

Nice or Good

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

KIRSTEN DONOVAN, an attractive woman in her early 30s, walks quickly down a city street. Dressed in a suit and heels and carrying an expensive leather laptop case, she maneuvers confidently through the crowd of people on their way to work. Her skirt ends an inch above her knee. Her skillfully cut hair is just on the verge of trendiness. A cell phone headset is hooked on her ear. In a steady line of people, Kirsten walks through revolving glass doors into a tall, modern office building.

INT. RECEPTION AREA/OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten pushes through a glass door into the reception area of a law office. On the wall, a sign reads "Blaise, Howard, Thomas and Finch, Attorneys at Law."

Two receptionists are sitting behind a huge, modern desk. Phone headsets are on their heads. One of them is talking on her phone. RECEPTIONIST #1 looks at Kirsten.

RECEPTIONIST #1

Good morning, Ms. Donovan.

KIRSTEN

Good morning.

Kirsten walks through the reception area and into a large room filled with cubicles. On the outside edges of the room, glass-walled offices surround the cubicle farm. She walks between the cubicles and the offices.

Kirsten reaches an office. She stops and looks in through the glass wall. DAVID ARCHER, a clean-cut man in his 30s, sits behind a spotless desk. He's wearing a well-pressed suit and tie. His laptop is open on the desk. He holds a phone to his ear.

David looks up and sees Kirsten looking in at him. Kirsten smiles and he smiles back at her. He holds up a hand, showing Kirsten all five fingers. Kirsten nods and walks away.

Kirsten stops at a cubicle and looks over a half-wall at MARIE, a secretary, sitting behind a desk inside the cubicle. Marie looks up at Kirsten.

MARIE

Good morning, Ms. Donovan.

KIRSTEN

Good morning.

Marie picks up three paper messages off her desk and hands them up to Kirsten, who looks at them.

MARIE

Mapleton's lawyer called. The senior one. He wants you to call as soon as you can.

KIRSTEN

That sounds like they're going to settle.

MARIE

We also got a call about the Southside Hospital filing from last week.

(beat)

The deposition from the caseworker wasn't included.

Kirsten looks up from the messages.

KIRSTEN

You've got to be kidding me. Harrison is such an idiot.

Marie shrugs her shoulders.

MARIE

There's a lunch meeting with a new attorney. She's in family law.

KIRSTEN

Don't have time for that.

MARIE

Stanley requested all available partners.

KIRSTEN

He's definitely going?

MARIE

Yes.

KIRSTEN

What time?

MARIE

One.

KIRSTEN

Put it on my calendar. Get me the Southside file. Just this year's.

MARIE

Right after your coffee?

KIRSTEN

File first.

MARIE

Yes, ma'am.

Marie gets up, walks out of her cubicle, and walks away down an aisle.

Kirsten takes her messages and turns around. She faces a closed door leading into one of the glass-walled outer offices. The nameplate on the door reads "Kirsten Donovan." She takes keys out of her laptop case and opens the door. She walks into her office, leaving the door open.

Kirsten puts her laptop case on the desk. She unhooks the cell phone headset from her ear and puts that down on the desk. She picks up the phone from its cradle on the desk and punches numbers into the keypad. She holds the phone to her ear with one hand. With her other hand, she slides a laptop out of her case, plugs it in, and opens it up. She turns it on.

KIRSTEN

(into the phone)

Harrison, you're an idiot. It's eight o'clock. Do not call me back unless you've already filed for an extension on Southside --

Marie walks into the office, holding a thick file. Kirsten holds out her hand and takes it. Marie leaves. Kirsten opens the file on her desk and flips through it.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

-- including the deposition from the caseworker. Gretchen Samuels, dated eight five oh six. File it today. And by today, I mean now.

(beat)

And just in case you didn't hear me the first time, you're an idiot.

Kirsten hangs up the phone. She closes the file and pushes it to the far edge of her desk. She sits down and begins to work on the computer.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MARTIN COFFMAN and EMILY TORRANCE walk down an aisle between rows of cubicles in the Blaise Howard cubicle farm.

Martin is attractive and in his late twenties; he's neatly dressed in a suit, minus the jacket.

Emily is around the same age as Martin. She's wearing a suit, but everything about her appearance is all woman. Her eyes are practically twinkling as she smiles up at Martin. He smiles back. Marie walks toward them.

MARTIN

Marie, this is Emily Torrance. She's the new hire for family law.

Marie smiles at Emily but keeps walking.

MARIE

Nice to meet you, Ms. Torrance. Martin, I'm on a mission.

Marie hurries in the other direction. Martin glances to see that she's out of earshot.

MARTIN

(quietly)

She's Kirsten Donovan's secretary. Kirsten just made partner in litigation. What can I tell you about Kirsten . . .

EMILY

Are you lost for words?

MARTIN

Kirsten is . . . well, you'll meet her soon, my little grasshopper.

Martin stops walking at the end of the row of cubicles.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

This first office is David Archer. He's a partner, he's been here for years. Good guy, a little, uh . . .

EMILY

A little what?

MARTIN

He's had some ups and downs.

Martin begins slowly walking toward an office.

EMILY

He enjoys jumping on trampolines?

MARTIN

Not quite. He's also in litigation, usually works with Kirsten. He's a cash machine for the firm, or --

EMILY

He wouldn't be with the firm?

MARTIN

You got it.

(beat)

I can't believe I just said that.
You're making me sing like a canary.

Emily swerves a little and bumps his arm with her arm.

EMILY

You have a lovely voice.

Emily smiles at him. Martin smiles back. They reach David's office and look in through the glass wall. David is still sitting at his desk, talking on the phone. Emily looks at David for a long moment.

MARTIN

We'll talk to him later. Let's go check out the break room.

They stroll down the aisle.

EMILY

So . . . is Mr. Archer single?

MARTIN

Yep. Family money, brilliant at his job, more brains than a think tank. Single, straight, ain't he great.

EMILY

So what is it that you don't want to tell me?

MARTIN

Since you're twisting my arm, I'll blab. He had some kind of a . . . mental breakdown a couple years ago. But he recovered, kept his job, and he's doing well. Don't get me wrong. He's a great guy. I'd love to transfer to litigation and work for him.

EMILY

But you'd also have to work for Kirsten.

Martin smiles.

MARTIN

That wouldn't be so bad.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE/AISLE/KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

David opens the door of his office and steps out into the aisle. He looks down the aisle.

DAVID'S VIEW OF MARTIN AND EMILY

Martin and Emily, chatting like old friends, stroll down the aisle. Emily laughs at something Martin is saying. They turn into an open door and are out of sight.

BACK TO SCENE

David stands looking after them for a moment. He shakes it off and walks down the aisle in the same direction. He passes the door they disappeared into, without looking in.

David stops at Kirsten's open office door. He looks in. Kirsten is sitting at her desk, typing on her laptop.

DAVID

Knock, knock.

Kirsten looks up. She smiles warmly.

KIRSTEN

Hey, you.

David walks into her office. He leans on a credenza on one side of her desk, with his back to the glass wall. Kirsten swivels around in her chair, crosses her legs, and faces him.

DAVID

So how was your weekend?

KIRSTEN

I didn't have a weekend. I was working on Southside the whole time. Then I came in this morning and found out Harrison forgot one of the depositions.

DAVID

Way to go, Harry.

KIRSTEN

He is incompetent. I want to fire him.

DAVID

He needs a firm hand, Kirsten, and you're just the one to provide it.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

Is there any chance you've changed your mind about the spin-off?

David sighs.

DAVID

I'm still on the fence.

KIRSTEN

Come on, David. You and me. Our own firm, a select team, none of the no-loads.

DAVID

All of that sounds good. But there's so much more to it.

KIRSTEN

We'd still have Blaise Howard if we needed them. This is something that Stanley wants.

DAVID

I know, I know.

KIRSTEN

Well, then, why not?

David sighs again.

DAVID

Don't get me wrong. I can do the long hours. But I worry about the pressure.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

How are you, David? You've seemed so . . .

DAVID

(smiling)
Normal?

Kirsten smiles back at him.

KIRSTEN

Yeah. For a long time. You're better, right? Has anything happened, anything I don't know about?

DAVID

No. I feel great. Better living through modern chemistry.

KIRSTEN

Really? Everything's good?

DAVID

It took a while to iron out the kinks, but seems like I'm on the right things, the right doses.

(beat)

It sounds crazy, but I think the drugs have saved my life.

They look at each other for a long moment.

KIRSTEN

(joking)

It sounds crazy?

DAVID

Be dum bump. You are terrible.

(beat)

Oh, and by the way, you've got a big run on your . . .

David gestures toward Kirsten's shapely legs. A run on one leg of her panty hose is about an inch wide and a foot long. Kirsten looks at it.

KIRSTEN

Fuck. Why do I have to wear these stupid fucking things. Just one more reason to spin off our own firm. No dress code.

Kirsten stands up. Smiling, David stands up and walks toward the doorway.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Are you going to that lunch thing?

Standing in the doorway, David turns around and faces Kirsten.

DAVID

I heard it was mandatory fun.

KIRSTEN

Woo hoo.

DAVID

See you there.

David walks out the door. About three steps down the aisle, he comes face to face with Martin and Emily.

MARTIN

David, have you met Emily Torrance?
She's the new attorney in family
law.

David looks at Emily, who smiles up at him. He smiles back. They look at each other for a long moment. Martin looks from David to Emily and back to David.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And this is David Archer. He's in
litigation.

EMILY

Nice to meet you, Mr. Archer.

DAVID

Call me David.

EMILY

Do you --

DAVID

(at the same moment)
Have you --

They both laugh. Martin is well aware that he's abruptly become the third wheel.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten walks around her desk. She walks past the office door, which she gives a little shove. It doesn't close, but she has already reached a closed closet door and she doesn't notice.

She opens the closet door about a quarter of the way, so that it blocks the view of everyone in the cubicle farm, who could otherwise look through the glass wall into her office. She reaches up to a shelf and pulls down a new pair of panty hose, still in its packaging. She rips open the package and pulls out the new pair. Kirsten kicks off her heels, yanks up her skirt, and pulls her ruined panty hose off. Leaning on the closet's doorjamb, she begins maneuvering one foot into a leg of the new pair.

Martin pushes open the office door. He looks around the empty-looking office. Behind him in the aisle, David and Emily continue an animated conversation.

Martin walks to the center of Kirsten's office and turns around. In the half-open closet, Kirsten leans over, skirt hiked up around her waist, lacy underwear perfectly in view. Kirsten pulls up a panty hose leg. She looks up and sees him standing there. Martin's mouth drops open.

KIRSTEN

Do you mind?

Martin wheels around and walks to the door, where he blocks David and Emily from entering.

MARTIN

She must be . . . somewhere else.

DAVID

I was thinking I could show Emily the library.

MARTIN

Great idea.

Martin closes the office door behind them and the door latch hits the plate with a soft CLICK.

Kirsten finishes pulling on the new pair of panty hose, yanks down her skirt, steps into her shoes, and comes out of the closet. She walks to the office door and opens it. She follows Martin, David, and Emily down the aisle.

KIRSTEN

Martin, what do you need?

Martin, David, and Emily turn to face Kirsten. Martin looks at Kirsten as if he's trying not to laugh. She doesn't return his half-smile.

MARTIN

I'm showing Emily Torrance around. She's the new attorney in family law.

Kirsten looks at Emily, who smiles warmly at her. David stands very close to Emily. Kirsten watches as he glances over at Emily. Kirsten's face tightens a little.

EMILY

It's so nice to meet you.

KIRSTEN

(flatly, to Emily)
Nice to meet you.
(MORE)

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
(to David, in a normal
tone)
David, if you've got a second, I
need you to take a look at something.

David hesitates.

DAVID
Okay.

David turns to Emily and Martin. He looks at Emily. Kirsten
turns and walks back toward her office.

DAVID (CONT'D)
See you later.

EMILY
Bye.

David follows Kirsten. Emily looks up at Martin.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Kirsten seems . . . so nice.

Martin laughs.

MARTIN
I don't think anyone's ever said
that before.

EMILY
So she's a hardass?

MARTIN
Oh, yeah. The old battle-ax of the
firm, hiding in a very firm young
body.

EMILY
Sounds like somebody's got a thing
for her.

MARTIN
(in a deep, serious
voice)
Ms. Torrance, at Blaise, Howard,
Thomas and Finch, we frown on
fraternization between attorneys.
It is grounds for immediate dismissal.

Emily laughs. Martin and Emily walk away down the aisle
together.

INT. RESTAURANT - LUNCH

At a long table in an upscale restaurant, around twenty-five attorneys finish their lunches. Several are women, including Kirsten and Emily, but the vast majority are men, including David and Martin. All in suits, they look like an uptight bunch.

David and Emily are next to each other on one side of the table. They're engaged in another animated conversation. Kirsten is on the other side and several attorneys away. She glances over at them as she takes a sip of water from a glass.

STANLEY FINCH stands up. He is a middle-aged, stern-looking attorney near the center of the table. Everyone immediately stops talking and gives their undivided attention to him.

STANLEY

Before we all go back to work, I wanted to take a minute to introduce Emily Torrance, the newest member of the Blaise Howard team.

Polite clapping ensues from the other attorneys. Emily smiles and looks up at Stanley expectantly.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Emily has an incredible resume. Top of her class, every class. Stellar career at one of the most prestigious firms in New York, followed by a year with the UN, working for the rights of refugees in central Africa. Quite impressive, Emily.

EMILY

Thank you.

STANLEY

Now she's going to be a star in our family law department. I hope that you'll all give her a warm Blaise Howard welcome.

More polite clapping.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Emily, do you want to say anything?

EMILY

I'm glad to be here, and thank you all for being so welcoming.

Conversations resume. JIM, an attorney across from Emily, gets her attention.

JIM

So what was it like working in Africa?

ATTORNEY #1, next to Jim, weighs in.

ATTORNEY #1

Why do you want to know, Jim? Are you planning on trying it out?

EMILY

It was . . . so hard, but also such an unbelievably rewarding experience. I'm so glad I did it. I've been lucky in some ways and I wanted to, you know, pay a little forward.

ATTORNEY #1

You better get over that, if you want to succeed at Blaise Howard.

Laughter from several attorneys around them. Stanley looks over at them sternly. They notice. The smiles fade.

Emily looks at David and smiles.

EMILY

David, you were telling me earlier about some pro bono work you're doing. I'd love to hear the details.

David smiles at her. Kirsten takes another sip of water.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ten attorneys sit around a long table in a conference room. Several of them lean back in their seats. Kirsten's laptop is open on the table in front of her. She is across from David and Emily, who sit next to each other.

ATTORNEY #2, at the head of the table, gives a presentation. He looks down at a laptop open on the table in front of him.

ATTORNEY #2

So, my last item is delegating the Wakefield School Board case. It's a family law issue, but since I'm betting it'll end up in court, maybe litigation wants this one? Kirsten?

KIRSTEN

Got it.

Emily waves her hand at Attorney #2 and Kirsten.

EMILY

I've given this case a thorough review, Kirsten, and I'd like to take it.

Kirsten stares at Emily.

KIRSTEN

Clearly, it's headed for litigation.

