

This feature presents the screenplay in synchronized playback with the final feature film. Portions of the screenplay may not correspond to what is presented in the film and conversely, the film may contain scenes not in the script. Presenting the differences between the two allows you to see into the filmmaking and screenwriting processes.

To begin, select a chapter from the list below, or click the PLAY button.

To print the entire screenplay, click PRINT THE SCRIPT.

To print the current chapter, click PRINT THIS CHAPTER.

To return to the opening menu, click ROM FEATURE MENU.

BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE - NEW YORK

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

EXT. ELEGANT TOWNHOUSE - DAY

INT. ELEGANT TOWN HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Prospective buyers, AUDREY WOODS and SARA MILLER, are being shown the outrageously expensive, sprawling house by handsome young realtor MICHAEL

RAWSON.

Elegant Audrey and hip-chic Sara would at best guess be in their mid-30's and 40's, respectively.

MICHAEL

...with total floor space of 9000 square feet, not including the garden. May I ask what you do?

SARA

Depends on the occasion. I'm rich and single.

Audrey seems disinterested and deflects Michael's question.

AUDREY

I'm just... along for the ride.

She blithely types in her Palm Pilot. Michael leads them into the dining room.

INT. ELEGANT TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM -
MOMENTS LATER

Michael continues his spiel as the ladies saunter.

MICHAEL

This view of the dining room was recently featured on the cover of Architectural Digest...

Audrey pauses to look at two painting lights with empty spaces below where painting once hanged.

AUDREY

Uh. What was hanging here?

MICHAEL

Uh...John Sergeant, I believe. Mr. Harrison has an amazing art collection. Too bad none of it comes with the apartment.

INT. ELEGANT TOWNHOUSE - DRAWING ROOM -
MOMENTS LATER

Michael points to the ornate ceiling.

MICHAEL

This ceiling was actually hand crafted by the great grandson of Charles Thorpe.

Audrey gives it a cursory glance, Sara offers...

SARA

That wasn't cheap.

MICHAEL

I guess it pays to be the emperor of infomercials. Mr. Harrison made 30 million off the Hairdo Houdini alone.

AUDREY

That much? Well well.

Inscrutable Audrey strolls away.
Michael leads them through the room. He
is now focusing on Sara who likes to be
focused on. Audrey lags behind. She
glances up at a lithograph on the wall.

MICHAEL

Now if you'll follow me into the main
bedroom.

Sara raises a naughty eyebrow to Audrey
and slides after him.

AUDREY

(interrupting; to Sara)

You know, Sara? I don't think this is
the place for you.

(to Michael)

It's kind of...complicated.

And she leaves the room abruptly.

INT. CHIC DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT - LUNCH

Close on Sara.

SARA

Cramped?

AUDREY

It's all I could think of.

CUT WIDE

To see where we are. A very different, focused Audrey is studying a worn, dog-eared copy of MANHATTAN INTERIORS. She's looking at a photo of the dining room they were just in as she rapid-fires information into her mini-recorder. Audrey is neither disinterested nor naive. She's a player at work.

AUDREY

(into recorder)

So...the Sergeants in the dining room are gone. The Cassatt over the drawing room cabinet have been replaced with a lithograph, number 139 of a 150 run. Above the grand piano is a framed poster of the East Hampton Film Festival, which is somewhat less valuable than the Sisley that used to hang there. And whatever those monstrosities are in the hallway, if they're Francis Bacon, I'm a Jimmy Dean sausage.

She clicks off the recorder. Done. She turns to Sara.

AUDREY

Yes, sir. Mr. Harrison's scam is about to unravel like a yo-yo on Ecstasy.
(her mind calculating)

I'll get millions off him.

SARA

But for somebody else. See that's the part I don't get. Where's the pleasure?

AUDREY

Winning!

Sara gives Audrey a look - "Like I needed to ask."

AUDREY

Listen, thanks for today, Mom.

SARA

Shh! Audrey, I've asked you not to use that word in public.

EXT. LAW OFFICES "KATZ, COHEN & PHELPS"
- MORNING

Establishing shot.

INT. AUDREY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Audrey is talking to her client, the slightly vague, pneumatic, 28-ish MRS. MARY HARRISON.

AUDREY

In doing my research, I've found art with an appraised value of 4.3 Million was not included in his statement of

assets. This is just one more nail in the coffin of your pre-nup.

MRS. HARRISON

The two-faced, lying, son...

AUDREY

Now Mary, you know I don't like spouse-bashing. This happens all the time. He may have hidden them, sold them... we have to find out. Luckily, I've dealt with Tom Hoffman, the opposing counsel before in similar situations. Tom's a good lawyer, but I'm wise to his game.

Audrey's junior associate, LESLIE, slips into the office and passes Audrey's note. The note disturbs her.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Audrey, Mrs. Harrison and Leslie burst through the front door of the courthouse. Audrey's mind is racing.

MRS. HARRISON

What does this mean? Is it bad?

AUDREY

No, not at all. I just means your husband has hired another attorney. That's all. His name is Daniel Rafferty.

MRS. HARRISON
Never heard of him.

AUDREY
No. Me neither.

LESLIE
He's new in town.

Mrs. Harrison suddenly looks scared and nervous. Audrey stops and takes Mrs. Harrison by both hands.

AUDREY
It's fine. Really. Relax. This is nothing to worry about. A new attorney who has never practiced in New York will never get up to speed this late in the game. I've never lost one of these. Okay? Be back in a sec.

Mary Harrison smiles, a little more at ease. Audrey's manner is so kind and comforting. Audrey strides off. The poster child for cool, legal confidence.

INT. LADIES'S ROOM - COURTHOUSE -
MORNING

Audrey dashes through the rest room, bolts into a stall, locks the door. She reaches into her briefcase, pulls out a file, jams it under her arm, rummaging

for her real quest. Hostess snowballs. She tears into the package and rips out a snowball. She stops and looks at the snowball defiantly.

AUDREY

It's fine, it's fine. It's fine. Not a problem. Not even the beginnings of the remotest inkling of a problem. It's totally fine. Okay, good. All is good.

A beat. She seems calm. Then suddenly she shoves the snowball in her mouth and devours it.

AUDREY

Right. Let's show this 'tourist' what New York's all about.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS
LATER

Audrey, completely composed, rejoins Mrs. Harrison and Leslie. She brushes past them both and smiles to Mrs. Harrison reassuringly.

AUDREY

Ready?

They follow her.

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

The courtroom is empty except for a MAN in a rumpled jacket, half-heartedly-tied tie, sitting at the respondent's table -- sound asleep. His head is tossed back, his mouth is open, his briefcase sits on the desk before him.

The three women enter and walk slowly to the petitioner's chairs, all the while watching the man sleep.

MRS. HARRISON
That's Gary's new attorney?

Leslie and Mrs. Harrison take their seats as Audrey sets down her briefcase. She considers the sleeping man a second longer.

Audrey makes her way over to DANIEL RAFFERTY. A beat. Then she pokes him with her pencil. Nothing. Audrey leans in and gingerly twiddles the pencil in Daniel's ear. He opens one eye and takes her in. She extends a hand.

AUDREY
Audrey Woods.

He looks at her intently and takes her hand, saying nothing.

AUDREY
I'm representing Mrs. Harris.

DANIEL
Audrey Woods.

AUDREY
Right. For Mrs. Harrison. I...

DANIEL
(sincerely)
I've heard good things.
(indicates his ear)
That felt nice by the way.

AUDREY
(ignoring that)
I realize you're just starting to
familiarize yourself with the case, and
I wanted to make you aware that...

Daniel is staring intently at her, then
gestures to his face.

AUDREY
What?

DANIEL
You got a little...right here.

He motions again to his mouth to show
her that she has something stuck there.
She wipes at it, but misses.

AUDREY
Thank you. As I was saying, it has come

to our attention that certain assets...

While she speaks, Daniel reaches over to her and plucks the little crumb off her chin, just under her lower lip. He examines it - a little pink coconut flake - as she tries to continue.

AUDREY

...that certain assets accumulated.

Daniel smells the flake.

AUDREY

During the marriage are not accounted for...

To Audrey's horror, Daniel puts the flake from the Hostess snowball in his mouth and nibbles it between his front teeth.

AUDREY

...and I've arrived at what I believe is an accurate estimate for the missing...

DANIEL

(identifies the flake)

Snowball.

(with a smile to Audrey)

I don't settle.

AUDREY

I didn't mention settling.

DANIEL

(ignoring her)

Unless of course you'd like to give me this...

(fingers fly on a calculator, he shows her the total)

...which is what I will earn for this trial, plus fees, then we have something to talk about.

Audrey looks at the calculator.

AUDREY

You must be joking.

DANIEL

(shrugs)

Gave it a shot. Good luck. Ms. Woods, was it?

And then he leans his chair back again and closes his eyes as his slick 50ish client, GARY (GADGET GARY) HARRISON, comes and sits at the table.

Audrey stands there a second, then heads back over to her side of the aisle and takes her seat with a confident smile.

AUDREY

Good news. Opposing counsel's insane.

Audrey opens her briefcase and takes out

her neatly ordered papers and then takes out six different colored pens and lays them neatly on the table.

Daniel glances over, fascinated at her fastidious system.

Suddenly, the door to chambers opens and JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ, an impeccably groomed Long Island princess, walks to the bench. Audrey whispers to Mary Harrison reassuringly.

AUDREY

Judge Abramovitz. Divorced. Horribly. Very tough on the men.

Audrey glances at Daniel, awake now and stretching from his nap, befuddled, gathering briefs, looking very ill-prepared.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ
Harrison vs. Harrison.

Daniel and Audrey stand, their clients beside them. Judge Abramovitz barely looks up from her papers.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ
So you've come back East, huh, Mr. Rafferty? I told you the California sun was bad for the skin.

Audrey's face freezes. What's this?

DANIEL

But I did moisturize as per your instructions, your honor.

Daniel smiles at the Judge. She stifles a smile back. There's a history here. Audrey didn't expect this.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

I'll hear your opening arguments.

AUDREY

Your honor. I would like to move for a continuance. It has come to our attention that discrepancies exist concerning the reporting of assets, namely several valuable works of art...

DANIEL

May I interject, your honor?

(to Audrey)

You mean paintings, sculpture, that kind of stuff?

AUDREY

Exactly.

Daniel thinks. The kind of power thinking that stops all activity in the room. Everyone waits. Then, he pulls out photos.

DANIEL

Paintings...like this?

He shows an 8X10 of a Degas. Audrey's eyes widen.

AUDREY

Well. Actually. Yes.

DANIEL

(more photos)

Like this... Sisley? Or this Morisot? Hm. A Cassatt? And a very good one at that. Oh, look, John Sargent.

(shows photos to pale Audrey)

Not my kind of thing. If I was him I would have given them away, too.

(Audrey gulps)

Which is what Mr. Harrison did. All of these. A while ago. Anonymously, of course - to a prominent gallery.

(shuffling more papers)

I have the paperwork here somewhere.

I'm surprised Mrs. Harrison didn't tell you, Ms. Woods. Her signature's on the donation document, too.

Audrey turns to a sheepish Mrs. Harrison, who shrugs.

DANIEL

Oh, that reminds me. Your honor? I'd like to move for a continuance. I've just retained as Mr. Harrison's counsel

and I haven't had time to fully research all aspects of the case.

(holds up piece of paper)

For instance, I have a receipt for six twenty-eight day stays at the Piney Woods Rehab Center for treatment of Mrs. Harrison's sexual addiction. I'd like to get to the bottom of that.

The judge suppresses amusement at Daniel's double entendre. Audrey stares at Mrs. Harrison, looking guilty-as-charged.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ
You've got one week.

DANIEL
Thank you, your honor.

Gavel SMACKS. Daniel doesn't bother to stack. He sloppily stuffs all the papers back in his briefcase and walks out. Audrey turns to Mary Harrison, who winces with shame.

AUDREY
Six months for sexual addiction?

MRS. HARRISON
My therapist was...very good.

AUDREY
We have to talk.

INT. AUDREY'S OFFICE - NOON

A rattled Audrey is on the phone to Sara.

AUDREY

(into phone)

It's not my fault Mary Harrison has the IQ of a dinner plate. I'd have found out how Denison disposed of the art. That's why I asked for the continuance. But this Rafferty guy beat me to it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The gorgeously sweaty Sara is pedaling on an elliptical treadmill.

SARA

(into phone)

You want him dead?

AUDREY

Mother.

SARA

I meant socially.

AUDREY

He just moved here. Besides, he doesn't seem like the type that'd care.

He's...well... I don't know. I've never been up against anyone like him. He's ver...un...some-thing. I can't tell if he just got lucky, or if he's really really good.

SARA
Maybe he's both.

Audrey shoves candy corn into her mouth.

AUDREY
Thank you, Mother.

SARA
What're you eating?

AUDREY
Vegetables.

SARA
Is this Rafferty guy cute?

AUDREY
I didn't notice. He's not your type.
He's old enough to drive.

INT. AUDREY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Leslie sticks her head in.

LESLIE
(pointing at TV)
Quick! Channel 6.

Audrey snaps it on in time to hear the TV anchor.

TV REPORTER

(on TV)

...opening arguments in the divorce of infomercial phenom, Gadget Gary Harrison.

AUDREY

(on TV)

Channel 6, Mom.

Sara flicks on her TV.

TV REPORTER

(on TV)

Harrison is being sued for divorce by his wife of 8 years. At stake? A reported 95 million dollars. We caught up with Harrison's attorney, Daniel Rafferty, earlier today outside the courthouse.

ON TV SCREEN

DANIEL

(on TV)

...we do feel, though, that Mrs. Harrison's monetary demands are outrageous. It is Mr. Harrison's products that come with a money back guarantee...not Mr. Harrison.

ON AUDREY DISGUSTED AT THE TV

AUDREY

(on phone)

Incredible. He just got in town and already he's working the press.

SARA

(on phone)

You didn't notice if he was cute?

