

WHAT WOULD JANE DO

"Pilot Episode"

FADE IN:

INT. ROMANTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT (PHILADELPHIA)

JANE (VOICE-OVER)  
This night...

A couple stare dreamily at one another across the table. The guy's a catch. A blonde girl straight out of Sex In The City.

JANE (VOICE-OVER) (CONT'D)  
*This* was the night that changed my  
life forever.

He produces a whopper of an engagement ring, dropping to one knee. She contains a squeal, quickly nodding "Yes!"

JANE (VOICE-OVER) (CONT'D)  
The perfect guy. The perfect ring.

The celebratory POPPING of a champagne cork.

JANE (VOICE-OVER) (CONT'D)  
Only... That's not me.

FREEZE FRAME: on the girls beaming, blushing face.

JANE (VOICE-OVER) (CONT'D)  
*That.* Is Jane Pipsky.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Jane?

JANE QUIMBY (16, long brown hair, pretty but quirky) yawns awake as her dad, GARRET (mid-30's) leans in the door.

GARRET (CONT'D)  
Time for school, kiddo.

Garret wrestles with the tie at his neck as he exits.

GARRET (CONT'D)  
And, I could really use some help  
with this... thing.

JANE

I'll be there in a sec.

Jane pulls herself out of bed, reviewing her reflection.

JANE (VOICE-OVER) (CONT'D)

*This.* Is me. Jane Quimby.

Over-sized men's pajamas, hair loose around her shoulders.

JANE (VOICE-OVER) (CONT'D)

You're probably wondering, "What's a sixteen-year-old, high school nobody got to do with a twenty-something, hipster career girl?" Other than a first name? The answer...? More than anyone knows.

She shuffles into the closet past A GIANT COLLAGE...

TITLE SEQUENCE OVER: A mish-mash of images: 1970's British Vogue clippings, Japanese anime cut-outs, vintage fabric swatches, a Parsons School of Design brochure, and row upon row of black-and-white polaroids featuring Jane and her best friend, BILLY, at various ages from six years and up.

Jane magically reappears wearing a vintage band jacket, cargo pants, pink pumps and a quickly pleated side braid.

GARRET (PRE-LAP)

What would I do without you?

INT. KITCHEN - JANE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jane's fingers loop her father's second-hand tie into a knot.

JANE

Oh, I don't know... date, go out? Do things guys in their 30's do when they aren't single father's with a teenage daughter at home?

Her checks out the tie in the side of the toaster. Perfect. It's clear that Jane gets her good looks from Garrett. Tall, dark, handsome. He could easily pass as Jane's older brother.

GARRET

I don't *want* do that stuff. I've already got everything I need.  
(off Jane's arched brow)  
*Except* a job. Which, I'm getting. Today. I'm gonna turn this around for us, Janey. You'll see.

Kisses her forehead.

GARRET (CONT'D)  
Wish me luck.

Big smile from Jane as Garret exits, a spring in his step.

JANE  
Good luck, dad.

As soon as the door closes behind Garret, Jane's smile fades. Her eyes dart to the stack of UNPAID BILLS on the counter.

JANE (CONT'D)  
We need it.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - MORNING

A modest, over-grown duplex situated on the wrong side of the tracks in the upscale township of Lafayette Hill, PA; a town of tree-lined streets, affluent homes and scenic lanes.

Jane bounces out the front door to find...

BILLY NUTTER (16) waiting on the front step. He's the male version of Jane. Cute, but lacks the confidence to own it.

BILLY  
Garret's got a job interview, huh?

JANE  
Let's hope *this one* goes better than the last few.

Billy pops up, following Jane to the driveway.

BILLY  
Something'll come up.

Jane stops, looks at him anxiously, crinkles up her face.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. It will.

Billy puts an arm around her, gives a playful cheer-up shake.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Besides. We have far more dire issues to discuss.

JANE  
Such as?

BILLY

Such as...

Gestures at Jane's mode of transportation. A bright yellow, 1981 Vanagon Riviera with fake wood panelling on the doors.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Will "The Magic Bus" actually make it to school today?

Jane smiles, amused by her best friend.

JANE

Magic Bus is a thing of beauty, Billy. Don't underestimate it.

EXT. WHITEMARSH HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Jane's van spews chunky, brown smoke as it lurches into a parking spot, wedged between a line of shiny, new Volkswagen Beetles and tiny, candy-colored Mini Coopers.

Looks of disgust from PASSING STUDENTS as...

The van takes a guttural, clunk-fueled moment to settle.

INT. THE MAGIC BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jane grimaces behind the wheel.

JANE

Can we just...

Stopping Billy as he reaches for the door handle.

JANE (CONT'D)

Wait.

BILLY

For what?

JANE

I don't know? The humiliation to fade? Just a little?

Jane closes her eyes, a deep "Zen" breath. Her eyes pop open.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go.

EXT. WHITEMARSH HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jane and Billy - vintage, off-beat - stand out as they stride across a parking lot full of fresh-scrubbed American teens.

A SLOW MOTION walk of shame, with a hint of swagger.

Beyond the parking lot, Whitemarsh High School; a glossy, glistening, state-of-the-art school... "Go, Lions!"

INT. WHITEMARSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

RING! First bell sounds as...

Jane and Billy grab books at their lockers. Jane can't help but stare as a pack of students pass.

At their center; NICK FOREST (17, blonde, baseball star.)

BILLY  
(girl-voice, teasing)  
Oh, Nick.

JANE  
He's beautiful, okay? You can't blame me for looking.  
(then)  
Maybe I'd be less invisible if I tried out for cheerleading?

Billy gives her a look. Seriously?

JANE (CONT'D)  
I'm just thinking out loud here. The guy hasn't made eye contact with me since seventh grade.

BILLY  
Yeah, well... I warned you not to let him touch your boobs.

JANE  
It was Truth or Dare. I couldn't risk it. Besides, I barely *had* boobs. And I was wearing a bra.

BILLY  
Whatever. Hooch.

Jane gives him a playful punch in the arm.

JANE  
You wish.

INT. CLASSROOM - WHITEMARSH HIGH - DAY

A final wave back at Billy as Jane races in to class, sliding in at her desk just as the final bell RINGS!

She spots LULU POPE (16, mean teen queen with the Chloe bag) giving her the evil eye. Jane quickly looks away.

LULU  
Pssst. Plain Jane.

Deep breath. Jane looks back over; ready for it.

JANE  
Yes, Lulu?

LULU  
Where'd you get that outfit?  
(not missing a beat)  
Summer sale at Salvation Army?

Jane shoots her "the bird" just as...

Their TEACHER walks in. Jane quickly puts her hand down.

TEACHER  
Jane Quimby. I saw that.  
(points to the door)  
Office. Now.

Jane bites her lip, grabs her books and heads for the door as Lulu watches from her desk with a satisfied smirk.

JANE (PRE-LAP)  
She's a *bitch*.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - WHITEMARSH HIGH - DAY

Jane sits across the desk from her guidance counselor, RITA HUGHES; still young enough not to be disillusioned, but with the wardrobe of someone who clearly makes less than 25K/year.

JANE  
Lulu Pope is a *raving* bitch.

MISS HUGHES  
Jane...

JANE  
I'm just being honest.

MISS HUGHES

And, I appreciate that. But, let's take it down a notch, okay?

JANE

She's just so mean. And, for no good reason. I mean, what is it about me that inspires her wrath? Is there something wrong with me?

MISS HUGHES

There's nothing "wrong" with you, Jane. Look...

