

"MEET JANE"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ND LOCATION - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP. Dark sunglasses. On an average face.

Meet JANE BILINSKI (40s).

Jane lounges on a LAWN CHAIR, stealing a moment alone. Until she feels someone's glare.

Jane OPENS HER EYES, slides the shades down her nose. A small white tag dangles from the frame.

Jane finds a little boy, JIMMY (5), standing over her. Staring. Digging his finger far deeper up his nostril than anyone ever should.

Jane stares back at him.

JANE
What?

JIMMY
What are you doing?

JANE
Resting.

JIMMY
Well, I wanna sit there.

JANE
Well, you can't.

JIMMY
Why not?

JANE
Because I'm already here.

We PULL BACK to reveal we're not at a resort. Or by a pool for that matter.

We're in the OUTDOOR LIVING DEPARTMENT of WALMART.

Jane lazes amidst the PATIO FURNITURE displayed on the floor.
Then, over the speaker system...

WALMART EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
Price check, register four. Price
check, register four.

Jimmy scrunches his face. It turns red. Like he's about to cry.

JANE
Oh, come on. Don't look at me like
that. There are other chairs.

JIMMY
But I want that one.

JANE
Where's your mother?

JIMMY
Rehab.

JANE
Okay. Where's your father?

Little Jimmy cranes his neck. Jane follows Jimmy's eye-line to what appears to be JIMMY'S FATHER.

Flirting with a WOMAN in the BEDDING DEPARTMENT.

JANE (CONT'D)
Well, I'm sure he's looking for
you.

But Jimmy doesn't believe that any more than we do. He just shoots DAGGERS at Jane. And pouts.

JANE (CONT'D)
Five more minutes. Then the chair
is yours.

Jane lays back again. Adjusts the sunglasses on her face. Closes her eyes. But she can feel the little fucker's eyes still on her. She can't relax like this. Sits back up.

JANE (CONT'D)
Fine.

Jane pulls her BLUE WALMART VEST from under the lawn chair.

JANE (CONT'D)
My break was about over anyway.

Jane puts the vest back on. Gets up.

JANE (CONT'D)
Your throne awaits.

INT. WALMART - FRONT ENTRANCE - LATER

Jane greets CUSTOMERS. With a forced enthusiasm. As folks come and go...

JANE
Welcome to Walmart.
(to another)
Thanks for shopping with us.

Jane looks out into the PARKING LOT. Where JIMMY'S FATHER continues to flirt with the same Woman he met in BEDDING.

Jane watches with a curiosity as JIMMY'S FATHER adds the Woman's number in his cell.

That's when little Jimmy passes by Jane, EXITING the store. Jane forces a smile. Calls out after him...

JANE (CONT'D)
Have a nice day, little man.

Little Jimmy FLIPS Jane his MIDDLE FINGER. She stares back with disbelief.

INT. JANE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jane pulls up to a modest house.

A glimpse of her license plate reads WASHINGTON DC.

With the CLICK of her GARAGE DOOR REMOTE the garage door opens...

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Warm, cozy, but nothing extravagant.

Exhausted, Jane steps inside. Takes off her coat. Heads into the...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane opens a cabinet, grabs a plate. Moves to the PIZZA BOX on the counter. Jane lifts the cover to find...

...nothing inside. Just a few pieces of CRUST.

Jane shakes her head. Turns to the sink full of dirty dishes.

Too tired to react, Jane heads upstairs...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane crawls into bed beside her husband, Richard BILINSKI (40s). His BACK is to her...

RICHARD
I was waiting.

JANE
I told you I'd be working late.

But when Richard ROLLS OVER WITH HIS EYES CLOSED we realize, along with Jane, that Richard wasn't talking to her after all.

He is mumbling in his sleep.

RICHARD
Will you trim these hedges,
goddammit.

Jane looks at Richard with disdain. Richard snorts, stirs.

Jane deflates.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

To establish. The sun is just rising. Sprinklers turn on...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jane and Richard, side by side, brushing their teeth. No eye contact. No words exchanged. Just two people who were once in love, but now merely roommates. Jane flinches in pain.

JANE
Ow.

RICHARD

What?

Jane pulls from her mouth SOMETHING SHARP. It's small, now resting on the tip of her index finger.

She holds it up to the light. Richard leans in, has a look.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What is that?

JANE

I think it's a piece of toenail.

(gross)

It was in my toothbrush.

RICHARD

Oh, sorry. Trimmed them last night.

He continues brushing. Could give a shit.

Jane's despondent. Not just about Richard's toenail, but with life. Jane spits out the toothpaste and rinses her mouth.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

At the table; MELANIE BILINSKI (18) is texting, RACHEL BILINSKI (15) listens to her IPOD and Richard reads the paper. Jane serves them all eggs.

JANE

So, Stephen Moscerelli is finally off those crutches. Saw him getting the mail yesterday.

MELANIE

(still texting)

Yeah. So?

JANE

So. It could have been a lot worse is all I'm saying. He took quite a fall.

MELANIE

Shit happens when you act like a dumbass.

JANE

I agree. The boy is seventeen. He should not be consuming alcohol.

MELANIE

More like, don't take the stairs when you're drunk. Duh. That's why God created elevators.

Jane reacts. Richard gets up. Grabs his briefcase.

JANE

Hey. Do we need Rodrigo to trim the hedges?

RICHARD

Not that I noticed. Why do you ask?

JANE

(covers)
No reason.

Rachel SINGS to her IPOD. Richard turns to Melanie.

RICHARD

Melanie. Good luck.

MELANIE

(still texting)
Gracias.

RICHARD

(to Jane)
Gotta run.

JANE

Have a good day.

Jane forces a smile, watches him go. Melanie suddenly LAUGHS. Jane wants to be included.

JANE (CONT'D)

What?

But Melanie ignores her Mother. Texts again.

MELANIE

(to herself)
Hilarious.

With that, Jane stares at her daughters. So close. Yet so far away...

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

As Jane CRAMS the last of SEVERAL BOXES into the back of her SUV, Melanie approaches.

MELANIE
Can I bring this?

Jane turns to find Melanie holding...

JANE
My flat iron?

MELANIE
You don't use it.

JANE
That's not true. I use it. When I dress up.

MELANIE
When do you ever dress up? Or go anywhere?

Melanie makes her point. Jane cedes.

JANE
Sure. Fine. Take it.

Melanie happily makes a bee-line to the passenger door and climbs into the car. As Jane follows suit--

MAN (O.S.)
Ms. Bilinski?

The UPS GUY is standing behind her. Sexy, built, nice smile.

Jane blushes. Instantly nervous. She has a crush.

JANE
Oh. Hey. Hello. Yes. That's me.
Our UPS man. Nice to see you again.

The UPS guy is holding a PACKAGE in one hand. A computerized clipboard in the other.

UPS GUY
Need you to sign for this.

He holds out the clipboard. Jane grabs the pen. Holds it upside-down. Realizing, she adjusts the pen in her hand, fumbles, awkward, laughs clumsily...

JANE
Woops. Sorry. First day with a pen.

He hands her the package.

UPS GUY
There you go.

JANE
Jane.

UPS GUY
I'm sorry?

JANE
It's *Jane* Bilinski. That's my name.

MELANIE (O.S.)
Mom!

JANE
As well as "mom". And a few other not-so-charming appellations I answer to.

She's flirting. Or trying to. A beat. Awkward. Jane is smitten.

JANE (CONT'D)
Anyway...

UPS GUY
Okie-doke.

The UPS GUY turns, heads back to his truck.

Jane stares at his ass.

INT. JANE'S CAR - SECONDS LATER

Jane climbs into the driver's seat, buckles herself in.

She goes to start the car, but then, on second thought...

JANE
This is really happening, isn't it.

MELANIE

Pretty much.

JANE

My baby's all grown up.

MELANIE

And taller than you even.