AUDREY

Shh. Call me later.

She hangs up and concentrates on Daniel on TV.

DANIEL

(on TV)

But frankly, after this morning's opening arguments, I'm relieved. The pre-nuptial agreement will stand. Mrs. Harrison's case has about as much chance as a...

(pausing for emphasis)

Snowball...in Hell.

To the viewing public, Daniel makes the seemingly innocent gesture of wiping the corner of his mouth in a callback beat ONLY AUDREY WOULD UNDERSTAND. He's a scamp.

ON AUDREY

She catches his gesture. Her eyes narrow. She smiles.

AUDREY

Okay, Mr. Rafferty. I accept!

EXT. AUDREY'S DOORMAN BUILDING - MIDTOWN
- NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. AUDREY'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Audrey's multi-tasking. As her TV plays on of Gadget Gary's obnoxious infomercials for his "Toilet Wiz" invention, she is scrolling through data on her laptop.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It's all professional background on Daniel Rafferty.

BACK TO AUDREY

Who opens her kitchen cabinet, which is full of nothing but "Soup for One". She selects one, opens it and pops in the microwave, never taking her eyes off the Daniel data on the computer.

EXT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

Outside POV of Audrey in the kitchen, eating as she works. Hers is a solitary life.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREET - CHINATOWN - DAY

Audrey walks slowly down the block, the consummate professional, dressed in suit, scarf, etc. She consults a piece of paper with an address. She's checking street numbers. She spies the building. This can't be it.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE STREET

Audrey approaches the crummy building. Looks it over. Goes to the door next to the Chinese Grocer on the bottom floor. Sees "DANIEL RAFFERTY, ESQ. 2ND FLOOR". She buzzes. Nothing. Buzzes again. Door opens and a man comes out. She enters.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Audrey goes up the stairs. There's a door with a piece of paper taped on it with "DANIEL RAFFERTY - ATTORNEY AT LAW." THE DOOR IS AJAR. Audrey knocks.

Nothing. The door swings open.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She can't resist going in. The office is in stages of being unpacked. Boxes everywhere.

AUDREY

Hello? Mr. Rafferty?

Nothing. Audrey stands there, not quite sure what to do. She decides to leave a note. She finds a piece of paper. A cup of pencils sits on top of the file cabinet. As she reaches for a pencil, she knocks over a box of files. Damn! She scrambles to pick them up.

Then hears a voice from the stairs.

DANIEL (O.S.)

You can sign for them and leave them outside my door if I'm not here. Thanks, Benny.

His footsteps coming up the stairs. She makes a split decision. It's too incriminating. She'll run for it. She ducks through a side door, finds herself in the hall in front of a door marked EXIT. FOOTSTEPS are closer. She pushes open the door, and an ALARM SOUNDS. SHIT!

ANGLE ON DANIEL'S OFFICE DOOR - AT THAT
MOMENT

Daniel's just walked in with a sandwich.
Alarm's going off. He looks around.
Nothing...hmmm. He shrugs.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE BUILDING - BACK
STAIRS - DAY

Alarm BLARING, Audrey hurries down the
back stairs, through a door and finds
herself...

INT. THE CHINESE GROCER DOWNSTAIRS

Agitated, she grabs a bag of fortune
cookies and a bunch of junk food. She
throws \$\$\$ at the CLERK, and rushes out.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREET - CHINATOWN
- DAY

Audrey hurries away, her scarf, flapping
in the breeze.

EXT. NEW YORK BAR ASSOCIATION - DAY

LYMAN HERSH (V.O.)

...one of the great legal minds of his
or any other generation, the honorable
Solomon Steinman.

INT. NEW YORK BAR ASSOCIATION - DAY

A screen behind the dais announces THE
BRANDEIS LECTURES -- DIVORCE SEMINAR.

The auditorium is filled with the best
and brightest STUDENTS. The dais has
four LECTURES plus LYMAN HERSH, the
Moderator.

LYMAN HERSH

...and seated next to him, very kindly
stepping in at the last minute for Aaron
Swedlin, one of New York's most
successful attorneys, first in her class
at Yale and partner at Katz, Cohen and
Phelps. Audrey Woods.

Audrey sits on the distinguished-looking
panel, proud and prepared, perfectly
dressed, elegant suit, scar, etc.

Audrey acknowledges polite applause.
CRASH! A loud noise off stage. A chair
comes TUMBLING onto the stage area,
followed by a stumbling Daniel.

DANIEL

Ow! Damn!

Audrey's face falls. What in the hell?
An even more rumped Daniel puts the
chair next to Audrey on the dais and
grins.

DANIEL

Small world, huh?

LYMAN HERSH

And...another counselor kind enough to step in at the last minute. Some say there's method in his madness. Some say madness is his method. He's practiced in Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles. And I suppose practice makes perfect, because he's never lost a case.

(hearing this; Audrey shifts in her chair uneasily)

The late Daniel Rafferty.

Daniel acknowledges the audience. Audrey can't believe this. But she quickly reinstates her cool facade. Looking him over disapprovingly, she whispers to Daniel as Lyman continues.

AUDREY

Do you always look like an unmade bed?

DANIEL

Oh oh. You've either taken an immediate dislike to me for some inexplicable reason, or you're flirting with me. Which is it?

AUDREY

I'll give you a clue, you're getting warm with the first one.

DANIEL

What was the second one again?

AUDREY

(I'm not playing this game)
What are you doing here?

DANIEL

You could be at least be a bit more grateful.

AUDREY

Grateful? For what?

DANIEL

Lyman needed a replacement and asked me if I knew an interesting lawyer and... I happen to think you're very interesting.

Audrey's face.

AUDREY

You...?! I'm here because of...?

LYMAN HERSH

...our first panelist, Audrey Woods.

Audrey, reeling from Daniel's revelation, has to zap herself into public speaker mode. She shoots Daniel a parting glare as she rises to graciously move to the podium.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SCREEN BEHIND THE DAIS READING "ARE
PRE-NUPS PASSE?"

Audrey's at the podium. She's
concluding a strong forceful speech.
She's smooth, accomplished.

AUDREY

So my advice to you is, divorce doesn't
have to be agony. Look at it as chance
to examine the complex emotional
labyrinth that is the human
relationship.

It's a home run. Huge applause. Mr.
Phelps and her partners are thrilled
with her triumph. She returns to her
seat on the dais with a smug glance to
Daniel. He takes a small pack of
snowballs out of his briefcase and
offers her one. She smiles tightly. He
shrugs - OK - he takes one out and takes
a huge bite.

LYMAN HERSH

And now we'll hear from Daniel Rafferty.

Daniel gets up and quickly wipes his
mouth over animatedly. He looks to
Audrey. Any little snowflakes left
round the mouth? She turns away.

Daniel approaches the podium. The SCREEN shifts to the title of his topic: "DIVORCE AND DECEPTION".

DANIEL

What a wonderful speech, Ms. Woods. But here's how I see it. Lawyers are scum. Divorce lawyers, though, are the fungus growing beneath the scum. Divorce is the postmortem of a dead marriage. And we have to perform the autopsies to figure out why they died. We represent people who have suddenly discovered a passion for a fight that they didn't know they had in them. Here are some questions we can't ask but if you are like me you will sure want to. Where was that passion and fight when it was needed? To save the marriage? Don't ask those questions. It's not our job. So, instead, we roll up our sleeves - 'cause we're the ones who have to dig up the dirt.

Audrey is looking at him - intrigued by those comments?

DISSOLVE TO:

A HUGELY ENTERTAINED AUDIENCE

Daniel's speech is wowing 'em. Big laughter. Everyone is reveling in Daniel's anecdotes. Except for Audrey.

DANIEL

...and as the gathering of intimate information is an integral part of divorce action, surveillance is critical.

He looks to a small table by the podium.

DANIEL

Everybody loves gadgets. And the way divorces go these days, you're gonna get to use 'em. State of the art stuff to track the philandering husband or the unfaithful wife.

(picks up object the size of a pen)

For instance, a camera this small can take a picture this big...

THE SCREEN BEHIND THE DAIS FLASHES A 20 FT. PICTURE OF AUDREY WALKING DOWN DANIEL'S CHINATOWN STREET.

Realization smacks Audrey right between the eyes.

NOTE:

In the photo, the wind is blowing her scarf so her face is partially obscured, making her unrecognizable.

DANIEL

You'll agree the clarity's amazing. I'm

sure even those of you sitting in the back row can see the roses on our subject's scarf.

Horrified Audrey realizes she's wearing that exact scarf around her neck. Slowly, careful, unobtrusively, she pulls the scarf from her neck, wadding through it into her purse.

Daniel's playing games with her...gleefully.

DANIEL

No longer do we have to rely on crude convenience store video.

THE SCREEN FLASHES AN UNFLATTERING GRAINY STILL OF AUDREY IN THE CHINESE GROCER, A BIG FORTUNE COOKIES BAG OBLITERATING HER FACE ENOUGH TO MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO RECOGNIZE HER.

The aged Solomon Steinman, beside Audrey, looks at the photo, then squints at her closely. She turns away from his gaze.

DANIEL

With digital capability we can dispose of clunky closed circuit systems and achieve optimum picture quality.

THE SCREEN FLASHES A HUGE PICTURE OF

AUDREY (HAIR OBSCURING HER FACE) AS SHE APPEARS TO BE RIFLING THROUGH DANIEL'S FILES, WHEN ACTUALLY SHE WAS JUST PICKING THEM UP AFTER KNOCKING THEM OVER.

DANIEL

I'll bet the person committing this crime had no idea they were caught in the act.

THE SCREEN FLASHES QUICK FRAME BY FRAME PICTURES TELESCOPING CLOSER ON AUDREY'S HURRIED EXIT FROM HIS OFFICE.

DANIEL

Remember...none of us are in divorce law for love.

THE SCREEN ENDS ON AUDREY RUNNING FROM THE CHINESE GROCER

Generous applause. He glances over towards Audrey's seat on the dais. She's gone.

INT. SARA'S LIVING ROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

Audrey is pacing as she talks to Sara who's O.S.

AUDREY

Like him! Are you crazy!

SARA (O.S.)

Sure. But I'm also your mother - when we're not in public.

Sara enters the room, bruised under her eyes with a bandage over her nose. Audrey recoils.

AUDREY

Yeow.

SARA

(checking in a mirror)

It's a little painful, but I can see results already. My lower lids look like a teenager's. Okay, one that's been thrown through a windshield, but a teenager nevertheless.

Audrey helps Sara get comfortable on the sofa. She's done this before. Audrey's still obsessing on Daniel as she fills two glasses with ice and vodka. Audrey hands the drinks to Sara who puts them on her swollen eyes.

AUDREY

I didn't sleep a wink because of that guy. But, don't worry, I'm going to get him like he's never been gotten him before. I'll catch him with his guard down, then kick him in the body part of my choosing.

Audrey shakes out all the right pills for Sara, lays them out in sequence on the coffee table.

SARA

Just be careful. You've never lost a big case.

AUDREY

Neither has he.

SARA

And that's just...irresistible.

AUDREY

Mother.

SARA

I'm sorry.

Audrey's face.

AUDREY

That's it! I'll apologize.

SARA

To Rafferty? Why? You didn't do anything wrong.

AUDREY

Exactly. So it's the last thing he'll expect me to do. It's a perfect strategy. A sincere apology is just a manipulating tactic like...forgiveness

or... Generosity. He'll fall for it.
He's not from New York.

SARA

You're so adorable when you get all warm
and fuzzy.

Audrey gives her mother a withering
look, then leaves, excited about her
mission.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - LATE DAY

A hand knocking on the door. Daniel, in
jeans and T-shirt, opens the door to
Audrey. She smiles sweetly.

AUDREY

I came to apologize.

DANIEL

You're bothering to knock? Don't you
usually just break and enter?

AUDREY

Hysterical. And I didn't break and
enter. If you review your surveillance
tape -- just how paranoid are you, by
the way? It's clear your office was
open and my intention was to have a
meeting. My apology is for any
confusion.

She hands him a present. Daniel is

caught off guard.

DANIEL

I don't know what to say.

AUDREY

"Come in" would be nice.

DANIEL

Come in.

She does, breezily surveying the mess that is his place.

AUDREY

Actually, you're lucky I don't sue you for injury sustained when your file box fell on me... I cite Gibbon v. Masters -- treacherous conditions in the workplace.

DANIEL

You sustained injury?

AUDREY

I broke a nail. Open your present.

Daniel opens the present. It's a tie.

DANIEL

Very nice.

AUDREY

I thought you'd enjoy owning one without

a stain.

DANIEL

Interesting presumption. You gave a good speech yesterday by the way. Very provocative. The 'butter wouldn't melt' guide to divorce.

AUDREY

I take the high road. I use law, not cheap theatrics.
Daniel looks at her a long time, sizing her up.

DANIEL

Okay, a meeting's a good idea. So, let's get on with it.

He whips off his T-shirt. Now she's caught off-guard.

AUDREY

Excuse me?

DANIEL

Let's meet over dinner.
(putting on his shirt)
And since you initiated it, protocol dictates you should take me, don't you think?

AUDREY

No, I don't think.

DANIEL

Or we can eat here. I have Snickers.

She glares at him, whips open her cellphone and dials.

AUDREY

(on cellphone)

Leslie? Would you book my table at the Four Seasons?

Daniel shakes his head "no", closing her phone for her.

DANIEL

No no. My choice.

AUDREY

As long as it's not outside. Sixty-five percent chance of rain tonight. There's a low pressure system coming out of the northwest.

(off his look)

I watch the Weather Channel.

DANIEL

Could you be more fascinating?

INT. CUBAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Full of fun-loving Cubans. A Cuban band plays a tuneless number on a makeshift stage at one end. Up on the balcony we manage to find Daniel and Audrey seated

at their table, meal finished. Audrey stays above all the wildness, conversing with an amused Daniel as if they were at Four Seasons Grill Room. A WAITRESS comes over.

