

# **HIRE A WIFE**

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Behind every successful man is a woman ...

... behind every successful woman is a wife.

## C/U FAIRYTALE BOOK PAGE

Colorful illustrations show CLARE, 30's, perky and lovable, being proposed to by a MAN on his knees.

NARRATOR (MALE VOICE) (V.O.)  
Once upon a time, a man asked a woman,  
"Will you marry me? The woman  
answered, ...

The page turns showing Clare throwing her arms up in glee.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
... Are you kidding? Give up my life  
to become a wife? NEVER!"

The page turns to pictures of Clare dancing into the sunset.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
And the girl lived happily ever after.

FADE TO:

## MONTAGE SEQUENCE

A montage of real life images of human CLARE reflect what the narrator describes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
She went shopping whenever she wanted  
... danced the night away ... drank  
martinis with her girlfriends ...  
never watched sports ... didn't get  
fat ... never wore lacy lingerie that  
gave her a painful wedgie ... had high  
self esteem ... a successful career ..  
felt and looked great. The end.

CUT TO:

## C/U FAIRYTALE BOOK PAGE - CONTINUOUS

Illustrations of Clare looking perplexed, sitting on an overstuffed chair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Well almost ... Then the woman thought  
maybe she was missing something out of  
life. Having a successful career just  
wasn't enough.

The page turns to images of Clare going to a SPERM BANK and then of Clare PREGNANT.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
So, she decided to have a baby.

The page turns and shows Clare holding her happy BABY BOY.

NARRATOR (cont'd)  
But, as her baby grew, so did her  
career.

The page turns to an image of Clare, dressed as a power  
executive, handing her toddler to a NANNY.

CUT TO:

AERIAL SHOTS - SAN FRANCISCO

MUSIC kicks in over establishing SHOTS of San Francisco.

Sequence ends on a C/U of "SPIN AD AGENCY" located in the  
trendy Levi Plaza advertising district of San Francisco.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Clare conducts a power point to young-yet-successful  
SNOWBOARD COMPANY EXECUTIVE DUDES.

CLARE  
In summary, social media is the new  
paradigm of advertising. The sooner  
you build relationships with your "Gen-  
Y" demographics, the sooner your  
snowboards will be seen by 7 million  
online users.

Her co-worker, CASEY, 20's, thick squared glasses, Silicon  
Valley tech nerd, pipes in:

CASEY  
And, to stay competitive, you must  
expose your API's to your CDN via XML  
to render them as flash objects.

SNOWBOARD EXECUTIVE  
(to Clare)  
Can you translate that into English?

CLARE  
You will most likely increase sales  
300% with our online affiliates.

Suddenly, monkey SHRIEKS come out of Clare's briefcase. She  
grabs out a monkey faced ALARM CLOCK and shuts it off.

CLARE (cont'd)  
I'm so sorry - -

SNOWBOARD EXECUTIVE  
We're about finished anyway.

CLARE

If you have any further questions  
please ask Casey. I've got to dash.

The Snowboard executives look at each other and nod "yes".

SNOWBOARD EXECUTIVE

We'll make a decision by e.o.d.

CLARE

Excellent. I'm confident you'll make  
the m.e.o. "Most excellent one."

Clare grins and exits.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY HALLWAY - SAME

Clare rushes past PELLÉ, mid 20's, tattooed, metro-chic, and  
smarty smart.

PELLÉ

Whoa there, cowgirl. You forgot your  
blackberry!

Clare stops then pivots back.

PELLÉ (cont'd)

The top nine calls have to be returned  
today. I've added your itinerary for  
the Apple meeting in New York into  
Outlook and give me your hand.

Clare holds out her hand. Pellé writes "BAKE" on her wrist  
with a thick permanent pen.

PELLÉ (cont'd)

You signed up to bake a cake for  
Justin's school fundraiser tomorrow.

INT. KINDERGARTEN AFTERCARE CENTER - A LITTLE LATER

JUSTIN, a cutie pie 5-year-old, sits alone staring at rain  
pelting on the window.

A CAREGIVER impatiently checks her watch, coat on, ready to  
leave. Clare dashes in.

CLARE

Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!

The Caregiver gives Clare a "look". Justin runs to her.

JUSTIN

Mommy!

Clare scoops him up in a big hug.

CLARE

Pickle pie!

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - A BIT LATER SAME NIGHT

It rains as Clare drives her BMW through Golden Gate park.

CLARE (O.S.)

How was your day, sweet pea?

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Good.

CLARE (O.S.)

Did you do anything really super cool?

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

JUSTIN

We pulled apart worms in the sandbox.

CLARE

Wow, that is super cool. (beat)  
Honey, did you put your alarm clock in  
my briefcase?

JUSTIN

I didn't want you to forget to pick me  
up while Oxana is away.

CLARE

I would never forget to pick you up.

JUSTIN

Hey mommy, we're in the park! You  
have to roll down the windows so the  
fairies can come in.

CLARE

But, it's raining.

She looks in the rearview mirror at his disappointed face.

CLARE (cont'd)

Okay -

Clare rolls down all the windows in the car. Wind GUSTS raindrops in.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Are they all in yet?

JUSTIN  
Almost.

Justin giggles.

JUSTIN (cont'd)  
Mommy - one just landed on your shoulder.

She tickles an imaginary little fairy on her shoulder.

CLARE  
Oh - hi there, fella. What's your name?

JUSTIN  
Flowery spy fairy the third.

I/E. CLARE'S HOME - LATER SAME NIGHT

Juggling her laptop and briefcase, Clare flips on the lights with her shoulder and walks in with Justin.

The living room reflects their busy lifestyle. Somewhat unkempt, toys litter surfaces, but the furniture is tasteful and expensive from pre-child years.

Clare whips out her blackberry.

CLARE  
Okay, Thai or Chinese?

JUSTIN  
Pizza!

INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Clare pulls the covers over Justin.

JUSTIN  
Mommy?

CLARE  
Yes?

JUSTIN

I don't want to fuss you up but we were supposed to bake something.

CLARE

I know.

JUSTIN

But, we didn't.

CLARE

Normally we would have -- but I have to work tonight. I'll take care of it. I promise.

She kisses him on the forehead.

CLARE (cont'd)

Sweet dreams, pickle pie.

She stands up and turns out the light.

JUSTIN

Mommy, can I have a drink of water?

Clare sighs.

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Exhausted, Clare sets up her laptop to work in bed. Her cellphone CHIMES. She looks at the caller ID and smiles.

CLARE (INTO CELLPHONE)

(sexy)

Hey, there.

INTERCUT PHONECALL W/ INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - SAME

JACQUES, 30's, a Euro-sexy pastry chef, drips raspberry glaze on cheesecakes while talking into his cellphone.

JACQUES (INTO CELLPHONE)

(slight French accent)

Why are you curled up with your laptop instead of me?

CLARE

Because my laptop turns off when I press exit -- and you don't.

JACQUES

Well, I'm not certain I can wait until tomorrow night for our pajama party.

CLARE  
I didn't realize we would be wearing  
pajamas.

JACQUES  
I have a present for you.

CLARE  
You always have a present for me.

JACQUES  
This one I bought at Neiman's.

CLARE  
My my. Aren't we getting fancy?

JACQUES  
Can I come over and give it to you?

CLARE  
You know the rules. Not when Justin's  
here. Besides, I have to finish this  
client report before tomorrow.

JACQUES  
Very sexy.

CLARE  
I know.

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Early morning sunlight streams through a window onto Clare  
asleep, mouth agape and SNORING, sprawled next to her laptop.

An alarm clock BUZZES. It reads: 6:00am. Clare bolts up.

INT. SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Streaming hot water coaxes Clare awake. She tries to BLOP  
shampoo into her palm. But, the bottle is EMPTY.

INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clare has transformed back into POWER EXECUTIVE. Pressed for  
time, she gently nudges Justin.

CLARE  
Time to get up, pickle pie.

EXT. QUICKSTOP MARKET - SLIGHTLY LATER SAME MORNING

In the pouring rain, Clare runs out of the market to her BMW clutching a boxed cake and a grocery bag.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Clare hands Justin a banana and a yogurt drink.

CLARE  
Breakfast!

JUSTIN  
Thanks, mommy.

Clare takes the cake out of the box. She smears the factory perfect frosting job with her fingers and licks them clean. Then, she pulls out plastic wrap and wraps the cake.

CLARE  
Voila! Cake for the bake sale!

She hands it to Justin in the backseat.

JUSTIN  
Wow. It almost looks real.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - A BIT LATER SAME MORNING

Clare beelines toward her office. Pellé jumps to attention.

PELLÉ  
Margeaux started the managers meeting five minutes ago. You're stacked all day. And, don't forget, we're hosting the Orion Christmas reception tonight.

CLARE  
Oh - God. Tonight? I forgot.

Clare dashes off.

INT. SPIN CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spin is a trendy, contemporary ad agency and the EXECUTIVE ACCOUNT MANAGERS in the meeting reflect this lifestyle.

MARGEAUX, 50's, power woman, looks up as Clare rushes in.

MARGEAUX

We were just discussing who is going to put together the preliminary PG&E rfp this weekend. It's a starter campaign for their first phase of renewable energy integration.

Margeaux looks to STEVE, mid-40's, accomplished.

MARGEAUX (cont'd)

Steve, you up for it?

STEVE

I promised Bunny to attend a family reunion in Tahoe this weekend --

Margeaux turns and looks at YOUNG TED, late 20's.

MARGEAUX

Ted?

YOUNG TED

I can, definitely -- only it is my first anniversary and my wife and I --

Margeaux turns to Clare.

MARGEAUX

(cutting Ted off)

Clare, you don't have a wife do you?

Clare shakes her head "no".

MARGEAUX (cont'd)

(almost apologetic in tone)

Can you handle another one this weekend?

CLARE

(forced enthusiasm)

I'd be happy to.

MARGEAUX

Great. I'll e-mail you the details.

INT. LOUNGE AREA - END OF SAME DAY

The Orion holiday cocktail party is in full swing. Lights twinkle on Christmas trees. CHRISTMAS CAROLERS chirp away.

A cluster of WIVES wearing Chanel mini-suits look across the room at Clare and Pellé.

CLARE

Am I being paranoid or is that gaggle of appendages staring at us?

PELLÉ

Paranoia is total awareness.

The cluster breaks formation. BUNNY, 30's, the perfect wife, approaches Clare and Pellé, holding GIFT BAGS.

BUNNY

Happy holidays ladies!

She hands them each a bag.

BUNNY (cont'd)

This is from my husband to each of you. Color and scent coordinated bath, kitchen, and picnic accessories.

CLARE

How thoughtful.

BUNNY

Isn't he though?

Pellé dives into her bag.

PELLÉ

(sarcastic)

Mmmm. Night blooming hydrangea -- my favorite.

BUNNY

I hope you're both coming to our little holiday shindig next week?

Bunny lowers her voice, bringing them in on her secret.

BUNNY (cont'd)

It's an excuse to show off our kitchen renovations. After eighteen months we're finally finished.

CLARE

Can't wait.

BUNNY

Well, I've got to work the room.  
Happy holidays, ladies!

Bunny walks off.

PELLÉ

How are you ever going to rival  
gifting night blooming hydrangea bath,  
kitchen, and picnic accessories?

CLARE

One can only try.

Margeaux approaches.

MARGEAUX

Clare - do you have a minute? I'd  
like to see you in my office.

CLARE

Sure.

Clare and Pellé exchange looks as Clare follows Margeaux.

INT. MARGEAUX'S OFFICE - SAME

Margeaux shuffles documents on her desk. Behind her, through  
corner windows, is a stunning view of the SF bay.

Clare is noticeably nervous.

MARGEAUX

Great work closing the snowboard deal.

CLARE

It was fun.

MARGEAUX

Nice positioning with that snow bunny  
You-Tube contest.

Clare smiles, but is still braced.

MARGEAUX (cont'd)

Actually, you've really carved a niche  
out for yourself with social media.

CLARE

Thanks.

MARGEAUX

And, we feel it's time to reward you.  
If you can close PG&E, we'll give you  
a bonus, a raise, and title promotion.

CLARE  
 (shocked)  
 Are you serious?

MARGEAUX  
 PG&E just acquired a 3 billion dollar government contract. We want to become their agency of record. So we need the PG&E rfp scope much larger and to be basically -- brilliant.

CLARE  
 I can try.

