

LOVE "TWEET" LOVE

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FADE IN:

INT. MEDIA CENTER AND WIND.COM - EVENING

Cubicles as far as the eye can see. Deserted. Not a soul in sight, except for ROSIE ADLER.

A striking, attractive woman. Early 30's. Eyes snap with intelligence and fire.

Quick glance over her small domain reveals:

A computer, printer, stacks of books, diploma from Vassar. A poster of Albert Einstein sticking out his tongue.

A framed picture of an attractive older woman. A home-made title, "The Blog Log" and...

ON THE WALL:

The call letters for the internet address -- WIND.COM

She looks at her computer screen. Tons of e-mail. All letters to be answered. Mutters...

ROSIE

I hate this job.

Pushes her chair back, reaches under the desk and retrieves a hidden Oreo stash. Munches on one as she reads:

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Dear John, sometimes my boyfriend and I go at it so hard that I'm afraid his 'unit' will snap right off! That would ruin everything for me.

Rosie does a take. Eyebrows arch.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Not to mention my boyfriend, who probably wouldn't be all that happy either.

Finishes the cookie.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

We're desperate here. What should we do? Yours truly...Snap Crackle and Pop!"

Rosie stares for a moment. Sighs.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

For this I got a Masters'...

She turns to the computer - types rapidly. Very rapidly considering she only uses the index finger of each hand.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

"Dear Snap Crackle and Pop: If it does snap off -- call Lorena Bobbit. She'll know what to do."

She stops. Shakes her head. Painstakingly deletes what she just wrote.

Scratches her head with a pencil, flips it, catches it. Starts again.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

"Honey, you're going to hurt yourself if you keep this up. Tell Mr. Blue Steel to slow down. Enjoy the ride. Both of you. Just because life's short - doesn't mean everything else has to be. Signed, John."

She whacks a couple of keys on the keyboard, which in turn starts the printer. Paper comes out, she snags it, shoots down the hallway.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - EVENING

No knock, just Rosie slamming through the door. Throws the paper at --

NICHOLAS MONROE

30's. Well built. Not a hair out of place. G.Q. poster boy.

ROSIE

No more, Nick. Give me something. Anything. I don't care.
(sits on his desk)
You owe me Monroe.

NICK

Nice to see you too Rosie.

ROSIE

C'mon. Anything. What do you say?

Nick smiles, enjoying the show.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

You know I'm a better than any of those bozos you use now. Take Dear John, shove a stick of dynamite up his ass, and blow him to hell. I hate this social networking crap and you know it.

NICK

But you're so good at it.

ROSIE

Nick, which rhymes with prick, get me out of this!

NICK

Okay.

She can't believe it.

ROSIE

Seriously?

NICK

15% raise. Retroactive to August.

ROSIE

It's not the money and you know it!

She picks up his stapler, which he promptly takes away from her.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

I just want to write about something that's actually worth writing about.

NICK

No can do.

ROSIE

Bullshit. You can do. You "no wanna' do."

NICK

Blame your success, not me. Look at this.

(taps I-pad)

Since you took over the "Dear John" blog we've quadrupled our internet billings. Nobody "tweets" like you.

ROSIE

And nobody's a "twit" like you!

NICK
You're irreplaceable.

ROSIE
And you call yourself a manager.

NICK
You think you can do my job?

ROSIE
(tosses his pencils)
A chimpanzee could do your job.

NICK
Sticks and stones.

ROSIE
How did you get through college?

Nick smiles, puts his hands behind his head. Loves this little game they play - nods to the diploma on the wall.

NICK
Probably saw me on ESPN. All American.
Notre Dame.

ROSIE
Oh that's right. First string hunchback.

NICK
Anything else?

ROSIE
I quit.

NICK
Contract. I own you for one more year
dearest...John.
(looks at watch)
And now you have only twenty minutes to
finish.

She drops the paper she printed, on his desk.

ROSIE
Don't believe everything you think.

NICK
You're certifiable. You know that?

ROSIE
Small price to pay for brilliance.

He reaches in his desk drawer. Holds a ring case.
Tosses it to her. She catches it one handed.

NICK

I love you.

She looks at it for a long beat.

ROSIE

Then let me do something else.

He smiles, takes the ring from her, slides the three-carat beauty on her left hand.

NICK

Five hundred words about internet
singles' dating.

(smile fades)

On "features" tweets by tomorrow morning.

ROSIE

I don't love you. I'm just stupid.

And she's gone. Nick smiles broadly to himself. Exults
in having this power over her.

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

A discriminating but comfortable place. Not unlike it's
owner...

KIRBY MITCHELL

Early 30's, good looking. Rumpled. Not a slave to
fashion. And a romance novelist.

Barry White rumbles romantically in the background.

ON THE FLOOR

a little terrier - Bernie. Dog watches him quizzically.
Kirby talks what he types:

KIRBY

...As he entered the room, *she* was there,
the most exquisite woman on the planet.
Here, just to be with him...

His imagination he's actually seeing Rosie Adler. He
just doesn't know it yet.

Shoves his hand into a bowl of popcorn, crams a fistful into his mouth. Sways to the music. Has absolutely no rhythm. Zero.

Starts typing again.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

He caresses her name with a breathy seduction and she is overpowered. He can only gaze into the fire of her agate eyes.

Kirby stops, closes his eyes. Waits for the inspiration:

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Responsive to his touch, her own hands and lips eagerly sought out and explored his being. His soul. His body...

Kirby gets up - dances around the room slowly.

INTERCUT/DAYDREAM:

In his mind he sees his love - someone who happens to look exactly like Rosie - there with him.

BACK AS:

The dog watches, bemused.

Kirby dances into the kitchen. Barry White rumbles on. There's a crash. Glass breaks.

KIRBY (O.S.)

Dammit!

(more pieces clatter)

My new crock-pot!

Bernie the dog cocks his head. Off his canine look.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVE - DAY

The sky, lead gray and threatening. Now the rain. Sheets of it.

Kirby runs across the sidewalk carrying Bernie. Both are soaked.

On the wall is a listing of companies. One is Cole McKenzie Publishing.

AT THE REVOLVING DOOR

Kirby hustles through with Bernie - plows into Rosie.
Full on. Down she goes. Kirby tries to help her up.

KIRBY

I'm really sorry about...

Then he sees her face. Hits him like a dump truck. The
woman of his dreams!

KIRBY (CONT'D)

This...

Stunned, he lets go of her hand. She goes down like a
bad habit. Second time.

Kirby stands dripping on her. When she does finally
right herself, there's fire in the eyes.

ROSIE

What the hell are you doing!

KIRBY

I know you.

Exasperated, Rosie brushes herself off.

ROSIE

No you don't.

KIRBY

What's your name?

ROSIE

See?

She notices how he's dressed: high top work boots. No
belt. Baggy Levis and plaid shirt. Mayberry RFD.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Gee, where are Barney and Aunt Bee?

KIRBY

Huh?

She's gone.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Oh, his name's Bernie.

(holds dog up)

Bernie...

(to the dog)

That was her.