DANIEL
Two Huevo de Chivo, please.

WAITRESS
(a sly smile)
Huevo de Chivo? With the Huevos?

DANIEL
Si.

The waitress leaves.

DANIEL
God, I love this place. So romantic, no?

AUDREY
No. So what was all that high morality 'passion within a marriage' crap you were spouting?

DANIEL
Well, don't you ever want to slap your clients and tell them to go home and sort it out?

AUDREY
Actually, no. Every case I handle

convinces me further that marriage is
dead in the water.

DANIEL
(knowingly)
I see.

She looks at him.

AUDREY
I see?

DANIEL
Yup.

AUDREY
That's it. You see?

DANIEL
Yes I do. I see a lot. You dating
anyone?

AUDREY
You see a lot. Am I dating anyone? Boy
these are the segues, folks.

DANIEL
I don't think you are.

AUDREY
Oh, this is what you see? You see that
I couldn't be dating anyone? I could be
dating mister. Trust me. Okay? I
could be dating a whole big deal. I

could be lobbying for a twelve day week
I'm dating that much. Okay?

He is looking at her. He throws his
arms in the air.

AUDREY
What is this? What is this arms in the
air - I rest my case thing. What is
that?

DANIEL
You're not dating.

Audrey folds her arms.

DANIEL
Why not?

AUDREY
Okay. Since you ask.

DANIEL
You're beautiful...

AUDREY
...what is dating anyway?

DANIEL
Intelligent...

AUDREY
...it's trial marriage.

DANIEL

And you have the most -- trial marriage?
But I thought marriage was dead in the
water.

AUDREY

And that's why I don't date. Subject
closed.

A beat. Curiosity gets the better of
her.

AUDREY

So. How about you?

DANIEL

How about me what?

AUDREY

Are you dating?

DANIEL

I thought you just closed that subject.

AUDREY

I just re-opened it.

DANIEL

I see.

She looks at him. You used that line
already.

DANIEL

You mean apart from tonight?

AUDREY

This is not a date. This is a...
meeting.

DANIEL

Seriously?

AUDREY

Yes, seriously. My first response is
always the truth. It's a rule I live by
personally and professionally. A
person's first response is what they
truly feel.

DANIEL

Very profound. Couldn't agree more.
But can we reach a compromise. Call it
an intimate meeting?

AUDREY

Intimacy doesn't change a thing.
Business is business.

DANIEL

You don't mean that.

AUDREY

Oh boy! Don't think you can analyze me
with your dishevelled, bohemian, my
socks don't match therefore I have
insight into all things whacko mindset.

And as the waitress arrives between them with two Huevos.

AUDREY

There are no psychoanalytical shortcuts into my pants, okay?

She looks up at the waitress staring at her. A moment. The waitress looks up at Daniel. He smiles.

DANIEL

(to the waitress)
Hold that thought.

WAITRESS

Dos Huevo de Chivos.

The waitress leaves, smirking. Audrey looks down at the two small glasses on the table. Each about 3/4 full of OPAQUE BROWN LIQUID.

AUDREY

Oh, look. Medical waste in a glass. No umbrella?

DANIEL

I'm buying you this drink to celebrate the huge settlement I'm going to be landing tomorrow in this divorce case I'm working on.

AUDREY

Save your money. You'll need it for the therapy to work through your first humiliating defeat.

DANIEL

Okay, you have to drink this. It's an old tradition I learned in Cuba. Before a duel, the two opponents drink the Huevo de Chivo together. It means 'Just because I'm trying to kill you doesn't mean I don't love and respect you.'

He lifts the glass to her.

DANIEL

Huevo de Chivo!

His face. Her face. Guantlet laid down. Daniel's shot goes down smoothly. Audrey's gets caught about halfway down and chokes her. She makes a few terrible convulsions, then a huge cough. Something flies out of her mouth and bounces off the table and onto the floor.

AUDREY

Aaaghhhhh! What the? Good God!

(coughs)

What the hell was that?!

Laughing, Daniel picks the projectile up off the floor, shows it to her. It's a small red oblong. All soft and wet.

DANIEL

Huevo de Chivo. Goat's Nut.

AUDREY

Goat's nut?! I just had a goat's nut!
In my mouth!!

Disgusted, she gulps her water. And
kicks him.

DANIEL

Hey, hey, hey. It's a cherry. A
maraschino cherry.

He shows her the cherry, swishes it
around in his water glass, drops it back
into her drink. They exchange a long
hard look. He smiles.

DANIEL

Too much for you?

AUDREY

Not at all. Let's have another?

DANIEL

No no no. This stuff's lethal.

Audrey's face.

AUDREY

Really! Waitress!!

SAME RESTAURANT - LATER

There are now four empty upturned glasses in front of each of them and three more Goat's Nuts sit before her. Three sit before Daniel. They are squared off, like Matador and Bull. Audrey and Daniel toss the drinks back perfectly and competitively.

Audrey finishes first. Plunks the glass down on the table.

AUDREY

Ha!

Then there's a CLAP OF THUNDER. They look at each other.

DANIEL

Did you bring an umbrella, Mrs. Weather Channel?

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Audrey and Daniel stand flagging a taxi in the rain. They are drenched from the rain.

DANIEL

You said sixty-five percent. If you said eighty-five, or ninety.

AUDREY

(profound; but slurring)
Yes! And it is precisely that
twenty-five percent...extra...that you
need and I don't, that is going to be
the difference between how you and I
need... Different... Percentages...
Because my solid sixty-five and your
eighty-five is the twenty percent that
is... Okay, I'm a little drunk.

DANIEL
Well, at least we'll be equally hung
over when we see Judge Abramovitz in the
morning.

AUDREY
Yeah. You and her. What's up with
that?

A TAXI pulls up. Daniel steps out to
open the door for Audrey. She steps out
from under the awning to get it. She
opens and shuts her mouth a few times.

AUDREY
Wurgh! My mouth has gone numb!
(pats mouth Indian style)
Mnum Mnum. Can't feel a damn thing.

She looks at him. It's raining on them.

AUDREY
Can you?

He looks at her for a brief second and then leans in and gently presses his lips against hers.

DANIEL

Well, I felt that okay.

AUDREY

Hey, I'm not...you shouldn't have...

DANIEL

Did you?

She is looking straight at him. She seems to take a long slow intake of breath as if her whole body and inner should is relaxing despite herself.

A beat as they stand by the open taxi door with the rain falling on them. Then they fly together like magnets, pulled into a wild kiss. Then, they abruptly separate. They lock eyes defiantly.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON FLOOR

The front doors open. Intertwined feet stumble in. The SOUNDS of kissing, fumbling. Zipping. The two bodies fall out of frame. After a beat, his wet jacket THWACKS on the floor. Followed

by hers. His shirt. Her dress. A shoe
flies through frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

MORNING LIGHT

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

PAN OVER to the rumpled bed to find
Audrey who looks like she was flung over
onto it by a Tilt-a-Whirl. Bedraggled.
Disheveled.

Daniel enters carrying an armful of
laundry. Audrey opens an eye, then
suddenly realizes where she is. She
sits up.

AUDREY
Oh God. What've I done?

DANIEL
We're due in court in 45 minutes. Your
clothes are in the dryer.

AUDREY
The dryer?

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Audrey, hung way over, is wrapped in a
sheet fishing her hot, misshapen
clothing out of the dryer. She pulls

out her blouse, skirt, jacket, bra
and...nothing else. She's missing her
panties. She double checks the dryer.
Nothing. Looks around the floor. Nope.

AUDREY

(to herself)

I wore panties. That much I remember.

(calls to Daniel)

Did you put everything in the dryer?

DANIEL (O.S.)

Yeah. You missing something?

AUDREY

Uh...well...nevermind.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Audrey's clothes have shrunk. She's
trying to salvage her hair. She looks
like she's been drunk for a week. But
she's pulling it together in
Audrey-like fashion. Trying to deal
with the situation. She calls to the
bathroom.

AUDREY

Uh. Hmm. Er, did I do anything last
night that I might regret?

DANIEL

(in the bathroom)

I hope not.

AUDREY

Oh dear. Oh no, okay, okay.

She pulls herself out of her self-preservation mode and attempts to hit her stride again.

AUDREY

Well, at least we will both arrive in court looking like hell.

The bathroom door opens and Daniel steps out. Perfect. Impeccably groomed. The suit looks as if Mr. Armani tailored it himself. He's wearing the tie Audrey gave him.

DANIEL

Ready?

Audrey tries to grasp this.

AUDREY

Oh c'mon! How dare you!

DANIEL

You said I always look like crap. I was just trying to...you know. Don't you like it? The tie goes great.

Audrey's face. Is this a tactic?

AUDREY

Let's just...go.

DANIEL

By the way, why aren't you married?

AUDREY

No one's ever asked.

And we leave them looking at each other.
Digesting that.

AUDREY (V.O.)

Ninety-seven million dollars, your
honor...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

We are on Daniel's face in court as he
listens to Audrey. Audrey and Daniel
are in the thick of battle.

AUDREY

...and yet he is trying to hold my
client to a penurious pre-nuptial which
we have shown is clearly suspect. Mary
Harrison is entitled to at least half of
his assets and a continuing percentage
of profits from the corporation.

DANIEL

You don't mean that.

AUDREY

What?

DANIEL

I'm sorry to interrupt, Ms. Woods.
(he stands and approaches)

But are you suggesting that because the number is so large your client is entitled to more than was agreed upon in the pre-nup? Because that was not your position last night. Assuming you remember last night's... Position.

Audrey bristles. Where's he going with this?

AUDREY

I am speaking this morning of two people who were husband and wife. Two people who shared their lives for eight years. A wife who in their most intimate moments inspired her husband to create his greatest invention.

DANIEL

But what did you say to me? It was brilliant. I wrote it down...

He pulls out of his pocket and carefully holds in his fist what looks like a blue napkin. But what Audrey can recognize only are her blueprints. The veins almost pop in her face.

DANIEL

Here it is...

He unfolds her panties. NOT ENOUGH TO
REVEAL WHAT THEY ARE.

DANIEL
(reading)
"Intimacy doesn't change a thing.
Business is business."

AUDREY
(explodes)
How dare you...

Judge Abramovitz slams her gavel.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ
Okay, okay. Here's how I see it.
According to the State of New York, Mrs.
Harrison signed a prenuptial agreement
that no one has proven to me is flawed
in any way. So the court finds the
document holds and assets shall be
divided according to its provisions.
Good day. And whatever you two got
going on. Take it outside.

She bangs her gavel. Mr. Harrison pumps
Daniel's hand.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Audrey, ever the professional, is
dutifully inscrutable. Head held high
as she leaves the courthouse. Daniel is

off to the side, talking to a REPORTER.
This doesn't help her mood. She walks
the other way. Daniel sees her, cuts
off his interview, pursues her.

DANIEL
Audrey. Wait.

She stops, turns on him. She holds him
in a fierce stare.

AUDREY
Counselor, you are now functioning in a
morality free-void where all bets are
off.

DANIEL
You don't get it, do you? I just paid
you the ultimate compliment.

AUDREY
Compliment?!

DANIEL
You forced me to play dirtier in there
than I've ever had to before. That's
how good you are.

AUDREY
Save the LA schmooze for Judge Judy.
You owe me an apology.

He looks at her.

DANIEL

Like the apology you gave me last night?

He lifts a knowing eyebrow. He's got her there. And he knows she knows it. Then her facile mind starts spinning.

AUDREY

Okay, I was trying to soften you up. Then I let you seduce me. So you'd think you had the upper hand.

DANIEL

You let me seduce you? You let me?!

AUDREY

Oh, are you wounded, Mr. Rafferty?

DANIEL

Hey, last night was very special. There's no need to trash it just because I beat you.

AUDREY

You need to toughen up a little. If I got bruised by every lawyer I bagged I'd be living in a padded cell in Bellevue by now.

She jams her hand in his coat pocket and retrieves her panties.

AUDREY

Finished with these?

She walks off, leaving Daniel digesting what he just heard.

SARA (V.O.)
Bagged?

INT. TRENDY STORE - DAY

Sara, looking better, is clothes shopping. Audrey tags along. Audrey's not a shopper.

SARA
You actually used the word "bagged?"

AUDREY
I know. Right on the courthouse steps. The twenty-first century. Scandalous.

SARA
(excited)
Wow - how many have you bagged?

AUDREY
None. But that's not the point, either.

SARA
Shhh! Audrey. Look at me.
(she does)
I don't know why you have developed this inability to admit when you are attracted to someone. But it's not healthy. And you know it. And one day

I promise you will wake up and see a wedding ring on your finger and you will be the happiest person on earth to be married.

AUDREY

I am not attracted to him. I just hate that dealing with him had to get so... low down.

SARA

You decided to practice divorce law. What point did you think it would get really classy?

Sara selects a couple of garments. She spies some dresses.

SARA

Ooh. The new Serenas.

Sara crosses to the designers section.

AUDREY

Whose?

SARA

Serena. She's the hottest new designer out there.

AUDREY

Never heard of her.

SARA

'course you have. She's married to Thorne Jamison.

AUDREY
Who?

SARA
Lead singer for the Needles? Just signed a huge recording contract? 80 zillion or something...

Sara sighs rapturously at a particularly slinky Serena gown.

SARA
Serena understands that the last thing to go on a woman are her shoulders.

AUDREY
She's bound to win the Nobel prize.

Sara heads off for the changing room. Audrey studies a slinky Serena jacket. But her mind is on her Mom's little advice speech. She goes a little distant and unknowingly holds the Serena jacket up to herself in the mirror. Would she look nice in this? Would Daniel think she looked nice in it. She checks herself.

AUDREY
Ugh. Focus, Audrey.

INT. COURT CHANNEL STUDIOS - DAY

Daniel. Relaxed, funny. His comfortable rumples self again. He's juts made the host laugh heartily.