JANE

I remember *my* first day of college.
My whole life ahead of me. When
anything was possible.

MELANIE

Mom. Don't get all mushy and force
a Massengill moment. Please.

JANE

Why? I was a teenager once. With
confusion and fears about the
future. But now look. I got
married. Had you girls. We bought
a house. You have so much to look
forward to.

Melanie considers walking in her mother's shoes...

MELANIE

Now I just want to kill myself.

Jane stares back at her daughter. Eventually starts the
car...

INT. JANE'S CAR - DAY

Jane drives through the COLLEGE CAMPUS. Rolling hills.
Brick and ivy. STUDENTS and their PARENTS unloading cars.

MELANIE

(points ahead)

That's my dorm. Pull up here.

EXT. CAMPUS - LATER

Jane pulls the LAST BOX from her SUV as Melanie joins...

MELANIE

That the last one?

JANE

Not quite. There's actually one more.

Jane HANDS Melanie the same PACKAGE the UPS GUY delivered earlier. It's a gift.

JANE (CONT'D)

This one's from me.
(pleased with herself)
Go ahead, open it.

With that, Melanie tears the tape off. Excited to have been given a present. But her SMILE FADES when she sees what's inside.

Pulls it out, holds it up.

MELANIE

Night goggles?

JANE

I know I can't stop you from drinking beer or schnapps or whatever it is you'll be getting intoxicated with, but at least, with these, you'll stumble home safely.

MELANIE

I'm not wearing these, mom. I'll look like a douchebag.

JANE

If Stephen Moscerelli was wearing them, he wouldn't have ended up on crutches now would he?

Melanie looks at Jane in disbelief.

MELANIE

Orientation starts in like twenty minutes.

JANE

Okay. Well. I love you. So much.

Jane hugs her daughter. Tight. Fights back the tears. Melanie barely hugs back.

MELANIE

See you Sunday.

Melanie picks up the last box and walks off. Jane watches with nostalgia, heartbreak and pride, when she suddenly realizes Melanie forgot something.

The BOX with the NIGHT GOGGLES inside. Jane CALLS out...

JANE

Wait, Mel! You forgot--

But a CUTE BOY has already approached Melanie, offering to carry her things. Melanie lets him. It's official. Melanie has left the nest.

Jane blows air, as we...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel lazes across the couch, her eyes glued to the television set. On the screen: "The Tyra Banks Show".

While Rachel watches, Jane folds laundry.

ON THE SCREEN:

A panel of four GIRLS and their MOTHERS. TYRA BANKS addresses "Jenny". A 15 year old with a southern accent.

TYRA BANKS

And how long were you cutting before your mom caught you?

JENNY

About two years.

Gasps from the television audience. Tyra pleads.

TYRA BANKS

Help us out here, Jenny. You would take a razor to yourself every day? Bleed, scar, inflict pain. Why, Babydoll? Why would you do that?

Jenny's eyes well with tears.

JENNY

I guess... I guess I just needed to feel something.

Tyra looks to the camera. Tears in her eyes as well.

TYRA

And we'll be right back.

Jane lifts the remote. Mutes the volume. Sits beside Rachel. With an agenda. A heart to heart. Rachel stares back.

RACHEL

What?

JANE

You know your father and I are here for you, right?

RACHEL

I'm not cutting myself, mom.

JANE

Of course not, honey. But even if you were, we wouldn't judge you. I just want to make sure you know you can talk to us about anything.

Rachel grabs the remote from Jane. Turns OFF the tv.

RACHEL

Okay. Look. I know you're always there for me. You know why?

JANE

Because I love you.

RACHEL

Because you have nothing *else* in your life.

JANE

That is not true.

RACHEL

When was the last time you had a hobby? Or took a class or something? Or went out with friends? Or even had friends? And now that Melanie's gone, I'm gonna get ALL your attention. Which I worry might actually kill me quicker than any drug addiction or self mutilating tendency I may consider.

JANE

Where is this coming fr--

RACHEL

There's gonna be some changes around here. I'll be sixteen in a few months. I can take care of myself. I don't *wanna* watch tv with you every night or go food shopping with you every weekend or do movie Mondays, Scrabble on Tuesdays... I'm suffocating here. I don't want a mother anymore.

JANE

You don't want a mother anymore.

RACHEL

That's what I'm saying.

Jane swallowed the pill. Now she's just letting it digest.

JANE

So, what, you just want to be *friends*?

RACHEL

More like... acquaintances.

JANE

Rachel. You can't break-up with me. I'm your mother.

RACHEL

If I have to, I'll serve you with emancipation papers.

JANE

With what?

RACHEL

For a full parental divorce.

JANE

You can't divorce your parents.

RACHEL

Actually you can. I've done the research. Plenty of kids are doing it. Seven won their cases in court last year alone.

Jane lets that land, as we...

INT. SUPERMARKET - AISLE - DAY

Jane PUSHES A CART, lost in thought. A carry-over from that conversation with Rachel, when...

LUCY (O.S.)

Jane?

Jane stops. Looks up. Finds TWO WOMEN (40s), LUCY and FRANCI, standing there, each carrying their own shopping basket, ear to ear grins.

JANE

Lucy. Franci.

LUCY

I thought that was you in dairy.

Trapped in the frozen food section, Jane forces delight...

JANE

My God, it's been so long.

FRANCI

Since the School Fair last year, I think.

LUCY

That might've been two years ago.

FRANCI

Of fuck, you're right. I can't think straight, I'm still jet lagged.

JANE

Yeah, I heard Brian was going to Syracuse. You guys drop him off?

FRANCI

No, that's next week. Neil and I have been in Africa for the last month.

JANE

Africa? What were you doing there?

FRANCI

Volunteering with Habitat for Humanity. It's so addicting. Did our first build in India last year, then one in Tajikistan.

(MORE)

FRANCI (CONT'D)

And leaving for Poland in a few weeks to do another.

JANE

Wow. That sounds... wow.

FRANCI

Yeah, got the scars to prove it.

Franci shows off one on her arm.

JANE

(to Lucy)

And you and Ed went, too?

LUCY

Oh, hell no. Girl, I finally made Partner, so I'm lucky if I get to a movie theater these days. But I'm loving it.

JANE

Congratulations. That's so exciting.

FRANCI

Stein, Linsky, Margolis--
(gesturing to Lucy)
--and Woo.

LUCY

Yeah, it's pretty awesome.

FRANCI

So, what new and fabulous things have you been up to?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WALMART - DAY

Jane works the register. For the only CUSTOMER in line.

In addition to wearing the classic WALMART VEST, Jane also sports a BASEBALL HAT with an image of CHICKEN LITTLE along with FELT WINGS that hang from the sides.

And from Jane's expression, she's not thrilled to have it on her head.

CUSTOMER

Why you wearing that?

JANE
Wearing what, Sir?

CUSTOMER
That thing. On your head.

JANE
It's Chicken Little.
(deadpan)
Because our prices are falling, our
prices are falling.

Not amused, Jane hands the Customer his change and he EXITS the store.

CLIFFORD STOLTZ, another WALMART EMPLOYEE, strolls over. He, too, is sporting the WALMART VEST and CHICKEN LITTLE HAT.

Clifford is 25 and baby-faced, though he carries himself with a confidence most people don't find until later in life.

CLIFFORD
Nice work, Jane. You get each customer out the door in a timely fashion, with a smile, little repartee, no dilly-dallying. I like it.

JANE
Oh. Thank you.

Jane smiles politely but has no clue who he is.

JANE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Have we met?

CLIFFORD
I wanted to introduce myself.
Clifford Stoltz. Happy to meet you, excited to get to know you.

He offers his hand. She shakes it. Reluctantly. He comes on a little strong.

JANE
Nice to meet you, Clifford. This your first day?

CLIFFORD
Hardly. Been with the company since '09. Just transferred from store 5743.

JANE

Oh. Well. Welcome aboard.