Bernie gives him the same look Rosie did.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Hot Latin number plays through the elevator speakers. Kirby taps his foot. Missing the rhythm. Doesn't care. Now the shoulder lifts. Sets the dog down.

Boogie city. He's cool. He's a dude. He's "Kirby of no Rhythm" as the door opens on --

THREE EXECUTIVE ASSISTANTS

Young, hip women. Everything the 'dancing machine' in front of them, isn't.

When Kirby finally notices his audience, it's thirty seconds too late. Made a total jackass of himself.

He bends down, grabs Bernie, shoots past them. The young women look at each other -- crack up.

INT. COLE MCKENZIE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Kirby is staring again. This time at a beautiful young woman, VALENTINA. Maybe 25, with crimson, collagen injected lips.

Under the tight pink sweater, breasts roughly the size of Vermont, swell in unison.

KIRBY

Hey, Valentina.

VALENTINA

Hi, Mr. Mitchell.

KIRBY

Kirby.

VALENTINA

Huh?

KIRBY

Call me Kirby.

VALENTINA

(broad smile)

I couldn't do that.

KIRBY

Why?

VALENTINA

Silly. You're not a vacuum.

She bends over the desk so low he can see to her knees.
She giggles with delight. Pets the dog:

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Hello little Bernie. How are you
snookums?

The dog backs away. From his perspective this woman has
three heads.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

He's so precious.

KIRBY

Yeah.

VALENTINA

Mr. Collier will be with you in a minute.
(thinks)
Maybe more than that. I'm never quite
sure.

The way she says it, Marilyn Monroe would be envious.

KIRBY

Sure.

He glances up at the small video camera mounted on the
wall. Waves. Sits down.

Bernie pads over, a New Yorker magazine in his mouth.
Drops it on Kirby's lap.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

I've read this one.

Dog looks at him.

NATE COLLIER bustles in. Nice suit. Late 50's, physique
like a sack full of doorknobs. Whole package is topped
off with Hair Clubs' latest glue-on.

NATE

C'mon in.

(to Valentina)

Hold my calls. And keep the dog out
here. Makes me sneeze.

VALENTINA

Yes sir.
 (bends over again)
 C'mon Bernie I wanna' give you a love.

Bernie cringes behind the sofa.

Kirby and Nate take a moment to admire the two leviathan scoops of a vanilla as she bends down to hug the dog.

KIRBY

Love to bury my head in those.

NATE

She has to cut her toenails from memory,
 you know?

Nate leads him inside.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

The office reflects Nate's money. Marble and mahogany. Jalousie glass. Distinctive and valuable objects d'art.

NATE

I need the damned book already.

KIRBY

That's why you got me down here?

NATE

I need the book. Today.

KIRBY

Why didn't you just call me?

NATE

Because you say whatever I want to hear
 and still don't deliver. The friggin'
 book, Kirby. Where is it?

KIRBY

On my desk.

NATE

Finished?

KIRBY

Sort of.

NATE

Is it done or isn't it?

KIRBY
Yeah. Kind of...

NATE
Is the damned thing done or not!

KIRBY
It's done.

NATE
Done, done?

KIRBY
(shrugs)
I don't know if I like the ending.

NATE
Ending schmending. Where is it?

KIRBY
I'll messenger it over. Monday.

NATE
Don't screw with me Kirby.

KIRBY
Believe me, that's the last thing on my mind.

(three fingers)
Monday. Scout's honor.

NATE
Scout's honor? Really? Really?

KIRBY
If you'd just called I would have sent it. Could have saved myself the trip.
(stands up)
I'm going.

NATE
You're mad.

KIRBY
No. I'm going.

NATE
You're mad because I yelled.

KIRBY
No.

Nate smiles ingratiatingly at him.

NATE

Kirby you're the best. I love you, you know that.

KIRBY

This is the last one.

Nate looks at him like he's suddenly acquired another head.

NATE

What?

KIRBY

I'm tired of being a romance novelist.

NATE

Not "a" romance novelist -- "the" romance novelist of the friggin' century Kirby.

His jowls wag when he talks that fast.

KIRBY

I writing about stuff I've never done.

NATE

Who gives a rat's ass? It sells. Big.

KIRBY

I want to use my real name on the next one.

NATE

Are you out of your mind? What the hell for? Nobody gives a shit about Kirby Mitchell.

(for emphasis)

Nicole' Forrester, on the other hand, is a verified New York Times best selling author.

(slams his fist)

The incredibly rich and reclusive Nicole' Forrester. Who no one has ever been able to even catch a glimpse of in the last three years.

KIRBY

I want people to know who I am.

NATE

I know who you are. That's enough. This is the world's best gimmick. Don't screw it up.

KIRBY
My mind's made up.

NATE
Don't do this to me.

He scratches his scalp under the hairpiece with a vengeance.

NATE (CONT'D)
Finish this novel and then we'll talk about it. Okay?

KIRBY
I'm serious Nate.

NATE
As a heart attack. I know.

KIRBY
No, you don't.

He goes to the door.

NATE
What do you want from me?

KIRBY
A reason to live.

He walks out.

NATE
What the hell does that mean?

INT. PIZZERIA UNO - NIGHT

Rosie hurries through the door. Scans the crowd. At a small table in the corner her best friend --

JULIA DANIELS

30's. Attractive. Bit heavy. Brassy. Rosie shoulders her way through the throng, finally reaches the table.

ROSIE
How'd you get a table?

JULIA
I slept with the manager.

Rosie looks at the t-shirted, greasy-haired man behind the cash register -- Armando.

ROSIE
Armando? God's gift to inflatable women?

JULIA
That's the one.

A tall, slender WAITER minces over. Fair haired,
graceful. Tinkerbelle.

Slides a pizza onto the table. Slices it in one smooth
motion.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You're new.

WAITER
Yes.

JULIA
(smiles)
You wanna' catch a Cubs game or
something? You and me?

WAITER
I don't think I'm your type.

JULIA
You're alive aren't you?

He's gone. Hips swaying, tosses his head.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Waste.

ROSIE
What are we drinking?

JULIA
You don't drink.

ROSIE
I know. I want to celebrate.

JULIA
What?

ROSIE
My assignment. Nick finally gave me one.

JULIA
What'd that cost you?

Rosie smiles as she blows on her slice of pizza,

ROSIE

Not much.

JULIA

How much is "not much?"

ROSIE

The engagement's on again.

Julia shakes her head. Fiddles with a cocktail napkin.

JULIA

Do you love him?

ROSIE

I don't know.

JULIA

Don't you think you oughta' find out?

ROSIE

Doesn't matter.

JULIA

Don't do this. You'll make a comeback.

ROSIE

Julia, I'm thirty-three years old. I'm not married and I'm stuck in a job I hate.

(waves)

It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.

JULIA

You're sure you know what you're doing?

ROSIE

I have no idea what I'm doing.

Rosie reaches for her purse, knocks it over, and a book falls out. Julia picks it up.

JULIA

Hotel Fantasy?

INSERT COVER OF THE PAPERBACK:

"A Novel by Nicole Forrester"

JULIA (CONT'D)

You read Nicole Forrester?