DANIEL

(on TV)

...well actually Mr. Harrison said I inspired one of his new inventions. Watching me crumple papers trying to shove them in my briefcase made him come up with this device called the Paper Pusher.

HOST

You get a cut of that?

DANIEL

No. No. Winning Gary's case was enough.

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Audrey watches the TV, grimacing. She's sitting alone in her bed. Laptop and legal pads, crumpled paper spread out before her, eating the middle out of Oreos.

DANIEL

(on TV)

It certainly put me on the map here. The last month or so has been crazy.

Busiest I've ever known.

HOST

Yes, and your courtroom tussles with Councilor Audrey Woods are becoming quite the talk in legal circles.

DANIEL

Audrey Woods is the finest attorney I've ever met. I can only aspire to become as clever. She's wonderful. Audrey feigns a scoff at this. But can't help being flattered.

HOST

And you've just published this book on divorce?

She holds up FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

DANIEL

That's right.

AUDREY

Book?! Book?! What book!? When does he write books!!

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A few weeks later...

Lots of ONLOOKERS, PRESS. Hub-bub everywhere.

TV REPORTER

(into camera)

Outside New York's biggest divorce trial since Gary Denison's last April. The case of basketball legend Adamo Shandela, and his wife Irene. A trial which has two of the city's top divorce pitbulls, Audrey Woods and Daniel Rafferty against each other again... The verdict was just handed down. (holds her earpiece)
Wait. I'm told he's on his way out.

The Reporter joins a crush of press trying to get near ADAMO SHANDELA and his attorney, Audrey.

TV REPORTER

Adamo! How does it feel to have the verdict go your way?

ADAMO

I just feel lucky to have the best lawyer in New York on my side, 'know what I'm sayin'?

TV REPORTER #2

Ms. Woods? In a case that had to reveal so much indelicate information about the petitioner's private life, you've been commended on your above-board tactics. Can you comment on that?

AUDREY

It's all about doing your homework,
researching every aspect of the law,
burning the midnight oil. One has to be
ready for anything. If there's one
thing I've learned it's... Don't get
caught in court with your pants down.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Daniel watches Audrey on the news. His
eyes narrow. She's very good. He likes
that a lot.

INT. JUDGE WITHERS' COURTROOM - DAY

AUDREY

Objection, your honor. Counsel as usual
is making assumptions.

JUDGE WITHERS

Overruled, Ms. Woods...

Audrey scowls. Daniel smirks.

GAVEL BANG CUT TO:

DANIEL

Opposing counsel is clearly kidding
herself if she believes that...

JUDGE WITHERS

Irrelevant, Mr. Rafferty.

Daniel scowls. Audrey smirks...

GAVEL BANG CUT TO:

AUDREY

Objection, your honor. Counsel is badgering...

GAVEL BANG CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE BAKER'S COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE BAKER

The video tapes are irrelevant, Mr. Rafferty.

GAVEL BANG CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE ABRAMOVITZ' COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

Motion denied again, Ms. Woods.

GAVEL BANG CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE WITHERS' COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE WITHERS

Get off the desk, Mr. Rafferty!

(bangs gavel)

Mrs. Woods, the court is not interesting in your opinion of Mr. Rafferty's choice of socks.

GAVEL BANG CUT TO:

INT. JUDGE BAKER'S COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE BAKER

Counselor! Ms. Woods capacity for alcohol is of no relevance to these proceedings!

BANG BANG BANG!

INT. JUDGE WITHERS' COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE WITHERS

Bailiff!

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!

INT. JUDGE ABRAMOVITZ' COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

Counselors! If I want to sit through personal attacks, yelling and foul language -- I'll spend the day with my family in Scarsdale. I come to court for civilized behavior, understand!?

Audrey and Daniel give each other a look.

AUDREY & DANIEL

Yes, your honor.

INT. AUDREY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Audrey is in usual work mode: sweats, surrounded by junk food, paperwork and crumpled piles of legal paper. She works and watches TV. The Court Channel currently featuring Daniel pontificating. Resting on her chest is an open copy of Daniel's book - For Better Or Worse - a guide to a happy divorce.

DANIEL

(on TV)

...well, there have been several cases over the years that have disproved almost all and every given theory on this issue. The law is muddy at best and misleading at worst in a lot of instances...

The phone rings. She looks at it. She can feel it is him. She doesn't answer.

AUDREY'S OGM (O.S.)

It's Audrey. I'm not here right now, so leave a message...

AUDREY

And even if I was here I wouldn't take calls from you...

DANIEL (O.S.)

(on answering machine)

We both know that isn't true...

Audrey jumps in shock and stares at the phone as if it is an Alien.

AUDREY
(he could hear that)
Hah!

She works it out. He was responding to the OGM.

AUDREY
Okay, okay...

DANIEL (O.S.)
(leaving message)
Sorry to bother you but it's very overcast downtown here and I just wondered if you had any inside track from the 'weather channel' on exactly what time it's going to start raining.
(beat)
Okay, look, if you want me to leave you alone, I will. But for the record I think it's a shame.

She puts her hand out to the phone.
Hesitates...

DANIEL
Take care.

She grabs the phone and mutes him on TV.

INTERCUT

AUDREY
Hello?

DANIEL
Oh, you're in.

AUDREY
I have just picked up the phone to tell
you to leave me alone.

DANIEL
I just said I was going to leave you
alone.

AUDREY
I know. And I'm just telling you I want
you to.

DANIEL
I don't believe that.

AUDREY
Trust me.

DANIEL
On the first bit or the second bit.

AUDREY
Both.

DANIEL
I'm confused.

AUDREY
What about?

DANIEL
I'm not sure. Can you send me a tape of
this?

AUDREY
Don't be ridiculous.

DANIEL
Have dinner with me.

AUDREY
I'm not hungry.

DANIEL
I didn't mean right now.

AUDREY
Neither did I!

The door slams OFF-SCREEN.

SARA (O.S.)
Honey!

Audrey reacts.

AUDREY
I have to go.

She hangs up. In a deft move, she
sweeps all of the junk detritus out of

sight and flops on the sofa and un-mutes the TV as Sara enters. Sara is dressed like an 18-year old in Frankie B jeans and Thorne Jamison and The Needles rock & roll T-shirt.

SARA

(looks around)

This is how you're spending your Saturday night? Eating junk food and watching the Great Satan?

AUDREY

He's always on. The Court Channel's become the Daniel Channel. All Rafferty, all the time.

(flicks it off)

And I'm not eating junk food.

SARA

(grabs Audrey's hand)

Cheeto fingers. So why are you watching him? There are one hundred and eleventy-six other channels. I'm surprised he hasn't called you.

She lets that sit for a second.

SARA

(shows two tickets)

I have tickets to Thorne Jamison and The Needles. Let's go.

AUDREY

To a rock concert? Sex, drugs and rock
'n' roll is your thing, Mother, not
mine.

INT. DOWNTOWN NY THEATER - NIGHT

Loud, crowded and obnoxious. Cocky
rocker sex-God Thorne Jamison is putting
on quite a show.

ANGLE ON STRESSED AUDREY

In agony from the blisteringly loud
music. Sara is thrashing to the beat.
Audrey's miserable. She pushes her way
out of the pit of WRITHING FANS.

EXT. ALLEYWAY BESIDE THEATER - NIGHT

Music thumping in the B.G., Audrey gulps
in some air. Hears something. Soft
sobbing. She looks around and sees a
YOUNG WOMAN crumpled in the corner,
kicking the wall she's crying against.

AUDREY

Are you okay?

(shakes head "no")

Do you want to talk about it?

("no"; offers tissue)

Okay, well...

YOUNG WOMAN

He's an asshole! I hate him! He screws

everything! I may as well not exist.
I'm either going to have to divorce him,
or KILL HIM!

AUDREY

Okay, can I give you a little advice?
You're very young. Relationships take
work. Lots of couples go through bad
patches. But there are ways to get
through them. Divorce should always be
the last resort. Trust me, I know.

YOUNG WOMAN

Okay, so I'll have to kill him!
(beat)
Are you married?

AUDREY

Uh, no...No. Let's just say I know a
little bit about this stuff.

The Young Woman looks at Audrey closely,
then she adjusts Audrey's peasant-style
blouse, pulling it off her.

YOUNG WOMAN

You're wearing my blouse wrong. It's
supposed to be off the shoulder. You've
got great shoulders.

AUDREY

You're...Serena?
(Serena nods; "yes")
So your husband's...

SERENA

...the Neanderthal onstage? Yep.

Audrey's mind shifts gears effortlessly.

AUDREY

Let me give you my card.

INT. AUDREY'S OFFICE - DAY

Serena sits across from her, swathed in her own couture.

AUDREY

I just want you to know, Mrs. Jamison, if you should choose Katz, Cohen and Phelps, I take care of my clients. We are considered the Tiffany's of New York law firms.

SERENA

Yeah? I wish it was Home Depot. Then you could rip his heart out with a chainsaw.

AUDREY

Well...there's that approach, too.

A CHAMPAGNE CORK POPS OFF-SCREEN

INT. POWER RESTAURANT - DAY

It's one all the lawyers frequent.

Audrey sits with Mr. Phelps, Katz, Cohen and a COUPLE OTHER LAWYERS. She looks like a million bucks in the sexy Serena jacket she bought while shopping with Sara. Phelps raises his glass to Audrey.

MR. PHELPS
Congratulations!

EVERYONE
(joining the toast)
Here, here!

MR. PHELPS
Here's to Audrey's new client, Serena.
May she bring...

AUDREY
Ssh! Not so loud, it's not definite yet!

Laughter. Audrey is happy. Much camaraderie - then a WAITER APPEARS.

WAITRESS
The gentlemen asked me to send you this.

He puts down a glass. A GOATS NUT.
With an umbrella in it!

AUDREY

Eyes wide, she looks around and scours

the restaurant. Through in the far section sits Daniel. He smiles, waves.

PHELPS

What in God's name?

AUDREY

You've never had a Goat's Nut?

PHELPS

Can't say I have.

Audrey smiles to herself. No, Phelps wouldn't. She looks up towards him again just in time to see Daniel rising to his feet as the Maitre D' arrives at his table with Serena.

Audrey's face sets. She is immediately up on her feet and leaves the table. Phelps picks up her drink and holds it up to the light to peruse the maraschino cheery. Katz and he study the drink.

PHELPS

You think that's really a Goat's Nut in there?

Audrey arrives at Daniel's table with a steely smile. Daniel seems genuinely delighted to see her.

DANIEL

Ms. Woods...Celebrating? Care to join

us?

AUDREY

I just wanted to say hello to Serena.

DANIEL

Oh, you're a fan. Let's face it, who isn't. Serena, this is Audrey Woods. Serena is my new client. She's getting divorced. Sadly.

AUDREY

Yes. I know.

DANIEL

Do you? Well, these things make the papers.

AUDREY

No, I know because up until thirty seconds ago I thought she was going to hire me to represent her.

Daniel's face shows genuine shock at this.

AUDREY

Good look, counselor. You practice that one in the mirror?

DANIEL

(confused)

Um...

SERENA

(somewhat embarrassed)

Listen, I decided to use someone else...

DANIEL

Wait, is there something...

SERENA

Thing is, in that meeting you were all up in that "high road, keep it clean, no need to get ugly" stuff.

(Serena points to Daniel)

Then I read his book. Danny's what I want. He'll cut Thorne's balls off and give them back as earrings.

DANIEL

(interrupts)

In all fairness, Serena, it should be noted that Ms. Woods is more than capable of cutting a man's balls off.

Audrey glares at him.

DANIEL

That came out wrong.

SERENA

(gently to Audrey)

Uh...and just so you know. That jacket wasn't designed to be worn with a belt.

Audrey turns on her heel and stalks back to her table.

A LITTLE LATER IN LUNCH

Audrey hasn't touched her food. The mood at her table is deadly. The Partners are trying to do everything to distract Audrey from staring at Daniel and Serena, who are laughing and having a blast. Phelps tries anything.

MR. PHELPS

So...it turns out that thing was only a maraschino cherry, huh?

But Audrey's attention is riveted on Daniel. She sees him excuse himself from the table. She's up and after him. The Partners brace themselves. Daniel walks into the men's room. Audrey goes after him --

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel stands at the urinal next to ANOTHER MAN. There's an ever present TINKLING sound echoing off the marble. Audrey arrives. She addresses Daniel, talking past the MAN who stands between them. He looks back and forth like a tennis match --

AUDREY

You stole Serena to spite me.

DANIEL

Come on, cubicle two is free, I believe...and I did not steal anything. She read my book and came to me. I mean it.

AUDREY

I don't think you mean anything you say.

DANIEL

Well that is going to have to remain your problem, I'm afraid. But I don't lie. I don't approve of it. When have I ever lied to you?

Audrey's mind races. The fact that she can't remember makes her more mad.

AUDREY

Well...let me tell you something. If you're taking this case to mess with me, it's gonna get ugly!

DANIEL

(gesturing to moment)

Uglier than this? And let me tell you something, if I may. If you were able to turn down your self-serving paranoia to a gentle simmer for a brief moment, you might discover that you and I could actually co-exist quite successfully. And I'm not talking professionally.

He walks to the door. As he passes her

--

DANIEL

Don't forget to wash your hands.

Daniel exits. Audrey turns to MAN,
who's still peeing.

AUDREY

What are you -- going for a new world
record?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Thorne walks across the lobby and is
besieged by an army of FEMALE FANS. As
he signs autographs, AUDREY IS THERE.
He calls over to an unseen aide --

THORNE

See this Barry, I got classy fans, too.
(to Audrey)
And what might you want?

AUDREY

You.

THORNE

Oh, nice opening line. I like that.
Direct. No BS. Just how I like it.
Okay, tell me what we're working with,
dollface.

AUDREY

Okay, here's what we're working with,
doll face. You have a devoted,
hard-working wife at home yet you cheat,
lie, blow your money on strippers and
whores - and you finally abandon her
leaving her no option but to file for
divorce.

He gapes at her directness.