Emily makes a slight face of gentle disagreement.

EMILY

I can't imagine this one will litigate.

Emily looks at David. He shakes his head in agreement.

DAVID

No, no, me neither.

EMILY

I'm thinking the board will settle, in the next month or so. And if I'm wrong . . . but I'm not . . . maybe you can help me out, David? If we do end up somehow going to trial?

David nods in agreement. David and Emily look at Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

(flatly)
Fine.

Emily smiles at Kirsten.

EMILY

(chipper as ever)
Great!

ATTORNEY #2

Anybody else got anything?

No response. People close laptops, gather notebooks, get up, and leave the room. Kirsten remains seated, typing on her laptop. Emily and David quietly talk to each other as they leave the conference room. Kirsten stops typing and watches them leave.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Kirsten stands at her desk in her office. She closes her laptop and puts it in its case.

She walks to the closet, opens the door, takes a coat off a hangar, and puts it on. She picks up her laptop case off her desk and walks to her office door. She turns off the overhead light. The lights of the city are visible through her office's window, but she doesn't look at them. She quietly closes her office door. Laughter can be heard from a nearby office.

Kirsten walks down the aisle until she nears David's office. The aisle is darker than the office. Kirsten gets close enough to see Emily and David, sitting next to each other at his desk. Files and law books are open on the desk. Their heads are close together and they're talking. It doesn't look like they're getting much work done. Quickly, Kirsten walks by his office and heads for the reception area.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

In a large room decorated for the winter holidays, the dinner portion of the firm's holiday party is over. A band is playing DANCE MUSIC from the eighties. A few people sit at tables.

Kirsten looks sexy in a party dress, as she sits at a table with Attorney #1 and his date next to her. Attorney #1 and his date stand up and walk together to the dance floor, where they join the dancers. Kirsten is alone. She fiddles with the stem of an empty glass of wine and looks at a nearby table, where David and Emily sit. Their backs are to her, their heads are close together, and they're completely involved in each other.

MARTIN

Need a drink?

Kirsten looks up. Martin stands next to her. He is wearing a suit and carrying two glasses of champagne.

KIRSTEN

I would love one.

Martin puts the two glasses of champagne down on the table. He pulls the empty chair beside Kirsten out from the table and sits down in it.

MARTIN

Care to sit down, Martin? Don't mind if I do.

Kirsten smiles a little at him.

KIRSTEN

Sorry.

MARTIN

Cheers.

Martin holds his glass up. Kirsten taps hers against it. They both take drinks from their glasses.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Let's go dance.

Kirsten's smile widens.

KIRSTEN

Are you sure that's appropriate?

MARTIN

Everybody's doing it.

(beat)

Come on. You can't just sit here.

Kirsten sighs. She stands up and they walk together to the dance floor. Just as they reach the dance floor, the fast paced music stops and the band starts playing a SLOW ROMANTIC SONG. Martin smiles at Kirsten, who rolls her eyes. They move into each other's arms and start to dance.

KIRSTEN

I'm not sure which is more embarrassing, a fast dance or a slow one.

MARTIN

You just haven't had enough to drink.

KIRSTEN

That's exactly what I need. I should booze it up and embarrass myself at the company Christmas party.

MARTIN

We're not embarrassing ourselves. You came stag, right?

Kirsten nods.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Us stag people need to stick together.

Kirsten pulls a little away from him.

KIRSTEN

Just how close do we have to stick?

Martin pretends to look offended.

MARTIN
Lighten up, Grandma.

They rotate slowly around. Martin moves his head slightly in the direction of David and Emily.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Those two like to stick together.

Kirsten sighs.

KIRSTEN
The happy couple.

As Martin and Kirsten watch, Emily reaches up and gently touches David's face. Kirsten immediately looks back at Martin. He is unfazed by the display and keeps watching.

MARTIN
They'd better get a room before Stanley notices.

Martin looks at Kirsten.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
You've still got the hots for him, don't you?

Kirsten hesitates.

KIRSTEN
God, Martin. I'm just doing my job, living my life, free of hots.

MARTIN
Whatever.

They dance in silence for a few moments. The SONG ends. They stop dancing.

KIRSTEN
I'm going home.

MARTIN
You didn't get a room?

KIRSTEN
I'm pretty sure I don't need one.

MARTIN
Are you absolutely sure that we don't need one?

KIRSTEN
I'm sure. I'm going to get a cab.

MARTIN

I'll walk you out.

KIRSTEN

No, no, no. You stay and have fun.

Kirsten walks away. Martin watches her go.

INT. CAR - DAY

David drives an expensive car down a street in an upscale neighborhood. Large homes, on manicured lawns, keep a respectful distance from each other. Emily is in the passenger seat. She looks over at David and smiles.

EMILY

Nice neighborhood.

David smiles back. He turns into a driveway and drives up to a large, beautiful house.

DAVID

This is the house I grew up in.

EMILY

Oh, my goodness. Am I about to meet your parents?

DAVID

They moved to Arizona ten years ago.

David stops in the driveway in front of the door. Emily looks up at the house.

EMILY

Wow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A fire burns in the fireplace of David's luxurious living room. David and Emily face each other on a big couch in front of the fireplace. Emily has her feet tucked under her on the couch. An open bottle of wine and two glasses are on a coffee table in front of them.

DAVID

I'm sorry I had to lay all this on you. Mental illness isn't the easiest thing to talk about.

EMILY

I know.

DAVID

I just felt like I had to tell you.

Emily reaches out and puts her hand over his. He takes her hand.

EMILY
You poor thing.

DAVID
I know that clinical depression isn't
. . . attractive.

EMILY
Oh, David . . .

Emily leans forward and puts her arms around him. He hugs her. Behind his head, she turns her wrist so that she can check the time on her watch. David lets go and she pulls back a little bit. He looks at her, studying her face.

DAVID
I wanted to start out with you . . .
honestly. You should understand
exactly how it is with me, before we
go much further.

EMILY
I could never hold it against you.
I feel terrible for you.
(beat)
So when did this last happen?

DAVID
About two years ago. But, things
have settled down. I feel fine. I
still see my psychiatrist regularly,
and I take some prescription drugs.
(beat)
I think I always will.

EMILY
(nodding)
You've got to take care of yourself.

DAVID
Emily, I feel so much better having
it out in the open.

EMILY
You can tell me anything. I promise
I won't judge you.

DAVID
Well, the other thing we've never
really talked about is how this might
affect our jobs.

Emily picks up her glass of wine and takes a sip. She looks at David over the glass.

EMILY

David, I love my job. My career is important to me.

DAVID

Two attorneys in a similar situation got fired a few years ago.

EMILY

That worries me.

DAVID

I couldn't care less. I can't see them letting me go.

(beat)

But you're a different story.

Emily sighs and looks worried.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't want work to come between us. It's not worth it, Emily.

A pause.

EMILY

My career is important to me.

David sighs. He leans a little away from her. He turns his head and looks at the fire. Emily puts her glass down. She leans toward him, reaches out and gently turns his face back to look at her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Don't take that the wrong way. I'm head over heels for you, David Archer.

David smiles.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I hate lies. But I guess we just need to keep our relationship under wraps. Just until we know where it's going.

David leans toward her and kisses her. Their kiss becomes passionate.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David sits at his desk. Open files and a laptop are spread across the desk in front of him.

Kirsten walks through the open door.

KIRSTEN
David, got a second?

David looks up at her.

DAVID
Of course.

He leans back in his chair.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

Kirsten closes the door behind her and walks around the desk to a chair. She sits down and crosses her legs gracefully.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What's on your mind?

KIRSTEN
Have you thought any more about the litigation department spin-off?

David smiles at her.

DAVID
It's like I have a crystal ball. I just knew that's what you were going to ask about.

KIRSTEN
(smiling)
Hey, you, it's been months since I brought it up.

DAVID
And . . . my answer is still the same.

KIRSTEN
You don't think you can handle the pressure.

DAVID
Well . . .

KIRSTEN
(hopefully)
You're ready to do it?

DAVID
No.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Kirsten, I'm not interested in the spin-off right now. I'm enjoying Blaise Howard.

Kirsten rolls her eyes.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, that's actually become quite obvious lately.

David looks at her sharply.

DAVID

What do you mean?

KIRSTEN

I mean you and Emily Torrance were looking pretty friendly at the holiday party.

A hesitation.

DAVID

Did people notice?

KIRSTEN

Do you remember whether I sat at your table during dinner?

David stares at her for a long moment.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Thought so.

Kirsten stands up.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Okay. You let me know if you change your mind about the spin-off. I won't bug you any more.

Kirsten walks to the door.

DAVID

Kirsten?

Standing in the doorway, Kirsten turns around to face him.

KIRSTEN

Yeah?

DAVID

(full of certainty)
You were at my table.

Kirsten stares at him for a long moment.

KIRSTEN

Oh, David.

Kirsten turns and leaves.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Carrying her laptop case and dressed neatly in a suit, Kirsten walks through a courthouse hallway. Other people in suits are standing around talking, or walking in and out of courtrooms.

JOE MURPHY

Kirsten?

Kirsten turns to face JOE MURPHY.

KIRSTEN

Hey, Joe. How are you?

JOE MURPHY

Never better. I can't tell you how glad I am that I quit Blaise Howard and started working for the city.

Kirsten smiles.

KIRSTEN

Oh, come on. I know you miss it.

JOE MURPHY

Yeah, the twelve hour days, working seven days a week, never seeing my kids. Those were good times.

KIRSTEN

I'm sorry you left us, since we always need competent attorneys, and you were at least approaching competency.

JOE MURPHY

Ha ha.

He looks around to make sure no one is standing nearby.

JOE MURPHY (CONT'D)

I'm glad I ran into you because I was just reviewing a Blaise Howard filing. Not pretty.

KIRSTEN

If it wasn't a litigation case, then I don't want to know.

She takes a half step away as if she's going to go.

JOE MURPHY

Family law.

That gets her attention. Kirsten looks at him questioningly.

KIRSTEN

Really?

JOE MURPHY

It's a mess. Missed dates on filings, screwed up depositions. Missing a lot of the forms. It's going in front of Judge Braden next week and he is going to crap all over it.

KIRSTEN

Can you give me the plaintiff's name?

JOE MURPHY

Bowlin? Something like that. The attorney is some gal I don't know. Torrance?

Kirsten takes a deep breath.

KIRSTEN

Okay. Joe, thank you so much for telling me. I will let somebody know.

JOE MURPHY

Yeah, you're good at that.

Joe smiles at her. Kirsten smiles back.

KIRSTEN

Sometimes they need to know.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten sits at her desk, rapidly typing on her laptop. Martin walks through her office's open door.

MARTIN

You left me a message?

Kirsten looks up at him. She takes her hands off the keyboard.

KIRSTEN

Can you shut the door?

MARTIN
HMMMM. I'd be glad to.

He gently closes the door and turns to face Kirsten.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Shouldn't we go somewhere a little
more private?

Kirsten rolls her eyes.

KIRSTEN
I ran into an ex-Blaise Howard
employee over at the courthouse. He
told me we have a screwed-up case
going before a judge next week.

Martin makes a face.

MARTIN
You wanted me to shut the door for
that? I was expecting you to declare
your undying love.

KIRSTEN
Maybe next time.
(beat)
Lucky you, it's a family law case.
Bowlin? It's one of Emily's.

MARTIN
Bowlin v. Bowlin. I know it well.

KIRSTEN
Really? The guy I talked to said it
was a mess. Have you been working
on it?

Martin holds his hands up.

MARTIN
Noooo. I've just heard Emily complain
about how much time she's putting
into it. It's a custody issue. But
nothing major.

KIRSTEN
Can you check it out?

Martin smiles at her.

MARTIN
For you, Kirsten, anything.

Kirsten waves her hand as if to speed him on his way.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Any other requests?

KIRSTEN
That's all. Thanks, Martin.

Martin leaves. Kirsten looks back at her computer.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The court is in recess. People are milling around the courtroom. David is sitting at an attorney's table. He is holding his phone, using his thumbs to text.

THE PHONE'S SCREEN

A text message: in court all day. Want 2 C U. Lunch?

BACK TO SCENE

David hits send and puts his phone in the pocket of his suit jacket. He goes back to work.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

BARISTA
Double cappuccino.

The barista puts a large mug of coffee down on the counter. Emily picks it up.

EMILY
Thank you.

Emily has a newspaper under her arm. Carrying the cup of coffee, she walks to a chair by an empty table. She sits down on the chair and puts her coffee on the table. Her phone CHIMES. She takes her phone out of her purse and looks at it.

THE TEXT MESSAGE

On Emily's screen, she sees David's text message: in court all day. Want 2 C U. Lunch?

BACK TO SCENE

Emily pushes buttons on her phone.

THE PHONE'S SCREEN

Emily's text message reads: swamped!!! stuck here all day. come by my cube at 6 dinner?

BACK TO SCENE

Emily pushes buttons on her phone. She puts it to her ear. She spreads the newspaper out with her other hand and turns the front page over.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, Sandy, this is Emily.

A pause.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Is there any chance Stanley can come by late this afternoon? I am out of the office getting depositions all day, but I'd really like his opinion on something I'm about to file. It will just take a second. What is his schedule like?

A pause. Emily smiles.

EMILY (CONT'D)
That would be perfect. Six in my cube.

A pause.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Thanks, Sandy. Bye.

Emily hangs up the phone. She takes a sip of her coffee and reads the paper.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Early evening in the Blaise Howard cubicle farm. Most of the cubicles are empty; a few are still occupied.

Emily types on a computer in a cubicle. David walks up to the cubicle entry. Emily looks up and smiles. David smiles back. Emily takes her hands off the keyboard and swivels around in her chair. She pushes the chair over and gestures to the desktop beside her.

EMILY
Pull up a chair.

David walks into her cubicle and leans against the desktop. It is not a large area. They are enclosed by the cubicle walls, so no one can see them.

DAVID
How was your day?

Emily makes a slight face and glances around at the piles of folders and books in her cube.

EMILY

Long. Busy.
(she smiles up at him
sunnily)
But I'm glad to see you.

DAVID

(quietly)
Do you need to keep working?

Emily sighs.

EMILY

Maybe I should take a little break.

Emily puts her hand on his thigh and slides upward. David's smile widens.

DAVID

Would you like to get out of here?

EMILY

Let's talk about this case I'm working
on.

Emily stands up and moves closer to David. David puts his hands on her waist.

DAVID

I'd love to hear all about it.

EMILY

It's a big custody battle. The
parents hate each other.

David leans forward and they kiss. He draws back a little.

DAVID

Who do we represent?

Emily kisses him again. His hands slide down to her butt and he pulls her tightly against him and kisses her passionately. Emily pulls her face a little away.

EMILY

(breathlessly)
We're representing the husband.

They kiss again.

STANLEY

Ahem.

Emily twists around. She and David both look at Stanley, standing in the cubicle entry. Stanley turns and walks away. Emily turns back to David and they look at each other. Emily and David try not to laugh but can't stop themselves.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Kirsten walks through security into the courthouse. She puts her laptop case on a table for a SECURITY GUARD to inspect. She walks through a metal detector. On the other side, David stands waiting for her. Kirsten smiles at him.