ROSIE
When I'm bored.

JULIA
Romance trash?

ROSIE
The words are easy.

JULIA
Yeah, all just four letters.

Rosie shrugs. Stuffs the book back in her purse.

ROSIE
I need a drink.

JULIA
Me too. Life's too short to dance with
ugly men.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kirby finishes shaving. Wears a shirt so loud you can hear it. Polka dots. Dog trots in with a Hathaway in his mouth.

Kirby bends down and grabs the shirt.

KIRBY
Now you're a fashion critic?

A sharp knock at the door.

Kirby hurriedly pulls on his pants, swipes the rest of the shaving cream from his face.

Opens the door on...

LILY MITCHELL

His grandmother. Maybe 70. And a pistol.

LILY
(re: shirt)
Did a clown die?

KIRBY
Huh?
(realizes)
Oh. I'm changing.

LILY

Can I come in or are you entertaining?

KIRBY

Just me and Bernie grandma.

LILY

Big surprise.

KIRBY

Hey, I know some girls.

LILY

Living girls?

He motions her in. She surveys the room. The dog...

LILY (CONT'D)

Goin' out?

Bernie barks.

KIRBY

Yeah, maybe.

LILY

Who?

KIRBY

I don't know.

LILY

Where's she from?

KIRBY

I don't know.

LILY

Whaddya' stalking somebody?

KIRBY

No...

(thinks about it)

Well, kind of. I just met her. Well, actually haven't been officially introduced. But she knows me.

LILY

Like I said, a stalker.

KIRBY

More like a 'shadower...'

LILY
You're worse than your grandfather. He was quite the dresser. Problem was, he didn't care who undressed him.

KIRBY
I didn't need to know that.

LILY
You're turning into him.

KIRBY
I am not.

LILY
It's the Mitchell curse.

KIRBY
There's no curse.

He heads to the bedroom. Pulls out a pair of beat up penny loafers.

LILY
You're wearing those?

KIRBY
They're comfortable.

LILY
So's baggy underwear. Doesn't mean you have to wear it.

KIRBY
What are you, the fashion police?

LILY
(looks to God)
You try to help and what does it get you?

KIRBY
Thanks.

LILY
You're welcome.

He kisses his grandmother's cheek. She smiles, rubs his hair. Genuine love.

LILY (CONT'D)
This girl you're stalking, she's the one?

KIRBY
I hope so grandma.

LILY
Tell her how you feel.

KIRBY
I will. Just have to meet her first.

Off Lily's look...

INT. EXCLUSIVE BAR - NIGHT

Dark mahogany. Mood lighting. People mingle easily.
The bar is wall-to-wall singles.

IN THE CORNER

Julia at a small table as Rosie comes to the bar, leans
over it.

Her cleavage too big a temptation for the Bartender to
resist. He stares.

ROSIE
That ride's closed.

His head snaps up:

BARTENDER
Help you?

JULIA
Two Absolut's...
(points)
Over there. Start a tab.

She strides back to the table. Bartender gives her a
look you could pour on a waffle.

ROSIE
Is this it?

JULIA
What?

ROSIE
The *singles* world.

JULIA
You've been single your whole life. You
know what it is.

ROSIE
No, I've been married to my job. I want
to understand this...
(More)

ROSIE (CONT'D)
(motions)

...Zoo.

JULIA
Well, the zoo has a lot of married
animals tonight.

ROSIE
Who?

JULIA
Doesn't matter. I don't care.

ROSIE
You'd date a married man?

JULIA
Sure. If he's got a great ass and a
couple bucks. Good smile'd be nice.

ROSIE
That's it?

JULIA
He probably shouldn't be a serial killer
either.

ROSIE
But not mandatory?

JULIA
I'm not gettin' any younger.

INTERCUT:

Kirby is there. Head never wavers. Cracked glaze in his
eyes. Just can't help staring.

JULIA (CONT'D)
There's some guy over there staring at
you.

Rosie doesn't look.

ROSIE
Cute?

JULIA
Not bad.

ROSIE
Married?

JULIA
No ring.

ROSIE
Rich?

JULIA
I doubt it.

ROSIE
Not interested.

JULIA
He is.

Kirby alternates watching her and looking around.

INT. BAR - LATER

Same exact look is still on Kirby's face. Hasn't moved a muscle. Generally the crowd is livelier. Drunker. All over each other.

Julia dances with a young stud. Tight butt neatly tucked into a new pair of jeans. Julia's hands are all over him.

Rosie, on the other hand, is dancing with a middle-aged bald guy.

Music stops, she ditches Baldy like a hand grenade. Julia weaves over.

JULIA
I'm dumpin' you.

ROSIE
You're drunk.

JULIA
You're right. But, the night is young...
(waves at the stud)
...And so is he.

ROSIE
I'm impressed.

JULIA
Nice ass, huh?

ROSIE
Very. Go on. I'll hang out for awhile.
Might find an angle for the blog.

JULIA

Only angle I'm after is horizontal.

She ricochets away. Rosie sits, whips out her I-phone.

INTERCUT:

Taps out a "TWEET" under the pseudonym Inkman:
"Seriously. Is there anybody out there?"

She pockets the phone, tosses off the rest of her drink
as --

A DRUNK

long-hair roady-type, approaches, taps her shoulder.

DRUNK

I'm out here.

Holds his hand out.

ROSIE

That was the fastest 'tweet' answer ever.

DRUNK

Whaddya' say?

He weaves in place.

ROSIE

And the fastest reply -- no.

DRUNK

You turnin' me down?

ROSIE

And off.

He reaches down, grabs her by the elbow.

DRUNK

Wrong answer.

He pulls her out of her seat like a shot, and into dance
position in one move. Actually not bad. Rosie slaps him
so hard his teeth rattle.

He's too drunk for that. Pissed, he starts to swing his
fist when --

KIRBY'S HAND

stops him mid-punch! Spins him around.

KIRBY

She doesn't dance with anything outside
her species.

Kirby swings - misses. Drunk swings - connects.

Kirby's eye. Yeowww! He staggers back, swings blindly.

Lucks out. Catches the guy squarely on the chin.

Drunk hits the floor. Takes an instant dirt nap.

The crowd surges. Kirby takes Rosie's hand, pulls her
out.

EXT. OAK STREET - NIGHT

They walk down the street in silence. He's getting a
black eye and she's buzzed.

Neither utters a word for half a block.

ROSIE

Thanks. For back there.

KIRBY

Sure.

ROSIE

How's your eye?

KIRBY

(touches it)

A little left of center.

ROSIE

You gonna' be okay?

KIRBY

Yeah.

ROSIE

I know you?

KIRBY

Not officially.

(holds hand out)

Kirby.

They shake.

ROSIE

Rosie. Where do I know you from?

KIRBY
Ran into each other once.

ROSIE
Really?

KIRBY
You don't remember?

ROSIE
Sorry.

KIRBY
Don't be. Wasn't my best moment.

ROSIE
Well, you just made up for it.

KIRBY
I've never slugged anybody before.

ROSIE
I figured.
(stops; flushed)
Kirby, right?