MARGEAUX  
 Excellent. I know you're our gal.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER  
 Exuberant, Clare does a little solo victory dance.

INT. SECRETARY STATION - CONTINUOUS  
 Grinning wide, Clare finds Pellé at her desk.

CLARE  
 You'll never believe --

PELLÉ  
 (cutting her off)  
 Uhhhh - I got some bad news. The fabulous Oxana just called and said she won't be coming back.

CLARE  
 (shocked)  
 What?

PELLÉ  
 She fell in love with a snow boarder and took a cocktail waitress job at Sugar Pine. She gave me a forwarding address for you to send her stuff.

CLARE  
 But, I'm supposed to get her for a year.

PELLÉ  
 That's the dealio.

Clare's emotions quickly switch gears to overwhelm and panic.

CLARE  
What the hell am I supposed to do?

PELLÉ  
Send her stuff to her.

CLARE  
I -- I just got promoted if I close  
PG&E.

PELLÉ  
That's great news!

Clare BURSTS into tears.

PELLÉ (cont'd)  
Right?

CLARE  
(speaking between sobs)  
I can't do it all ... I'm out of  
shampoo ... all I do is work ... no  
quality time with Justin ... the  
holidays ... no gifts ... Jacques is  
coming over tonight and I don't feel  
sexy ... I feel like a bad mommy ... I  
can't ... even toothpaste ... you know  
what I mean?

PELLÉ  
I completely understand.

CLARE  
No, you don't. You don't have a kid.

Pellé hands Clare a box of tissues.

PELLÉ  
I'll post an ad on Craig's list.  
We'll get you a nanny by Monday.

Clare blows her nose, trying to compose herself.

CLARE  
What I really need is a wife.

PELLÉ  
Don't we all.

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Clad in sexy lingerie, Clare SNORES sprawled on her bed next  
to Jacques. Laundry litters the floor.

The doorbell RINGS. She bolts up. Jacques remains sleeping.

CLARE  
 (sleepy)  
 Oh, god. Justin?

She looks at the clock. 9:50am. She pushes on Jacques.

CLARE (cont'd)  
 Jacques, I need you to hide if it's  
 Justin.

JACQUES  
 Huh?

He rolls over still asleep.

CLARE  
 I'll be right back.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clare pulls out a wedgie from her lingerie.

CLARE  
 Oww.

Then ties on a robe and hastily straightens her bedhead hair as she moves to the front door.

INT. ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clare opens it to reveal:

WILL MONROE, 30's, thoughtful and comfortable with himself, somewhat offbeat, with a sunkissed face.

CLARE  
 Hi.

WILL  
 Hello. I'm here for the interview.

CLARE  
 Interview?

WILL  
 Pellé sent me over. It's at 10:00am.

He glances at his watch then notices Clare's lingerie. She quickly covers herself.

WILL (cont'd)  
 I'm about seven minutes early.

CLARE  
Oh -- the nanny position.

WILL  
Actually -- I'm here for the wife  
position.

CLARE  
The wife position?

WILL  
Yes.

CLARE  
Very funny.

Will holds up a sheet and reads:

WILL  
"Wanted: a wife. Job requires a  
friendly efficient life coach, handy  
person, housekeeper, business  
consultant, personal assistant,  
nutritionist/chef, gardener, medic ...

A phone RINGING in the b.g. distracts Clare.

WILL (cont'd)  
... trainer, therapist, accountant,  
social coordinator, waitress, escort,  
and nanny. Childcare background is  
essential. Full credentials required."

CLARE  
I'm sorry. I haven't had my coffee  
yet. I'm still processing. Pellé  
wrote that?

WILL  
Yup, she posted it on Craig's list.

CLARE  
Okay, just so you know -- Pellé's  
insane.

WILL  
It did seem a bit odd to me. Yet,  
strangely a job I'm qualified for.

Clare's cellphone CHIMES in the b.g.

CLARE  
Can you hold on a moment?

Clare ducks into her entryway and grabs her Blackberry  
plugged into the wall. She looks at the caller ID.

CLARE (cont'd) (INTO BLACKBERRY)  
 (fierce whisper)  
 What the hell?

INTERCUT PHONE CALL W/: INT. GYM - SAME

Pellé runs on an incline machine talking into her blue tooth.

PELLÉ (INTO BLUE TOOTH)  
 Just hire him.

CLARE  
 You could have given me a warning.

PELLÉ  
 I left three messages last night.

CLARE  
 Jacques was over.

PELLÉ  
 Look - I stayed up way past my bedtime  
 screening candidates and this guy is  
 by far the strongest. I did this on  
 my TIME OFF just for you.

CLARE  
 Okay, then. Thanks.

Clare shuts her phone and walks back to Will and smiles.

CLARE (cont'd)  
 So, you were saying?

WILL  
 My name's Will Monroe. I'm a grad  
 student getting my Green MBA at the  
 Presidio Program.

CLARE  
 Do you know anything about renewable  
 energy?

WILL  
 Actually, that's the topic of my  
 thesis.

CLARE  
 (very interested)  
 You're kidding?

WILL  
 Look, to be honest with you, I just  
 got back from sailing around the  
 world. I really need a job and this  
 seemed like a good fit.

CLARE  
Being a wife?

WILL  
My ex-wife was promoted to senior management and made partner at Semantec while we were married.

CLARE  
So, your job experience for this wife position is that you were a husband?

WILL  
A very domestic husband.

CLARE  
Aha. (beat) I don't know. This seems really weird.

WILL  
Pellé told me that you're overwhelmed and you see your male colleagues with wives having an easier time juggling career advancement and family life.

Clare nods affirmatively.

WILL (cont'd)  
You were recently conditionally promoted and you're not certain you can handle it because you're a single mother.

CLARE  
Bingo.

WILL  
Well, I can help you.

CLARE  
My son is the priority in this situation.

WILL  
(smiles)  
I put myself through college teaching preschool.

Jacques appears in the hallway, clad in Speedo underwear.

JACQUES  
(groggy)  
Hey, is everything c'est cool?

CLARE  
(to Jacques)  
Uh -- I'll be right there.

She motions for Jacques to leave. He does.

WILL  
He looks a little tall for  
kindergarten.

CLARE  
That's my boyfriend who Justin, my  
son, doesn't know about. Justin is at  
a sleepover at his cousins right now.

WILL  
Got it.

Clare looks at the time on her Blackberry.

CLARE  
Look, I'm sorry. You took me by  
surprise. And, I'm actually late for  
picking up Justin.

WILL  
Right. Well, here's my resume.

CLARE  
Let me think about this.

He hands her his resume, smiles at her and exits.

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - LATER SAME MORNING

JEN, 30's, mommy on steroids, folds a massive pile of laundry  
on her kitchen table.

JEN  
I knew Oxana was trouble the minute  
she got off the boat.

CLARE  
Airplane -- actually.

JEN  
Whatever. Mimi swears au pairs come  
over with just one thing in mind --  
good ol' American ...

Jen mouths out the word "c-o-c-k".

CLARE  
What would you think if I hired a man?

JEN  
To take care of Justin? I personally  
wouldn't trust a man with the detail  
management and multi-tasking involved  
(MORE)

JEN (cont'd)  
 in raising kids. At least not my  
 kids. Can you finish these?

She points to the half-folded laundry pile.

CLARE  
 Sure, but then, I have to grab Justin  
 and go. I've got a truckload of work  
 this weekend.

JEN  
 How unusual.

Clare folds laundry as Jen turns to the counter and makes a  
 slew of sandwiches.

JEN (cont'd)  
 This is lunch for the kids to eat  
 after Jaden's soccer finals. Then,  
 Chelsea has gymnastics and Aidan has  
 speech therapy all before the  
 repairman comes to fix the dishwasher  
 before tonight's dinner party for  
 twelve -- which is very important for  
 Jeff's deal at work.

CLARE  
 Where's Jeff today?

JEN  
 Indoor golfing with the clients.

CLARE  
 Nice.

JEN  
 Hey, why don't you and Justin join us  
 for dinner? I've got a sitter  
 watching the kids in the tv room and  
 who knows maybe you'd meet someone  
 interesting.

CLARE  
 That's okay. We'll pass.

JEN  
 You always seem to wow them with your  
 social media rhetoric. It's not too  
 late to tell the caterers.

CLARE  
 Actually, I have to work tonight.

JEN  
 Clare.

CLARE  
 What?

JEN  
You always work.

CLARE  
And, you don't?

JEN  
I like my life.

CLARE  
So do I.

JEN  
Dinner at six.

Clare smiles. She's clearly not attending.

INT. CLARE'S BMW - A LITTLE LATER

Clare drives with Justin in the backseat.

JUSTIN  
Mommy, how come we're so different?

CLARE  
What do you mean, sweet pea?

JUSTIN  
Jaden says it's weird that I don't have a dad.

CLARE  
Well, Jaden knows better than to say that and you've got a mommy who has so much love for you that it doesn't matter.

JUSTIN  
I know we don't need a daddy, but Olivia in my class has two mommies. How come I can't have two parents? It's not fair.

CLARE  
Every family is different.

JUSTIN  
Will I ever have two parents?

CLARE  
I don't know the answer to that, honey. Besides, you have Nanna, Auntie Jen, Uncle Jeff, and your cousins.

JUSTIN

But, what are we going to do now that Oxana left us?

CLARE

I'm going to find us a really great new nanny that you're going to love.

JUSTIN

But, will the new nanny know when its my birthday?

CLARE

Of course, sweetie.

Justin gets quiet. Clare looks through the rearview mirror at him and sees his sadness.

CLARE (cont'd)

Justin? (beat) Justin - what's wrong?

Clare pulls the car over to the shoulder of the road and stops. She turns to face him.

CLARE (cont'd)

Are you okay, pickle pie?

JUSTIN

(sad)  
Oxana promised I could have a spy fairy birthday party.

CLARE

Is that what you're worried about?

JUSTIN

I don't know.

CLARE

Your birthday isn't for six months.

JUSTIN

I don't care.

CLARE

Oh sweetie, I'll make sure you have the most fantastic birthday party ever.

JUSTIN

Oxana said I could invite everyone in my whole wide kindergarten class.

CLARE

Well, she was right. Of course you can. Hey, I need a jump-up hug.

Clare gets out of the car, opens Justin's door and helps him get out. He jumps up into her arms and she hugs him tightly as cars whiz by them.

INT. CLARE'S HOME - EARLY MORNING

Clare brings Will on a tour of her apartment. Will takes notes. She hands him a schedule.

CLARE

Here's Justin's activities schedule. He's got chess on Mondays, swim on Tuesday, gymnastics on Wednesdays, soccer on Thursdays, and Fridays he sleeps over at his cousins. Always have a snack ready for him at pick-up. You know -- kids and blood sugar levels.

WILL

Right.

She points to a desk with a pile of unopened mail on it.

CLARE

Those are bills that need to be paid, my car has to go to the body shop, and we desperately need groceries.

WILL

Any food allergies or preferences?

CLARE

Great question. I'm seriously allergic to peanuts. I asphyxiate quickly -- if you know what I mean.

Will nods.

CLARE (cont'd)

Other than that, we're both fine.

WILL

Okay.

CLARE

And, I need holiday presents for everyone at the office by tomorrow.

WILL

Get me a list of names and titles and I'll do it this afternoon. "Good gifting is a key to success in business" after all.

CLARE  
I thought it was golf.

WILL  
Not anymore.

CLARE  
Oh.

They smile at each other.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Last but not least, I need to pick  
your brain about renewable energy.  
I'm wooing a utility client at work  
and I definitely could use some help.

WILL  
No problem. Let me know when.

CLARE  
And ...

She scrunches her face, not sure she can ask this one.

CLARE (cont'd)  
I haven't set up our Christmas tree  
yet.

WILL  
Done.

CLARE  
The ornaments are buried in the hall  
closet somewhere. Thanks.

WILL  
No problem.

Clare glances at her watch.

CLARE  
Okay then, I'm late for a meeting.  
Call me if you have any questions.

WILL  
Will do. No pun intended

CLARE  
What?

WILL  
My name's "Will" and --

CLARE  
Right. Funny. (*awkward*) Ha ha.

WILL  
Okay, then.

CLARE  
Yup. Okay. I'm off to work.

She dashes off.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - AFTERNOON

Will walks in followed by two men pushing carts filled with BONSAI TREES.

WILL  
This way, guys.

He heads toward Clare's office. He passes Pellé. She gives him a "thumbs up".