KIRSTEN

Counselor.

DAVID

Good morning.

Kirsten picks up her laptop case. They walk side by side toward a large staircase.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So . . . what's the latest?

Kirsten sighs. She looks over at him. He smiles wryly at her. They walk up the stairs together.

KIRSTEN

Oh, David. I wish I could say I hadn't heard. And if I've heard about it, everyone knows.

DAVID

How?

KIRSTEN

Stanley's secretary has a big mouth.

They reach the top of the stairs and walk down a hallway. Attorneys and court employees are standing around and walking down the hall.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

He's not going to fire you. But you already know that.

(beat)

Her continued employment at Blaise Howard, now, that's a different issue.

DAVID

Can you put in a good word? Her career means a lot to her.

Kirsten stops walking. David takes a step, then turns back to face her. Kirsten looks at him.

KIRSTEN

Are you absolutely certain about that?

DAVID

Yeah. Of course.

KIRSTEN

A few days ago, I heard about a custody case Emily was working on. It was going before a judge this week. Thank God, I intercepted it and got someone else to clean it up. Or it would have been dismissed.

A long pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is, rumors of her competence may be exaggerated.

DAVID

(resigned)

Oh, Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

Oh, Kirsten, what?

DAVID

I value our friendship.

KIRSTEN

But . . .

DAVID

I think you're jealous. I know how you feel about me. I've always regretted that I didn't feel the same way.

(beat)

I'm serious about Emily. So now is really the time for you to let those feelings go. Try to be happy for me.

Kirsten looks up at the ceiling for a moment, then back at David. She blows out a long breath of exasperation.

KIRSTEN

Listen to me. This has nothing to do with you and me. I am talking about her ability to handle her caseload.

David smiles and shakes his head. Kirsten takes a deep breath. She walks away from him, opens a courtroom door, and goes into the courtroom, letting the door swing shut behind her. David shakes his head again and then follows her.

INT. SANDY'S OFFICE - DAY

David walks into a secretary's office. SANDY, Stanley's secretary, looks up at David from where she sits behind a desk. She doesn't smile.

SANDY

You can go right in, Mr. Archer.

David walks up to a closed, wooden office door. He knocks twice and then opens the door. As he walks into the room, Stanley looks up from where he sits behind his desk. Stanley doesn't look welcoming. David shuts the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

David prepares a meal for Emily. He stands at the kitchen island, cutting vegetables on a cutting board. A glass of wine stands on the counter next to the cutting board.

Emily sits on a barstool next to the island. She takes a sip from her glass of wine.

EMILY

It smells great.

(beat)

Maybe you can become a chef after Stanley fires you.

David looks over at her and cocks his head. Emily looks sad.

DAVID

Do not worry about it. I had a chat with Stanley and we made up.

EMILY

If you say so.

David looks back at the vegetables he's cutting.

DAVID

I know you've been putting in long hours. Are you enjoying it?

EMILY

It kind of goes with the territory, I guess.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

(joking)

I can't slack off until I'm a partner,
right?

DAVID

Yeah, then you can start coasting.
So, are all of your cases going well?

EMILY

Sure.

(beat)

Are you asking about something in
particular?

DAVID

I heard that the Bowlin case
was . . . problematic.

A pause.

EMILY

Um . . . yeah. It . . . I was just
overwhelmed. I finally had to ask
Martin to take that one. I don't
want to rag on him, he's just as
overworked as me, but it sort of
fell through the cracks.

David stops chopping and looks at her.

DAVID

I'm surprised. Martin ought to be
able to handle a case like that
standing on his head.

David looks back at the cutting board and starts chopping.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Maybe I should talk to him.

EMILY

(quickly)

No, don't do that. Everything worked
out. And it was my case. I don't
want to get Martin in trouble.

A pause. Emily fiddles with the stem on her glass.

EMILY (CONT'D)

David, maybe I'm just in a little
over my head . . . with work . . .
and with us.

David looks at her sharply. Emily smiles weakly at him. Tears glisten in her eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I love you so much. I spend all my time thinking about you. Maybe I am neglecting my work.

DAVID

Oh, honey . . .

David puts down the knife and walks around the kitchen island. Emily turns on the stool to face him. They embrace. David rubs her back. Emily closes her eyes and rests her head on his shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I was thinking about . . . about asking you tonight, if you wanted to move in with me.

Emily smiles a tiny smile, just for a second. Her face becomes serious as she pulls slightly away from David and looks up at him.

EMILY

David, that means so much to me. But I'm not sure it's the right time.
(beat)
How could we keep it a secret? I hate the lying. I hate it. I've been thinking . . . that I have to make a choice between you . . . and Blaise Howard.

David smiles.

DAVID

That's a no-brainer.

Emily shakes her head at him.

EMILY

David, I love my career. I love the law. And, I have bills to pay.
(beat)
I need this job.

A pause.

DAVID

This may sound sudden, but I actually have given it some thought. When you know, you know.

EMILY

When you know what?

A pause. David and Emily stare at each other.

DAVID

Emily, will you marry me?

Emily looks surprised.

EMILY

I don't know what to say. David,
it's . . . we haven't . . .

DAVID

I've never felt this way about anyone.
I have no doubts.

EMILY

What would Stanley think?

DAVID

Who cares? What's he going to do?
Fire us both?

EMILY

I've . . . fantasized about you asking
me to marry you.

DAVID

Awww . . .

Emily smiles. She runs her hand up his chest and around his neck.

EMILY

David, I love you . . .

DAVID

But . . .

EMILY

Getting married, and still playing
footsie under the conference table,
will not solve my problem.

(beat)

I'm at the point in my career where
I need to either concentrate on my
job, or forget about it.

A short pause.

DAVID
(decisively)
Then forget about it.
(beat)
We get married. Stay at Blaise Howard
as long as you want . . . or don't.
Quit and stay home. Concentrate on
your husband.

Emily smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We could start a family.

EMILY
Oh, David.

Tears well up in Emily's eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I've always dreamed of meeting someone
like you.

Emily pulls his face down and kisses him hard. David pulls her a little forward on the stool until her body is against his, her legs on either side of his body. They kiss passionately.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Carrying a small stack of papers, Kirsten walks down the aisle between cubicles. She steps into Emily's empty cubicle. Law books and files are scattered over the work surfaces.

Kirsten sticks her head out of the cubicle entrance and looks up and down the empty aisle. She turns around and looks at the contents of the cubicle. She looks at a series of framed documents and photos neatly displayed on one cubicle wall.

THE I LOVE ME WALL

A framed diploma from the University of Illinois; Emily graduated magna cum laude. Next to that, a framed diploma from Harvard Law School. Emily graduated summa cum laude. Around the diplomas, various photos of Africa are displayed. One photo shows a diverse group of aid workers, including Emily. They're all smiling, tanned, in hats, squinting in bright sunshine. Another photo is a posed shot of a cheerleading squad. The cheerleaders are smiling and wearing a lot of makeup. Emily's in all of the photos.

BACK TO SCENE

Kirsten turns away from the photos. She looks at the law books on the work surface.

A large, hardbound law book on top is lying open. Kirsten looks at it.

THE LAW BOOK

It's a family code section pertaining to divorce. A quote is visible: "Except as otherwise provided by statute, all property, real or personal, wherever situated, acquired by a married person during the marriage while domiciled in this state is community property."

BACK TO SCENE

Kirsten notices a post-it note sticking out of the law book underneath the one she's looking at. She pulls the book out of the stack and puts it on top, then opens the book to where the sticky is. She looks at it.

THE LAW BOOK

The section under the post-it note reads: "A transmutation of real or personal property is not valid unless made in writing by an express declaration that is made, joined in, consented to, or accepted by the spouse whose interest in the property is adversely affected."

BACK TO SCENE

Kirsten closes the law book and puts it back in its place in the stack. She turns to the computer and hits the space bar on the keyboard to stop the screen saver.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The computer screen displays login and password prompts.

BACK TO SCENE

Kirsten stares at the prompts displayed on the monitor.

EMILY

Can I help you?

Startled, Kirsten looks up from the computer monitor. Emily stands in the cubicle opening.

KIRSTEN

Hey, Emily, I . . . uh, I came by to give you these.

Kirsten holds out the stack of papers. Emily takes them. Kirsten steps forward and the two women maneuver around each other so that Kirsten can get out and Emily can get in.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
It was on the fax machine.

EMILY
Thanks.

Emily sits down in her desk chair. She looks up at Kirsten.

KIRSTEN
What case are you working on?

Emily looks around at the books and files in her cubicle.

EMILY
More than one. Mostly the Goldman divorce, though.

KIRSTEN
I guess I should leave you to it.

EMILY
Thanks for the fax.

Kirsten walks out. Emily looks thoughtful for a moment, then rolls her chair up to her computer and logs in.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Kirsten walks into the break room at the law firm. Martin sits at a table and eats a sandwich. Kirsten walks over to the table, pulls out a chair, and sits down. Martin looks up at her. He is chewing and can't speak.

KIRSTEN
Refresh my memory on transmutation?

Martin looks at her, chews, and swallows. He picks up a cup off the table and takes a sip out of the straw.

MARTIN
I love it when you talk dirty.

KIRSTEN
Come on. Or I'll just go look it up.

MARTIN
Might be faster.

KIRSTEN
(singsongy)
Transmutation?

MARTIN
(to the same tune)
Lead into gold?

KIRSTEN
Not that kind.

MARTIN
Conversion of property. One person
owns it, they want to turn it into
community property. Or the other
way around. Not to be confused with
commingling.

(beat)
I can demonstrate commingling later,
if you're up for it.

KIRSTEN
Commingling, the legal term?

MARTIN
Property. Mixing it up. Are you
dabbling in family law, Kirsten?

KIRSTEN
No, just curious.

MARTIN
Property issues. For people who are
getting married . . . or getting un-
married.

Kirsten gets up.

KIRSTEN
Thanks.

MARTIN
No problem.

Martin takes a bite of his sandwich. He watches her leave
the break room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Most of the Blaise Howard employees are gathered in the
conference room. Every chair is occupied. The rest of the
people stand against the walls of the room. Martin and Emily
stand against one wall. Kirsten is standing against the
other wall. Stanley is sitting at the head of the conference
table. David is next to him, facing Martin and Emily's side
of the room.

STANLEY

So that's all I've got. Before you go, I think David has a short announcement.

Stanley looks at David.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

David.

David looks at Emily, who smiles warmly at him. Kirsten looks at the back of David's head, then up to Emily's beaming face.

David stands up.

DAVID

I'll make this very quick, folks. I just wanted you all to know that Emily Torrance has agreed to become my wife.

Kirsten takes a deep breath. Her face tightens. Emily smiles at everyone in the room, but mostly at David. Kirsten looks down at the floor.

STANLEY

Let me be the first to offer my congratulations and best wishes.

Stanley holds out his hand to shake David's. Martin hugs Emily. Everyone in the room starts lining up to give hugs or handshakes to the happy couple. People pass Kirsten, who seems frozen in her spot against the wall.

INT. RECEPTION AREA/HALLWAY - DAY

David walks out of the office into the reception area. He waves at Receptionist #1, who is talking on her phone's headset. She waves and smiles at him. David continues walking into a hallway that leads to a bank of elevators.

Kirsten walks quickly out of the office and into the reception area.

KIRSTEN

David.

David turns to look down the hallway at Kirsten, who walks up to him.

DAVID

Kirsten, I need to be at the courthouse ten minutes ago.

KIRSTEN
This will take two minutes.

DAVID
Ride down with me.

KIRSTEN
Okay.

Kirsten looks down the empty hallway toward the reception area. No one can hear them. David presses on the down button.

DAVID
(absently)
What is it?

KIRSTEN
I'm supposed to congratulate you.

David smiles and his face lights up.

DAVID
Okay. Go ahead.

David looks at Kirsten, who isn't smiling. She stares at him. David's smile fades. He sighs.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh, Kirsten, don't do this.

KIRSTEN
I have to.

DAVID
No, you don't.

KIRSTEN
David, you are making a big mistake.

DAVID
This is . . . inappropriate.

KIRSTEN
I know.

DAVID
Then why are you doing it?

KIRSTEN
It's my last chance to stop you. I just know you're making a mistake.

DAVID

Kirsten, don't say one more word.

(beat)

Either be happy for me, or just avoid me. Whichever one you think you can handle.

They stare at each other. The elevator door opens. David gets in and turns around. He presses a button inside the elevator. The door closes. Kirsten stares at the closed elevator door.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Emily and David's wedding reception is outdoors, under the shelter of a massive tent. The decorations are upscale, formal and lavish, with lots of flowers and strings of lights. Men are in black tie; women are in long cocktail gowns.

The dinner is over. Waiters circulate, pouring champagne and/or coffee for the guests.

Martin and Kirsten sit next to each other at one of many circular tables. Martin looks handsome in a tux. Kirsten is in a dramatic and slightly revealing gown. They're listening to David, who stands at the head table, making a long toast. Emily, in a simple white wedding gown, is staring up at him adoringly.

DAVID

. . . which has made me the happiest man on earth. But I do have a few other people who I'd like to mention --

Martin turns to Kirsten.

MARTIN

(quietly)

Did I mention how much I like your dress?

KIRSTEN

(not looking at him)

Several times.

MARTIN

Sorry. It's made quite an impression on me.

Kirsten rolls her eyes at him.

KIRSTEN

Shh. We're supposed to be listening to this.

MARTIN

In that case . . .

Martin holds up his empty champagne glass. A waiter comes over and refills it.

DAVID

-- just one more person from Blaise Howard. Kirsten, I know you're here somewhere.

David sees Kirsten in the crowd.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Kirsten, you were always there for me when I needed you, both professionally and personally. I wouldn't be here, on the happiest day of my life, if it weren't for you. Thank you for everything.

Everyone looks over at Kirsten, who looks slightly embarrassed. Martin raises his glass to her and takes a sip.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Martin and Kirsten walk out of the tent and onto a large patio. A band plays DANCE MUSIC in the tent. Outside, torches are burning, lighting up the patio. People stand in small groups or stroll around. Martin and Kirsten walk over to a low wall and stop. Kirsten turns to face him.

KIRSTEN

Did you do any work on the Goldman case?

MARTIN

Kirsten, you really need to work on your small talk.

KIRSTEN

Did you?

MARTIN

Don't you know shop talk is a mood killer?

KIRSTEN

Are you going to tell me or not?

MARTIN

Yeah, I worked on it. Yet another ugly divorce.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Exactly what people at a wedding reception want to talk about.

KIRSTEN

Did you do the transmutation agreement?

MARTIN

What transmutation agreement?

KIRSTEN

They didn't have one?

MARTIN

No. They had a pre-nup from hell, written by a dumb-ass lawyer.

(beat)

I've only done one transmutation agreement in all my long years of practicing family law. So it's kind of funny that you keep bringing them up.

KIRSTEN

When did you do that one?

MARTIN

Couple years ago. Sanders-Palonski v. Palonski. I think that's the only one Blaise Howard's ever been involved in.

KIRSTEN

The Goldmans don't have one.

MARTIN

No.