AUDREY

(smiles; pleasant)

That's opposing counsel's opening line.
Direct. No bs. Just how you like it.
And your wife's hired the second best
divorce lawyer in the city.

(handing him her card)

So, you are going to need someone to
tell your side of the story however
sordid it is and make you seem like
strawberry shortcake.

THORNE

I like strawberry shortcake.

Audrey's face. What?

THORNE

And I like your style. You know what I
think? We should continue this
conversation back at my pad.

AUDREY

You know what I think? I think you

should leave the thinking to me.

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Audrey sits at her laptop. On screen is a page from Amazon.Com Which shows info on the sales of the Needles records over the past year.

INT. KATZ, COHEN & PHELPS LAW FIRM -
AFTERNOON

ASSISTANTS, YOUNG LAWYERS and staff from other companies in the building peer into the conference room, starstruck --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The settlement hearing between Thorne and Serena is in progress. A weary Audrey and an apoplectic Thorne are on one side of the table. Exhausted Daniel is trying to calm the high strung Serena.

SERENA

His investments? HIS?! Before I came along the only business decision he made was whether to pay a hooker with cash or credit card.

AUDREY

(cuts her off)

Mr. Rafferty. You did explain to your

client that the purpose of a settlement hearing is to avoid pain, not inflict it?

THORNE

Pain?! I'll cause her so much pain she'll wish she'd never been hatched!

DANIEL

(calmly)

Perhaps, Ms. Woods, you should advise your client that documentable violence makes my job so much easier.

SERENA

(unleashing more venom)

Threats, my ass! Can't we just skip to the part where you cut his balls off!

DANIEL

(offended)

Serena. We'll have plenty of time to enumerate Mr. Jamison's injustices. If we could convince Ms. Woods to go through the motions of discussing assets?

Audrey starts to speak, but Thorne explodes.

THORNE

Assets?! She doesn't have any. I'm the one who spits up the money for those dishrags she slaps together!

SERENA

Dish rags! Tell that to Nicole Kidman.
She wore my dishrags to the Oscars!!

AUDREY

I'm sure Mr. Rafferty will agree that
we're not going to get anywhere without
some degree of consideration from --

SERENA

Consideration?! Consideration from him?
I'm his goddman wife and he didn't even
have the courtesy to tell me when he got
a skull and crossbone pierced through
the tip of his --

Daniel shuts her down immediately.

DANIEL

I've got all I need.

AUDREY

(anxious to get out)
I'm good.

Thorne flies out in a rage. Then
Serena. A rattled Daniel follows. Then
Audrey. They look at each other with
the same compassion for the other to
have to deal with clients like these.

AUDREY

Good luck.

DANIEL
Likewise...

They exchange a look. Was that a moment? They withdraw and refuse to let it be one.

AUDREY & DANIEL
See you in court.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Daniel's been trying to pull pertinent info out of Serena. Not easy. He rubs his eyes as he shows her papers...

DANIEL
Those figures look right to you? Would that be close to what he's worth?

Serena looks at the document again.

SERENA
I don't know. Look, forget it. I'm not interested in his money. I make a good living. There's only one thing I want.

DANIEL
And what is that?

SERENA
Caislean Cloiche.

DANIEL

(thumbing through papers)

Yes. I saw that somewhere. What is it?

SERENA

The most magical place on Earth. Our castle in Ireland

INT. CASTLE BANQUET HALL - DAY

Thorne is giving a tour of the interior of CAISLEAN CLOICHE, an Irish castle. It's typical "cribs" camera work, handheld and quick cut. It was shot a few years ago. So Thorne is less polished than we see him today.

THORNE

(on Cribs)

...and in here's where they used to like, eat and have banquets. It's an absolutely gothic place to jam. So, it's like I've just replaced the chicken drumsticks with...drum sticks. The acoustics are off the hook.

(wails a note)

Oh, and check this out...

INT. CASTLE DUNGEON - DAY

THORNE

(still on Cribs)

This was the dungeon where they killed people and stuff. You know, hung them

and pulled bits off them if they were out of order. There's all little bits of bones here and there. We're going to turn it into this really funky sort of combination, spa, jacuzzi - fun and general cleansing and relaxation area.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - DAY

THORNE

(more Cribs)

And we've got, I dunno, like a hundred bedrooms. I dunno, maybe even less. One's a recording studio. Serena uses one for her hobbies and shit. She likes to sew stuff.

Younger pre-chic designer Serena appears and plants a trashy liplock on Thorne.

SERENA

Hey, baby.

THORNE

Yeah, so it's got real history to it and goes right back to people who were, y'know, historic. Like Braveheart and all his pals. And kings and other olden day people like that would come here. To...there's this one story that...a King came here and he, the other king, the one who lived here, he, er, see what happened was... the first king got angry because he...anyway, he had the right

royal hump about something... And then
in the end they, er...
(he gets lost)
C'mon, you've gotta see my wheels.

INT. KATZ, COHEN AND PHELPS - CONFERENCE
ROOM - DAY

Audrey and Thorne have been watching the
tape of "Cribs". She refers to her
files.

AUDREY
And that's what you want?
(reading)
Caislean Cloych?

THORNE
Cloiche. Caislean Cloiche.

AUDREY
Right. And that's what you want?

THORNE
Deffo. It means 'castle of rock'. How
more appropriate does it get? Soon as I
found that out I had to have it.

AUDREY
So it was your decision to buy Caislean
Clu...the Castle of Rock?

THORNE
Yeah, man.

Audrey picks up the phone and dials.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SERENA

...my fairy tale castle. I had to have it. I told Thorne, "We have to live here."

DANIEL

So it was your decision to buy it?

SERENA

I called the realtor right away.

Daniel's phone rings.

DANIEL

(into phone)

Hel-oh, hello counselor. Yes, well I think we have to. That would be lovely...

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NEW YORK - DAY

Daniel and Audrey sit at the bar.

AUDREY

Well, it looks as though this whole thing might end amicably after all.

DANIEL

Yes, we're in serious danger of peace

breaking out. And that would make me a
lot happier.

AUDREY
Me too.

DANIEL
Anyway, I've spoken to my client.

AUDREY
So have I.

BOTH
He/she only wants..

They look at each other.

BOTH
He/she only wants...

Again the stop. A beat. Oh no...

EXT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY

The wheels of a jet land on the runway.

EXT. VILLAGE HIGH STREET - DAY

Audrey gets off a local bus which drives
off and leaves her looking around -
lost.

CUT TO:

Audrey talks to MR. O'CALLAHAN, who's standing outside his car hire shop under the sign "O'CALLAHAN'S CAR HIRE".

MR. O'CALLAHAN
Well, now the bus doesn't take you all the way.

AUDREY
I've discovered that.

MR. O'CALLAHAN
See, this is the end of the line.

AUDREY
(trying to keep calm)
Yes, so it would seem.

MR. O'CALLAHAN
So, you'd need to find an alternative mode of transportation to take you that last little hop to the castle.

AUDREY
Yes, I will, yes.

MR. O'CALLAHAN
Like a car or something.

AUDREY
Yes, that's why I'm here.

MR. O'CALLAHAN
Oh, I see. You're after hiring a car?

AUDREY
Yes, I, yes...

MR. O'CALLAHAN
Oh, well, you've come to the right
place.

AUDREY
Good.

MR. O'CALLAHAN
Yeah. Only thing is, we're not open on
Tuesday.

AUDREY
Sorry?

MR. O'CALLAHAN
Yes, see I'm not here on Tuesday.

Audrey looks up. He is standing
directly under a sign with his name on
it.

MR. O'CALLAHAN
Ah, now I know what you're thinking. If
I'm not here on a Tuesday and we're not
open on a Tuesday, and today is Tuesday,
and I'm standing here...
(he looks up at his sign)
...then how can it be that? Well, now
it all depends on how you look at it.
You see, normally...

He looks back. Audrey's gone.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Audrey trudges along a lonely, desolate country road. There is no one and nothing for miles around. She is pulling her case on wheels with one hand. A map in the other.

AUDREY

(mimicking)

See, if it's Tuesday and I'm not here even though it's Tuesday then come back when I'm here when it's not Tuesday...AGH!

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

Audrey is tired and has walked a long way. She sits down on a five-barred gate for a rest.

Up ahead twenty yards is a battered old van. Audrey leaps up and waves madly at the van as it drives away from her.

AUDREY

Hello!? Hello!! Excuse me!!

One of the brake lights comes on at the back.

AUDREY

(leans in open window)

Thank you so much. I wonder if you can
take me to -

(her face sets)

Where did you get this goddamned thing!

DRIVER

It's DANIEL!

DANIEL

(thick Irish accent)

Top of the morning to ya. Caislean
Cloiche is it? Hop in...

AUDREY

In there? With you?

DANIEL

Oh, okay. Well, look, it's really not
that far. Carry on straight down the
road. After about eight miles you will
see a sign for the Devil's Staircase.
And apparently the castle is just on the
other side.

She is just staring at him.

DANIEL

In or out?

On Audrey's face --

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE

Over a wide shot of the van driving off.

AUDREY (V.O.)
So? Where did you get it?

DANIEL (V.O.)
Mr. O'Callahan back in the village.

AUDREY (V.O.)
Mr. O'Callahan? He's not open on
Tuesday.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Ah, you went to Mr. O'Callahan the car
hire man.

AUDREY (V.O.)
Yes I did! What was I thinking?!

DANIEL (V.O.)
No, I borrowed this from Mr. O'Callahan
the butcher down the road. He is Mr.
O'Callahan the car hire man's uncle and
you see ever Tuesday the pair of them...

AUDREY (V.O.)
I don't want to know...

As the van disappears over the crest of
the hill.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I'm only trying to explain the Tuesday thing.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE

Various shots of the van driving through lush greenery.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

The van's parked up on a rural piece of track. Daniel is standing a little way away at the edge of a crest looking at the view.

After a moment, Audrey joins him. They both stand there for a few silent moments.

DANIEL

(slowly; evocatively)

"And as we wind on down the road - our shadows taller than our souls..."

AUDREY

James Joyce?

DANIEL

No. Led Zeppelin. But equally profound, wouldn't you say?

She gives him a look. They both stand there looking out. After a beat, the VAN trundles through the frame behind

them and disappears. They both flick their eyes to the left.

Then the SOUND of a huge CRASH and the noise of mangled metal falling down the hillside.

Audrey and Daniel look back to the front. They stand there. No reaction.

AUDREY

Well, that spoiled it for me.

DANIEL

(after a beat)

What am I going to tell Mr. O'Callahan?

AUDREY

Which one?

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

Dense fog. Out of it emerge Daniel and Audrey. They can hardly see ten feet in front of them.

DANIEL

Isn't fog the most incredible natural phenomena? See, in rocky areas like this, the temperature of the stone late in the day is cooler than the earth around it. So when the moist air moves in off the ocean, it condenses and settles low in the valleys.

(she glowers at him)
Weather Channel.

AUDREY
It is now midnight!

DANIEL
Okay, look. We're a little bit lost. I admit that. But we are very close. I can smell it.

Audrey sees something in the mist ahead.

AUDREY
Wait a second.

She goes over to a wooden arrow sign. It declares "Devil's Staircase". It points up what looks to be a steep incline. It looks a little treacherous.

AUDREY
Here it is. The Devil's Staircase. Just over the hill.

DANIEL
That no hill. That's a very... steep looking..mountainous thing.

But she's on her way. He suddenly sounds very "odd."

AUDREY
How can you tell? You can't see the

top.

DANIEL

Well, it's bound to be..er..steep. And treacherous. No, no. We should stick to the road.

AUDREY

What are you talking about? This is the Devil's Staircase. You said it was the way to the castle.

DANIEL

Yes. Yes, I know. But I think that given the circumstances, uh, that we are in that, for safety reasons we should...

AUDREY

You're afraid of heights!

DANIEL

Afraid of heights?!

(beat)

Okay, so, I'm a little altitudinally sensitive.

AUDREY

Ha! The most direct route to the castle is straight up and Daniel Rafferty is scared of heights!

(to the heavens)

This is the best day of my life!!!

DANIEL

Fine. Enjoy. You go up. I'll go around. See you on the other side.

AUDREY

Okay, I'll take the high road, you take the low. Ring any bells?

They both go their separate ways and disappear into the fog.

AUDREY (O.S.)

How's it going down there?

DANIEL (O.S.)

Great. How's it up there?

AUDREY (O.S.)

Terrific. I can see the castle.

DANIEL (O.S.)

So can I.

AUDREY (O.S.)

You're lying.

DANIEL (O.S.)

So are you.

DANIEL (O.S.)

Uh, Audrey!

AUDREY (O.S.)

What?

DANIEL (O.S.)
Could you come down here a minute?

AUDREY (O.S.)
Are you kidding. I'm nearly at the top.

DANIEL (O.S.)
Please.

AUDREY (O.S.)
I'm not falling for your cheap tricks,
Daniel.

Nothing.

AUDREY (O.S.)
Daniel? Daniel?!

She comes scurrying down and out of the
fog.

AUDREY
This better be good, Daniel!

DANIEL (O.S.)
I'm over here.

She moves through the fog until she sees
Daniel. Well, half of him. He's
sticking out of PEAT BOG, which is like
Irish quicksand.

AUDREY
Oh my God! What happened?

DANIEL

I've walked into a peat bog.

AUDREY

Are you stuck?

DANIEL

No. I just thought you might want to join me.

AUDREY

It just gets better and better.

DANIEL

Just help me out, will you?

He holds his hand out. Audrey hesitates to help.

AUDREY

Are you going to play fair from now on.

DANIEL

Come on!

She moves her hands as if they are a set of balances.

AUDREY

In or out?

Daniel's face.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Real dense fog. From out of the mist, exhausted and staggering are Daniel and Audrey. She stops.

AUDREY

That's it. I'm done in. I can't go any further.

DANIEL

No, wait. I can see something up ahead. We're saved.