KIRBY
Kirby.

ROSIE
Kirby, what are you doing tonight?

Before he can answer, Rosie plants a killer kiss.
Tongues and everything.

OVER WE HEAR:

The entire Mormon Tabernacle Choir sing "Hallelujah."

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Whoa.

KIRBY
Why'd you do that?

ROSIE
Your lips. They're kissable. Can't pass
up "kissable" these days.

Kirby kisses her back. Big time. Rosie's eyes fly open.

Another "Hallelujah" as it begins to pour. He grabs her
hand.

KIRBY
I'll get a cab.

ROSIE
I sing in the shower you know?

KIRBY
Congratulations.

Kirby pulls her down the street as he dials his cell phone.

As Rosie does an impromptu "Singin' in the Rain" about two keys off. Blitzed.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Kirby looks out the window as the city's neon blurs by. His face a study in mixed emotions.

On his coat -- Rosie's head, out cold and snoring.

EXT. Kirby'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Kirby is greeted by his doorman RANDOLPH. Big guy. Peaks inside the taxi.

RANDOLPH
Need help?

KIRBY
It's not what you think.

RANDOLPH
Thinking's above my paygrade. Your place?

KIRBY
Yeah.

RANDOLPH
(re: Kirby's eye)
What's the other guy look like?

KIRBY
Better. But unconscious.

Randolph gives him five, then lifts Rosie out of the cab. She's a limp rag.

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING (TO ESTABLISH)

The sun bleeds crimson as it touches the high rises on Lake Michigan.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Door cracks open, Kirby comes in pulls open the shades.

He stands for a time just watching Rosie sleep. And snore. His face softens. Deep breath. Heads into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Looks in the mirror. Puffy cheeks. The Pillsbury Doughboy with a shiner.

Pulls his toothbrush. Ouch! Something painful about his right hand.

Looks, his hand is bruised and swollen.

Finishes loading the toothbrush, gingerly begins brushing.

In a moment, foamy lather around the mouth. He glances at the bedroom, then back at his hand, and finally the mirror.

KIRBY

Way to go, queen of romance...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Rosie wakes up when the light hits her in the eyes. Blinks trying to adjust to the wattage and the hangover.

Holds her throbbing head. Can't remember what happened. Black void in her brain.

Her eyes dart around the room --

Clothes and bra are on the other side of the bed.

ROSIE

It's official, I'm brain dead.

Bernie bounds up on the bed.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

Dog yaps as Kirby enters.

KIRBY
Bernie.

Rosie is surprised, drops the dog, pulls the sheet up to her neck.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

ROSIE
Fine...?

Voice trails off. She has no idea what his name is.

KIRBY
Kirby.

ROSIE
I'm fine, Kirby.

KIRBY
You don't look fine.

ROSIE
I am. This is my "fine" look.

Wraps the sheet around her, tries to stand. Doesn't happen. Not on the first try. Or the second. Finally makes it.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Did I spend the whole night here?

KIRBY
What there was left of it.

ROSIE
With you?

Kirby just nods. Rosie checks the bra again.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Did we..?

He nods again.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
You're sure about that?

Nods again.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Right.

At that precise instant Lily enters with coffee. Hands her a cup.

LILY

How are you feeling?

ROSIE

(gulps)

Better.

LILY

I'm Lily.

KIRBY

My grandmother.

LILY

So, how is he in the sack?

KIRBY

Grandma!

ROSIE

I wish I knew.

LILY

That good?

Lily gives him a look. Leaves. Rosie gulps the rest of the coffee, gathers up her clothes.

ROSIE

I like her. What time is it?

KIRBY

Noon.

ROSIE

I'm late!

KIRBY

It's Saturday.

ROSIE

Some of us work Saturdays.

KIRBY

Look, uh, you wanna' try having a real date?

Sure. ROSIE

Wednesday? KIRBY

Okay. ROSIE

Where? KIRBY

How about Reinaldi's? Eight? ROSIE

She heads for the bathroom. Stops.

I don't remember a thing. ROSIE (CONT'D)

I know. KIRBY

Did we have a good time? ROSIE

You said you did. KIRBY

I did? What'd I say? ROSIE

Great. KIRBY

I said ..."great?" ROSIE

Yeah. KIRBY

I never say great. ROSIE
(to herself)

She goes in the bathroom. Door shuts on his chagrined face.

INT. CAR - DAY

Music jamming on the car radio. Loud. Raucous.

Just the opposite of what a hung-over woman would generally choose. It's how she wakes up.

A horn blares, she swerves to narrowly miss hitting a slow pedestrian.

Jangles her a little. Turns down the radio, dials her car phone w/speaker:

ROSIE

Hey. It's me.

JULIA (PHONE)

So, I heard you left with a guy.

ROSIE

That didn't take long.

JULIA (PHONE)

Even sent out a "tweet", you gotta' check your by the way. But... who is he?

ROSIE

Don't want to talk about it.

JULIA (PHONE)

You like him?

ROSIE

He said, I did.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

Rosie marches past the cubicles. No one really notices.

Except a lanky six-foot four Texan named JACKSON SHAW. 40's, loud voice with a pronounced drawl.

JACKSON

Well, butter my butt and call me a biscuit. She's back.

ROSIE

If it isn't God's answer to lonely sheep.

JACKSON

He's been waitin' on you sweet-cheeks.

ROSIE

Good.

JACKSON

All night.

ROSIE

Not good.
(stops short)
You sure?

JACKSON

Darlin', when the chips're down, the
cow's empty.

ROSIE

Good metaphor.

Throws her shoulders back, marches in.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

NICK

No need to knock, it's open.

Nick, busy on the computer. Never really looks up. She
drops a THUMB DRIVE.

ROSIE

It's all there. And it's good.

NICK

No doubt. But it's too late.

ROSIE

What?

NICK

You weren't here. I said morning.
Remember?

ROSIE

I have an excuse.

NICK

There's a surprise.

ROSIE

I was drunk.

NICK

You don't drink.

ROSIE

I know. That's why it's a good excuse.
You said to get an angle on singles
internet dating. I did.

Nick looks up. Always in control but the anger shows.

NICK
I didn't tell you to get *involved*.

ROSIE
What's that mean?

NICK
You asked to do a twitter story. I gave you one. You screwed it up.

ROSIE
Prick.

NICK
Goes with the territory.
(looks up)
And you met someone.

ROSIE
I meet a lot of people.

NICK
Not what I heard.

Finally clicks for her. Levels an icy stare at him.

ROSIE
You had me followed.

NICK
I always cover one of wind.com's stories. Especially when one's a rookie. That's why I run things here.

ROSIE
You're also a dirt bag.

NICK
Who is he?

ROSIE
You're jealous.

NICK
Curious.

Rosie fixes her gaze on him, then remembers something:

ROSIE
Kiss me.

NICK
What?

ROSIE

Kiss me.

(he doesn't move)

You still remember how don't you?

He stands, comes around the desk, kisses her.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

That's it?

NICK

Never had any complaints before.

ROSIE

Again.

Plants another one on her. Going for the big one.

NICK

How's that?