CLIFFORD

Thank you much.

(then; sotto)

Aren't you curious how I knew your name? I mean, you're not even wearing a name tag...

He leans in, a secret, wink, wink.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

... but I won't tell. Though you should be. It's sort of a company rule.

JANE

Not really.

CLIFFORD

No, it is, in fact, a company rule. Kinda memorized the handbook.

JANE

No, I mean, I'm not really curious how you knew my name. Should I be?

CLIFFORD

Well. I asked somebody. Because I saw you. And wanted to know.

He's dangling the worm, but Jane doesn't bite. In fact, she just stares back at him, baffled why this child half her age is flirting.

Clifford knows rejection when he sees it. Tries to cover...

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

... because, y'know, as Store Manager, it's important I reach out that way. To all my employees.

JANE

You're the new store manager?

CLIFFORD

I am. It's a pretty stressful job, but like, whatever you need, I'll totally take care of you. Totally.

JANE

How old are you?

CLIFFORD

Twenty-five.
 (admits)
 In March.

JANE

So it was your idea to make us wear these hats?

CLIFFORD

I like to think outside the box.
 (pointed)
 Y'know... about everything. So you should be aware. I'm totally here. For you. Whatever you need.

JANE

I need approval to go on break.

Not exactly the *needs* Clifford was talking about, but...

CLIFFORD

Right on... you are hereby on your break.

Jane nods. Walks away. Clifford checks out her ass.

INT. WALMART - AISLE - DAY

ROGER (30s), another WALMART EMPLOYEE, unloads boxes as Jane walks by.

ROGER

Wassup, Mama.

He doesn't notice as Jane SWIPES his BOX CUTTER.

JANE

Good morning, Roger.

She SLIPS the BOX CUTTER into her pocket and keeps walking...

INT. WALMART - LADIES ROOM - DAY

Two stalls. Both doors, closed. With TWO PAIR of SHOES visible underneath.

Jane's FLATS and another woman's SNEAKERS.

Suddenly, BLOOD TRICKLES TO THE FLOOR in Jane's stall.

JANE (O.S.)
 Fuck. Shit.

Then, a toilet flush. The STALL beside Jane OPENS...

MARIA RODRIGUE (60s), a thick, gray-haired woman, steps out. Crouches a little. Peeks beneath Jane's stall door. Sees the blood. Concerned...

MARIA
 You okay in there?

Jane EXITS the stall. Her SKIRT hiked up to her waist.

JANE
 I'm fine, Maria. Thank you.

But Jane's leg is bleeding. She moves quickly to the sink, runs water, dabs the blood...

MARIA
 Oh, dios mío. You are not fine.
 You're bleeding.

JANE
 It was an accident, I just, I
 walked into this, I was carrying a
 sharp--

Jane stops. Looks at Maria. Deflates. Too exhausted to lie. Instead, Jane decides to tell the truth.

JANE (CONT'D)
 I tried cutting myself.

MARIA
 What?

JANE
 Y'know, like what the kids are
 doing. I know. It was stupid.

MARIA
 Why would you do that?

JANE
 Please don't tell anyone.

Jane starts to CRY.

MARIA
 Oh, cariño, you really hurt
 yourself.

JANE

It actually doesn't hurt at all.

MARIA

Then why are you crying?

JANE

I don't know.

(realizing...)

Because I feel nothing. I haven't
for years.

MARIA

I don't think so. I've known you
for months.

JANE

So why do I feel numb. Like I'm
dead inside.

MARIA

You're not dead. You're standing
right in front of me.

JANE

I've been so unhappy, Maria. In my
marriage. In my life. And lately
I've been... what if that's it?
What if this is all my life is?
I've only ever had sex with one
man, never tried drugs, never
traveled the world, had two
beautiful children who want nothing
to do with me anymore... I feel so
alone. So lost. Without any
purpose.

(a beat)

I'm sorry, I don't know why I'm
telling you this...

Maria takes Jane's hand. Looks her in the eye.

MARIA

I'm a lot older than you. So trust
me. This is not the end. More
likely, a new beginning. Maybe a
new love. A new life. But it
won't happen by itself. You have
to grab it. Because life is so
short and goes so fast, that I
would hate to see you miss it.
It's a gift. And so are you. And
when you realize that...

Maria stops suddenly. And falls DEAD to the floor.

What the fuck...?! Jane is as stunned as we are.

JANE

Maria?

INT. WALMART - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

An AMBULANCE parked out front. The lights still flashing.

Several WALMART EMPLOYEES and a few CUSTOMERS watch as PARAMEDICS push past with Maria's COVERED BODY on a gurney.

Roger stands beside Jane. They look on, melancholy.

ROGER

Who has a heart attack and dies at sixty-two?

JANE

I keep replaying it in my mind.

ROGER

She was still young.

JANE

You think she knew? Like, had a sense it was--

ROGER

--and she was so fucking chill as Floor Manager. Let me smoke in the break room. They'll probably get some stick-up-the-ass to replace her. Shit.

Jane TURNS to Roger. A sudden thought.

INT. WALMART - OFFICE - DAY

Clifford sits across his desk from Jane.

CLIFFORD

And can you tell me why you're interested in the Floor Manager position?

JANE

Because nothing happens by itself. You have to grab it. And life is so short and goes so fast, that I would hate to miss it.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
An opportunity, I mean. Like this one.

CLIFFORD
So you've always wanted managerial?

JANE
No.

CLIFFORD
But you do now.

JANE
Yes.

CLIFFORD
How come?

JANE
Because I need to make more money if I'm going to leave my husband.

Clifford sits up. He likes that answer.

CLIFFORD
Congratulations. You've been promoted to Floor Manager.

INT. STEIN, LINSKY, MARGOLIS & WOO - LUCY'S OFFICE

Mahogany furniture. Expensive art. And a spectacular view of the White House.

Lucy is seated behind her desk. Jane, seated across from her.

LUCY
I'm sorry, Jane. I know you and Richard have been together a long time.

JANE
Since college. He was my first relationship...

We INTERCUT with:

INT. GLOBAL TECH SERVICES - BULLPEN - DAY

A sea of cubicles. Employees immersed in work.

Richard gets up from his cubicle. A GLOBAL TECH EMPLOYEE ID TAG HANGS FROM HIS NECK. A file in hand, Richard plods down the hall...

JANE (O.S.)
 ... I don't really know anything else.

INT. STEIN, LINSKY, MARGOLIS & WOO - LUCY'S OFFICE

LUCY
 Well, first, I'm going to need a list of all your joint assets...

INT. GLOBAL TECH SERVICES - COPY ROOM - DAY

Richard opens the file. As he makes COPIES of the pages inside...

LUCY (O.S.)
 ...what Richard's annual income is, what yours is, how many years you were caring for the children while he was at work, and how much you would need each month to support yourself and the girls.

INT. STEIN, LINSKY, MARGOLIS & WOO - LUCY'S OFFICE

LUCY
 Divorce can be overwhelming, Jane, but the hardest part is over. You've already made the decision.

JANE
 I haven't told him yet.

LUCY
 Nor should you right now. Let's get all your ducks in a row first...

INT. GLOBAL TECH SERVICES - STAIRWELL - DAY

Richard enters. Pulls out his cell phone. Dials.

LUCY (O.S.)
 ...ending a marriage often brings out the worst in people.
 (MORE)

LUCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Better to get a head start and know
 exactly what we'll be asking for.

INT. STEIN, LINSKY, MARGOLIS & WOO - LUCY'S OFFICE

LUCY
 Now. I do need to know if there
 was infidelity on either side of
 this story.

Jane laughs.

JANE
 Are you kidding, Richard is a
 computer technician. He leads a
 more boring life than I do.

INT. GLOBAL TECH SERVICES - STAIRWELL - DAY

With the PHONE to his ear, Richard WHISPERS...

RICHARD
 (into cell)
 Yeah, I need a guy to trim the
 hedges. Thursday morning.

