not there. It's a Timex Indiglo and it reads, "7:57 A.M..." Jack looks back at Kate...he rubs his eyes...maybe it's a dream...but nothing changes. Then, Kate stirs...

KATE:

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

Jack jumps as he hears Kate talk for the first time... Suddenly, the door bursts open...A SIX YEAR OLD GIRL, ANNIE, in a little nightgown, walks into the room carrying an 18 MONTH OLD BOY, JOSH, SINGING at the top of her lungs...

ANNIE:

Jingle bells, Santa s
mells, Rudolph laid an
egg...la la la, la-la la
la, la la la la la...

Annie places Josh on the bed and then jumps up herself. She gestures to the dog, patting the bed.
ANNIE (CONT'D)

You too, Luce...

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

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Rise...and...shine...!

KATE:

(stirring)

You're jumping,
sweetheart...

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

ANNIE:

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

KATE:

(groggy)

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

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

ANNIE:

C'mon, Dad. Get up!

She said "Dad."

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

He picks up the bat...the same Willie Mays autograph
bat that was encased in glass in his N.Y. apartment.
Frightened, Jack drops the bat, looking down at himself
for the first time...he's naked...

...a mortified look on his face as he sees the kids on
the bed...

...he quickly grabs a pair of sweat pants and a yellow
cardigan off the chair and throws them on...

Kate, still half asleep, reaches out her hand.

KATE:

Jack...?

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

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

KATE (CONT'D)

(still groggy)

Strong coffee, okay?

She lets him go as Jack backs out the door...

25INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER
A garishly decorated Christmas tree sits in the middle
of this messy and disorganized living room, a bevy of
gifts underneath and four red stockings over the

fireplace.

Jack darts to the top of the steps...

KATE (O.S.)

(calling from
the bedroom)

Use an entire can if you
have to!

He looks back at the bedroom, then at the
stairs...quickly heading down the CREAKY steps, still
in shock.

He grabs an overcoat from a hook by the front
door...about to step out when he looks down and
realizes...

...he's barefoot. He glances at a pair of rubber over-
boots sitting by the door, slips them on, just about to
leave when...

He hears the sound of a KEY TURNING in the door
lock...Jack looks at the door, not quite sure what to
do...

The door opens...into the house, arms laden with
wrapped gifts, walk BIG ED and LORRAINE REYNOLDS (both
60s), Kate's parents. Big Ed's wearing a ten gallon
hat and a suede overcoat. Lorraine has a cigarette
dangling from her mouth.

JACK:

(drawing on a
memory)

Ed? Lorraine?

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

BIG ED:

Jack you ol' bird dog.

Merry Christmas to ya'...

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

LORRAINE:

Talk to him, Jack.

Please. One day a year
away from the Ponderosa.

I don't think that's too
much to ask.

BIG ED:

I heard that. This is
who I am, woman!

(a wink to Jack)

Tell her, Jack! You're
the only one who gets me,
for god's sake!

Jack, still holding the door open, plotting his escape.

LORRAINE:

I need some egg nog...

BIG ED:

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

(shouting upstairs)

Where are my two l'il
pardners? Annie! Josh!
Giddy up, Bid Ed's here!

JACK:

Excuse me.

Jack dashes out the door.

LORRAINE:

Where are you going,
Jack?

(to Big Ed)

Where's he going?

BIG ED:

Damned if I know...

They start to remove their coats, when...

The door flies back open...

JACK:

Where's my car?! Where's
my Ferrari!?

BIG ED:

What the hell are you
talking about?

(to Lorraine)

What's he talking about?

JACK:

Look, can I just borrow
your car?! I promise
it'll be returned!

BIG ED:

The Caddy? Why don't you
take your own damn car!

LORRAINE:

Oh just let him borrow
your precious Cadillac,
for god's sake.

Jack spots a set of keys hanging on a hook.

BIG ED:

He's got a perfectly good
mini-van sitting out
there in the driveway!

Jack grabs the keys off the hook...darts back outside...

26EXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack emerges from this charming, suburban two-story
house, some tasteful Christmas lights decorating a tree
in the center of the snow-covered lawn...

He races to a blue Dodge mini-van sitting in the
driveway, a "My Ferrari Is In The Shop" sticker on the
rear bumper. He climbs into the mini-van and peels out
of the driveway...

27INT. MINI-VAN - SECONDS LATER

Jack sees a sign, "George Washington Bridge - 3 miles"...

28INT. MINI-VAN - MINUTES LATER

Jack driving over the bridge. A sigh of relief as he
passes under a sign for "Manhattan."

29EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

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

JACK:

Tony, thank god...

Jack starts to walk past but Tony blocks the way.

TONY THE DOORMAN

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

JACK:

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

TONY THE DOORMAN

(not moving)

Uh-huh...

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

JACK:

Elizabeth Peterson!

The little dog starts BARKING ferociously at Jack.

MRS. PETERSON

(to Tony re:

Jack, annoyed)

Who is this man?

Tony shrugs his shoulders.

JACK:

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

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

TONY THE DOORMAN

(to Mrs. Peterson)

Should I call the cops?

I'm gonna call the
cops...

Jack pleads to her with his eyes.

MRS. PETERSON

(raising a hand
to Tony)

No...

JACK:

(a sigh of relief)

Thank you, Betty. I know
if I can just sleep this
off, I'll be fine...

MRS. PETERSON

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

JACK:

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

Mrs. Peterson shakes her head at him, a look of pity on
her face.

Frustrated, Jack turns and runs back to the mini-van...

CUT TO:

30EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

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

31INT. LASSITER BUILDING, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

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

Frank spots Jack and blocks his way.

FRANK:

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

JACK:

Frank. Where's Alan

Mintz? Is he here yet?

FRANK:

Mr. Mintz?

(a knowing chuckle)

I don't think
so...building's closed
pal. You'll have to come
back tomorrow.

JACK:

Look, I don't know what's
going on here but I am
Senior Vice President of
this company.

FRANK:

I don't care who you
are. It's Christmas and
like I told you the
building is closed.

JACK:

Maybe you're not hearing
me. I am Jack
Campbell...

(approaching the
building directory)

Right here. Jack
Campbell, President...

And then he sees it..."ALAN MINTZ - PRESIDENT," listed
plain as day on the building director...

Jack looks at Frank, then back to the building
directory...

A pitying look from Frank...Jack stands there, in
shock...

CHAPTER FIVE - WHAT'S HAPPENING?

32EXT. LASSITER BUILDING, PLAZA - MOMENTS LATER
...it's desolate...

Jack walks through the plaza like a zombie, his face
registering nothing. He crosses the street, moving
toward the mini-van...oblivious...when...

SCREECH...a Ferrari 456M stops within inches of Jack's
torso...a VOICE from the car...

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Watch where you're
walking!

Jack turns...sees the DRIVER low in the seat...can't
quite make out the face...

VOICE :

You almost dented my two
hundred thousand dollar
car!

Jack...still stunned...looks at the car, very
familiar...the voice of the driver, also familiar...

VOICE (CONT'D)

That's right! My new
car's worth more than
your shitty house!

A look of realization on Jack's face...

VOICE (CONT'D)

I feel like I really did
win the lottery!

...it's Cash, and he's in Jack's car...

Jack moves over to the passenger window in shock...a
smile from Cash...

CASH:

Miss me, Jack?

JACK:

That's my car! You stole
my car!

CASH:

It's a callable asset
seized in accordance with
the acquisition by-laws
of your alt-fate
contract...

JACK:

What?!

CASH:

Basically, it's my car
now. Get in.

Cash reaches over and opens the door. Jack hesitates...

CASH (CONT'D)

Look, I don't make the rules, Jack. This is how it works. Get in.

Cash gives him a reassuring look. Jack gets in...

33INT. FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

Jack closes the door...Cash joyfully drives off in a burst of acceleration...Jack practically ends up in the back seat...

CASH:

Might wanna fasten your seat belt, Jack...

JACK:

(recovering)

What the hell is happening to me?!

Jack's freaking out and Cash is enjoying every minute of it. Cash hands Jack a paper bag. Jack starts breathing into the bag.

CASH:

This kinda thing makes a lotta guys throw up. Seen it happen. So if you get the urge, do it out the window.

(with a taunting laugh)

I don't want you marring this exquisite leather interior...

Cash looks over at Jack...he's really losing it, sobbing into the bag...almost hyperventilating...Cash smiles...

CASH (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know what you're getting so worked up about, you did this...you brought this on yourself.

JACK:

Brought what on myself?!
I didn't do anything!

CASH:

No? C'mon, Jack...I've
got everything I need, I
don't have regrets,
that's just not for me...
sound familiar?

JACK:

You mean because you
thought I was cocky I'm
now on a permanent acid
trip?!!

Cash gets a laugh out of Jack's overreaction...

CASH:

Everyone else in that
store is a statue, they
see their lives passing
in front of their eyes,
but not you. You're
making a business deal...

JACK:

(enraged)

Give me my goddamn life
back!

CASH:

You? What about me? I'm
working hard for you
here, Jack. On Christmas
too! Now you did a good
thing last night,
intervening that way. I
was moved...

JACK:

(interrupting)

Please. Just tell me

what's happening to me.
In plain English. None
of that mumbo jumbo...
Cash turns to Jack.

CASH:

It's a glimpse, Jacko.

JACK:

I glimpse? A glimpse of
what!? What glimpse?!
Glimpse!

CASH:

Look, eventually,
everybody gets one...some
of 'em take a couple
seconds...

(looking at Jack)

...some of 'em take a lot
longer...

JACK:

I asked you a direct
question! A glimpse of
what?!

A look from Cash.

CASH:

Figure it out. You got
plenty of time.

JACK:

How much time?!

CASH:

As long as it takes to
figure it out. Which, in
your case, could be
considerable.

JACK:

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

gonna take? You wanna
talk turkey? Let's talk
turkey! How much
money...?

Cash looks at Jack, relishing the moment. He flashes
Jack a smile.

CASH:

Do I look like I need
your money. It doesn't
work like that and I
can't tell you why.

JACK:

Why not?

CASH:

Because you got to figure
it out for yourself.

(beat)

Are you listening to me?

JACK:

Figure it out? Figure
what out?!

Cash just stares at him...

JACK (CONT'D)

That's it? That's all I
get?! A glare?!

CASH:

Look Jack, in my
experience the best way
people deal with this is
to just relax and breathe
through it...let it come
to you.

Jack faces Cash, simmering...with frustration.

JACK:

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

CASH:

Oh you're working on a
new deal now...did I
mention that?

JACK:

You know what? I've had
it with you. I've had it
with all of this shit...

SCREECH...Cash slams on the brakes...practically
sending Jack through the windshield.

Jack recovers, looks up...the car is parked right next
to the mini-van.

Cash pulls out a small plastic bag, holding it out to
Jack...

CASH:

Here...

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

JACK:

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

CASH:

Do I look like I live in
a bottle?

Cash reaches across Jack and opens the door.

JACK:

(lost)

But what do I do?

CASH:

Look Jack I'm late. I'd
love to help you out some
more but I gotta go
handle my business...

(gesturing to
the mini-van)

Happy trails.

Jack looks out to the lonely street outside, then back to Cash.

JACK:

Hey, you did this to me,
you can't just leave me
like this.

Cash looks at Jack, the desperation on his face.

CASH:

Fine. You want to know
everything, I'll tell you
everything. But not
here. Let's get some
air...

Jack's still a little unsure...he sees Cash open the driver side door...

JACK:

(relieved)

Thanks, man...

Jack gets out of the car...and before he can even turn around, Cash's door SLAMS shut and the car takes off in a blast of horsepower...

Jack stands there gazing down the street, listening to the sound of the Ferrari shifting gears, disappearing...

The wind whips up...shivering, Jack looks toward the Lassiter Building, then to the plastic bag in his hand, and finally to the mini-van.

34EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE MORNING

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

35INT. MINI-VAN - SAME TIME

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

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

Jack pulls up to the curb near Arnie, rolling down the window.

JACK:

Excuse me. Do you know
where Merrison Street is?

Arnie looks up and sees Jack in the van.

ARNIE:

(turning to his wife)

Jeannie! I found Jack!

36INT. BENDER HOUSE, DEN - A LITTLE LATER

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

ARNIE:

You look terrible...

Jack takes in the decor - it's a male leisure time fantasy - old pinball machine, wide screen TV, dart board, and kitschy '50s style bamboo bar...

ARNIE (CONT'D)

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

Arnie notices Jack's fascination with the room...

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I know, I moved the
Barca-lounger into the
corner. It's throwin'
everybody off. What do
you think?

JACK:

(with a nod)

Great room...

A satisfied smile from Arnie, Jack's approval means something to him.

ARNIE:

You and me, buddy. We
know how to live...

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

ARNIE (CONT'D)

So Jack, you okay?

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

ARNIE (CONT'D)

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

Jack looks over from the photo to Arnie...

JACK:

We're friends, aren't we?

ARNIE:

Maybe I don't say it enough but you moving in next door to me...

Arnie makes a fist and gestures to his heart. Jack nods.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Talk to me...

A moment of decision for Jack as Arnie stands there, open eyed, ready to listen.

JACK:

I'm having kind of a bad day.

ARNIE:

(nodding)

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

A raised eyebrow from Jack.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What am I saying? You don't need to hear that...

(back to Jack)

All I meant was a lot of

people have a hard time
dealing with all the
forced reverie, that's
all. Is that you?

JACK:

Is it...?

ARNIE:

Trouble at work?

JACK:

I don't think so.

ARNIE:

It's not Kate, is it?

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

ARNIE (CONT'D)

(proudly)

You see, it's like we're
in each other's heads...

JACK:

Kate's my wife...

Jack looks at Arnie as if he's seeking confirmation.

ARNIE:

(a playful smile)

Just keep saying it,
Jack, like a mantra.

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

ARNIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, I better walk ya
home. She's mad enough
as it is, right...?

37EXT. ARNIE'S YARD - SECONDS LATER

Arnie walks Jack through his backyard...

ARNIE:

Look, you fit the profile
exactly. Thirties,
house, kids, financial

responsibilities. You start thinking...this isn't the life I dreamt about. Where's the romance, where's the joie de vivre? Suddenly, every lingerie ad in the Newark Star Ledger represents a life you can't have...

JACK:

(thinking, then...)

It's just two kids, right?

A chuckle from Arnie.

ARNIE:

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

They arrive at...the backyard of the Campbell house... cluttered with a swing set, a dog run with chewed up lawn, and a wooden sun deck in the process of being built...

ARNIE (CONT'D)

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

Jack trips over a wayward BIG WHEEL.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

Kids...

Arnie leads Jack toward the house.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Okay look, you probably don't want to hear this right now but remember what you told me last summer when I almost had

that thing with Arnie
Jr.'s speech therapist.

A blank stare from Jack as they arrive at the sliding glass door...Arnie faces Jack squarely, grabbing his shoulders and looking him in the eye.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

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

Arnie gives Jack a comforting smile...