ROSIE

Not what I expected.

NICK

What did you expect - the Mormon
Tabernacle Choir?

ROSIE

You too?

She leaves the office, lost in thought. This woman is an
enigma.

Furious, Nick throws a pencil at the wall. It sticks.

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loud rhythmic music is playing. Kirby's on an exercise
bike. Worked up a pretty good sweat. Looks down at
Bernie.

POV:

Fat little dog is laying on his side, staring.

KIRBY

All this exercise making you tired?

Dog never blinks.

Lily walks in holding a paperback. "Wonderful Love" by Nicole Forrester. His book. She reads while he exercises:

LILY

"...the most beautiful woman in the world and she was with him. Carefully, ever so slowly, he took her in his arms. They began the dance of love. Close. Warm. It's was as if they had always been in this embrace."

KIRBY

Trash.

LILY

Yup. And you wrote it.

KIRBY

So?

LILY

So, how can you *write* like that and not even get close to *being* like that?

KIRBY

How do you know I'm not?
(she just stares)
That's how I write. Not how I think.

LILY

All women love romantic men. It's their nature.

KIRBY

Why are we having this discussion?

LILY

Gotta' get with it, stud. How old are you now?

Kirby stops, gets off, towels down.

KIRBY

You know how old I am.

LILY

Too damned old to be sniffing around the barnyard like a dog in heat.

Kirby gives her a sideways glance:

KIRBY

Gee, let me write that down.
 (air scribbles)
 Barnyard dog in heat...

LILY

If the shoe fits...
 (heads out)
 It's probably yours.

KIRBY

I have to get the book finished. I lied
 to Nate.

LILY

You always lie to Nate and you only need
 the last chapter.

KIRBY

I don't have an ending.

LILY

Sure you do. "Loser forfeits wife and
 family. Exercises with dog. The end."

She's gone. Kirby wipes his forehead, looks in the
 mirror, then to Bernie.

KIRBY

I look like a dog in heat to you?

The dog whines softly.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

That's just your opinion.

INT. WIND.COM - DAY (MONTAGE)

SERIES OF CLOSE UPS:

Rosie back at her "Dear John" cubicle. Whacks out answers
 to the lovelorn on her computer.

A couple of partial letters and answers and a complete
 one on her screen. It reads:

"Dear John, I love him. But he's an animal. What can I
 do? Signed: "Love-torn" P.S. He's rich!"

Rosie's response:

"Dear Love-torn: If he's got money, why the hell not?"

Because for some money is a great substitute for character. You should do fine. John."

Another letter:

"Dear John, I got in some trouble recently with my girlfriend. My family refuses to even acknowledge their new grandson. They're my family. What can I do?
Signed: "No Family Man"

Rosie's response:

"Dear No Family Man: You know what? Your family won't always be there for you. Of course, if you win the lottery, the "Hag," the "Philanderer," the "Screw-up," and the "Missing One" will all be "there" for you.

Another letter:

"Dear John, my boyfriend and I don't agree. He says drugs. I say sex. Which is better?" Signed:
"Disagreeing in Davenport"

Rosie's response:

"Dear Disagreeing in Davenport: Depends on the pusher."

EXT. INTERNET CAFE' - DAY

Various 30-somethings are checking the internet with I-phones, I-Pads, laptops, etc.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A guy holds his smart phone.

ON SCREEN: "Dear John" column. He chuckles.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A couple having breakfast. He's totally engrossed in his pancakes.

She reads the "Dear John" blog on her I-pad. Laughs. He never misses a bite.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Side by side, man and woman on their way to work. She reads a Nicole Forrester romancer on her KINDLE, he the "Dear John" column on his smart phone.

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Rosie's at the mirror putting on finishing touches for her date.

She looks pretty great. Except the expression of infinite pain on her face.

She takes a pull from a martini. Two dead soldiers next to it. This is her third.

She looks at her face in the mirror again.

ROSIE

What am I doing?

INT. REINALDI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kirby walks in, looks around. He's early.

AN UNCTIOUS MAITRE D'

40's, slick art-deco look. English, glides up to Kirby.

MAITRE D'

Mr. Mitchell. How good to see you. It's been much too long.

KIRBY

Dry spell.

MAITRE D'

Really?

KIRBY

I'm kidding.

MAITRE D'

Oh. Aren't you the one.
(re: Kirby's clothes)
Special evening?

KIRBY

I hope so. Need a good table tonight.

He pulls out a "Ben Franklin." Maitre D's eyes widen.

MAITRE D'

Only the best.

Shows him to a private table with a magnificent view of the city.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

How's this?

KIRBY

Perfect.

MAITRE D'

Of course it is.

And he's gone. Kirby sits there, with pretty much the same look Rosie had.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

Been a couple of hours now. Kirby glances at his watch. He's seen most of the customers begin and end their evenings.

Dejected. Pretty drunk, he opens the chocolates, starts munching.

Maitre d' walks over.

MAITRE D'

Your young lady has not arrived?

KIRBY

Correcto.

MAITRE D'

(re: drink)

Another?

KIRBY

Double.

MAITRE D'

Are you quite sure?

KIRBY

Quite...absolutely.

Maitre d' holds up his hand, catches the bartender's attention. Two fingers. Points to Kirby's table.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Chocolate?

MAITRE D'

Godiva's.

KIRBY

The lady with no clothes and the great
big chocolates.

Maitre d' takes one. Exquisite. He sits, savors the
dark confection.

MAITRE D'

Perfection.

KIRBY

So was she.

MAITRE D'

Your young lady?

KIRBY

Beautiful.

The double arrives. Kirby tosses it off.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Women suck, huh?

MAITRE D'

So I've heard.

Kirby licks the glass of any residue.

KIRBY

You married?

MAITRE D'

No.

KIRBY

Ever?

MAITRE D'

Once. Dreadful.

KIRBY

Yeah?

MAITRE D'

I've concluded that marriage is like a
violin. After the music is over, you
still have the strings.

KIRBY

You make me feel lucky.

MAITRE D'
 That's my job sir.
 (another chocolate)
 I'll just you call a taxi then.

Kirby - totally blasted - smiles.

KIRBY
 Call me anything you want.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Rosie is still dressed. Out cold. Snoring. Half dozen empty martini glasses on her bed stand.

Julia sails in. Her voice, a fog horn:

JULIA
 Up and at 'em!

Rosie shoots straight up. Looks at Julia who's pulling the drapes.

The sun is a like a laser beam in her eyes. Blind for a beat.

ROSIE
 What time is it?

JULIA
 Tomorrow. You're an hour late already.

ROSIE
 I stood him up.

JULIA
 Who?

ROSIE
 A guy I sort of liked.

JULIA
 Sort of liked? True love.

ROSIE
 I owe him an apology.

JULIA
 Honey, if he ain't a close friend - or a tiger in the sack - you don't owe him squat.

ROSIE
 He's a decent guy.
 (looks in mirror)
 I'm gutter scum.

Rosie flashes by he mirror.

JULIA
 Pond scum maybe. You're too hard on
 yourself. He's just a guy.

