

DROP DEAD DIVA

by

Josh Berman

Revised Network Draft
For Studio
April 22, 2008

DROP DEAD DIVA

TEASER

FADE IN:

MUSIC CUE: Gwen Stefani's "Just A Girl"

TIGHT on a PAIR OF well-toned WOMAN'S LEGS -- feet cradled in Louboutin pumps, twenty-four inch waist wrapped in a tight mini skirt. PULL BACK SLOWLY to reveal we're looking at a reflection in a full length mirror. *

The woman's FLAWLESS HANDS come into FRAME and hike up the skirt a few inches. Then, the hands release the fabric. She's adjusting, searching for the perfect skirt length. A beat, the hands pull up the skirt again, *almost to the point of a network standards note*. Then the hands tug it back down, just a tad. She's frustrated. PULL BACK FURTHER TO:

INT. DEB & GRAYSON'S HOME - SANTA MONICA - MORNING

The woman in the mirror is DEB DOBKINS, 22, as hot as her legs led us to believe she'd be. She fidgets one last time and seems satisfied. We take in her surroundings -- a bright and cheerful Craftsman, right out of *Veranda*. *

From their bedroom, GRAYSON KENT, late 20's, so handsome it hurts, emerges from slumber with bedhead. He wears sweats and a UCLA LAW SCHOOL t-shirt. Deb sees Grayson's reflection in the mirror. With complete seriousness, she asks -- *

DEB
Do my knees look fat? *

Grayson smiles. Deb wouldn't look fat next to Nicole Richie. While she scrutinizes her knees, he approaches. From behind, he wraps his arms around her. *

GRAYSON
Deb, you don't get nervous. What's going on? *

DEB
Maybe I should just wear pants. *

GRAYSON
You *and your knees* are perfect. *

She smiles. He kisses her neck and then steps into the open adjoining kitchen, she calls after him -- *

DEB
What about my hair?
(off Grayson)
Kidding --

(MORE)

DEB (CONT'D)
 (eyes mirror, sotto)
 Gorgeous.

*

GRAYSON
 Breakfast?

DEB
 Only a --

Grayson grabs a GRAPEFRUIT from the fruit bowl on the counter.

GRAYSON
 Grapefruit, two Splendas. Deb, you
 gotta relax, you kill at auditions.

DEB
 A prize model on "The Price is Right"
 isn't *just* an audition, it's a
career.

Grayson is amused by Deb. He loves her energy and spirit.

GRAYSON
 And with knees like yours, it's a
 lock.

She relaxes. Then, as Grayson slices the GRAPEFRUIT IN HALF,
 we MATCH CUT a HALF GRAPEFRUIT TO:

INT. HARRISON & PARKER LAW FIRM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

*

A HALF GRAPEFRUIT INSIDE A HIGH-END VIKING REFRIGERATOR.

*

MUSIC CUE: The Four Seasons' **"Big Girls Don't Cry"**

POV -- INSIDE THE FRIDGE FACING OUT. Door opens and PUDGY
 FEMALE HANDS PUSH ASIDE the GRAPEFRUIT and REACH FOR A
 CINNAMON ROLL. The HANDS pry off the roll's outer rings,
 leaving the gooey center, which we FOLLOW into JANE BINGUM'S
 mouth. Jane, 32, is overweight, attractively-challenged,
 introverted and brilliant -- the *opposite* of Deb.

*

By the look of her wrinkled, pinstriped pant suit, she's
 been working all night. The "kitty cat" brooch on her lapel
 is askew. Stay with Jane as she heads into --

*

*

INT. HARRISON & PARKER LAW FIRM - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Continuing toward her office, she meets up with her assistant,
 TERI, 35, African American, librarian-hot, who's just arrived.
 Teri gives Jane the "up-down" and quickly determines --

TERI
 You didn't go home... again.

JANE

I had to --

TERI

Work. I know.

As Jane starts to enter her office, she stops cold when --

KIM (O.S.)

Gooooood morning!

Jane turns to KIM KASTLE, 30, ZOOM smile, Michael Kors suit, and a blue Hermès bag which she carries like a trophy. *

KIM (CONT'D)

(pointedly)

Jane, we've got Marcus Newsom this afternoon.

JANE

Yes, Kim, I know. I've been working on our prep doc --

Teri intercedes. Explains to Jane --

TERI

It's your "day-old" outfit. Client was here yesterday. *

(aside, to Kim)

New purse? *

KIM

Hermès. Ostrich leather. Two year wait, but I pulled strings. *

(then, to Jane)

May I offer you some constructive criticism? *

(before she can respond)

You look best in solid, dark colors. *

And no one under fifty wears a brooch. *

For what it's worth. *

With that, Kim strides off.

TERI

(under her breath)

Hermès bitch. *

Teri looks back to Jane, but she's already headed into --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER LAW FIRM / JANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS *

The decor is as plain as she is. A WINDOW overlooks DOWNTOWN L.A. Jane reaches for her brooch, takes a beat, and then removes it -- shoving it into her purse. As she sits behind her desk, CAMERA RACKS to her FAMILY PORTRAIT -- Jane and her portly clan at a picnic table. MATCH CUT THE PHOTO TO: *

INT. DEB & GRAYSON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A PHOTO of Deb & Grayson on a beach. PAN OVER TO the PULPED GRAPEFRUIT HALVES and then TO Deb, who's painted her fingernails RED except for one naked pinky. She's watching "The Price Is Right." Prize Model BRANDI SHERWOOD flanks a NEW CAR, gesturing with her hands. Deb imitates her gestures.

Grayson emerges from the bathroom. He's now dressed in an Armani suit, crimson tie, and holds a bottle of blue nail polish, labeled IRONIC TAFFY.

GRAYSON

It was behind the Pepto.

DEB

(brightens)

Thank God for you... and my Ironic Taffy.

Grayson hands it to her. As Deb paints her pinky blue --

GRAYSON

You really think it's lucky, huh?

DEB

I had it on when I met you.

(then, noticing)

Why are you wearing your interview tie?

GRAYSON

Babe, for the third time --

DEB

You're interviewing at a new firm with a better partnership track. See, I listen.

(off his look)

Sometimes.

She turns her attention to the T.V. She watches Brandi saunter across the stage.

DEB (CONT'D)

Brandi thinks she's all that *and* a *bag of baked lays*, with her hip-dip-shoulder-swoop, which is so five minutes ago. Check this out.

With confidence, Deb walks for Grayson, putting too much bounce in her booty. Grayson tries to suppress a smile.

DEB (CONT'D)

I call it the toe-tap-bootie-bounce. Better than Brandi, right?

GRAYSON

She'll want to claw your eyes out.

*

DEB

You always know what to say.

*

*

Grayson pulls Deb toward him and they kiss. A SCREAM from the T.V. grabs their attention. A contestant's won the Showcase Showdown. As WE PUSH IN ON THE T.V., MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HARRISON & PARKER LAW FIRM / JANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

*

JANE'S FRAMED DIPLOMA on the wall. PAN DOWN TO JANE, who's at her computer. Teri enters with a latte and gossip.

TERI

Kim hosted a cocktail party last night, *for the partners*.

JANE

She was supposed to be helping me with the prep doc.

ANGLE ON -- THE LATTE, Teri places it on Jane's desk, on TOP of a book, *Nice Girls Don't Get the Corner Office*.

*

TERI

You're smarter. You work harder. The clients genuinely like you. But she's playing *the game* better and --

JANE

And I can't have this conversation, Teri. Not right now.

As Teri gathers DRY CLEANING STUBS from Jane's desk --

TERI

I'm worried about you.

JANE

Worry about the Middle East.

(looks up)

I'm fine. I gotta get back --

TERI

To work. I know.

Teri exits. Jane takes a deep breath, trying to deal with Kim as an enemy doesn't come naturally. She removes the latte from the *Nice Girls* book, and turns to a bookmarked page entitled: **Doing the Work of Others**. She reads an underlined passage, as a mantra:

*

JANE

"Promotions are rewards for getting
the job done, not necessarily doing
the job."

*
*

While reading, she reaches for her latte. As she takes a sip, the lid POPS off and the coffee spills onto her blouse.

JANE (CONT'D)

Damn it.

She reaches for a tissue, but the box is empty. Then, she presses her intercom buzzer.

JANE (CONT'D)

Teri.... You there? I need some
napkins, please.

*

No response. Annoyed and dripping, Jane heads into --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

*

Emerging from her office, she calls out to Teri --

JANE

Teri... What's going on?

She now sees that everyone in the bullpen is on the ground.

TERI

(urgent whisper)

Jane --

Teri, peaking out from under her desk, calls Jane's attention to a GUNMAN, 40's, brandishing a revolver. At first, we think it's pointed at Jane, but we quickly realize that Jane's standing BETWEEN the Gunman and SENIOR PARTNER, J. PARKER, late 40's, distinguished.

GUNMAN

Lady, get your ass down.

Jane doesn't comply. In shock, she looks to Teri who explains --

TERI

Apparently, this gentleman has a
beef with Parker.

GUNMAN

Your boss slept with my wife.

PARKER

I didn't know she was married.

*

JANE

Look, Sir...

Jane takes a step forward, trying to defuse the situation. As she steps over Kim, on the ground in front of her, Jane's foot gets tangled in the strap of Kim's Hermes bag. She TRIPS and FLIES toward the Gunman, who instinctively FIRES.

SLO-MO: The bullet HITS Jane and she falls, her head BANGING against the floor. CAMERA PANS to her right hand as her outstretched fingers expand and go limp. As WE GO TIGHT ON Jane's BITTEN DOWN NAILS, we MATCH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. DEB'S VOLKSWAGEN CABRIOLET CONVERTIBLE - MORNING

OVERLAP: Fergie's "**Glamorous**"

DEB'S PAINTED FINGERNAILS (all red but the one blue pinky), SPLAYED OUT TO DRY as she drives. The Fergie CD blares. She sips her bottled water. Her cell rings. She answers --

DEB

You got Deb.