ARNIE (CONT'D)

God, it feels so good to
finally give something
back to you...

Arnie turns Jack toward the door and slides it open.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna hug you now...

Arnie gives Jack a gentle hug...then gives him a little push toward the door...

38INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, DEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps inside. He turns back to the door but Arnie's gone.

Then, Kate enters the room, holding a portable phone...

KATE:

(into phone)

Hold on a second...

She cups the receiver. Jack looks at her, she's dressed now, nothing fancy but she looks great.

JACK:

You cut your hair...

A curious look from Kate.

KATE:

Ten years ago...

Kate just stands there looking at Jack, giving away nothing.

KATE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

JACK:

Yeah...fine.

She gives him a resolute nod, then...

KATE:

(into phone)

Never mind, he just
walked in...

Jack grimaces as she resolutely hangs up the phone then
stares him down angrily.

KATE (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what
you put us through
today?! You walk out of

here at 7:

morning, don't tell me
where you're going, or
even that you're going,
and I don't see you 'til
hours later. I had state
troopers looking for
you! I called
hospitals...

(pointing at
the phone)

...I was just on the
phone with the morgue
for god's sake!

Jack watches her vent, the frustration on his face
building.

KATE (CONT'D)

What kind of man leaves
his family on Christmas
morning without a word
about where he's going?

Jack's almost to a breaking point.

KATE (CONT'D)

What kind of man does
that!?

JACK:

(jumping in)

I don't know! Please
stop yelling at me!

She looks at him curiously.

KATE:

Where were you?

JACK:

I was in the city.

KATE:

The city? New York
City? Why?

JACK:

Because that's where I
live.

KATE:

Jack...don't even
start...

JACK:

Look, you don't
understand. I woke up
here...and this is very
strange ...this is not my
house...

A raised eyebrow from Kate. Jack moves around the
room...

JACK (CONT'D)

(pointing upstairs)

I'm not "Dad...". Kate,
you're not my wife...

Kate looks him over, assessing, then...

KATE:

You know what, Jack?
It's not funny this
time. I'm really angry.

She stares him down, expecting an answer. But he has
no answer.

KATE (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Jack!

Jack takes the bell out of the plastic bag that Cash

gave him, holds it up in front of her and starts RINGING it furiously.
Then...Annie rides into the room on her new bike.

ANNIE:

(re:

What's that?

Jack watches as she pedals over, reaches into his hand and takes the bicycle bell...

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(examining the bell)

I like this...

(jumping up and giving him a peck on the cheek)

...thanks, Dad!

Annie rides excitedly out of the room on her bike. Leaving Jack and Kate alone again...

KATE:

You missed the whole thing, Jack. The pancakes, the presents...you spent six hours putting that bike together and you didn't even get to see the look on Annie's face when she opened it...

Jack sees the disappointment on her face...

KATE (CONT'D)

You missed Christmas, Jack.

Jack looks down, almost ashamed...he relents, giving in to the moment...

JACK:

I'm...I'm sorry.

Kate looks at him. He seems sincere enough...

KATE:

Look, we don't have time for this right now, we'll

talk about it later. Now
get dressed...

(pointing to his
outfit)

You're not wearing that
to the Thompsons' party.
I don't care how
hilarious you think it
is...

JACK:

Party? Oh no, I can't go
to a party...

KATE:

You look forward to this
party all year. What's
with you today?

JACK:

Trust me on this Kate. I
really don't think going
to a party is the right
move for me at the
present time.

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

KATE:

Fine. Do whatever you
want.

She picks up the phone, starts dialing...

JACK:

What are you doing?

KATE:

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

JACK:

Why not?

KATE:

Because you'll be here.
Kate just looks at him.

JACK:

I'll be ready in ten
minutes.

He walks past her...toward a hallway door, Kate
watching him...

He opens the door...it's a closet.

JACK (CONT'D)

Christ...

(turning around)

Where the hell is the
bathroom?

KATE:

Funny, Jack. I'm
laughing on the inside.

39INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

The light comes on...

Jack walks in, looks in the mirror, determined to
collect himself...but something's not right...

He glances around...the bathroom is small and it's
cluttered with Kate's razors, loofah, skin creams...
...none of this stuff is his...

...he looks in the mirror again, his face revealing a
forlorn sense of displacement...

...he stares at himself until...he starts to lose it...
anger, confusion...sadness...finally, he begins breaking down...
After a moment, he turns on the water, rinsing his
face...

40INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, BEDROOM CLOSET - MINUTES LATER

Jack at the closet door, looking at a row of Hagar
slacks, Docker sport coats and imitation leather
shoes...

He reaches in and touches the fabric on one of the
sport coats.

JACK:

This is just...

(searching for
the words)

...this is sub-par...

Annie appears at the bedroom door, watching Jack at the

closet.

He turns...sees Annie watching him...a look exchanged... then, Annie runs away...

Jack turns back to the closet and mournfully takes a pair of the slacks...

41EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack and Kate, a casserole dish in her hand, walk up the path to this tacky but large house, its outside decorated with the most garish display of Christmas decorations this side of Pasaic.

Kate RINGS the doorbell...

EVELYN THOMPSON, 30s, wearing a dress that's a bit too tight and a bit too low cut, opens the door...

EVELYN:

Kate! Jack!

(turning around,
to guests)

Everybody, Jack and Kate
are here!

Jack looks right past her...to the house filled with 50 GUESTS.

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

41AINT. THOMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Kate heads into the living room, Evelyn takes Jack's arm...

EVELYN:

(suggestively)

Like the dress...?

JACK:

(glancing at it)

It's lovely...

EVELYN:

(a satisfied smile)

I thought I saw you
notice it at the kids'
recital.

Jack shoots her a confused look...then walks in, trying to catch up with Kate...

42INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The party is in full swing, Christmas music in the b.g., GUESTS talking, laughing, drinking egg nog... Jack's eyes dart around the room...it's large, neater than his and Kate's house but still very lived in...The Thompson KIDS run in and out of the room, playing with new toys... nobody is wearing or eating anything imported from Europe, but everyone's having a good time...

...everyone except for Jack, standing with Arnie and THE GUYS, having his ear chewed off by NICK CARELLI, a walking advertisement for Levi's Cotton Dockers...

NICK:

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

JACK:

The Nets? You're kidding, right...?

Nick looks at him in disbelief.

JACK (CONT'D)

(recovering)

Well...they're certainly due.

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

BILL KRAMER:

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

JACK:

Okay...why?

BILL KRAMER:

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

JACK:

Triple bypass?

(pointing to his
plate)

You really think you
should be eating all
that?

BILL KRAMER:

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

ARNIE:

Good thinking, Bill.
Have another drink.

(whispering to Jack)

He'll be lucky if he
lives through the
night...

Nick reaches into his pocket and pulls out a packet of
Dutch Masters cigars. He shows them to Jack, Jack nods
politely. Nick eagerly hands him one...

Nick lights Jack's cigar, then his own...enjoying that
first puff...smiling at Jack...Jack dutifully takes a
puff of the cigar...nods back at Nick...but it's an
effort...

Evelyn Thompson approaches, a tray of MUSHROOM PUFFS in
hand...

EVELYN:

(holding out a
puff to Jack)

Finger food...?

JACK:

I don't think so, thank
you...

EVELYN:

(suggestively)

C'mon, as soon as I put
them down, you're gonna
grab a couple...you

always do...

Kate sees Evelyn and Jack from her position on the other side of the room...Kate watches as...

Evelyn holds the puff up to Jack's mouth, slowly putting it near his lips...

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Let me. They'll melt in your mouth...

He instinctively opens his mouth as Evelyn pushes the treat inside...

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Good?

On Jack's face...if freezer burn were a facial expression, this would be it...

JACK:

(forcing a smile)

They're great! Thank you!

...Evelyn licks her fingers suggestively then hands Jack the entire tray with a sexy smile...

A raised eyebrow from Kate, still watching...

EVELYN:

Mushroom puffs aren't the only thing I do well...

JACK:

Well do whatever it is you do well, and just...just do it.

Excuse me...

Evelyn nods as Jack walks toward the staircase...

Kate follows Jack with her eyes as he climbs the stairs...

43INT. THOMPSON HOUSE, DEN - NIGHT

Jack is sitting on the arm of a couch filled with guests' coats, talking on a FOOTBALL SHAPED telephone...the tray of mushroom puffs on the table...

JACK:

(loudly, into phone)

...what do you mean he won't come to the phone?!

(standing, indignant)

Do you realize how much
money I've made for that
sonuvabitch in the last
eight years?!

Click. A dial tone. Jack slams the phone down...

JACK (CONT'D)

Damnit!

He slams the phone again...and again...and again...

KATE (O.S.)

Jack...?

Jack turns, sees Kate standing in the doorway, watching
him take his frustrations out on the phone, concern on
her face.

KATE:

Are you sure you're
okay...?

A forced smile from Jack.

JACK:

Yes, I'm fine. It's just
this god awful football
phone! Who has a phone
like this anyway?!

KATE:

(doubtful)

Uh huh...

Kate notices the tray of mushroom puffs on the table.

KATE (CONT'D)

You must really love
Evelyn's mushroom puffs,
huh?

(with a wink)

You know they're not
real...

She turns and leaves...Jack looks at her, confused...

44INT. THOMPSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

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

He looks across the room and sees...

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

Jack passes through the guests, people waving to him,

slapping him on the back as he approaches Kate...
He catches Kate's eye...she gives him a subtle smile.

KATE:

(to guests)

...then she asks me to
put this sweater on.
What choice do I have,
right?

Jack watches as Kate charms the crowd...

KATE (CONT'D)

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

(laughing)

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

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

JACK:

(to Kate, off-hand)

So you're a lawyer...?

A chuckle from the group. Kate's confused.

JACK (CONT'D)

A non-profit lawyer...

People are starting to LAUGH.

KATE:

(a little embarrassed)

Jack...

JACK:

Pro bono. You don't get
paid at all. Nobody
makes a dime. Well,
bravo...

Blank stares from everyone, including Kate...

CUT TO:

45INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, FOYER - LATE NIGHT

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

KATE:

I better go wake my
mother...

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

KATE (CONT'D)

Here you go...

JACK:

You're kidding me...

KATE:

She's your dog, Jack.

JACK:

No, she's not.

KATE:

Fine, she's the kid's
dog. Let's go wake Josh,
see if he wants to walk
her.

JACK:

But it's twenty degrees
outside...

KATE:

(sympathetic)

You're having a bad day,
I'll go with
you...actually, there's
no way in hell you're
gettin' me back out
there...

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

KATE (CONT'D)

(heading up the
stairs)

Make sure you reward her verbally when she does a number two...

CUT TO:

46EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE NIGHT

The sound of CRICKETS.

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

JACK:

Figure it out...I'm screwed...don't have to be a genius to figure that out...

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

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Lucy)

It's as good a place as any...

But the dog keeps moving, pulling Jack with her.

JACK (CONT'D)

...but obviously not up to your high standards...

(to himself)

Okay...he said you're working on a new deal now...fine, you've done a thousand deals, what's the first thing you do?

Lucy's sniffing around someone's Christmas display but Jack's too wrapped up in his thought process to notice.

JACK (CONT'D)

Triage. It's your signature. You survey the damage, find out everything you can, you probe, leave nothing to chance. I'm just gonna have to go detective. How did you get Mentadent? You learned

everything there was to
know about toothpaste and
then you pounced...

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

JACK (CONT'D)

That's our play here...

Resolute, Jack turns to the dog.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

Jack looks around at the unfamiliar houses...

JACK (CONT'D)

That is if I can even
remember how to get
home...

(to Lucy)

You remember, don't you
girl?

But the dog ignores him, dragging Jack along...

47INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kate is in bed, fast asleep.

Jack walks into the room, his face still red from the cold outside. He looks over at Kate, sleeping happily. He takes off his shirt and khakis, laying them neatly on the chair. He looks over at the pair of flannel pajamas folded on the dresser. He shakes his head, resigned, then dons the pajamas and climbs into bed...

CHAPTER SIX - BEING A PARENT

48INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light streams into the room. The clock reads,

"7:

Jack opens his eyes - a burst of light hitting them from the window...like the morning light in his Manhattan loft...

He reaches across the bed...it's empty...

A smile of hope from Jack as he puts his head back on the pillow...maybe it was only a day...Then...

The sound of a baby CRYING from the next room...A pained look on Jack's face as he realizes he's still in Jersey.

Now the baby is WAILING...Jack lies still a moment,

hoping it'll stop...it doesn't. Then, he hears the sound of the SHOWER TURN ON in the bathroom.

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

49INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

JACK:

Hello?

No answer...

JACK (CONT'D)

(louder, over music)

Hello!

KATE:

(singing)

...my feet are hurtin'...

JACK:

(yelling)

HEY!

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

Jack sees her naked body...raises an eyebrow...that's something he's missed...then...

JACK (CONT'D)

Uh...that baby's crying...

KATE:

(unimpressed)

And...?

...her expression makes Jack turn his gaze from her naked body.

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look,
Jack, Tuesday's your day
and you know it. And try
to get Josh to day care
on time, okay? He missed
the macaroni painting
last week...

She closes the curtain and turns the radio back up.

CUT TO:

50INT. JOSH'S ROOM - MORNING

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

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

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

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

JACK:

Pull tape...

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

JACK (CONT'D)

Holy mother of god!

Jack holds the diaper out away from him, searching for
a place to put it. Annie points to a Diaper Genie by
the dresser.

Jack throws the diaper in, then quickly replaces the
lid. Annie points to the container of Baby Wipes.

JACK (CONT'D)

You must be kidding...

Annie stares at him a beat. Then...

ANNIE:

You're not really our
dad, are you?

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

JACK:

No, I'm not.

A look of curiosity from Annie.

JACK (CONT'D)

I work on Wall Street,
you know with the big

buildings...?

No response from Annie...

JACK (CONT'D)

I live in an apartment
house with a doorman, I
can buy just about
anything I want...

Annie nods at Jack, still suspicious.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

ANNIE:

Where's my real dad?

JACK:

I don't know...

A concerned look on Annie's face, Jack's petrified that
she's about to cry.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

(to himself)

...very, very soon...

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

ANNIE:

They did a pretty good
job.

JACK:

Who did?

ANNIE:

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

JACK:

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

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

She thinks about it for a moment.

ANNIE:

Do you like kids?

JACK:

On a case by case basis...

ANNIE:

You know how to make chocolate milk?

JACK:

I think I could figure it out.

ANNIE:

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

JACK:

Sure.

Beat. Then...a smile from Annie.

ANNIE:

Welcome to earth.

51INT. MINI-VAN - MORNING

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

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

ANNIE:

Stop here...

Jack stops the van outside the Playland Day Care

Center.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

This is day care. It's
where babies go when
their parents are at
work.

JACK:

Check...

He gets out of the van...

52EXT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

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

He gets to the door and holds Josh out to the DAY CARE
LADY. She stares at Josh's outfit...

JACK:

Do I get a receipt or
something...?