KIRSTEN

What about David and Emily?

Martin looks at Kirsten suspiciously.

MARTIN

A transmutation agreement? No.

KIRSTEN

Pre-nup?

MARTIN

If they'd consulted me, which they didn't, I would have advised them to get one.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

As far as I know, they didn't.

(beat)

They could have had one prepared by another firm, but that would have been a waste of money, seeing as we would have ginned one up in-house for free. Maybe they went elsewhere, to keep it private.

A pause.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

All right. No more divorce talk. Let's go dance and pretend to be romantic.

Martin gently turns Kirsten around and leads her back into the tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

David and Emily are dancing to SLOW DANCE MUSIC. They're staring at each other soulfully. Martin and Kirsten are dancing nearby. Martin watches Kirsten, who is looking over at Emily and David. Martin slowly turns Kirsten in the dance so that she has her back to Emily and David.

Realizing what he's done, Kirsten looks up at Martin. He raises his eyebrows at her.

KIRSTEN

I know how it looks. Like --

MARTIN

You want to trade places with the bride?

KIRSTEN

Oh, god. No. That's not it.

MARTIN

Please.

A pause.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Earth to Kirsten. David is married to someone else.

KIRSTEN

I am well aware of that.

MARTIN

Prove it.

KIRSTEN

How?

MARTIN

Go out with me.

Kirsten sighs.

KIRSTEN

Martin, we can't date. Stanley would have a fit.

MARTIN

David and Emily seem to have survived.

Kirsten glances over at David and Emily, then back at Martin.

KIRSTEN

Stanley thinks David is indispensable. You and I are dispensable.

(beat)

Anyway, I'm not thinking about --

MARTIN

Tearing her off him and dragging him to the honeymoon suite?

Kirsten laughs. Martin smiles.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Then what is it?

KIRSTEN

It's nothing, I guess.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

All right. I'll stop looking at them. Let's just try to have a good time, until the earliest possible moment that I can leave.

MARTIN

That's the spirit.

They continue dancing together, but they're talking to each other, and Kirsten is looking only at Martin.

EXT./INT. PATIO/BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

David sits on a private patio outside a small bungalow. A few palm trees stand between their patio and a tropical beach. On the patio, a table is covered with a crisp white tablecloth.

The remains of David's breakfast are on the table. David looks at an iPhone. He's reading and sending emails.

Emily walks out a French door onto the patio. She's wearing adorable pajamas and looks sleepy. Emily walks up to David and puts her arms around him from the back. She rubs her hands down his chest. David takes one of her hands and kisses it. Emily smiles.

EMILY

You're up so early.

DAVID

Nine o'clock's not early.

EMILY

I'll be right back. Can you order me some coffee?

DAVID

Sure.

Emily walks back through the doors and into a big, luxurious bedroom. She walks through the room into a bathroom and closes the bathroom door behind her.

Emily opens up a cabinet and pulls out a masculine-looking toiletries case. She sets it down on the counter. She unzips the case and pulls it open. She takes out a razor, shaving cream, and deodorant. She takes out a bottle of pills and holds it up. She looks at the label. She holds onto the bottle of pills and takes out another one. She looks closely at that label.

A knock on the door.

DAVID (O.S.)

Emily? Coffee's here.

Quickly, Emily puts all the things back into the toiletries bag.

EMILY

Coming.

Emily zips up the bag and replaces it in the cabinet.

INT. FILE ROOM - DAY

Carrying a file, Kirsten walks into the firm's storage room. Filing cabinets line the walls. Martin has a drawer open and he's looking through it.

KIRSTEN

Hey.

Martin looks up at her.

MARTIN

Hi.

Martin continues to look for a file. He finds it and pulls it out of the drawer. He lays it down on the open drawer's files, opens it, and starts to page through the papers in it.

Kirsten opens up a file cabinet and puts a file away. She turns to go.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hang on.

Kirsten turns to look at him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Remember when we were talking about the Bowlin case? And all the legal genius displayed by Ms. Torrance?

KIRSTEN

Yeah.

MARTIN

While she's been off on her honeymoon, another one of her little gems has hit my desk.

KIRSTEN

What is it?

Martin closes the file he was looking at. He pushes the file drawer shut with a bang. He holds up the file.

MARTIN

It's a custody case. Which wouldn't be going to trial at all, if Emily had filed the correct motions.

KIRSTEN

Was she supposed to?

MARTIN

If she wanted to please our client, she would've. As it is, it's going to trial, and if this client does a little bit of poking around on their own, they're going to figure out that we screwed up.

KIRSTEN
Can you fix it?

MARTIN
No. Which irritates me greatly.

A pause.

KIRSTEN
Let me know if there's something I
can do.

MARTIN
If you can somehow get their tropical
bliss cut short . . . maybe a
hurricane or a hotel workers' strike?

Kirsten smiles.

KIRSTEN
I don't have those kinds of powers.
I was thinking more along the lines
of civil litigation.

MARTIN
I'll let you know.

Kirsten walks out of the file room. Martin turns to another
cabinet and pulls out a drawer.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten walks into her office. She picks up the desk phone.

KIRSTEN
(into phone)
Sandy, this is Kirsten.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I need a couple of minutes with
Stanley.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
That sounds great. I'll be right
down.

Kirsten puts the phone down. She takes a deep breath. She
walks out of the office.

INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kirsten walks in the front door of her apartment and turns on the light. The phone is RINGING. She is carrying a bag of Chinese takeout food and her laptop case, and wearing a suit.

Kirsten puts the laptop case down on the floor in the hallway and walks into the kitchen. She puts the bag of food on the counter. She picks up the phone.

KIRSTEN
(into phone)
Hello?

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Hi, Martin.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Um . . . I already have plans.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Yep, going out with some friends.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
No, it's just girl talk and well,
you know. It would just bore you to
death.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Why would I lie? Martin, that's a
totally obnoxious accusation.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Okay. Bye.

Kirsten puts the phone down. She sighs.

INT. KIRSTEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In sweat pants and a t-shirt, Kirsten sits on her couch, eating dinner and watching television. The sound of canned LAUGHTER from the television.

Kirsten's expression doesn't change as she stares blankly at the screen.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten steps into the doorway of David's office. David sits behind his desk. He's attractively tanned. He doesn't smile as he looks up at Kirsten.

DAVID
Come in. Shut the door.

Kirsten walks into his office. She closes the door behind her. She walks to the chair across the desk from David and sits down.

KIRSTEN
How was the honeymoon?

DAVID
Wonderful.

David stares at Kirsten. He's still not smiling.

KIRSTEN
What is it? I can tell there's something wrong.

DAVID
When we got in this morning, Emily had a note on her desk and several voice mails, all asking her to see Stanley immediately.

KIRSTEN
Oh?

DAVID
You don't know anything about it?

A pause.

KIRSTEN
David, I heard that a couple of cases she was working on were cocked up. So I went to Stanley.
(beat)
Fine. You caught me. Thinking about Blaise Howard and worrying about how our cases are going. I think that's called being a partner.

DAVID
No. It isn't.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

When someone's screwing up, you help them out. You don't run to Stanley.

KIRSTEN

I don't have time to clean up after your girlfriend.

DAVID

Newsflash. She's my wife. And that's my point. When I was screwing up everything I touched at this place, you cleaned up after me like a full-time janitor. But since she's my wife, you hung her out to dry.

Kirsten takes a deep breath.

KIRSTEN

David, this is not personal. This is business.

David smiles a little.

DAVID

Well, it doesn't matter anyway. We decided that it's a little crazy for us both to be slaving away here. She's going to quit and you won't have to worry about her job quality any more.

KIRSTEN

I'm not taking responsibility for her quitting, David, but I'm sorry.

DAVID

Spoken like an attorney. Just between you and me -- if you can restrain yourself from running to tell Stanley -- I might quit, too.

KIRSTEN

What are you talking about? You can't quit.

DAVID

Really? I'm not sure I agree. I've got a life now.

(beat)

Maybe you should get one.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

INT. STANLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Stanley sits at his desk. He's writing on a legal pad. A knock on the door. Stanley keeps writing.

STANLEY

Come in.

Martin opens the door and walks in. He closes the door behind him.

MARTIN

Sandy said you needed to speak with me?

Stanley looks up.

STANLEY

You're going to need to take over a few cases in your division. The Goldmans, Kristoff v. Lake County, that divorce that's been dragging on for years --

MARTIN

Engel v. Johnson.

STANLEY

That's the one. Enjoy.

Martin hesitates.

MARTIN

These are all Emily's cases.

Stanley stares at Martin for a long moment.

STANLEY

You heard she resigned?

MARTIN

Yeah. She's going to devote herself to wifedom and maybe motherhood.

STANLEY

Well, if she hadn't been quick to resign, she would have been fired.

Martin looks like he would like to say something but he stops himself.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

All of these cases are a mess. Do your best. If you can salvage anything, I won't forget it.

MARTIN

I'll give it a try.

Martin turns and leaves. Stanley looks down at the legal pad and begins to write.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Emily plays tennis with another woman. She scores a point and the game ends. Emily and the other woman walk over to a bench by the court and both of them drink from separate water bottles. As they chat, Emily pulls on a jacket over her tennis skirt and shirt.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Martin works in a conference room. Twenty stacks of paper are spread out on the conference table. He sorts through them. Several files are piled on a chair.

Kirsten walks by the glass wall of the conference room and steps into the doorway.

KIRSTEN

Got a second?

Martin looks at her.

MARTIN

No.

Kirsten closes the door. She looks at the papers all over the conference table.

KIRSTEN

What's all this?

MARTIN

Here lies the short-lived Blaise Howard career of Emily Torrance. May it rest in peace.

KIRSTEN

I tried to tell David, but --

MARTIN

First of all, as you ought to know, love is blind. Secondly, he thinks you're jealous, ergo you hate Emily.

KIRSTEN

So I went to Stanley.

Martin looks at her sharply.

MARTIN

I'm sure everyone involved appreciated that.

KIRSTEN

Maybe not the most team player thing I've ever done.

MARTIN

Yeah.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

You're in deep.

Kirsten waves her hands around all the papers on the table.

MARTIN

Up to my eyeballs.

KIRSTEN

What happened?

Martin shrugs.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Was it overwork or just indifference?
Is she incompetent? Burned out?

Martin runs his hands through his hair. He looks at the papers on the table.

MARTIN

She's not stupid. She's . . . very intelligent. She was always here early in the morning and late at night. But sometimes I couldn't find her during the day.

KIRSTEN

Where was she?

MARTIN

When she wasn't here, I always thought she was at the courthouse or getting depositions or something.

(beat)

On paper, she's a genius. A gold-plated resume. In reality, though, not quite so shiny.

KIRSTEN

She didn't know what she was doing?

MARTIN

It's like she was either inexperienced, which is impossible, or she just didn't give a rat's ass about her caseload. Since the simplest solution is the correct one, I'm going to say she didn't care.

KIRSTEN

She was just doing time here.

MARTIN

I think so. And while I'd love to jaw about it, it's nine o'clock and normal Blaise Howard employees should be at home.

KIRSTEN

What about you?

MARTIN

Look, the less time I spend talking, the quicker I'll get done. So skedaddle.

Kirsten walks to the door. She opens it. She looks back at Martin, who is flipping through the pages of a pile of papers.

KIRSTEN

(quietly)

Bye.

Martin doesn't answer. Kirsten walks out the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Kirsten walks to work. She's wearing a coat over her suit. The trees are covered with fall leaves, and leaves are falling to the ground.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A group of attorneys sit around a conference table. Kirsten is across from David. David has a laptop open in front of him. He's looking at the laptop screen. ATTORNEY #3 is giving a presentation.

ATTORNEY #3

. . . and I'm sure all of you read the case way back in contract law. The decision impacts the way a judge is going to interpret the case, in several ways.

(MORE)

ATTORNEY #3 (CONT'D)

First of all, the court is not going
to let a second offense slide . . .

Kirsten watches David. David's tan has faded. He looks tired and slightly unkempt. His hair is a little greasy. His suit is rumpled and his tie is loose. He stares at his laptop screen and looks lost in thought.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David sits at his desk. He's staring out the window. The desk is covered with piles of papers, files, and law books. He looks exhausted and slightly disheveled.

Kirsten walks into his open doorway.

KIRSTEN

David.

David doesn't notice her.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(louder)

Earth to David.

David looks over at her.

DAVID

Oh, hey.

Kirsten walks into his office.

KIRSTEN

It looks like a bomb went off in
here.

David smiles a little.

DAVID

Don't you recognize productivity?

KIRSTEN

Can you find me Glen Morley's
deposition in all these piles of
productivity?

David looks around. He stands up and starts to look through the papers on his desk. He finds a thin manila folder, pulls it out of a pile, and hands it to Kirsten. Kirsten takes it. David sits back down.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

You okay?

DAVID
Yeah. I'm just tired. Lot of work.

A pause.

KIRSTEN
Okay.

Kirsten turns and leaves the office. David looks back out the window.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kirsten picks up the phone.

KIRSTEN
(into phone)
This is Kirsten Donovan. Is David still here?

A pause. Kirsten rolls her eyes.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I've got a contract he should have signed three hours ago. I'm going to run out and try to catch him.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
The garage? Third floor. Okay. If he comes back for some reason, tell him to find me.

Kirsten hangs up the phone. She walks over to the closet, opens it and takes a coat off a hangar. She picks up a file off the desk and rushes out of her office.

EXT./INT. PARKING GARAGE/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Kirsten stands at the elevators. She pushes the up button. She puts her hands in the pocket of her coat, which is buttoned up. The file is under one arm. She looks around. The first floor of the garage is deserted and only a few cars are parked in the sea of empty spaces.

The elevator doors open. Kirsten walks inside, turns around, and presses the button for the third floor. She repeatedly presses the Close Doors button.

The elevator doors close and the elevator moves upward. Kirsten stands silently. The elevator stops. The doors open. Kirsten steps out onto the third floor. She looks down the row of parking spaces, which are empty except for two cars.

David's car is backing out of a space about ten spaces down.
Kirsten waves.

The brake lights come on. David's car stops, then turns and drives away, accelerating quickly.

KIRSTEN

David!

Kirsten waves at the back of his car, which is driving away from her. The car goes swiftly up the ramp to the higher levels. Kirsten looks up at a sign. David is driving towards a higher level of the garage, and not toward the exit. Kirsten stands still for a moment, not sure what to do.

Kirsten turns and gets back into the elevator. She pushes the button for the top level and again pushes the Close Doors button repeatedly. The elevator doors close.

The elevator moves upwards. Kirsten stands close to the doors. The elevator stops and the doors open. Kirsten steps out onto the top floor. No cars are parked on the top floor, which is open to the sky. The wind is blowing and it's cold. Lights shine down on the empty spaces.

Kirsten looks toward the lower level and doesn't see any cars or people. She walks up the ramp between the empty parking spaces. Her heels click on the concrete.

Kirsten reaches the end of the row, where the ramp doubles back to the final row of parking spaces at the very top of the garage. At the end of the row, David's car is parked and turned off. David stands next to the wall at the edge of the building. He's looking over the wall.

Kirsten's mouth drops open. She stares at him for a long moment.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(not loud enough)

David.

