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CHAPTER ONE - EARLY HISTORY

1 INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT, PAN AM TERMINAL - NIGHT

SUPER: AUTUMN, 1987

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

JACK CAMPBELL, 22, head full of long unkempt hair, Tom Selleck mustache, 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:

1A EXT. MANHATTAN - ESTABLISHING - DAY

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

2 EXT. MANHATTAN - EARLY MORNING

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

3 INT. 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...

4 INT. 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

### 4A INT. 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...

### 4B INT. 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...

### 5 INT. JACK'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Back'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...

6 INT. JACK'S CLOSET - MORNING

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

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

7 INT. 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.

8 INT. JACK'S BUILDING, LOBBY - MORNING

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

TONY THE DOORMAN  
Merry Christmas, Mr. Campbell.

JACK  
How'd you do this year, Tony?

TONY THE DOORMAN  
About four grand. And a bottle of 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

9A EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

Jack's Ferrari racing through the park...

10 EXT. 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...

10A INT. 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:

11 INT. 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...

12 INT. 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...

13 INT. JACK'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

14 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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.

15 EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - NIGHT

A single light remains on in the building.

16 INT. 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...

17 INT. 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...

18 EXT. LASSITER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

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

19 EXT. 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...

20 INT. 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...

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...

22 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

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

Through the large windows we see snow falling...

23 INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

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

CHAPTER 4 - A DIFFERENT LIFE

DISSOLVE  
TO:

24 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

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

He turns his head to find a 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 smells,  
Rudolph laid an egg...la la  
la, la-la la la, la la la la  
la...

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

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You too, 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...

25 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

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

Jack 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 overboots 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...

26 EXT. 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...

27 INT. MINI-VAN - SECONDS LATER

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

28 INT. MINI-VAN - MINUTES LATER

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

29 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

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

JACK  
Tony, thank god...

Jack starts to walk past but Tony 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:

30 EXT. 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...

31 INT. LASSITER BUILDING, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

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

Frank spots Jack and blocks his way.

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

JACK  
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 5 - WHAT'S HAPPENING?

32 EXT. 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...

33 INT. 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.

34 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE MORNING

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

35 INT. 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!

36 INT. 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...?

37 EXT. 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 smie...

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...

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 7:30 in  
the 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: bell)  
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.

39 INT. 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...

40 INT. 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...

41 EXT. 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...

41A INT. 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...

42 INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

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

Jack'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...

43 INT. 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...

44 INT. 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:

45 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, FOYER - LATE NIGHT

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

KATE  
I better go wake my mother...

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

KATE (CONT'D)  
Here you go...

JACK  
You'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:

46 EXT. 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...

47 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kate is in bed, fast asleep.

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

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

CHAPTER 6 - BEING A PARENT

48 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light streams into the room. The clock reads,

"7:14."

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

49 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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:

50 INT. 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.

51 INT. 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...

52 EXT. 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.

53 EXT. YMCA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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

ANNIE

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

JACK

Five thirty. Okay.

ANNIE

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

JACK

Got it. Good tip.

ANNIE

Bye...

#### CHAPTER 7 - 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:

54 INT. 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...

55 EXT. 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...

56 INT. 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...

57 INT. 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:

58 INT. 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.

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

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

JACK  
(into phone)  
...I have no idea what our  
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: Jack)  
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.

60 INT. 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  
Thomas 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:

61 EXT. 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.

62 INT. 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:

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

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

Jack looks 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...

64 EXT. NEW JERSEY ROAD - NIGHT

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

65 INT. 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:

66 INT. 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.

67 INT. 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.

68 INT. BOWLING ALLEY, LOUNGE - SECONDS LATER

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

ARNIE  
(looking at Jack)  
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

69 INT. 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...

70 EXT. 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...

71 INT. 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:

72 INT. 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.

73 INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

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

74 INT. JOSH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

CHAPTER 12 - HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

75 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

Jack stops, raising an eyebrow at the gift. He looks

behind, as if to ask whether it's for him, then back to Kate.

KATE  
Happy Anniversary, honey...

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:

76 INT. 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.

77 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack is mixing a glass of chocolate milk. Annie, arms folded, is waiting expectantly. He finishes, sliding the glass to her.

She takes a long sip, puts the glass down, a chocolate milk mustache on her lip.

ANNIE  
Not bad...I shoulda warned  
you. Dad always does  
something really special for  
their anniversary.

JACK  
Like what?

ANNIE  
One year he had a solar system  
named after her...

JACK  
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.

78 INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Annie is sitting on the bed watching her mother get dressed.

Kate, wearing a silky slip, walks out of her closet carrying two dresses on hangers, a red one and a sexy little black one.