ROSIE
 A decent guy.

JULIA
 So, call him. Say your car got stolen.

ROSIE
 I can't lie to him.

Rosie's face is clenched in despair.

JULIA
 You are in trouble.
 (heads out)
 I got coffee for you in the kitchen.
 Call me.

And she's gone.

Rosie looks over at the answering machine: displays three
 unheard messages. Clicks it. Rewinds. Stops:

KIRBY (PHONE)
 Hi, it's me. Just wondering where you
 are. Probably on your way.

Message two:

KIRBY (CONT'D)
 (drunker)
 Me again. Kirby. Your date? At
 Reinaldi's on Michigan. Hope something
 terrible hasn't happened to you I'd feel
 pretty silly just sitting here.

Message three:

KIRBY (CONT'D)
 (slurred)
 I'm probably here on the wrong
 night...mebbe...I dunno...
 (long pause; hiccup)
 (More)

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Oops. Sorry. My mind wandered and never came back.

Phone clicks off. Rosie's look has turned from despair to dejection.

ROSIE

Wonder where he is?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Where he is -- is face-down on the carpet. Still dressed. Never moves.

Bernie comes over, lays his head on Kirby. Off the dog's look...

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: "Three Months Later"

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nick is lying in bed.

NICK

Are you staying for breakfast?

ROSIE (O.S.)

No.

She comes from bathroom, fixing her hair, smoothing the dress.

NICK

Why are you always in such a hurry to leave?

ROSIE

I'm not. Just busy.

NICK

It's okay to miss today's blog. Don't worry - I know the boss. Send a tweet about wine on a date.

(winks)

That'll get things going.

ROSIE

I have some things I need to do, Nick. That's all.

NICK
We're getting married in three weeks.

ROSIE
(softly)
I know.

Leans down, kisses him lightly. Goes. He watches her leave, then frowns.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Table is set. Breakfast waits. Lily waits. Bernie waits. Finally, Kirby schleps in.

LILY
If they paid you what you're worth -
there'd be a lot more money for the rest
of us.
(to the dog)
Right?

Bernie barks.

KIRBY
(half asleep)
Coffee.

LILY
Eat.

KIRBY
Not hungry. Coffee.

LILY
No. Food. Eat.

KIRBY
I don't need food, Grandma. I need
coffee.

LILY
(shoves orange juice over)
Drink it.

KIRBY
Not unless there's vodka in there.

He stabs here and there at the food. When she does bring coffee, he gulps it down.

LILY

Get over this woman and get on with your life.

KIRBY

What life?

LILY

You know, the best selling romance novelist who hasn't written a page in three months?

(butters toast)

Nate is on the phone every day, screaming.

KIRBY

Scream back. Better yet, hang up.

LILY

Get your head out of your butt.

KIRBY

I quit writing. I'm doing something else.

LILY

What? Goalie for a dart team?

KIRBY

I don't know yet.

LILY

You're hopeless.

KIRBY

You're right.

(smile)

Any Scotch left?

She shakes her head, leaves.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CAFE' - DAY (LATER)

Kirby sits at a small outdoor cafe. Miserable. Bernie on a chair next to him.

He nurses a latte' and scrolls through BLOGS on his I-Pad. Opens WIND.COM and the "Dear John" blog. Reads.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CAFE' - DAY (LATER STILL)

Kirby is painstakingly typing out an email. Reading as he goes:

KIRBY
 "Dear John. I'm in love with someone who
 doesn't love me. But almost did..."

TIME CUTS BETWEEN THE FOLLOWING:

INT. ROSIE'S OFFICE

Rosie reading as Kirby's voice cross-fades into hers:

ROSIE
 "...I must win back that love. But I
 don't know where to start. Any
 suggestions? Signed - "Nicole In Need"

Rosie leans back in her chair. Chews on her reply, then, starts tapping away at the keyboard.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
 Dear "Nicole In Need" start at the
 beginning. That's right, go back and do
 it again...

INT. KIRBY'S KITCHEN

Kirby continues Rosie's column:

KIRBY
 "...but this time do something different.
 Be someone different. Surprise your man.
 It's romantic and effective. He'll love
 it. Good luck. John."

He looks up from the I-Pad screen. Thinks. His eyes a mixture of confusion and enlightenment.

Bernie regards Kirby expectantly.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
 What do you think pal?

Dog hops up. Noses the I-Pad screen.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
 What?

Dog barks. Kirby looks. His face registers shock.

HIS POV:

It's the "Wedding & Engagement" info page. At the top in bold headlines --

ROSIE ADLER TO WED NICHOLAS MONROE and an engagement photo of the couple.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

No!

Bernie cocks his head.

INT. ROSIE'S OFFICE

Rosie at her desk, writing. Stops. It's like she doesn't know what to do anymore.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN --

Another zillion or so emails. She sighs, notices one of the senders is, "*Nicole In Need*"

She double clicks the email, reads:

"Dear John. It's worse than I thought. The one I love is engaged! And not to me. What about confrontation? I have to make my feelings known. What do you think? I'm desperate."

Rosie cocks her head. This is becoming interesting. Starts tapping away, talking as she writes:

ROSIE

Dear Nicole In Need...what you need is a good swift kick in the pants! If you love this guy...

(stops; thinks)

Move some mountains. You have to let him know. The sooner the better. Remember women may not admit their age -- but men never act theirs.

She taps it with a flourish - hits "Send." Then starts a new screen.

Logs in as "Inkman" then tweets -- "Okay, most of you are Merlot-heads. That's a 'vino-rap' 2-day..."

EXT. INTERNET CAFE' - DAY

Morning coffee addicts checking their smart phones, laptops, etc. Mostly women who jump over to the "Dear John" blog.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick is scanning through the blog. Laughs, shakes his head. Hits the intercom:

NICK

Ask my fiance' to step in here please.

INT. ROSIE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Phone rings. She answers, listens.

ROSIE

Tell him I'm too busy being his "advice slave" to break away.

Hangs up. Smug. Starts writing again when Nick sticks his head around the corner.

NICK

You want a better office, you come when the boss calls you.

Rosie never misses a beat - or a letter on her keyboard:

ROSIE

You want a wife - you better not use that "boss" line ever again.

NICK

In a couple of weeks we'll be blood relations. Blood's thicker than water you know?

ROSIE

And tastier.

NICK

Behind Merlot...
 (re: her look)
 ...Based on your 'tweet.'
 (leans in)
 Come over tonight.

ROSIE

Not until the wedding.

NICK

What? You grew a conscience?

ROSIE

Just found the one I had.

Nick's lips are about two inches - and closing - from hers.

NICK

I'm your one in a million guy.

ROSIE

Really? Let's see, in China alone there are a billion people. Worldwide over five billion. Think of it. More than five billion people. That means even if you're a "one-in-a-million guy" --

(lips are very close)

-- there are still five thousand *other* guys exactly like you.

Shatters the moment he was working for.

NICK

What?

ROSIE

Snappy comeback.

NICK

A little kiss?

Still machine-gunning her keyboard.

ROSIE

No. But it *is* the second best thing you can do with your lips.