The woman looks at Jack like he's crazy.

53EXT. YMCA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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

ANNIE:

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

JACK:

Five thirty. Okay.

ANNIE:

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

JACK:

Got it. Good tip.

ANNIE:

Bye...

CHAPTER SEVEN - A TIRE SALESMAN

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

JACK:

(calling out window)

Hey! Annie!

Annie turns back toward him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where do I go now?

ANNIE:

Big Ed's.

JACK:

Big Ed's? Big Ed's

Tires?

(suspicious)

Why...?

ANNIE:

That's where you work.

A beat. Then...

JACK:

You mean I sell tires...

She shrugs her shoulders and walks off.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's what I do. I'm a
tire salesman...

CUT TO:

54INT. MINI-VAN - A LITTLE LATER

Jack's driving down a busy commercial street when he spots something a hundred yards down the road...

JACK:

Good Lord...

...a huge, three-story-tall plastic likeness of Big Ed Reynolds, ten gallon hat, lassoing a tire...

55EXT. BIG ED'S TIRES - MOMENTS LATER

Jack approaches Big Ed's from the parking lot...slowly, taking it all in...

It's like a Pep Boys with a Texas theme. A big retail store for tires and auto parts, and a repair bay for

everything from alignments to brake jobs...
Jack walks to the tire bay where HECTOR, 40s, a
Guatemalan mechanic in grease-stained coveralls, stands
with TOMMY the salesman.

TOMMY:

Hey Jack, you happen to
know the stock number on
those new Michelin X1's?

JACK:

Uh...lemme get back to
you on that one...
(looking at his
name tag)
Tommy...

HECTOR:

(to Tommy)
Thomas, why you bother
Jack about that. Look it
up yourself...
(to Jack)
Okay Jack, we talk
later...

Jack nods amiably then continues into the store...

56INT. BIG ED'S TIRES - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks in...looks around...the store is teeming
with activity, a post-holiday sale in progress...
Big Ed, in his signature ten gallon hat, sees Jack from
behind the counter...

BIG ED:

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

Jack stares blankly at Big Ed...

BIG ED (CONT'D)

Hell, you'll never
guess. One Sydney
Potter. That's Sydney
Potter, Chief Executive

Officer of BuyRite
Transport. Only the
third largest trucking
company in the state. I
even let the sonuvabitch
win, which wasn't easy
because the guy's been
bashed in the head by
Teamsters so many times
his brain's like
porridge. Anyhoo, he's
looking for a new parts
supplier... we can handle
that kind of volume,
right?

Jack considers this briefly.

JACK:

I'm gonna have to get
back to you on that...Ed.

Big Ed makes a gun gesture with his forefinger, winking
at Jack, then turns back to the activity at the counter
as...

Jack spots KENNY, a very young sales associate, walking
by. He reaches out and taps Kenny on the shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do I have a private
office somewhere in the
building?

KENNY:

Uh...sure Jack...

(nervously pointing)

Right back there...

JACK:

Thank you.

Jack walks into the office with his name on the door...

57INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

Jack takes a slow, sad lap around the office.

He makes it to the small wooden desk at the far end of

the room and sits down behind it...

On the desk are photos of Jack, Kate and the kids, a plastic Michelin Man model, a tire-themed day calendar and a small plastic figurine of a BOWLER, the word, "Bowlers Do It In An Alley" embossed on its base... He surveys the desktop briefly, then opens the top drawer, finding a personal checkbook and looking inside...

He sees the bottom line and winces, then puts it back...

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

JACK:

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

He replaces the figurine then opens the bottom drawer where he spots a bottle of Glenfiddich. He lifts it out...

JACK (CONT'D)

At least you splurged on
some decent scotch...

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

He misses...

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

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Jack in
the photo)

What are you smiling
about...?

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

eyebrow...

JACK (CONT'D)

Number one...not bad.

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

JACK (CONT'D)

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

Jack's jarred into reality...

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Jack in the photo)

You never went to London...

(picking up the photo)

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

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

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

ESTELLE:

(over P.A.)

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

CUT TO:

58INT. BIG ED'S TIRES, MAIN FLOOR - MINUTES LATER
Kenny leading Jack toward the "Mag Wheels" section.

JACK:

...I was the number one
junior sales associate at
E.F. Hutton in 1988. Did
you know that?

KENNY:

No, I didn't...that's
great.

JACK:

That's the kind of thing
you can really build
on...

KENNY:

Uh huh...

JACK:

I mean sales has always
been a feeder for M and
A, always...

They approach "Mag Wheels" where TOMMY, a slick sales
associate, stands with a CUSTOMER looking at the
displays...

KENNY:

Here we are, mag wheels...
(a little concerned)
Hey Jack, are you sure
you're okay?

JACK:

Well, I'm just a little
confused right now about
why I work here...
Kenny looks at him nervously.

KENNY:

Uh...I just started here
last Tuesday.
Jack nods compassionately. Kenny takes off leaving
Jack alone with his thoughts as Tommy approaches with
the customer.

TOMMY:

(to the customer)
So you're all set on the
Skip Shift eliminator and
the Brembo rotors.
Jack's our point man on
alloy wheels...

JACK:

(turning to Tommy)
Do you know why do I work
here...?

TOMMY:

Because you're the best
damn tire guy in the
state of New Jersey...

(proudly, to the
customer)

Jack taught me everything
I know about the
business...

The customer nods, impressed.

JACK:

I taught you the business?
Another nod to the customer.

TOMMY:

And he's a crack-up.

JACK:

Everything I taught you.
I want to hear it all,
right now.

Tommy's confused.

CUSTOMER:

Hey, I'm ready to buy
here...

JACK:

(to the customer)

What do you want?

CUSTOMER:

I want some alloy wheels.

Jack grabs one of the alloy rims off the shelf, holding
it out to the customer.

JACK:

Here. These are great.

You'll need four.

The customer takes the wheel from Jack, looks at it
confused...

CUSTOMER:

But I don't like these...

JACK:

Hey, you heard the guy,
I'm the best damn tire
guy in the state of New
Jersey.

(turning to Tommy)

Everything.

TOMMY:

Okay...

(hesitating)

Rule number one, the
customer is always
right...

A satisfied smirk from the customer.

59INT. BIG ED'S TIRES, JACK'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON
Jack is behind his desk, his tie loosened, on the
phone...

JACK:

(into phone)

...I have no idea what
our inventory level is,
that's why I'm asking
you...

A KNOCK at the door...

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, just send us what
you sent us last month,
okay...? And keep doing
that until further
notice...

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

BIG ED:

Got a minute, Jack?

JACK:

I've got all the time in
the world...

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

BIG ED:

Jack, meet Sydney Potter,
BuyRite Transport, one of
Jersey's top
businessmen...

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

JACK:

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

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

POTTER:

(in a heavy Jersey
accent)

Lucky in cards, lucky in
business, lucky in love.
My cup runneth over...

(to Big Ed)

He's a nice looking
boy...

BIG ED:

My daughter's no slouch
either...

A smile from Potter, then a serious look.

POTTER:

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

Potter stares Jack down. But Jack's not about to be

intimidated by him. He pauses, matching Potter's stare. Then...

JACK:

I have no idea...

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

BIG ED:

(nervous)

C'mon Jack...

JACK:

(to Potter)

I mean it. From what I can tell, we're a mom and pop operation, we're already over-extended in sales, and any price advantage we could offer would easily be matched by a larger supplier...

Jack continues to stare down Potter.

JACK (CONT'D)

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

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

POTTER:

Okay, you got my attention...

JACK:

Except for rule number one...

Jack smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)

The customer is always right. A cliché? Sure. The difference is, we mean it. We're small, we

need our customers. We
can't afford to
disappoint them, ever.
Yeah, you could go to
some leviathan supplier,
probably save a few
pennies on the price of
oil filters, but with us
you get more than a
supplier, you get a
bridge partner...

A smile from Potter. Jack gives Ed a wink. Ed
watches, thrilled...

JACK (CONT'D)

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

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

JACK (CONT'D)

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

Potter pauses a minute, then...

POTTER:

(to Big Ed,

re:

I like him...

Big Ed smiles, letting out a relieved sigh.

BIG ED:

(a wink to Jack)

That's my boy...

(an arm around Potter)

C'mon, lemme show you the
rest of the ranch...

Big Ed and Potter exit the office...

BIG ED (CONT'D)

(turning back to Jack)

Nice shootin', Jack...

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

60INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack is in bed watching CNBC...On the TV a young woman REPORTER at the anchor's desk...

CNBC REPORTER (ON T.V.)

...advancers led
decliners by a nine to
four ratio and the
closing tick was a mildly
bullish plus seventy
six. Much of the
market's action today was
fueled by the latest
round of merger mania to
hit Wall Street...

The Global Health Systems and MedTech logos appear on a graphic in the corner of the screen...

CNBC REPORTER (CONT'D, ON T.V.)

...when Global Health
Systems and MedTech
Pharmaceutical announced
their intentions to join
forces in a massive one
hundred and twenty two
billion dollar stock swap
deal. Though neither
side expressed
significant regulatory
concerns at the
announcement press
conference, it is
believed that both the
FDA and the FTC will be
closely scrutinizing the
marriage, the largest
ever in the health care
industry. When asked
about possible anti-
competitive implications,
Global Chairman Bob
Thomas referred reporters

to P.K. Lassiter and
Company President Alan
Mintz, the original
architect behind the
deal...

Jack stares in shock as the image changes to a super
confident looking Mintz shaking Bob Thomas' hand at the
press conference.

CNBC REPORTER (CONT'D, ON T.V.)

Ironically, Mintz first
met Thomas at a Lamaze
class...

JACK:

A Lamaze class...!?

CNBC REPORTER (ON T.V.)

...while coaching their
pregnant wives, Mintz and T
homas struck up a
dialogue about the need
for consolidation in the
rapidly growing health
care industry and two
months later, the deal
with MedTech was born...

JACK:

What?! That's my deal?

CNBC REPORTER (ON T.V.)

In other business news,
U.S. Labor Department
officials announced today
that two hundred and
seventy-five thousand new
jobs were created last
month, twenty-five
thousand less than
economists were
predicting, leading to a
mild rally in the bond
markets before midday.
But as the trading
session drew to a close,
the profit takers stepped

in and the long bond
closed at ninety seven
even, up only two ticks,
the yield inching down to
six point zero seven
percent...

Kate comes into the room from the hallway wearing only
Jack's NYU sweatshirt...

KATE:

The kids are asleep...

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

KATE (CONT'D)

Jack. I said the kids
are asleep...

JACK:

(distracted)

Well that's just
great...those little
monkeys can be a real
handful...

Kate shuts off the TV.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey! I was watching
that!

KATE:

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

JACK:

I'm working on a new deal
now...

Kate throws a Kate Bush's "The Sensual World" into the
CD player.

KATE:

Fine, but not tonight...

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

JACK:

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

KATE:

That is the general idea, yes...

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

JACK:

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

KATE:

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

JACK:

Whatever you say...honey.

She starts kissing him again...but this time he just goes with it, and as her hands run through his hair he's brought back to a different time and place... Jack momentarily pulls back and looks at her...it's like the first time he's really looked at her in eleven years...

JACK (CONT'D)

God...you're beautiful...

She smiles at him, almost uncomfortable with the compliment...

KATE:

Thanks, Jack...

JACK:

No, I'm serious...you're really stunning...

KATE:

This is good stuff, Jack,
keep it coming...

JACK:

I mean back in college,
you were a very pretty
girl, there's no question
about that. But this...

(lost in her)

...you've really grown
into a beautiful woman...

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

KATE:

How can you do that?

JACK:

(nervous)

Do what?

KATE:

Look at me like you
haven't seen me every day
for the last twelve
years...

Jack freezes. There's love in her eyes but it's not
meant for him...

She kisses him...

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't move.

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

He looks around...not sure what to do...Finally...

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

Kate emerges from the bathroom, she sees Jack on the
bed, hears his breathing heavy with sleep...

At once charmed and disappointed, Kate sighs. She
turns off the CD player and heads into bed.

She pulls the covers up over Jack, shutting off the
light... She puts an arm around him, kissing him
sweetly on the neck...

KATE (CONT'D)

'night, honey...

Close in on Jack's face...turned away from Kate...he

opens his eyes...looks down at her arm...loneliness on his face...

CHAPTER EIGHT - THE MEN'S DEPARTMENT

DISSOLVE TO:

61EXT. MALL - DAY

It's mid-January and all signs of the Christmas season are gone except for the snow on the ground in the busy parking lot.

62INT. MACY'S, MEN'S DEPT. - DAY

Kate, pushing Josh in the stroller and holding Annie's hand, passing through the Men's Dept., Jack lagging behind, a bevy of shopping bags in hand and a beleaguered look on his face.

KATE:

(back to Jack)

We're almost done here...

ANNIE:

Mary Janes, Mom. You promised.

KATE:

That's right. Okay, let's make a quick stop at the kids' shoe department, pick up my watch from the battery place, then I'll run into the linen store...

An unhappy look on Jack's face.

JACK:

Why don't we just go to all the stores?!

Kate looks back at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Every single store in this godforsaken shopping mall. We can go to them all.

Kate gives him a look. Then...

KATE:

You know what, Jack?!

I'll go with the kids.

Why don't you just hang
out here in the men's
department... okay?

Jack glances at the Men's Dept., sighs and gives Kate a
nod. She takes off with the kids...and then he sees
it...

...the Zegna section. He's drawn to the neat rows of
beautiful suits like a moth to the light...

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

SALESMAN (O.S.)

It's perfect for your
frame...

Jack turns and sees a SALESMAN standing behind him.

SALESMAN :

Would you like to try it
on?

CUT TO:

63INT. MACY'S MEN'S DEPT. - A LITTLE LATER

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

Jack looks in the mirror, shutting everything else
out... it's like he's seeing his old self...

KATE (O.S.)

You look amazing in that
suit...

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

KATE:

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

JACK:

It's an unbelievable
thing. Wearing this suit
actually makes me feel

like a better person.

(taking one final
look)

I'm gonna buy it...

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

KATE:

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

JACK:

(pointing to Annie's
new Mary Janes)

She got those shoes...

KATE:

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

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

JACK:

No.

Kate looks at Jack, a little surprised.

KATE:

No?

JACK:

Do you have any idea what
my life is like?

KATE:

Excuse me?

JACK:

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

Kate just stands here, aghast...

JACK (CONT'D)

I pick up the kids, walk the dog, which by the way, carries the added bonus of carting away her monstrous crap...I play with the kids, take out the garbage, get six hours of sleep if I'm lucky, and then it starts all over again...and why is it that I always have to drive everyone everywhere? I spend practically my entire day in that slow as hell mini-van listening to Raffi tapes and trying to figure out how the cup holders work...I'm sick of it.

KATE:

Really.

JACK:

What's in it for me?
Where are my Mary Janes?
Kate stares at him, shaking her head...