Richard hangs up.

INT. JANE'S CAR - DAY

As Jane drives home, relief washes over. She's more relaxed than we've seen, and a smile curls. She should've done this a long time ago.

The radio is on. "MY SHARONA" comes on. Jane turns it up. Sings along. We get the feeling she hasn't let loose like this in years. Perhaps Maria was right, a new life awaits.

Then, out of nowhere--

The CAR in front of Jane SLAMS their BRAKES. Jane CRASHES into it. BAM!

INT. JANE'S CAR - SECONDS LATER

Jane lifts her head from the deployed airbag. Looks at the car in front of her. Watches it drive away. But Jane is too in shock to take any sudden action. Sirens sound. Jane slowly opens her car door. Stumbles out...

An Ambulance pulls up. What occurs next happens very fast:

Two PARAMEDICS get out of the Ambulance. Rush to Jane. Get her on a stretcher and into...

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

The Paramedics hook Jane up to a machine. While they do this...

PARAMEDIC #1
Are you okay, ma'am?

JANE
I think so.

PARAMEDIC #2
Does anything hurt?

JANE
The other car, it, it drove away.

PARAMEDIC #2
Don't worry about that. Can you tell us your name?

JANE
Jane Bilinski.

PARAMEDIC #1
And how many fingers am I holding up, Jane?

JANE
Three.

PARAMEDIC #1
Good.
(off the monitor)
BP 155 over 85.

PARAMEDIC #2
You remember where you live, Jane?

JANE
1250 South Sageway Avenue.

PARAMEDIC #2
Is Richard home?

JANE
What?

PARAMEDIC #2
Is your husband home?

JANE
I, I think he's still at-- how did you know my husband's name?

PARAMEDIC #2
If you get home before he does this evening, we need you to do something for us. Are you with me, Jane?

JANE
Who, who are you?

PARAMEDIC #2
We need you to find his cell phone and download all the photos he's got on it.

JANE
What? What is this?

PARAMEDIC #1
We need the photos from Richard's cell phone.

JANE
No. No. What're you talking about? My husband has a Blackberry World. It doesn't take photos. Who are you?

PARAMEDIC #1
We're talking about his other cell phone.

JANE
What other cell phone? I don't understand. Are you paramedics?

PARAMEDIC #2
No ma'am.

JANE
Well, who the hell are you?

Neither Man answers her.

JANE (CONT'D)
You have the wrong person here. I just got into an accident is all.

PARAMEDIC #2
We know who you are, Jane.
(hands her a card)
This is the number to call if you
find those photos.

And just as fast as the Paramedics swooped Jane into the Ambulance, they roll her out...

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

... they help Jane to her feet and tuck her back into her vehicle.

INT. JANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jane is seated back in the driver's seat. She watches helplessly as the Ambulance DISAPPEARS into traffic. And she is left reeling. As if it never happened.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Two cars in the driveway. Jane's is smashed in.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane stands at the stove, stirring something in a pot. But her mind is a million miles away. The water boils over. Jane snaps out of her trance...

JANE
Shit.

She quickly turns off the gas, cleans up her mess.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jane, Richard and Rachel eat dinner at the table. Rachel occasionally grabs her cell and texts throughout the scene.

A lot of silverware clanking, but no one talks.

Until...

RICHARD
What happened to the car?

JANE
I had an accident.

RICHARD
You didn't think to mention that?

JANE
It wasn't a big deal.

RICHARD
Whose fault?

JANE
Theirs.

RICHARD
And what happened to them?

JANE
I don't know. They drove away.

RICHARD
They drove away?

JANE
Yes.

RICHARD
So, now *our* insurance will have to
cover the damages?

JANE
I guess so.

RICHARD
Our rates will go up. That's not
good.

JANE
It is what it is, Richard.

RACHEL
Can you pass the bread?

Jane does. A beat. More silver clanking. More silence.

Jane tests him...

JANE
It's too bad you weren't with me.
I could've taken a photo of the
other car with your cell before it
drove off.

RICHARD

We have the same phone, Jane. Mine doesn't have a camera either.

JANE

Oh. Right.

RICHARD

You get an estimate?

JANE

No. Not yet.

RICHARD

Well, you should. These insurance companies give you a very small window.

They sit in silence again. Rachel has finished eating. She gets up from the table, leaves.

JANE

And in case you were wondering, my neck's a little sore but other than that, I'm okay.

Richard hadn't thought to ask.

RICHARD

Oh. Good.

Richard keeps eating. Jane watches him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Richard's asleep. Jane lays beside him, wide awake. Once Richard starts to snore, Jane SLIPS OUT of BED.

As she creeps out the room, Jane takes note of Richard's CELL PHONE charging on his dresser.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane quietly searches through drawers, examines piles of mail, papers, etc...

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jane sits at Richard's desk, rummages through his drawers, check books, piles of papers, careful not to leave anything out of place.

Jane moves on to their COMPUTER.

ON THE SCREEN:

Jane opens Richard's email account. She clicks anything that looks suspect. But finds nothing.

Jane drags the curser to ALL DELETED FILES. Only, each one is associated with GLOBAL TECH.

Except one. Titled "FOR YOUR EYES ONLY"

ON THE SCREEN:

A naked photo of Rachel. With a note attached.

Hey Gabriel, I'll show you mine, if you show me yours.

-- Rachel

Jane gasps. Horrified.

JANE

Oh my god...

But with more pressing things at hand, Jane reluctantly shakes it off, as we...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Jane digs through boxes, shelves, finding nothing out of the ordinary. She hits a wall.

Until Jane eyes A SPARE SET OF KEYS hanging. She grabs them...

INT. RICHARD'S CAR - NIGHT

A simple interior. Nothing fancy.

Now wearing the NIGHT GOGGLES Jane tried giving to Melanie earlier, she digs through the glove compartment, under the seats, inside the visors, even opens an empty Starbucks cup and looks inside, trying to find SOMETHING. Anything to corroborate what she's been told.

But all Jane comes across is a half cup of old coffee.

Annoyed with herself, embarrassed even, Jane RIPS the NIGHT GOGGLES off her face and sits back with frustration.

JANE

This is crazy.

Jane's frustration turns to a chuckle, laughing at herself, at the mere thought that Richard is hiding any secrets, that he'd have any reason to have a second cell phone.

Jane opens the car door, about to step out, but realizes she forgot one thing.

Jane reaches across the passenger seat and SLAMS the GLOVE COMPARTMENT shut. The AIR VENT COVER pops out.

Jane stares at it. That's weird.

Then, INSTEAD of PUSHING the VENT COVER back into the dashboard, Jane PULLS the vent cover OFF instead.

Revealing something hidden inside. Jane pulls it out.

Richard's second cell phone. Jane's jaw drops.

EXT. WALMART - DAY

To establish. The parking lot is empty.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

Top of the morning, folks.

INT. WALMART - REGISTERS - DAY

A circle of WALMART EMPLOYEES stand by the registers. We can see a HANDFUL OF CUSTOMERS waiting outside for the store to open. But until then, Clifford has the full attention of his Staff.

CLIFFORD

Sadly, we are one employee short today.

(MORE)

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I trust everyone has been informed of Maria Rodrigue's passing. Just another reminder of how fleeting this life is. And how blessed we all are to have things. Like our life, for one thing. This job.

(points at customers waiting outside)

Customers to serve. A truckload of Kellogg's new Toaster Strudel waiting in the stock room to be unloaded. Which we all know flies off the shelves like hotcakes. Push 'em today, people. Having said that, let's take a moment of silence for our beloved co-worker.

The Employees take Clifford's lead. All heads go down. In silence.

Distracted, Jane CLUTCHES onto the CARD the PARAMEDIC gave her earlier with his CONTACT NUMBER on it. She occasionally opens her palm and steals a look. Debating whether to call.