Kate holds out the two dresses to Annie.

KATE

Which do you think?

Annie thinks about it for a moment, taking it very seriously...

ANNIE

The black one...

Kate nods. She's about to put it on when she looks at Annie...

KATE  
Fighting's a part of it,  
Annie. You know that, right?

ANNIE  
I'm not worried, Mom. He's  
still learning our ways...

Kate looks at her with a raised eyebrow, then nods. It's true. She puts down the dress and holds out a hand to Annie.

KATE  
C'mere.

Kate leads her to the makeup table, then opens a lipstick...

ANNIE  
(excited)  
Really?

Kate nods then applies some red lipstick to Annie's lips.

KATE  
Now go like this...

Kate rubs her lips together, showing Annie how to do it. Annie mimics her Mom, then Kate looks at her - Annie's beaming.

KATE (CONT'D)  
You're gonna break a lot of  
hearts, you know.

A smile from Annie...

Pull back to reveal...Jack standing at the door, watching ...appreciating the kind of mother Kate is...

79 OMITTED

80 EXT. LOIRE - NIGHT

A small, elegant French restaurant hidden on a tree-

lined lower Manhattan street.

81 INT. 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...

82 INT. 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...

83 INT. 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:

84 EXT. 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...

85 INT. 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:

86 INT. 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.

87 EXT. NEW JERSEY STREET - NIGHT

The mini-van passes a sign that reads, "Welcome to Teaneck."

88 INT. 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.

89 INT. JACK'S CLOSET - MINUTES LATER

Jack, still singing, donning his Dockers and short-sleeve oxford...

89A EXT. 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...

90 EXT. 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...

91 INT. 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

92 EXT. 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:

93 INT. 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:

94 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE, JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kate, sound asleep in bed...

Pan across to Jack, his eyes wide open, lost in  
thought...

95 INT. 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:

96 EXT. 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...

96A INT. LASSITER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters, instinctively tossing the car keys to the SECURITY GUARD...the guard looks at him like he's crazy...

97 INT. 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...

98 INT. 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...

99 INT. 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: play pen)  
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 watcher 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 have 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:

100 INT. 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 for me. 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:

101 INT. 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

103 INT. 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...

104 INT. 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: New York/JFK, 10/4/87."

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...

105 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jack walks into the room...

The lights are off, Kate already in bed sleeping.

He undresses for bed, unable to take his eyes off 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:

106 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning light streams into the room. Kate opens her eyes. Jack's not in bed. A look of curiosity.

Then, she hears LAUGHTER from outside.

She goes over to the window...opens the blinds...revealing...

Jack in the backyard, LAUGHING with joy, playing in the snow with Annie and Josh.

Kate watches...a satisfied smile sweeping across her face...

107 EXT. 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 his tight.

ANNIE  
(whispering in Jack's ear)  
I knew you'd come back...

DISSOLVE  
TO:

108 INT. 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)  
Ringing my bell...

On Jack's anxious face...

109 OMITTED

#### CHAPTER FIFTEEN - SAYING GOODBYE

110 INT. 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...

111 INT. 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.

112 INT. 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...

113 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The clock reads, "11:17." Kate is already in bed as Jack walks in.

KATE  
(looking up from her book)  
Hey...

Jack approaches her, sitting on the bed...

JACK  
These 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...

114 EXT. 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...

115 INT. 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:

116 INT. 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...

117 INT. 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:

118 EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - MORNING

Jack's Ferrari speeds down the bridge, toward Jersey...

119 EXT. 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...

120 EXT. 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...

120A INT. 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:

121 INT. 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.

122 EXT. BROADWAY - DAY

Jack's limo makes its way downtown.

123 INT. 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:

123A EXT. KATE'S BUILDING - DAY

Jack's limo pulls up outside this house on Washington  
Mews...

Jack gets out...

124 INT. 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.

125 INT. 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:

126 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A scratchy Zeppelin album, the song "All Of My Love,"  
fills the room. Jack, a fifth of Bushmill's by his  
side, goes through the box Kate gave him.

He removes a worn leather jacket, feeling the soft  
material, then a "Mondale for President" button, which  
Jack smiles upon seeing, a couple Neil Young concert  
ticket stubs...

He puts the leather jacket on, then sticks the Mondale

button on the lapel. He digs back into the box, finding...

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:

127 EXT. 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...

128 EXT. 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...

129 INT. UNITED TERMINAL - SECONDS LATER

Jack looking at the board. The nine o'clock to Paris - Gate 8A. Jack sprints toward the gate...

130 INT. 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...