INT. MARGEUX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Clare enters holding a beautiful small bonsai tree.

CLARE  
Happy holidays, Margeaux.

Margeaux looks up. Clare hands her the tree.

MARGEUX  
What a surprise, Clare.

CLARE  
It's a customized bonsai tree that is supposed to bring you great happiness and success.

MARGEUX  
Customized?

CLARE  
Feng shui'd to the numerology of the letters of your name.

MARGEUX  
(impressed)  
Why thank you. How original.

Clare beams.



EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - A LITTLE LATER

With jackets and hats on, Justin and Will run and play ball together. Justin laughs hysterically as Will pummels him gently and takes him down.

Justin suddenly opens his eyes wide and puts his finger to his lips hushing Will.

JUSTIN  
(whispers)  
Shhhhhh. The fairies are laughing at us.

Justin points to a wooded area in the park.

JUSTIN (cont'd)  
About a hundred google million fairies live in there.

WILL  
(whispers)  
I heard about that. Hey, I see one over there under that fern. He's got a big belly.

JUSTIN  
(whispers)  
That's Felix. He's kind of shy.

Justin jumps up, grabs the ball, and runs off laughing.

JUSTIN (cont'd)  
(loudly)  
Try to catch me!

Will chases after him.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clare comes in through the front door. Justin and Will cook together at the stove.

CLARE  
I smell something mighty delicious.

Justin comes running up to her.

JUSTIN  
Mommy! Mommy!

Clare sets down her laptop and briefcase and scoops him up into a hug.

INT. CLARE'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Clare and Will work on her laptop.

WILL

Remember, Clare, in order to get people to do things like recycle and elect for renewable energy they have to change their old "anti-green" behavior habits and ways of thinking.

CLARE

Very true.

WILL

This requires more than simply educating the public and building faith in a carbon trading marketplace. You've got to hit them where it hurts. Carbon guilt. And, renewable energy creates guilt-free zones. "Guilt free energy consumption."

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clare meets with several Spin colleagues around a table.

CLARE

Remember, in order to get people to do things like recycle and elect for renewable energy they have to change their old "anti-green" behavior habits and ways of thinking.

STEVE

Yes -- that's true.

CLARE

This requires more than simply educating the public and building faith in a carbon trading marketplace. You've got to hit them where it hurts. Carbon guilt. And, renewable energy creates guilt-free zones. "Guilt free energy consumption."

MARGEUX

Guilt-free zones. I like it. Let's build that into the proposal.

Clare smiles with confidence.

EXT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clare and Jacques, arms around each other, walk up the front door. She kisses him.

CLARE  
So, it's sort of a special surprise.  
Just try to keep open minded --

As Clare puts the key into the lock as:

I/E CLARE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Will opens the door from inside the apartment.

CLARE  
(to Will)  
Oh, hi. We're home!

WILL  
(grinning)  
Great. Come on in. Justin is at your  
sister's. Dinner in the warmer.  
Martinis freshly poured for you two  
and there's extra in the shaker.

CLARE  
Jacques, this is Will. Will this is  
Jacques.

WILL  
Nice to meet you, Jacques.

Will reaches out to shake Jacques' hand.

WILL (cont'd)  
Clare has told me wonderful things  
about you.

JACQUES  
Really --

WILL  
I've got to try your dark chocolate  
truffles. I hear they're outrageous.  
(to both) Well, I'm off to class.

CLARE  
Have fun.

WILL  
See you Monday.

Will dashes off.

JACQUES  
Who is that?

CLARE  
He's my new (*she coughs*) wife.

Clare tucks inside. Jacques, confused, follows her.

JACQUES  
Your ...

INT. CLARE' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The house sings with perfection. Several fresh flower arrangements and plants accent the rearranged furniture.

A beautiful Christmas tree twinkles in the living room.

JACQUES  
... what?

Clare turns to him.

CLARE  
Martini?

JACQUES  
Definitely.

She hands him one. He gulps it down.

CLARE  
Wife is just sort of "funny" job description that Pellé came up with.

JACQUES  
Why not just call him your assistant?

She refills his martini.

CLARE  
Because "Wife" is a title that covers anything and everything in career and personal support needs.

JACQUES  
Isn't that sexist?

CLARE  
No.

JACQUES  
You're demeaning the role of a wife to support staff.

CLARE  
I never thought of it that way. I wonder what my mom would say?

JACQUES  
Is this some crazy American woman jealousy tactic?

CLARE  
God - No!

JACQUES  
Then what is it?

CLARE  
I hired a wife. That's it.

JACQUES  
First of all, no one HIRES a wife -- they marry one. Secondly, she's -- he's -- a MAN, Clare.

CLARE  
This is really nothing to feel threatened about. I just need HELP. That's it. I can't seem to buy groceries, do my laundry, take care of Justin, and progress my career all at the same time.

Jacques  
You're crazy. You know that.

CLARE  
Look, if you have a problem with the word "wife" just call him my "helper".

JACQUES  
Helper? Oh, please.

CLARE  
It doesn't matter what we call him. Call him my "gwaabeelagok"?

JACQUES  
Has your "gwaabeelagok" met Justin?

CLARE  
Of course. My "gwaabeelagok" picks him up every day from school.

JACQUES  
Well, when do I get to meet Justin?

CLARE  
When I'm ready.

JACQUES

When is that going to be? We've been sneaking around for a year and a half. I'm sick of hiding.

CLARE

Soon. I promise.

She smiles wide and kisses him lushly to smooth things over.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

To some fun music ("WE ARE FAMILY" by Sister Sledge?), we see the following montage sequence:

Clare and Will, with Justin on a trailer bike behind him, ride bicycles in Golden Gate park. Will peddles faster while Justin eggs him on. Justin waves as they pass Clare.

Clare opens the refrigerator chock full of delicious fresh food. There are two plates of food covered with foil labelled "DINNER".

Clare and Will work at the laptop together. Clare types while Will gives her direction. She nods enthusiastically as he makes a good point. Will gives Clare a high five.

Clare tries on different outfits while Will and Justin sit on the sidelines and give their opinions.

Will and Justin fly kites together at Crissy Field in the Marina.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clare finishes a power point presentation to her colleagues.

CLARE

So, that's it. Our team has exhausted every angle on renewable energy platforms out there. And with the "guilt free energy" emphasis, we're feeling confident we nailed it.

MARGEUX

Thanks, Clare. Thanks, everyone. Please e-mail any last minute feedback to Clare before the final presentation to PG&E after the holidays.

They break from their meeting. Steve cups his hands to make a quick announcement.

STEVE

Bunny needs everyone's shoe size for our party. Have your wives call her.

He yells over to Clare.

STEVE (cont'd)

Clare, just stop by and tell my assistant.

Clare grins and exits.

INT. CLARE'S HOME - NIGHT

Clare, in a sexy cocktail dress, looks at her reflection in a mirror, comparing necklace choices.

Will enters carrying a tuxedo.

CLARE

Oh, hi. You made it.

WILL

Sorry, I'm late. Traffic was bottlenecked at the Embarcadero. Here's Jacques' tuxedo.

Will does a double take looking at Clare, noticing her beauty.

CLARE

They called Jacques in last minute to work tonight.

WILL

Bummer.

CLARE

So -- which one? Pearl drop necklace or braided gold choker?

WILL

Definitely pearl drop.

Clare tries to fasten the pearl necklace. She can't get it.

WILL (cont'd)

Here, let me help you with that.

She hands him the necklace and pulls up her hair.

He circles his arms around her neck to hook it. As he does so he breathes in her smell, noticing her neckline.

WILL (cont'd)  
 (awkwardly)  
 There you go.

He backs away from her.

WILL (cont'd)  
 I'll call you a cab.

CLARE  
 Thanks.

Will heads for the phone. Clare eyes the lonely tuxedo.

CLARE (cont'd)  
 Will, what size are you?

EXT. HUGE HOUSE - PACIFIC HEIGHTS - A BIT LATER

Clare and Will, wearing Jacques' tuxedo, get out of a cab together.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Bunny, in a festive frock, greets guests as they enter her lavishly over-decorated home.

Clare and Will enter.

BUNNY  
 (cheery)  
 Well, hello Clare.

CLARE  
 Hi, Bunny.

BUNNY  
 And, who have we here?

CLARE  
 Will this is Bunny. Bunny this is Will.

Bunny vigorously shakes Will's hand.

BUNNY  
 Are you the one who called with the shoe sizes?

WILL  
 You got it.

BUNNY

Well, as you can see, we're all wearing slippers tonight.

She gestures toward shelves stacked with BUNNY SLIPPERS labelled with guests names in alphabetical order.

BUNNY (cont'd)

We had new flooring laid in so we don't want to scratch it. Just find your slippers and I'll see you inside.

Bunny turns to greet more arriving guests.

INT. PARTY - A BIT LATER

The party is crowded. All the guests wear BUNNY SLIPPERS. Clare is engrossed in conversation with several colleagues.

In the b.g., Will stands in a cluster with other WIVES. He cracks a joke and they all laugh.

INT. PARTY - A BIT LATER

Margeaux and Clare fill their plates at the buffet. Margeaux indicates toward Will who chats with the caterer.

MARGEAUX

Personal assistant?

CLARE

Wife.

MARGEAUX

Great ass. Mail order?

CLARE

Craig's list.

MARGEAUX

You must give him good "benefits".

CLARE

Actually, we haven't discussed them.

MARGEAUX

Well, at least throw him a nice "bonus" every now and then.

CLARE

I take good care of him.

MARGEAUX  
What's his hourly?

CLARE  
He's not available.

Clare digs her fork into her salad.

Suddenly, Will runs then SLIDES in his bunny slippers on the shiny new floors toward Clare.

WILL  
CLARE -- STOP!

He crash lands on her feet. Clare and Margeaux and several guests jump up.

CLARE  
What?!

WILL  
The caterer just told me there's ground peanuts in the salad dressing!

CLARE  
Oh, wow. Thanks.

WILL  
You're welcome.

Will stands, brushes himself off, and walks off. The guests settle back down.

Clare smiles wide at Margeaux.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - A BIT LATER

Clare's (male) colleagues from Spin play pool together.

YOUNG TED  
She calls him her "wife"?

JIM  
What about the boyfriend?

STEVE  
The one who makes dark chocolate truffles?

YOUNG TED  
I thought they broke up?

STEVE  
No, he's still in the picture.

JIM  
Whoever is whatever --

Clare enters.

CLARE  
Hi, guys.

SPIN GUYS  
(caught off guard)  
Hey, Clare.

CLARE  
Great party, Steve.

STEVE  
Thanks.

CLARE  
Have room for one more?

SPIN GUYS  
Oh, yes, yes.

She smiles at them and grabs a pool cue and some chalk.

INT. BUNNY'S KITCHEN - MUCH LATER SAME EVENING

Will chats with Bunny admiring her state of the art kitchen.  
Two AGA ranges. Williams Sonoma on ecstasy.

WILL  
How does it feel to cook here?

BUNNY  
Oh, please. I don't cook.

WILL  
Maybe it's time to start.

BUNNY  
If I learn how to cook I will lose the  
last bit of personal freedom I manage  
to grasp onto.

WILL  
Gotcha. Great digs anyway.

BUNNY  
Steve and I couldn't agree on a thing  
during construction.

WILL  
Renovations are never easy on a  
marriage.

BUNNY

Your present "marriage" seems happy.  
She calls you her "wife" right?

WILL

Yes -- it's my job title.

BUNNY

Finally, someone calls it what it is --  
a job.

WILL

Sure is.

BUNNY

How's it going?

WILL

Pretty well. I need to focus a little  
more on me, though. I'm falling  
behind in my classes and I'm not  
taking care of myself as well as I  
should.

BUNNY

They suck everything out of you, don't  
they?

WILL

If you let them.

BUNNY

Hey, want to check out the last-call  
white sale at Neiman's next month?

WILL

I'd love to.

Clare approaches and mouths to Will:

CLARE

I need to get out of here.

Will turns to Bunny.

WILL

Well, thank you Bunny. You are a most  
gracious hostess.

BUNNY

Thank you, Will. And, thanks for  
coming, Clare. I hope you enjoyed  
yourself.

CLARE

Absolutely -- great party. Where  
should we leave our slippers?

BUNNY

Party favors, sweetheart.

Clare nods and pulls Will away.

EXT. HUGE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Clare and Will walk out holding their bunny slippers.