(pep talk)

One day, you're gonna look back on all of this, on high school, and you're gonna realize that the things kids like Lulu *don't* like about you... that you're smart and unique and interesting... *those* are the qualities that you're gonna be *appreciated* for as an adult.

The look on Jane's face says it all: She desperately wants to, but she doesn't believe a word she's hearing.

JANE

Feels a long way off.

MISS HUGHES

I know it does. But, trust me... That day is gonna be here before you know it.

She smiles across the desk, encouraging.

MISS HUGHES (CONT'D)

Okay, remember... I was *very* angry and gave you a *stern* talking to.

Jane stands, smiles.

JANE

Thanks, Miss Hughes.

She turns to go; then turns back.

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't take this wrong way, but... that shirt? The cut? You should unbutton it a couple, roll up the sleeves. It would really help.

MISS HUGHES  
My shirt's fine, Jane.

JANE  
Right. Sorry.

Jane exits, door closing. A beat. And then...

Miss Hughes unclasps two buttons, rolls her sleeves, and checks her reflection. 110% better. She smiles to herself.

INT. KITCHEN - JANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jane sails in, throws down her backpack and... stops in her tracks as she spots her dad, Garret, at the stove.

GARRET  
Hey, kiddo! How was school today?

JANE  
(face sinking)  
Good.

Garret turns, wearing an apron and a big grin.

GARRET  
I roasted a chicken. Your favorite.

JANE  
That's great, Dad.

Jane has to ask, even though she's pretty sure she knows.

JANE (CONT'D)  
So... How was the interview?

GARRET  
Yeah, it wasn't great. Wasn't a good match. You know how it goes.

He proudly sets two loaded-up plates on the table.

GARRET (CONT'D)  
Dig in.

Jane stands, looking at him; her brow furrowed.

GARRET (CONT'D)  
What? You don't want chicken?

JANE  
It's been seven months. The job  
search, it's...

A wounded look crosses his face.

GARRET  
You're a kid, Jane. You don't know  
what it's like out there.

JANE  
I know what it's like here. The  
bills and the calls and...

He cuts her off, angrily.

GARRET  
Enough. I'm trying, Janey. I know  
you don't believe it. But, I am.

JANE  
(softening)  
Dad...

GARRET  
I'll figure it out, okay?

He stands abruptly, brushing past as he exits. A sigh from  
Jane, she feels bad for having pushed him about it.

INT. KITCHEN - JANE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jane cleans up, scraping her dinner plate in the trash when,  
suddenly, something catches her eye.

She reaches in to the garbage and pulls out a crumpled letter  
from the bank. Jane smooths it out: "FORECLOSURE NOTICE."

INT. LIBRARY - WHITEMARSH HIGH - THE NEXT DAY

The snapping of computer keys as Jane quickly scrolls and  
searches and Google's after school job listings.

She stops, brightening as she reads.

ON SCREEN: A listing for paid internships at Urban Outfitters  
corporate headquarters in Philadelphia.

"Looking for a future in the fashion industry?"... "A chance  
to put away some money for college?"

Jane hits PRINT.

JANE (PRE-LAP)  
(pleading)  
But, it's perfect.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE / WHITEMARSH HIGH - DAY

Miss Hughes reads over Jane's internship print-out.

MISS HUGHES  
Jane, you'd have to sign up for the career internship program and... to do something like that... it means leaving school at 11:30 every day ... going to work.

JANE  
So? I know a few kids that do it.

MISS HUGHES  
They're seniors. You're a junior. It's a lot to take on. Not to mention, a lot to give up. You'd be sacrificing a huge part of your high school experience.

JANE  
I get it. I do. But, honestly Miss Hughes, it's not like I'm at the center of the social universe around here as it is. I've made straight-A's since freshman year. I can handle this... I *need* this.

A beat.

MISS HUGHES  
Jane, is this about your, dad? Is it about money? Because, if it is, maybe I can talk to him and...

JANE  
No. Yes. I mean, I could help out, which is good, but... getting in to college these days?  
(lays it on the line)  
Straight A's aren't enough anymore. Not if you need a full ride. And, I don't see my dad being able to pay for college tuition any time soon. This would give me an edge. It could be my ticket to Parsons.

Miss Hughes looks between the internship application and Jane a few times, considering it.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

The Magic Bus shudders to a pause at the entrance of the train station, Billy behind the wheel.

BILLY

I can't believe she said, "Yes."

JANE

Yeah, well, I have to *get* the internship. It's not over yet.

(spotting it)

Oooo... Here comes the train.

Hops out of her Vanagon, dressed for her interview in a belted vintage dress paired with argyle tights and boots.

BILLY

I still don't get why you can't just *drive* in to the city...

JANE

In the *Magic Bus*? Are you kidding? It wouldn't *make it* into the city.

She races in to the station with a wave...

JANE (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow!

Billy's cell phone begins to buzz with an anonymous text.

*"When can i c u?"*

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Jane sits alone on the train. She nervously glances down at the application folder in her lap, then looks up just as...

Downtown Philadelphia comes in to view through the window.

EXT. URBAN OUTFITTERS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A funky, retro, reconstituted factory warehouse in the Navy Ship Yard district. Young workers buzzing about the immense brick building. Enormous windows overlooking the harbor.

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters, taking it all in:

A bright, airy industrial loft space with salvaged wood staircases and glass catwalks across an open lobby space.

JANE  
(at reception)  
Hi. I have an appointment with  
Human Resources.

The girl points her down the hall.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES - URBAN OUTFITTERS

Jane pretends to leaf through her Teen Vogue as she casually checks out the room full of young hipsters in waiting.

BIRDIE DUARTE (mid-20's, hispanic) pops out of the back office with a bulging clipboard and a big smile.

BIRDIE  
(reading)  
Jane Pipsky?

Everyone looks up. No answer.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
Jane?...

Our Jane's eyebrows knit together for a beat just as Birdie's armful of paperwork slips to the floor, scattering.

WE WATCH Jane Pipsky's impressively typed resume' float to the floor and... disappear beneath a waiting room couch.

Birdie sighs at sight of the scattered papers.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
Great.

Jane jumps up, helping her collect the stack of resumes.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Birdie collects herself, back to her clip board. Where did that resume' go? She shuffles through. Huffs.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
I'm looking for Jane... Pipsky-  
something?

No answer. A beat. Jane looks around the room, then tentatively raises her hand with an apologetic smile.

JANE  
I'm sorry, but... Do you mean  
Quimby? *Jane Quimby?*

FREEZE FRAME ON: JANE'S FACE

JANE (VOICE-OVER) (CONT'D)  
All it takes is one moment --

The sound of an ALARM CLOCK JANGLING as we...

HARD CUT TO:

**SUPER: TWO HOURS EARLIER**

INT. JANE PIPSKY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Other Jane... JANE PIPSKY startles awake.

Jane glances between her blaring alarm clock and the giant rock nestled neatly on her ring finger and... She smiles.

JANE (VOICE-OVER)  
Just one single moment, and your  
life can change forever.

Jane yanks the alarm clock cord from the wall and rolls back into bed, throwing a satisfied arm over her new fiance'.

JANE (VOICE-OVER) (CONT'D)  
I know mine did.

BACK TO:

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - URBAN OUTFITTERS

OUR JANE'S FREEZE FRAME: As it returns to life.

JANE  
I'm Jane. I think I'm the one  
you're looking for.

Birdie looks up from her search for the missing resume'.

BIRDIE  
Right. Of course.  
(eye roll)  
Sorry about that.

She scratches "*Pipsky*" off her list and pencils in "*Quimby*."