INTERCUT WITH: *

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME / HOME GYM - SAME TIME *

STACY PUNT, 22, *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit sexy, wearing a lycra sports bra and impossibly tight bike shorts, sobs into the phone -- mascara bleeding down her cheeks.

STACY

Scott dumped me.

Despite her emotional pain, she continues her leg lifts. Her Chihuahua, TYRA, yaps throughout.

DEB

Oh, Stacy. I'm so sorry.

STACY

He said I was... I was... *shallow*.

DEB

Hello -- Has he seen the indie films in your Netflix queue? *

As Deb reapplies lipstick in the rear-view mirror, she makes a WRONG TURN down a ONE WAY street. A PRODUCE TRUCK, filled with tangerines, comes toward her, but she's oblivious.

STACY

I can't afford this place on my own. And Tyra hates moving. It makes her all gassy. *

Stacy rubs Tyra's belly, not missing a beat of her workout. *

DEB
 Maybe you should get, like, a job? *

STACY
 (offended)
 I'm a model.

The truck is seconds away from careening into Deb.

DEB
 And a damn good one. But you haven't
 worked since the J.C. Penney spread --

STACY
 (defensive)
 The layout was printed on recycled
 paper. The grain added ten pounds.

The truck's horn SCREAMS, but it's too late. Deb looks up
 as the truck's grille, with a GIANT PAINTED SMILING TANGERINE,
 bares down on her. BAM!! SMASH!! SQUISH!! DEADLY QUIET.

STACY (CONT'D)
 Deb... Sweetie?... *Can you hear me
 now?* Okay, call me back. *

As "**Glamorous**" swells, we CUT TO:

INT./EXT. THE PEARLY GATES - MORNING

HARP MUSIC PLAYS, FOG WAFTS, EVERYTHING IS WHITE. CAMERA
 PANS FROM ROWS of COMPUTER TERMINALS TO an ELEVATOR BANK.
 An ELEVATOR OPENS and OUT WALKS DEB, in a white robe. She's
 confused, out-of-sorts.

FRED, 20's, in a white oxford and slacks, approaches. He's
 nerdy-cute with attitude. *Think Adam Brody meets Woody Allen.*

FRED
 Ms. Dobkins, I'm Fred, your Gate
 Keeper. Apologies for your sudden
 demise. Follow me.

A bewildered Deb follows Fred past several terminals, staffed
 with other gate keepers assisting the "dead," to his station. *

FRED (CONT'D)
 Have a seat.

Fred rounds his desk and turns his attention to the computer.
 Deb composes herself, then, still standing --

DEB
 (flirty)
 Look, Fred, I've got an audition for
 "The Price Is Right."
 (MORE) *

DEB (CONT'D)

My hair's camera ready, and I've
been "fat flushing" for a week. So
do me a solid and "beam me back."

(then, sotto)

It's so dry up here -- is my
foundation cakey?

FRED

No one ever says "no" to you, do
they?

DEB

(considers)

I tried to French kiss Ed Wallus in
sixth grade. He said no, but he's a
hair dresser now, so do the math --

FRED

Stop talking.

DEB

Right. We're wasting time. I need
to get back. Now.

(pouting)

Come on, Fred, you seem like a sweet
guy. Help me out --

Deb deliberately opens her robe, revealing a hint of cleavage.

FRED

Pouting may work on Earth, but up
here it's *white* noise.

(re: cleavage)

And you may want to cover-up, there's
a draft. Now, sit.

Deb complies, but she's furious. Fred types on his keyboard.

DEB

What are you doing?

FRED

Reviewing your life.

DEB

Why?

FRED

(like it's obvious)

Heaven or hell.

DEB

Sweetie, I'll save you the time. *If*
I'm going anywhere, it's heaven.

FRED

This isn't Les Deux. You can't talk
your way in --

(re: monitor)

Whoa, hold up. I've never seen this
before.

(into a loud speaker)

I need a Supervisor at terminal 12.
I've got a... zero-zero.

DEB

I hope you're talking about my dress
size.

FRED

My records indicate you haven't done
a single good deed or bad act your
entire life. My first adult "zero,
zero."

DEB

(offended)

I'm a good person. Lots of deeds.

FRED

I'm listening.

DEB

(a beat, then)

I buy Girl Scout cookies every year.
And I don't even eat white flour
carbs.

FRED

You buy them for your sister so she'll
look fatter than you on the family
Christmas card....

DEB

I give spare change to the homeless.

FRED

Because coins looks lumpy in your
skinny jeans.

(then)

Ms. Dobkins, I see a lot of bad people
and you're not one of them. But
you're not one of the good ones,
either. Given our brief time
together, I would conclude you're
simply... shallow.

DEB

SHALLOW??? Who do you think you are
in that Dress-For-Less oxford shirt
and those pleated polyesterday slacks.

(MORE)

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

DEB (CONT'D)

You're rude, and I won't just sit here and take it.

*

Under this, Deb eyes a list of RULES printed on Fred's desk. Her eyes fall on RULE #10: **THE RETURN BUTTON SHALL NOT BE PRESSED WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION.**

FRED

What're you going to do about it?

DEB

Let's find out.

Deb eyes Fred's keyboard and sees the RETURN button. Before he can stop her, she reaches across his desk and presses it. A clap of thunder and Deb is engulfed in WHITE LIGHT. As she disappears, a SUPERVISOR races over to Fred --

*
*
*
*

SUPERVISOR

What the *hell* is going on?

FRED

My client, she pressed *return*.

SUPERVISOR

Clients do not touch the computers.

FRED

The woman had no boundaries.

*

Supervisor regards the data on Fred's computer --

*

SUPERVISOR

Her body is in a million pieces. She *can't* return to it.

FRED

So what happens?

SUPERVISOR

Her soul gets rerouted to the nearest available body.

*

Supervisor eyes a WOMAN, in a white robe, sitting at another station. **IT'S JANE!** PUSH IN TIGHT and MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

TIGHT on JANE in a hospital bed. Doctors are working her up. Suddenly, a LOUD BEEP as she flatlines on the EKG.

DOCTOR

I need the paddles.

A NURSE hands the doctors the paddles.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Clear!

As the doctor is about to PADDLE Jane, her eyes FLUTTER OPEN!
Deb sees Jane's reflection in the overhead surgical mirror.
Confused, she touches her face. She realizes she's looking
at her own REFLECTION. Overcome with horror, she SCREAMS!!!

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The Doctor examines an x-ray of Jane's torso. He reports to the Nurse, who stands over Jane, asleep in the bed.

DOCTOR

The wound is superficial. She didn't require a stitch.

NURSE

But the EKG? She flatlined?

As they talk, Fred steps into the doorway.

DOCTOR

It's a miracle.
(with a knowing smile)
Or the battery in the monitor went dead. It happens.

Nurse sees Fred.

NURSE

You a friend?

FRED

(considers)
Sure.

DOCTOR

She's a lucky lady. 'Cept for a minor abrasion and a bump on the head from her fall, she's fine.

*
*

FRED

I couldn't be happier.

Doctor and Nurse start to leave. Doctor turns back to Fred.

DOCTOR

Oh, Sir, she woke up briefly and thought she was someone else. We sedated her.

FRED

(under his breath)
Wish I had thought of that.

DOCTOR

Temporary amnesia is not uncommon with a slight concussion; we'll be keeping her under observation.

Doctor and Nurse exit. Fred waits a beat, and then he puts his hand on her shoulder. We think he's going to gently wake her up, but he SHAKES her.

FRED
Wake up! You hear me, up!

Groggily, Jane opens her eyes. (Note: It's now Deb's soul in Jane's body, but we will continue to refer to her as Jane since that's how the world will know her.)

JANE
I just had the strangest dream.

FRED
It wasn't a dream, Sweetie.

JANE
(bolts up)
Fred?

FRED
Yup.

JANE
(panicked)
Why do I feel bloated?

She lifts her arms and sees her "plumpness."

JANE (CONT'D)
Oh my God, you sent me to hell!

FRED
Relax, your soul entered a recently vacated vessel. Your old body wasn't --

JANE
No. No. No. I'm going back to sleep and when I wake up --

Jane shuts her eyes tightly. Fred grabs a doctor's head-mirror (a mirror on a headband) from the counter top.

FRED
Her name, now your name, is Jane.

Jane opens her eyes. Once again, she sees "Jane's face" in the head mirror. She flips out.

JANE
This doesn't work for me.

FRED
You should've considered that before you pressed "return."

JANE

(hyperventilating)

You don't understand. I've never been more than a size 2 and that was only 'cause of the freshman 15, which is why I quit community college.

(then)

Who do I have to talk to?

FRED

Look on the bright side, you don't just get Jane's body, you get her brains, too. Her IQ's off the charts. *

JANE

Okay. I think I get what's going on. This is like "Freaky Friday" when Lindsay Lohan and Jamie Lee Curtis got identical fortune cookies and woke up in each others bodies -- *

FRED

Jane -- *

JANE

Or maybe more like "Shrek the Third," when a magic spell caused Donkey and Puss in Boots to swap. Fred, just tell me how to get "me" back. *

FRED

You are Jane, now and forever. Everything you need to know about her... about you... is in here. *

Fred picks up a brown purse, sitting by the nightstand. *

JANE

A Mossimo bag from *Target*?

FRED

Jane's purse. Wallet, license, business cards, credit cards, cell...