KATE:

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

JACK:

I can't believe it's not a disappointment to you!
(letting it all out)
Jesus, Kate, I could've been a thousand times the man I became. How could

you do this to me? How
could you let me give up
on my dreams like this?!

Kate stares at him in disbelief. Then...

KATE:

Who are you?
Kate's words pierce Jack...he has to avert his eyes.

JACK:

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

KATE:

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

JACK:

Forget it...
(taking off the
jacket)
We'll get a funnel cake.
It'll be the highlight of
my week...

64EXT. NEW JERSEY ROAD - NIGHT

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

65INT. MINI-VAN - NIGHT

There's an icy silence in the car...Jack is behind the

wheel, Kate next to him looking out the window, anger on her face...

:

CHAPTER NINE - REMINISCING

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

JACK:

(to Kate)

Listen, I'm sorry about that back in the store.

I really don't want to fight with you...

Kate just keeps looking out the window.

JACK (CONT'D)

But you must sometimes wonder how we ended up here. I mean back in college, did you see us...

(looking around)

...here...?

She turns to him.

KATE:

I'll give you this, life has thrown us a few surprises...

A glimmer in Jack's eye...

JACK:

It really has, hasn't it? So if you had to...what would you say was the biggest surprise?

She glances at the kids sleeping in the back.

KATE:

Well...Annie for one.

JACK:

Surprise. We're pregnant...

(a laugh)

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

KATE:

I think it worked out okay, don't you?

JACK:

Sure. I really like Annie.

KATE:

Good, Jack. Maybe we'll keep her.

JACK:

No, I love Annie. We had a lot of good times, didn't we?

KATE:

We were young...

(a nostalgic smile)

Remember that little place on Charles Street we used to go to?

JACK:

Charles Street? In the Village? When we were living in Greenwich Village...?

(off her nod)

Great times. Why'd we ever leave?

KATE:

You can't really raise a kid in an apartment in the Village...

Jack nods, starting to piece it together.

KATE (CONT'D)

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

(looking at him)

You were great.

Surviving the heart attack was one thing...

JACK:

You had a heart attack?

KATE:

(a laugh)

Jack, stop that. I'm still mad at you...

(a sigh)

...who knows what would've happened if you hadn't stepped in at the store.

JACK:

That's why I work for Big Ed?

A look from Kate.

JACK (CONT'D)

(recovering)

I mean, that's why I work for Big Ed...

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

JACK (CONT'D)

(almost to himself)

So we had a baby, Big Ed had a heart attack, we bought that house, and I've been working for him ever since...Sayonara, Wall Street.

Kate looks at him a little strangely.

JACK (CONT'D)

(turning to her)

Our life in a nutshell...

KATE:

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

JACK:

How would you look at it?
She glances again at the kids in the back seat, then at
Jack.

KATE:

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

DISSOLVE TO:

66INT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

A crowded suburban New Jersey bowling alley...
Jack stands at a lane holding a bowling ball, the
nickname "The Hammer" emblazoned over his bowling shirt
pocket...He approaches the line and throws the ball
down the lane...
It's ugly...The ball caroms off the hardwood into the
gutter.

JACK:

Damn...

ARNIE:

(O.S., from behind)
Jesus, Jack, this is a
league match, for god's
sake!

Jack turns. Arnie and the BOWLING TEAM are in the
scorekeeping area watching Jack make a mockery of the
sport. Jack scowls.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

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

JACK:

Hey, I'm doing the best I

can...

(under his breath)

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

ARNIE:

You're right. Why am I
so competitive!?

Compensation, I guess.

Look, just focus, Jack.

You can still pick up the
spare...

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

JACK:

(quietly, to
himself)

You are Jack Campbell.

You're better than this
sport. You shot the
rapids at Kenai. You ran
with the bulls at
Pamplona. You jumped out
of a plane over the
Mojave Desert, for
Christ's sake. You can
do this...

Jack puts everything he has into the throw, heaving the
ball down the lane with as much grace and power as he
can muster...hitting the six pin and taking out four
others.

JACK (CONT'D)

(screaming, excited)

Yeah!!

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

ARNIE:

(to TEAMMATE)

Okay, Pete, you're up.

67INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATE

Jack walks out of the men's room, heading toward the

lounge. He sees a familiar face walking toward him...a woman in a sexy little bowling outfit, carrying a bowling ball to a far lane.

EVELYN:

Hi Jack...

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

Then...

JACK:

Evelyn, right?

EVELYN:

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

JACK:

Something like that.

EVELYN:

(with a wink)
Need a nurse?

JACK:

You're a nurse?
Evelyn laughs.

EVELYN:

If that's what you want...
She brushes past Jack, continuing to her lane...Jack follows her with his eyes a moment, then...

JACK:

Wait a second...
She turns.
JACK (CONT'D)
Are we...?

EVELYN:

Are we what, Jack?

JACK:

Is there something going
on between us?

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

EVELYN:

Are we finally being
honest?

JACK:

It would help me if we
were.

EVELYN:

Okay, you're right, we've
been dancing around this
for years...

Evelyn looks a little flush...she briefly fans her
face.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

God, my heart is racing.

Here goes...

(a smile)

When I get dressed for a
party and I know you're
going to be there...

well, let's just say I
don't go strapless

because my husband likes
it...

An intrigued smile from Jack.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I've got six sets of snow
tires piled up in my
garage and I won't even
drive in the snow...And
our kids just happen to
be in the same ballet
class every year?

She picks a piece of lint off his shirt.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

So, if you're asking me
whether I'd like it to be

more, the answer is

yes...

A look of surprise from Jack.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

...and Kate would never

have to know.

Jack considers this for a moment.

JACK:

Do I have your number?

A wide smile from Evelyn.

EVELYN:

Steve's out of town with

the kids this week. Why

don't you just stop by...

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

68INT. BOWLING ALLEY, LOUNGE - SECONDS LATER

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

ARNIE:

(looking at Jack)

Hey Jack, you're all

flush. I guess that

seventy-one took a lot

outta you.

JACK:

(sitting down)

I just saw Evelyn

Thompson.

ARNIE:

She is relentless.

JACK:

She wants to have an

affair with me.

ARNIE:

She said that?

JACK:

Pretty much.

ARNIE:

Oh yeah...

(shaking his head)

What is it about you?

JACK:

(pushing over a
napkin)

So could you write down
her exact address?

ARNIE:

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

JACK:

It wouldn't really be
cheating...

(off Arnie's
doubtful look)

It's complicated.

ARNIE:

Look, maybe I'm not as
good a consigliere as you
are but you have to trust
me on this one. A little
flirtation's harmless but
you're playing with fire
here. The Fidelity Bank
and Trust is a tough
creditor. You make a
deposit somewhere else,
they close your account
forever.

JACK:

I'm telling you, those
rules don't apply to me,

Arn.

ARNIE:

(a chuckle)

Screw the rules. I'm
talking about the choice.
Jack looks at him curiously.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, Evelyn Thompson's
got no class. She
doesn't marry Dr. Steve,
the woman's living in a
trailer.

JACK:

Hey, is that really
necessary?

ARNIE:

All I'm saying it there
isn't a guy in Union
County who wouldn't give
his left nut to be
married to Kate...

Arnie takes one last swig of his beer and gets up...

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I'll see ya later,
Jack...

He leaves Jack alone, thinking...

CHAPTER TEN - CAKE WARS

69INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

KATE:

(not looking up)

How was the game, honey?

JACK:

(opening the fridge)

Long, boring, and

generally pretty sad.

Arnie seemed to enjoy

it...

(peering inside)

Hey, where's that chocolate

cake...?

Kate turns around, revealing a huge hunk of chocolate

cake on a plate in front of her, a bite ready to go

into her mouth.

KATE:

(with a smile)

You mean this chocolate

cake?

JACK:

That's my piece. I was

saving it because I got

nauseated from that store

bought chicken.

Kate takes the bite, a little piece of icing sticks to

the side of her mouth.

KATE:

It's good...

Jack approaches the counter.

JACK:

Gimme that cake.

She takes another bite.

KATE:

No way.

He makes a grab for the plate but she holds it out

where he can't reach it.

JACK:

C'mon.

KATE:

Sorry, Jack. It's too

important to me.

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

He tries to swipe the plate. Kate jumps out of her

chair, running out of the kitchen with the cake,
laughing...

Jack takes off after her...chasing her through the
house... just about the catch up to her when...
She darts up the stairs, still laughing...he follows
her...

JACK:

I want that cake!
...reaches up...grabs her shirt...pulls her down
playfully on top of him...

KATE:

(laughing)
You want the cake!?

JACK:

(out of breath)
I want it...
She looks at him, then takes the whole piece in her
hand and smooshes it right in his mouth...
Beat. Then, Jack starts laughing...
JACK (CONT'D)
Thank you...

KATE:

It's good, right?
He takes a big clump of it and smooshes it in her
mouth.
They stay there a moment, lying on the stairs, feeding
each other cake, laughing.
Jack leans back on the stairs. He looks at Kate's
face, practically covered in cake, smiling, and
realizes...
...he hasn't laughed like this in thirteen years.
Then...

JACK:

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

KATE:

(caught up in the
moment)

Say it, Jack...

JACK:

What...?

KATE:

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

JACK:

(in the throes
of passion)

Yeah, baby, I know what
you like to hear...

KATE:

(kissing him)

Then say it...just say it
to me...!

JACK:

(swept up in the
moment)

Oh yeah, you're a bad
girl, baby... You make me
so hot...I'm gonna take
you to that special
place...

Kate pulls away.

KATE:

What...?

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

JACK:

Not it...?

KATE:

Nice, Jack. You're
sweeping me off my feet.

JACK:

What? You make me hot...

She gets up and heads up the steps, disappearing into the bedroom...Jack shakes his head, frustrated. Then, he feels something licking at his hand...

He looks down and sees Lucy standing next to him, wagging her tail, looking up at Jack with an "I've gotta go" look on her face. Jack heaves a sigh, then...

JACK (CONT'D)

C'mon, Lucy, maybe one of us can get a little relief tonight...

He leads the dog toward the front door...

70EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MINUTES LATER

Jack is walking Lucy. He passes a house that looks familiar to him. Then he sees it...

...the name "THOMPSON" etched on the mailbox...

It's the Thompson house, now sans the garish Christmas decorations, a drying Christmas tree tied up on the curb, ready to be picked up as garbage...

Jack stops, pulling the dog back, looking up at the house...

He sees a light on in the upstairs bedroom...the faint outline of a woman reading by the window...

EVELYN THOMPSON...

Jack looks around, sees the street is empty, then nudges the dog, leading her up the path to the house. He gets to the front door...moves his hand up to the doorbell...but it's a tentative move...he keeps it there a moment, perched at the button...but for some reason he can't bring himself to push it...

He looks down the street, toward his own house, then to the window upstairs. Finally, he turns...

JACK:

(pulling the leash)

C'mon, girl, let's go home...

71INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE FOYER - MINUTES LATER

The front door opens and Jack walks in with Lucy on a leash, his face red from the cold outside.

He gives the dog a pat on the rump, then takes off his coat, hanging it and the leash on a hook by the door...

He walks through the quiet house, into the living room, rubbing his hands together to warm them up.

CHAPTER ELEVEN - HOME MOVIES

He goes over to a glass bar stand and pours himself a scotch, taking a sip, letting the alcohol warm him... He strolls through the room, looking at some of the family photos framed and hanging on the wall, focusing on his own face in the pictures, studying the expressions...

He moves to a pile of video tapes sitting on a shelf, marked with titles like, "Trip to Yosemite, '96" and "Josh's 1st Birthday." He runs his fingers along the tapes, stopping at one marked, "Jack Singing." His eyes linger there a moment...

He puts his drink down and pops the tape in the VCR...

ON TV:

It's a party for Kate's birthday thrown at the Kramers' house...same crowd of people as the Christmas party, cheesy "Happy Birthday" decorations.

The image jerks up and down, surveying the crowd...

Bill Kramer at the piano, playing some light cocktail music ...Kate talking with a group of friends...

ARNIE (O.S.)

Jesus, Bill, this thing
is an antique. Don't you
even have image
stabilization?

Bill stops playing and looks up at Arnie.

BILL KRAMER:

Four hundred bucks at Best

Buy, Arn.

Then...Jack comes into frame, a confident smile on his face.

JACK:

And everyone knows image
stabilization is for the
weak...

Jack is jarred by the image of himself on the video...

Jack on TV...he smiles as Kate walks into frame, easily putting an arm around Jack...

ARNIE:

So Jack, it's your wife's birthday, got anything to say to her?

JACK:

(to Kate)

It's your birthday?
Today? What's your name? Where were you born?

KATE:

Jack.

JACK:

Wait a minute. You're my wife?

She slaps him playfully on the arm...

JACK (CONT'D)

I do have one thing I wanna say...

Kate looks at him expectantly. Then...

JACK (CONT'D)

(singing to her)

Oh those fingers in my hair, that sly come hither stare, strips my conscience bare, it's witchcraft...

Jack doesn't have the greatest voice in the world but he's not the least bit self-conscious...and Kate seems to like it, there's a twinkle in her eye...some of the guests focus their attention on Jack and Kate.

Jack winces, embarrassed, as he watches himself sing...

JACK (CONT'D)

...and I've got no defense for it, that heat is too intense for it, what good would common sense for it do...

Bill Kramer still at the piano, chimes in with the basic chords for "Witchcraft," sounding it out as he goes along...

JACK (CONT'D)

... 'Cause it's
witchcraft, wicked
witchcraft...and although
I know it's strictly
taboo...when you rouse
the need in me, my heart
says yes indeed in me,
proceed with what you're
leadin' me to...

The camera catches the reactions of guests in the crowd... the women, smiles on their faces, wrapped up in the romance of the moment. Envy on the men's faces as they watch Jack serenade his wife...

A musical interlude from Bill as Jack takes off his jacket...some HOOTS and HOLLERS from the crowd...Arnie captures the image of Kate whistling at her husband... Arnie follows with the camera as Jack strolls in front of the gathered guests...

JACK (CONT'D)

It's such an ancient
pitch, but one that I'd
never switch, there ain't
no nicer witch than
you...

Jack watches himself move gracefully. But it's no longer embarrassment on his face, it's fascination... Back in the video, the camera catches Evelyn Thompson watching longingly as Jack moves back toward Kate...Evelyn can't take it anymore, she abruptly turns and walks toward the kitchen...

Jack raises an eyebrow...

In the video...Jack approaches Kate, she couldn't have a more delighted look on her face. He picks up the verse...

JACK (CONT'D)

'Cause it's witchcraft,
that koo koo
witchcraft...and although
I know it's strictly
taboo...

The camera pans across the crowd, even the men are getting into it, focused on Jack as he sings lovingly, unashamed, to his wife...Nick Careli mouths the words

along with Jack, almost as if he's studying him,
revering him...

Jack watches the TV, seeing Nick do this...maybe he
underestimated his alter ego...

On the video...Jack staring into Kate's eyes...

JACK (CONT'D)

...when you rouse the
need in me, my heart says
yes indeed to me, proceed
with what you're leadin'
me to...