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
My paperwork's a mess. Follow me.

Jane follows Birdie out of the waiting room and up a giant flight of stairs overlooking the entire warehouse office.

Birdie leads Jane down a row of funky, glass-walled office cubicles to a private corner office.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
She'll be with you in a minute.

Jane follows Birdie's gesture inside the office...

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
Good luck.  
(with a wink)  
You're gonna need it.

Tosses a packet on the coffee table and turns to exit.

JANE  
Thanks?

The door closes behind Birdie. Jane waits. And waits.

FLASH TO:

Jane still waiting, reading through a magazine.

FLASH TO:

Jane does a few dance moves in her seat to a silent beat.

FLASH TO:

Jane, head back, blows a giant, pink, sugary bubble.

FLASH TO:

Jane fiddles in her seat. She squirms nervously. She peeks at the closed door and then, quickly seizes the moment.

Jane jumps up, hiking her vintage dress, less-than-elegantly un-bunching the bright argyle tights from her bum just as...

The COMPUTER on the desk suddenly SPRINGS TO LIFE.

GRAY CHANDLER MURRAY (40 and hating it) stares back at Jane from the computer screen; Great and Powerful Oz-like.

GRAY  
Am I interrupting something?

Jane plays it off, quickly lowering herself into her seat.

JANE  
Oh. Hi.

A confused look between the door and the computer. She thought she was waiting for, you know, an actual person.

GRAY  
And you are...?

Checks her blackberry, scrolling.

JANE  
Jane. Jane Quimby.

GRAY  
Right.

Looks up, bored. Then, interest piqued, tilts her head.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Stand up.

Jane pauses. Do what? Gray snaps here fingers impatiently, and Jane stands, totally confused.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Turn around.

Huh? A slow, puzzled spin as Gray takes in Jane's outfit.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
You have a trained eye. A little juvenile, but that could be useful. Use of new and old. Belt's good.

JANE  
(nervous ramble)  
Thanks. I made it. My dad says I get it from my mom... She used to make her own clothes and stuff.

GRAY  
And now?

JANE  
I'm sorry?

GRAY  
 (so annoyed)  
 What does your mother do now?

JANE  
 I... I don't know actually. She  
 left when I was a baby.

GRAY  
 (who cares)  
 Tragic.

Jane wilts under Gray's harsh, evaluating gaze.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
 Sit.

Jane drops.

A long, pained beat. Jane smiles. Gray does not return the smile. Gray Chandler Murray is a take-no-prisoners, blonde powerhouse. World domination actually seems do-able here.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
 I'll get straight to it, Janet.

JANE  
 Jane.

GRAY  
 (checks her watch)  
 I don't have much time. I'm in  
 Bangkok and I have a dinner meeting  
 in five. Thing is, Janet...

JANE  
 (softly)  
 It's... Jane.

But, Gray's not listening. She's basically typing on her blackberry through most of the video conference with Jane.

GRAY  
 I average an assistant or two a  
 month. These interviews..? Their  
 tedious and pointless and a waste  
 of my time. I've decided to go sink  
 or swim this round. You last more  
 than a week, I'll be shocked.

Jane grimaces... Geez.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Your office hours are part-time because my work keeps me on the road, but make no mistake about it.

(looks up, icy)

I expect perfection. And *you*... for as long as you can hack it... are my beck and call girl. You will roll my calls, manage every detail of my schedule, track shipments and... you will not make mistakes. Have I made myself clear?

JANE

Yes. Of course. I just have a few questions about my intern--

Cuts her off, no time to waste.

GRAY

Starting salary is thirty-two thousand.

Jane blinks.

JANE

Dollars?

GRAY

(dry)

No. Cupcakes.

(annoyed)

*Yes, dollars.*

JANE

But...

Jane's eyes land on the folder Birdie left behind. It's cover labeled in bright red ink:

*"Executive Assistant Applicant Packet."*

JANE (CONT'D)

*Oh! Oh, no... No...*

(blind panic)

I think I'm in the wrong... I...

GRAY

Fine.

A slight smile pulls at Gray's perfectly painted red lips. She thinks Jane is playing hard ball.

And, Gray loves hard ball.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Thirty-four thousand *cupcakes* a  
year. And, an expense account.

ON: JANE, wheels turning.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Take it or leave it.

Half a beat.

JANE  
I'll take it.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Birdie is giving Jane the tour now, hustling her through the various departments...

BIRDIE

Gray is *the* Senior Accessories Buyer. She's on the road, I don't know, at least three hundred days a year. Paris, India, Tokyo...

JANE

Why?

BIRDIE

Purchasing. Developing the line. You see a belt on the shelf? Gray found it on the other side of the world and sent it back for mass production. Every accessory in the line; all Gray. Michael Morris, our C.E.O; she's his favorite. Started as a sales girl in Red Bank.

JANE

No way.

BIRDIE

So the legend goes. And *that*...

Pointing at a glass cubicle as they head down the hall.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

Is Amy Tanaka. Associate Buyer, Accessories. Directly beneath Gray.

Very pretty, black hair, legs for days. She gives Jane and Birdie a suspicious look as they pass.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Scary.

Twisting down a set of giant wooden steps now, Birdie gestures around the giant, bustling warehouse as they pass:

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

Marketing. Distribution. Catalog. Graphic Design. P.R. And...

At the bottom of the steps.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
The center of it all.

A gorgeous layout. Dress forms. Giant spindles of colored yarn. Inspiration boards. Designers hard at work.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
Creative.

A handsome guy with a big smile works the room, laughing with some of the other designers. He just completely pulls focus.

Birdie looks over, notices Jane staring at him.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)  
The center of the center... our new senior designer, *Jeremy Jones*.

JEREMY JONES, 24, brandishes a boyish smile and an easy confidence that comes with being creative's new golden boy.

JANE  
*Oh my gosh...*  
(brightens)  
I've totally heard of him. He's, like, the next Tom Ford. Came from London. Star of Parsons. He's...  
(awestruck)  
He's supposed to be incredible.

BIRDIE  
That's what all the ladies around here are saying...

JANE  
Oh, yeah?  
(off Birdie's "you get my drift" look)  
*Ohhh...!* Right.

Jane steals a quick, curious glance back at Jeremy as they exit, ever-so-slightly catching his eye.

WE STAY WITH: JEREMY as...

Amy Tanaka stomps up, planting herself in front of him.

JEREMY  
(British clip)  
Hello, Amy.

AMY  
Did you tell Michael to kill the fabric pendants for spring?

JEREMY

Yes, I did.

Chasing after him as he goes about his work.

AMY

Why would you do that?

JEREMY

They were ruining my jacket. Was completely wrong. Had to be done.

AMY

Without *talking* to me first?

Jeremy shrugs, apologetic.

JEREMY

I'm sorry. Really, I am. But, the jacket was better without it.

He smiles. A big, winning smile.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Forgive me?

Amy's face flushes, angry...

AMY

No. *I don't*. I *don't* forgive you. You can't just show up, flashing your smile and playing all nicey-nice and then kill my line. Next time you have a problem, you talk to me first. *Don't* go over my head.

... and off she stomps in her heels. *Clomp, clomp, clomp.*

JEREMY

(calling after Amy)  
I really am sorry.

AMY

(shouts back)  
*You suck!*

Jeremy shrugs at a co-worker. The guy shrugs back.

CO-WORKER GUY

I think you're nice.

JEREMY

(pat on the back)  
Thanks, man.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - URBAN OUTFITTERS - DAY

Birdie and Jane make their way down an expansive, organic lunch line. Sort of a Whole Foods salad bar arrangement.