Jane looks inside, pulls out the brooch. She's despondent. *

JANE

She wears a brooch? No one under fifty wears a brooch... *

She puts it back and pulls out a lipstick -- *

JANE (CONT'D)

And I haven't used Cover Girl since I was twelve. *

FRED

Buy a new purse, jewelry, lipstick,
I don't care. One rule -- you don't
tell anyone what happened, got it?

*

JANE

Why?

FRED

Because the dead aren't supposed to
body swap! People will think you're
nuts and I'll be forced to send you
back, and not to the "good place."

*

JANE

If I'm Jane, why do I still remember
everything about me, huh? Shouldn't
I know all about *her*?

FRED

("no")
Memories remain with the soul.

JANE

Whatever. I'm out of here.

Wearing her hospital gown and slippers, Jane races out.
Fred, annoyed, has no choice but to watch her go.

INT./EXT. DEB & GRAYSON'S HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Jane enters through a window. She takes in the room. She
spots Grayson's UCLA LAW t-shirt (from the Teaser) on the
bed. She touches it. Smells it. Tears well up. She crosses
to her closet, organized by season, and selects a skirt.

*

*

She takes off the hospital gown and steps into the skirt.
RIP! She grabs another. Repeats. RIP! She starts to shake.

Out of options, she puts on Grayson's robe. Then, she opens
another closet to reveal hundreds of pairs of high-end women's
shoes, which bring momentary comfort. She grabs a pair of
Gucci heels, hugs them tightly, and slips them on. The phone
RINGS. She starts to grab it, but realizes she can't. The
machine answers.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hey, it's Deb... and Grayson, leave
your message at the -- BEEP.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Grayson, it's Angie, Deb's sister.
Calling to let you know...

(voice cracking)

The funeral is tomorrow at noon.
The family's meeting at my place. I
hope you'll join us.

Jane hears the front door handle turn. Quickly, she hides behind the bedroom door. Through the crack, she watches --

JANE'S POV -- Grayson enters. He collapses on the sofa, cradling his head in his hands. Devastated. Only yards apart, but she can't reach out to him. A tear rolls down her cheek. Under the above, Jane has leaned on the back of a chair. Suddenly, the chair CRACKS under her weight. As Jane HITS the floor, the CRASH alerts Grayson. Jane races for the window. Wearing Grayson's robe and Guccis, she flees.

Grayson enters to find the broken chair. The window is open. Off his confusion --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER LAW FIRM / RECEPTION - DAY

TIGHT on the DOOR MONIKER: **HARRISON & PARKER**. TILT DOWN to a business card in Jane's hand. It reads: **JANE BINGUM, Attorney at Law, Harrison & Parker**. Jane's at the right place.

Suddenly self-conscious, she realizes several clients are staring at her. (Recall: she's wearing heels and Grayson's robe.) The elevator opens and Fred emerges.

JANE

What are you doing here?

FRED

The firm's looking for a new messenger. I'm applying.

JANE

I mean, shouldn't you be back up...

Jane points to the heavens. Fred's aware that they're drawing attention. He physically moves Jane out of earshot.

FRED

Jane --

JANE

Stop. I hate her name. I hate her body. I hate her clothes. I hate --

FRED

Shut up!

(off Jane's surprise)

I'm trying to answer your question. I'm here because of you. I've been demoted from a Gate Keeper to a Guardian Angel because of you.

JANE

(excited)

You're *my* Guardian Angel?

FRED

Afraid so.

JANE

Make me skinny and hot, now.

FRED

I'm an angel, not a wizard. And between us, it's just a fancy term for *babysitter*. I'm responsible for overseeing your transition and then I can go back to my desk job. So let's make it quick.

JANE

How did you find me here?

FRED

(like it's obvious)
You're in Jane's body.

JANE

So?

FRED

Everyone's body has it's own needs, cravings, comfort zones.

(then)

This firm is where Jane's body is at ease. She gets respect, her intellect shines --

JANE

(unenthusiastic)
Work is her comfort zone. Fabulous.

TERI (O.S.)

Jane!!!

Jane turns to see Teri -

TERI (CONT'D)

Thank God you're okay.

FRED

(under his breath)
Your assistant. Teri.

JANE

(to Fred)
I've always wanted my own assistant.

Teri takes a look at Jane's "outfit."

TERI

Let's get you to your office.

As Teri leads Jane into the bullpen, all heads turn to Jane. A CUTE MALE ASSISTANT stands up from his cubical and starts CLAPPING. Then, the entire bullpen erupts into applause.

JANE
Why are they clapping?

TERI
You took a bullet for Parker.

Jane smiles back at the assistant, and struts a bit --

TERI (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Your doctor called. Said you left against his orders.

JANE
Yes, apparently, I couldn't wait to get back to work.

TERI
And your mother stopped by. I didn't tell her about the whole 'being shot' thing. You know how she is. She wants to know when you'll call Mel.

JANE
Mel?

TERI
That guy she found for you, on-line. She sent you his profile, but told me to tell you his hair plugs look better in person and you'll get used to his stutter.

JANE
Wait, wait... What?

TERI
I told her you're in trial. Bought you a week.

They push into --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / JANE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Teri opens the "wardrobe cabinet" to reveal a dozen gray and blue Lane Bryant suits -- fresh from the dry cleaners. A couple of blouses. Jane recoils at the sight of them.

JANE
No. No. I do not wear Lame Bryant.

TERI

The doctor said you might have
amnesia, but come on, you love Ms.
Bryant.

(a smile)

They're "stretchy and comfortable."

As Teri lays out a gray pant suit on the sofa --

TERI (CONT'D)

Come on, get dressed.

Jane is mortified. A beat, then --

JANE

Look, Sweetie, I don't think --

TERI

Sweetie? Did you just call me
Sweetie?

Jane's not sure what she's done wrong.

JANE

I guess. I don't know... Why? *

Teri knuckles *Nice Girls* still on her desk. *

TERI

You don't use cutesy pet names.
It's in your books... Something
about diminishing your power center.

JANE

Right. What was I thinking?

TERI

(eyes Jane's Guccis)
Your *sensible* shoes are in the
credenza.

JANE

(re: Guccis)
These babies go with everything.

Teri, baffled, exits. As she closes the door, reveal a full length mirror affixed to it. Jane sees her reflection; it's still shocking. Then, with dread, she looks over at the hideous pant suit awaiting her.

MUSIC CUE: Spoon's "**I Turn My Camera On**"

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

1. Looking in the mirror, Jane wears the GRAY pant suit. She hates it. (Note: She continues to wear her Guccis.)

2. Looking in the mirror, Jane wears a BLUE pant suit. It's not any better. She crosses to the wardrobe cabinet, and searches until she finds -- a SKIRT suit.

3. Looking in the mirror, Jane wears the SKIRT SUIT. She's not happy, but then she gets an idea.

4. Jane crosses to her desk and finds paperclips. She hems her dress, crudely raising the hem line above the knees. *

5. In the mirror, Jane adjusts the skirt length, just as she did in the Teaser (as Deb). She's not happy. As she focuses on her LARGE KNEES, the door opens -- SMACKING INTO HER.

Music STOPS. Parker enters.

PARKER

Jane --

He starts to hug Jane, who remains wooden. He ends up patting her on the shoulder.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Thank God you're okay. The gunman was apprehended, everyone's fine, and I promise to inquire about the marital status of all future dates.
(notices her outfit)
How're you feeling? *

JANE

Not quite myself, but -- *

Teri enters, takes one look at Jane's hemmed skirt --

TERI

What's going on here?

JANE

I was trying something.

TERI

Let me help.

Teri unpins Jane's skirt, allowing the fabric to unfurl.

PARKER

Marcus Newsom's on his way up. Given the circumstances, Kim will take over as first chair.

Teri looks to Jane, who doesn't react. Teri steps in --

TERI

Mr. Parker, with all due respect, Jane brought the case to the firm. She knows the client better than --

PARKER
 (dismissive)
 Thank you for your input, Teri.

Teri doesn't give up, she prattles on --

TERI
 Kim ditched their last depo for a
 Botox touch-up. And Jane's been
 working nights and --

PARKER
 (interrupts)
 Jane, you need anything, let me know.

Parker exits.

TERI
 You must be furious.

JANE
 Who's Marcus Newsom?

TERI
 Funny.
 (off Jane, clueless)
 Yikes. Okay. Newsom is suing Upland
 Pharmaceuticals. Apparently, his
 wife suffered an hallucination after
 taking a sleeping pill. She thought
 she was a bird. Tried to fly. Fell
 20 stories. Yada. Yada. Does any
 of this ring a bell?

JANE
 No... But I imagine we're suing for
wrongful death...

TERI
 And --

JANE
 (finishes her thought)
*Failure to disclose, lack of informed
 consent, fraud and possible product
 liability, although that's tenuous.*

Jane is shocked at her sudden knowledge of the law. It
 literally hurts her head.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Damn. That was intense.
 (a beat, then to Teri)
 Ask me something. Something a smart
 person would know.

TERI

Huh?

JANE

Like, what's the capital of New Zealand...? *Wellington.*

Jane laughs at herself, enjoying her "brain rush."

JANE (CONT'D)

(on a roll)

What's the square root of 113?...
It's a prime number! Trick question.
Listen to me... Ha!

TERI

Are you okay?

JANE

I'm smart!

TERI

Yes, you are. Now, march into that conference room and show Kim that brains trump Botox.

JANE

If she wants to be first chair, let her.

(eyes outfit in mirror)

I need retail therapy... and fast.

Teri isn't pacified. She persists --

TERI

When Kim beats you out for partner, you'll be okay with that?

(off Jane's uncertainty)

Jane, I don't know what's going on, but I'm here for you. And everything you need to know is in here.

Teri grabs a FILE. She starts to hand it to Jane, but she's distracted. As Jane fans herself with both hands --

JANE

It's too hot in this office.