David stands there, looking like he's about to climb over the wall.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(louder)

David!

Kirsten starts walking quickly up the ramp toward him. David abruptly turns, gets into his car and starts the ENGINE. Kirsten runs toward him. David backs the car up, turns around and SQUEALS the tires as he accelerates down the ramp. Kirsten is on the opposite side of the car, and she doesn't see his face as the car speeds down the ramp.

The car passes by Kirsten without slowing and heads down the ramp toward the exits. Kirsten stops running. She turns and watches the car drive away.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Kirsten sits with TOM WENTZ at a small table near the front window. Tom is around sixty and casually dressed in khakis and a jacket. He's taking notes on a legal pad. They both have cups of coffee in front of them.

TOM

So you want a twenty-four hour type of thing?

KIRSTEN

No, definitely not. I think . . . just to and from work, maybe?

TOM

That's not much of a surveillance.

KIRSTEN

I'm not really interested in surveillance. I'd just like to keep him out of trouble.

TOM

Are we talking about bars, strip joints, motels?

Kirsten shakes her head.

KIRSTEN

Gun shops. Bridges. Subway tracks.

TOM

Suicide watch?

KIRSTEN

Sort of.

(beat)

I just want you to follow him around a little bit, as your time permits. Let me know whether he's doing anything strange.

TOM

I can save me some time, and you some money, by telling you that we all do strange stuff every day.

KIRSTEN

Spare me the life's lessons.

TOM
It's your dime.

Tom writes on his legal pad.

TOM (CONT'D)
Well, you know my rates. I assume
I'm not sending this bill to Blaise
Howard.

Kirsten reaches into her purse for a checkbook.

KIRSTEN
I'll give you an advance and then
you can send the bills to my home
address.

Kirsten opens the checkbook and writes a check.

Martin walks up to their table. He's carrying a cup of
coffee. He looks suspiciously from Tom to Kirsten and back.

MARTIN
Hi, Tom.

TOM
Martin.

Kirsten rips out the check and hands it to Tom.

KIRSTEN
(to Martin)
Don't ask.

Tom takes the check, folds it, and puts it in his pocket.
He picks up his legal pad and his coffee cup.

TOM
(to Kirsten)
We'll be in touch.
(to Martin)
Here, have my seat.

Tom walks away. Martin sets down his coffee cup on the table
and sits down in the seat Tom vacated.

MARTIN
And I thought we were going out for
a cup of coffee as friends.

KIRSTEN
Aren't we?

MARTIN

Cut to the chase. You didn't ask me out for a casual cup of coffee.

KIRSTEN

Martin, you're making me feel terrible, but I don't have anyone else to tell. And I've got to tell somebody. I can't be a bystander.

MARTIN

(flatly)
A bystander for what?

KIRSTEN

It's David.

MARTIN

Of course it is.

KIRSTEN

Have you looked at him lately?

MARTIN

Can't say that I have.

KIRSTEN

I'm worried about him. He looks like shit. And I'm . . . suspicious of her.

A pause.

MARTIN

Kirsten, you're going to have to come up with more than that. Everyone at Blaise Howard knows that you're carrying an Olympic-sized torch for the guy. If you hate his wife, we all know the reason why.

KIRSTEN

I understand how it looks. I'll even admit, I had a crush on him in law school. But that was a long time ago.

Martin takes a sip out of his coffee and looks at Kirsten.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I've been over it for quite a while.

MARTIN

Bullshit.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

At least since he got married. I promise you, I'm only thinking about him as a friend. And I'm worried for his safety.

MARTIN

I think he could take her, if it ever comes down to a fight.

KIRSTEN

That's not what I mean.

MARTIN

(irritated)

Well then, what do you mean? I'm not sure what you're accusing her of, other than being a crappy lawyer.

KIRSTEN

I'm sure of two things. He looks like hell these days. And while Blaise Howard's rid of her, David Archer's not.

(beat)

I want to look at the files on her computer.

MARTIN

At work?

KIRSTEN

Yeah.

Martin looks out the window.

THE SIDEWALK

Emily walks purposefully by. She doesn't look in the coffee shop window.

BACK TO SCENE

MARTIN

Speak of the devil.

KIRSTEN

What?

MARTIN

Emily just walked by.

A pause. Kirsten stands up.

KIRSTEN

Come on. Let's follow her.

Martin looks up at her.

MARTIN

Kirsten . . .

KIRSTEN

Fine. I'm going.

Kirsten walks away, leaving her coffee cup on the table. Martin takes a big sip out of his almost-full cup. He puts the cup down. He sighs. He stands up and follows Kirsten.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Martin and Kirsten walk along, looking uncomfortable, about twenty feet behind Emily. Emily doesn't look back. She turns into a drug store.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Kirsten and Martin stand at the end of an aisle, near the pharmacy, inside the drug store. Martin peeks around a display and watches Emily, who is standing in the pick-up line at the pharmacy. She has her back to him and he's not in her line of sight, if she turned around.

Kirsten is behind Martin in the aisle. Martin looks back at Kirsten. He nods toward the display they're standing by. Kirsten glances at the massive display of condoms.

MARTIN

Should we get some for later?

Kirsten rolls her eyes.

KIRSTEN

Keep your eyes on the prize. What is she doing?

Martin looks back at Emily, who stands in front of the PHARMACIST. Emily chats with the pharmacist, but they're too far away to hear what they're saying. The pharmacist puts several bottle of pills into a paper bag and hands it to her. Emily pays.

MARTIN

He loaded her up with drugs. She's paying.

(beat, then
suspiciously)

Is he a Limbaugh?

Kirsten sighs.

KIRSTEN
It's all for depression.

MARTIN
Then this looks legit. All right,
she's leaving.

Martin turns and walks toward the front of the store. Kirsten follows him.

EXT./INT. CITY STREET/LOBBY/ELEVATOR - DAY

Emily walks down the sidewalk. Martin and Kirsten follow behind her. Emily walks through the revolving glass door into Blaise Howard's building.

MARTIN
Time for lunch with her slightly
nutty hubbie. I hear the ladies
love him.

Martin follows Kirsten through the revolving door, into the deserted lobby. They walk across the room.

KIRSTEN
Meet me tonight in my office. I
want to look at her files.

MARTIN
Why am I getting involved in this?

Kirsten and Martin turn the corner into the elevator lobby. Emily stands in front of the elevator doors. She looks at them and smiles warmly.

EMILY
Hey, Martin, Kirsten.

The elevator door opens. They all walk in together, Kirsten and Martin glancing at each other.

MARTIN
So how is the life of leisure?

Emily pushes a button on the elevator control panel and the doors close.

EMILY
(smiling)
I hate to criticize Blaise Howard,
but you guys have to work so hard!
I'm glad to be taking a break.
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

And I can't even begin to describe how wonderful marriage is. I feel truly blessed.

MARTIN

Sounds great.

Martin glances at Kirsten. She makes a face at him behind Emily's back.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Martin and Kirsten sit behind her desk. They're staring at her laptop's display. Martin has his hands on the keyboard of her laptop. He types.

MARTIN

Here's the shared filesystem for the family law group. Nothing here as far as I know.

(beat)

Which isn't very far, since I have no idea what I'm looking for.

KIRSTEN

Can you look at her private files?

MARTIN

I don't have her password.

KIRSTEN

Try something obvious.

Martin types various passwords.

MARTIN

Her name doesn't work. David's doesn't work. What's loverboy's birthday?

KIRSTEN

Eight thirteen seventy-four.

Martin types.

MARTIN

Nope. Do you know her birthday?

KIRSTEN

Twelve eighteen eighty.

MARTIN
(typing)
Someone's been doing their research.
Nope.

A pause.

KIRSTEN
Can we hire some computer geek to --

MARTIN
Crack Blaise Howard's system? No!

KIRSTEN
Well, what can we do?

MARTIN
Why is it we?

Martin sighs. He reaches over and picks up the phone receiver from Kirsten's desk. He punches numbers into the keypad.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hank. Martin. Give me a call tomorrow. I'm looking for some docs that Emily Torrance may have left on the server. If you can tell me her password, that would be great. Thanks, man.

Martin reaches over and hangs up the phone. He looks at Kirsten.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Happy?

KIRSTEN
You're awesome.

MARTIN
Whatever.

KIRSTEN
Can we try David's files?

MARTIN
Same problem. And Kirsten, it's one thing digging around in an ex-employee's files.

KIRSTEN
Fine. Go ahead and leave.

They look at each other for a long moment. Martin sighs.

MARTIN

I hope I don't regret this.

Martin types.

KIRSTEN

Try . . . her name.

Martin types.

MARTIN

Bingo.

They look at each other.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Nothing says true love like using
her name as your password.

KIRSTEN

I guess.

Kirsten leans closer and they both stare at her laptop's screen. Martin taps on the Page Down key every once in a while.

MARTIN

It would help if I knew what we were
looking for . . .

KIRSTEN

Look at the file modification dates.
He hasn't touched any of these files
in over two weeks.

Martin looks closely at the screen.

MARTIN

Has he been in court? Or on vacation
or something?

KIRSTEN

He's been sitting in front of his
computer all day. But every time I
walk by his office, he's looking out
the window.

MARTIN

Maybe there's a naked woman across
the way.

KIRSTEN

Maybe.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin walks into Kirsten's office and closes the door behind him. Kirsten, sitting behind her desk, looks up at him expectantly.

MARTIN

Can you turn on the cone of silence?

Kirsten rolls her eyes at him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Got her password. But there's nothing in there. Talked to the sysadmins. She must have erased everything before she left.

KIRSTEN

What about backups?

MARTIN

Good thinking, Special Agent. Unfortunately, company policy is to destroy them after a month. She's been gone longer than that. So there's nothing there either.

KIRSTEN

Isn't that suspicious?

MARTIN

Kirsten, we're a law firm. There are reasons we don't save stuff.

Kirsten sighs.

KIRSTEN

Let me know if you think of something.

MARTIN

Oh, I will.

Martin turns to leave. At the door, he turns back.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Here's something. Your one true love didn't show up for work today, or yesterday.

Martin smiles at Kirsten.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Should I go buy a crowbar so we can check the trunk of her car?

Kirsten stares at him.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Kirsten, I'm joking. He probably has a cold.

Kirsten stares at him. Martin shakes his head. He opens the door and leaves. Kirsten picks up the phone receiver. She presses numbers on the keypad.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Tom sits in his car, parked on a street in David's neighborhood. Tom's talking on his cell phone.

TOM

(into phone)

Yep, he's at home, as far as I know. He's been there several days. This is the easiest money I've made in a while, by the way.

A pause.

TOM (CONT'D)

Some shopping, but not at the same time every day. Sometimes she goes out to lunch. She does have a regular tennis game. Every day, three o'clock, rain or shine.

A pause.

TOM (CONT'D)

Got it. Bye.

Tom closes his cell phone. He picks up a paperback book from the seat next to him and opens it up.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten sits at her desk. She's holding the phone receiver in her hand. She presses buttons on the keypad. She puts the phone to her ear.

KIRSTEN

(into phone)

David, it's Kirsten. Sorry to call you at home. I need your signature on the Wilkins contract. Plus, I think you must have taken the school board file home. I need to see the second deposition from the mom --

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

David lies on his side in his ruffled bed, in his dimly lit bedroom. He holds a phone to his ear.

DAVID
(groggily, into phone)
Kirsten?

INTERCUT with Kirsten's office.

KIRSTEN
(into phone)
Are you okay?

David rolls over onto his back.

DAVID
I've got some kind of bug. I'm in
bed, feeling lousy.

KIRSTEN
Have you gone to the doctor?

DAVID
It's not that bad. I just need to
rest.

KIRSTEN
Can I bring out the contract? And
get the file from you? If that's
okay.

DAVID
Sounds fine.

Kirsten looks at her watch.

KIRSTEN
It's one-fifteen. I'll see you in
about two hours.

DAVID
Okay.

David hangs up the phone. He rolls over and looks as if he's going to sleep.

EXT./INT. DAVID'S DOORSTEP/HALLWAY - DAY

Kirsten, carrying several files, stands at the front door of David's house. David opens the front door. He's wearing flannel pajama pants and a t-shirt. He looks terrible.

KIRSTEN
Sorry to bother you.

DAVID
Come on in.

He holds the door open for her to step inside. Kirsten steps into the hallway. She looks to the left, at a small, discreet security system box on the wall. David walks toward a staircase. Kirsten follows him.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

David and Kirsten walk into David's huge, luxurious bedroom. The bed is disheveled. David stands in the middle of the room. He looks at Kirsten as if he doesn't know why she's there.

Kirsten holds out a file to him. A yellow post-it note is sticking out of it.

KIRSTEN
I need you to sign page three, right
by the sticky.

David takes the file from her. He walks over to a large, ornate desk in the corner. Files are scattered across the desk. David puts the file down and opens it up. He picks up a pen from the desk and signs. He shuts the file, turns, and holds it out to Kirsten. Kirsten takes it.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I need the school board file.

DAVID
The school board file?

KIRSTEN
Uh huh. Johnson v. Santolina School
Board?

David looks over at the desk. He starts shuffling through the files.

Kirsten looks at the bedside table. A pitcher of water, a glass, and four bottles of prescription medications are on the bedside table.

DAVID
(stressed)
It's not here. Are you sure it's
not at work?

David runs his hands through his hair.

KIRSTEN

David, your sig is on the checkout sheet. And I've looked everywhere at work.

David sighs.

DAVID

Let me check my office.

David walks out of the room. Kirsten walks quickly over to the bedside table. She sits down on the bed. A memo pad and a pen are on the bedside table. She picks up the pen and a prescription bottle. Picking up one bottle after another, Kirsten writes furiously on the memo pad. She puts down the last bottle. She rips off the piece of paper and stuffs it in the pocket of her coat.

EMILY (O.S.)

(calling from
downstairs)

David?

Kirsten looks up.

KIRSTEN

(softly)

Damn.

INT. DAVID'S HALLWAY/OFFICE - DAY

Emily trots up the stairs to the second floor hallway. She's in a track suit, her hair in a pony tail.

Emily walks down the hall. Through the open doorway, she sees David standing in his office, digging through a pile of papers and files on the desk. Emily walks into the office.

EMILY

David, whose car is that? And what are you doing out of bed?

Kirsten walks out of David's bedroom door, down the hallway, and into the office. Emily looks up at her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Kirsten. What a surprise.

KIRSTEN

Hi, Emily. I'm just, uh, doing some legwork for Blaise Howard.

EMILY

David isn't feeling well, Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

And I'll be out of here as soon as David finds the file I need.

EMILY

I really don't think --

David finds the file.

DAVID

Here it is.

He holds it out to Kirsten. Kirsten takes it from him.

KIRSTEN

Great. One more thing. What about the trial?

David and Emily stare at her.

DAVID

What trial?

KIRSTEN

(shaking the file)

This one. Johnson v. School Board.

DAVID

They'll settle any day now.

KIRSTEN

The trial is a month away.

DAVID

They'll settle!

KIRSTEN

We don't know that.

DAVID

Yeah, we do.

EMILY

Is this something we really need to talk about?