Out of the corner of his eye, Clifford watches Jane. For no other reason than he likes to look at her. She looks up, meets his stare. She forces a smile. Clifford winks back. Clifford likes Jane. And he's too young to give a shit what anyone thinks about that.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

(looks at his watch, then)

... and that's our time. RIP, Maria. In other news, the lovely Jane Bilinski is taking over the role of Floor Manager. So let us all give her a hand.

Clifford and the Employees CLAP with enthusiasm.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I am stoked! Are you stoked people?!

EMPLOYEES

Hell ya!

CLIFFORD

Give me a "W".

EMPLOYEES

"W"!

CLIFFORD
Give me an "A"!

EMPLOYEEES
"A"!

CLIFFORD
Give me an "L"!

EMPLOYEEES
"L"!

CLIFFORD
Give me a squiggly!

The Employees shimmy their hips.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
How do we feel?!

EMPLOYEEES
Fired up!

CLIFFORD
That's what I'm talking about! Now
Swine it up!

Each Employee extends an arm, palm up, as Clifford squirts a dollop of anti-bacterial goop into each hand.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
Three minutes 'til show time,
folks!

Jane pulls out her cell phone, walks off. Clifford stares at her ass.

EXT. WALMART - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Jane's found privacy. Holds the card in one hand, her cell in the other.

JANE
(into cell)
Hi. This is Jane Bilinski. I
found what you're looking for.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - LATER

Jane stands beside the sign -- THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

Tourists pose beside her. Cameras flash.

But Jane isn't there for a photo op. She's meeting someone. Scans the crowd.

MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Jane turns, expectantly. Only it's an overweight TOURIST. She deflates. Was expecting someone else.

JANE

Can I help you?

TOURIST

Would you mind?

The man holds out his camera. Jane reluctantly agrees.

JANE

Sure. Okay.

As the TOURIST and his WIFE pose for Jane, she lifts the camera to her face.

JANE'S POV THROUGH THE LENS:

At first we just notice the Tourist and his wife. But then, in the background, our eyes are drawn to a familiar face in the crowd.

Paramedic #2 from the ambulance earlier.

The one who gave Jane a number to call. We get a better look at him now. 40s, clean cut, handsome.

He's staring right back at Jane. She drops the camera from her face. Looks right at him. He's standing alone.

TOURIST

Gotta wait for the light to blink.

Jane takes the photo, hands the Tourist his camera.

TOURIST (CONT'D)

Thanks so--

But Jane is already gone.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - SECONDS LATER

Jane stands with Paramedic #2. He gestures to the crowd.

PARAMEDIC #2
This busy enough for you?

JANE
It's fine.

PARAMEDIC #2
Let's walk.

They do. Through the mass of people.

PARAMEDIC #2 (CONT'D)
Y'know, Daniel Chester French, the
guy who sculpted the Lincoln
Memorial, was deaf. That's why
Lincoln's hands are shaped as an
"A" and an "L" in sign language.

Jane's not up for small talk.

JANE
Interesting.

PARAMEDIC #2
Lincoln... talk about an honest
upstanding citizen.
(then)
How's your head?

JANE
My neck is still stiff, thanks.

PARAMEDIC #2
Yeah, sorry about that. We had to
make sure you were alone. And that
we had your undivided attention.
You understand.

JANE
No, frankly, I don't. I don't
understand any of this. Who is
"we"? Who are YOU? I mean,
honestly, I have no idea what I'm
doing here.

PARAMEDIC #2
You said you found your husband's
second cell phone.

JANE
I have what you want. But first
you tell me *who you are*.
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Is my husband having an affair with your wife?

PARAMEDIC #2

No.

JANE

Okay. Is my husband screwing your client's wife?

PARAMEDIC #2

I'm not a private investigator. And your husband is not having an affair. At least, not to my knowledge.

JANE

Then what do you want from me? And what the hell is my husband doing with a second cell phone?

PARAMEDIC #2

Jane...

(then)

Is it okay if I call you Jane?

JANE

Fine, whatever.

PARAMEDIC #2

Jane, for the last seven years your husband has been an International Spy, selling highly sensitive security information to Russian Intelligence Agencies in exchange for money.

A beat. Jane, at first, is speechless. Then she can't help but laugh.

JANE

Come again?

PARAMEDIC #2

And my name is Agent Michael Winter with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

He ever so inconspicuously flashes a badge. Jane stops in her tracks.

JANE

That is the craziest thing I've ever heard.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Richard is a computer technician for Global Tech Services. And has been. For the last twelve years.

WINTER

Global Tech is the sole provider of tech support to every Government agency in the country. They have access to files as high as the White House.

JANE

This conversation is ridiculous.

WINTER

We don't think so.

JANE

Okay, this is obviously a big joke. Did Rachel put you up to this?

WINTER

No ma'am.

JANE

You have some beef with Richard and this is all just payback?

WINTER

I'm afraid not.

JANE

Well, y'know what then, Mr. Winter or whoever you really are. I'm offended. You screw up my car, which I now owe the deductible on, I could've been seriously injured. You plant absurdities in my head that have me sneaking around my house all night and yeah, okay, so I did find another cell phone, which is probably for my husband's mistress or whatever to reach him on, but A. I don't care, and B. I don't have time for this crap. I just got promoted to Floor Manager and I certainly don't have time to be screwed with by some guy who gets his rocks off watching a soon to be middle aged woman run around in circles after--

WINTER

--where did you find the second cell?

Jane stops, can't believe the cajones on this guy.

JANE

In his car. It was hidden inside the vent.

WINTER

Impressive. That couldn't have been easy to find. Let me guess, you tried turning it on but he keeps the SIM card hidden somewhere else.

Jane won't admit it, but Winter's right.

JANE

Don't get me wrong, I am hardly Ingrid Bergman here, standing by my man out of some sort of responsibility. In fact, we've been nothing more than roommates for the last ten years, it's just, this is all a bit far fetched and silly, frankly. So, I'm leaving.

As Jane walks off--

WINTER

We transferred four thousand dollars into your bank account. The one you're using for Melanie's tuition.

This stops Jane.

WINTER (CONT'D)

That outta cover the insurance deductible, medical expenses and the rest for your trouble. Bank Of America account number 17738409. Check it yourself. It cleared this morning.

Jane's eyes narrow. Taking him more seriously now.

JANE

How did you know my bank account number?

WINTER

We know a lot of things.

JANE

I've been married to this man for almost twenty years. How can you expect me to believe this?

WINTER

In the last three months your husband traveled five times for business. Twice to New York, twice to San Francisco, and once to Texas.

JANE

What's your point?

WINTER

On three of those occasions he didn't fly home from the city he did business in. Caught puddle jumpers to remote areas, stayed for one night, *then* flew back to DC.

JANE

What are you talking about?

WINTER

Bottom line. We're offering you an opportunity. That would entail you to *stay married* to Richard, live in the house, and continue your life exactly as you have been. Day to day chores, the kids, Walmart. And help us understand who your husband is working for and why.

JANE

You want me to spy on my husband?

WINTER

And we'll pay you in exchange.

JANE

If you're so sure Richard's breaking the law, why not arrest him?

WINTER

Because he's a small cog in a very big wheel.

(MORE)

WINTER (CONT'D)

He's worth much more to us out of jail than he would be inside.

Jane hands Winter a disc.

JANE

Even without Richard's SIM card I could still access his photos. I downloaded them while he was sleeping, before I put his cell phone back. But I think you'll be disappointed. It's just some pictures of public mailboxes and a few trees.

(then)

I'm sure there are Americans who spy for other countries, Agent Winter. But I highly doubt my husband is one of them.

But as Jane walks away from Winter, her face says something contrary. She doesn't know what to believe...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Richard enters, takes his seat at the table. Rachel follows, does the same. With gloved hands, Jane pulls a hot dish from the oven. Places it on the table. A steaming plate of meat and vegetables.

RACHEL

That chicken again?