TERI

We've been through this a million times. It's not hot, it's just your *metabolism.*

JANE

Yeah well, my "*metabolism*" is making me sweat. I need some air.

Jane crosses to her window and tries to open it.

JANE (CONT'D)
They don't open?

TERI
We're in an office building, Jane.
They're sealed.

JANE
Then I'm going out.

Jane exits. Teri, with the file, dogs her. They head into --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS *

Jane barrels down the corridor, followed by Teri. MARCUS NEWSOM, 30, handsome, sympathetic, approaches.

TERI
Mr. Newsom --

He blows past Teri, towards Jane. He's concerned --

MARCUS NEWSOM
Jane, I just heard. Are you really okay?

TERI
(interjects)
Flesh wound. One band-aid. She's --

Kim sticks her head out of a conference room.

KIM
She's fine, Marcus. We should get started.

JANE
Why don't you go on without --

Teri hands Jane the PREP DOC file. With concern -- *

TERI
Buzz me if you need anything.

MARCUS NEWSOM
Jane?

Jane finds she can't protest. OFF her look --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER *

Jane and Kim sit across from Marcus Newsom. Jane reads her prep doc under the following --

KIM

... Tomorrow the defense will try to rattle you. Undermine your credibility.

*

MARCUS NEWSOM

Credibility? I was her husband.

KIM

The defense is arguing your wife was suicidal.

MARCUS NEWSOM

That's bull --

KIM

You contend she was happy and healthy. If they undermine your credibility, it'll call Lisa's mental state into question.

MARCUS NEWSOM

How can they say anything about Lisa? They didn't know her.

KIM

That's right, Marcus. They didn't know your wife. So they'll go after you. Try to get you to admit she was unstable in some way. *You have to remain calm.*

MARCUS NEWSOM

(raising his voice)

Calm? Lisa's dead because she took *their* drug, and if you expect me to remain calm, you have no idea what it's like to lose someone you love --

Marcus' last line grabs Jane's attention. She looks up for the first time. Given her situation, she CAN relate to him.

KIM

Marcus, I'm on your side, but --

MARCUS NEWSOM

But what? I should put on a happy face?

At this point, Jane's attention drifts to a plate of donuts on the table. Kim sees Jane eyeing the donuts.

KIM

I think someone needs a snack.

Kim pushes the donuts toward Jane, who declines.

*

JANE
I'm fine. Please continue.

KIM
I'm sorry, Jane. I didn't mean to
embarrass you.
(to Marcus)
*Some people just can't help
themselves.*

Jane takes a beat. Kim's remark has sparked an idea.

JANE
You're absolutely right, Kim.
(off Kim's confusion)
Some people can't help themselves
because we're all products of our
past. I'm *craving* a donut because,
apparently, I'm a donut eater. You're
telling a young widower to be
dispassionate. Well, that's not *who*
he is. And that's not the strategy
that Jane... I mean, that *I*, outlined
in the prep doc.

MARCUS NEWSOM
What's going on here?

JANE
Marcus, under most circumstances I
would agree with Kim. But the jury's
not going to sympathize unless they
see your pain.
(reads document)
"Don't hide it. Embrace it."

MARCUS NEWSOM
(a beat, then)
Parker said that Kim will be first
chair tomorrow.

KIM
That's right.

MARCUS NEWSOM
Jane, you're first chair. And we're
done here.

Marcus excuses himself. As he exits, Kim looks to Jane, who
pointedly takes a big bite of a chocolate donut and exits. *

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER *

Jane, chocolate on her lip, approaches Teri at her desk.

TERI
How'd it go?

Jane continues to eat, rather she savors, the donut. *

JANE *

This donut... It's just sweetened
dough and congealed chocolate, but...
wow. Teri, did you have one? *

With a tissue, Teri wipes the chocolate from Jane's lip. *

TERI *

The case, Jane? *

JANE *

(not so thrilled)
I'm back to first chair, again. *

TERI

Fantastic.

JANE

That was exhausting. I'm going home --

TERI

You've got a dinner. A new client,
Vicky Wellner. She's divorcing her
husband. You're meeting at Mozan in
twenty minutes. *

JANE *

Oh my God. Beyonce ate there last
week... Saw it on TMZ. *

TERI *

You were there that night. You raved
about the calamari.

JANE *

(pretending to recall)
Oh yeah --
(reluctantly)
Give me the details.

TERI

You ate it with cocktail sauce and
lemon juice?

JANE

Details on the case.

TERI

Right. I'll call you in your car,
which I just had washed... You're
welcome. *

As Teri hands Jane her car keys, Jane spies the keychain
with a distinctive PORSCHE cloisonné crest.

JANE
 (psyched)
 I drive a Porsche?

Teri is getting annoyed with all these questions --

TERI
 Even if I had amnesia, I couldn't
 forget that car.
 (then)
 You bought it after reading *15 Steps
 To A Better You*. "Giving yourself
 an outrageous gift" was step two.
 (then)
 Giving me one is step three.
 (off silence)
 That was a joke. Now, get --

Jane snags the keys. She starts to exit, then turns back --

JANE
 Where's my --

TERI
 P3. Space 72.

INT./EXT. JANE'S PORSCHE - EVENING

Jane's behind the wheel of a Carrera convertible, top down.
 She eyes herself in the rear view mirror and reacts -- her
 reflection's still jarring. She pivots the mirror so she
 can't see herself.

Car phone RINGS! GPS SCREEN READS: TERI. Jane's not sure
 how to answer. She mistakenly turns on the stereo, *Pavarotti*
 blares. AGH! Seeing the phone icon, she presses it.

JANE
 (shouts)
 Hello, Teri!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HARRISON & PARKER - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

Teri, at her desk, hears static which can only mean one thing --

TERI
 Your top's down? You don't put the
 top down.

Jane eyes the CD's in the console -- opera and classical.

JANE
 Can you pick me up some CDs for my
 Porsche? Fergie, Christina, Colbie --

TERI

Sure... Now, about the case. Mrs. Wellner is --

*

Under the above, Jane has pivoted the rear-view mirror back into place. She works up courage to look at herself again. Then, she reaches into her purse and takes out a lipstick. As she applies, we see she's not happy --

*

*

*

*

JANE

And I need lip gloss -- KissKiss, Granite Magic...

(looks in mirror again)

And the plumper and a luminizer... and an eyelash curler. Do I even have eyelashes?

Teri's had enough. She focuses Jane's attention --

TERI

Jane! Your client's husband has a net worth of five mil, but the prenup only gives her a hundred grand.

*

JANE

If she was dumb enough to sign one --

TERI

Prenup has an infidelity clause. He cheats, the prenup goes bye-bye.

JANE

Smart girl. Tell me he cheated.

TERI

With their dog walker. Your client caught them together.

JANE

He's a cliché. But *ca-ching*, she gets half.

TERI

Not so fast. She refuses to go to court and --

JANE

And the only way to have a prenup voided and marital assets split, is by a Court Order from a Judge. The client would have to testify.

(then, grabs forehead)

Ouch.

INT. MOZAN - EVENING

TIGHT ON VICKY WELLNER's right foot, shaking nervously. PAN UP to her face -- no makeup, tired eyes, late 30's. She sits across from Jane, a platter of calamari between them.

VICKY

Courtrooms make me uncomfortable.
The thought of taking that stand --
no, no way. I'm sorry.

Jane pops a calamari ring into her mouth. She relishes it. *

JANE

(sounding like Deb)
But you *need* to testify --

VICKY

Are you whining?

JANE

(clears throat)
I'm giving you my expert legal
opinion.
(offers)
Calamari? They're just rings of
squid lightly fried in beer batter,
but... wow. *

VICKY

Look, Ms. Bingum -- I thought I was
clear with Parker. I want to settle
without going to court. *

Jane takes it in. Then asks an unorthodox question.

JANE

Mrs. Wellner, how much do you think
you're worth?

VICKY

Why?

JANE

If you don't think you're worth much,
why should he?

VICKY

I gave up my career. Put him through
business school. Raised our children.
Loved him unconditionally. What do
you think?

JANE

Doesn't matter what I think.

VICKY

I should get half. I'm worth half.

At this point, Vicky's foot stops tapping.

JANE

Then that's what we'll get.

Off Jane, no idea how she's going to deliver on her promise.

INT. PORSCHE DRIVING - NIGHT

Jane's GPS informs her she's HOME - a modest 2br/2ba cookie-cutter. HARD CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Jane enters and stops cold. Decor SCREAMS "lonely single woman": flower prints, collectible plates, Ann Geddes posters, and a painting of Jane with a cat. She pauses at stack of self help books: *Self Esteem & Plus Size Women*, *Losing Weight While Climbing the Corporate Ladder*, etc. Startled by a MEOW, she looks down to find a CAT, the one from the painting. She may be Jane, but Deb has had enough! SHE CAN'T TAKE IT; SHE WON'T LIVE HERE.

A SERIES of QUICK POPS as Jane gathers the essentials: 1. clothing, 2. jewelry (selected pieces), 3. the cat. *

EXT. PORSCHE - NIGHT *

Jane dumps the personal effects into her Porsche. WE CRANE UP as she SPEEDS OFF into the dark, lonely night -- *

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - NIGHT

We recognize this house from the Teaser. It's Stacy's. Jane, armed with the cat, knocks on the door. The PEEK-A-BOO slot flies open so that Jane and Stacy are face to face.

STACY

If you're selling Girl Scout cookies, you're too old. If you're selling Avon, you forgot your face. If you're selling God, bless me and go.

Stacy slams the slot closed. Jane knocks again.

JANE

Stacy, it's me. Deb.

The peek-a-boo opens again.

STACY

My best friend was a "Deb" and she died this morning.