KIRSTEN

Yeah.

EMILY

Can't you see he's not well?

KIRSTEN

Someone's got to be in court that day. Someone who knows the case.

EMILY

Stop bugging him about it.

Kirsten looks from Emily to David.

EMILY (CONT'D)

David, go back to bed. Kirsten, it was lovely to see you, as always. Let me show you the way out.

Kirsten sighs.

KIRSTEN

I can find my way out.

Carrying her files, Kirsten leaves.

EMILY

(to David)

Come on, honey. Back to bed.

DAVID

Okay, okay.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

David lies in bed with the covers pulled up to his chest. Emily shakes one more pill, from one of the bottles, into the handful already in her hand. She hands them to David. She picks up a glass of water and holds it out.

EMILY

Here you go, sweetie.

David looks haggard. He swallows the pills and drinks the water.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Do you think you'll be okay while I play tennis?

DAVID

Yeah.

EMILY

You get some rest.

She takes the empty glass from him and puts it on the bedside table. She tucks the covers more tightly around him.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten sits across the desk from a DOCTOR. He takes notes on a pad of paper.

KIRSTEN

So with the depression, and the, you know, all the other symptoms I told you about . . . I've done some research and I think I've come up with a regimen that will work.

Kirsten takes a piece of paper out of her purse.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

The first drug I'm hoping to try is di . . . phil . . . look, here, I've got it all written down. This is what I need and why.

Kirsten holds the piece of paper out to the doctor. He takes it from her. He reads it for a long moment. He looks at her.

DOCTOR

This is an unusual request.

KIRSTEN

I thought it would be easier for you, if I, you know, figured out what I needed.

DOCTOR

So, if I understand you correctly, you're asking me to write you prescriptions for these four drugs?

KIRSTEN

Yes.

A pause.

DOCTOR

Aside from the ethical considerations, I want to point out to you that there are some potent medications on your list. These are for someone with a long history of clinical depression that didn't respond to other medications.

(more kindly)

I don't mind prescribing something. You seem like you've got your heart set on it. But I'd like to start out with a much less intense anti-depressant. We'll also schedule you for weekly therapy, along with a full physical examination, and we'll go from there.

KIRSTEN

Doctor, I've done my research. I can promise you, the drugs on that list are what I need.

DOCTOR

Ms. Donovan, I believe in a multifaceted approach to depression. Including therapy, diet, exercise, and prescription medications if needed.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

Can I have my list back?

The doctor hands her the list.

DOCTOR

I highly recommend that you make an appointment on your way out.

KIRSTEN

I'll think about it.

INT. LAW LIBRARY - DAY

Kirsten walks into a room lined with law books. She walks down the shelves. She looks at one.

THE BOOK

The spine of the large, heavy, hardbound book reads *The Physician's Desk Reference*.

BACK TO SCENE

Kirsten pulls the book off the shelf and carries it out of the room.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten sits at her desk. The huge book is on the desk in front of her and she's flipping through it. Pages display pictures of pills and information about the pills.

Martin walks in her open door. He sits down in the chair across from her. He looks at the book.

MARTIN

What are you up to?

KIRSTEN

I got a list of David's meds. I think she's screwing around with them.

A pause.

MARTIN

Let's not beat around the bush.

KIRSTEN

I delivered some papers out to his house. You should have seen how he looked. Exactly like two years ago, when he tried to commit suicide.

MARTIN

Maybe that's just how his illness goes . . . it could be a cycle.

KIRSTEN

Or she could be giving him different drugs. I think she's taken him off his regular medications, and she's giving him something else.

MARTIN

(skeptically)
What?

KIRSTEN

I want to try getting his prescriptions filled, and then putting the right drugs into his pill bottles. Then see if he starts to get better.

MARTIN

Kirsten, you can't do that.

KIRSTEN

Why not?

MARTIN

Because it's crazy.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

It's not going to hurt him to switch the drugs.

MARTIN

How are you going to get the right drugs?

KIRSTEN

I'm trying to get them from a psychiatrist.

MARTIN

Do you have some kind of a connection?

KIRSTEN

No, and my first attempt didn't go very well. I managed to convince the doctor that I was crazy, but he still wouldn't prescribe anything. Do you know anyone who would?

MARTIN

Tell me what you need.

Kirsten picks her list up off the desk. She hands it to Martin. Martin looks at it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'll see what I can do.

KIRSTEN

How are you going to get them?

MARTIN

Unlike you, I have connections.

INT. KIRSTEN'S CAR - DAY

Kirsten and Martin sit in the front seat, parked along a street in David's neighborhood. Kirsten's cell phone RINGS. Kirsten opens it up.

KIRSTEN

(into phone)
Hello?

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Are you sure they were both in the car?

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Okay. Thanks.

Kirsten closes the phone. She looks at Martin.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Showtime.

MARTIN

Oh, my God. I can't believe we're
doing this.

EXT./INT. FRONT YARD/DOORSTEP/HALLWAY - DAY

Kirsten and Martin walk up the sidewalk to David's front door. Martin carries a medium-sized paper bag. Martin glances around. No one is in sight.

MARTIN

(quietly)

Nothing to see here, folks. Just a
couple of harmless, friendly Jehovah's
Witnesses spreading the good word of
the Lord. Not breaking in. Not us.

They walk up the steps to the front door. Kirsten takes a set of keys out of her pocket, puts a key into the front door lock, and turns it. The door opens. They walk into the hallway and Martin quietly closes the door behind them.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

How did you get the key?

Kirsten looks at the security system box on the wall. A small red light flashes.

KIRSTEN

I stole the spares from his
secretary's desk and had them copied.

(beat)

Now this might be a little more
tricky.

Kirsten flips down the front panel on the security system box. She punches in six numbers. The red light stops flashing and turns into a steady green light.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

First time's a charm.

MARTIN

What was it?

KIRSTEN

Their anniversary.

MARTIN

How romantic.

Kirsten walks toward the stairs. Martin follows her.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM/CLOSET - DAY

Kirsten and Martin walk into David's bedroom. The bed is unmade. Kirsten walks to the bedside table and picks up a bottle of pills.

KIRSTEN
Go check the bathroom and see if
there's any in there.

MARTIN
Aye aye.

Martin holds out the paper bag. Kirsten takes it from him and dumps four big bottles of pills on the bed.

KIRSTEN
I guess you do have connections.

MARTIN
Yep.

Martin turns to walk toward a doorway, presumably leading to the bathroom. Kirsten's cell phone RINGS. She takes it out of her pocket and looks at the incoming number. She flips it open.

KIRSTEN
(into phone)
Hello?

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
(scared)
Okay. Thanks.

Kirsten flips the phone closed.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Martin!

Martin turns around at the doorway. Kirsten starts putting bottles of pills back in the paper bag.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
They're coming back.

MARTIN
What?

KIRSTEN
He thinks they forgot something. He
said we don't have time to get out
and we should hide.

MARTIN

That is not a good idea. We should
get out of here.

Martin looks out the window, which faces toward the street.

OUT THE WINDOW TO THE DRIVEWAY

David's car drives up the driveway.

BACK TO SCENE

Martin backs away from the window, wheels around, and looks
at Kirsten, who is standing by the bed, clutching the bag of
pills.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Kirsten, they're here.

KIRSTEN

(panicky)

Where should we go?

Martin looks around. He walks over to a closed door. He
quietly opens it. It opens onto a huge walk-in closet, with
skylights providing plenty of natural light. Kirsten follows
him into the closet. He closes the door quietly behind them.

MARTIN

Over in that corner behind the
dresser.

A dresser in one corner has a clothes rack right beside it.
Kirsten shoves the clothes aside and gets behind them, with
her back to the corner. The dresser and the clothes are
hiding her from anyone entering the room. Martin pushes the
clothes back and stands in front of her. They're facing
each other, inches apart, in the corner. Both of them are
breathing hard. They look into each other's eyes.

The front door CLOSES. Faint FOOTSTEPS come up the stairs,
getting louder as they come down the hall.

FOOTSTEPS in the bedroom can be heard. Martin glances toward
the door and then back at Kirsten. Wide-eyed, Kirsten stares
up at him. Martin leans down and kisses her, hard. Kirsten
is backed up against the corner and couldn't pull away if
she tried, but she doesn't try.

They kiss and kiss and kiss, while drawers in the bedroom
OPEN and SHUT, and more FOOTSTEPS can be heard. The FOOTSTEPS
walk out of the bedroom and down the hall, then down the
stairs. They can barely hear the front door SHUT behind
someone leaving.

Martin pulls away and glances over at the door.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I think I can hear their car.

Martin quietly pushes the clothes back and steps out of their corner. Kirsten takes a deep breath. She follows him. Martin quietly opens the closet door and looks out into the empty room. Martin walks over to the window and peeks out.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Off they go.

Kirsten walks over to the bedside table. She picks up a bottle of pills. Martin follows her. He takes the bottle from her and puts it down on the table. He gently pushes her backwards until she sits down on the bed. Then he pushes her back until she's lying down on the unmade covers. He lies down half on top of her and kisses her. Kirsten pulls away.

KIRSTEN

Martin . . .

Martin kisses her again. Kirsten pulls back again.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

This is crazy.

MARTIN

No. This is the only part that isn't crazy.

Martin kisses her and she kisses him back. Martin takes his jacket off, still kissing her. Kirsten helps him take it off. He pushes her coat off and she struggles to get out of it without stopping their kiss. Martin pulls her shirt up and puts his hand on her skin. Kirsten puts her hands around his neck and runs one hand through his hair. They are oblivious to anything but each other.

INT. KIRSTEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martin and Kirsten sit on her couch. Martin watches TV, while Kirsten pores over the PDR book, open on her coffee table. Four piles of pills are lined up next to the PDR.

KIRSTEN

Look at this.

Martin looks over at the book. He leans forward.

MARTIN

Did you find something?

KIRSTEN
Two of them are switched.

MARTIN
(surprised)
What?

Kirsten glances at him.

KIRSTEN
You didn't believe me.

A pause.

MARTIN
I don't want to believe you. I don't
want Emily to be . . .

KIRSTEN
Look for yourself. These two.
(pointing at two of
the piles)
One of them is aspirin. The other
one I can't find in here. I have no
idea what it is. They look a lot
like his real meds, but they aren't.
If you look closely, it's easy to
see the difference.

MARTIN
Oh, my God.

KIRSTEN
I know.

MARTIN
We need to go to the cops.

KIRSTEN
We don't have any evidence.

MARTIN
Yeah, because we just stole it!

KIRSTEN
They would never have believed us.

MARTIN
I didn't believe us.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten sits behind the desk in her office. David stands over her. They're both looking at her computer screen. David is thin, but his hair and clothing are neat and clean.

He looks much better.

DAVID

(pointing at the screen)
Right there. That's when she said
she didn't remember.

KIRSTEN

God, you're right. Oh, man, this
casts a lot of doubt on the rest of
her story.

DAVID

I told you!

KIRSTEN

Well, the last time I saw you, you
weren't very focused on work. I
wasn't sure you remembered the details
on this one.

David runs his hand through his hair.

DAVID

I felt terrible. I'm still just
getting back to normal.

KIRSTEN

Did you go to the doctor?

DAVID

No. But I'm fine.

David puts his hand on her shoulder and gives her a little
squeeze.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't worry.

Martin walks into Kirsten's office.

MARTIN

Are you guys busy?

David takes his hand off her shoulder. Kirsten smiles at
Martin.

KIRSTEN

We're all done.

DAVID

Yeah.

David walks to the door. He passes Martin and leaves. Martin
watches him go and then looks significantly at Kirsten.

MARTIN

So the dead do come back to life.

KIRSTEN

Thanks to us.

INT. KIRSTEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kirsten's bed is neatly made up. The light on the bedside table is on. Kirsten, in a short nightgown, and Martin, in boxers, pull down the covers and get into the bed on opposite sides. Martin leans over to embrace Kirsten. Kirsten looks at him.

KIRSTEN

But how am I going to keep it going?

MARTIN

(leaning over her)

Keep what going?

KIRSTEN

David.

MARTIN

I don't know.

He leans forward as if to kiss her.

KIRSTEN

I can't just keep sneaking in there to put new pills in the bottles. Or can I?

Martin leans away and lies on his back.

MARTIN

As usual, I will be the voice of reason.

(beat)

Eventually, you're going to get caught.

KIRSTEN

I've got to stop her, somehow. Maybe if I had something I could hold over her head . . .

MARTIN

Something to blackmail her with?

A pause.

KIRSTEN

And another thing. We've got to stop doing this.

MARTIN

Talking about David and Emily? I'd love to.

KIRSTEN

Blaise Howard employees aren't supposed to . . . you know.

Martin leans up on one elbow, facing Kirsten, who looks at him.

MARTIN

We've been spying on a senior partner and his wife. We hired a PI to follow them. We've stolen passwords, his house keys, and his personal files. We obtained federally controlled pharmaceuticals without a prescription. And we're now drugging a Blaise Howard employee.

(beat)

Compared to that, what's a little nookie?

Kirsten laughs.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I rest my case.

KIRSTEN

You really are funny.

Martin kisses her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Kirsten walks over to a small table where Tom sits. He has a cup of coffee in front of him and he's reading a newspaper. When she arrives, he folds the newspaper.

KIRSTEN

Sorry I'm late.

TOM

It's your dime.

Kirsten pulls out a chair across from him and sits down.

TOM (CONT'D)

I've got nothing for you.

KIRSTEN

I know. I've got a different angle
for you.

TOM

What is it?

KIRSTEN

I want you to do a background
investigation on his wife.

TOM

Kirsten . . .

KIRSTEN

I thought you'd be happy to stop
following them around.

TOM

I've known you for five years. But
I've worked for Blaise Howard for
twenty-five years.

KIRSTEN

What are you worried about? That
they'll stop using you? I thought
you were about to retire anyway.

TOM

You are one pushy broad. You know,
you catch more flies with honey than
you can with vinegar.

KIRSTEN

What, do you want more money? Fine.
I'll go twenty percent more. And I
just want her checked out. College,
work history, people who knew her.

TOM

If I start asking around, chances
are that she'll hear about it.

KIRSTEN

I know.

A pause.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Please, Tom. This is the last thing
I'm going to ask you for.

TOM

Don't be surprised if after this, I
stop returning your calls.

KIRSTEN

Fine. After this, I won't call.

TOM

Sounds good to me.

INT. LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

David and Emily are hosting a party at their house. Kirsten stands with Emily, Stanley, and David. David looks well and healthy. He and Stanley are talking about work. The two men have glasses of wine in their hands.

EMILY

(to David)

Honey, I think I'll go make some coffee.

David nods. Emily smiles at Stanley and Kirsten and then heads toward the kitchen.

Across the room, Martin is standing with Attorney #2 and Attorney #3. Kirsten and Martin look at each other for a second. Martin tilts his head toward the hall.

KIRSTEN

(to David and Stanley)

Will you excuse me?

They nod and continue talking. Kirsten and Martin meet at the entrance to the hall.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Cover me.

MARTIN

I'll do my best, double oh seven.