CLARE

I'm sorry if that was kind of awkward.

WILL

Nah - I'm fine. I had a good time.

CLARE

You can add it to your hours.

WILL

Great. Thanks. (beat) You seem a bit off kilter though.

CLARE

I guess I was a little uncomfortable.

WILL

Was it the salad dressing super slide?

CLARE

(laughs)

No. No. That was truly heroic. I just hope people didn't get the wrong impression.

WILL

Hey, if they can't handle my saving you from a asphyxiating. That's their problem.

CLARE

I mean -- about me and you -- maybe implying -- you know ...

WILL

(confused)

What?

CLARE

I don't know -- like we're together or something.

WILL

Oh. I don't think so. They all know about Jacques, right?

CLARE

Yeah.

They look at each other a moment, then look away. A cab pulls up next to them.

CLARE (cont'd)

Aha! Here's our cab!

INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER

They settle in, a little uncomfortable with each other.

CLARE

Maybe I shouldn't call you my wife?

WILL

Aww - who cares what they think? The jokes on them. It's our arrangement.

The CABBIE glances through the REARVIEW mirror at them.

CLARE

I guess you're right.

*(Clare coughs uncomfortably)*

So, you sailed around the world. How very cool.

WILL

It was. I needed to get away after my divorce to sort things out.

CLARE

I've always wanted to do something like that.

WILL

It's never too late for adventure.

CLARE

I used to travel a lot, but now with Justin and my career, you know ...

WILL

Sure.

CLARE

How long were you married?

WILL

Three years.

CLARE

I'm sorry it didn't work out.

WILL  
 Ultimately, she was too fixated on her  
 career and we wanted other things out  
 of life.

Clare looks uncomfortable.

EXT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The cab pulls up to the curb.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

CLARE  
 Look, we're here!  
 (to Cabbie)  
 I'll pay for his ride too.

WILL  
 No -- no, I got. I'm all the way in  
 Sausalito.

CLARE  
 That's okay.

Clare hands the CABBIE some cash then turns to Will.

CLARE (cont'd)  
 Well, thanks again for coming with me.  
 I appreciate it.

She attempts to get out of the cab but her dress hikes high  
 up her thighs, exposing her shapely legs.

WILL  
 Here, let me help you.

He holds out his hand. She holds onto it for support as she  
 pulls down her dress and manages to step out of the cab.

CLARE  
 (laughing nervously)  
 Thanks.

WILL  
 I'll be by after the holiday break to  
 prep for Monday morning re-entry.

CLARE  
 See ya then.

WILL  
 Well, Merry Christmas.

CLARE  
Merry Christmas.

He closes the door and the cab drives off.

CLARE (cont'd)  
(to herself)  
You fool.

INT. JEN'S HOME - MORNING

Christmas music PLAYS as Clare and her sister's family watch the kids enthusiastically open presents.

EXT. SAUSALITO BAY - BOAT DOCK - MORNING

Christmas music continues to play as Will sits on the deck of his sailboat enjoying a cup of coffee looking out at the foggy bay.

Christmas lights strung up along his boat twinkle through the fog.

INT. CLARE'S HOME - DAY

Justin plays with a remote-controlled truck in the living room as Clare works on her laptop.

The doorbell RINGS.

JUSTIN  
Is Will coming over? He's gonna love this!

CLARE  
Not until next week, honey.

She gets up to answer the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clare opens the door to reveal:

Jacques holding a large bouquet of Pionsettias and some presents.

JACQUES  
Merry Christmas!

He hands her the presents and flowers.

CLARE  
(slightly distressed)  
Hi. What a surprise.

JACQUES  
I was in the neighborhood so I thought  
I'd stop by. I also brought you an  
early birthday present.

He hands her a small jewelry box from his pocket.

CLARE  
Oh, Jacques. You --

Justin comes running up behind Clare.

JUSTIN  
Who is it, mommy?

Clare gives Jacques a hard look.

CLARE  
(to Justin)  
Look, honey. This nice man is  
delivering us presents.  
(to Jacques)  
Thank you so much, sir, for bringing  
these to us on Christmas day.

Jacques is devastated but smiles at Justin.

JACQUES  
You look like a really nice kid who  
deserves some good presents.

JUSTIN  
Thanks, sir.

CLARE  
Well, thank you for the delivery.

Clare closes the door on Jacques.

JUSTIN  
Wow. More presents! Who are these  
from mommy?

CLARE  
The office.

EXT. SAUSALITO BAY - BOAT DOCK WALKWAY - DAY

Justin tugs Clare to walk faster along the dock. They spot Will working on his boat.

JUSTIN  
Will!

Justin runs toward Will's boat. Will turns and smiles.

WILL  
Well, what a surprise.

CLARE  
(slightly embarrassed)  
Justin wanted to personally deliver  
your Christmas present.

Justin holds up his "invention" made out of paper towel tubes, milk cartons, and a shoe box, masking taped together.

WILL  
Wow -- what is it?

JUSTIN  
It's a contraption for laser power  
shooters.

WILL  
Thanks, Justin. Very very cool. Hey,  
have you ever been on a sailboat  
before?

Justin shakes his head "no".

WILL (cont'd)  
Well, come on board, matey.

Justin looks to Clare for approval. She nods "yes". He runs down the plank and hops onto the boat.

WILL (cont'd)  
(to Clare)  
You look nice.

She blushes.

CLARE  
Well, so do you.

WILL  
I was just making some fresh coffee.  
Want some?

CLARE  
Sure.

As she walks onto the boat she loses her balance.

CLARE (cont'd)

Woaw --

Will grabs her to help support her up.

WILL

Takes some getting used to.

CLARE

Guess so. Thanks.

He lets go and she wobbily walks over to a seat.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Clare sleeps. An alarm clock BUZZES. Clare rolls over and slowly rises from bed.

She walks over to two different outfits hanging from her dresser. On one is posted a note: "FEELING PROFESSIONAL". On the other is posted a note: "FEELING CHEERY".

She grabs the "cheery" outfit (of bright tones and patterns) and heads into the:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clare hangs the outfit on the back of the door and pushes back the shower curtain revealing a well stocked shampoo supply. She turns on the shower.

On the sink are two sets of lipsticks and accessories labelled "PROFESSIONAL" and "CHEERY" respectively.

INT. CLARE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Clare walks in looking happy in her cheery outfit. Justin eats a bowl of cereal. She kisses the top of his head.

CLARE

Hi, honey.

JUSTIN

Hi, mommy.

Clare grabs a coffee mug labelled "CLARE" with a protein bar in it. Clare pours herself coffee (already made) and opens the protein bar.

JUSTIN (cont'd)  
Will said to make sure you take your vitamins.

CLARE  
Okay.

JUSTIN  
I'm waiting.

Clare grabs vitamins sitting on the counter and gulps them down with a glass of juice.

JUSTIN (cont'd)  
Good job, mommy.

CLARE  
Thanks.

INT. ENTRYWAY - SLIGHTLY LATER

Clare and Justin calmly head out the front door. A sign is posted: "REMEMBER YOUR BRIEFCASE AND LAPTOP" with an arrow pointing down to her briefcase.

Clare grabs it and heads out.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - SAME MORNING

Looking cheery, Clare walks past Pellé's desk.

PELLÉ  
Nice outfit.

CLARE  
Thanks.

Clare turns back.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Oh -- Pellé, can you send flowers to Jacques with a note saying,  
(she thinks)  
"I'm so sorry. I'll make it up to you Friday night"?

PELLÉ  
Can't Will send them for you?

CLARE  
Come on, Pellé.

PELLÉ  
 Okay, I get it. You don't want the  
 wife to get jealous that you're  
 sending flowers to the mistress.

CLARE  
 Give me a break.

Slightly embarrassed, Clare heads into her office.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Wearing a wireless earpiece, Will cleans.

WILL (INTO HEADSET)  
 ... and can I have that delivered  
 before five o'clock tonight? Thanks.

Will picks up Clare's cocktail dress crumpled in a corner.  
 He shakes his head then smooths it out and lays it on the  
 bed.

INT. CLARE'S KITCHEN - SAME DAY

Will loads the dishwasher while attempting to read a textbook  
 open on the counter. The oven timer BUZZES. Will puts on  
 mitts and pulls a cake out of the oven.

INT. CLARE'S OFFICE - SAME AFTERNOON

Clare eats a beet salad at her desk. Steve pops his head in.

STEVE  
 Got a sec?

CLARE  
 Sure.

He points to her beet salad.

STEVE  
 What's that?

CLARE  
 Beet salad.

STEVE  
 Oh.

CLARE  
My time of the month. Will says its a  
good blood enricher.

STEVE  
They make you eat the weirdest stuff,  
don't they?

CLARE  
Yup -- they sure do.

STEVE  
Listen - the creative is in for Sun  
Systems and I'm supposed to supervise  
the client session tonight.

CLARE  
Okay.

STEVE  
Well, something came up and I was  
wondering if you could step in for me?

CLARE  
Sorry. I promised Will I'd be home  
early.

STEVE  
Sure, I understand.

Clare smiles to herself as he exits.

EXT. CLARE' DUPLEX - NIGHT

Clare puts the key in and then:

INT. CLARE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

She opens the door to a room full of about fifteen WOMEN.

WOMEN  
Surprise!!!!

WILL  
Happy birthday, Clare!!

Clare looks over at Will.

CLARE  
You shouldn't have.

Will grins back at her.

INT. CLARE'S HOME - LATER

The party has broken down to smaller groups of women conversing and eating.

Clare sits with Jen and their MOTHER, 60's. They watch Will passing hors d'oeuvres, refilling drinks.

MOTHER  
Honey, your wife is incredible.

CLARE  
Thanks, mom.

Jen checks Will out.

JEN  
Ooh - great ass. Do his services include sexual ones?

CLARE  
Shut up.

JEN  
What does Jacques think?

CLARE  
He's pretty cool with it.

JEN  
It just seems so ... whacko.

CLARE  
If anyone needs a wife, you do, Jen. You should hire one.

JEN  
But, I am one.

MOTHER  
Well, I want one. What woman doesn't need a wife.

CLARE  
Mom, you're retired and single.

MOTHER  
Exactly my point.

Will approaches with a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

WILL  
Goat cheese puff pastry anyone?

They help themselves.

WILL (cont'd)  
Can I refresh any drinks?

MOTHER  
I'd love another glass.

Mother hands Will her empty wineglass.

WILL  
Pinot noir?

MOTHER  
Yes. Thank you, dear.

WILL  
Be right back.

Will leaves.

MOTHER  
He remembered.

JEN  
What good wife wouldn't?

MOTHER  
We should have thought of this when we  
were burning our bras in the 70's.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - DAY

Clare finishes a POWER POINT presentation for the PG&E EXECUTIVES. She is immaculately dressed, professional and calm as she finishes her talk.

CLARE  
And, finally, we can begin the roll-out of "guilt free energy" online campaign to target an initial 5 million users building slowly from handpicked demographics to general population eventually hitting numbers as high as you want to go.

She smiles. The PG&E team look at each other and nod in agreement.

PG&E EXECUTIVE  
Shall we reconvene this evening at dinner to go over the final details of the contract?

MARGEUX  
 Absolutely. How about six o'clock at  
 Aqua?

PG&E EXECUTIVE  
 We'll be there.

CLARE  
 (casually)  
 Let me clear my schedule.

The PG&E executives shake hands with Clare and her  
 colleagues, then exit.

MARGEUX  
 I think you nailed it, Clare.

Clare beams. Margeaux looks at her watch.

MARGEUX (cont'd)  
 We should change before dinner. Did I  
 say six?

They look at each other. Suddenly panicked.

EXT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Clare runs up the stairs just as Will leaves.

CLARE  
 (panting)  
 Will, thank God you're still here.  
 How come you didn't answer your cell?

WILL  
 Are you all right?

CLARE  
 Listen -- can you pick up my Armani  
 suit that you brought to the cleaners?

WILL  
 I was --

CLARE  
 (overlapping)  
 I've got the most important dinner  
 meeting of my career in forty-five  
 minutes. We should probably get the  
 Beemer washed -- I need to look  
 perfect.

WILL  
 I was just leaving.

CLARE  
Will -- PG&E is about to sign!

WILL  
I'm sorry. I finished my shift and  
I'm on my way to the library.

CLARE  
Shift?

WILL  
I put in eight hours today. That's  
our agreement.