(showing vulnerability)

So just leave me alone, okay?

JANE

Stacy, it's me. I swear. Please, let me explain --

STACY

Pork Chop, I'm calling the cops.

As Stacy starts to close the slot, Jane thinks fast --

JANE

I can prove it. Senior year, John Wahl gave you crabs. Who else knows that?

STACY

He gave them to every cheerleader and two guys on the wrestling team.

JANE

(tries again)

When you were in your binge purge phase, you ate your brother's birthday cake and blamed the dog.

STACY

I told that to my shrink -- Dr. Loose Lips. Nice try.

Stacy slams the slot. Jane screams to her, rattling off --

JANE

In tenth grade you got a nose job
but told everyone you were in France.
You put Crazy Glue in Sue Bundy's
underwear for giving your boyfriend
a hand job during "Erin Brockovich."
You were too nervous to buy yourself
a vibrator so I bought you "Boris
Pecker"...

*
*
*

The slot opens again. Jane is winning her over --

STACY

Deb?

JANE

You bleach your chin hairs because
plucking gives you hiccups.

Stacy flings open the door. She hugs Jane -- although she
can't quite get her arms all they way around. Off Stacy's
expression, we HARD CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

*

Jane and Stacy in mid-conversation. (Note: The sleek house,
decorated a la Ian Schrager, overlooks the city -- a sharp
contrast to Jane's place.)

STACY

... This is all my fault. If I hadn't
called you. If you hadn't been
talking on the phone --

JANE

That's insane. And, BTW, so sorry
about Scott.

STACY

(stoically)
I can do better.

As Stacy speaks, Jane's eyes land on the fireplace mantle,
decked with photos. Among them, a PHOTO of DEB & GRAYSON,
dancing at a club. It cuts her to the core.

STACY (CONT'D)

I said, I can do better. And you
say, "Of course you can, Sweetie."

*

Jane doesn't respond. Stacy follows her eye line.

STACY (CONT'D)

Oh, Deb, you're not gonna tell
Grayson?

*

JANE

I'm Jane now, and Deb's the reason I
can't tell him. He loved her, but
he'd run from this.

Jane holds up her plump arms, letting them droop. A beat.
Jane tries to change the subject --

JANE (CONT'D)

Hey, let's go out. Les Deux or Hyde?

STACY

Ummm. I don't know -- We don't
have to go out to have a good time.

Stacy's uncomfortable. Jane gets it.

JANE

That's what we said to my cousin
Cindy when she stopped waxing her
moustache.

STACY

It's not me. I just... I don't think
you'd get across the rope, Sweetie.
(then)

Hey, so I know you're Jane, but do
you still drink like Deb? *Splenda-
mojitos?*

JANE

I'd rather have something to eat.

STACY

But we don't eat after seven.

JANE

I've been craving something --
(embarrassed)
Chocolate.

Stacy reacts, perplexed. *This is new territory.* Then --

STACY

Chocolate... martinis?

JANE

I can live with that.

Stacy gets up and crosses to the bar. As she starts to pour
vodka into the shaker --

STACY

Hey, you said you're a lawyer. Does
that mean you're loaded?

JANE
I drive a Porsche.

STACY
Get out.

JANE
Some self-help book told "old Jane"
to buy it. Pathetic, huh?

STACY
In what world is a Porsche pathetic?

Under the above, Stacy eyes her dog, playing with Jane's cat
in the corner. They look happy. Stacy gets an idea.

STACY (CONT'D)
I have an idea. A good one. Move
in with me and Tyra. We can *split*
the rent.

JANE
And by *split*, you mean --

STACY
You pay it... just until --

JANE
(smiles, supportive)
Until you land the cover of Vogue...
Roomie.

Stacy squeals with excitement.

STACY
This is going be so great. Hey can
I ask you just one question?

JANE
What was it like being dead?

STACY
No, what's it like being fat?

CUT TO:

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / PARKER'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Parker works at his computer. Jane enters wearing a black
Lane Bryant skirt suit.

JANE
Teri said you wanted to see me.

PARKER
You're four hours late.

JANE

I slept in.
(off Parker's surprise)
What do you need?

PARKER

I spoke with Mr. Wellner's counsel.
He's agreed to pay five hundred grand
to his wife. We have a deal. *

JANE

I told Vicky I'd get her half.

PARKER

They know she won't testify. Unless
she's changed her mind, take it.

JANE

Can I go?

PARKER

(shifts gears)
Kim says Marcus Newsom *insists* you
take first chair. But I'm concerned.
I heard about your amnesia and you
seem a little off. *

Before Jane can respond, Parker gets buzzed by his assistant.

PARKER'S ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Charles Campbell on line one.

PARKER

I've got to take this. Jane, if
you're suffering from post-traumatic
whatever-you-call-it, get some help.

Parker picks up the phone, turns away from Jane.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Chuck, how's St. Bart...?

With his hand, Parker dismisses Jane. Jane exits.

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER *

Jane, annoyed, approaches the elevator. She presses the
DOWN ARROW. The doors open. She enters --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / ELEVATOR - CONTINUES *

Fred's inside. He's angry. Before Jane can say anything --

FRED

You moved in with Stacy Punt.

JANE
She's my best friend.

FRED
She's *Deb's* best friend. Damn it,
Jane. Did you tell her?

JANE
None of your business.

Fred presses the EMERGENCY STOP on the elevator.

FRED
I have to report you.

JANE
(a beat, then)
Will you get in trouble, too?

FRED
You have no idea.

JANE
Then don't say anything. *It's classic
vicarious liability. No need for
you to take the blame when the fault
lays clearly with me, the perpetrator.*

Jane rubs her forehead.

FRED
Wow --

*

JANE
I know. I'm smart. And I trust
Stacy.
(points to belly button)
She never told a soul that my innie
was an outie before it got corrected.
It's an outie again, fyi.
(then)
We cool?

FRED
I'll think about it.

JANE
Good enough. Now, let's talk about
me. I'm quitting this gig. "Playing
lawyer" -- not so fun.

*

*

FRED
You can't just up-and-leave, people
are depending on you.

JANE

And I should care because...?

(off Fred)

Look, Freddie, I'm not a morning person, I don't like schedules or meetings or Swiss Coffee walls or windows that don't open. And as for Teri, I appreciate her whole can-do-cheerleader-routine, but she's up in-my-business. I'm sure they'll find someone terrific to fill my Guccis.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

FRED

You know somethin', you're a selfish, self-absorbed --

(cuts himself off)

I'm looking at Jane but all I hear is Deb.

*

JANE

That's because I am Deb!

FRED

No, you're Jane. And it's my job to make sure you don't forget it.

Suddenly, he realizes she's wearing all black.

FRED (CONT'D)

Jane, are you wearing black because it's *slimming*?

JANE

No, Fred, I'm in black because I'm on the way to a funeral... *my own*.

And as Jane releases the EMERGENCY STOP on the elevator, we --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - DAY

Grayson, tears in his eyes, delivers a eulogy to Deb's family and friends, including Stacy. He stands beside an easel with a large PHOTO OF DEB, looking angelic while sitting on a swing. Jane stands in the back row, behind TWO MODELS, AMY and BETH.

GRAYSON

... People say there are five stages of grief -- denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. Well, I can't get past my anger. Deb was so young, so full of life and love... Standing here today, I can't help but remember Deb's first words to me, "Are you seriously trying to pull off acid wash jeans?"

(muted chuckles)

Seriously, she changed my life. She gave me something to look forward to at the end of each day. Someone to laugh with. Someone to laugh at. Next week, we were going to celebrate our one year anniversary of living together. I was planning to propose.

Jane reacts. Grayson begins to break down. He tries to compose himself, swallows hard and takes a deep breath.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Deb taught me to listen to my heart.
And right now, Deb, my heart hurts.

As Grayson continues, we RACK FOCUS to Amy and Beth. Jane overhears them -

BETH

Deb taught me patterned leggings make my legs look fat. You?

AMY

Never mix two seasons in one outfit.

BETH

The world is a sadder place.

Jane's cell rings, *the Jeopardy Jingle*. All heads turn. Stacy, the only attendee not in black, sees Jane and excitedly waves. Embarrassed, Jane answers quietly. It's Teri.

JANE
 (sotto)
 What?

TERI (O.S.)
 Where are you?

JANE
 Hold on.

Jane returns her attention to Grayson, who continues --

GRAYSON
 ... A lot of people just saw Deb as
 one of God's beautiful creatures... *

TERI (O.S.)
 You're due in court in five minutes.

JANE
 I'm not going.

TERI (O.S.)
 What's with you? You can't do this
 to Mr. Newsom. *

Jane focuses on Grayson.

GRAYSON
 But she was so much more. She was
 kind and sweet and unselfish...

Amy takes issue with "unselfish." Jane overhears --

AMY
 I loved her like a sorority sister,
 but did he just say "unselfish"?

BETH
 She did give me a ride when I had my
 boobs done. *

AMY
 That's *only* 'cause she had the hots
 for your doctor. *

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON JANE. She's hurt by Deb's friends, seeing
 her old self through their eyes is not pretty. A beat -- *

JANE
 Teri... Am I selfish? *

TERI (O.S.)
 You volunteer for Meals-on-Wheels,
 you do more pro bono than anyone at
 the firm, and thanks to your Christmas
 (MORE) *

TERI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 bonus, I send my boy to private
 school. Jane, what's going on?

Jane smiles. Surprisingly, it feels good to be a good person.
 Eyeing Beth and Amy, under her breath ---

JANE
 I'm so not selfish.

TERI
 What?

JANE
 Teri, I'm on my way to court.

As Jane heads back to her Porsche, we RACK FOCUS to Grayson,
 who curiously watches Jane depart.