Kirsten walks into the front hallway and quickly up the staircase. Martin turns back toward the party. He looks around uncomfortably.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kirsten puts pills into bottles on David's bedside table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emily walks into the room from the kitchen. She carries a small tray with cups of coffee on it. She walks from group to group, offering coffee. People take cups from the tray. Martin stands near the entrance to the hall, watching Emily walk around the room. She approaches Martin with two cups on her tray.

EMILY

How about a cup of coffee, Mr. Anti-Social, standing over here all alone?

MARTIN

I would love some.

Martin takes a step to the left, so that he is standing between Emily and the entrance to the front hallway.

EMILY

I've got cream and sugar over there on that table.

Emily motions with her head toward a small table.

MARTIN

Uh, I am a little picky about my sweeteners.

EMILY

Martin, are you high maintenance?

MARTIN

Don't tell anybody.

EMILY

You name it. I might have it.

MARTIN

Uh, got any . . . stevia?

EMILY

Stevia? Are you kidding?

MARTIN

Uh, how about some Sugar in the Raw?

Emily sighs.

EMILY

Let's go look.

Emily and Martin are turning toward the kitchen, when Emily glances over at the hall and sees Kirsten walking down the stairs. Emily's smile freezes. Martin looks at her, and then over at Kirsten. Kirsten walks up to them.

KIRSTEN

(smiling uncomfortably)
Coffee?

A slight pause.

EMILY

Would you like caf or decaf?

KIRSTEN

Decaf.

Kirsten reaches for a cup on Emily's tray.

EMILY

Let me go get some decaf. These are both caffeinated. And Martin, I'll bring you a selection of sugar substitutes.

MARTIN

I was just kidding. I don't put anything in my coffee.

Emily walks toward the kitchen. Kirsten looks at Martin.

KIRSTEN

She saw me coming down the steps.

MARTIN

So what? Maybe you needed some private time in a remote bathroom.

KIRSTEN

She looked at me funny.

MARTIN

She didn't. Just act natural.

Emily comes back in the room. She's carrying a cup of coffee in each hand. She hands them to Martin and Kirsten. They each take a sip.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That's some good coffee, Emily.

Emily smiles at him.

EMILY

Let me know if you need anything else.

Emily walks away from them and joins another group of people.

MARTIN

See? She has no clue.

Martin and Kirsten watch Emily moving from group to group, smiling and talking. Kirsten takes a sip of her coffee.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Martin and Kirsten walk down the driveway of David's house, toward Kirsten's car. Kirsten veers over a little and sideswipes Martin. Martin grabs her by the elbow and steadies her.

MARTIN

Careful.

They reach her car and Kirsten turns to face Martin. She steps close to him and holds her face up for him to kiss. Martin looks at her for a second, then he looks back down the driveway at the house.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

What if someone's looking out at us?

KIRSTEN

Now who sounds paranoid?

Martin leans forward and kisses her. Kirsten puts her arms around him and pulls him close, kissing him passionately. Martin gives in for a moment and then pulls away.

MARTIN

How much did you have to drink?

KIRSTEN

One glass of wine, about two hours ago.

MARTIN

So let's see, not drunk, horny, do you want me to meet you at your place?

A pause.

KIRSTEN

Oh . . . no. I'm actually exhausted. And I've got a lot of work to do tomorrow. So . . .

MARTIN

Tease.

KIRSTEN

Sorry.

Martin lets her go. Kirsten unlocks her car and gets in. She turns it on. He stands in the driveway and watches as she drives away.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Kirsten drives her car down a two-lane road. She's having a hard time keeping her eyes open. She blinks hard and then yawns a giant, face-splitting yawn.

Kirsten's car slowly creeps over to the left and a car going in the other direction HONKS at her. Kirsten jerks her car back into her own lane. She shakes her head a little and stares out at the road. Concentrating.

Several gas stations and fast-food restaurants line the road, as it approaches an intersection with a highway.

KIRSTEN'S POV - OUTSIDE THE CAR

The streetlights, and the lights on the business establishments, are bright, yet bleary. Everything in her sight is smearing together. The sign for the highway goes by in a green blur.

BACK TO SCENE

Kirsten blinks a few times. She steers the car onto the on-ramp. She accelerates, but not quite enough. She slowly merges onto the highway, cutting off someone in the right lane. The other car swerves around her and HONKS. Kirsten glances over and then stares back at the road. She is concentrating hard, just to keep going. She yawns.

Cars pass her; she's driving much slower than the traffic. Her eyes close. Her car veers into the other lane. Another car HONKS a long, wailing HONK. Kirsten jerks awake.

Kirsten takes a deep breath. She holds her eyes open.

A sign on the side of the highway points an arrow toward an exit. Kirsten steers the car off the highway and onto the off-ramp. She bites her lip, hard, trying to shock herself awake.

At the top of the off-ramp, Kirsten turns the car to the right. A fast-food restaurant is on the right side of the road. Kirsten steers the car into the parking lot and turns into the first available spot. The car runs into the concrete parking stop and stops with a jerk.

Kirsten turns the car off. Her eyes close. She opens them. She reaches slowly over to the seat for her purse. She opens her purse and puts her hand inside it. Her eyes close. She falls asleep, slumped over, her body held up by her seatbelt, her head lolling over at an uncomfortable-looking angle.

INT./EXT. CAR/PARKING LOT - DAY

It is early morning. Kirsten is in the same position, asleep in the car. A female SECURITY GUARD bends over, looking in the driver's side window. The security guard knocks on the window.

Kirsten opens her eyes. She turns her head and looks over.

KIRSTEN'S POV - EMILY IN THE SECURITY GUARD'S UNIFORM

Emily, in a threatening posture, looks avidly into the car.

BACK TO SCENE

Terrified, Kirsten jerks away from the driver's side window. She comes fully awake and sees the security guard, who only superficially resembles Emily.

SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am, are you all right?

Kirsten takes a deep breath.

KIRSTEN

Yeah. I'm fine.

SECURITY GUARD

Maybe I should call you a cab.

KIRSTEN

No, no, I'm okay. I'm going to get going.

SECURITY GUARD

You sure?

KIRSTEN

Yeah. I'm fine. Thanks.

Kirsten looks around for the car keys. She finally sees them in the ignition. She turns the car on. She backs up, carefully, and slowly drives out of the parking lot.

INT. KIRSTEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kirsten's front door opens and Kirsten walks into her apartment. She's wearing her dress from the party and carrying her high heeled shoes and her purse. She looks like she spent the night in her car.

Kirsten closes the door behind her. She looks around. The apartment is still and quiet. She puts her purse down on a console table in the front hall.

She walks by the kitchen, empty, the living room, empty, and into her bedroom. Empty. She drops the shoes on the floor. She looks in the closet. Nothing there but clothes.

She looks in the bathroom. Empty. She walks into the bathroom and pulls aside the shower curtain. Nothing in the shower. She turns around and is momentarily surprised by her reflection in the mirror.

Kirsten walks back into her bedroom. She bends over and looks under her bed. No one there.

Kirsten opens a drawer in her dresser. She pushes aside her underwear and socks and looks at the four huge bottles of prescription medicines, lying on their sides. She takes one out and opens it. She looks at the pills inside. She takes a deep breath. Kirsten closes the bottle and puts it back in its place. She closes the drawer.

She walks to the front door and checks to make sure that the door is locked. She puts the chain on the door. She turns around and looks at her empty apartment. It all seems somehow threatening.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten sits by Tom's desk in his small, shabby office. He opens a manila folder on his desk and pushes it over toward her. Kirsten looks at the papers in the folder.

TOM

That's my report. And there's some show and tell in there. Let me summarize it for you. She's squeaky clean. Bleach-like.

Kirsten glances up at him. She looks back down at the typed pages of his report.

KIRSTEN

Doesn't everyone have some dirt in their life?

TOM

Not her.

KIRSTEN

Tell me about the cleanliness.

TOM

Small town childhood and high school in Wisconsin. College at the University of Illinois. Harvard law. Straight A student all the way.

KIRSTEN

Family life?

TOM

Nothing suspicious. Parents killed in a car crash just after she finished law school. She seemed to have thrown herself into her work, which seems understandable. Clerked for a judge, then worked for a big firm in New York city. Absolutely glowing references from them. Everyone I talked to said she was a straight arrow.

KIRSTEN

But she left them to go do some kind of charity work?

TOM

A year working for the UN in Chad.

KIRSTEN

Chad?

TOM

Yeah. Heard of it? Two hundred thousand refugees?

KIRSTEN

I've heard of it. And I saw photos in her office.

Tom reaches over and flips some of the pages in the file.

TOM

Here's some more pictures.

THE PICTURES

Color copies of photographs. Diverse groups of refugees and workers. Emily surrounded by African children.

BACK TO SCENE

KIRSTEN

So you talked to people who knew her?

TOM

College classmates, law school buddies, co-workers.

KIRSTEN

High school?

TOM

You've got to be kidding me. Why don't I go check out her preschool, maybe interview her babysitters, while I'm at it.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

What about Chad?

TOM

I'm not going to Africa, not even on your dime.

KIRSTEN

I mean, can you find someone and talk to them on the phone?

Tom sighs.

TOM

What I'd really like you to look at in there is my expense report.

KIRSTEN

Whatever. I'll pay it.

(beat)

Look, Tom, I could get someone else, but I know you're the best.

Tom rolls his eyes.

TOM

All right, all right.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten walks into the Blaise Howard cubicle farm and down the aisle toward her office. Festoons of garland and tinsel decorate some of the offices. As she walks down the aisle, Kirsten sees Emily standing by Marie's cubicle, outside Kirsten's office. Emily holds a bottle of champagne, wrapped up in an elaborate holiday-themed ribbon.

Emily smiles at Kirsten as she approaches.

KIRSTEN

Good morning, Emily, Marie.

EMILY

Kirsten, I was trying to get Marie to open your office for me, but she says you like to keep it locked up.

Kirsten glances at Marie, who shrugs her shoulders.

KIRSTEN

I'm sorry, Emily, but Marie was just doing what she's told.

EMILY

I was going to leave this on your desk. It's an early holiday present from David and me.

Emily holds out the bottle. Kirsten hesitates for a second, then takes the bottle from Emily.

KIRSTEN

Thank you, Emily.

EMILY

Can I talk to you for a second?

KIRSTEN

Sure.

Kirsten puts her laptop case down and gets keys out of it. She unlocks her office door, opens it, and picks up her laptop case. She carries the case and the bottle of wine into her office and puts them both on her desk. Emily follows her into the office. Kirsten walks around her desk and turns around, facing Emily over the desk.

EMILY

I just wanted to say thank you for all that you've done for my husband. He thinks the world of you.

(beat)

I just don't know what he'd do without you.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

Well, thanks, Emily. I . . . uh, David is such a great lawyer. It's a pleasure to work with him.

EMILY

Of course, you two are a great team here at Blaise Howard, but I was also speaking about your support for him on a personal level.

A pause, while the two women look at each other.

KIRSTEN

Emily, I'd do anything for David. I consider him to be one of my best friends.

EMILY

I'm sure he would say the same about you.

(smiling)

Well, I should go make some more deliveries. Happy holidays! Bye!

Emily turns and walks out of the office.

KIRSTEN

Bye.

Kirsten looks at the bottle of champagne on her desk.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom files some documents in a file cabinet. His cell phone RINGS. Tom haphazardly stacks his documents on top of the files in one drawer and turns to answer the phone. He picks it up and flips it open.

TOM

(into phone)

Tom Wentz here.

INTERCUT with dusty interior of an office in a trailer in a hot, dry climate. CLAY PETERS sits at a shabby desk, talking on his cell phone.

CLAY

(accented, into phone)

Mr. Wentz? This is Clay Peters, returning your call.

Tom reaches down to his desk and picks up the manila folder he showed Kirsten. He opens it on the desk and sits down. He picks up a pencil.

TOM

Thanks for getting back to me.

CLAY

How can I help you?

TOM

I'm doing a background fact check on a gal named Emily Torrance. Just a routine thing for employment purposes. I understand you were her boss during her time in a refugee camp in Chad.

CLAY

Right. She worked for me for just over a year. Wish she was still here.

TOM

Good at her job?

CLAY

The best. Brilliant legal mind, positive attitude.

TOM

Why did she leave Chad?

CLAY

It's quite a difficult situation here. I believe her intention was always to give us a year before raking in the dollars at a firm in the States. I think she had a job at an international firm in New York all lined up and waiting.

TOM

New York? So she left Chad and flew to New York?

CLAY

Hmmm . . . I believe she actually did a bit of traveling in Africa before she went home.

The trailer door opens. AID WORKER and REFUGEE walk in. Clay looks at them.

AID WORKER

(quietly)

You need to hear this man's story, Clay.

Clay holds up one finger. The two men stand there waiting for him.

CLAY

Mr. Wentz, I'm sorry to cut this short, but I need to go.

TOM

Just a couple more things. Did she travel in Africa on her own?

CLAY

As I remember, she had a friend visit us in the camp for a short time. And then the two of them were going on safari.

TOM

Was this person from the United States?

CLAY

I believe so. I believe she was a classmate from school.

TOM

Do you remember the friend's name?

CLAY

No, I'm afraid I don't.

TOM

Did you ever see Emily again after she left Chad?

CLAY

No, I haven't. I've sent her a few emails, but I've never heard back.

TOM

Are you surprised by that?

CLAY

Actually, no. Working here is . . . extremely stressful. Many people just want to put it behind them. I'm sorry, Mr. Wentz, but I need to go.

TOM

Thank you for your time.

CLAY

No problem.

Tom hangs up his phone. He writes on a piece of paper in the file.

INT. KIRSTEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kirsten and Martin walk into her apartment. She leads the way into the kitchen.

The bottle of champagne, still in its holiday finery, is on the counter. Kirsten presses a button, by a blinking red light, on an answering machine.

TOM (V.O.)
(on the answering
machine)

Tom here. Quick update. Talked to her boss in Chad. Surprise, surprise, he didn't have any dirt on Mother Theresa. Now I've got another wild goose chase to go on. Honk honk. See you when I get back.

Kirsten opens the refrigerator and looks inside.

MARTIN
Let's put the bottle in the fridge, go get some dinner, come back, and drink it.

Kirsten shuts the refrigerator and looks at the bottle.

KIRSTEN
No way. I'm pouring it out.

MARTIN
That's a fifty dollar bottle of champagne. You can't pour it out.

KIRSTEN
Well, I'm not drinking it. I should send it to a lab to test it.

Martin picks up the bottle and looks at it.

MARTIN
How could she put something in it? It has a cork.

KIRSTEN
You can re-cork a bottle of champagne. I saw them do it on *Mythbusters*.

Martin sighs.

MARTIN
What about the seal? How could she get the foil on so perfectly?

KIRSTEN
Maybe she has a lot of attention to detail.

MARTIN
She doesn't.

KIRSTEN
Maybe she paid somebody to do it.

MARTIN

I give up. Let's go get something to eat.

Kirsten looks at Martin.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Nobody lives around here. No one's going to see us.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Martin and Kirsten walk down the street together. Ahead of them, another couple, arm in arm, walks toward them. It is David and Emily. The four people come face to face in a brightly lit section of the sidewalk. Three of them are surprised to see each other. Emily's expression looks almost triumphant.