(shoos him)

I have a deadline.

NICK

Who's "Nicole"?

She stops typing for the first time.

ROSIE

A woman in love.

NICK

She's an elephant. You know that?

ROSIE

The only thing I know is that she loves someone totally. With all her heart.

(types again)

The way it should be.

NICK

She's as ugly as a sack full of elbows and reads romance novels.

ROSIE

How would you know?

NICK

I get around.

ROSIE

So does the clap.

NICK

But keep answering her.

ROSIE

Why?

NICK

Because the internet hits are over the top. That was why I wanted you to come to my office.

(ta-da!)

Cole McKenzie wants to sponsor your blog.

ROSIE

What...?

NICK

Snappy comeback.

ROSIE

Why?

NICK

Nicole Forrester's publishers. They think it's perfect for your blog. I do too. Keep it up.

(winks)

So will I.

He's gone. She rolls her eyes.

INT. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

He's at the computer sending another email. The front doorbell rings.

KIRBY

Send...

Hits a button, then opens the door on a heaving, sputtering Nate Collier. His toupee' skewed a little north.

NATE

Did you know your elevator's out?

KIRBY

No.

NATE

Eight friggin' floors and I gotta' walk up to see Mister... "I'm-not-a-writer-anymore."

Kirby helps him to the couch. Nate collapses like bad soufflé.

NATE (CONT'D)

Three months! You still haven't finished the damned book.

KIRBY

My grandmother explained it to you.

NATE

I'm supposed to listen to your grandmother? I gotta' contract.

KIRBY

I don't care. I can't finish it. I'm busy on something else.

NATE

(brightens)

A new novel?

KIRBY

Correspondence.

NATE

You're takin' a correspondence course? What the hell for!

KIRBY

Not a course. Just correspondence.

NATE
Letters from fans?

KIRBY
Uh, no. Grandma handles those.

NATE
What's going on?

KIRBY
(waggles finger)
A little ignorance can go a long way.

Nate clumps over to the computer before Kirby can head him off.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
That's private Nate!

Nate blocks him. Reads. His eyebrows arch like McDonalds. Looks at Kirby aghast.

NATE
You're 'Nicole' from that internet thing?

KIRBY
Maybe.

NATE
Maybe!
(points)
There it is! What are you tryin' to do, ruin me?

KIRBY
No! Just trying to get the person I love.

Now Nate is really floored.

NATE
You're in love with Dear John?

KIRBY
Not Dear John.
(softer)
A woman.

NATE
What woman?

KIRBY
A woman. That's all you need to know.

NATE

Let me talk to her.

KIRBY

I wouldn't let you talk to my dog.

Bernie "woofs", trots out of the room.

NATE

Let me reason with her. I'll get her to bear your children. Just finish the damned novel.

KIRBY

She's getting married in two weeks.

NATE

Then, I'll get ten women who'll marry you tomorrow -- *and* bear your children!

KIRBY

I'm taking a sabbatical.

NATE

You don't go to church.

KIRBY

Sabbatical -- not sabbath. Time away.

NATE

How much time?

KIRBY

I don't know. I wanna' try something.

NATE

What? Let me help.

KIRBY

Hurrying me isn't helping.

NATE

Whatever you want.

KIRBY

Yeah?

(Nate nods)

I want to know all about her.

NATE

Spy on her?

KIRBY

Research. Use one of those pencil-necks
in the research section.

NATE

How long?

KIRBY

Just get me something I can use.
Something to win her heart.

NATE

No problem.
(counts on fingers)
Sad story, money, a gun. They all work.

KIRBY

I'm serious. Do it and I'll finish the
book.

NATE

What's her name?

KIRBY

Rosie...something.

NATE

Geez, don't make it too easy.

KIRBY

That's all I know.

Nate rushes out. Kirby goes back to the laptop.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

It's lunchtime. Various people enjoying the warm day.
More checking electronic devices for the blog.

INT. TV STATION - DAY

On the set, a carefully-coiffured anchor smiles, shakes
her head. In the corner of the screen the "Dear John"
BLOG logo.

OVER IT READS: "The hits just keep on comin'."

EXT. BILLBOARD - DAY

Big ad -- WIND.COM Is pushing "Dear John" blog. Picture
of LOGO and the words: "Is Nicole's time running out?"

INT. PUBLISHING OFFICES - DAY

Nate yanks the door open, peers out. Nods at Valentina.

NATE

Is he late?

VALENTINA

(buffs her nails)

No.

NATE

Don't just sit there, file something.
What do I pay you for?

VALENTINA

Not for filing.

She smooths her spray-on dress. Not a wrinkle. Skin tight.

NATE

Right.

Kirby walks in. Nate hurries out to meet him.

NATE (CONT'D)

Where you been?

Drags him inside the office, shuts the door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kirby pulls out a file folder.

NATE

Her name is Rosie Adler. But it's the
mother that's interesting.

KIRBY

What about her?

NATE

Francine Lewellyn Adler. Name ring a
bell?

(nothing)

Lewellyn?

KIRBY

As in Lewellyn Industries?

NATE

Give the man a cookie. Your girl
friend's family is loaded.

KIRBY

She's not my girl friend yet. And I
don't need the money.

NATE

I do.

KIRBY

What else?

NATE

Not much. Chairman of the Board.
Widowed. Lives alone. Travels a lot.

KIRBY

The daughter or the mother?

NATE

The mother. Did I say she was loaded?

KIRBY

Twice.

Scans his information sheet again.

NATE

And apparently, she's looking for a short-
term butler.

KIRBY

The mother?

NATE

Yeah. One more thing...

KIRBY

What?

Long beat.

NATE

She is -- "Dear John!"

KIRBY

Mrs. Adler?

NATE

No numbnuts. Your dream woman.

KIRBY

Rosie?

NATE

Bingo. When can I have the book?

But Kirby's not listening. Kirby's thinking. Very hard.

TIME CUT:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Kirby looks good. Dark, elegant three piece designer suit, vest, silk tie. He examines himself closely.

Looks down at Bernie. The dog whines.

KIRBY

Don't give me a bad time.

Bernie hops on the bed. A knock:

LILY (O.S.)

You decent?

KIRBY

Define ...decent.

Lily appears at the doorway. She's impressed.

LILY

Very nice.

KIRBY

You think?

LILY

My grandson, the banker.

KIRBY

The butler.

LILY

Huh?

KIRBY

It's a long story.

LILY

Your actual mileage varies, doesn't it?

KIRBY

I'll be gone for awhile.

LILY

Didn't you have a butler character in
"Love Me, Leave Me, Love Me?"

KIRBY

Second largest selling Nicole Forrester
novel.

LILY

I hope this ending's as good.

KIRBY

Me too. Will you watch Bernie?

LILY

Sure.

KIRBY

Need to forge some documents so I can
pass for a butler.

LILY

How long?

KIRBY

Few days.

LILY

You're in love aren't you?

KIRBY

Yeah, Grandma. I am.

He hugs her, grabs a small gym bag, hurries out.

INT. ROSIE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Sits at the computer.