INT. LOS ANGELES SUPERIOR COURT / COURTHOUSE - DAY

JUDGE LARA BASS, mid 40's, presides. Kim sits at the
 Plaintiff's table. The CEO of UPLAND PHARMACEUTICALS sits
 at the Defense table. The DEFENSE ATTORNEY, male, late
 thirties, questions Marcus Newsom. The gallery is full; the
 jurors are attentive.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
 ... Mr. Newsom, in your deposition
 you characterized your wife's mental
 state as "happy." Is that true?

MARCUS NEWSOM
 Yes.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
 Generally, when people can't sleep,
 it's because something's bothering
 them. May I ask -- *what was keeping
 your wife up at night?*

KIM
 Objection. Calls for speculation.

JUDGE BASS
 Overruled. Mrs. Newsom's state of
 mind is precisely what's at issue.
 The witness will answer --

Jane enters quietly and sits down beside Kim.

MARCUS NEWSOM
 Lisa wasn't sleeping, because we had
 just learned she couldn't conceive.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
 But you contend she was happy?

MARCUS NEWSOM

(raising his voice)

She was a happy person, she just wasn't happy about that.

(to the jury)

No one's happy all the time, right?

Newsom eyes Jane, who approves of his emotional outburst.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

The day before she jumped from the balcony, she called a *Dr. Stein*. What kind of doctor is he?

A beat. Marcus looks helpless.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Newsom?

MARCUS NEWSOM

He's a psychiatrist.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

No more questions.

JUDGE BASS

Counsel --

Jane is frantically reading over her notes. Kim begins to stand when Jane gently pulls her down and stands herself.

JANE

Just one question. Can you describe your last moments with your wife?

MARCUS NEWSOM

I woke up in the middle of the night. She wasn't in bed. I found her in the living room. She was flapping her arms. And she was *tweeting*.

JANE

Tweeting?

MARCUS NEWSOM

Tweet. Tweet. Like a bird. At first, I thought she was just goofing around. I tried to get her back to bed, but it was like she didn't see me.

(tearing up)

Then, before I could stop her, she ran onto the balcony, flapped her arms, and jumped.

JANE

Thank you. And I'm so sorry.

As Jane sits --

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Your Honor, the Defense calls Dr.
Hiroshi Tao to the stand.

DR. TAO, 45, erudite, expensive suit, replaces Newsom.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)
Dr. Tao, please state your profession.

DR. TAO
Professor of Pharmacology at Stanford
University. I'm a leading scholar
on inhibitory neurotransmitters.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Zolpidem is an inhibitory neuro-
transmitter?

DR. TAO
Yes.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Do you believe Zolpidem, in any way,
contributed to Lisa Newsom's death?

DR. TAO
Absolutely not.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
You sound pretty certain.

DR. TAO
Three independent studies were
conducted when the drug first hit
the market. In all three, it proved
to be an effective and *safe* sleep
aid with minimal side effects.

Under the above, we RACK FOCUS to Kim who whispers to Jane.

KIM
Don't forget to ask him about the
Stanford study.

JANE
(alarmed)
That's not in my notes.

KIM
It's the backbone of our case, Jane.

BACK TO the Defense Attorney and Tao.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

And just to be clear, Zolpidem is approved by the FDA?

DR. TAO

For over 20 years.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Thank you, Dr. Tao.

Defense attorney sits, Jane stands.

JANE

Dr. Tao, that's a beautiful suit. It looks like an Armani Collezioni. May I feel the fabric?

DR. TAO

I guess.

JANE

(feels fabric)
Italian Wool Crepe. Like butter. Expensive?

DR. TAO

I don't know.

JANE

You ever watch the "The Price Is Right"?

(off his look)

If you had to guess the price, what would you say?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Objection, Your Honor. Relevance?

JUDGE BASS

Sustained.

JANE

I'd guess \$2000. \$2001 if another contestant bid \$2000. It's not nice, but it's the smart thing to do.

JUDGE BASS

Counsel, make your point.

JANE

I'm thinking the witness couldn't afford Armani on a professor's salary.

(to Dr. Tao)

Sir, do you receive money from Upland, the defendant?

DR. TAO

I'm on their advisory board. It's a paid position.

JANE

I see. Zolpidem is Upland's most successful drug, isn't it?

DR. TAO

That's correct.

JANE

You have an incentive to protect the sales of the drug, so you can continue to afford high-end items, such as your suit?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Objection.

JANE

Withdrawn. Dr. Tao, you testified about clinical trials. What about real life? Recent reports have linked the drug to sleepwalking, sleep eating, and even sex while asleep.

DR. TAO

There's a difference between odd behavior and dangerous behavior.

JANE

Are you aware that a New York woman, taking Zolpidem, opened the door to a stranger and was raped? She didn't recall the attack 'til the morning.

DR. TAO

Yes, but --

JANE

(reads)

According to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, a man jumped to his death two hours after popping a Zolpidem. Are you aware of that case?

DR. TAO

(reluctant)

Yes.

Jane's hesitant about her next question. She eyes Kim, then --

JUDGE BASS

Counsel?

JANE
 (a beat, then)
 Dr. Tao, can you tell me about the
 Stanford study?

Tao looks confused. He eyes the Defense Attorney. Then, to everyone's surprise, Kim stands and --

KIM
 Objection.

Jane throws Kim a startled look. *What the hell is going on?*

JUDGE BASS
 You can't object to your co-counsel.
 Approach the Bench. All of you.

Jane, Kim, and the Defense Attorney approach.

KIM
 Your Honor, you granted our pre-trial
 motion to exclude the study because
 the defense won't share their data.

JUDGE BASS
 Yes. But now that your co-counsel
 has opened the door, it's fair game.

They return to their respective tables.

JUDGE BASS (CONT'D)
 (to Tao)
 Please answer the question.

DR. TAO
 The study concluded that there is no
 link between Zolpidem and the
 propensity to commit suicide.

Jane's unnerved. This wasn't in her notes. Jane stammers.

JANE
 Marcus Newsom's wife thought she was
 a bird. She wasn't trying to kill
 herself. So the study wouldn't be
 relevant to this case, right?

DR. TAO
 The study also concluded that the
 patients who took the drug did not
 suffer from hallucinations any more
 than the general population.

Jane is a deer in the headlights. It appears she just lost the case! A LONG beat, then Kim, full of confidence, stands --

KIM
 Dr. Tao, who paid for the study?

DR. TAO
Upland Pharmaceuticals.

KIM
Has their data been submitted for
scientific review?

DR. TAO
Not yet.

KIM
So there's no way for a non-biased
third party to verify the findings?

DR. TAO
Not at this time.

KIM
(impressed with herself)
Thank you, no more questions.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
The defense rests, Your Honor.

Jane glares at Kim.

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / KIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Kim is at her desk, when Jane barrels in.

JANE
You set me up. You took advantage
of... of my *memory lapse*.

KIM
You think? Maybe you shouldn't try
a case if you can't recall the
details.

Jane takes a beat, tries a new tactic.

JANE
I understand you, Kim. I mean, I
get who you are.

KIM
You *get* me?

JANE
Everything's a competition. Every
woman, a threat. Every man, a
conquest.

KIM
Jane, between you and me, you're no
threat.

Jane eyes Kim's "Hermès bag" on her credenza. She grabs it. *

JANE

You know something, you and this
Hermès-knockoff have a lot in common -- *
You look pretty, but you're cheap. *
(before Kim can protest) *
Don't even try -- they haven't done *
ostrich in peacock blue since '03... *
I know *fraud-a* when I see it. *

She tosses the bag AT Kim. (As Jane tosses the bag, her left breast jumps half-way out of her bra.)

KIM

Look at you, so full of spunk. You're
bursting at the seams.

Kim points. Embarrassed, Jane adjusts. Parker enters.

PARKER

What the *hell* happened in court?

KIM

Don't worry, I --

JANE

We showed the jury that Upland IS *
studying the drug's potential suicidal
and hallucinogenic effects, but NOT
sharing the data. It now appears
they're hiding something.

Kim is steamed but can't say anything.

PARKER

You used their study against them.
Good work.
(a beat, then)
Jane, Vicky Wellner and opposing
counsel are in the conference room.

As Jane starts to head off, he orders --

PARKER (CONT'D)

Accept their offer.

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER *

TIGHT ON JANE --

JANE

We do not accept the offer.

REVEAL Jane flanked by Vicky. They sit across from MR.
WELLNER, late 30's, intimidating, and his pit bull ATTORNEY.

ATTORNEY

Parker assured me --

*

JANE

He doesn't speak for the client.

ATTORNEY

What are you looking for?

Under the above, Mrs. Wellner's foot taps nervously. Mr. Wellner looks under the table and makes a mental note of it. Then, he tries to look Vicky in the eye, making her uncomfortable. Before Jane can respond, Mr. Wellner attacks --

MR. WELLNER

I don't give a rat's behind what she wants. We have a prenup. If you want to challenge it, fine by me. I'll see you in court.

(to Jane)

Our offer's off the table and you're indecent, Ms. Bingum.

Jane looks down, and sees her breast is once again jumping for higher ground. Annoyed and embarrassed, she adjusts.

MR. WELLNER (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Mr. Wellner and his attorney exit. Vicky turns to Jane.

VICKY

We made a terrible mistake.

JANE

Worst case scenario, we go to court.

VICKY

Why aren't you hearing me? I won't testify.

JANE

We're talking two-point-five million dollars.

Vicky is silent. Jane thinks she knows what's going on.

JANE (CONT'D)

How did that man rob you of your self esteem? Ten years ago, I bet you'd've testified. Where's *that* woman?

VICKY

It may sound irrational to you, but money isn't everything.

Vicky exits. Jane rests her head in her hands, trying to THINK. A beat. Then, a KNOCK on the interior window of the conference room. It's Parker. He motions to her.