JANE

So, Gray's been through a few assistants, huh?

Birdie laughs.

BIRDIE

You could say that.

Birdie smiles at Jane, softening.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

I hope it works out for you, Jane. I do. You seem really nice. But, Gray? She didn't get to the top without crushing a few souls on the way up. I spent four hours talking her last sobbing assistant out of a bathroom stall. My advice? Don't take it personally.

Pats Jane on the shoulder, snaps her salad container closed.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

See you later, okay? I've got to work through lunch. Again.

And off she goes. Jane stands alone for a beat.

Looks around the lunch room. People talking at tables, clustered in groups. It's practically a high school cafeteria in here. She looks down at her sandwich...

And heads out alone.

INT. ELEVATOR - URBAN OUTFITTERS - DAY

Jane. Alone. On the elevator. She takes a lonely bite of her turkey sandwich wrap. *Ding!*

The elevator doors slide open.

Jeremy Jones steps on beside Jane. She discreetly checks her teeth. They ride for a silent beat, then...

JEREMY

Looks delicious.

JANE  
Oh, yeah, it's...

She looks over. He's looking at her, not her sandwich.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Gross.

JEREMY  
(laughs)  
What?

JANE  
Does that really work for you?

He grins, completely amused.

JEREMY  
Most of the time.

JANE  
Really? That's -- wow. Shocking.

JEREMY  
It's the accent. Pretty much say  
anything and get away with it.

She rolls her eyes, smiling.

JANE  
Well, at least you can admit it.

JEREMY  
(charmed)  
Haven't seen you around before.

JANE  
That's because it's my first day.

He reaches over, gives her hand a formal shake.

JEREMY  
Jeremy Jones.

JANE  
Jane Quimby.

*Ding!* The elevator doors slide open.

JEREMY  
Well. This is me.

He steps off, looking back. Gives her a playful salute. She salutes him back. A smile between them.

The elevator doors begin to close. Suddenly, they pop open again as Jeremy sticks his foot in the door.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

You should come by sometime. I'm in design. I'm always around, working late. I can give you a bit of advice about being the new kid.

Pulls his foot free, releasing the door to slide closed.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Jane.

Alone again. Jane breaks into a giant smile.

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - URBAN OUTFITTERS - DAY

Jane slowly moves around Gray's office, checking the contents of her book case: "Donald Trump: Master Apprentice," some Japanese gardening books, *Employee of the Year* paperweight.

She picks her way towards Gray's desk, slowly pulling open the top drawer. A lone, Chanel lipstick rolls to the front...

Jane twists it open. Red. Bright red.

Just as Jane begins to lift it to her lips: BUZZZZ! She jumps, slamming the lipstick away in the drawer. BUZZZZ!

BIRDIE (OVER INTERCOM)

Jane? It's Birdie.

JANE

Oh. Hi.

BIRDIE (OVER INTERCOM)

We need you down in H.R...

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - URBAN OUTFITTERS - DAY

BIRDIE

Photo identification, home address, your bank account information...

Jane sits beside Birdie at her desk, going over the necessary paperwork for "her" new job. Her face is blank, stunned.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

...we do direct deposit here.

Birdie looks over at Jane, not responding.

BIRDIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

JANE

Yeah. I just... I'll need to bring this stuff on Monday if it's okay?

BIRDIE

Sure. But, Monday at the latest. Can't have you start working until I have it all... corporate policy.

JANE

Right. Of course.

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

Jane rocks gently back and forth on the train, surrounded by commuters.

COMMUTER (O.C.)

You mind?

She looks up, scooting over to make room as a put-together woman wearing sensible pumps takes the seat beside her.

COMMUTER (CONT'D)

Long day, huh?

Jane smiles.

JANE

Yeah. Long day.

One that Jane is actually a bit sad to see end.

She turns, taking in the downtown Philly skyline out the train window as it begins to sparkle in the fading light...

Then disappears from view.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING (SATURDAY)

ON: a bowl of Cap'n Crunch as it's doused with milk.

Jane takes a seat at the small kitchen table, digging in. She picks up as the portable phone RINGS on the counter.

JANE

(answering)

Hello? -- Yeah, hold on a sec.

Covering the mouthpiece.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Dad?... Dad?!

She walks, still working on her cereal, through the kitchen and down the hall, phone propped beneath her cheek.

Jane peers in her dad's room

JANE (CONT'D)  
Dad?

Jane spots his "interview" suit and tie laid out neatly at the end of the bed. The sound of Garret SINGING in the shower warbles out from beyond the bathroom door. She smiles.

She turns back, uncovering the phone with a formal...

JANE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. He's not available  
right now, may I take a message?

Jane stops in her tracks, lowering her voice.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Look. I know he's late on the  
payments but...

Quickly closes herself in her bedroom.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Can't we get a couple extra months?

She listens, her eyes drifting to the "Executive Assistant Applicant Pack" that Birdie sent her home with.

A beat.

JANE (CONT'D)  
How many payments behind are we?

She listens again.

JANE (CONT'D)  
*That many.*

And then Jane's face sets, determined.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Give me two weeks. I'll take over  
the house payments. We'll be caught  
up in...  
(does the quick math)  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Three months. That's all I need.  
 (a beat)  
 No, I'm not his wife. I'm...  
 (here goes nothing)  
 I'm his sister.

BILLY (PRE-LAP)  
*You'll never get away with it!*

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

JANE  
 Not without you, I won't.

Jane paces at the foot of the bed where Billy, wearing a vintage Atari shirt, sits before a couple laptop computers.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 You're the only one who can help.

BILLY  
 Help you forge illegal documents?

JANE  
 Don't be so dramatic. You made all of your brother's fake id's. How is this any different?

BILLY  
 Because he was going to dive bars, not taking someone's job.

JANE  
 I understand the risk. But, I have to do *something*, Billy...

Suddenly emotional.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 They're gonna take our house.

BILLY  
 Don't... don't cry. You know I don't like it when the ladies cry.

Jane smiles. Mission: Accomplished.

JANE  
 So, you'll help me?

A beat.

BILLY

You're sure you wanna do this?

JANE

Well, I don't have a better idea. I mean, I keep asking myself over and over, "What would Jane do?" but...

Billy blinks.

BILLY

Jane.

JANE

What?

BILLY

You *are* Jane.

JANE

I mean "Other Jane." What would *Other Jane* do?

BILLY

I'm gonna take a wild stab in the dark here and say, "Not commit fraud."

(concerned)

You don't have to do this. Garret wouldn't want you to do this.

JANE

Garret won't know.

(sits beside him)

And, it's not *just* for him. I need this, Billy.

Billy looks at his best friend for a painfully long beat.

BILLY

Fine. I'll do it.

JANE

Yes!

She leaps over, wrapping her arms around his neck.

BILLY

But on one condition...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

An upscale home in Lafayette Hill, swarming with kids for a giant house party. Somebody's parents clearly out of town.

JANE

*This?...*

Jane looks over at Billy as they climb out of The Magic Bus.

JANE (CONT'D)

(incredulous)

This was your one condition?

BILLY

We don't get out much. Sue me.

Jane groans, hesitating.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You don't want to go, we don't have to go. But, then I'm not...

Rubs his fingers together.

JANE

I know. I know. No documents.

She takes a deep breath, sizing up the in-crowd party, then tosses a faux leopard fur wrap around her neck...

JANE (CONT'D)

Here goes nothing.

CUE: "WILD THING" by Tone-Loc.