CLARE  
Oh. Right.

WILL  
Isn't it "mommy night" tonight?

CLARE  
My mother's taking Justin. I'm in a  
bind. Please, Will. Pretty pretty  
please.

WILL  
I have a final tomorrow.

Clare looks at her watch.

CLARE  
Can you at least pick up my suit?  
This is so absolutely important.

WILL  
Okay. Just the suit. Only for you,  
though.

CLARE  
Thank you. Thank you. I'll make it  
up to you. I promise.

Clare grabs Will and kisses his cheek. She hesitates for a  
split second -- they share a moment of intimate connection --  
then she rushes in.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

Cheerful music plays over the following scenes:

Seated at a table at AQUA RESTAURANT with her colleagues,  
Clare is radiant as she watches the PG&E team sign a  
contract. Her blackberry vibrates, she glances at caller ID  
and clicks it off.

Jacques, looking at a beautiful FLOWER ARRANGEMENT, holds his cellphone to his ear. Then, he closes his phone, looking disappointed.

Will studies in the library. He yawns trying to keep his eyes open. He opens a textbook and takes a chug of coffee.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE ENDS

EXT. "LE PETIT GATEAU" BAKERY - VERY LATE SAME NIGHT

Clare shivers holding a large wrapped PRESENT standing outside the bakery. She KNOCKS on the front glass door with a CLOSED sign posted.

Jacques, in a baker's apron, approaches the door. He is surprised to see Clare. He opens the door.

I/E BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Looking like a wounded puppy, he looks at her.

JACQUES  
Hi.

CLARE  
Hi.

Beat.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Look, I know I'm in the doghouse. So, I wanted to come by and ... well, say I'm "sorry".

Jacques does not respond.

CLARE (cont'd)  
You were incredibly thoughtful to come over on Christmas with the presents for Justin and everything, but, I was caught off guard and ... here ...

She hands him the present.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Happy belated holidays.

Beat.

JACQUES  
 (slowly)  
 I was just making sticky buns.

CLARE  
 Oooh, can I watch?

JACQUES  
 You can do more than that.

He sets down the present and she leaps up into his arms wrapping her legs around his midsection. They start wildly making out.

INT. CLARE'S KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Justin and Will work at the table gluing photographs of Justin on a poster that is labelled "STAR OF THE WEEK" in big letters.

Clare enters, dressed from work.

CLARE  
 Hi guys.

JUSTIN AND WILL  
 Hi.

She walks over and kisses the top of Justin's head.

CLARE  
 What's this?

JUSTIN  
 I'm star of the week this week, mommy!

CLARE  
 Excellent.

WILL  
 It's a poster all about Justin. We found some photos in the hall closet but none of his baby pictures.

CLARE  
 I think there's a box of baby pictures in my bedroom closet.  
 (she gets an idea)  
 Oh, that's another project we should add to your list -- doing our photo albums! I never even finished Justin's baby book.

Will does not look enthusiastic at the prospect of this project.

The oven timer BUZZES and Will puts on oven mitts and pulls out a tray of muffins. Justin watches.

WILL  
Banana muffins for his class tomorrow.

JUSTIN  
Yummy!

CLARE  
Since you guys seem to have it under control, I'm going to hit the gym.  
(to Justin)  
Can I have a kiss?

Justin gives his mom a kiss.

CLARE (cont'd)  
I love you, honey.

JUSTIN  
Good night momma.

She starts to leave.

JUSTIN (cont'd)  
What about a kiss for Will?

She glances at Will. He smiles.

CLARE  
I'll be back in about an hour, okay Will?

WILL  
Dinner's in the warmer waiting for you.

She turns and exits.

CLARE  
Great. Bye.

EXT. JEN'S SUBURBAN HOME - MORNING

A family brunch is in full swing. Justin and his cousins romp in the backyard with, JEFF, 30's, a classic business dad.

Clare picks over the food table with her mother.

MOTHER  
I'm sooooo proud of you for closing that deal, darling.

CLARE  
I haven't officially gotten the promotion yet, though.

MOTHER  
You will. Oh, and thank you so much for the earrings. I didn't know you knew my birthstone.

CLARE  
Earrings?

MOTHER  
My birthday present you Fedexed to me yesterday.

Her mother pushes back her hair and shows Clare her new earrings.

CLARE  
I did? Oh, right. Actually, Will --

MOTHER  
That's okay. I knew it was your wife. Your father never knew what Santa got you kids until Christmas morning.

CLARE  
Mom, you and dad got divorced when I was three and Jen was one.

Jen approaches them.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Jen, this salmon paté is outrageous. Did you make it?

JEN  
Thanks. My personal chef made it.

CLARE  
Personal chef?

JEN  
I hired one to help me out with dinners.

MOTHER  
Good for you for getting some domestic support, sweetheart.

JEN  
She's really terrific. I sent her to a day spa today, otherwise I would have introduced you to her.

CLARE  
Day spa?

JEN  
I overworked her this week, so I bought her some spa treatments and gave her a special bonus day off.

CLARE  
Wow. That was generous of you.

JEN  
You've got to keep them happy and motivated. Otherwise, their work can become meaningless. You know what I mean?

CLARE  
Uh, sure.

JEN  
I hope you're taking care of that wife of yours.

Clare looks guilty as she takes another bite of salmon paté.

EXT. NEIMAN MARCUS - DAY

Will and Bunny walk onto Stockton Street heading toward Union Square. Bunny carries two large Neiman Marcus bags.

BUNNY  
As soon as he gets home he opens his laptop and starts working again. I mean, why even leave the office? Last night, he finally came to bed after one in the morning.

WILL  
Sounds lonely.

They approach a bike rack. Will unlocks his bike.

BUNNY  
It is. He's a total workaholic.

WILL  
I know it's hard to see it, but maybe this is his way of showing his love right now. The cost of living is outrageous in this city and he is supporting you and the kids in a very sweet lifestyle. That's a heavy load for anyone to carry.

BUNNY  
I know. And, I should be more grateful, I suppose.

WILL  
Life's complicated.

Will puts on his bike helmet.

BUNNY  
It sure is.

She looks at her Neiman's bags and starts to cry.

BUNNY (cont'd)  
I'm sorry. I cry all the time, lately. I can't seem to control it.

WILL  
Hey, it's okay. Let it out.

BUNNY  
God -- I'm being rude aren't I? What about you? How's it going with Clare?

WILL  
Let's just say she really has me running around.

BUNNY  
Ouch.

WILL  
And, I don't know how much longer I can do it.

BUNNY  
She has no idea how lucky she is to have you.

Will gets on his bike.

WILL  
I'm sorry, Bunny, but I have to go or I'll be late for class.

BUNNY  
Well, thanks for listening.

WILL  
Hey, my pleasure. Call me next week and lets do coffee.

BUNNY  
Bye.

Will rides off as Bunny waves.

INT. CLARE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Clare hosts a dinner party for the PG&E clients and several Spin colleagues. A conservative, 60's, PG&E EXECUTIVE, speaks:

PG&E EXECUTIVE  
We're predicting that the conversion  
rate will be slower ..

Will, wearing an apron and oven mitts, enters from the kitchen holding a tray with grilled salmon.

PG&E EXECUTIVE (cont'd)  
... in more sectors than originally  
measured ...

Will serves the salmon. None of the guests notice him.

PG&E EXECUTIVE (cont'd)  
... and the time it will take to build  
the solar and wind power plants is  
still yet to be fully determined. We,  
therefore, will focus initial  
campaigning on more traditional energy  
for now - and we'll somehow have to  
give it a "green twist" - if possible.

Will looks up in disbelief.

WILL  
(blurts out)  
If not now, when?

PG&E EXECUTIVE  
(to Will)  
Excuse me?

WILL  
The planet is heating up. The surge  
in public awareness about renewable  
energy is at an all time high. Fossil  
fuels are nonrenewable, they draw on  
finite resources that will eventually  
dwindle, becoming too expensive or too  
environmentally damaging to retrieve.  
In contrast, renewable energy ...

Clare signals for Will to stop talking.

WILL (cont'd)  
 ... resources—such as wind and solar energy—are constantly replenished and will never run out.

Will stops. The guests are quiet for a moment.

PG&E EXECUTIVE  
 Very true, young man. Excellent points.

CLARE  
 Wasn't there a dill sauce with this?

Will looks at Clare. She stares back at him. Will exits into the kitchen.

PG&E EXECUTIVE  
 Who's that?

CLARE  
 That's Will. He's helping me out tonight. He's also a grad student getting his Green MBA at the Presidio Program.

PG&E EXECUTIVE  
 Maybe we could bring him in for a little consulting on the environmental perspective.

Clare nods in agreement.

CLARE  
 Sounds good. Now then, you were saying ...

INT. CLARE'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Will enters carrying textbooks. He sets his books down and looks around. The place is a total mess.

Will SIGHS, perturbed, and starts clearing surfaces.

Clare comes in the front door.

WILL  
 (surprised to see her)  
 Hi. What are you doing here?

CLARE  
 I got out of a meeting early and I thought I'd work from home the rest of the afternoon. Where's Justin?

WILL  
He's on a playdate.

CLARE  
Since when does Justin do playdates during the week? He has chess on Mondays.

WILL  
He decided to hold off on chess until he's six and a quarter.

CLARE  
That's my decision, not his.

WILL  
I e-mailed you about it and when you didn't respond I assumed it was okay with you.

CLARE  
Well, where is he?

WILL  
He's at Olivia's. I'm supposed to pick him up at four-thirty.

CLARE  
He's on a playdate with a girl?

WILL  
Yes, Clare. He's on a playdate with a girl. She's one of his best friends, actually.

CLARE  
Okay. Okay. Sorry. I'm sure you got it handled. I'm just going get some work done and leave you alone.

WILL  
Thanks.

She heads down the hallway.

INT. CLARE'S HOME - LATER

Absorbed in thought, Will folds laundry at the dining room table.

Getting an inspired idea, he sets down a towel and types into his laptop next to the laundry.

CLARE (O.S.)  
Will! Can you come in here a sec.?

He jumps up and grabs a stack of folded towels.

WILL  
Sure.

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will enters with the towels. Clare works on her laptop.

WILL  
What's up?

Will puts the towels away in a linen closet.

CLARE  
Can you stock the fridge with tasty  
hors d'oeuvres and good chardonnay  
this week? I'm having some colleagues  
over Friday.

WILL  
Isn't that Jacques night?

CLARE  
Not this week.

WILL  
Okay. Sure.

She looks up and turns her laptop toward him.

CLARE  
Also, can you look over this section  
on geothermals and let me know if this  
is how it should be worded?

WILL  
I thought the renewable program was on  
hold?

CLARE  
They're still going forward with it,  
just reduced numbers to start.

WILL  
I'm cutting out of here in about five  
minutes to pick up Justin.

CLARE  
Just a quick review is fine.

WILL  
Uhhh --

He looks frustrated.

CLARE  
Is something wrong?

WILL  
Well, I --

CLARE  
(cutting him off)  
Look, I'm sorry about the other night.  
Sometimes, I'm not so good a combining  
business with my personal life and I  
apologize if I offended you.

WILL  
These are crucial decisions not to be  
taken lightly, Clare.

CLARE  
I know. I think I can get you in to  
meet the PG&E team to discuss your  
insights further.

WILL  
That would be great.

He smiles then looks at her laptop.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Justin takes a bubble bath playing with bath toys making  
motor SOUNDS. Clare sits near him texting on her Blackberry.

JUSTIN  
Mom, are you going to marry Will?

CLARE  
What gives you that idea?

JUSTIN  
(grinning)  
I want a daddy!

CLARE  
We've already talked about this.

JUSTIN  
I know.

CLARE  
Every family is different.

JUSTIN  
But, Will would be a great dad.

CLARE

Honey, mommy pays Will money to take care of us. It's his job.

JUSTIN

But, if you loved him maybe you wouldn't have to pay him anymore.

CLARE

It doesn't work that way, sweetie. Come on, let's get out. Time for books.

She wraps a towel around Justin as he gets out of the bath.

INT. CLARE'S HOME - EARLY EVENING

DANCE MUSIC plays as Clare and female colleagues play poker and party. Hors d'oeuvres plates and wine glasses litter surfaces.

The front door opens and Will walks in. He looks around at the mess. The ladies look up at Will.

Clare walks over to him.

CLARE

(tipsy)  
Hey, it's you. Everyone -- this is my wife, Will. I think you've all met him.