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER *

Jane emerges to find an irate Parker.

PARKER

I just bumped into opposing counsel --

JANE

They pulled their offer. It's a setback.

PARKER

Do you know why I assigned this case to you and not Kim?

(off Jane, no idea)

I thought you'd understand Vicky's fears and insecurities. *

JANE

Why would you think that? *

PARKER

I see those self-help books you're always reading... You and Vicky are cut from the same cloth so why are you fighting her wishes?

JANE

Because... because... I'm not the person you think I am.

With that, she storms off --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / JANE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER *

An upset Jane returns to her office, followed by Teri.

TERI

What's wrong?

JANE

What's right? I screwed up Mrs. Wellner's case. Parker thinks I'm *insecure*.

(eyes the mirror)

I hate my wardrobe...

In the mirror she sees her left breast escaping again.

JANE (CONT'D)

My left breast has a mind of its own. And it's like a thousand degrees in this office.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
 (breaking down)
 I can't *do* this anymore.

TERI
 Sit.

Jane complies. Teri reaches into Jane's lower desk drawer and pulls out a canister of Cheez Whiz.

TERI (CONT'D)
 Open your mouth. Trust me. Open
 it. Now.

Jane's jaw clamps shut. Teri literally gets on top of Jane to PRY open her mouth. Then, she SQUIRTS the Cheez Whiz. A beat. Jane relaxes.

JANE
 Oh my God. That stuff --

TERI
 Cheez Whiz.

JANE
 It's like Xanax. Hit me again.

TERI
 Just *one* more. I won't work for an
 addict.

Teri gives Jane a squirt, and then she lays out a game plan.

TERI (CONT'D)
 Lets talk this through. First, your
 wardrobe, you have an allergy to
 natural fibers so that limits your
 options. Second, who cares if Parker
 thinks you're *pathetic*.

JANE
Insecure.

TERI
 What?

JANE
 He said "insecure," not pathetic. *

TERI
 Whatever. What matters is how well
 you do your job. That's like Chapter
 One in "10 Ways To Make Way," right? *
 (Jane smiles)
 Now, the Wellner case --

JANE

She won't stand up for herself.
 She's like one of those sad women
 they find for talk show makeovers...
 Wait, hold it. Hold everything. My
 brain is working... Teri --
 (scribbles an address)
 Send Vicky to this address. Then
 schedule another settlement conference
 for this evening.

TERI

You got it.

Teri, with the Cheez Whiz, starts to exit. She turns back.

TERI (CONT'D)

And about your runaway ta-ta, there's
 fashion tape in your desk drawer.

As Teri leaves, Jane finds the tape. She takes a strip and
 affixes it to her bra. As she's adjusting, there's a KNOCK.

JANE

Come in, Teri.

The door opens. It's not Teri. It's GRAYSON!

GRAYSON

Hello, I'm Grayson Kent. Do you
 remember me?

Off Jane's surprise --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / JANE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER *

Jane is still-shell shocked. She stares at him.

GRAYSON
Jane, are you okay?

Grayson moves closer.

JANE
You remember me?

GRAYSON
How could I forget?

Jane's heart leaps, but --

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
You handed me my ass in that class
action dandruff shampoo case.

Jane's heart deflates.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
I represented the manufacturer, who
promised to eliminate flakes, but it
also stained the scalp pink. You
picked a jury full of head scratchers.
Brilliant. *

Jane is uncomfortable. She doesn't know what to say. Finally --

JANE
What are you doing here?

GRAYSON
My first day.

JANE
You're working... here?

GRAYSON
I interviewed yesterday morning.
Parker hired me on the spot. *

Jane tries to remain calm. Grayson grows serious.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)
This might sound strange to you --

JANE
Try me.

GRAYSON

My girlfriend, Deb Dobkins, she recently passed away. Did I see you at her funeral?

JANE

(stammers)

No... Yeah. I was... we were friends... in high school. We recently reconnected. I'm so sorry for your loss.

GRAYSON

You seem a little *older* than Deb.

JANE

Yeah. Right. I was her big sister. In that big sister, little sister program.

(then)

Shouldn't you be home? Grieving or something?

GRAYSON

Everything at home reminds me of her.

Just then, Kim, holding a plant, enters --

KIM

Hello, hello. Grayson, I'm Kim Kastle.

Kim sticks out her hand, Grayson takes it.

GRAYSON

Nice to meet you.

KIM

(re: plant)

Office warming gift. Let's find the right spot for it.

GRAYSON

Thanks.

(to Jane)

I look forward to working with you.

Kim and Grayson head off. Jane bangs her head against the desk. On the third bang, she looks up to find Teri.

TERI

Low blood sugar?

JANE

Something like that.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

(then)

It's too hot in here, Teri. I'm suffocating.

TERI

There's nothing I can do.

Jane turns to the window, searches for a way to open it.

JANE

These should open, damn it!

TERI

It's a climate controlled building and --

Under the above, Jane picks up her desk chair and then, with all her might, she **THRUSTS THE CHAIR LEGS INTO THE WINDOW, SHATTERING THE GLASS**. She exhales, the outside breeze blowing against her face. Then --

JANE

When they fix it, I want a latch.

Off Teri, dumbfounded --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / CONFERENCE ROOM B - EVENING

*

Vicky, who's just had a complete makeover, stares into a mirror. Her face is flawless, hair perfect. But her shoulders are slumped. Jane enters --

JANE

Wow.

VICKY

I appreciate you sending me to that spa, but this isn't me.

*

JANE

I was hoping you'd say that.
(off Vicky's confusion)
Today, you are not you. Trust me, I have experience in not being myself, and it can change your whole perspective.

VICKY

How's this going to help our case?

JANE

Your husband knows you've been *reluctant* to testify. But suddenly you're unpredictable --

VICKY

Makeover or not, he's right. I won't.

JANE

Then you'll bluff. Get him to believe you'll take the stand. *

VICKY *

I wish I was strong enough to pull this off, but I'm not like you. *

A beat, then Jane, more serious now, pulls from her experience -- *

JANE *

Sometimes, the only way to be who we want to be -- is to fake it. *

Vicky looks at her, desperately wanting to believe. *

JANE (CONT'D)

Listen to me. You won't shy away from eye contact. You'll stand tall and walk with confidence. Like this -- *

As Jane continues, she demonstrates the "Toe Tap Booty Bounce," which Deb showed Grayson in the Teaser. *

JANE (CONT'D)

Chest up, hand in the air. *Toe-tap, booty bounce.* Repeat.... Come on. *

Vicky takes a beat and then tries it. Jane gives her pointers --

JANE (CONT'D)

Shoulders back, show the rack...! That's it, Girl! *

Vicky complies, even smiles.

VICKY

How do you know this will work?

JANE

I learned poise in modeling camp, and it's never failed me.

VICKY

You went to modeling camp?

JANE

A lifetime ago.

A quick KNOCK and Parker enters with Stacy, who wears a halter top and booty-shorts. A bag swung over her shoulder.

PARKER

I found this young lady wandering
the halls. She says she's a friend.

JANE

Cute shorts.

STACY

They're yours. You left them in the
pool house. *

JANE *

Keep 'em. *

Parker and Vicky aren't sure what to make of this exchange --

PARKER

Vicky, you look fantastic. Good
luck. *

Parker exits -- *

JANE

Stacy, this is my client, Mrs.
Wellner.

STACY

Nice to meet you.

Stacy pulls nail polish and a dress from her bag --

STACY (CONT'D)

One bottle of Ironic Taffy. Not
easy to find, BTW. And a summer
dress --

(to Vicky) *

Size four, right? *

VICKY

Yeah. It's lovely.

STACY

Ladies, I need your right pinkies.

JANE

For good luck.

As Stacy paints their nails --

JANE (CONT'D)

I'll make chit-chat while you get
dressed. Take your time; it never
hurts to keep a man waiting. *

STACY

She knows what she's talking about.

VICKY

(to Jane)

I've never met a lawyer quite like you.

JANE

I'm one of kind. *

(stands; to Stacy)

Let's go. *

As they head off, Jane turns back --

JANE (CONT'D)

Vicky, you look like a million bucks. *

Actually, two-point-five. *

Jane and Stacy exit into --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS *

As the door closes behind them, Stacy turns to Jane --

STACY

Oh my Gawd - this is so exciting!

Maybe I should be a lawyer, too.

JANE

You'd have to go to law school.

STACY

You didn't.

JANE

I died.

STACY

Touché. See you later.

They hug and Stacy takes off. Jane blows on her wet pinky nail and then heads toward the conference room.

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / CONFERENCE ROOM A - MOMENTS LATER *

Jane, eating a Mint Milano cookie, sits across from Mr. Wellner and his Attorney. Mr. Wellner's getting annoyed. There's a plate of cookies on the table.

JANE

(offers)

Mint Milano? *

(off their looks) *

It's only a thin layer of rich chocolate mint sandwiched between two vanilla wafers but... wow. *

MR. WELLNER

Where the hell is she? *

The door opens and Vicky enters with confidence, the perfect bounce in her step. She slides into a chair, next to Jane.

ATTORNEY

Ms. Wellner, you look lovely. But what's this all about, Jane? *

JANE

My client has no problem going to court.

MR. WELLNER

Yeah, right. *

ATTORNEY

I heard you were a Class A lawyer, Jane, but this is amateur hour. *

CAMERA pans under the conference table. Vicky's foot begins to tap. Jane puts her hand on Vicky's leg, steadying the foot. Just in time, as Mr. Wellner steals a glance.

JANE

The prenup was violated, she gets *half*.

Mr. Wellner eyes Vicky. This time, she returns his look with an assured, composed smile.