MARTIN

(kidding)

This is awkward.

DAVID

Kirsten, you do know how to keep a secret.

KIRSTEN

Not any more, I guess. What are you two doing in town?

EMILY

We're spending a week at the James. We're having some painting done at the house.

MARTIN

Sounds like fun.

KIRSTEN

Nice to run into you guys.

A pause.

EMILY

Would you two like to go have a drink somewhere?

MARTIN

We're actually on our way to have dinner.

DAVID

We've already eaten.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

We went to that Italian place right
across the street.

EMILY

It was delicious. Why don't we go
have a drink in the bar, and then
you two can have dinner and us old
married farts will head on home to
our hotel room?

KIRSTEN

I don't know . . .

MARTIN

Why not? Let's go.

DAVID

Sounds like a plan.

Kirsten and Martin look at each other. He gives her a look.
David turns to lead the way back to the corner.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on, we can just make this light.

Emily and David walk quickly toward the corner and the
crosswalk. Kirsten and Martin follow.

KIRSTEN

(quietly, to Martin)
Are you crazy?

MARTIN

(quietly, to Kirsten)
Come on, Spy Kid. Let's do some
detecting.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The two couples walk into a well-populated bar. They find
an empty booth and sit down. David looks around. No waiters
are in sight.

DAVID

Why don't I just go order something
at the bar? It will probably be
quicker.

EMILY

I'll take a vodka tonic.

David looks at Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

A glass of wine. White, whatever they've got.

MARTIN

I'll help you.

Martin and David slide out of the booth and walk over to the bar.

A pause. No drinks on the table. Nothing to do but talk. Kirsten shifts uncomfortably.

EMILY

It's so nice to see you with Martin. He's such a wonderful guy.

KIRSTEN

Yeah.

EMILY

Have you been dating long?

KIRSTEN

No.

A pause.

EMILY

You've really got to make more of an effort, Kirsten.

A pause while they look at each other.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I know it was a shock for you to see David fall for another woman, and then to get married. But you're with someone now. It's time to move on.

Kirsten takes a deep breath. She'd like to jump across the table and choke Emily.

KIRSTEN

Just because I have . . . someone in my life, it doesn't mean I don't care about David as a friend. And it doesn't mean that I won't help him . . . when he needs help.

EMILY

What kind of help does David need from you?

KIRSTEN

David needs to have a long and happy life.

EMILY

Of course I agree.

KIRSTEN

Are you sure about that?

A long pause. Emily stares at Kirsten coldly.

David and Martin arrive with the drinks. They sit down, each couple on their own side. Martin glances at Kirsten and she raises her eyebrows slightly at him, as he sits down. Kirsten takes a long sip of wine.

No one speaks for a moment. David looks at Kirsten.

DAVID

Kirsten, I've been meaning to tell you something.

David looks at Emily.

EMILY

David, I thought we were going to keep it a secret for a while longer.

DAVID

Honey, Kirsten should be the first to know. I wouldn't want her to be surprised by this news.

(beat)

Although you better not tell Stanley yet, Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

I figured that was coming. What's the deal?

DAVID

I'm taking a year off. Maybe more.

A pause. Kirsten stares at David. Emily smiles slightly as she looks down at her drink.

MARTIN

That sounds great. What are you going to do with yourself?

DAVID

Travel. Relax. Maybe start a family.

KIRSTEN

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

DAVID

Say you're happy for me!

KIRSTEN

But what about --

DAVID

Blaise Howard is just not that important to me anymore, Kirsten. I want to live, not just work.

KIRSTEN

Are you absolutely sure this is right for you?

Martin nudges Kirsten with his leg. Kirsten takes a deep breath.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, David. I'm happy for you. The whole firm will miss you, though.

DAVID

Needless to say, let me break the news to Stanley.

KIRSTEN

I certainly don't want to tell him.

A WAITER approaches the table.

WAITER

Are some of you eating dinner? We've got a table for two open in the restaurant.

MARTIN

That would be us.

Martin looks over at Kirsten.

KIRSTEN

Let's go.

Martin slides out of the booth and Kirsten follows him.

MARTIN

Nice to bump into you two.

KIRSTEN

Good night.

DAVID

See you on Monday.

EMILY

Bye!

Martin and Kirsten follow the waiter out of the bar.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kirsten and Martin sit at a table for two, eating Italian food.

KIRSTEN

She's going to take him out into the woods somewhere and push him off a cliff.

Martin chews and swallows.

MARTIN

If they're in Botswana at the time, I'm not sure we can stop her.

(beat)

Maybe it's time for us to let go of David, and move on with our own lives.

KIRSTEN

I need to warn him.

MARTIN

He's not going to believe you.

A pause.

KIRSTEN

Do you believe me?

Martin smiles at her.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Or are you just humoring me?

MARTIN

I'm humoring you. It seems to help me get into your pants.

KIRSTEN

You don't see anything suspicious about her?

MARTIN

Well, she changed the pills. That's pretty suspicious.

KIRSTEN

What if she tells Stanley about us?

A pause.

MARTIN

I like you more than I like my job.

Kirsten smiles at him.

INT. KIRSTEN'S KITCHEN - DAY

As Kirsten walks into her kitchen, the phone is RINGING. Kirsten picks up the receiver and holds it to her ear.

KIRSTEN

(into phone)

Hello?

INTERCUT with Tom, driving down the road and talking into his cell phone.

TOM

(into phone)

Kirsten, it's Tom.

KIRSTEN

Hi, Tom.

TOM

Something interesting to report.

KIRSTEN

What is it?

TOM

Now, don't get all excited. This is just an odd fact. Not a smoking gun.

KIRSTEN

Okay, okay. What is it?

TOM

She did her time in Chad.

KIRSTEN

Yeah, Mother Theresa.

Kirsten opens a drawer. She takes a pen out of the drawer. She closes the drawer.

TOM

After that, she went on a trip with an old friend, a high school buddy who came over to Africa.

KIRSTEN

Okay.

TOM

Well, I don't have all the details, but she and her friend were staying at a hostel in Johannesburg when the place burned down. Her friend was killed.

KIRSTEN

What?

TOM

Did she ever mention it?

KIRSTEN

No, but we're not what you'd call friends.

Kirsten leans on the edge of the counter. She taps on the counter with her pen.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Tom, I want you to get on the trail of that high school friend, the one who died. If there's anything strange about her, I want to know. How did they know each other, their history, what happened in Africa.

TOM

I'm about a hundred miles ahead of you, Kirsten. I'm heading to her hometown, trying to track some people down. I'll call if you if I find something.

KIRSTEN

Thanks, Tom.

TOM

Keep those checks a-coming.

KIRSTEN

Okay. Bye.

Kirsten hangs up the phone. She stares off into space, thinking hard.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Kirsten walks out of the courthouse, carrying her laptop bag. She walks down the steps and joins the crowd walking down the sidewalk.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Tom stands on the front porch of a modest house. He rings the doorbell. Inside the house, footsteps can be heard approaching the front door. The door opens and MRS. HURWITZ looks at him. She's in her fifties, conservatively dressed, and pleasant-looking.

MRS. HURWITZ

Yes?

Tom takes a business card out of his pocket. He holds it out to her.

TOM

Hi. I'm Tom Wentz. I'm a private investigator working for a law firm in Chicago. Are you Adele Hurwitz?

Mrs. Hurwitz takes the card and looks at it.

MRS. HURWITZ

Yes, I am. Can I ask what this is about?

TOM

I'm doing a background check on Emily Torrance. I believe she was friends with your daughter?

MRS. HURWITZ

Yes, she was. They were buddies in high school.

(beat)

Would you like a cup of coffee?

TOM

That would be great.

MRS. HURWITZ

I'll go make it, and if you'd like to have a seat, I'll be right back.

Tom looks over at a table and chairs on the porch.

TOM

Perfect.

INT. RECEPTION AREA/OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten walks into the Blaise Howard reception area.

RECEPTIONIST #1

(urgently)

Ms. Donovan, I've got a message here from Stanley. He needs to see you in his office as soon as you come in.

KIRSTEN

Got it.

Kirsten continues into the main office area. She walks down the aisle to her office. She looks over at Marie's cubicle outside her office. Marie looks up at her.

MARIE

I've got a message for you from Stanley --

KIRSTEN

I got it.

Marie looks down at her desk. Kirsten unlocks her office door and walks into her office. She puts her laptop case on her desk.

Martin walks into Kirsten's office. He quietly closes the door behind him. Kirsten looks around at him.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

Hey. I can't talk. I've got to go see what Stanley wants.

MARTIN

You're not going to like it. David and Emily have been in there with him for half an hour.

KIRSTEN

That doesn't sound good.

MARTIN

Want me to stall him? You take the stairs, jump into the batcar, and escape.

They smile at each other.

KIRSTEN

I don't know why we're smiling.

MARTIN

Our international crime spree just
couldn't last forever.

KIRSTEN

This is not going to be pleasant.

MARTIN

No, it's not.

KIRSTEN

Maybe it will open David's eyes.

MARTIN

Don't count on it.

Kirsten's cell phone RINGS. Kirsten takes it out of her
laptop case and looks at it.

KIRSTEN

It's Tom. I'd like to talk to him,
but I guess I'd better go get fired
first.

Martin turns and opens the door.

MARTIN

Enjoy.

Kirsten walks ahead of him out of her office.

INT. STANLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Kirsten opens the door and walks into Stanley's office.
Stanley sits behind the desk. He looks up at Kirsten.

David and Emily sit across from Stanley. Emily's face is
red and blotchy from crying. David's face is stiff and angry.
He doesn't look at Kirsten. Emily glances at her and then
away. Emily reaches her hand out to David, who takes it.
David smiles at Emily reassuringly.

Kirsten walks up to the desk and looks at Stanley. Stanley
looks up at her coldly.

STANLEY

Kirsten, I've been hearing quite a
tale from David and Emily.

KIRSTEN

Stanley --

STANLEY

Have you threatened Emily?

KIRSTEN

No.

STANLEY

Did you break into their house?

A pause.

KIRSTEN

I didn't break in.

STANLEY

Did you enter their home without their permission?

Kirsten sighs.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

To save you from what could be an embarrassing lie, let me tell you that they have you and Martin on a security tape.

Kirsten looks at David, who is staring at her as if he'd like to kill her.

KIRSTEN

David, she is screwing around with your meds. I think she's hoping you'll commit suicide or at the least, be institutionalized.

David's mouth falls open. Emily starts to sob, loudly.

DAVID

My God, Kirsten, you have lost your mind.

STANLEY

Kirsten, you're fired. And I think you'd better stop talking, before we call the police.

EMILY

(scared)

I think we should! I don't feel safe in the same room with her.

Kirsten rolls her eyes at Emily.

DAVID

Emily, don't worry. I'll file for a restraining order today. And Stanley, I'm leaving Blaise Howard.

STANLEY

David, let's talk about that later. Kirsten, you'll get a small severance package. Don't ask me for a letter of recommendation. If you protest, spread the news, or do anything other than cooperate fully, the alternative is criminal prosecution. I'd like to avoid it, to save the firm from embarrassment. I'll need you to leave the premises immediately. We'll have your personal items sent to your home.

KIRSTEN

Listen to me for just one second --

STANLEY

I've heard enough. You need to go.

VOICES can be heard in the secretary's office. The door opens and Martin walks into Stanley's office, followed by Tom, Mrs. Hurwitz, and MR. HURWITZ. Tom carries a copier paper box.

Mr. and Mrs. Hurwitz look at everyone in the room. Their eyes zero in eagerly on Emily, who looks shocked for a moment when she first sees them, then quickly turns her head away. Emily stands up and moves over to kneel by David. David puts his arms around her and she hides her face against him.

DAVID

Emily, it's okay, it's okay.

STANLEY

Martin, you're next. If I were you, I'd want to put off this interview as long as possible.

MARTIN

(cheerfully)

I've got some people I'd like for you to meet.

EMILY

(to David)

Don't look at them. Just look at me. Don't talk to them.

DAVID

(to Emily)

What? What is it?

David glances at the Hurwitzes, who are standing next to his chair.

They're looking at Emily, who has her back to them and her face turned away.

Tom puts the box down on Stanley's desk. He takes the cover off the box. Stanley looks up at him.

STANLEY

This had better be good, Tom. I don't like surprises.

TOM

Hold onto your hat, Mr. Finch. I doubt you're going to like this one, but you sure as shit need to know.

EMILY

(to David)

Don't listen. Don't listen.

MRS. HURWITZ

(to Emily)

Beth? Is it you? Please, just look at me.

Emily doesn't look up. Tom takes a piece of paper out of the box and sets it on the desk in front of Stanley. Stanley picks it up and looks at it. David watches Tom.

TOM

Elizabeth Hurwitz' birth certificate.

Kirsten looks at Martin, who smiles at her.

MARTIN

(quietly, to Kirsten)

It gets better.

Tom takes papers and photographs out of the box and puts them on the desk in front of Stanley.

TOM

Emily Torrance died in a fire in Johannesburg. I have no proof that the fire was set deliberately, but it's possible. Emily's body was burned beyond recognition, was flown back and cremated here, and was buried by Adele and James Hurwitz --

(gestures to the Hurwitzes)

-- who were led to believe that they were burying their own child. The woman sitting by David is Beth Hurwitz.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Superficially, she resembles Emily in almost every way. She switched passports, testified to the Johannesburg police, and assumed the identity of her friend, who was leaving Africa for a high-paying career in international law, at a big firm in New York city. A high-profile gig, specializing in the rights of international refugees. Something Emily Torrance was uniquely qualified for. Beth turned down that job and applied for an entry-level position in family law, here at Blaise Howard. You know the rest.

David puts his hands on Emily's shoulders and pushes her back, away from him. He looks down at her. Mr. and Mrs. Hurwitz finally get a good look at her face.

MRS. HURWITZ

Beth! Beth!

EMILY

No! No! No! No!

DAVID

Oh, my god!

Stanley looks at Emily and David for a second and then over to Martin and Kirsten.

STANLEY

(to Martin and Kirsten)

Out. I'll speak with both of you later.

Martin and Kirsten look at each other and then head for the door. Emily is in hysterics, trying to cling to David and get away from her parents, as Martin and Kirsten leave.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin and Kirsten walk into Kirsten's office and Martin closes the door behind them. They look at each other.

MARTIN

I think David might be on the rebound right about now. He may need some support from his old friends.

Kirsten gives him a long look.

{A2334, 2142, 2334, 2112, 2364, 2127}

KIRSTEN

Come into the cone of invisibility
with me.

Kirsten opens her closet door and angles it so she can step behind it, almost in the closet. Martin follows her and she puts her arms around his neck. He puts his arms around her waist and looks down at her.

MARTIN

What about the death of our careers?

KIRSTEN

Have you ever thought of switching to litigation? I was thinking about leaving Blaise Howard and starting my own firm. I could use a bright young lawyer to help me out.

MARTIN

What kind of help do you need, ma'am?
And what will your firm's policy be on fraternization between lawyers?

KIRSTEN

Extremely relaxed.

Kirsten leans forward and they kiss.

FADE OUT:

THE END