But Jane doesn't answer her. Not because she's ignoring her daughter, but because her mind is somewhere else...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hello? Earth to Jane.

JANE

What?

RACHEL

I just asked you if this is chicken? Again.

JANE

I didn't hear you. Yes. We're having chicken again. If you don't like it, Burger King is just a twelve minute walk.

Sarcasm like that never comes from Jane's mouth. Rachel and Richard both take note.

RACHEL

You don't have to be a bitch about it.

RICHARD

Rachel. It's been a strange week, with your sister starting college, and a fender bender... why don't you cut your mother some slack.

RACHEL

She's not my mother.

JANE

Well, you can call it whatever you want, but you emerged from *my* vagina.

RACHEL

Really? You needed to go there? With food on the table?

(then)

What's wrong with you? You never talk like that.

Jane finally sits down for dinner. Her composure in tact.

JANE

I found something the other night. Something incriminating.

Without looking at them, Jane serves herself. Richard and Rachel watch her do this. Their curiosity piqued.

RACHEL

Incriminating to who?

Jane looks up. Stares at Richard. Then turns to Rachel.

JANE

You.

RACHEL

What did *I* do?

JANE

Sent naked photos of yourself--
(air quotes)
-- to "Gabriel" on My Space.

RACHEL

What were you doing on my My Space page?

JANE

Don't flatter yourself. I was on the computer and found it in the deleted files. You're fifteen for godssake.

RACHEL

What I send to my friends is none of your business.

RICHARD

Who's Gabriel?

JANE

She sent erotic photographs of herself into the ether and she can never get those back.

RACHEL

It's my fucking body, godammit. I can do what I please.

RICHARD

Don't curse at the table.

JANE

Who is this Gabriel?

RACHEL

He's a poet. And he doesn't view my body as a negative force running ramped on the net. He sees it as art.

JANE

What is he, making a coffee table book?

RACHEL

Just because you live in your tiny protective bubble where nothing happens and it's probably been forever since you've seen your own naked body, doesn't mean we all have to live that way.

JANE

This is my fault. You inherited my naiveté.

RACHEL

Gabriel says nudity is the rawest form of ourselves. It's the foundation of who we are to the core. Nakedness is truth. Nakedness... is power.

JANE

Well, then, I guess you're a few photos away from becoming leader of the free world.

RACHEL

(taunts Jane)

I'm gonna send him another naked photo tonight.

JANE

Y'know what, just forget it. Because the truth is, if someone really wants to sneak around, and have secrets, and lie and deceive everyone under their roof...

Jane stops herself. Realizing the line between husband and daughter is blurred. She covers.

JANE (CONT'D)

... I can't stop you. But it just makes me wonder is all.

RACHEL

Wonder what?

Jane doesn't look at Rachel. Because truthfully, it's not her daughter she wonders about...

JANE

Who you are.

RACHEL

I'm a sex addict meth head who will sell my babies for money.

JANE

Perfect. Eat your chicken. And clean up after yourself.

Jane continues to eat, just as poised as she was when she first sat down. In silence, Rachel and Richard do the same.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

As Richard heads out the door, Jane sits at their desk, her head in paperwork, bills. There's a POST IT NOTE on the computer screen. Jane peels it off.

It reads:

Staying at Karen's tonight. Shooting up tons of heroine.

Rachel

Jane rolls her eyes. Richard appears in the doorway. Dressed for work. His BRIEFCASE in one hand. A small VALISE in the other.

RICHARD

Hey, so, I'll be flying to Boston after work. Flight leaves at 5:30. Just for the night. They're instituting a new system at City Hall.

JANE

Okay.

RICHARD

I'll be back tomorrow. Late. Don't wait up.

JANE

Okay.

RICHARD

Rachel will be fine. She's just being a teenager.

JANE

Okay.

Richard nods goodbye. Jane waits for the door to close behind him, then rushes to the window. Takes cover behind the curtain. Watches him drive off...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jane is on the phone. An AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE on the other end. Her voice bleeds through.

Under the following, Jane consults her own records/calendar.

JANE

(into phone)

Hi. My boss asked me to confirm all his air miles over the last few months, would you mind confirming some flights with me?

AIRLINE REP (O.S.)

Happy to.

JANE

(into phone)

Great. Flight 673 on the twentieth of last month, he flew from New York to DC...

AIRLINE REP (O.S.)

Your boss's name?

JANE

(into phone)

Richard Bilinski.

A beat. Jane waits.

AIRLINE REP (O.S.)

I don't see his name in our records for that flight. Oh, wait. Actually I do. But he canceled the reservation that morning.

JANE

(into phone)

What flight did he change it to?

AIRLINE REP (O.S.)

He didn't. At least not with our airline.

JANE

(into phone)

You're the only airline our company uses.

(then)

Can you check a flight on the third of this month, number 437 from San Francisco to DC?

A beat. Jane waits.

AIRLINE REP (O.S.)

He wasn't on that flight either.

JANE

(into phone)

Well, this is embarrassing. My records are off. Please tell me he's on a flight to Boston out of DC tonight at five-thirty? Or I may have to seek new employment.

AIRLINE REP (O.S.)

I'm sorry. Richard Bilinski is not on that flight either. But I could make him a reservation right now if you'd like...?

Jane seethes. Her eyes narrow. Knows what she has to do.

EXT. GLOBAL TECH OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

To establish. The work day comes to an end. EMPLOYEES exit the building. Walk to their cars...

INT. JANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Parked. Jane sits behind the wheel. In a BASEBALL HAT and SUNGLASSES.

Her eyes fixed on the doors to Global Tech. She waits.

EXT. GLOBAL TECH OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Richard WALKS OUT. His briefcase in hand. He goes to his car. Gets in. Drives off.

INT. JANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jane starts her car. Follows him.

INT. JANE'S CAR - DAY

Jane parks behind a tree.

The sign on the building ahead reads: ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR.

JANE'S POV:

Richard talks with a SALESMAN inside. The guy hands Richard a SET OF KEYS.

Richard gets into a BLUE SPORTS CAR. Drives off.

INT. JANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Jane follows the BLUE SPORTS CAR, we take note; her dashboard clock reads: **5:08 p.m.**

INT. JANE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jane's been driving for a while.

The dashboard clock reads: **6:45 p.m.**

With the BLUE SPORTS CAR still in view, Jane continues to follow. The BLUE SPORTS CAR pulls into a MOTEL. Parks.

Jane hangs back, not wanting to be seen.

She parks several cars away from where Richard does.

Watches him get out of the BLUE SPORTS CAR. Stretches. Heads inside the MOTEL LOBBY.

JANE'S POV:

Through the MOTEL LOBBY window, the MOTEL MANAGER takes CASH from Richard. Hands him a KEY in exchange.

Jane DIALS her CELL. Lifts it to her ear. As it RINGS on the other end, Jane watches Richard THROUGH THE GLASS.

He answers his phone.

RICHARD
(into cell)
Jane. Hi.

JANE
(into cell)
Hey. I just wanted to make sure you landed okay. Heard there's a lot of rain in Boston.

RICHARD
(into cell)
Yeah. We landed in one piece. I'm still at the airport though. About to grab a cab.

Richard FEEDS CHANGE into a SNACK MACHINE.

Buys POTATO CHIPS.

JANE
 (into cell)
 You eat yet?

Richard then FEEDS CHANGE into the COKE MACHINE.

Buys a COKE.

RICHARD
 (into cell)
 Me and some of the guys, we're
 going out for steaks later.

JANE
 (into cell)
 Well that's good. I hate when you
 reach for the chips and soda.

Through the window we watch Richard react. As he holds CHIPS in one hand and a SODA in the other.

RICHARD
 (into cell)
 What do you mean?

JANE
 (into cell)
 I know it's easier, but it's
 poison. And horse hair,
 apparently.

Richard HESITATES eating the next chip.