DANIEL'S POV

In the distance is a vague shape of a small outbuilding.

INT. OLD CARAVAN - NIGHT

It's practically pitch black. The door swings open. Audrey and Daniel stand in the doorway. They are silhouettes. They fumble about.

DANIEL

See if you can get some light in here.

AUDREY

I am. Then I'll run your bath and get dinner on.

DANIEL

I'm looking too. We're a team.

AUDREY
For now.

DISSOLVE TO:

The caravan is now lit by a couple oil lamps.

DANIEL
You know, all in all, I think we've done pretty well.

AUDREY
We?!

DANIEL
Hey, I found this place, didn't I?

Halfway through the next speech, Daniel starts to take off his peat sodden trousers.

AUDREY
Of course, forgive me. I don't know what I'd have done without you. Actually, I don't know how you do it. You write books, appear on TV, perform your stand up routine in court... Wait. Are you taking your clothes off?

DANIEL
Just the bottom half. They're covered

in slime.

AUDREY

And in your spare time you work for the Irish Tourist Board.

DANIEL

And your point is...?

AUDREY

I was doing fine on my own.

DANIEL

Come on, be honest. You were lost until I came along. Oooh, slightly metaphorical.

She's looking at him.

DANIEL

Sorry. Anyway, you look tired and I think you should get some rest.

AUDREY

What?? So you can get to Caislean click before me?

DANIEL

It's not Click. It's "Cloiche".

AUDREY

What?

DANIEL

Caislean Cloiche.

AUDREY

(tries it)

Clur..Cluh..That's not a word. What kind of word is that?

DANIEL

It's an Irish word. We're in Ireland. You have to adapt a little.

AUDREY

Don't patronize me. I can adapt. Okay, I am very adaptable as a matter of fact. And a word of advice, never tell a woman she looks tired.

DANIEL

Boy, you just summed yourself up in one sentence.

AUDREY

Did I?

DANIEL

Yeah. All consuming competitive spirit meets rampant insecurity.

AUDREY

Fascinating. And it was several sentences.

DANIEL

Yes it was. Several short but

insightful ones. But why would someone as clever and accomplished as you be so insecure?

AUDREY

Tell you what...you spend your teenage years as the gangly, pimply daughter of the most beautiful woman on Earth and get back to me with the answer.
(she can't keep her eyes open)
You better not leave.

She drifts off. He gently tucks his jacket around her.

DANIEL

Never.

EXT. HAY BARN - MORNING

The barn in the morning sunlight. Idyllic. The door opens and Daniel hobbles out. He stretches and yawns. As his eyes open fully he stops in his tracks.

DANIEL

Oh my Lord.

DANIEL'S POV

The Caislean Cloiche in the distance. The most glorious castle - just a few hundred yards away. Audrey arrives by

his side.

AUDREY

We were as close as this?

(absorbs castle)

The hell with Thorne and Serena - I want it!

They glance at each other. Game on.
This is why they came.

DANIEL

(casually)

Well, duty calls.

AUDREY

Yep.

They both start to walk calmly toward the castle. After a short way --

AUDREY

So what's your strategy? Try and get the servants to back up your claim?

DANIEL

Oh, I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to divulge that.

AUDREY

Oh. Exuuuuse me.

They walk faster. Daniel puffs.

AUDREY

Little out of shape, counselor?

DANIEL

Not a bit. By the way, you snored ever so slightly last night.

AUDREY

I do not snore.

DANIEL

Don't be embarrassed. It sounded nice.

Audrey picks up even more speed --

DANIEL

And down the back stretch, it's 'Should've quit smoking sooner' from 'I do not snore' by a nose.

She stifles a smile.

DANIEL

You wanted to laugh then.

AUDREY

At what?

DANIEL

My funny racing thingummy.

AUDREY

Oh please!

She pushes him in the direction of a tree and puts on a spurt. Daniel slams into the tree. He's not hurt, but held up.

DANIEL

Oh! Ref!

AUDREY

(over her shoulder)

Perfectly legal body-check!

Daniel fakes a hobble.

DANIEL

Hey, I've twisted my ankle.

AUDREY

Oh no, they'll have to put you down!

DANIEL

Any advantage you gain by these underhanded methods will be ruled inadmissible in a court room.

AUDREY

Ah, pipe down, Hopalong.

EXT. CASTLE FORECOURT - DAY

Thorne's various expensive cars are parked about. Audrey reaches the door and begins thumping madly on the knocker. No reply. She thumps again

louder and louder.

AUDREY

Hello!? Hello!! Anybody here? For goodness sakes, don't tell me nobody works on a Wednesday down here?

She thumps again. Daniel comes hopping madly up to the door.

DANIEL

Ha!!

AUDREY

Ha yourself! How's your ankle?

DANIEL

Oh, it turned out to be something I made up for effect.

DANIEL

Pathe! Throwing me into an oncoming tree, of all the cheap tricks. I could have serious...

AUDREY

Oh you wanna have a conversation about cheap tr--

But the door opens to reveal the HOUSEKEEPER, who confronts them with a beaming smile.

HOUSEKEEPER

Hello there. Welcome to Caislean Cloiche. I'm Mrs. Flanagan, the housekeeper.

Then both at once launch into action --

AUDREY/DANIEL

Hello, I'm Daniel Rafferty/Audrey Woods representing Mr./Mrs. Jamison. Would it be possible to speak to the staff here?/ need to ask the staff a few questions.

The Housekeeper looks at their dishevelled state.

HOUSEKEEPER

Ah, would you be the posh lawyers come over from America then?

AUDREY/DANIEL

Yes!

HOUSEKEEPER

That's grand. By the way, Mr. O'Callahan telephoned. He wonders, have you finished with his van yet?

They look at each other --

INT. CASTLE - MONTAGE

Audrey and Daniel systematically question the CASTLE STAFF: gardeners, chambermaids, kitchen staff, butlers,

maintenance man, chauffeurs, etc.

As both Audrey and Daniel depose them one at a time, all of them seem to be nodding in agreement at whatever each of them is asking. Audrey and Daniel make notes on scraps of paper as they interview each person. They then dash off to the next one - moving quickly across the grounds and through the rooms of the castle - often crossing past each other without recognition as they flit speedily from one to another.

INT. CASTLE STAIRCASE - DAY

Audrey and Daniel move from either end of the long corridor and pass each other midway.

DANIEL

(en passant)

Well, I'm eight for eight, so far.

AUDREY

(confident)

Me too.

They carry on past each other - then stop dead in their tracks and take in that exchange of info - That can't be.

They turn slowly and show each other their sides.

DANIEL

I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

INT. CASTLE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

The ENTIRE STAFF's been assembled.

DANIEL

Okay, ladies and gentlemen. We really are sorry for this and I know it's a little confusing, so bear with us.

AUDREY

Yes, you see we really need to know which of your employers as the most legitimate claim to ownership of this castle.

DANIEL

Okay, so how many of you believe that would be Serena Jamison?

STAFF

No doubt/yes, it's hers/sure your woman's the owner/she'd get my vote/etc...

Daniel looks to Audrey: Sorry.

AUDREY

I see. And how many of you think the castle should go to Thorne?

STAFF

I do/Aye, most definitely/Sure it's your man's right enough/Put me down for that!/etc.

Audrey looks at Daniel, who looks back at the staff.

DANIEL

Thank you. You've been most helpful.

STAFF

You're welcome/Not a problem/Anytime/Happy to oblige/etc.

INT. CASTLE - AUDREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Audrey soaks in the tub, indulging in the first moment of luxury, when the housekeeper comes up, holding a few top outfits on hangers.

HOUSEKEEPER

This one's lovely. You'd look great in it.

INT. CASTLE - DIFFERENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel, standing in front of the mirror, is being dressed in some of Thorne's clothes.

DANIEL

Brendan, I'm going to need to interview the staff again. I'm not getting anywhere.

BRENDAN

I'm afraid you'll be out of luck there, sir. Everyone will be down at the festival.

DANIEL

What festival?

INT. AUDREY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOUSEKEEPER

It's the Village's anniversary. It celebrates the couple who founded the place 200 years ago. It's a lovely story. They were deeply in love but her father didn't approve, so they ran away here and got married in secret. And every year we have a festival in their honor. It's very romantic. Singing and dancing...

INT. DANIEL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRENDAN

...and so the old fellow didn't like this guttersnipe nailing his daughter, blah blah blah. Anyway, it's basically a lame excuse for a three-day booze up.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Two doors open at once. Daniel and Audrey step out. Audrey takes in Daniel.

DANIEL

(playing Irish squire)

Ah, is it the wild woman of the bogs herself? Sure I hardly recognized ye. You're cutting a fine figure this evening if I may venture as much.

AUDREY

(complimentary)

And you...look...like you're wearing...that.

DANIEL

You don't like?

AUDREY

No, no. You've got a kind of Lenny Kravitz meets Kiss thing without all the make up going. Never too old to rock'n'roll, hey?

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT

ON DANCING LEGS

A traditional Irish dance. An Irish band plays on stage. The place is full of color, banners, and lots of people in swing of festivities. Audrey and Daniel

sit at a table, taking it all in.

DANIEL

Did you hear the story of this thing?

AUDREY

Yes. All a little elves and leprechauns for me.

DANIEL

I thought it was charming.

She looks at him. Right... A waiter arrives with two glasses of clear liquid.

AUDREY

What's this?

DANIEL

Puccine by the look of it.

AUDREY

Poo - what?

DANIEL

Not "poo". "Puh". Puh-cheen. It's a traditional Irish drink. Not strictly legal. Like a local moonshine.

AUDREY

So, it's Gaelic for Goat's Nut.

DANIEL

Well, everyone seems fine on it.
Nothing too extreme going on.

AUDREY

Okay, because the last I got into the
heavy stuff with you, I lost my
lingerie. In all senses of the word.

DANIEL

You got it back.

AUDREY

Subject closed.

Daniel holds up his glass.

DANIEL

Here's to that.

Audrey relents and chinks his glass.
They throw back the drink.

AUDREY

I was right. It is poo!

A SCRAWNY PIG FARMER happens over.

PIG FARMER

Could I have the pleasure of this dance
with you, miss?

AUDREY

Oh, no. Thank you. I'm just here for

--

DANIEL

She'd love to.
(she fires him a look)
You'll soon pick it up.

Audrey gets up to dance with the Pig
Farmer --

DANCE FLOOR

Audrey has got the hang of the dance
quite quickly and looks good on the
floor with all the revellers. She looks
at Daniel. You weren't expecting that,
were you?! He looks back, impressed.
Claps his hands to the music, when --

A ROBUST IRISH WOMAN

With a moustache arrives up in his face.

ROBUST IRISH WOMAN

Are you dancing?

Daniel's face. Panic. Audrey has seen
this and their eyes meet. She beckons
him to accept.

DANIEL

Ah, well, I would love to, dear. Only
my ankle is a little indisposed, I'm
afraid.

ROBUST IRISH WOMAN

Ah don't be so soft!

She grabs him bodily on to the floor.
The music ends.

ON AUDREY AND PIG FARMER

PIG FARMER

By jeez, you're a wholesome strap of a woman. Are you married?

AUDREY

Uh, would, you...just excuse me for one moment?

She slopes off.

FAST CUT:

The Robust Irish Woman has Daniel pinned against the wall and has planted a huge kiss on him. Their two faces stuck together. They part. Audrey is revealed on the other side of them.

AUDREY

I can't leave you alone for one moment, can I?

She pulls him out of shot.

FAST CUT:

Audrey and Daniel knock back another

Puccine.

FAST CUT:

VARIOUS SHOTS

The place is now up tempo. Daniel and Audrey dance and drink. Getting swept up into the night.

Daniel stands next to FOUR OTHER MEN. They're half way through a YARD ALE CONTEST.

The locals cheer them on. Daniel struggles, but finishes first.

Cheers gone up. Audrey applauds wildly. Daniel is handed a SMALL PORCELAIN IRISH PLOER. He throws it to Audrey, who catches it.

FAST CUT:

Audrey and Daniel - up on tables singing at the top of their voices - as the band plays RESPECT. But they are singing!

AUDREY

"D.I.V.O.R.C.E..."

DANIEL

"Find out what it means to me..."

FAST CUT:

A YOUNG COUPLE up on the stage being married by a wizened old PRIEST in a sweet old fashioned romantic ceremony. Daniel and Audrey stand watching. They are sucked into this more than they care to admit. They look at each other. But not at the same time.

INT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Audrey lies in bed. She's asleep. We see what appears to be her dream.

INT. DANCE HALL - DREAM SEQUENCE

Images of the Priest - a couple - wedding rings - confetti - a bride and groom hold hands. They smile at each other. They are DANIEL AND AUDREY!

NEXT MORNING

INT. CASTLE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Audrey shoots up in bed. Shakes her head. Boy, some dream. She puts her hands over her face - stops.

She slowly pulls her hands away from her face. On the third finger of her left hand is an IRISH CORAL WEDDING BAND.

AUDREY

Oh my god oh my god oh my --

She furtively glances to her left.
There is another lump in the bed. HUMAN
BEING SIZED.

She leans across and sees Daniel's face
on the other side of the bed. He's
leaning on his left hand. She leans
further over to get a closer look --

HE has a similar ring on his hand.

She leaps out of bed. Dragging the
sheet to cover herself. She stares at
him --

AUDREY

Okay, wake up! Wake UP!

DANIEL

(stirring awake)
Morning. Sleep well?

AUDREY

Did I do anything last night I might
regret?

DANIEL

I hope not. Woh - deja vu.

AUDREY

Would you please look at your left hand,

please!

He blearily does so.

DANIEL

Well, would you look at that.

(seeing hers)

Oh, you got one, too.

AUDREY

Daniel, did we get married last night?

DANIEL

I've a feeling we did. The actual details are a little fuzzy, but... Uh, the bride was scintillating in an off the shoulder Serena creating and the groom cut a dashing figure in a Lenny Kra--

(studying her)

You're not happy?