Clare's brushes her hand across Will's rear-end. He takes a step away from her.

WOMEN AT PARTY

Hi, Will.

WILL

Hi, ladies.

CLARE

(to Will)  
Can you get us another bottle?

WILL

Uh, sure.

Clare hands Will an empty chardonnay bottle. Will picks up a couple dirty plates and exits. The ladies stare at his butt as he leaves the room.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE #1

Nice ass.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE #2

What a trophy, Clare.

The ladies laugh.

Clare BURPS loudly then covers her mouth "mock" embarrassed.  
The female colleagues laugh more.

Margeaux CLAPS her hands impatiently.

MARGEAUX

Chop chop, wifey. Get us a some brew.

CLARE

Shhhhhhhh.

They giggle.

MARGEAUX

Get on with it, hombre. We ain't got  
all day.

CLARE

Shhhhhhhh.

They giggle more.

CLARE (cont'd)

Shake a leg, big boy. We're thirsty!

They BURST out laughing.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Will enters.

WILL

(to himself)

Okay, boys.

The sink is stacked with dirty dishes. He catches a WHIFF of  
something foul.

He follows his nose to an ASHTRAY with a CUBAN CIGAR BUTT in  
it. He picks it up.

WILL (cont'd)

What next, strippers?

He shakes his head and gets to work.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will pours more wine for the ladies. The doorbell RINGS. He crosses and opens the door.

POV ON FRONT DOOR

There are two MALE STRIPPERS, chests exposed, dressed in Firemen's outfits.

FIREMAN STRIPPER

We heard there's a fire in the house.

The women shriek with hysterical laughter in the b.g.

WILL

Come on in.

Will opens the door wide for them.

The firemen strippers enter the living room to gales of laughter and girlie screams.

Will looks over to Clare. She looks at him in a quiet moment of connection through the hysteria.

Then, she breaks the gaze and claps and screams with the ladies.

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Will enters. With trepidation, he pauses at the doorway. Clare works at her laptop in bed. She looks up at him.

WILL

So ... I'm taking off. The house is picked up and dinner is in the oven -- roast duck and organic carrots with maple glaze.

CLARE

I'm glad you're still here. I wanted to go over the menu for Pellé's engagement shower with you.

WILL

Bunny is throwing the shower for Pellé. Have her handle it.

CLARE

Bunny and I are co-hosting, actually, and I'm in charge of food.

WILL  
I'm sorry. I can't help you with this one.

CLARE  
Is something wrong?

WILL  
Yes, actually. Uh -- I've been thinking all week about how to say this to you.

CLARE  
Talk to me.

WILL  
I'm quitting.

CLARE  
What?!

WILL  
I want a div -- to quit -- this job.

Will sets his keys next to Clare.

CLARE  
But, I can't function without you, Will.

WILL  
Look, I'm beginning to worry I'm losing hold of my own life and taking on yours. That's exactly what happened in my first marriage.

CLARE  
Let's try counseling or something.

WILL  
Clare, it's pretty straightforward. I'm not your personal slave and we're not really married.

CLARE  
I know that. Hey -- I can book you a day at the spa if you want?

WILL  
No offense, but you've become this weird version of a female chauvinist. It's like you're a husband in the worse definition of the word -- a prima donna demanding slob who treats me like a second class citizen. My God, Clare -- you even silenced me at a dinner party!

CLARE  
But, then, I got you a meeting with  
PG&E.

WILL  
In a way I blame myself for how this  
has turned out.

Clare looks desperate.

CLARE  
I can change. Just give me a chance.

WILL  
Too late.

CLARE  
At least give me two weeks notice.

WILL  
I need to end this now before I  
further enable the downfall of what  
used to be a smart career woman who  
just needed help with childcare ...  
and the laundry.

Will starts to leave.

CLARE  
Please, Will, please let's talk this  
through. Justin will be devastated.

WILL  
I just can't do it anymore, Clare, and  
I already talked to Justin about it.  
He said he understands.

Will exits.

CLARE  
(yells after him)  
But, I can't do it alone!

INT. CLARE' HOME - NIGHT

Jacques comforts Clare who is teary and fragile.

JACQUES  
Hey, it's okay, bébé. You can get  
another one. Just have Pellé set up  
more interviews.

CLARE  
I'll set up my own interviews.  
Pelle's too obstinate these days.

JACQUES  
 Okay. And, I'll help you if you need it.

CLARE  
 I'm not ready for a second wife. I still need to process the loss of my first one.

JACQUES  
 (dubious)  
 Take as much time as you need.

CLARE  
 You just don't understand.

JACQUES  
 I guess I don't. You said to call him a "gwaabeelagok".

CLARE  
 A good wife is hard to find, Jacques.

Jacques looks upset as Clare bursts into tears again.

INT. CLARE'S OFFICE - DAY

Clare, looking tired, is in a meeting with PG&E executives.

CLARE  
 And, here is the market research findings for early adopters in the key solar markets.

Her phone BUZZES. She ignores it.

CLARE (cont'd)  
 ... and here is the same research with the findings for wind power.

Her phone BUZZES again.

CLARE (cont'd)  
 Excuse me, gentlemen.

Clare opens her door, sticks out her head to address Pellé:

I/E. SECRETARY STATION - CONTINUOUS

CLARE  
 Pellé, I said NO interruptions.

PELLÉ

The caterer needs to know if you want finger foods for my shower or if we're going straight to main course?

CLARE

Excuse me?

PELLÉ

They said they need a decision in five minutes or they're cancelling the contract.

CLARE

Jesus. Can't you decide? It's your shower.

PELLÉ

Finger foods will bring us over budget so I wanted to clear it --

CLARE

(cutting her off, loudly)  
Fine -- tell them I'll take the  
FINGER!

Clare closes the door and turns back to everyone in the room staring at her.

CLARE (cont'd)

Now, where were we?

Beat. Casey, Spin's techie guy, pipes in:

CASEY

I believe we were looking at the  
psycho ...  
(he clears his throat)  
... psycho-demographic profiling of  
early adopters.

CLARE

Okay then.

Clare sits back down with the group.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Clare and Justin "eat" dinner. Justin holds a chicken strip and makes flying SOUND EFFECTS as he flies it over his plate. Clare texts on her Blackberry.

JUSTIN

(to himself)  
Control, I've got the enemy ship and  
(MORE)

JUSTIN (cont'd)  
I'm flying over. We found drop zone  
and we're closing in on the mountain  
range.

He makes loud EXPLOSION sounds as the chicken strip CRASH  
lands in his mashed potatoes. Clare looks up.

CLARE  
Sweetie, don't play with your food.

JUSTIN  
It's not food, I've got super powers  
and I just exploded the enemy ship.

CLARE  
You just killed people?

JUSTIN  
The bad guys, mom.

CLARE  
Honey, killing isn't nice.

JUSTIN  
Oh. Okay.

He pulls the chicken strip out of the potatoes and takes a  
bite.

JUSTIN (cont'd)  
Mom, if you could have any super  
powers, what would they be?

Clare thinks a minute.

CLARE  
Wifey powers.

JUSTIN  
What are "wifey powers".

CLARE  
I'm not certain. But, I don't seem to  
have them.

JUSTIN  
If I could have a super power I would  
want to shoot lasers out of my  
fingers.

CLARE  
Good one, honey.

A little distracted, Clare goes back to texting.

INT. CLARE'S HOME - EARLY MORNING

Clare brings SHEILA, 50's, a Miami Jewish American Princess - complete with nails and hair to match the stereotype, on a tour of her apartment. Clare hands her a schedule.

CLARE  
Here is Justin's activity schedule.

SHEILA  
He doesn't have a driver?

CLARE  
That's what I'm hiring you for.

SHEILA  
I'll have to charge you for mileage.

CLARE  
Okay, then.

Clare points to bills piled high on the desk.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Those are bills that need to be paid.

SHEILA  
You don't have a bookkeeper?

CLARE  
No. I put money in a household account that you can manage. We desperately need groceries so you'll need to go shopping right away.

SHEILA  
Oh.

CLARE  
Umm - I'm very allergic to peanuts. Other than that, we're both fine.

Sheila makes a notation.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Justin's birthday is coming up soon and we need to plan his party. He wants a spy fairy party.

SHEILA  
Called the party planners?

CLARE  
He's only turning six.

Clare walks ahead toward the kitchen.

SHEILA  
 (under her breath)  
 Sweetheart, you need some training.

Clare turns around.

CLARE  
 You know what, I don't think this is  
 going to work out.

SHEILA  
 Excuse me?

CLARE  
 I'm not going to hire you. I changed  
 my mind.

SHEILA  
 But, I have twenty years experience.

CLARE  
 Not the experience I am looking for.

Clare puts out her hand for a handshake. Sheila, mouth  
 agape, turns and exits.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - SAME MORNING

Clare, looking a little disheveled, dashes in. Pellé  
 approaches her.

PELLÉ  
 Clare, where have you been?

CLARE  
 I was training my new wife this  
 morning. I got an annulment, though.  
 What a nightmare.

PELLÉ  
 You missed your eight o'clock with  
 PG&E.

CLARE  
 I thought it was tomorrow.

PELLÉ  
 No, it was this morning. I've been  
 calling and texting you.

CLARE  
 Are they in the conference room?

PELLÉ  
 They left, Clare.

CLARE  
Does Margeaux know?

PELLÉ  
No.

CLARE  
What'd they say?

PELLÉ  
I told them you had car problems and  
rescheduled for this afternoon.

CLARE  
Thanks.

PELLÉ  
I got your back. And, uh --

Pellé hands her an envelope.

CLARE  
What's this?

PELLÉ  
My two weeks notice.

CLARE  
But, you're not starting law school  
until the fall?

PELLÉ  
I know it's bad timing -- but with the  
wedding coming up next month and  
everything -- I need time.

Clare is dumbstruck.

PELLÉ (cont'd)  
I'm sorry.

Clare, speechless, goes into her office and shuts the door  
behind her.

INT. CLARE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Clare scrunches her face, balls her fists, punches the air in  
a silent hissy fit.

CLARE  
Yeah -- right, "I got your back".  
Just kick me while I'm down.

She pulls herself together and goes to work.

INT. BUNNY AND STEVE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

An engagement shower for Pellé and NIGEL, her Jamaican musician fiance, late 20's, is in full swing.

Clare stands with Jacques in a corner of the room. She fumes while watching the festivities.

Bunny, tipsy, holding a flute of champagne, gives a toast to the gathered guests.

BUNNY

... And, now to the woman that first hired a wife for Clare ...

(Bunny nods to Clare)

... well, she is bravely about to become one herself ...

She gestures toward Pellé.

BUNNY (cont'd)

... Gooooood luck, Pellé. Welcome to the club. Nigel seems like a great guy!

She gestures toward Nigel.

BUNNY (cont'd)

... And, I sure hope he does the dishes because otherwise I give it three weeks before you hire a wife of your own!

Pellé raises her glass. Everyone laughs.

BUNNY (cont'd)

To Pellé and Nigel, everyone!

Everyone toasts and drinks. Bunny works the room pouring champagne refills.

INT. BUNNY AND STEVE'S HOUSE - LATER

Pellé and Nigel open gifts in front of the guests. Pellé unwraps an ESPRESSO MACHINE and everyone "ohhhs" and "ahhhs".

Bunny makes a note of it on the gift list. Nigel unwraps a KNIFE SET. More "oohhhs" and "ahhhs".

Clare can't hide her disgust of the whole thing.

INT. CLARE BEDROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Clare and Jacques walk in. Clare is tipsy. She takes a chug off a champagne bottle.

CLARE  
Well, that was challenging.

JACQUES  
How can you say that?

CLARE  
Hello? Domestic consumer gluttony.

JACQUES  
Weren't you the one who encouraged them to register in the first place?

CLARE  
I changed my mind.

JACQUES  
I thought it was fun and they got some excellent kitchen necessities.

CLARE  
I felt claustrophobic all night.

JACQUES  
Clare --

CLARE  
Some women are born wives. Some have to work at it. And, some never will be. Maybe that's me.

JACQUES  
Why are you so afraid of marriage?

CLARE  
I'm just not the domestic type.

JACQUES  
It's more than that.

CLARE  
Okay. I'm afraid if I got married I would lose my own hard earned life and take on someone else's.

JACQUES  
Since according to you I'm just a truffle recipe, I wouldn't want to lose my own hard earned life either.