Jack and Kate exchange a sexy smile...

JACK (CONT'D)

It's such an ancient
pitch, but one that I'd
never switch...

Jack kisses her on the lips...HOOTS and HOLLERS from
the crowd.

JACK (CONT'D)

'Cause there's no nicer
witch than you...

Kate brushes a hand across Jack's face...

Smash cut to Jack watching this...seeing the
connection, the heat between them...coveting it...
Back to the video...the music building...the crowd
completely in the palm of Jack's hand...

JACK (CONT'D)

...than you...

The camera closes in on Jack and Kate as the music
builds to a crescendo...

JACK (CONT'D)

...than you...

A little musical flourish from Bill as the crowd breaks
out into huge CHEERS and APPLAUSE...

Jack, watching this other version of himself in the video,
the center of attention, larger than life, focused on Kate...

Back on video...

JACK (CONT'D)

(speaking quietly
to Kate)

Happy Birthday
sweetheart...I love you.

Kate leans over, giving Jack a deep kiss...OOHS and
AHHS from the crowd...but Jack and Kate are in their

own little world...

Jack continues to watch himself on the video, his smile fading, becoming a look of realization...then loss...

A tear at the corner of his eye...

The SOUND fades in Jack's head as the action in the video continues...

He's left standing there...silent, still...

DISSOLVE TO:

72INT. CAMPBELL MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Lucy licking Jack's face. Jack pushes the dog away...as...

The ALARM RINGS. Kate pushes the button to stop it.

KATE:

(groggy)

Time to get up, honey...

Jack obliges without question, getting out of bed, putting on a robe and slippers and exiting, still practically half-asleep.

73INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Jack walks into the kitchen.

He turns on the Mr. Coffee, gets a bottle from the fridge, throws it in the microwave, removes it, and heads upstairs.

74INT. JOSH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...into Josh's room. Josh is wide awake, standing up in his crib, like a prisoner in a cell.

Jack gives him the bottle, pats his head perfunctorily, and then walks out of the room...

CHAPTER TWELVE - HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

75INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and back into the bedroom to find Kate, sitting on the bed, a wrapped present in front of her and a wide smile on her face.

Jack stops, raising an eyebrow at the gift. He looks behind, as if to ask whether it's for him, then back to Kate.

KATE:

Happy Anniversary,
honey...

Terror on Jack's face.

KATE (CONT'D)

(pushing the gift
forward)

Before you do whatever
crazy stunt you've got
planned I want you to
open mine...

Jack musters up a smile, then approaches the gift.

JACK:

Maybe I should wait...

KATE:

No, open it...

He hesitates, then begins unwrapping the package,
revealing...

...a suit, similar in color and style to the Zegna
suit...

KATE (CONT'D)

I found it at an outlet
store. I know it's a
knock-off, but I think
it'll look great on
you...

JACK:

(examining the label)

Zeena...

Jack is overcome with emotion...Yes, it's a ZEENA, but
this is probably the nicest thing anyone's ever done
for him...

JACK (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

You really are
incredible...

KATE:

Enjoy it, sweetheart...

Jack looks at Kate's expectant face, suddenly
remembering how truly screwed he is.

JACK:

You're probably expecting
something from me...

He's sweating bullets...watching as Kate gets a quizzical

look on her face...

JACK (CONT'D)

Here's the thing. I really hadn't planned on giving you your...uh... anniversary gift until tonight.

(an uncomfortable smile)

You know, anniversary's good all day...

KATE:

What are you talking about? You never wait all day. You can barely wait until it's light out.

JACK:

I know that, but...

Beat. Kate looks at him like she's looking into his soul.

KATE:

You forgot.

Jack stands there, silent.

KATE (CONT'D)

You actually forgot our anniversary.

JACK:

I'll fix it. I'll go out right now and get you something. I'll make it right.

That didn't help.

KATE:

(holding back the tears)

Jesus, Jack...Is this where we are now? Is this our marriage?

Suddenly I'm the wife who
has to drop hints two
weeks before her
anniversary so her
husband doesn't fuck it
up?

Jack sees a tear run down her face...a pang of guilt on
his...

JACK:

Please don't cry...

Kate wipes the tear away but they just keep coming.

KATE:

(shaking her head,
crying)

I don't want to be that,
Jack...

Jack approaches her, holding out a hand but Kate pushes
it away, gets up and walks toward the bathroom...

Jack is left standing alone, holding Kate's gift...

CUT TO:

76INT. FRONT PORCH - MINUTES LATER

Jack emerges from the house, steps out onto the porch
for some air...

He shakes his head, a mixture of frustration and self-
pity on his face.

He notices Annie's bike leaning against the side of the
porch, and the bell that Cash gave him sitting on its
handle bar.

He takes a step toward it, and gives the bell a gentle
RING ...he looks around, as if he's expecting someone
to appear ...but there's no one. He RINGS the bell
again, louder this time, really trying to attract
someone's attention.

JACK:

C'mon...c'mon...

Nothing. Finally, he lifts the bike up in the air,
RINGING the bell with everything he's got...

JACK (CONT'D)

(shouting to the
sky)

C'mon, goddamnit, how was
I supposed to know the
date of their
anniversary!? I never
married her!
Pull back...Annie in the doorway...looking at him.

ANNIE:

(slowly)
Put the bicycle back on
the ground...
Jack turns and sees her, gently lowering the bicycle.

77INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack is mixing a glass of chocolate milk. Annie, arms
folded, is waiting expectantly. He finishes, sliding
the glass to her.

She takes a long sip, puts the glass down, a chocolate
milk mustache on her lip.

ANNIE:

Not bad...I shoulda
warned you. Dad always
does something really
special for their
anniversary.

JACK:

Like what?

ANNIE:

One year he had a solar
system named after her...

JACK:

Don't you think that's a
little gimmicky?

ANNIE:

Mom liked it.
Jack raises an eyebrow.

JACK:

Maybe there's a jewelry
store back at the mall.

I could get her a pair of earrings or something.

ANNIE:

That's good but...you did forget the anniversary.

JACK:

Right. That's a major oversight...

(thinking aloud)

So if I'm Kate...I can't really afford the finer things, my husband's career is a crushing disappointment to me, I'm trapped in suburbia... Then...

JACK (CONT'D)

Did he ever take her to the City?

Annie smiles, impressed.

ANNIE:

You're really gettin' the hang of this.

Suddenly, a look of confidence comes over Jack's face. For the first time, he seems like a man in control.

78INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Annie is sitting on the bed watching her mother get dressed.

Kate, wearing a silky slip, walks out of her closet carrying two dresses on hangers, a red one and a sexy little black one.

Kate holds out the two dresses to Annie.

KATE:

Which do you think?

Annie thinks about it for a moment, taking it very seriously...

ANNIE:

The black one...

Kate nods. She's about to put it on when she looks at

Annie...

KATE:

Fighting's a part of it,
Annie. You know that,
right?

ANNIE:

I'm not worried, Mom.
He's still learning our
ways...
Kate looks at her with a raised eyebrow, then nods.
It's true. She puts down the dress and holds out a
hand to Annie.

KATE:

C'mere.
Kate leads her to the makeup table, then opens a
lipstick...

ANNIE:

(excited)
Really?
Kate nods then applies some red lipstick to Annie's
lips.

KATE:

Now go like this...
Kate rubs her lips together, showing Annie how to do
it. Annie mimics her Mom, then Kate looks at her -
Annie's beaming.
KATE (CONT'D)
You're gonna break a lot
of hearts, you know.
A smile from Annie...
Pull back to reveal...Jack standing at the door,
watching ...appreciating the kind of mother Kate is...

79 OMITTED

80EXT. LOIRE - NIGHT

A small, elegant French restaurant hidden on a tree-
lined lower Manhattan street.

81INT. LOIRE - SAME TIME

Jack is wearing the suit Kate gave him. It's not a
Zegna, but he looks pretty damn good.

He leads Kate toward the cloak room at this intimate restaurant...

He helps her off with her coat. Kate's wearing the sexy little black dress and we can immediately see its effectiveness...

JACK:

You look beautiful...

A charmed smile from Kate as she hands Jack her coat.

Jack hands the coats over to the COAT CHECK GIRL...

JACK (CONT'D)

(instinctively)

Thanks, Catherine...

Jack fakes a SNEEZE, trying to cover up...Kate gives him a pat on the back...

KATE:

You okay?

He takes Kate by the arm...

JACK:

Fine...

He leads her to the main room.

She looks out at the room, elegant tables, French country decor, a PIANIST playing Cole Porter...

KATE:

(quietly to Jack)

Jack...can we afford all this?

JACK:

What's the difference?

I'm taking my baby out for our anniversary, damn the costs...

KATE:

How do you even know about this place?

Jack's caught for a moment. Then...

JACK:

Arnie...

(insistent)

Arnie. He'll throw you a curve ball once in a while, that's for sure... Jack puts his arm around her and kisses her on the cheek...

82INT. LOIRE - A LITTLE LATER

Jack and Kate sit at a secluded table, a WAITER standing next to them. Jack's not even looking at the menu.

JACK:

We'll have the tureen of quail breast with shiitake mushrooms to start, then the veal medallions in raspberry truffle sauce and the sea scallops with pureed artichoke hearts...sea scallops, North of the Caspian...

Kate looks at Jack, a mixture of confusion and awe on her face.

WAITER:

Very good, sir. And may I say those are all excellent selections.

JACK:

You may...

(perusing the wine list)

Also, we'll have a bottle of Lafite, 1982.

Kate reaches over and pulls down the wine list, reading it upside down.

KATE:

It's five hundred and fifty dollars, Jack!

A wince from Jack...for a moment there it was almost perfect.

JACK:

Just a glass of red wine
for each of us...

The waiter nods, then walks toward the kitchen...

KATE:

You are so not off the
hook yet, slick.

JACK:

But I'm gettin' close, right?

A noncommittal nod from Kate. Then Jack notices her
look over at the pianist, drawn in by the music.

JACK (CONT'D)

You want to dance?

A puzzled look from Kate. There's nobody else
dancing. There isn't even much room to dance...

KATE:

I don't think there's
dancing here, Jack.

Jack gets up and holds out a hand.

JACK:

Sure there is...

Kate looks around again, then she smiles.

Kate rises, taking his hand. Jack takes her in his
arms, swaying slowly in the limited amount of space,
confident and self-assured.

The pianist looks up, smiling, appreciating their role
in this romantic moment.

Kate moves with Jack, following his lead comfortably.

They look good together...in sync with each other...

People are watching them...some of the men are
impressed, others are scoffing, but the women are
clearly charmed...

KATE:

(whispering to
Jack)

Pretty good for a tire
salesman from Jersey...

Jack flashes her his most charming smile.

JACK:

I have my moments...

They continue to dance, in a world of their own...

83INT. LOIRE - LATE

Jack and Kate at the table enjoying a gourmet meal.

Jack holds out a fork with a piece of veal for Kate.

She takes a bite.

KATE:

Mmmm...

(spearing a scallop)

...here, try one of

these...

Jack takes a scallop from Kate's fork.

JACK:

(savoring the scallop)

God I missed that

taste...

Kate laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why are you laughing?

Kate shoots him a look of curiosity. Jack looks back at her, sees the trust in her face...He puts down his fork.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need to tell you something.

KATE:

Okay...

JACK:

I think it may help us

but there's a slight

chance it could make

things worse.

She hears the seriousness in his voice.

KATE:

Now I'm worried...just

say it. Whatever it is

we'll deal with it.

JACK:

Are you sure?

She nods. Jack searches his mind for the right words.
Then...

JACK (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm living
someone else's life...

Jack looks to her, expecting the worst. But she just
nods reassuringly. He continues...

JACK (CONT'D)

I used to be so sure
about everything, you
know? I knew exactly who
I was and what I wanted.
Then one morning I woke
up and suddenly it was
all different...

KATE:

Worse, you mean...

JACK:

No. Well, maybe a few
things. But mostly just
different...

Jack lets out a small smile. Now he's the one who's
reassuring Kate.

JACK (CONT'D)

I never used to be like
this, Kate. I had it all
figured out. No doubts,
no regrets.

KATE:

And now...?

JACK:

Now...I don't...

He looks at her, staring into her eyes, almost
desperate for understanding.

KATE:

Me neither.

A raised eyebrow from Jack.

KATE (CONT'D)

I think it's good to be a little unsure about who you are. It's very human.

JACK:

But you always seem so certain.

KATE:

C'mon, Jack, you think there aren't mornings when I wake up and wonder what the hell I'm doing in New Jersey...

JACK:

That's a big one for me, too.

KATE:

My office is a dump, I answer my own phone...and you've seen my pay check.

JACK:

Your pay check is a disgrace to pay checks.

KATE:

I mean yes, I help people that need it...

JACK:

I guess...some of them are probably faking.

KATE:

(a laugh, then...)
God, sometimes I think it would be so nice not to have to stretch ground beef or maybe drive a car

with a CD player...

He smiles, right there with her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Imagine having a life
where everything was
easy...where you asked
for things and people
just brought them to
you...

JACK:

It's wonderful...

Kate laughs, nodding.

A pause, then...

KATE:

I think about it, too,
Jack. I do. I think
about the kind of person
I'd be if I hadn't
married you...

It's as if she's inside his head. They stay like this
for a moment, looking into each other.

JACK:

And...?

She stops a moment, considering. Then...

KATE:

And I realize I've just
erased the things in my
life I'm most sure
about. You, the kids...
Jack nods.

JACK:

Good things...

KATE:

What are you sure about?

Jack looks into Kate's eyes.

JACK:

I'm sure that right now

there's nowhere I'd
rather be than here with
you...

Kate smiles at Jack, a loving, secure smile. It's been
a while.

CUT TO:

84EXT. PENSION - NIGHT

The mini-van parked outside a small brownstone right on
the square. It's like something out of a Henry James
novel... charming, meticulously maintained, elegant...

85INT. PENSION, SUITE - A LITTLE LATER

The door opens and Jack, carrying Kate in his arms,
enters...

Jack puts Kate down and she takes in the room, antique
furniture...it's like walking into another world...

KATE:

This is so beautiful...

Jack smiles as he opens a champagne bottle sitting on a
silver ice bucket...

KATE (CONT'D)

You know champagne makes
me do crazy things.

JACK:

(pouring)

I'll just full yours up
to the top.

(handing her a
glass)

Happy anniversary,
sweetheart.

Kate smiles, clinking her glass with Jack's.

KATE:

I don't know how you did
it, hoss, but you pulled
it off.

JACK:

I'm out of the doghouse?

KATE:

Way out...

Kate saunters into the bedroom, looking at the king-size poster bed, feeling the down quilt. Jack follows her...

KATE (CONT'D)

(turning to him)

You may even get lucky tonight...

Kate kisses him...when their lips separate, we can see the powerful effect it has on him.

Jack looks deep into her eyes, stroking her hair, lost in her.

JACK:

You're so...beautiful...

KATE:

I already told you you were gonna get lucky, Jack...