RICHARD
 (into cell)
 Horse hair?

JANE
 (into cell)
 Or rat's hair. One of those.

Richard suddenly doubts his choice. Tosses the chips and Coke in the trash.

RICHARD
 (into cell)
 Yeah, um, y'know what, I think I
 see a cab. I better jump. I'll
 see you tomorrow.

JANE
 (into cell)
 Okay. Have a --

But Richard already HUNG UP. Jane watches Richard leave the MOTEL LOBBY. He walks to a MOTEL ROOM. Uses the KEY to enter. And disappears inside.

Jane exits her car.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

Jane approaches the FRONT DESK. The MOTEL MANAGER stands behind it. The same one who handed Richard his key.

JANE
 Excuse me, I was just at the gas station across the street, filling my tank, when I could've sworn I just saw Leonardo DiCaprio walk in here.

MANAGER
 Who?

JANE
 Ohmygod, only the sexiest man to ever walk this earth. "Titanic"? "Catch Me If You Can"?

MANAGER
 Him? Really?

JANE
 Well, he got a room. Didn't he give you his name?

MANAGER
 He called himself...
 (off ledger)
 ...Stuart Walker.

JANE
 Well, obviously, if he told you his real name, every gossip mag would be camping out in the parking lot.

Just then, we HEAR a DOOR SLAM. Richard is walking toward the MOTEL LOBBY. Jane sees him. She ducks. Behind the door. Richard ENTERS. Approaches the Motel Manager.

RICHARD
 Hey, my room doesn't have any
 towels.

MANAGER
 Oh. That's an oversight.

The Motel Manager SNEAKS A GLANCE at Jane, hidden behind the door. She lifts her finger to her lips.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
 I'll call housekeeping. Sorry
 about that.

RICHARD
 No problem.

Richard EXITS. Jane comes out from hiding.

JANE
 Thank you. I would have died if he
 saw me trembling like this. Not
 how I'd want my first introduction.

MANAGER
 So that was Leo?

JANE
 Definitely not. Leo is way cuter.
 Can't blame a girl for trying
 though, right? You take care now.

Jane turns, walks out. Her smile quickly fades, as we...

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

To establish. The sun is rising. A new day.

INT. JANE'S CAR - DAY

Jane has been in her car all night.

The dashboard clock reads: **6:03 a.m.**

A few empty COFFEE CUPS strewn across the front seat. She looks like shit. Exhausted. But fueled with adrenaline.

JANE'S POV:

Richard EXITS his motel room. Climbs into the BLUE SPORTS CAR. Drives off.

Jane starts her engine, follows...

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

The BLUE SPORTS CAR parks curb side. Richard climbs out.

JOGGERS, DOG WALKERS, and GARDENERS keep the grounds alive with activity.

INT. JANE'S CAR - DAY

Jane pulls her car over, parks her car.

JANE'S POV:

Richard walks into the PARK. Takes a SEAT on the PARK BENCH. Several GARDENERS work around him. Trimming hedges. Jane takes note.

JANE
 (harkens back)
 They're trimming the hedges. I'll
 be damned.

Richard checks his phone. Checks his watch. Pulls an ENVELOPE from inside his jacket. Stands. Walks to the TRASH CAN. Throws the ENVELOPE inside. As Richard plods back to the BLUE SPORTS CAR...

Jane's cell phone rings. She answers it.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (into cell)
 Hello?

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Hi, I'm calling from Principal
 Drake's office from Voldoma High?

JANE
 What's wrong?

WOMAN (O.S.)
 No need to be alarmed. We just
 wanted to notify you that the money
 for Rachel's field trip is due
 today.

JANE
 I gave Rachel that money two weeks
 ago.

Jane looks up. The BLUE SPORTS CAR starts, engine revs up...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh. I see. Well, I suppose you need to work that out with your daughter.

JANE

You are absolutely right, I do. And I most certainly will.

Jane looks up again. The BLUE SPORTS CAR is GONE.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Well, I guess we'll wait to--

Jane HANGS UP on the woman. Realizes she lost Richard.

JANE

Shit.

Just then, Jane CATCHES A GLIMPSE of an OLD MAN entering the park. A walking cane in one hand, a coffee in the other.

Jane stops scrambling, suddenly intrigued by him...

JANE'S POV:

The Old Man SITS on the same PARK BENCH Richard did.

After a beat, the OLD MAN moves to the same TRASH CAN Richard tossed the ENVELOPE into.

The OLD MAN throws his coffee cup away. Then, he pulls the same ENVELOPE from the TRASH CAN Richard had left behind.

With that, the OLD MAN shoves the ENVELOPE inside his coat. As he WALKS out of the PARK...

Jane STARTS HER CAR, follows him around the corner.

Only to find the OLD MAN is suddenly GONE. He's disappeared.

Jane creeps down the street, sure he couldn't have vanished.

But he did.

Overwhelmed, Jane pulls her car over. Reels. She's now seen it with her own eyes.

Winter was right. Richard is a spy.

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Rachel and KAREN (15) sit on the FRONT STOOP. Smoking cigarettes. Jane's car pulls in the driveway.

RACHEL
Shit. The Warden.

Rachel and Karen toss their smokes. Jane gets out of her car, approaches them.

JANE
Give me those.

Instead, Rachel introduces her friend.

RACHEL
This is Karen.

KAREN
What's up.

RACHEL
Not that it's any of your business,
but we're going to Erica's.

JANE
I want them now.

RACHEL
What're you talking about?

JANE
The cigarettes you're hiding.
(Rachel plays dumb)
Under your right butt cheek.

RACHEL
No. Forget it. They're my
property. You can't confiscate
them.

JANE
I don't want to. I want to smoke
one.

RACHEL
What? Why?

JANE
Because I've had a shitty day.

RACHEL

You've never smoked a cigarette in your life.

JANE

Never too late. Besides, I'm pretty sure I paid for them.

Rachel reluctantly PULLS OUT HER PACK OF SMOKES and PULLS ONE OUT for Jane. Hands it to her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Jane walks inside. Karen turns to Rachel. Taken aback.

KAREN

That's your mom?

RACHEL

God. What is up with her? She's acting so... normal.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jane lights the cigarette. Coughs. An amateur. She inhales again. Blows smoke. Gets the hang of it.

Jane moves to the MANTLE. Studies the family photos:

A much younger Jane and Richard on their wedding day.

A youthful Jane and Richard with their two INFANT daughters.

Jane and Richard at the beach. Melanie, Rachel are TODDLERS.

As Jane masters the art of smoking, she stares at these memories and recalls what once was. She was happy. She was a part of something. She was in love.

But those days are gone now. Just memories framed in decorative wood.

Jane looks away. Resigned to what she has to do...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Piles of clothes thrown on the bed. An opened suitcase. With an urgency, Jane starts to pack.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jane turns the SHOWER on. Water shoots from the spigot.
Jane feels the temp. Not hot enough.

She peels off her clothes.

Then Jane OPENS DRAWERS, grabs lotions, razors, deodorant...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

... packing the toiletries in the suitcase, as well.

As Jane snags a few dresses from the closet, it all seems rather sane...

... until Jane unexpectedly THROWS them TO THE FLOOR --

-- and SCREAMS. Loudly. In a sudden fit of rage.

Finally, the woman explodes.

Jane KICKS the clothes across the room, grabs whatever's in reach and WHIPS it against the wall.

Jane SCREAMS again.

Releasing all the emotions she's had pent up.

All the sadness. All the betrayal. All the lies.

And in that moment, Jane CATCHES a glimpse of HERSELF in the MIRROR. NAKED.

She stops. Stares at herself. As if she hasn't in years.

Meet Jane Bilinski.

Nakedness is truth. Nakedness is power.

And just like that, a strength immerses.

EXT. VIETNAM VETERAN'S MEMORIAL - DAY

Amidst the crowd of TOURISTS, Jane and Winter WALK along the list of engraved names, messages, cards, etc.