TONE LOC

*Let's do it.*

Jane and Billy begin the long march towards the house.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Old school Tone-Loc blaring; house already a wreck.

Jane and Billy stand in the entryway overlooking a sunken living room that's throbbing with partying teens.

A beat.

JANE

Now what?

BILLY

I don't know... Get a drink or something, I'll be right back.

JANE

(panic)

What? You're leaving me?

BILLY

Dude, I have to go the bathroom. Relax. I'll be back in a second.

As Billy disappears into the crowd.

JANE

Fine. Be that way.

An awkward beat. And then, Jane spots Lulu crossing the room. She quickly ducks out of view in to...

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

... where she slams directly into NICK FOREST. *Ooof!*

JANE

Oh! Hi.

Gulp. He's so cute.

NICK

Hey, how've you been, Janey?

JANE

(nervous, chatty)

Good, good. You know how it is? Same ol, same ol.

Jane grimaces. Did I just say that out loud?

JANE (CONT'D)

What about you?

NICK

Good.

(a beat)

I like your scarf.

JANE

Oh. This? It's fake. *Faux*.  
...*Technically*, it's a wrap.

Jane whacks Nick in the cheek as she attempts to give the wrap a "sexy" toss over her shoulder. Crap.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Awkward silence.

NICK

Well, I should probably...

Jerks his chin out at the party.

JANE

Yep. You do that. Mingle away.

He gives her a look. O-kay?

NICK

Good to see you.

JANE

You, too.

He walks off with a smile back at her. She waves. Ugh.

JANE (CONT'D)

(wry, to herself)

Well played, Jane.

Jane shakes her head at herself, dying inside.

INT. HALLWAY - HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Billy heads down a long, upstairs hallway. Not a soul in sight. Finally, a kid appears around the corner.

BILLY

Bathroom?

The guy points the way, then disappears down the stairs.

Billy follows the guys gesture around the corner and abruptly comes face-to-face with Lulu Pope. Short skirt. Tank top.

She blocks his path, narrowing her eyes.

LULU

What're you doing here?

BILLY

I can come to a party if I want, Lulu. You can't stop me.

He takes another step towards her.

BILLY (CONT'D)

And, you need to stop being mean to Jane. She's never done anything to you so just... leave her alone.

LULU

Or what?

A beat.

Billy leans in and kisses Lulu hard on the mouth. She roughly PULLS AWAY, glancing back down the hall.

She grabs Billy, pulling him through a bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Lulu and Billy heatedly grope one another in the darkness of empty bedroom. Suddenly, he pulls back.

BILLY

Stop.

Lulu grabs him towards her. But, Billy pulls away again.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Seriously... Stop. What is this?

LULU

What're you talking about?

BILLY

This. Us. Sneaking around the past three months. I don't get it. You've forbidden me from telling a soul. We don't speak at school.

LULU

I like you Billy.

BILLY

Why?

LULU

I don't know. I just... do. Maybe because my father would hate it?

BILLY

That's great.

He heads for the door; she grabs him back.

LULU  
*I'm joking.*

BILLY  
 I don't think you are, Lu. All your "daddy issues" aside, this whole secret-lover thing is really starting to eat away at my soul.

LULU  
 Your *what*?

BILLY  
 Soul. A persons moral and emotional sense of identity.

LULU  
 See? That's what I love about you.

Lulu moves in again, pushing Billy back onto the bed.

LULU (CONT'D)  
 Your brains are hot...

EXT. BACK YARD - HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Jane stands, alone by the pool. An island of boredom in a sea of debauchery; teens laughing, dancing, drinking around her.

She sees Billy exiting the house, his eyes scanning for Jane.

JANE  
 Yo! Over here!

He weaves his way through the party, finally reaching her.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Where the frack have you been?  
 It's been, like, half an hour...

BILLY  
 Long line.

JANE  
 Wait. What's on your face?

She grips his chin to wipe -- what we know is -- a smudge of lipstick off of his mouth, leaning in for a closer look.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Is that...?

Suddenly, Jane lurches forward, belly flopping directly into the pool with a giant *splash!*

Lulu Pope revealed in the spot where Jane once stood.

LULU  
(aside, to Billy)  
I don't like her touching you.

BILLY  
(pissed)  
Jesus, Lulu....

Some JOCKS race over, whooping loudly...

JOCKS  
*Dunk-a-dork!*

Scooping Billy up by either arm and sending him, head first, into the pool after Jane.

ON: Jane, bobbing in the pool.

A beat. Billy pops up in the water beside her.

JANE  
(dry)  
This was *such* a good idea, Billy.

Jane tosses her water-logged, faux leopard wrap out of the pool. It lands on the ledge with a loud, wet *schwaaaap!*

BILLY  
Yep. Good times.

Billy looks at Jane.

Jane looks at Billy.

And, they start to laugh. Both sinking beneath the surface in a watery cloud of air bubbles.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CLASSROOM - WHITEMARSH HIGH SCHOOL - (MONDAY)

The clock on the wall reads:

11:29.

Jane taps her pencil... tap, tap, tap... in time to the second hand as it advances to:

11:30.

Jane leaps from her seat a half-second before the BELL RINGS.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Jane darts through the train doors just as they close.

INT. BATHROOM - TRAIN - DAY

Jane does a quick change in the train's teeny-tiny, wretch-inducing dirty bathroom. She swaps out her faded, vintage 501's and suspenders for a cardigan and pleated skirt.

EXT. URBAN OUTFITTERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jane sprints across the parking lot, almost falls, recovers, and then races through the doors.

Jeremy Jones watches, amused, from his office window.

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Jane pounds up the stairs... down the hall... through Gray's office door and...

Slides behind Gray's desk just as the computer screen springs to life. Gray coolly stares back at a panting Jane.

GRAY

I trust you had a leisurely  
morning... *Let's get to work.*

INT. JANE'S DESK - URBAN OUTFITTERS - DAY

Jane now sits at a small desk outside Gray's office.

GRAY (O.S.)  
 There's a call coming in from  
 Mumbai in an hour. You're gonna  
 have to transfer it to my cell.

Jane tries to transfer the call. Dial tone. Grimaces.

CUT TO:

Jane squints at a German-American translation book.

GRAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I also need you to confirm the  
 shipments coming in from Frankfurt.

JANE  
 Nein...  
 (struggling, on phone)  
 Ein Versand nach Philadelphia.

GRAY (O.S.)  
 But, most important of all...

CUT TO:

Jane leans "casually" against her desk watching...

GRAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I want your eyes on my no good,  
 ingrate of a underling, Amy Tanaka.

Amy is going over an accessories layout in her glass-walled office. She spots Jane staring. Jane looks away.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - URBAN OUTFITTERS (ANOTHER DAY)

GRAY (O.S.)  
 I want to know her every move.  
*When she eats. What she eats.*

Jane takes notes from her table: 1:12PM. Steamed veggies.

GRAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 And *who* she eats it with.

Amy Tanaka takes a seat at a table with a group from the design floor, Jeremy Jones among them.

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - URBAN OUTFITTERS (ANOTHER DAY)

It's late. Most of the office gone for the day. Jane, face down in her high school history book, startles awake.

GRAY (O.S.)  
If *she's* at work... You're at work.

She glances, anxiously, across the catwalk. A relieved sigh at the sight of a light still burning in Amy Tanaka's office.

GRAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That weasel is after my job. And,  
I'm not going down without a fight.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - URBAN OUTFITTERS (ANOTHER DAY)

GRAY (O.S.)  
This. Is war.

A giant conference room table, everyone waiting quietly. Jane discreetly eyeballs Amy, seated across the table.

GRAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And you, Jane, are my front line.

Suddenly, everyone perks, greeting Urban's C.E.O, MICHAEL MORRIS (60's, yuppie/crunchy) as he bursts in to the room.

MICHAEL  
Old and new. Past and future.  
That's what our design is about.

Jane is on the edge of seat, riveted.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We are the envy of the retail world. Our sales have grown from 548 million to nearly 1.5 *billion* in less than five years. In a climate where other's are cutting back, we're growing. Why?

No answer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Anyone?

He spots Jane.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You.

She blanches, her mouth opens, then closes. No words.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Because of you.

Jane points at herself. Me?

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yes. You.

Jane exchanges a look with Jeremy; he smiles, encouraging.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Young people are our customers. We want them to like what we're selling so we hire people like...

Looks back at Jane.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What's your name?

JANE

Jane. Jane Quimby.

MICHAEL

Like young Miss Quimby. We hire young, creative, out of the box thinkers... and then we give them the freedom to use that creativity.

Amy Tanaka leans over and quietly says something to Michael. His eyebrow shoots up, amused. He laughs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Or... we give them the freedom to answer Gray's phone.

Laughter around the table, all eyes on an embarrassed Jane.

INT. JANE'S DESK - URBAN OUTFITTERS HEADQUARTERS

Jane, phone to her ear, watches Amy share a laugh with Michael Morris outside of her office, hand on his arm.

JANE

I don't know...

BILLY AT HOME on the other end of the line:

JANE (CONT'D)

It sorta feels like I've gone from calculus to corporate espionage.

BILLY

So quit.

JANE  
Cut it out, Billy.

BILLY  
I'm serious. If you don't like it,  
just quit.

JANE  
Don't be ridiculous. I mean, it's  
not exactly what I thought it would  
be but it's still better than  
sitting in high...

She turns to find AMY standing directly beside her.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Hiiiiii.

AMY  
(big smile)  
Hi.

JANE  
(in to phone)  
I'll let her know you called.

Hangs up on Billy. Smiles back up at Amy.

AMY  
We haven't officially met. Amy.

They shake hands.

JANE  
Jane.

AMY  
Well. I just wanted to say, you  
know, if you need anything or have  
any questions... we're on the same  
team. Don't hesitate to ask. I was  
Gray's assistant a few years back  
and... I know how hard it can be.

JANE  
Thanks.

Jane is a little disarmed. The "enemy" seems nice.

AMY  
I know first hand how isolating it  
can be with Gray on the road...

Jane's computer *DINGS* loudly. She hits "Dismiss."

AMY (CONT'D)  
But, I'm here if you need me.

JANE  
I really appreciate it.

Another loud *DING*. "Dismiss." And then *DING, DING, DING*.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. It's just...

AMY  
Scheduling program. It's tricky.

Amy leans in and with a few skilled key strokes.

AMY (CONT'D)  
You've got it on alert. Just  
select monthly, and... there.

Up pops Gray's entire schedule.

JANE  
Thanks.

Jane clocks Amy's eyes quickly scanning the schedule. Amy looks back at Jane, brightly.

AMY  
Any time.

And off she goes.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Jane talking on her cell phone.

JANE  
Hey, Dad. It's me. I just wanted  
to let you know I'm gonna be home  
late... School stuff. Studying.

PULLING BACK: to reveal...

EXT. BAR - EVENING

Jane standing outside a Philadelphia bar. She looks nervously back over her shoulder, finishing up her call.

JANE  
(so guilty)  
You know how it is. Lots of...  
homework. See you later.

Snaps the phone shut. Then, to herself:

JANE (CONT'D)  
Right after I burn in hell.

Jane heads inside, showing the BOUNCER her (fake) ID.

INT. BAR - EVENING

After work drinks with "the girls"...

Birdie and TROY BING (30's, gay, Public Relations guru.)

BIRDIE  
I've been seeing him for about a year. Married. Which, I know, is totally a disaster in waiting. But, there's just something about him. The man really knows how to make a girl... you know...

Birdie arches a conspiratorial brow.

TROY  
Can't say that I do.

BIRDIE  
You know what I mean, right Jane?

JANE  
Yes. Of course. I do...  
(doesn't)  
Know *exactly* what you mean.

JEREMY (O.C.)  
May I steal you for a bit?

Jane looks up to find Jeremy Jones standing over her. Troy and Birdie both smile, give each other a look.

JANE  
Uh...?

BIRDIE  
Go.

Jane stands, an appreciative smile back at Birdie and Troy as she follows Jeremy to a spot at the bar.

Troy and Birdie clink glasses.

TROY  
That's what I'm saying.

AT THE BAR - LATER

Jane and Jeremy, a few drinks in. They're side by side on a pair of bar stools, leaning in closely, laughing...

JEREMY  
It's a matter of pride.

JANE  
It's *soccer*.

JEREMY  
*Football!* And, this country can't just make up its own name for it.

JANE  
Too late.

JEREMY  
*It's a disgrace.*

JANE  
No.  
(teasing)  
It's America.

Jeremy leans in closer, looking right at her.

JEREMY  
You have pretty eyes.

JANE  
Such b.s. You totally need new material.

He laughs.

JEREMY  
I'm serious. You have very pretty eyes, Jane Quimby.

JANE  
And *you*, Jeremy Jones, have a very bad reputation.

JEREMY  
(amused)  
Me? A reputation?

She gives him a look. Really?

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
It's completely unwarranted.

Another look from Jane.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
 Okay, maybe a bit warranted.  
 But...

Jeremy lays a hand on Jane's arm; genuine.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
 Jane, I really do like you.

A beat. Suddenly, the gravity of the situation hits Jane. Unbeknownst to this very cute guy, this is all kinds of bad.

JANE  
 I should go.

JEREMY  
 Don't.

She quickly dismounts her bar stool.

JANE  
 I should *definitely* go.

She starts to walk away. Turns back.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 And... I like you, too.

A last look between them as Jane exits. Jeremy smiles.

EXT. BAR - EVENING

Jane heads out to the curb, calmly hailing a taxi.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

JANE  
 30th Street station, please.

A beat as the taxi pulls away. And then...

Jane SQUEALS.

Composes herself with a giggle as the taxi driver winces in the rear view.

INT. KITCHEN - JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane tip-toes in to the kitchen...

GARRET (O.C.)  
Hitting the books late, huh?

She jumps. Turns to find Garret seated at the table, the want ad's spread out in front of him, pen in hand.

JANE  
(surprised)  
You're still up.

GARRET  
Yeah, well...

He gestures at the newspaper.

Jane smiles. She fishes a small box out of her handbag.

JANE  
I got you something today.

She sets it on the table and kisses the top of his head.

JANE (CONT'D)  
G'night.

Garret pulls the small lid off of the box. Inside it... a brand new tie. He opens the card, which reads:

*"Things are going to turn around soon. Love, Jane"*

Garret smiles, moved.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CLASSROOM - WHITEMARSH HIGH - THE NEXT DAY

Classroom silent, students all at work on a pop quiz.

*Bzzzt, bzzzt. Bzzzt, bzzzt.*

Jane glances down at the blackberry buzzing angrily in her lap. An incoming call from Gray.

Covers it with her hand as her teacher glances about for the source. A relieved look from Jane as the blackberry settles.

Less than three seconds later...

*Bzzzt, bzzzt. Bzzzt, bzzzt.*

It's Gray again. The teacher glares at Jane now. Nailed.

JANE  
(whispers)  
Sorry.