They kiss again, a long soulful kiss. Then...

Jack pulls back, a look of realization on his face...

JACK:

My god, all this time...I never stopped loving you...

KATE:

(a wide smile)

That's all I wanted to hear...

She kisses him, their bodies intertwined...hands caressing ...more and more passionate...then reaches behind her to the light. The room goes dark...

DISSOLVE TO:

86INT. PENSION, SUITE - MORNING

Morning sun streams onto Jack and Kate in bed...

Kate, in Jack's arms, her head on his chest, a contented smile on her face...

Jack's eyes open...adjust to the light. He looks over at Kate.

There's something different in his eyes...something

deeper. Jack smiles...a broad, "I'm in love" kind of smile.

Kate stirs, gently stroking Jack's chest.

KATE:

Mmmm...Jack...

Kate lifts her head, turning to face Jack.

KATE (CONT'D)

I feel like I should give
you money...

Jack laughs.

KATE (CONT'D)

I mean, my god, Jack you
were always good but
this...this was... like a
porno movie.

Kate lays her head back on Jack's chest, looking at
Washington Square through the window.

KATE (CONT'D)

I could stay here
forever...

JACK:

I don't think I'd fight
you on that one...

Kate lifts her head and looks at him expectantly. They
kiss.

87EXT. NEW JERSEY STREET - NIGHT

The mini-van passes a sign that reads, "Welcome to
Teaneck."

88INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, VARIOUS - MORNING

Annie walking through the downstairs of the house,
practicing her violin...it's a noise bordering on
MUSIC, but not quite...

She walks into the kitchen where...

Jack stands at the counter in his robe, reading the
Newark Star Ledger and drinking a cup of coffee.

He lowers the paper, watches Annie with a smile as she
strolls through the room playing her violin badly...he
goes back to his paper.

89INT. JACK'S CLOSET - MINUTES LATER

Jack, still singing, donning his Dockers and short-
sleeve oxford...

89AEXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - MORNING

The front door of the Campbell House...

Jack emerges in his work clothes, putting his coat on,
a bagel in his mouth...

He disappears from frame, the screen door closing
slowly behind him...

In a moment...Kate appears at the door, a cup of coffee
in her hand...she follows Jack with her eyes as he
heads to the car.

Then...a smile from Kate...

In a moment...Jack returns to frame and heads straight
into Kate's arms...

...a passionate kiss as she leans against the door
post...

KATE:

Have a good day...

A smile from Jack as she pats him on the ass and sends
him on his way...

90EXT. BIG ED'S - AFTERNOON

Jack, pointing to a stack of radials, is standing with
a MAN (40s) wearing a pale blue leisure suit and a pair
of high top Nike Air Jordans.

JACK:

For the money, they're
hands down the best
radial we carry...

MAN:

(thinking, then...)
Okay, I'll take them...

JACK:

You won't regret it...
(shouting to Tommy)
Tommy! Set Mr. Conlin up
with four B.F. Goodrich
G-Force T/A's...
(looking the man
over)
...and give him ten
percent off for having
the best costume...

Just then, a black ROLLS ROYCE SILVER SERAPH pulls into

the lot, its front left tire riding on the rim...

ESTELLE (O.S.)

(over P.A. system)

Jack, Kate on line two!

Jack pick up two!

Jack turns toward the door, but then looks curiously back at the Rolls...something familiar about it...

Then...Peter Lassiter gets out of the car...

KENNY:

(walking out to Jack)

Kate's on two, Jack.

(on seeing the Rolls)

Nice ride...

JACK:

(staring at Lassiter)

If you're into that kind of conspicuous consumption...

KENNY:

You want me to handle him? I think I'm ready...

ESTELLE (O.S.)

(over P.A. system)

Jack! Kate still holding on line two...

JACK:

Sure...be careful, he looks like a tough negotiator...

Jack walks inside...

91INT. BIG ED'S TIRES - CONTINUOUS

...but he's still focused on Lassiter through the window, can't take his eyes off him...

He gets to the phone...sees the light for line two blinking ...he looks back outside, sees Kenny approach Lassiter...

...back to the blinking phone light...he picks up the phone...

But can't bring himself to hit the blinking light.

Then...

JACK:

(to Estelle, into
intercom)

Tell Kate I'll call her
back...

INTERCUT WITH ESTELLE IN HER OFFICE

ESTELLE :

(into intercom)
It sounded pretty
important.

JACK:

(into intercom)

I'm with a customer.

I'll call her back.

He takes his hand away from the phone and walks back
outside the store...

CHAPTER THIRTEEN - PETER LASSITER

92EXT. BIG ED'S TIRES - CONTINUOUS

...towards Kenny and Lassiter.

LASSITER:

(to Kenny)

I seem to have had some
kind of blow out...

Jack approaches, tapping Kenny on the shoulder.

JACK:

Why don't you let me take
this one, Kenny?

KENNY:

Okay, chief.

Kenny nods then heads back inside...

JACK:

Peter Lassiter...

LASSITER:

(surprised)

Do I know you?

JACK:

Not exactly. I've seen you
on CNBC.

(with a smile)

You look taller in real
life...

CUT TO:

93INT. BIG ED'S TIRED, JACK'S OFFICE - LATE

Jack leaning back in his chair, behind the desk of his
cluttered, cramped office.

JACK:

...truth is, Mintz was so
busy timing his wife's
breathing he didn't see
that MedTech needed
Global more than the
other way around. Ten
days, two weeks tops,
they would've approached
you with an offer, and
I'd bet anything it
would've been thirty
billion, not twenty
nine...

(a knowing smile)

Problem was, Peter, you
had a pussycat running
the show. What you needed
was a rottweiler.

Lassiter, sitting on the little chair across from Jack,
an intrigued look on his face...

LASSITER:

(nodding)

Well, I'm impressed.

A smile from Jack.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

I really am...

Jack savors the moment, until...

LASSITER (CONT'D)

So, about my car...

He's jarred back to reality, a little crestfallen...

JACK:

Sure. We're going to
have to special order
that tire. It'll be
ready in about two days.

Lassiter nods, then takes a business card out of his
wallet.

LASSITER:

This has my office address
on it...

(thinking, then...)

Why don't you drop it off
yourself?

A smile from Jack.

CUT TO:

94INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT
Kate, sound asleep in bed...

Pan across to Jack, his eyes wide open, lost in
thought...

95INT. BIG ED'S, JACK'S OFFICE - DAY
Jack wearing his Zeena suit, sitting behind his desk,
distracted, as he listens to HECTOR, 40s, the
GUATEMALEN MECHANIC.

HECTOR:

...I say to her, Margarita,
we already have four kids,
why do we need more?

Jack is shaking his leg anxiously under the desk as he
eyes the door...

HECTOR (CONT'D)

But she say she want an
even number. I say four
is an even number! But
she say she want six.

Jack checks his watch...

HECTOR (CONT'D)

I tell her, Margarita, I
just got my green card,
I like to sit back and

rest a little bit...

JACK:

(interrupting)

Hector...do I usually
listen to your personal
problems?

HECTOR :

Sure, Jack, all the time...
Jack nods, then...

JACK:

Look, I have some business
that I have to take care
of in the city so I'm
leaving early...
(getting up)
My advice to you...follow
your dreams.

CUT TO:

96EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Jack pulling up to the building in Lassiter's Rolls...
He gets out of the car, walks to the building, feeling
good, confident, stopping to gaze up at the
skyscraper...he breathes in deeply, then heads
inside...

96AINT. LASSITER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters, instinctively tossing the car keys to the
SECURITY GUARD...the guard looks at him like he's
crazy...

97INT. LASSITER BUILDING CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Jack and Lassiter walk together...

LASSITER:

...we're really more of a
boutique operation, as
you can see...

JACK:

But you're not interested
in boutique dollars...
(a smile)

I get it...

They walk into...

98INT. ALAN MINTZ'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Past the assistant's desk...

MINTZ'S ASSISTANT

(seeing Lassiter)

He's expecting you, Mr.

Lassiter...

Lassiter doesn't even slow down...

99INT. ALAN MINTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's Jack's old office but you wouldn't know it from the decor...lots of country pine, a fabric sofa, and a play pen where the bar used to be. Jack enters, immediately struck by the difference...

LASSITER:

(to Mintz)

Alan, this is Jack

Campbell...the one I was
telling you about...

Mintz, a confident look on his face, gets up from the desk and goes to shake Jack's hand.

ALAN:

Jack, of course.

They shake hands.

JACK:

(appropriately
deferential)

Mr. Mintz.

ALAN:

Please, call me Alan. We
try to cultivate a casual
atmosphere around here...

JACK:

(re:

I can see that, Alan.

A chuckle from Mintz.

ALAN:

You have kids, Jack?

JACK:

(hesitating, then...)

Uh...actually, yes. Two...
good ones.

Another laugh from Mintz.

ALAN:

That's great...

(gesturing to
the sofa)

Why don't you have a seat?

Jack nods, sits down on the plush sofa, Mintz and
Lassiter take the chairs.

ALAN (CONT'D)

So, Peter mentioned that
you were an avid CNBC
viewer but didn't say
whether you had any
actual Wall Street
experience?

Jack's a little taken aback by the question, not
realizing he was walking into an interview...
He crosses his legs, trying to get comfortable.

JACK:

I was a sales associate,
at E.F. Hutton.

ALAN:

A broker? Really. And now
you're in the tire
business?

JACK:

That's right. And auto
supply...

ALAN:

Uh huh. The retail end, I
understand.

Jack nods...

JACK:

Uh...we actually get about sixty percent of our business from automotive service.

ALAN:

Mind if I ask what kind of sales you did last year? Ballpark...

JACK:

We did one point seven million in total revenue...

ALAN:

Uh huh...one point seven. And what do you project for this year?

Jack pauses, analyzing the situation...the patronizing questions, the smirk on Mintz's face...

ALAN (CONT'D)

Any thoughts at all on that?

As Jack stares into their faces, he realizes the extent of his handicap...

ALAN (CONT'D)

Jack?

He stops, takes a moment, looking at Mintz and Lassiter then ...a confident smile.

JACK:

Well, Alan, I think we're gonna have a banner year. Sales are up almost twenty percent in the first quarter and we just landed a major trucking company account.

ALAN:

Really. So you're projecting what, a tad over two million?

A gleam in Jack's eye.

JACK:

That's right. And that
would make us number one
in our market...

(getting up)

You mind if I stand?

A raised eyebrow from Mintz.

Mintz and Lassiter follow Jack with their eyes as he
crosses the room to the desk, pours himself a glass of
water...

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, I know our paltry
little two million in
sales is about what you
spend on office supplies
in a year. And I know
some regional trucking
company account is
nothing compared to a
sixty billion dollar
merger...

ALAN:

I'm not trying to knock
the tire business, Jack.

JACK:

(a confident chuckle)
It's okay, Alan. I get it.
I'm in your shoes, I'm
thinking exactly the same
thing...but here's the
thing. Business is
business. Wall Street,
Main Street, it's all
just a bunch of people
getting up in the morning,
trying to figure out how
the hell they're gonna
send their kids to
college. It's just
people...

Jack's confidence is throwing Mintz off, but Lassiter appears intrigued...

JACK (CONT'D)

And I know people.

ALAN:

I'm sure you do...

LASSITER:

(intervening)

Let's let the man have

his say...

Mintz covers his embarrassment with a smile...

JACK:

(to Mintz)

Take you, for instance...

ALAN:

(defensive)

What about me?

JACK:

You drink about sixteen
Diet Cokes a day. You're
an excellent father, but
you feel guilty about the
time you spend away from
home. You drink bourbon,
but you offer your
clients scotch...

Jack looks around the office then back to Mintz.

JACK (CONT'D)

And your wife decorated
this office...

A laugh from Lassiter as Mintz sits there stewing, a
caught look on his face.

LASSITER:

He certainly has your
number, Alan.

JACK:

(turning to Lassiter)

You're a little tougher,
Peter.

A raised eyebrow from Lassiter, but he's game...

JACK (CONT'D)

For one thing, you like
expensive things.

LASSITER:

(smiling proudly)

That's easy. You've seen
my car.

JACK:

(a chuckle)

Okay...you smoke Hoyo de
Monterreys. You're a
scotch man, single malt,
not because it's trendy
but because you've been
doing it for forty years,
and you stay with what
works. You have two great
loves in your life, your
horses and this company.
You wept openly the day
the Dow hit ten thousand...
Lassiter's impressed.

JACK (CONT'D)

And you're a man who
prides himself on finding
talent in unusual
places...

LASSITER:

Oh? And how would you
know that?

Jack smiles.

JACK:

Because I'm here.

On Lassiter...nodding his head. Mintz, a plastered-on
smile.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm prepared to do

anything it takes to get
this job. Start anywhere
you need me to start.
I'll park cars if I
to...

(into Lassiter's
eyes)

The biggest part of
judging character is
knowing yourself. And I
know this, I can do this
job. Give me a chance,
Peter, I won't let you
down.

Lassiter returns Jack's gaze with equal intensity. In a
moment, he turns to Mintz.

LASSITER:

(to Mintz)

Alan, why don't you show
Jack around a bit...

ALAN:

I'd love to.

CUT TO:

100INT. LASSITER BUILDING CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER
Jack and Alan walking side by side down the hallway...
EMPLOYEES passing them by, greeting Mintz, Mintz waving
back...

ALAN:

(pointing)

...that's our war room.
We did seven major deals
last year, three of them
hostile.

JACK:

(not particularly
impressed)

Seven. Really.

They turn a corner, coming into a deserted section of
the corridor.

Mintz stops, turning to Jack. Jack returns Mintz's gaze with a quizzical look.

ALAN:

Let's cut the shit, huh
Campbell? What, did you go
through his wallet or
something?

Jack's a little taken aback.

ALAN (CONT'D)

No matter. That circus
act back there may have
dazzled Lassiter
momentarily but it
doesn't do shit forme.
Even if you get this job,
which I highly doubt, let
me warn you, Lassiter
loses interest in his pet
projects very quickly.
I'm in the big office
because I've proved
myself to him year after
year and nobody is going
to come in here and start
turning the old man's
head. Especially not some
tire salesman from New
Jersey. So you watch
yourself and stay away
from Lassiter, and maybe,
just maybe, I'll keep you
on after he gets tired of
you. Do we understand
each other?

Jack stands there, staring at Mintz, silent,
expressionless.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Do we?!

Then, a broad smile from Jack.

JACK:

God, you really are
different, aren't you...

(nodding)

I mean...wow...I am
impressed.

Now it's Mintz's turn to look quizzical.

JACK (CONT'D)

Good for you. Why shouldn't
you protect what's yours.

ALAN:

I don't think you're hearing
me.

JACK:

Oh, I'm hearing you, Alan.

That's not the problem.

The problem is that what
you think is yours, is
really mine. And I don't
care how low on the totem
pole I start, I will get
it back...