CLARE  
What's that supposed to mean?

JACQUES

My dark chocolate truffles are the only thing your friends know about me.

CLARE

You try describing a pastry chef who calls himself Jacques (*she say's it with an over the top French accent*) even though his real name is Jack and he's from Montana.

JACQUES

How about: "he's a great guy and I love him". (beat) And, for the record, I was born in Provence. My whole family is French.

CLARE

Whatever.

JACQUES

I'm just your late night booty-call fuck-bunny and that's all I'll ever be to you.

CLARE

That is not true.

JACQUES

You are absolutely terrified by the idea of any form of commitment let alone marriage.

CLARE

It's a choice not a fear.

JACQUES

How much more childhood wounding from a bitter divorcee mother who remarried four times do you have to recover from?

CLARE

Don't bring my mother into this.

JACQUES

I'm through trying to be your prince charming, Clare. Because you don't want prince charming. What you really want is a CAREER and definitely not a husband, but a wife. Or, at the very least a wifey-husband which I am not.

CLARE

Maybe I feel forced to work hard in my career because I actually make good money as opposed to YOU who could

(MORE)

CLARE (cont'd)  
 never support a family living in THIS  
 city with what you earn.

Beat.

JACQUES  
 (quietly)  
 So, that's it. You finally said it.  
 Well, don't worry yourself -- because  
 it's over. You no longer have a free-  
 loading underpaid "boyfriend in the  
 wings" to overcompensate for.

He starts to leave.

CLARE  
 Jacques --

JACQUES  
 Try stepping down from your privileged  
 self obsessed pedestal sometime,  
 Clare, and pick up a frying pan.  
 Better yet, wash one. It might do you  
 some good!

He exits in a fury, SLAMMING the front door. Clare breaks  
 down crying.

Beat.

The doorbell RINGS.

CLARE  
 (yelling toward the door)  
 You know what? You're right, JACK! I  
 don't want to marry you. I never  
 really did. I just was buying time  
 until I got my promotion because I  
 thought you'd fall apart if I ended it  
 and I didn't have the space for a mess  
 in my life. So, go make your  
 goddamned pastries, live your life of  
 fiscal denial, and leave me alone!

Silence. She takes a slug of champagne. After a moment.

WILL (O.S.)  
 Uh -- Clare.

EXT. CLARE'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Will stands there.

WILL  
It's me, Will. I just came by to pick  
up my last paycheck. You said you'd  
have it ready.

CLARE (O.S.)  
(to herself)  
Oh, shit.

WILL  
I can come back at another time.

Clare opens the door. She looks a fright. Mascara smearing,  
eyes puffy, snot dripping.

CLARE  
No, Will. This is a perfect time,  
actually.

She shuffles papers on her table looking for something.

WILL  
Checkbook is in the top drawer hall  
desk if that is what you are looking  
for.

CLARE  
Right.

She goes down the hall, grabs the checkbook and scribbles out  
a check.

CLARE (cont'd)  
There you go.

WILL  
Thanks. Everything okay?

She looks at him like he's an idiot for asking.

CLARE  
Do I look okay?

WILL  
Sorry.

CLARE  
What do you care? You're not on  
salary anymore. You don't have to  
fake concern.

WILL  
Clare --

CLARE  
Forget it, Will.

WILL  
I know --

CLARE  
You left me in a lurch with  
absolutely NO communication or warning  
that you weren't happy with things.

WILL  
I probably should have --

CLARE  
You told me that I'm PRIMA DONNA  
DEMANDING SLOB!

WILL  
I'm sorry. I just was trying to say --

CLARE  
(quietly)  
Forget it. You were right.

WILL  
But, I didn't mean --

CLARE  
Jacques basically said the same things  
about me that you did. And, you know  
what?

She starts crying again.

CLARE (cont'd)  
You're both right. I'm a shitty  
husband. I don't want to be a wife.  
I'm basically an over ambitious under  
supported woman who has not one shred  
of domestic tendencies and I've become  
arrogant and callous with my career  
obsessed tunnel vision. Worst of all,  
I have forgotten how to have fun.

WILL  
Hey, come on, now. You're getting all  
worked up and --

CLARE  
Maybe I should take a cooking class or  
something.

She falls into him. He holds her as she weeps, consoling  
her.

WILL  
It's going to be fine.

CLARE  
I'm so confused.

WILL  
So am I.

She suddenly lockjaws Will into a kiss. At first he resists, then he melts into it.

They continue to makeout as Will picks Clare up and carries her into the bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight streams in through the window. Clare sleeps. She rolls over and opens her eyes, patting the sheets, looking for Will.

CLARE  
(dreamy)  
Will?

Clare gets up and slips on a robe.

She pats down her hair and loosens her robe a bit to look "sexy".

She HUMS to herself as she crosses into:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CLARE  
Will?

No Will in sight.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Hmmm.

INT. BMW - A LITTLE LATER

Clare, now dressed for the day and driving, picks up her Blackberry and dials.

CLARE  
Okay. Here we go.

EXT. SAUSALITO BAY - CONTINUOUS

Will jogs on a pathway along the waterfront listening to his iPod.

His phone VIBRATES in his pocket, he pulls it out and glances at the caller ID. Seeing that it is Clare, he doesn't answer and puts the phone back in his pocket.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

CLARE (INTO BLUE TOOTH)  
Hi, Will. It's me. I'm on my way to pick up Justin and I just wondered where -- just missed you this morning. And, I -- uh -- wanted to check in since -- Anyway, give me a call.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLARE'S OFFICE - A WEEK LATER - DAY

Clare sits at her desk staring into space twiddling a pen. She does a couple of deep yoga BREATHS then dials her phone.

Pellé pops her head in and Clare quickly hangs up.

PELLÉ  
Hey, the four o'clock client planning session is about to start.

CLARE  
Okay. Thanks.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clare walks into a meeting that has already started.

MARGEUX  
... and now that we got them, we have to keep them. That means, we basically KISS ASS and do everything they ask and provide service with a smile. This is a service industry afterall.

Margeaux looks over to Clare.

MARGEUX (cont'd)  
I see Clare is finally here. We were just discussing kissing ass.

CLARE  
My favorite subject.

Clare smiles and sits down.

INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clare tucks Justin in. Justin looks up at her with sad eyes.

JUSTIN  
I know you don't want me to talk about  
it. But, I miss Will, mommy.

CLARE  
You know what, I miss him too, honey.

JUSTIN  
Were you mean to him?

CLARE  
Maybe a little.

JUSTIN  
Then, it's your fault he's gone.

CLARE  
(slowly)  
Yes. It is my fault he's gone. (beat)  
Sometimes adults do things and even  
though they don't mean to, they hurt  
people by mistake.

JUSTIN  
I always love you, mommy. No matter  
what.

Clare tears up.

CLARE  
Oh, pickle pie. I love you too. More  
than you'll ever know.

She kisses him on the forehead.

INT. JEN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jen pulls a tray of cookies out of the oven while Clare  
slathers frosting.

JEN  
You slept with your ex-wife, didn't  
you?

CLARE  
What makes you say that?

JEN  
I smell it on you.

CLARE  
Did I forget deodorant this morning?

JEN  
Never sleep with your ex. Big no no.

CLARE  
Well, I haven't heard from him in over two weeks since "it" happened.

JEN  
No alimony for that asshole.

CLARE  
No kidding. Typical male jerk. I'm sticking to female wives from now on.

Jen's three kids and Justin run in and out of the room SCREECHING at the top of their lungs.

JEN  
(yelling to her kids)  
Hey -- I said inside voices!  
(to Clare)  
Well, I let my chef go.

CLARE  
You fired your chef?

JEN  
It was stressing me out. I'm too much of a control freak it made me feel guilty to have someone cook for us.

CLARE  
You finally find a way to give yourself a little bit of a break and you let it go? You are crazy.

JEN  
And, you're not? How about some consistency in Justin's life for once?

This remark clearly upsets Clare.

CLARE  
That hurt.

JEN  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

CLARE  
It's okay. You're right.

JEN  
Have you heard from Jacques at all?

CLARE  
No.

JEN  
He's a great guy, you know.

CLARE  
Yes, he really is. He's just not the one for me, that's all.

INT. SPIN AD AGENCY - MORNING

Clare walks in toward her office. She passes her assistant's desk. Pellé is no longer there. Instead sits, DUSTY, 20's, efficient.

CLARE  
Hello, Dusty.

DUSTY  
Margeaux wants to see you first thing.

CLARE  
Okay then. Can you update my outlook calendar and have it ready when I get back?

She hands Dusty her Blackberry.

DUSTY  
Sure.

Clare heads toward Margeaux's office.

INT. MARGEUX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Clare TAPS on the open door to get Margeaux's attention.

MARGEUX  
Come on in, Clare. You can close the door behind you.

Clare closes the door, then sits across from Margeaux.

MARGEAUX (cont'd)  
 Clare, your work here is suffering  
 lately. You're often late, you've  
 missed important meetings --

Clare can see where this is going.

CLARE  
 (interrupting)  
 Where the hell is my money and title?

MARGEAUX  
 I'm sorry?

CLARE  
 You promised me a bonus, a raise, and  
 a promotion if I CLOSED the PG&E deal,  
 which I DID.

MARGEAUX  
 You can't just close a deal and then  
 stop working hard. It doesn't work  
 that way. You have to be consistent  
 and, quite frankly, lately you have  
not been.

CLARE  
 PG&E renewable energy is the biggest  
 campaign this agency has ever had.  
 We're making millions off of it.

MARGEAUX  
 Potentially, we are. It's not all in  
 the bag yet. Look, I'm afraid we  
 aren't giving you a promotion right  
 now.

CLARE  
 What about my raise?

Margeaux shakes her head "no".

CLARE (cont'd)  
 You've got to be kidding me?

MARGEAUX  
 I wouldn't joke about something like  
 this.

Clare stands, furious.

CLARE  
 Then please consider this my  
 resignation.

Clare turns and heads out.

MARGEUX

Clare, slow down. Think this through.  
You're making a big mistake.

CLARE

I believe it's you who are making the  
mistake. I'll see you in court.

Clare grabs the bonsai tree on her way out.

CLARE (cont'd)

You don't deserve this.

She storms out.

EXT. SF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Clare walks up to a crowd of chattering MOMMIES and NANNIES  
waiting to pick their kids up.

When Clare approaches they are suddenly quiet, not  
recognizing her. One of the mommies, JANE, early 30's,  
friendly, walks up to Clare.

JANE

Your Justin's mom -- aren't you?

CLARE

That's right.

JANE

Well, what a pleasant surprise to see  
you here. I'm one of Olivia's  
mommies.

CLARE

And, do you have a first name?

JANE

(laughs at this)  
Jane. And you are?

CLARE

Clare.

JANE

Nice to meet you, Clare. We all miss  
Will so much. He was such a great  
manny.

A BELL rings and children spill out of classrooms.

Justin runs up to Clare.

JUSTIN  
Mommy!!!

CLARE  
Hey, pickle pie.

They hug.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Clare drives her BMW on Park Presidio through the Golden Gate park.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Clare looks at Justin through her rearview mirror. She notices he looks a little down.

CLARE  
How was school today, honey?

JUSTIN  
Okay.

CLARE  
Did you do anything super cool?

JUSTIN  
No.

Beat. Silence.

CLARE  
Hey, look -- we're in the park!

She rolls down the windows of the car.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Come on in, little guys.

JUSTIN  
Mommy. Stop it.

CLARE  
Look, the car is almost full of them.

JUSTIN  
There's no such thing as fairies.

He rolls his window up.

CLARE  
 What are you talking about? One just  
 landed on my shoulder. Hey, little  
 fella -- what's your name?

JUSTIN  
 (under his breath)  
 Stop it, mommy.

Justin crosses his arms and looks out the window.

CLARE  
 (cheery)  
 Hey, I have an idea. But, let me run  
 it by you first to see if you're okay  
 with it. How about we go shopping for  
 your birthday party this afternoon?

JUSTIN  
 (slowly)  
 Uhh -- okay. But, just a "spy" party.

CLARE  
 You got it, Secret Agent Justin.

She smiles at him through the rearview mirror.

INT. PARTY STORE - DAY

Clare holds up a packet of "SPY" party favor plastic baggies  
 to show Justin.

CLARE  
 Hey, Juss, look at these?

JUSTIN  
 Nope.

CLARE  
 But, they have spies on them.