AUDREY

Do I LOOK happy??!

DANIEL

Well, it's hard to say. You never really look that happy around me because for some reason I make you angry all the time, which I have to s--

AUDREY

Oh my god it's all coming back! Okay, we have to find the guy who did this and

tell him we didn't mean it and that we
--

DANIEL
What if I did mean it?

AUDREY
Of course you didn't. How could you?
You don't want to be married to me.

Audrey has put on her robe and heads out
the door, leaving Daniel on the bed.

DANIEL
How do you know?

AUDREY (O.S.)
Hello, Mrs. Flanagan!! Anybody??

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Daniel and Audrey sit together, still
freaked.

AUDREY
I still don't get it. How can a whole
town be 'off' on a Wednesday for no
apparent reason. Never mind, we'll just
have to file in New York. Okay? It'll
be like it never happened.

DANIEL
But it did happen. What happened is
tied to a much larger issue. Lots of

people get drunk without tying the knot.
I mean, when one's inhibitions are down,
one acts on one's true feelings.
(citing a relevant case)
Sanderson v. Sanderson. Illinois
Supreme Court, 1993.

AUDREY

You're citing case law to support this
insanity?

DANIEL

We got married last night, for goodness
sake. That means something.

AUDREY

It means we drank too much and made a
mistake. Again.

STEWARDESS

Hi.

DANIEL

Hi. We just got married.

STEWARDESS

Oh!

AUDREY

He did.

STEWARDESS

Congratulations.

AUDREY

Stop telling people.

DANIEL

She's the first one.

AUDREY

I know, but this kind of news spreads.

STEWARDESS

I'll come back.

AUDREY

Oh my god!

DANIEL

What?

AUDREY

We can't be married and be opposing
counselors!

DANIEL

Why not? Can I say something?

AUDREY

We'll look ridiculous. No you can't.

DANIEL

Why not?

AUDREY

We'll be the laughing stock of the New
York Bar Association. Because you will

say something contrary just to be
contrary.

DANIEL

Only this is my marriage too...

AUDREY

See what I mean - oh my head is
thumping.

She goes to get some Tylenol from her
purse. She pulls out Daniel's
statuette.

AUDREY

Uhhh!

She puts the statuette down HARD on
Daniel's tray table. One of the legs
chips off at the foot. Daniel picks it
up and looks at it for a second.

DANIEL

Uh oh. He's twisted his ankle. We may
have to have him put down.

(beat)

I was going to keep that. As a
souvenir.

AUDREY

I'm sorry, Daniel.

He puts it down on the table. On its
side. It's symbolic.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

The airplane lands...

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LATE DAY

Audrey paces. Sara looks at the Irish wedding ring.

SARA
Pretty.

Audrey grabs it from her and throws it in the trash can.

SARA
I've known you for thirty-five years. Alcohol has a pretty bad effect on you. You get hyper, you get aggressive, you get married.

AUDREY
No one at the office can know. So I need to research whatever legal system County Clare operates under.

SARA
Why don't you just file here? If that's what you want.

AUDREY
Great idea. It'd take the press two seconds to find out I got drunk and

married and divorced him in the span of 24 hours. That's just the kind of lawyer people are lining up to pay \$600 an hour to be represented by.

SARA

Given my vast experience with divorce - and it is vast - my guess is there's a lot of wiggle room. Hell, you could probably get it annulled as long as you didn't --

(off Audrey's look)

Never mind.

AUDREY

I have to start wiggling first thing in the morning.

Audrey opens the refrigerator. She's shocked at what she sees.

TRAY OF SYRINGES

AUDREY

Mother. What is this?

SARA

Oh. The girls and I are having a Lip Party later. You're welcome to join us. David pulls fat out of our butts and injects it into our lips.

AUDREY

(shudders)

That gives a whole new meaning to
talking out of your ass.

She closes the fridge door.

INT. AUDREY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Audrey's sound asleep when the phone
rings.

CALLER ID

It's Sara.

SARA (V.O.)

Better pick up the Post before you file
for divorce. Page Six.

Audrey leaps out of bed and runs to her
front door. She opens it. Daniel is
standing there holding a copy.

DANIEL

Off to get one of these?

Audrey's face

INSERT

Page six article. Next to it is a
graphic of a HEART with Audrey and
Daniel's photos in the middle.

FEW MINUTES LATER

Audrey paces. Daniel stands still.

AUDREY

(reading article)

"...appears the pain of divorce for some people is not all that painful. Smack dab in the middle of the Thorne-Serena Jamison divorce, New York's battling barristers, Audrey Woods and Daniel Rafferty have tied the knot. Which raises the question. Do they have a pre-nup?

DANIEL

Smack dab? A grown up journalist actually chose those words?

AUDREY

(firing a look)

Why did you tell them about this? Are you crazy?

DANIEL

You think I did that??

(she won't look at him)

Why would I do that? When you made it abundantly clear that being married was the last thing you wanted to be. Especially to me.

AUDREY

Daniel?! This kind of thing doesn't happen to me. But it keeps happening to

us. And I'm confused. And concerned.
Isn't that just a tad understandable?
Aren't you?

DANIEL

Honestly? Yes. I am. Both. But I
think maybe we are confused and
concerned about different things.

She looks at him. She doesn't know what
to say. He seems hurt almost. And that
confuses her further. He marches to her
phone.

AUDREY

What are you doing?

DANIEL

I'm calling The Post to tell them they
made a mistake. Or that we made a
mistake. Which should I say?

AUDREY

Look. Daniel. I...put the phone down.
Please. Just bear with me a minute. I
am not trying to be hurtful. Trust me.

DANIEL

In the way that you trust me?

(then)

Okay, listen. Audrey, look at me.

(she does)

We got married. Whether we like it or
not. And it seems that it was, if

nothing else, a little impulsive.
Personally I blame the poo drink. Now
we are back in New York and on opposite
sides of a major case. And whatever we
may or may not do in the future it seems
that in the short term...

AUDREY

I agree. It's the only thing we can do
- in the short term.

DANIEL

I haven't said what I was going--

AUDREY

You were going to say that we have to
appear married or we will seriously
screw up our careers.

DANIEL

So, that only leaves one question,
doesn't it...

They look at each other.

INT. AUDREY'S BEDROOM 0 D

Audrey is using a power drill to drill
holes in a door jam.

SARA

Forgive me if I get emotional. But this
is the day every mother dreams of. The
day you get to watch your only daughter

put a lock on her bedroom door to keep her husband out. I need a tissue.

AUDREY

Stop it, mother. It may have been a wedding, but it is not a marriage. We both agreed on that.

SARA

Are you?

AUDREY

Yes! What do you mean? Yes, of course we are.

The doorbell RINGS. Audrey gives Sara a warning look.

FRONT DOOR

Daniel stands, loaded down with his most essential guy stuff. The door opens. It's Sara. He is confused.

SARA

Hi. I'm the mother.

DANIEL

Hi. I'm the husband.

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Audrey leads Daniel into his bedroom. Sara hovers in the doorway.

AUDREY

Okay, I've made some room in the closet even though it doesn't look like you ever hang anything up. Bathroom's through there.

DANIEL

(to Sara)

Ah, she's back to her old self. That's promising. WE don't need separate bedrooms, angel. I told you, your snoring doesn't bother me. Can I use the kitchen?

SARA

He cooks? You didn't tell me he cooks?

AUDREY

And that is it.

Audrey shuts the door. We hear the lock click. Daniel and Sara exchange a look.

DANIEL

It's been a strange couple of days. She'll come around, don't worry.

SARA

Shouldn't I be saying that to you?

They laugh. Instant connection.

DANIEL

I've been enjoying reading about you in the society pages. Are you really 56?

SARA

Parts of me are.

Sara leaves.

INT. AUDREY'S KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Daniel opens the cabinets. Lots of Costco size boxes of junk food along with Audrey's SOUP FOR ONE cans. He smiles. He opens the fridge. Rummages.

INT. AUDREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The usual scenario. Sweats. Papers. Crumpled legal pad pages. Laptops. Weather Channel. Audrey's working hard. She picks up an empty glass by her bed and gets up.

INT. AUDREY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Audrey sticks her head in. Daniel's asleep on the sofa. The Rangers game on TV. She moves quietly to the kitchen.

On the counter is a plate of brownies. She looks over at Daniel. He's been cooking? The pots and dishes are drying. He washes dishes? She considers the brownies. She takes a

half of one, examining it closely as she goes back through the living room.

She quietly heads to her room but allows one look at sleeping Daniel. On the coffee table is the porcelain statue. Daniel's glued the foot back on. IT brings back memories. She takes a bite of the brownie - it's rapturous.

Audrey grabs several more brownies, then zips back to her room. We HEAR the sound of the locks click!

DANIEL
Opens one eye, smiles.

INT. AUDREY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Audrey comes out, ready for work. She goes to the kitchen and in systematic fashion slings coffee into her mug. She sits at the table studying her notes on a legal pad.

Daniel enters. She covers the pad. He sees her do it.

DANIEL
I made brownies.

AUDREY
I've given up sugar. It was a crutch.

Daniel smiles, knowing better. He just keeps looking at her as she tries to study her notes. She notices.

AUDREY
What?

DANIEL
Is that what you're wearing?

AUDREY
What's the matter with it?

DANIEL
Nothing. It just needs...something.

He hands her a ring box. She opens it. A wedding band.

DANIEL
We're married, remember? We have to make it look like we mean it. Even if we don't.

He lets that hang for a second. He takes hers out of the box and slips it on her finger. Despite herself, Audrey gasps slightly as the ring goes on her finger. What is she feeling? If only she knew for sure.

DANIEL
Well. Say something.

AUDREY

Hm. Uh, did you get yourself one?

He takes out another box. Opens up his ring.

DANIEL

You want me to do it, or you?

AUDREY

Um, sure, why not?

She tentatively takes out the ring and slides it on his finger. They can't go to the place that this feeling makes them want to.

DANIEL

There. Now we can fool anyone, huh?

AUDREY

I guess.

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - MONTAGE

Daniel and Audrey in their new roles of domesticity.

Audrey opens the front door and Daniel is vacuuming in his boxer shorts.

Daniel sits on the sofa reading a book. Audrey brings a cup of coffee.

Audrey walks past a clothes dryer which has Daniel's shirts, socks, etc drying in them. She stops and takes in his presence in her life.

INT. JUDGE ABRAMOVITZ' COURTROOM - DAY

The trial between Thorne & Serena.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Daniel makes a point.

Audrey speaks.

Thorne shouts at Serena.

Audrey passes a note to Daniel. He opens it. It's a shopping list. He looks up at her. She's softening.

INT. COURTROOM - HALLWAY - AFTER
ADJOURNMENT

Audrey is coming down the hallway. Judge Stacey rounds the corner with her sister, TRACEY, a younger version of herself.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ
So, how goes domestic bliss?

AUDREY
Oh, it's very new, but...all in all.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ
Keeping you on your toes at work and
home now...

AUDREY
(little laugh)
Yes.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ
Oh I'm sorry. This is my sister,
Tracey. Visiting from LA. Tracey, this
is --

TRACEY
Oh, I know who you are.

Audrey gives a modest nod of
acknowledgement.

TRACEY
You're Daniel's wife.

AUDREY
(caught off-guard)
Yes. Yes I am.

TRACEY
How is he?

AUDREY
He's...Daniel.

TRACEY

I'm sure he is.

AUDREY

You...you know Daniel?

TRACEY

Not really. But I was engaged to him
for a while.

AUDREY

Oh.

TRACEY

(with humor)

Who really knows Daniel, huh? I guess
you do.

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel's in the kitchen, preparing some
food. A salad and pizza. Audrey
saunters in.

DANIEL

Where've you been? I got half-veggie.
If it's too cold, I'll zap it for you...

AUDREY

I met Tracey Abramovitz today.

Daniel's not phased.

DANIEL

Racey Tracey? Really? What's she doing

here? Visiting Stacey?

His nonchalance further aggravates
Audrey.

AUDREY

They're husband hunting in the Hamptons.
But she stopped by long enough to fill
me on a few things. She told me you
were engaged for two years.

DANIEL

Nineteen months actually. Oh, your mom
called earlier. We had a nice long
chat...

AUDREY

Oh, and she mentioned...Marianne? Beck?
Burke?

DANIEL

Bock.

AUDREY

She was your opposing attorney in
Schwartz v. Schwartz.

DANIEL

Yes, yes she was.

AUDREY

And you were sleeping with her until you
won the case.

He laughs.

DANIEL

I always thought Marianne was certifiably insane. Still, last I heard she was certifiably in Massachusetts. Counselor, where are you going with this?

AUDREY

I'm establishing a pattern of behavior.

DANIEL

Oh, and that pattern is?

AUDREY

You make women fall in love with you for whatever purpose it is you're trying to achieve.

DANIEL

Oh, that pattern. Right. Didn't work with you though, huh?

He sits down and serves dinner.

DANIEL

Okay, okay. You've beaten a confession out of me. I've been involved with other women. Damn. You're good. But you know you missed one. Priscilla Barnes. She was crazy about me. And you know what I did. I dumped her. Unceremoniously.

(then)

Right in the middle of her ninth birthday party.

She looks at him.

DANIEL

Audrey. People have histories. I have one and so do you. Yes, I've had several relationships with several different women. But there's one critical detail you've overlooked.

(then)

I didn't marry any of them.

And we leave them looking at each other.

INT. APARTMENT UTILITY STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Daniel comes out of the apartment carrying the trash down to the chute. The bag's too big for the opening. He tries to stuff it in. The bag tears. Garbage spills everywhere. He scrambles to pick it up. Among the trash is an open pizza box. A piece of crumpled paper falls out. Written on top is "Jamison vs. Jamison". He opens it. His face sets...

DANIEL

(to himself)

Four million? Aspen? Jeez...

Then he realizes he shouldn't be reading this and tosses it.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Serena, dressed as Irish as possible in tweeds with lace trim everywhere, dabs tears from her eyes. Daniel's tone is soft.