(poking him in
the chest)

So do yourself a favor and
don't get too attached to
that view because sometime
soon, maybe very soon, you
and your French country
antiques, your chintz sofa,
and your little play pen
are gonna be moving out of
that office.

Jack smiles at Alan one more time, then turns...

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way, you
try selling tires for a
living. I promise you,
you'd starve.

Jack heads down the corridor, whistling a happy tune,
leaving Mintz standing there, bewildered.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN - A PERFECT LIFE?

CUT TO:

101INT. CORPORATE APARTMENT - DAY

A double door opens and Jack leads Kate into this huge duplex. Kate looks around, taking the place in.

JACK:

Welcome to Xanadu...

The place is incredible...marble floors, architectural lines, high tech fixtures, elegant modern furniture... it's striking but not at all homey like the Jersey house.

JACK (CONT'D)

Pretty incredible, isn't it?

KATE:

It's like a museum.

Jack nods.

KATE (CONT'D)

(turning to Jack)

So what's the big surprise? You didn't rent this place for the weekend, did you?

JACK:

Think bigger.

KATE:

For the week?

Jack chuckles.

JACK:

This place is a perk, Kate.

KATE:

A perk for what?

JACK:

A company called P.K. Lassiter and Associates Investment House uses it to attract new executives...
Kate's confused.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're talking to their
new Vice President of
Mergers and Acquisitions.

KATE:

What are you talking
about, Jack?

JACK:

I'm going into arbitrage,
honey. Turns out I have
a knack for it. I'll be
making two hundred grand
a year plus a hefty bonus
and that's just to
start. And, we can live
in this apartment
practically rent free for
as long as we want.

Jack measures her reaction. It's not good...

JACK (CONT'D)

We can finally afford to
move back into the city.
In style.

Kate just looks at him, in shock. Then...

KATE:

Are you out of your mind?

JACK:

I don't think so. This
is going to be a better
life for all of us,
honey. We'll put Annie
and Josh in private
schools...

KATE:

Annie goes to a great
school.

JACK:

I'm talking about the

best schools in the
country here, Kate...

KATE:

Jack, what could you
possibly be thinking?
What about my job?

JACK:

This is New York City,
it's like the needy
people capital of the
world. Those Jersey
clients of yours aren't a
tenth as pathetic as the
ones you could get
here...

KATE:

(cutting him off)
I can't believe you want
to move back into the
city. I thought the
reason we left was
because we didn't want to
raise the kids here?

JACK:

No, this is the center of
the universe. If I were
living in Roman times, I
would live in Rome, where
else? Today, America is
the Roman Empire and New
York is Rome itself.
John Lennon.

KATE:

(cutting him off)
Jack.
Jack's starting to struggle...

JACK:

Look, I'm detecting a

kind of funky tension
here...We don't have to
live in this apartment.
I don't need this...I'll
commute...I'll drive to
work...
Jack's back on his heels...seeing his dream picked
apart...

KATE:

In traffic? It's over an
hour each way? That's
almost three hours a
day. When are you going
to see the kids?

He's frustrated...he pauses a moment to gather
himself. Then...

JACK:

Kate. You're not
understanding me. I'm
talking about a great
life. A perfect life.
Everything we pictured
when we were young. The
whole package. You said
it yourself, life has
thrown us surprises, and
so we made sacrifices.
But now I can finally get
us back on track...

A sad chuckle from Kate.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can do that. I want to
do that. For all of us.
I need to do that as a
man...

(imploring her)

Think about it. No more
lousy restaurants, no
more clipping coupons, no
more shoveling snow...

KATE:

Then get a goddamn snow
blower!

Jack's taken aback by the intensity of her tone.

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't get a new career
without even telling me.
Don't take Annie out of a
school she loves. Don't
move us out of a house
we've become a family
in...

Kate stands there, wounded...

KATE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Don't do that...

JACK:

Look, you're making this
into something it's not.
This isn't a referendum
on our lives, Kate. It's
a step forward...

(appealing to her)

Don't you see? I'm
talking about us finally
having a life other
people envy.

Silence. Kate looks him in the eye - a deep, piercing
look...

KATE:

They already do envy us,
Jack...

Kate picks up her bag and walks out of the apartment.

102 OMITTED

103INT. ANNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Annie is in a nightgown, practicing her violin. Jack
walks in.

It's all he can do to hold back cringing at the missed
notes. Annie finishes the piece, lowering the bow.

JACK:

Very nice. What is it?

ANNIE:

Mary Had A Little Lamb.

JACK:

Ah. A classic...

Annie starts PLAYING again as Jack looks at the dresser. She has 20 or so family photos lined up and down its sides...

Jack studies them...in every one Jack's face is totally contented. Jack studies them, looking at his own face. Annie lowers the bow, watching him...

Jack turns to her.

JACK (CONT'D)

Please don't stop...

She smiles, then starts PLAYING again. He turns back to the pictures...

104INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, DEN - LATE

Jack...standing in front of the desk, nursing a drink. He looks at Lassiter's business card, sitting on the surface of the desk...

He gazes around the room...his eyes coming to rest on a bookshelf...a book...

He moves toward it...looking at its spine...it's a tattered copy of Vonnegut's "Cat's Cradle." He pulls it off the shelf, there's something inside...a bookmark...

...a PAN AM ticket jacket sleeve...

...inside...a boarding pass..."From: London/Heathrow,

To:

He looks at it...something's not right...

JACK:

From London to New York...?

(looking up)

I came back...

Then...a NOISE...

Jack turns and sees Kate walking into the doorway, standing there...She sees Jack holding the Pan Am ticket sleeve.

KATE:

Our finest moment,
right...

A quizzical look from Jack.

KATE (CONT'D)

When you got on that plane I was sure it was over. I left the airport afraid I'd never see you again. And then you showed up the very next day...

(a wistful smile)

That was a good surprise...

She continues into the room, leaning against a bookshelf.

KATE (CONT'D)

I think about you on that plane, about what must have been going through your mind...you sitting there imagining our life together, our life apart...I think about the decision you made...

Jack watches her as she lets out a small sigh.

KATE (CONT'D)

Maybe I was being naive but I believed we'd grow old together in this house. That we'd spend holidays here, have grandchildren visit us here. I had this image of us all grey and wrinkly, me working in the garden, you repainting the deck...

Kate smiles gently as she pictures this.

KATE (CONT'D)

Things change, right?

People change...

(pausing)

If you need this, Jack, I mean really need this, I will take these children

from a life they love,
and take myself from the
only home we've ever
shared, and move wherever
you need to go. I'll do
that because I love
you...

The words are like a warm embrace for Jack...

KATE (CONT'D)

I love you, Jack. And
that's more important to
me than our address...

Kate smiles lovingly at Jack...she walks over to him,
kisses him gently on the forehead.

KATE (CONT'D)

I choose us.

She turns and heads out of the room, leaving him there,
the boarding pass still in hand, staring lovingly at
her as she goes...

105INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack walks into the room...

The lights are off, Kate already in bed sleeping.

He undresses for bed, unable to take his eyes off Kate.

Finally, he lifts the covers and climbs into bed next
to her, moving closer to her, putting an arm around
her, drawing her in...

In her sleep, Kate nestles in Jack's embrace. He
savors the feeling, then closes his eyes as...

They lay there...side by side...together...a single
person.

DISSOLVE TO:

106INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning light streams into the room. Kate opens
her eyes. Jack's not in bed. A look of curiosity.
Then, she hears LAUGHTER from outside.

She goes over to the window...opens the blinds...
revealing...

Jack in the backyard, LAUGHING with joy, playing in the
snow with Annie and Josh.

Kate watches...a satisfied smile sweeping across her
face...

107EXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BACKYARD - SAME TIME

...Jack reaches out and snags Annie...she CACKLES in

delight...

The three of them fall over onto the soft white snow...

The laughter from the kids is uncontrollable, Jack's joy is just as palpable...

Finally, Annie stops laughing and grabs Jack around the neck, hugging him tight.

ANNIE:

(whispering in
Jack's ear)

I knew you'd come back...

DISSOLVE TO:

108INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Jack walks over to a utility shelf, fishing around until he finds a bag of rock salt...he grabs it, sees it's empty...

And then he hears it...the sound of a BICYCLE BELL RINGING, echoing through the room.

A shudder passes through his body...

He turns and sees Annie at the open garage door, sitting on her bike, ringing the BELL.

It's an eerie moment for Jack...

JACK:

What are you doing?

ANNIE:

(a curious look)

Ringin' my bell...

On Jack's anxious face...

109 OMITTED

:

CHAPTER FIFTEEN - SAYING GOODBYE

110INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

On Jack...crouched down in an aisle of this local convenience store...checking out the bags of rock salt...

He looks at the price tag on one of the bags...

JACK:

Four ninety nine?! It's just salt for god's sake...

On the entrance to the store...the door opens, a YOUNG GIRL, 17, enters, an average suburban teenager...

She glances at a fashion magazine, picks up a package of gum...

From the POV of the cashier, we see the girl approach the counter...

On Jack, crouched down in the aisle. He grabs a bag of salt from the shelf, when...

CASH (O.S.)

That'll be sixty five cents,
little angel...

Jack registers the voice...he rises slowly, looking over to the front counter...where he sees...

Cash, dressed in a typical chain convenience store uniform, ringing up the teenager...

An excited smile from Jack at the sight of Cash...

JACK:

You...!

Then...the color drains from Jack's face...

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing here...

Jack moves toward Cash at the counter...

JACK (CONT'D)

You're not sending me
back...

The girl eyes Jack curiously, then removes a dollar bill from her pocket and slides it across the counter to Cash...

CASH:

Jack, it's good to see
you...

Cash reaches into the register, taking out change for ten dollars...he hands the girl \$9.35...

CASH (CONT'D)

(to the girl)

Thank you darlin'...

The girl looks at the money, realizing that Cash has given her the wrong change...

CASH (CONT'D)

(back to Jack,
seeing the
rock salt)

What do you got there,
rock salt? Look at you,
all domestic and shit...
You really figured some
things out, huh?
The girl looks at Cash talking to Jack...

JACK:

I'm not going back...
The girl hesitates...Cash turns to her...

CASH :

(to the girl)
Everything okay...?
She looks at him, a moment of decision, then...

TEENAGE GIRL:

Yeah...fine.

JACK:

(raising his voice)
Hey! Did you hear me...?!
Cash ignores Jack, watching the girl as she heads to
the door, hesitates a moment, then walks out...
A look of disappointment on Cash's face as he reaches
into his pocket, pulling out a little notebook...
Cash looks at Jack.

CASH :

(making a note
in his book)
That was a character issue...
(shaking his head)
...and for nine dollars?
That's just sad...

JACK:

Hey, I'm talking to you!
I am not going back, do you
understand...?!
Cash looks at him, compassion on his face.
JACK (CONT'D)
You can't do this. You
can't keep coming in and

out of people's lives,
messing things up...

CASH:

C'mon, Jack...

Jack throws six bucks on the counter...

JACK:

I've got kids, I'm going
home...

CASH:

You know what the word
glimpse means, J? It's
by nature an impermanent
thing.

Jack walks determinedly toward the exit. He stops and
turns at the door...

JACK:

(pointing at
Cash)

I'm staying.

Cash follows him with his eyes, a proud look on Cash's
face as Jack leaves...

111INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, JOSH'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack walks to Josh. He's sleeping soundly.

Jack gently kisses Josh on the head, careful not to
wake him.

112INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, ANNIE'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack is standing over Annie, kissing her on the cheek.

ANNIE:

(stirring, groggy)

Is it morning yet?

JACK:

No, honey. Go back to
sleep.

She closes her eyes as Jack stands there for a moment
looking at her, sadness all over his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself,
Annie. I'm going back to

the mother ship...

Finally, he turns to go...

113INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The clock reads, "11:17." Kate is already in bed as Jack walks in.

KATE:

(looking up from
her book)

Hey...

Jack approaches her, sitting on the bed...

JACK:

These last weeks, Kate, I
know that I've done
some...some unusual
things.

Kate nods.

KATE:

It's been interesting,
that's for sure.

JACK:

But I've done some good
things too, haven't I?

KATE:

You've been Jack
Campbell. And that's
always a good thing...

She kisses him on the cheek.

He takes her arms in his hands and looks her in the
eyes.

JACK:

I need you to remember
me, Kate. How I am right
now, right this very
moment. I need you to
put that image in your
heart and keep it with
you, no matter what
happens.

KATE:

Are you okay, Jack?

JACK:

Please, just promise me
you'll do that. You have
to promise, Kate.

Because if you don't,
then it's like it never
happened and I don't
think I could live with
that.

She's a bit confused but she couldn't be more in love
with him.

KATE:

I promise, Jack...

JACK:

Promise me again...

KATE:

I promise. Come to bed,
honey.

Jack stands up, heading toward the door.

JACK:

Soon...

114EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE NIGHT

Snow begins to fall...

Jack with Lucy on a leash, walking side by side, his
mind elsewhere...

Lucy leads him around a corner...to a large open
field...

Lucy stops. She looks back at Jack, then out to the
open field.

Jack removes the leash. The dog bounds happily out
into the field, looking for just the right spot.

Jack puts his hands in his coat pocket...pulls out a
half-eaten roll of PEPPERMINT LIFESAVERS, puts one in
his mouth...

He looks up at the sky, snow gently falling onto his
face. It's cold, but it's beautiful...peaceful and

still...the air clean and crisp...

He breathes in the fresh air, the Lifesaver dissolving in his mouth, watching the dog...

115INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT
The room is dark...

Jack enters, sees Kate sleeping soundly in bed.

He sits down in a chair and watches Kate asleep, a sad look in his eyes...

As he continues to watch her, to listen to her, his own eyelids appear to grow heavy...

He tries to fight the sleep...opening his eyes...

focusing on her...but it's no use...

Finally, he closes his eyes...falling into a deep sleep...

CHAPTER SIXTEEN - THE OLD LIFE

DISSOLVE TO:

116INT. JACK'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

A PHONE RINGING:

Jack, flat on his back in bed...Light streams onto his face ...he stirs...

THE PHONE STILL RINGING...

Jack reaches over to Kate's side...there's no one there.

Pull back to reveal...his old Manhattan apartment...

his old dressy clothes strewn on the floor...

Jack, sleep still in his eyes, reaches over...he's not wearing any pajamas...picks up the phone...

JACK:

(groggy, dazed)

Yeah...okay, send her

up...

He drops the phone...turns back over...let's his eyes stay closed for another moment...then...

His eyes open...

He looks around...sees his shirtless torso...then his old apartment...tailored clothes on the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)

(sadly)

Damnit.

Jack looks at the clock, "9:23 a.m." He gets out of bed, throwing on pants and a pair of shoes, and leaves

the room...

117INT. JACK'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Jack walks to the door just as...

The doorbell RINGS. He stops, then cautiously opens the door, seeing...

PAULA, wearing a long overcoat and a wide smile on her face.

PAULA:

Waiting for me by the door,

huh?

Jack looks at her.

JACK:

Paula...

Paula opens her coat - the only thing she has on underneath is a sexy little teddy.