INT. HALLWAY - WHITEMARSH HIGH - DAY

Jane, phone to her ear now, rushes down the hallway.

JANE  
Yes. No, I'm sorry. I was-- No  
I'm not making excuses, I just--

Jane pulls a notebook from her bag, jotting down...

JANE (CONT'D)  
Did you say, "hats?"

Suddenly, Jane spots Miss Hughes at the end of the hall.

JANE (CONT'D)  
*Son of a bitch.*  
(back to phone)  
Oh! No! Not you. I...

Miss Hughes narrows her eyes as she spots Jane on the phone. She makes a beeline towards Jane down the hall.

Think quick, think quick!

JANE (CONT'D)  
 I can't... Hear you... I have...  
 (fake static)  
 Bad... recep... I can't...

Snaps the phone shut just Miss Hughes land in front of her.

MISS HUGHES  
 Jane...

JANE  
 I know.

MISS HUGHES  
 No *phones* on school property.

Jane smiles, so innocent.

JANE  
 I know. And, it won't happen  
 again, I promise... I'm sorry.

Jane's phone begins to BUZZ in her hand.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 I should go. Got a train to catch.

MISS HUGHES  
 You sure you're okay, Jane?

JANE  
 Of course.

MISS HUGHES  
 You're not letting this job thing  
 affect your school work are you?

JANE  
 Nope.

MISS HUGHES  
 Because if I see that happening...  
 even slightly... I'll have to...

JANE  
 (cuts her off)  
 I know.

Points at her watch. 11:34. Deep sigh from Miss Hughes.

MISS HUGHES  
 Go.

CUT TO:

QUICK POPS: Jane's routine.

Magic Bus screeching into train station... Jane's train quick change... Racing across parking lot... Sailing inside office.

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - URBAN OUTFITTERS - DAY

Gray and Jane, mid-video conference.

GRAY

I need you to go to my house.  
(before Jane can ask)  
Bottom right drawer.

Jane slides the drawer open and... sure enough: House keys.

GRAY (CONT'D)

There's a shipment coming there and  
I need you to...

Pauses, peering at Jane through the monitor.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Are you wearing my lipstick?

JANE

(yes)  
No.

Gray makes a face. Then, back to subject:

GRAY

I need you to go through every  
packing list in that delivery.  
Make sure it's all there. If it's  
not, *DO NOT* accept the shipment.

JANE

Got it.

GRAY

This shipment's important, Jane.

JANE

Do you want me to call and see if  
they can bring it over here...

GRAY

No. I don't. I don't want Amy  
Tanaka anywhere near it.

JANE

Okay, but I think...

GRAY

(pure ice)

Do not think. Do not ask questions.  
Do what I tell you to do. Nothing  
more. Nothing less. If you can't  
handle that, Jane, then I can...

JANE

I can handle it. I can.

EXT. CENTER CITY - PHILADELPHIA, PA - DAY

A cobbled street lined with well-appointed brick town houses;  
brightly painted doors, perfect window boxes.

EXT. GRAY'S BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Jane looks up at the glossy, black door. The brass house  
number. Impressive. She mounts the stairs of the stoop.

INT. GRAY'S BROWNSTONE - VARIOUS - DAY

Oriental rugs. Oil paintings. Over-stuffed silk couches.

Jane slowly makes her way around the brownstone, room by  
room... each one more perfect than the next.

She reaches a back library room, fitted with a fluffy window  
seat that looks out over an impressive Japanese garden.

JANE

Wow.

EXT. BACK YARD - GRAY'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

A pair of french doors swing open on to the garden.

Jane steps out, taking in the perfectly raked pebble paths  
and the gurgling pond and bobbing water lillies and...

LYLE (O.C.)

Hello, there.

Jane SCREAMS.

LYLE (mid to late 70's, graying, weathered face) stands  
behind Jane, a narrow, wooden rake in his wrinkled hands.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Lyle. I take care of the garden  
when Gray's out of town. You are...

JANE

Sorry. Jane.  
(shakes his hand)  
I'm Gray's new assistant.

LYLE

Another one, huh?

JANE

(smiles)  
Yep.  
(re: the garden)  
It's gorgeous.

He nods, taking it in. Then...

LYLE

Let me show you something.

CUT TO:

Lyle leads Jane around a flowering cherry blossom tree.

Beneath it, the kidney shaped koi pond brimming with fish,  
eagerly bobbing to the surface as he tosses in some food.

JANE

Oh my goodness. They're amazing.

LYLE

And, boy do they like to eat.

He passes Jane a handful of food and she tosses it in.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Gray loves these fish.

JANE

Really? It's funny, I... didn't  
really picture her having pets.  
She's not exactly warm and fuzzy.

LYLE

She's not so bad.

A beat.

Jane looks up at the back of the giant brownstone.

JANE  
She lives here alone?

LYLE  
There was a husband once.

JANE  
And now?

LYLE  
Now... there's not.

JANE  
Oh.

She looks at Lyle and, from the look on his face, decides it's best not to ask.

LYLE  
(deep breath)  
Well. I better...

Lifts the rake. Smiles at Jane.

LYLE (CONT'D)  
Back to work.

JANE  
It was nice to meet you, Lyle.

LYLE  
You, too.

He returns to raking the tiny pebbles as Jane heads in.

INT. GRAY'S BEDROOM - BROWNSTONE - DAY

CLOSET DOORS OPENING TO REVEAL:

The most outrageous walk-in closet of all time. A wall of high heels. Rows of accessories. Color-coordinated racks.

Jane is gobsmacked.

JANE  
Gray... You... are my new hero.

MONTAGE:

Jane samples shoes. Tries on a few gowns. Some chandelier earrings held by her face. Runway walk wearing a crisp suit.

WE HEAR: The doorbell chime downstairs.

INT. FOYER - GRAY'S BROWNSTONE - LATER

Easily fifty boxes now stacked in Gray's foyer. Jane, up to her ears in packing peanuts, pops up from the final one.

JANE

I think that's the last of it.

A bored DELIVERY GUY, waiting on the front stoop, his feet propped, looks up from his Philly cheese steak.

DELIVERY GUY

So, can I go now?

JANE

Yeah. Thanks for waiting.

A shrug as he rumbles down the stairs towards his truck.

INSIDE AGAIN AS:

Jane turns back to the boxes, peeking inside one to reveal...

Hundreds of jewel-crusted creatures. Bugs. Octopus. Ants. All strange and beautiful and slightly vintage looking.

Jane picks up a sparkling, black octopus and fastens it on to the shoulder of her bright pink blouse.

Smiles at her reflection. It's gorgeous.

INT. GRAY'S KITCHEN - BROWNSTONE

Jane pulls a lone bottle of water from the empty fridge as she talks on her phone.

JANE

Yes. Yes, it's all here. But, what's it all--?

(brows knitting)

What meeting? That doesn't make any sense. You'll be on a plane.

Checks her watch.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'll be there. I'm sorry. I'll call you as soon as you land with every detail. And, Gray, I think maybe...

A beat. Looks at the phone. Gray has already hung up.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

Her phone suddenly rings. Jane picks up.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I think maybe Amy had something to  
do with this. The other day...

REVEAL: BILLY on the other end of the phone.

BILLY  
What're you talking about?

JANE  
Sorry. I thought you were Gray.

BILLY  
Where are you?

JANE  
I'm at her house. You should see  
it, Billy. It's *gorgeous*.

BILLY  
(rushed)  
That's great, Jane. Look... We've  
got a situation.

JANE  
She has this *in-sane* closet...

BILLY  
Jane...

JANE  
Yes, I have officially touched a  
vintage Balenciaga...