JANE

You were right about Richard. He did cancel those flights, then lie about them. So, I followed him last night. A couple hours away. And watched him leave an envelope in a trash can. Another man later picked it up. Then disappeared.

WINTER

Was he onto you?

JANE

My husband? Hardly. I'm about as invisible to him as I am to the rest of the world. He didn't notice a thing.

WINTER

Did you confront him?

JANE

No.

(then)

He also goes by the alias Stuart Walker if that helps.

Winter pulls out a small tablet. Jots it down.

WINTER

Stuart Walker, huh? That's a new one.

JANE

That's all I know.

WINTER

So, why did you call me here today?

JANE

I talked to a divorce attorney--

WINTER

--we know.

JANE

--yeah, you mentioned that earlier. Clearly, there's no hiding much from you guys. I always wanted a big brother, but it's not exactly what I had in mind. Anyway, I came back this morning and started packing.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Just wanted to run as far away from this marriage as I could. So sad that this is what became of all the hopes and dreams I had when we met. When we started a family. I had it all planned out. How my life would look. But somewhere along the way I became a spectator. Life was in cruise control and I was just along for the ride. Believing that if I strayed off course I'd be letting everyone down somehow. But in the process, I've only let down myself. I don't know who I am anymore. Or what my purpose is. I don't think I've ever known, really. I met, then married Richard before I had a chance to figure all that out.

WINTER

And now?

JANE

As I was packing to leave, it hit me. I'm so angry. So appalled by my husband's betrayal. And not because he's been lying to me for so long. But because he's been living this life of excitement and intrigue for years. And I haven't.

Jane stops. Turns to Winter.

JANE (CONT'D)

As hard as it was to follow Richard like that... it's the first time in years I've felt alive.

(a beat; then)

So, I'm in. What Richard's doing is wrong. And I want to help you figure out who he's working for. And why.

WINTER

I'm very pleased. Had a feeling you'd come around.

JANE

Can you at least pretend I'm not so predictable?

WINTER

I'll work on that.

JANE

Thanks.

WINTER

Those photos you downloaded, despite your concern that images of trees and a mailbox were useless... our techs were able to analyze them. They're convinced of the contrary. They're actually a tip-off to Richard's next exchange.

JANE

So what does that mean?

WINTER

It means, live your life as you have been and we'll be in touch. You'll be notified of your next assignment when we're ready. Until then... we'll go our separate ways. But I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship...

Winter nods, smiles slightly and moves off. As Jane watches Winter disappear into the throng...

JANE (O.S.)

I've been more hopeful lately...

INT. STEIN, LINSKY, MARGOLIS & WOO - OFFICE - DAY

Jane sits with Lucy.

LUCY

Hopeful's good.

Then Lucy leans forward. Always loves a secret.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What did Richard do to turn you around so fast?

Off Jane, a grin immerging...

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A four star establishment. Richard enters. Alone. Goes to the elevator.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Ding! The elevator doors open. Richard steps off. We follow him down the hall. Passing a beautiful BRUNETTE.

They won't look at one another.

Even when she slips him a room key.

INT. STEIN, LINSKY, MARGOLIS & WOO - OFFICE - DAY

JANE

I guess you could say -- Richard finally showed me who he really is...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Richard enters using the SAME KEY the BRUNETTE slid him.

The room is pristine, the bed untouched.

Except for a MAGAZINE. Laying on the comforter.

Titled: PC UTILITIES. A publication for the technically inclined.

The COVER STORY in bold letters:

"IS YOUR PC SECURE?"

Richard opens the magazine. Finds a stack of cash between pages. He puts the cash in his money clip. Rolls the magazine, sticks it under his arm and exits, as we...

INT. STEIN, LINSKY, MARGOLIS & WOO - OFFICE

LUCY

Isn't that always the case. Even after years of marriage, kids, a career, we all eventually find ourselves. But, in our own time.

Jane nods, knowingly, as we...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane pulls a HOT DISH from the oven. Melanie and Rachel are seated.

MELANIE
That chicken again?

JANE
Yes.

MELANIE
Thank god. The food at school
sucks.

RACHEL
Trade you any day.

Richard joins his girls at the table. Kisses Melanie's head.

RICHARD
Hey stranger. How was your first
week?

MELANIE
I met a boy.

RICHARD
I was speaking academically, but
okay...

Jane places the HOT DISH on the table.

MELANIE
So, what's new around here?

RACHEL
Please. Same boring shit,
different day.

RICHARD
Pass the potatoes.

Jane hands Richard the plate and sits down to dinner with her family as if were any other day. Only, it's not. For Jane, it's the first day of the rest of her life...

INT. WALMART - AISLE - DAY

Roger is stocking shelves. Jane walks by.

JANE
Roger. Break for lunch now. Stock
the rest later.

ROGER
Hey, you're the boss.

As Roger scurries off, another WALMART EMPLOYEE approaches.

EMPLOYEE
Jane, your food's here.

She hands Jane a BROWN PAPER BAG.

JANE
But I didn't order anything.

EMPLOYEE
Well, some guy dropped it off.
Said it was paid for. Over the
phone.

The Employee walks away. Jane stares at the bag.

INT. WALMART - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Dark. Dingy. Shelves piled high.

Jane ENTERS carrying the BROWN PAPER BAG. Stealing some time
alone. She sits on the floor. Opens the bag. Searches
inside. Expecting a clue. But there's just a sandwich.
Jane has a closer look. Shrugs. Pleased. Her favorite...

JANE
Huh. Turkey.

Jane unwraps it. Takes a bite. Enjoys it. Until...

...she flinches. Has bitten into something hard. She spits
it out. It's a LAMINATED MESSAGE about an inch long.

It reads:

Tomorrow. 4pm. Union Station.

Jane has gotten her first communication from Winter. A smile
curls. Her face lights up.

Suddenly, a noise from feet away. Jane's smile disappears.
She looks around. Sees nothing.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hello? Anybody there?

Clifford reveals himself from behind the shelves.

JANE (CONT'D)
Jesus. You scared me.

CLIFFORD
Sorry.

JANE
What're you doing down here?

CLIFFORD
Trying to steal a few minutes to
myself.

JANE
Yeah. Me, too.

Clifford takes a seat beside her.

CLIFFORD
What are you smiling about?

JANE
I love my new job.

Only it's not exactly her promotion at Walmart Jane is
talking about, but...

CLIFFORD
Well, that is great to hear.

JANE
I mean, I haven't felt this kind of
excitement in a long time,
Clifford.

CLIFFORD
I can see that. You're all...
beaming and shit.

JANE
I love it so much, I would eat it,
if I could.

CLIFFORD
Now that's enthusiasm.

JANE
Do you want to rip my clothes off,
Clifford?

CLIFFORD
What?

JANE
Let's just do it.

CLIFFORD
It?

JANE
Sex, Clifford.

CLIFFORD
Seriously?

JANE
Yes. I wanna fuck you, right now.

Then, Jane starts to laugh. At herself.

JANE (CONT'D)
I can't believe I just said that.

CLIFFORD
I can't either.

Their laugh trails until--

JANE
But seriously... do you?

CLIFFORD
Wanna have sex with you?

JANE
Yeah.

CLIFFORD
I, I always want to.

Jane kisses him. Clifford kisses her back. They make-out like two sex starved teenagers. It's primitive, messy... until he suddenly pulls away.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
Whoa.

He pinches himself.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I've had this dream so many times.
You're not like, on something are
you? Or drunk?

JANE

I'm sober. Promise.
(happy to report)
I am wide awake.

With that, Jane kisses Clifford again, and as they fall back onto the cold floor, we know we're not only witnessing two people taking advantage of a lunch break, but the REBIRTH of a Woman who had not been tasting the fruits of life...

... until now. And as Jane and Clifford rip each other's clothes off, we can't help but root her on, knowing her world is about to explode, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.