JACK (CONT'D)

(momentarily
distracted)

That's totally see through...

PAULA:

(smiling)

Merry Christmas...

JACK:

(confused)

Christmas? It can't be

Christmas...

Jack stares at her, totally confused...

PAULA:

(lasciviously)

It's whatever you want it to be, Jack...

Jack grabs a leather jacket then walks right by a shocked Paula and heads out the door, practically running down the corridor.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Jack?...Jack!

CUT TO:

118EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - MORNING

Jack's Ferrari speeds down the bridge, toward Jersey...

119EXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - MORNING

Jack's Ferrari pulls up in the driveway and he hops out. He races to the front door, POUNDING on it...
A MAN in a Van Heusen shirt and Hagar slacks answers.
Jack stares at him in shock.

MAN:

Can I help you?

JACK:

Is Kate here? Does Kate live here?!

MAN:

Kate? No, there's no one here named Kate. Is that good enough for you?

Jack starts rapping his head against the door post, much to the shock of the guy standing there.

JACK:

Damn...damn...damn...

MAN:

Hey, are you okay?

JACK:

No...I'm not...

MAN:

Is there anything I can do for you?
Jack shakes his head mournfully.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hey, my wife's in the kitchen.
You got a cigarette?

JACK:

I'm sorry, no...
Jack walks off, beleaguered...

120EXT. ARNIE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Jack's car drives by as Arnie carries a bicycle box out to the garbage. The car screeches to a halt in front

of the driveway.

ARNIE:

(shouting at Jack)

Hey, you can't park that
thing here.

JACK:

(out the window)

It's me, Jack...

ARNIE:

I don't care if you're Tim
Allen with your fancy car
and all your tools, you
still can't park here.

JACK:

Tell me you recognize me,
Arnie. Please...

ARNIE:

How'd you know my name?

JACK:

We bowl together. We're
bowlers ...we won a
championship...we're winners.

ARNIE:

I never won anything in
bowling.

Arnie peers at Jack through the window.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Wait a second...

(thinking)

Jack...Jack...

JACK:

Yes...Jack Campbell...

ARNIE:

Of course. Jack Campbell. I
went to high school with

you...you played baseball,
right?
(at the Ferrari)
You're doing well...

JACK:

(remembering)
Yes, that's it...yes, we
went to high school together.

ARNIE:

You never really talked to
me. I wanted to talk to
you, man...

JACK:

Yeah...I guess I just
wanted you to know, we
could've been really good
friends...

120AINT. FERRARI - DAY

Jack driving...a CELL PHONE RINGS.
A curious look on Jack's face, it's been a while since
he's heard that sound.

JACK:

(answering phone)
Hello?
ADELLE (O.S.)
Hey Santa, where are you?
Everybody's here.

JACK:

Adelle?
ADELLE (O.S.)
You were supposed to be here
half an hour ago...the
emergency strategy session?
Your trip to Aspen? They're
all panicked here...
Silence from Jack...
ADELLE (CONT'D, O.S.)
Jack...? Are you going through
the tunnel?

Finally, Jack shakes his head, defeated.

JACK:

I'll be there in twenty
minutes...

CUT TO:

121INT. LASSITER BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - NOON TIME
It's a beehive of activity...
Jack's TEAM, anxiously going over reports and flow
charts, working the phones, drinking coffee...
Jack enters, still reeling from his experience, taking
a moment to observe the action...
Mintz spots him...

ALAN:

(into phone)
Thank god, Jack's here. I'll
call you right back...
He hangs up the phone as all eyes in the room turn to
Jack, immediately fixating on how disheveled he looks.
ALAN (CONT'D)
(approaching)
Jack, are you okay?

JACK:

(in a daze)
What's going on here?

ALAN:

It's not good. Bob Thomas
has secretly been talking to
a European drug company.
We're not sure which one,
Julia's on it right now.
Word is they're willing to
let him buy a minority stake
and keep running the entire
company. The Global people
are up in arms. They say
we should've been prepared
for this. We're in trouble
here, Jack...
Jack looks at Alan for a minute.

JACK:

You know something, Alan.
There's a much more assertive
person somewhere inside of
you...
Alan looks at him, confused.

ALAN:

Excuse me?

JACK:

But I think I like you better
this way...

ALAN:

Is this another one of those
Sun Tzu "Art of War" tricks?
A sad laugh from Jack.

JACK:

No.

ALAN:

So what are we gonna do,
Jack?
Jack wallows for another moment in his own sadness...
ALAN (CONT'D)
Jack...?
Jack snaps out of it, turning to Alan and the rest of
the group...

JACK:

I'll tell you exactly what
we're going to do. You're
going to do whatever you
have to do to find out which
European company he's been
talking to. Then I'm going
to clean myself up, fly to
Aspen, and drink egg nog
with Bob Thomas. His wife
and kids will be playing in
the background while I spend

Christmas day convincing him that the European company is the devil and Global is the answer to his prayers, after all...

(growing wistful)

Then I'm going to spend four hours skiing. Alone. On Christmas day. Completely and utterly alone. I'm going to do that because that is my life, that is what's real, and there is nothing I can do to change that...

Jack leaves the office to the shocked stares of his team.

122EXT. BROADWAY - DAY

Jack's limo makes its way downtown.

123INT. LIMO - SAME TIME

Jack in the back seat of the limo, sadly looking out the window, watching the buildings pass by...

He turns away, looks at the phone...haltingly picks it up...

JACK:

(dialing 411)

For Manhattan...Kate Reynolds...I need an address too...

Jack jots something down on a business card. Then he hangs up the phone, thinks a moment, looks out the window, then turns to the driver...

JACK (CONT'D)

Make a right here...

DRIVER:

But the airport's the other way...

JACK:

We're not going to the airport...

CUT TO:

123AEXT. KATE'S BUILDING - DAY

Jack's limo pulls up outside this house on Washington
Mews...

Jack gets out...

124INT. EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Jack stands outside an apartment door. He hears The
Clash's "London Calling" BLARING from inside.

He rings the bell...the volume of the music gets
lower...

Kate's assistant, LORI, 20s, opens the door...Jack
exchanges a curious look with her.

LORI:

Are you from the shipping
company?

JACK:

I'm Jack Campbell...I'm an
old... friend of Kate's.

I just called.

The woman looks at him, then walks back inside...

LORI (O.S.)

Kate! Some guy's here!

Beat. Jack waits anxiously at the door. Then...

KATE (O.S)

(to Lori)

Did you call the airline
like I asked?!

Jack's eyes come alive as Kate appears wearing jeans
and a white blouse...except for her hair, she looks the
same.

JACK:

Kate...

KATE:

Jack...God, it's been so
long...You look...

She searches for a kind word, but he looks terrible.

JACK:

You look great.

KATE:

It's good to see you...

She looks at him another moment, then turns...

KATE (CONT'D)

(yelling inside)

Lori! Where's that box?!

Kate walks inside, Jack follows her in sheepishly.

125INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...Jack accidentally knocks into a stack of boxes, sending a GLASS CANDY DISH CRASHING to the floor, SHATTERING it...

JACK:

(bending down)

I'm sorry...

KATE:

Don't worry about it, Jack...

Jack looks up at...a beehive of activity - Lori on the phone, boxes stacked everywhere, TWO MOVERS packing up...

JACK:

What's going on?

KATE:

(searching around)

I'm moving to Paris...it was right here...

(to Lori)

It's a box marked "Jack." I put it in the stack for the Salvation Army...

JACK:

Paris?

LORI:

(to Kate, with attitude)

Do you want me to look for the box or call the airline?

KATE:

Hey, kind of under a little

pressure here.

LORI:

Hey, kind of giving up
Christmas day for my ex-boss
here.
Jack watches this back and forth.

KATE:

You didn't seem to mind
offering to help me on
Christmas day when you were
unwrapping that Prada bag
I gave you.

LORI:

Maybe it's by the wardrobe
boxes...
Kate heads over to some tall wardrobe boxes.

JACK:

You're moving...

KATE:

Uh huh. To Paris. My firm
has an office there and
I'm going to be heading
it up.

JACK:

(stunned)
To Paris. Paris, France.

KATE:

(searching the
boxes)
That's the one...

JACK:

So you're not at a non-
profit firm?

KATE:

(a chuckle)

Not with what they pay me...

JACK:

You're not married, are you?

KATE:

No, Jack, I never got married. You?

JACK:

Not exactly...

(looking around)

Can we just take a minute here? Maybe get a cup of coffee or something...?

LORI:

(yelling)

I'll go for a cup of coffee!

KATE:

Yes!

A relieved smile from Jack...

KATE (CONT'D)

I found it!

LORI:

Congratulations. The La Guardia flight's canceled but I got you out of Kennedy on United at nine.

Am I good or what?

Jack's smile disappears as Kate hands him a sealed box marked, "Jack"...

KATE:

Here you go. It's just some old things of yours...

Jack stands here, looking at the box, then at Kate...

JACK:

Do you ever think about us, Kate? About what might

have happened...?

A bemused LAUGH from Kate. Then she sees he's not laughing...

KATE:

You're serious...

A nod from Jack...

KATE (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, Jack,
if you're ever in Paris,
look me up. Maybe we'll
go for that cup of coffee.

One of the movers passes by Jack carrying a box...

Jack looks at Kate, flush with the realization that
this isn't the same woman he knew thirteen years
ago, or left yesterday.

JACK:

Sure. Goodbye, Kate.

He leaves...

CUT TO:

126INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A scratchy Zeppelin album, the song "All Of My Love,"
fills the room. Jack, a fifth of Bushmill's by his
side, goes through the box Kate gave him.

He removes a worn leather jacket, feeling the soft
material, then a "Mondale for President" button, which
Jack smiles upon seeing, a couple Neil Young concert
ticket stubs...

He puts the leather jacket on, then sticks the Mondale
button on the lapel. He digs back into the box,
finding...

A messy, dog-eared copy of "Cat's Cradle"...not the one
Kate gave him at the airport, the one she replaced...

Jack looks at it for a moment...lost in his sadness...
then...

He looks over at the clock, it reads, "8:29."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN - ONE LAST TRY

CUT TO:

127EXT. VAN WYCK EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Jack in his Ferrari, racing down the highway at 120
MPH...

He looks at the clock, it reads, "8:46." He opens up the throttle...

128EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT, UNITED TERMINAL - MINUTES LATER
Snow is falling as Jack's car races up to the terminal then stops. He jumps out. An AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD sees him...

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD

Hey, you can't leave that there!

Jack runs into the terminal, ignoring the guard...

129INT. UNITED TERMINAL - SECONDS LATER

Jack looking at the board. The nine o'clock to Paris - Gate 8A. Jack sprints toward the gate...

130INT. UNITED TERMINAL, GATE AREA - SECONDS LATER

...and gets there just as the flight is boarding.

Jack looks through the crowd, spotting Kate near the front of the line, about to hand her ticket to the gate attendant.

He pushes through the throng of people, drawing some annoyed stares, finally making his way over to Kate.

JACK:

(calling out)

Kate!

Kate turns and sees Jack, a look of puzzlement on her face.

JACK (CONT'D)

You can't go!

KATE:

Jesus, Jack...

JACK:

Don't get on that plane!

KATE:

Jack.

JACK:

Please. Let's just go have a cup of coffee. That's all I'm asking for. I'm sure there's another flight to Paris tonight.

KATE:

What do you want from me?

You want me to tell you
everything that happened
was okay?

Jack just stands there, unsure...

KATE (CONT'D)

Well it is. Yes, I was
heartbroken ...But I got
over it. I moved on.

People change, Jack. I
changed. I don't know
why you suddenly feel the
need to revisit that time
in our lives but I assure
you, it's over...

Kate turns her back to Jack, leaving him standing
there...

He watches her walk to the podium, realizing she's
right...

He sees Kate reach the podium...hand her ticket to the
attendant...

Finally, a look of determination crosses his face...

JACK:

(at Kate)

We have a house in Jersey!

Kate turns to him with a look that could kill.

KATE:

Don't do this, Jack...

But he continues...

JACK:

We have two kids, Annie and
Josh...

...Kate looks at him, half-mortified, half-
interested...

JACK (CONT'D)

...Annie's not much of a
violin player but she
tries really hard. She's a
little precocious but that's

only because she says what's
on her mind. And when she
smiles...

Jack shakes his head, remembering, fighting back the
tears...

JACK (CONT'D)

And Josh...he has your eyes.
He doesn't say much but we
know he's smart...

(lost in the memory)

...he's always got his eyes
open, always watching us...
sometimes you can look at
him and just know that he's
learning something new...
it's like witnessing a
miracle...

Kate's expression has sifted from annoyance to
curiosity.

JACK (CONT'D)

...the house is a mess, but
it's ours...

(chuckling)

...well, after a hundred
twenty two more payments
it will be...

Jack begins walking slowly toward Kate...the world of
the airport going on around him, Jack not caring...

JACK (CONT'D)

And you...you're a non-
profit lawyer. That's right,
completely non-profit. But
that doesn't seem to bother
you...

Kate raises an eyebrow. It's something she's thought
about.

JACK (CONT'D)

And we're in love. After
thirteen years of marriage
we're still unbelievably
in love...

(with a chuckle)

You won't even let me touch
you until I've said it...

Jack gets closer and closer...Kate's spellbound now...
imagining the picture Jack's painting...

JACK (CONT'D)

...I sing to you...not all
the time but definitely on
special occasions...

Jack walks into a piece of carry-on luggage sitting by a
row of passengers...

JACK (CONT'D)

(off hand, to passenger)

Excuse me...

(to Kate)

We made a lot of sacrifices,
dealt with our share of
surprises, but we stayed
together...

Jack's nearly there...

JACK (CONT'D)

You see, you're a better
person than I am...

Not in this life, and Kate knows it...

JACK (CONT'D)

...and it made me a better
person to be around you...

Kate is perfectly still, Jack's words echoing in her
ears.

JACK (CONT'D)

Maybe it was all a
dream. Maybe I went to
bed one lonely night in
December and imagined it
all. But I swear,
nothing's ever felt more
real to me...

He's right in front of her. She can't take her eyes
off him.

JACK (CONT'D)

And if you get on that
plane right now, it'll
disappear forever.

Silence. Jack and Kate in their own little
world...airport business going on around them...

JACK (CONT'D)

I know we can both go on

with our lives. And we'd
both be fine. But I've
seen what we can be like
together...And I choose
us...

Jack's words resonate in her ears. He gently touches a
hand to her arm...

JACK (CONT'D)

Please, Kate, one cup of
coffee. You can always go
to Paris. Just please, not
tonight...

She stands there, frozen, staring into Jack's eyes,
searching for the answer.

KATE:

Okay, Jack...

DISSOLVE TO:

131INT. AIRPORT - LATE NIGHT

Jack and Kate, framed in the window of a nearly empty
airport coffee shop...through the window, we see snow
falling outside.

From a distance we see them...TALKING and LAUGHING over
a cup of coffee...

FADE OUT.