BILLY  
Jane...

JANE  
*Fine*. I tried it on. It was just  
so pretty and the detail was...

BILLY  
*Jane!*

JANE  
*What?*

BILLY  
Your mid-term test. It's today.

JANE  
No.

BILLY  
Yes.

JANE  
No. It's not, it's...

Grabs a calendar book from her handbag. Mid-term. 2:30 P.M.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Ohmygoditstoday.

BILLY  
Jane, you need to get here...

Jane's eyes dart between the paper and the clock: 2:05.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Fast.

JANE  
But, I have to be at the office in  
an hour. A meeting got rescheduled  
and Gray can't be on conference  
because she'll be in the air and...  
(stressed)  
If I don't show up at that meeting,  
Gray'll hand me my ass.

BILLY  
Then prepare for some ass-handing  
because, if you *don't* show up *here*  
... You'll flunk.

JANE  
And, Miss Hughes'll pull the plug.

Jane is torn, thinking.

JANE (CONT'D)  
I can't get to school, take a test  
and back to the office in time for  
that meeting. There's no way.

A beat. Jane's eyes settle on something across the kitchen.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Unless...

JANE'S POV: A set of PORSCHE CAR KEYS on a hook by the door.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. WHITEMARSH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Billy waits outside school, nervously pacing. Silence.

And then...

A \$90,000 piece of German perfection crests the horizon with Jane behind the wheel.

Gray's glossy, candy apple red Porsche convertible screeches to a stop in front of the school...

INT. CLASSROOM - WHITEMARSH HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

... just as Nick Forest turns his attention to the window. He sees Jane leap out of the Porsche.

NICK

What the-- ?

Jane tosses Billy the keys and races inside.

A beat.

And then Jane bursts in to the classroom, breathless. She snatches up a test and slides in to the desk beside Nick.

JANE

Hey.

NICK

Hey.

He glances between Jane (dressed in her pink blouse, tight skirt and high heels) and the Porsche outside... and smiles.

INT. GRAY'S PORSCHE - DAY

Billy sits behind the wheel. Puts on his sunglasses.

BILLY

That's right...

The "one hand on the wheel" move, he turns on the stereo, milking it as some kids pass the parking lot.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Take a good look.

Jane soars out of the school, test completed.

JANE  
*Okay, okay... move it, move it!*

A quick switch-out with Billy, and she screeches out again.

EXT. URBAN OUTFITTERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Gray's Porsche screeches into the lot, Jane races inside.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - URBAN OUTFITTERS - DAY

Presentation in progress. Jane slips in the back as...

Amy stands before a board of accessory lines for Spring.  
 "Estate sale" jewelry, metallic headbands, feather earrings.

MICHAEL  
 It's...

He doesn't look pleased.

JEREMY  
 Uninspired.

MICHAEL  
 Precisely.

AMY  
 I agree. Michael, if you would  
 give me a chance. Gray is...

Gestures at the board, making her move.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 She's not sending back the level  
 you're looking for anymore. It's...  
 grown stale. This brand needs new  
 vision. *My* vision. Send me out in  
 the field and I won't let you down.

Michael turns this over in his head. He's about to speak.

JANE  
 Excuse me?

She stands, tentatively. Amy rolls her eyes.

MICHAEL  
 Yes?

JANE  
Jane Quimby. Gray's assistant.

MICHAEL  
Young lady, I...

JANE  
I think you should see this.  
Gestures at the jewel-crusted octopus on her shoulder.

JEREMY  
(perks)  
That's fantastic.

JANE  
And, there's more where this came from. Many, many more.  
Jane spills her bag on to the table: Gray's jeweled creatures from the shipment tumbling out. Michael leans in, admiring.

JANE (CONT'D)  
And this is just a taste. This...  
(gestures at Amy's board)  
Is not the final by any means. Gray wanted me to tell you she'll be presenting the new line next week.  
Amy stews in her seat, eyeballing the shipment samples.

MICHAEL  
I look forward to it.  
Jane exchanges a look with Jeremy. He winks. Nice work.

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jane heads down the hall, post-meeting, a spring in her step. Amy pops out of her office, blocking Jane's path.

AMY  
I'm on to you, little girl.

JANE  
I'm sorry?

AMY  
I know what you're doing.  
Here it comes. Jane holds her breath. She's been caught.

AMY (CONT'D)

So, you can stop sneaking around  
and taking screen grabs of my lunch  
tray. You tell Gray... Game on.

Exhale from Jane. Relieved. And, then it hits her.

JANE

You weren't being nice to me. You  
were just looking at her schedule.  
You... You set up this whole thing.

AMY

I don't know what you're referring  
to. But, I *do* know that eventually  
you'll have to pick sides, Jane.  
(smiles sweetly)  
Make sure you pick the right one.

Amy spins on her heel, marching back into her office.

GRAY (PRE-LAP)

You did *WHAT?*

INT. GRAY'S OFFICE - URBAN OUTFITTERS - AFTER HOURS

JANE

I presented your idea. Or... at  
least what I *think* was your idea.

Jane sits behind the monitor, talking to Gray. She gestures  
at the jeweled octopus pinned on her pink shirt.

JANE (CONT'D)

It's great, right?

GRAY

Why would you do something like  
that? Are you crazy?

JANE

No. You were right. Amy was making  
her move. She *is* after your job,  
Gray. And, the meeting change? It  
was her. Gray, your stuff, the  
shipment? It's brilliant. It's...

GRAY

*Quiet!*

Gray glares through the screen at Jane.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
I'm halfway around the world. How,  
exactly, am I going to fix this?

JANE  
But. I think Michael liked it.

Gray looks up, laser-focused.

GRAY  
You *think*? Or you *know*?

JANE  
Well, he...

GRAY  
(furious)  
Forget it.

The screen goes black. Jane's face drops in her hands.

INT. UPPER LEVEL - URBAN OUTFITTERS - AFTER HOURS

Jane heads out for the night; exhausted, spent, emotional.

She spots a light in the design wing. Jeremy working late.  
Jane perks, straightens her skirt... Why not?

CUE: "*EATEN BY THE MONSTER OF LOVE*" by the Sparks.

FLASHES OF: Groping hands. A hiked skirt. Lips kissing. All  
intercut with high heels approaching, rounding the corner--

REVERSE ON: Jane, smile fading. Jeremy Jones has Amy on a  
table, her legs around his waist. Jane darts out unseen.

EXT. GRAY'S GARAGE - BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

THE PORSCHE slowly disappears behind an electric garage door.

JANE  
(explaining)  
Oil change.

LYLE  
Of course.

Lyle grins as Jane hands him the car keys.

JANE  
Would you mind putting these back  
for me? I think it's my last day.

LYLE  
Sorry to hear it.

JANE  
Me, too.

A sad look from Lyle as he watches Jane head down the street.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Billy sits on a bench, waiting, as the train from the city rattles in to the station. An exhausted Jane steps off.

BILLY  
Hard day at the office, dear?

JANE  
You have no idea.

She plops on to the bench beside him. A beat.

JANE (CONT'D)  
This week, Billy... it was the first time in sixteen years I felt like I wasn't invisible. Like I could see the other side, you know?

Jane fishes her ringing cell from her bag. It's Gray.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Was nice while it lasted.

A grimace as she answers.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Hello? Yes... I understand... No, I understand. Of course.

She hangs up, face blank.

BILLY  
Sorry, Janey.  
(shoulder bump)  
You okay? What did she say?

Jane looks over at Billy. Shocked smile forming.

JANE  
See you Monday.

THE END