JUSTIN  
 They're made out of plastic, mom.

CLARE  
 Oh.

JUSTIN  
 Plastic isn't biodegradable, only wax  
 and paper bags are. You have to  
 change your behavior.

CLARE  
 Gotcha.

She taps on her forehead.

CLARE (cont'd)  
This is one mommy, changing her  
consumption patterns.

JUSTIN  
What's a 'sumption pattern?

CLARE  
A behavior.

JUSTIN  
Okay. Good.

CLARE  
Hey, why don't you zap me once with  
your laser super powers to make sure  
my brain listens?

Justin points his fingers straight toward Clare's head and  
makes LASER SOUNDS.

She shakes her body and rolls her eyes. Then, she grabs  
Justin. They laugh and tumble on the floor together.

EXT. UNION STREET - LATER AFTERNOON

Justin and Clare lick icecream cones as they check out  
storefronts.

Clare looks across the street at "Le Petit Gateau Bakery".

CLARE  
Hey, there's someone I want you to  
meet.

She takes Justin's hand and they cross the street.

INT. "LE PETIT GATEAU" BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Clare walks in with Justin. An elderly, plump, 60's, BAKERY  
LADY greets them.

BAKERY LADY  
Bonjour.

CLARE  
Hi. I was wondering if Jacques was  
working?

BAKERY LADY

(yells to back, in French)

*Jacques, il y a une jolie fille qui  
souhaite te voir.*

(Jacques, there is a pretty woman here  
to see you.)

(to Justin)

What a sweet boy. Here is a sweet for  
zee sweet.

She hands Justin a cookie.

CLARE

(to Justin)

What do you say, honey?

JUSTIN

(to Bakery Lady)

Thank you.

Jacques approaches from the back.

JACQUES

(in French)

*Qu'est-ce qu'il y a? Je suis, entrain  
de faire des croissants.*

(What is it? I'm trying to finish the  
croissants.)

He sees Clare and Justin. He's stunned.

CLARE

Hi, Jacques. We were in the  
neighborhood and I realized you never  
properly met my son, Justin. Justin,  
this is a good friend of mommy's named  
Jacques. He's the one who gave us  
those presents on Christmas. Remember  
him?

JUSTIN

(to Jacques)

What language are you talking?

JACQUES

*Français.* Which means "French".

JUSTIN

Wow.

CLARE

(to Jacques)

Do you have a little time to join us?  
We were going to walk to the park?

JACQUES

Uh, sure.

(to Bakery Lady, in French)

*Je reviens dans un moment.*

(I'll be back in a little bit.)

BAKERY LADY

(in French)

*Est-ce que c'est la salope qui n'a pas voulu se marier avec toi?*

(Is this the bitch who wouldn't marry you?)

JACQUES

(in French)

*Oh s'il te plait, c'est ma vie.*

(Oh please. This is my life.)

BAKERY LADY

(in French)

*Je vais finir les croissants. Tu peux aller t'amuser.*

(I'll finish the croissants. You go have fun.)

Jacques follows Clare and Justin out.

EXT. PG&E CORPORATE OFFICE - MORNING

Will rides his bike up to the front of this large industrial office building.

He takes off his helmet then pulls a suit jacket out of his backpack. He puts it on and locks up his bike. Then he combs back his hair.

Confident and ready to roll, he enters the building.

EXT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jane and her daughter, OLIVIA, age 5, a cutie kindergartner, holding a birthday gift, RING the front doorbell.

INT./EXT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Clare and Justin, dressed as "Spies" in trench coats, fedora spy hats, and sunglasses, open the door.

Clare wears a NAMETAG that reads "SECRET AGENT JUSTIN'S MOMMY". Justin's nametag says "SECRET AGENT JUSTIN".

JUSTIN  
Olivia!

Olivia and Justin jump up and down at seeing each other.

CLARE  
(in a muffled voice)  
Aha. "Secret Agent Olivia" and  
"Secret Agent One of Olivia's Mommies"  
have entered the building. Print them  
partner.

Justin holds up an ink pad.

JUSTIN  
Thumb prints, please.

Olivia presses her thumbprint onto nametag labelled "SECRET  
AGENT OLIVIA".

CLARE  
Agent identified. Clearance  
authorized for party entrance.

Olivia giggles and goes inside to the party.

EXT. CLARE'S BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER

The backyard swarms with excited kindergartners dressed as  
spies wearing their secret agent NAMETAGS.

A massive air-vented JUMPY HOUSE is set-up.

INT. CLARE'S KITCHEN - SAME

Clare puts candles on a CAKE shaped like a large magnifying  
glass. Her mother helps her.

MOTHER  
Great cake.

CLARE  
Jacques made it for Justin.

MOTHER  
That was very gracious of him.

Her mother notices Clare's sadness.

MOTHER (cont'd)  
How are you doing, sweetheart?

CLARE

Well, let's see -- I'm jobless,  
manless, wifeless, entrenched in a  
lawsuit, and soon to be homeless if I  
don't get another job quickly.

MOTHER

Sounds like life.

CLARE

I wish it wasn't mine.

Mother gives Clare a squeeze.

MOTHER

You'll get through it. You are a  
strong woman.

CLARE

I don't feel very strong at the  
moment.

MOTHER

I celebrate your independent spirit,  
Clare. Who else would have hired a  
wife?

CLARE

Look where that got me. I'm --  
*(she forces back tears)*  
I'm just so lonely.

MOTHER

God, it's my fault. I taught you to  
hate men, didn't I?

CLARE

Mom, I'm just having a hard time right  
now. Okay --

Jeff approaches holding an empty pitcher.

JEFF

We're out of lemonade and everyone's  
corralled waiting for the cake.

MOTHER

Got it, thanks, Jeff.

Jeff hands Mother the pitcher and exits. Clare lights the  
candles.

MOTHER (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Clare. It just hurts me  
to see you hurting so much. I want  
you to be happy.

Clare smiles sadly at her mother then picks up the cake and walks out toward the back.

Her mother follows as everyone starts singing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" O.S.

EXT. BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER

The party is still in full swing. Kids cranked on sugar jump, play, and scream.

Jen sidles up to Clare, who looks a little frazzled as she works the BBQ.

JEN  
People might start leaving soon. Do you have party favors ready?

CLARE  
I'll go get them.

She hands Jen the BBQ fork and mitts.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Clare goes into the kitchen and grabs a box full of 2" house plants.

The doorbell RINGS.

Holding the box of plants, Clare goes to the door and opens it to reveal:

Will stands dressed in Fairy Wings, sunglasses, and a spy hat.

WILL  
Hi.

CLARE  
What are you doing here?

WILL  
Justin invited me. Spy fairy, right?

CLARE  
It was edited to simply "spy".

WILL  
Oh. Okay. I'm overdressed then. Opening a plant shop?

CLARE

Party favors. It seems I have a six year-old environmental activist on my hands.

Beat. They stare at each other.

CLARE (cont'd)

You could have called.

WILL

I know. And, I'm sorry.

CLARE

Too late.

Clare starts to close the door on him. He pushes holds it open.

WILL

Clare -- please, we need to talk.

CLARE

You pawn yourself off as this sensitive overly domestic guy but, in the end, you're just like the rest of them.

WILL

I can't stop thinking about you.

CLARE

Funny, because after we slept together I never heard from you again.

WILL

I want a trial reconciliation.

CLARE

No dice. I think you should go.

In the b.g., MOMMY #1, who has wandered in looking for a bathroom, notices Will.

MOMMY #1

Hey, everyone, Will's here!

A HERD of MOTHERS come rushing up to him, happy to see him. Will looks out over them and yells out to Clare:

WILL

Clare, will you at least go out with me so we can talk about this more?!

The MOTHERS all look to Clare. Clare is a deer caught in the headlights.

CLARE  
 (quietly)  
 No thanks.

The group "Ohhhhs" in disappointment.

Clare exits toward the backyard as Justin, with a SWARM of KINDERGARTNERS, rush past her heading to Will shouting:

KINDERGARTNERS  
 Will's here!! Will's here!!!

They dog pile on top of Will, laughing.

INT. JUMPY HOUSE - LATER

Justin and Will and several kids jump in the jumpy house having a blast.

Will stops jumping.

WILL  
 Hey guys, come here, I need your help  
 with something.

He gathers them in a conspiratorial circle.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Clare hands a plant party favor to a departing family. Justin calls to her from the jumpy house.

JUSTIN (O.S.)  
 Mommy! Mommy!

Clare wishes the family well and moves toward the jumpy house.

CLARE  
 What is it, honey?

JUSTIN  
 Can you come in here a minute?

CLARE  
 (worried)  
 Sure, honey.

Clare climbs into the jumpy house.

INT. JUMPY HOUSE - SAME

CLARE  
Are you okay?

The kids pile out of the jumpy house leaving Will and Clare alone.

CLARE (cont'd)  
Recruiting juvenile secret agents to do your dirty work. Nice.

WILL  
Want to jump with me?

CLARE  
No.

WILL  
Come on. It's fun.

He jumps up and down. She can't help herself but jump a little and giggles ever so slightly.

Then, she get into it and jumps more with him.

CLARE  
Okay -- Okay -- I have to stop. This makes me have to pee!

She moves to exit the jumpy house.

WILL  
I was a total and complete jerk for not calling you. I admit it.

She turns back.

CLARE  
Yes, you were.

WILL  
I was scared that you would treat me like a wife-boyfriend and take me for granted.

CLARE  
I wasn't that nice of a husband, was I?

WILL  
Uhhh. No actually.

CLARE  
I'm sorry.

WILL

I'm sorry too that I let it go on so long.

CLARE

Well, for what its worth, you were a great wife.

WILL

I've thought about this a lot, actually. And, I realized that being a wife isn't just a job. It's being in a relationship and relationships are between two people, not just one sided. A wife should never be just a dumping ground for to-do lists and project management.

CLARE

I agree.

WILL

One of the reasons I didn't want to be your wife anymore is because I care about you and I wanted you to reciprocate the efforts.

CLARE

I'll never treat you like a hired wife again. I promise.

WILL

And, I won't ever treat you like one either.

Then he moves clumsily (jumpy house inflated floor) over to her.

WILL (cont'd)

Can we try this again? With different job titles?

CLARE

And, what would our new titles be?

WILL

I don't know. Let's find out.

He hugs her. Then, they kiss a sweet deep kiss.

EXT. JUMPY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The party goers (that are left) start CHEERING.

Justin and several kids run into the jumpy house and start jumping all around Will and Clare.

INSERT TITLE CARD: ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - DAY

It's a beautiful sunny day. The church bells RING as the last WEDDING GUESTS rush into the church.

INT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Clare, Will, and Justin are at the altar. They beam and are beautiful. The PREACHER, a woman, 60's, performs the ceremony:

PREACHER

... marriage is not to be entered into  
unadvisedly or lightly - but,  
reverently, discreetly, advisedly and  
solemnly ...

ON GUESTS

Clare's family is in the front row. In the pews, seated among the other wedding guests are Clare's former co-workers from Spin Agency, the PG&E clients and:

ON PELLÉ AND NIGEL

Pellé, very pregnant with a big round belly, cries quietly into Nigel's shoulder.

NIGEL

(whispers)

Is it your hormones?

PELLÉ

(whispers)

I'm scared shitless for her.

AT ALTAR

PREACHER

I now pronounce you spouse and spouse.  
You may kiss the spouse.

Clare and Will kiss. The wedding guests applaud.

PREACHER (cont'd)

And, Justin, you may kiss your  
parents.

Clare and Will each kiss the beaming Justin.

FADE TO:

EXT. SAUSALITO BAY - DAY

On the sailboat deck, Justin sits in Will's lap as Will reads to him from a children's book.

CUT TO:

C/U FAIRYTALE BOOK PAGE - SAME

Colorful illustrations show Justin, Clare, and Will folding laundry together.

WILL/NARRATOR V.O.

And, so they lived as most families  
do: in a world of messy chaos,  
schedules, good times, challenging  
times, shared chores and ...

The page turns to the last page of the book, showing the three of them hugging, seated on a sailboat as the sun sets behind them.

WILL/NARRATOR V.O. (cont'd)

... love all around. The end.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAUSALITO BAY - SAME

Clare steps up from the cabin and joins Justin and Will on the deck as Will closes the book.

SHOT pulls back and up into an AERIAL VIEW of the sailboat in the bay, the Golden Gate Bridge glowing in the b.g.

**THE END**