ATTORNEY

(to Mr. Wellner)

They're wasting our time. Let's go.

But Mr. Wellner doesn't budge. He stares down Vicky.

MR. WELLNER

If you testify -- the *truth* will come out. I'll make sure of it.

JANE

What's he talking about?

Vicky begins to waffle.

MR. WELLNER

Haven't we put our children through enough?

Vicky's leg starts to shake again. Mr. Wellner sees it.

VICKY

(a beat, then)

Jane, I'm sorry. I can't do it. *

Mr. Wellner and the Attorney share a moment of victory. *

MR. WELLNER

Let's get out of here.

(to Vicky)

You gave it your best shot. Even
let her dress you up and slap on
some face paint but come on, you are
who you are.

As they head for the door, Jane turns to Vicky.

JANE

(sotto)

You are who you want to be. Don't
let him go.

A beat. Then, Vicky slowly rises to her full stature, finding
her spine --

VICKY

(to herself)

Shoulders back, show the rack.

Mr. Wellner turns to Vicky --

MR. WELLNER

Excuse me?

VICKY

I was worried "the truth" would
destroy my family.

(eyes her husband)

But if I don't stand up for myself,
it'll destroy me.

MR. WELLNER

You're kidding me, right?

VICKY

(to Jane)

My husband cheated with the dog
walker, who *happens to be my sister.*

MR. WELLNER

(reacting)

Look, let's talk this through. I'm
sure we can find a way --

VICKY

(composed)

Gentlemen, if we're done here, Jane
and I are going shopping. I need a
new outfit *for court.*

MR. WELLNER

Fine. I get it. One million. We
call it a day. No one's the wiser.

JANE
Two-point-five.

*

ATTORNEY
I think we should take a breather --

*

MR. WELLNER
Forget it, Joe. She's serious. I
know her well enough to know, I no
longer know her.
(to Jane)
Two-point-five.

*

*

*

*

They exit. Vicky lets out a squeal.

*

VICKY
That was amazing.

*

JANE
Wow... It really felt... wow. And
your bluffing -- even I fell for it.

*

*

VICKY
(proudly realizes)
You know what? I wasn't bluffing.

*

*

*

Vicky smiles and hugs Jane, who is equally ecstatic. As they embrace, we follow Jane's POV through the INTERIOR CONFERENCE ROOM WINDOW and into the BULLPEN --

She watches Kim talking with Grayson. Kim touches Grayson's shoulder as they talk. Jane's HEART SINKS, her SMILE FADES. A single tear rolls down her cheek as we --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / JANE'S OFFICE (NEXT DAY) *

Jane is at her desk, hunt-and-peck typing on her computer. Fred enters, sees the now boarded up window.

FRED
Wow, what happened?

Jane glances at the window and shrugs.

JANE
I hadn't noticed.

FRED
How's your closing? You gonna sock it to the drug company?

JANE
(with attitude)
Why do you care?

FRED
What's going on here, Jane? I thought you were gonna quit?

JANE
I changed my mind, for now.
(then)
Look, Fred, I'm kind of busy. Court's in less than an hour and I've got zip. I can't focus, 'cuz I can't stop thinking about Grayson. *Was it some sort of cosmic joke having us work together?*

FRED
We don't have that kind of control.

JANE
(a beat, then)
It's so unfair. Grayson can grieve for Deb, but I can't grieve for him.

FRED
Sweetie, I think you just found your closing argument.

Off Jane, not sure what he's talking about.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES SUPERIOR COURT / COURTROOM - DAY

*

The Defense Attorney, addressing the jury, wraps up his closing. Jane and Kim sit at the Plaintiff's table. Grayson is in the first row of the gallery, behind them.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

... The drug industry is regulated. Zolpidem was tested in multiple trials and not one patient attempted to harm themselves. Lisa Newsom was depressed. She wasn't sleeping and she was seeking the consult of a psychiatrist. While our heart goes out to her husband, her suicide is not a result of my client's drug. A drug which has helped millions of people get the sleep they need.

*

The Defense Attorney sits. Jane stands.

JANE

Every minute of every day, Marcus Newsom remembers his life with Lisa.

Jane looks at Grayson. As she continues, she's talking about her love for him as much as she's talking about the case. WE FLASH TO JANE'S MEMORY OF WHEN SHE WAS DEB:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Grayson and Deb, in bathing suits, sip cocktails. They're laughing. They kiss. Then, they SMILE for a CAMERA and a PHOTO is SNAPPED. THIS IS THE PHOTO WE SAW IN DEB'S HOUSE.

JANE

She was everything to him.

We FLASH TO ANOTHER MEMORY:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Grayson and Deb are dancing. A CAMERA SNAPS a PHOTO. THIS IS THE PHOTO THAT STACY HAD ON HER MANTLE.

JANE

And he was everything to her.

We FLASH TO A THIRD MEMORY:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Deb is on a swing. Grayson is playfully pushing her, by her feet. They're laughing. Grayson SNAPS a PHOTO. THIS IS THE PHOTO OF DEB, ON THE EASEL, AT THE FUNERAL.

Then, Jane echoes Grayson's eulogy from Deb's funeral. As she continues, she looks Grayson in the eye.

JANE

People say there are five stages of grief -- denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. Today, Marcus Newsom can't get past his anger. He's angry at Upland Pharmaceuticals because they ignored evidence that Zolpidem can cause hallucinations with deadly consequences.

(to the jury)

While relying on outdated clinical trials, Upland ignored testimonials from its own customers. Why? Upland knows if they tell the truth, people might think twice before popping their pills. Help Marcus Newsom get past his anger. Assess blame where it belongs. Only then, can my client continue to grieve.

She ends with strength; Grayson's in awe. WE DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT on a CINNAMON ROLL. CAMERA PIVOTS to the RIGHT -- TO A GRAPEFRUIT HALF. THEN BACK TO the CINNAMON ROLL. Then TO the GRAPEFRUIT. FINALLY, PULL BACK INTO --

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / KITCHEN - LATER

*

Jane stands over her two choices. She's trying to decide between the cinnamon roll and the grapefruit, representing two very different lives. Parker enters --

PARKER

I hear you did a bang up job on your closing.

JANE

We'll find out soon enough.

Parker approaches Jane. He's clearly got something on his mind. His proximity makes Jane uncomfortable. Then --

PARKER

When I referenced those self-help books. I didn't mean to insult you.

JANE

It's fine. We're fine.

PARKER

There's nothing wrong with trying to improve yourself... Not that I think you need improving.

*

Parker starts to stammer -- digging a hole, deeper and deeper.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I mean, we all have things we don't like about ourselves.

JANE

(uncomfortable)

Yes, we do. And we deal with them... in our own ways.

PARKER

Oh damn, I did insult you. Look, I've got issues too.

JANE

(interest piqued)

Really?

PARKER

I've been told I'm a bad listener. I don't respect personal space.

JANE

That's true.

Jane gently pushes him away from her, just a tad.

PARKER

And I've got hair in places --

JANE

Stop. I get it. You're a troubled man. Can we move on?

Just then, Teri enters.

TERI

Clerk's office called. Verdict's in.

As they head out, Jane grabs the cinnamon roll and takes a big bite.

INT. LOS ANGELES SUPERIOR COURT / COURTHOUSE - DAY

*

PAN FROM Jane, Kim, and Marcus at the Plaintiff's table, TO Grayson and Parker in the gallery, TO the Judge --

JUDGE BASS

Has the jury reached a verdict?

Judge looks to the JURY FOREMAN, who stands.

JURY FOREMAN

We have your Honor.
(MORE)

JURY FOREMAN (CONT'D)

We the jury find for the plaintiff,
 Marcus Newsom, and award actual
 damages in the amount of \$100,000...
punitive damages in the amount of
 eight million dollars.

*
 *

The Courtroom erupts. Marcus, choked up, turns to Jane --

MARCUS NEWSOM

Thank you.

*

JANE

Thank you for *believing* in me.

Marcus steps away; Grayson approaches.

GRAYSON

Congratulations.

JANE

Thanks for your help.

(off Grayson)

I sorta borrowed your eulogy... for
 my closing. It was a tribute, to
 you.

*

GRAYSON

And to Deb.

JANE

Yes. Of course.

(then)

For what it's worth, Grayson, she
 told me there was nothing in the
 world she wanted more than to be
 your wife.

Under this, Jane places her hand on the banister. Grayson
 notices her Ironic Taffy nail polish, still on her pinky.
 He touches her pinky, sending electricity through her body.

GRAYSON

Jane...

JANE

Yes?

GRAYSON

Is that... Ironic Taffy?

Jane's head is spinning. Grayson looks into her eyes. *Does
 he see something?* As her heart races, Kim approaches.

KIM

Parker wants to celebrate. Gimlets
 at Sky Bar.

JANE
Not me. It's been a long day.

GRAYSON
You sure?

Under the above, Jane catches Grayson eyeing her Ironic Taffy nail polish, yet again. She swallows her emotion.

JANE
Yeah. But go have fun... Deb would want you to. *

Jane exhales. She watches them go, knowing it will never get easier working with the man she loves.

INT. HARRISON & PARKER / JANE'S OFFICE - EVENING *

Jane's back is to her desk. She's looking out the window, an OPEN WINDOW, that now has a big, brass latch. The fresh air feels good. She's lost in thought as Fred enters. *

FRED
What are you still doing here?

JANE
Where else would I be?

FRED
Home?

JANE
I'll get there. Like you said, I'm comfortable here.
(then; grows serious)
I miss her, Fred. Deb may not have been the best person in the world, but I still miss her.

FRED
You're grieving.

JANE
Yeah, for myself.
(echoes Fred from the elevator)
Does that make me self-absorbed, selfish?

FRED
No, Jane, it makes you human.

FADE OUT:

THE END