DANIEL

...and not only did Serena renovate and decorate, yes, indeed, save Caislean Cloiche, a crumbling masterpiece of Irish heritage. She restored the gardens. She reached out into the community.

He flashes a slide of Serena discussing fabric with NUNS.

DANIEL

..single-handedly reviving the ancient textile industry of the area, employing the aged, pumping revenue into the economy.

THORNE

Yeah, she was pumping the gardener, too.

SERENA

Shove it!

The SPECTATORS in court giggle at this.

Judge Abramovitz fires them a look. She bangs and yells at Audrey.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

Ms. Woods, if you don't muzzle him...

AUDREY

Your honor, my client just wishes to make the point that while he was away working hard to pay for Caislean Cloiche, his wife's activities may not have been entirely altruistic.

DANIEL

(jumps on that)

If fidelity is at the issue here, we can happily produce receipts that document Mr. Jamison's tour of the world's brothels.

Shocked and amused hubbub from the crowd in the spectator seats. Gavel bangs.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

Hey! HEY! Order back there!

(to the lawyers)

What is the relevance here?

AUDREY

I'm suggesting that Mrs. Jamison doesn't deserve to be awarded a three-million dollar castle simply because she hung a few curtains and was popular with the help.

DANIEL

Why not? She shouldn't be denied her standard of living, especially when her husband forked out \$4million on a love shack for a mistress in Aspen!

SMASH CUTS AROUND THE COURTROOM

Serena's fury. Thorne's shock.
Audrey's horror. And...

DANIEL

Who realizes he said something he shouldn't. Audrey speaks slowly and deliberately.

AUDREY

How. Do. You. Know. That?

DANIEL

I, uh, uh...

THORNE

(screams at Audrey)

I said don't tell anybody about Aspen!
What about that lawyer/client crap!

Thorne storms out.

SERENA

(screaming)

You don't even know how to ski, you

manwhore!

And suddenly all is eerily calm.

AUDREY
I want a divorce.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - RECESS

It's empty. Daniel and Audrey are the only people there.

DANIEL
It was an accident. I swear. I was taking out the garbage and the bag broke. And then in the heat of the battle, I --

AUDREY
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!

DANIEL
So you want a divorce.

AUDREY
Yes.

DANIEL
So, one little hiccup and we give in. Just like all the saps we represent.

AUDREY

(fuming)

Do not throw your take on life and marriage at me like some moral battering ram.

DANIEL

And what about the professional fall that you seem so desperate to avoid?

She looks at him. No answer.

DANIEL

Well, I'm sorry but I don't believe in divorce.

AUDREY

What are you talking about? How can you say you don't believe in divorce?! You make a living off divorce!

DANIEL

It's a job. But in those miserable couples what do we see? What do we really see?

AUDREY

Us! We see us! People who've made a huge mistake.

DANIEL

No. We see people who are not willing to fight. You've got to fight for what you believe in. Fight dirty, fight fair, but fight!

AUDREY

People who are supposed to fight to save their marriage have to be in a marriage that they want to be in!

DANIEL

(solid)

I am!

AUDREY

That's bullsh--

DANIEL

No! It isn't. Let me tell you something. I'm not in this marriage to save my career. Sorry to disappoint you. I don't care about my career. But I do care about you. And so I will give you a divorce. Gladly. Because call me old fashioned. But when you love someone I believe you should be unselfish enough to give them whatever they want. I'll stop by later for my things.

He leaves Audrey dumbfounded.

EXT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

No lights on.

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Only the moonlight. Audrey lies on the sofa. Her mind far away. She's sad. She looks down and sees the small PORCELAIN IRISH PIPER on the table. She picks it up and looks at it.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel enters with his bags.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT

The door opens, revealing Audrey.

SARA

Your room's ready, honey.

INT. AUDREY'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - LATER

Audrey's room is not a typical child's room. Incredibly organized. No dolls. Pom-poms, etc. It's a wall-to-wall shrine to over-achievement. Millions of trophies, commendations, awards, ribbons. A big blown-up photo of a teenaged Audrey holding a plaque shaking President Reagan's hand.

Audrey lies on her small bed. She has obviously been crying. Sara enters with two vodkas on the rocks, hands them to Audrey who puts them on her puffy eyes.

LATER

Audrey is still lying there. The phone rings. Audrey picks it up quickly. Her mom has also picked it up in the front room.

SARA

(on phone)

Hello? Oh, hi Arlene. Did you just get back? Listen, can I call you later?

Disappointed, Audrey puts her phone down.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel sits on his sofa with a Mexican beer - the game is on TV. But he's not really watching.

INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara is now in Audrey's room, talking.

AUDREY

Mom. I love you, but I'm a little beyond advice at this point.

SARA

Darling, you can't live your life trying to avoid the mistakes I made. You have to make your own.

AUDREY

And you think I'm making one?

Sara looks at her.

SARA

I don't know what to tell you, honey.
All I know is I'm running out of favors.

AUDREY

What do you mean?

SARA

You have any idea how hard it is placing
an item on Page 6 of The Post?

Audrey looks at her.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - MORNING

The city's waking up.

INT. JUDGE ABRAMOVITZ' COURTROOM -
CHAMBERS - MORNING

Audrey stands in front of Judge
Abramovitz.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

I had Thorne Jamison's twelve year-old
assistant on the phone this morning - do
not ask me how she got my private line -
it's unlisted. Anyway, she informed me
that your client will not be appearing
in court today because he's gone back to

his castle in Ireland, which as you may remember has not yet been awarded to either party and as such is off limits.
(then)

You've got 48 hours to get him back here or I will dismiss this case for failure to prosecute.

EXT. CAISLEAN CASTLE - DAY

Audrey knocks on the door. Mrs. Flanagan answers.

HOUSEKEEPER

Ah, sure if it isn't yourself. Welcome back.

AUDREY

Mrs. Flanagan, is Mr. Jamison back?

THORNE (O.S.)

You think that's it?! You think I've finished with you?! Come here!

The sound of more crashing and screams from Serena.

SERENA (O.S.)

Ahh! Get off me! No! You animal!

SLAP! SMACK! THUD!

INT. CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Audrey bolts upstairs. Throws open doors trying to find them. Finally she runs into --

BANQUET HALL

Thorne and Serena are naked and in the white hot heat of passion. They're wrapped in tapestries, rolling around.

AUDREY

Um...excuse me. I thought you might...are you okay?

Thorne and Serena laugh at her embarrassment.

SERENA

Of course. Don't you?

THORNE

Ahhhh, nice one, babe. No, well, see we got back here in separate planes and we were just about to get stuck into tearing the place apart when Mrs. F. Came in and said 'Happy Anniversary.'

SERENA

Seven years. He was just seventeen.

AUDREY

Uh, congratulations.

SERENA

Anyway, it kind of stopped us in our tracks. Right, sweetie?

THORNE

Yeah. See, we got married here. In the local village. We were broke then. I was out here playing for tuppence a gig and --

SERENA

I was putting the plastic toys in boxes of cereal.

They mime that action. It's really annoying.

SERENA

Anyway, good news is, we've decided to try and make it work.

THORNE

You can't just give up, right?

DANIEL (O.S.)

I couldn't agree more.

Audrey spins around to see Daniel.

DANIEL

Audrey.

AUDREY

Hello.

THORNE

What are you both doing here?

AUDREY

Uh, well, actually I came here to tell you that you're not allowed to come here.

SERENA

Yeah, but we are though.

THORNE

Yeah. Cuz we OWN it. And how weird is that. But thanks for you coming all this way. You must stay for some nosh.

Thorne gets wrapped up in a tapestry and pulls a bell cord. After a moment, the PRIEST from the festival enters. He's dressed in normal clothes. He sees Audrey and Daniel. Their faces freeze as they see him.

PRIEST

Ah, hello there. If it isn't themselves. How are you?

THORNE

Michael, will you tell Mrs. Flanagan we'll be two more for din-dins.

He mimes eating. It's also annoying.

PRIEST

No problem, sir.

AUDREY

Uh, so you work here as well?

PRIEST

As well as what?

AUDREY

Being a priest.

PRIEST

Oh I see. Ha ha, yes. The old festival. No, I just do that for a bit of fun. I've an 'ecclesiastical demeanor' apparently.

Audrey looks at Daniel. Is he saying what she thinks he is.

DANIEL

So you're not a real priest.

PRIEST

Goodness me, no.

He notices their two wedding rings.

PRIEST

Still, I see you went ahead and did it for real. Ah, I can always tell the ones who will. Congratulations!

Daniel and Audrey's faces fall.

DANIEL

So, you mean that?

AUDREY

(can't grasp it all)

Oh no. Oh God.

DANIEL

Well, last thing anyone in this room
seems to need is a divorce attorney.

(turns to group)

I won't stay for dinner if it's all the
same. Excuse me.

THORNE

You two have been great. All that
lawyer stuff you do rocks. I had no
idea the legal system was so deep, man.

He grabs an acoustic guitar.

SERENA

Are you okay?

AUDREY

(fighting tears)

Er, no. It seems not. Oh dear, sorry.
What must you think?

THORNE

I think you two have had a lover's tiff.

AUDREY

Yes. Looks that way.

SERENA

And you told me that there was always a way to get through the bad patches. And breaking up was the last resort. Something like that.

AUDREY

Yes I did...will you excuse me?

Audrey runs out after Daniel.

THORNE

She's gone after him. Ahhh, sweet!

SERENA

You're a big softy, aren't you?

THORNE

Yeah, but come back over here and make me a big 'hardy' again.

Serena gives a naughty smirk and goes back to Thorne.

INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY

Audrey comes running up to the Delta Airlines ticket desk.

AUDREY

Has the flight for New York left yet?

CLERK

Two minutes ago.

AUDREY

Can you tell me if Daniel Rafferty
checked in?

CLERK

I'm sorry, we're not allowed.

AUDREY

Just this once. Can you just be that
guy who ignores the rules.

(she checks)

Please...it's very important

And she just heard herself say that.

CLERK

Rafferty, you say?

AUDREY

Yes.

CLERK

Yes - he did. Were you meant to be with
him?

AUDREY

Yes. Yes I was.

EXT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Daniel comes out. AS he walks away he

hears --

AUDREY (O.S.)

Did you know that 80% of women who say they are too busy to have a relationship are really lonely?

He turns to look at her. She walks up to him.

DANIEL

And are you?

AUDREY

I was. But for the first time in my life I realize I don't need to be anymore.

(then)

Because of you.

DANIEL

I...don't know what to say.

AUDREY

I was kind of hoping you did.

They look at each other deeply and fall into each others arms and kiss lovingly.

INT. JUDGE ABRAMOVITZ' COURTROOM -
CHAMBERS - DAY

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

Not only do I have to put up with all

your bickering, finger pointing,
back-stabbing, and name calling during
the week, NOW you drag me in on the
weekend, too?! I am missing my tennis
lesson and who knows when I will get my
pedicure done now...

(then)

Anyway, seeing as we're here, Councilor
Woods, let me ask you a question if I
may...

WIDE SHOT

Daniel and Audrey stand in front of her.
She's marrying them.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

Do you take this man to be your wedded
husband? Will you love him, keep him,
honor and protect him...

(smiles)

And, forsaking all others, be loyal to
him?

In the room is Sara. Her bottom lip
trembles. Audrey hesitates as Sara
leans into her ear.

SARA

(whispers)

I will...

(Abramovitz shoots her a look)

I'm her mother.

Audrey gives her a look. She never admitted that in public before.

AUDREY

I know what to say, Mom.
(she looks at Daniel)
I will.

DANIEL

So will I.

They kiss each other.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

Hey hey. I didn't ask you yet.

DANIEL

Oh, sorry.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

What is it with you two? You want to be the first man to ever be held in contempt of his own wedding?

DANIEL

No, your honor.

She gives him a playful smile.

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

Councilor Daniel Rafferty, will you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife. Will you love her...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

JUDGE STACEY ABRAMOVITZ

I now pronounce you man and wife. You
may kiss the bride...

SLO-MO

Daniel and Audrey's faces come together,
very much as they did in Ireland.

LATER

FOUR SMALL SHOT GLASSES CLINK!

Light brown liquid with a nut at the
bottom.

ALL

Huevo de Chivo!

WIDE

All down their drinks. And REACT.

EXT. NEW YORK COURTHOUSE - DAY

Audrey and Daniel climb into a coach and
four. Audrey throws her bouquet over
her shoulder. It lands on Judge
Abramovitz, who catches it and shrugs it
off, like a lizard landed on her. It
bounces on to Sara.

She shrugs.

SARA

Well, you never know. Could be fifth time lucky. Though I doubt it.

She throws it away.

Daniel looks at the opposite of the coach. Two wrapped snowballs sit there. One with a groom, the other with a little bride. Daniel gives Audrey a look.

AUDREY

Well, you know. Old times sake and all that.

She grabs hers and shoves it in his mouth playfully. Daniel puts the other one in hers. Audrey leans to the driver.

AUDREY

Take Amsterdam all the way.

DANIEL

At this time of the day? Are you crazy? Go up Madison and cut across the Park at 96th.

AUDREY

The park! Are you kidding. Uh-uh. Trust me. Amsterdam.

DANIEL

Ignore her. She gets lost in the shower.

AUDREY

Daniel. It's okay for men to not know things sometimes. Don't feel threatened.

COACH DRIVER

You know, you folks may want to continue this debate with the canopy up. There is a seventy nine percent chance of rain in the next half hour.

He turns to them.

COACH DRIVER

I watch the Weather Channel.

Audrey and Daniel look at each other and laugh.

EXT. COACH - CONTINUOUS

As it pulls away and up the street.

COACH DRIVER (V.O.)

So did you decide?

AUDREY/DANIEL (V.O.)

The Park/Madison. No. Take no notice of him. Amsterdam/Ignore her. She is

directionally challenged...

THE END.

Credits