ON THE SCREEN

"Dear John I've taken your advice. I'm going to move a
mountain or two. Today's the day.

Only one problem, what if this doesn't work?"

ROSIE TYPES:

"Dear Nicole -- what if it does?"

INT. KIRBY'S CAR - DAY

He re-reads his I-Phone, drops it on the seat.

HIS POV:

The lavish estate of Francine Lewellyn Adler. Grounds go on forever.

Clears his throat, leans out the window, talks to the INTERCOM on the walled gate.

KIRBY
(lowers voice)
I'm here for the interview.

The gate swings open with a hydraulic "whoosh."

INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Kirby sits very straight in his chair. Across the desk is --

FRANCINE LEWELLYN ADLER

Late 60's. Very petite. Kind eyes and wispy red hair.

FRANCINE
Your credentials are in order, Mr. Mitchell. May I inquire as to why you left your last employer?

KIRBY
My grandmother was ill.

FRANCINE
I see. That's no longer a problem?

KIRBY
No.

FRANCINE
You realize this a live-in position but only temporary?

KIRBY
I was informed.

FRANCINE

Good. As a rule I travel during the fall and would not require anyone but my daughter is getting married and will be living here until the wedding. Very busy time for us. Any questions?

KIRBY

When is the wedding?

FRANCINE

A week from Friday.

KIRBY

Does this mean I have the job?

FRANCINE

I'm sure you'll be adequate to the task...

(reads name again)

...Mitchell.

KIRBY

How would you prefer to be addressed Madam?

She gives him a narrow look.

FRANCINE

Not as a 'madam.' Mrs. Adler will suffice. Can you start today?

KIRBY

Uh, sure -- yes, I can...

FRANCINE

Your quarters are this way.

He follows.

INT. SERVANT'S QUARTERS - DAY

Small bedroom. Bathroom attached. Neat and clean.

FRANCINE

I believe you will find this comfortable.

Kirby drops his gym bag on the double bed. Nods.

KIRBY

Thank you.

FRANCINE

I'm having guests this evening. Four for dinner and drinks. Can you get settled that quickly?

KIRBY

Yes ma'am.

FRANCINE

You'll find what you need in the kitchen. I've done the shopping. We're having chicken parmigiana.

KIRBY

You are?

FRANCINE

You do know how to prepare chicken parmigiana?

KIRBY

One of my favorite dishes.

FRANCINE

Splendid.

She's gone. Dejected look in his eye. Opens the gym bag, pulls out a small laptop. Hooks it to his I-Phone.

INT. FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

The doorbell. Francine swings it open. Julia and Rosie. She hugs her daughter.

FRANCINE

I have everything ready.

ROSIE

You remember Julia, Mom?

JULIA

Nice to see you again.

FRANCINE

And you.

ROSIE

Where do you want me? My old room?

FRANCINE

I'll have Mitchell make it up before dinner this evening.

ROSIE
C'mon, Mom. You thought "Dairy Queen"
was a suspicious milkman.
(clocks the area)
Where is this guy?

FRANCINE
Preparing dinner. I spoke to Nick, he'll
be here at 7:30. Pastor Barnett as well.

ROSIE
I have to go back and finish today's
blog.

FRANCINE
Don't be late.

Francine hustles toward the kitchen. Rosie looks at the
house, then to Julia who's been gawking.

ROSIE
Be it ever so humble.

JULIA
You come from this kind of money and you
work at that dot.com?

ROSIE
I don't want her money. She knows that.

JULIA
Have you always been this stupid or did
you take lessons?

ROSIE
Natural ability.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

If you drop all of your kitchen utensils out of a Cessna -
they'll land like this. Clutter everywhere.

Kirby, pot holders on the wrong hands, manages to burn
himself on the hot oven anyway.

Tries again to retrieve a casserole dish. All he manages
to do is drop it.

Shatters into a couple of dozen pieces. He is way over
his head here.

Throws the gloves, they hit the door just as Francine
walks in.

She surveys the "ground zero" that used to be her kitchen.

FRANCINE
Is everything alright?

KIRBY
Perfect. Just used to having more help.

She does another once-over of the mess.

FRANCINE
A lot more, apparently. Make sure the chicken isn't overdone.

KIRBY
Wouldn't think of it.

She leaves. He looks around. This is more than he'd bargained for. Pot boils over. Off his look...

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Dark, only a desk lamp. He lays on his couch, a phone crooked in his ear.

NICK
When?
(listens)
Sure Francine...
(listens)
Great. Bye.

Hangs up. Pair of FEMININE HANDS appear - begin to rub his shoulders. He holds one of them, looks up at the unseen masseuse:

NICK (CONT'D)
I guess the engagement's getting right down to the wire. Better use the short time left, huh?

Now the rest of the woman -- Valentina!

VALENTINA
Tell me why are you gettin' married again, Nicky?

NICK
Business baby. She's loaded.

VALENTINA
Drunk huh?

NICK

No. As in "money," loaded. Money for us.

(scans the ample bust)

All of us...

They meld together on the couch. His tie and shirt coming off. Her dress going the distance. Afternoon delight.

MONTAGE/INTERCUTS:

INT. ROSIE'S CUBICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rosie is studying her computer screen where we read:

"I did it. I took your advice. I'm working in the same household"

INT. SERVANT QUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

Kirby is on his lap top writing this in real time:

"Problem is I'm in the kitchen. The only thing kitchens and I have in common is the refrigerator. Dinner for four by eight. Need a miracle by seven"

INT. ROSIE'S CUBICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rosie bites her lip. Considers her answer. Starts typing: "Dear Nicole - Time's a wastin. Tweet meet at Inkman. Stat!

Kirby whips out the I-phone. Waits a beat, TWEETS:
"GRLINLUV here!"

TWEET BACK: He's just a man. But ain't love grand? Do you know Reinaldi's on Michigan?"

INTERCUT: DOWNTOWN TOWER

A headline display. The words of the blog roll across the giant screen as they are being written.

"INKMAN is DEAR JOHN. He's tweeting NICOLE, she's GRLINLUV!"

ON THE STREET:

Readers for the blog all start to log into TWITTER.

INT. SERVANT QUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

Kirby looks up. Brilliant. Types: "Great idea! Thanks. Serving too. Is it from the right or left?"

Dials rapidly as he waits...

KIRBY

Reinaldi. Hi, it's me, Kirby.

(listens)

Fine, thanks. Look, I need a favor.

INT. REINALDI'S RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

Reinaldi, short, round and very Italian. Smiles broadly as he takes the order.

INT. ROSIE'S CUBICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

She kicks her shoes off - puts her feet up. Pulls up and Oreos. Eats one. Now she's ready.

Types: "From the left. Can you keep your I-phone with you?"

INT. SERVANT QUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

Glances at his watch. Then reads the screen. Face lights up. Types: YESCANDO.

INT. ROSIE'S CUBICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rosie smiles, rocks back in her chair. This is kind of fun.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TOWER - LATE AFTERNOON

Last words have just run across WIND.COM's giant electronic street display.

Small crowd's gathered. Watching. Waiting. Some checking smart phones, I-pads, etc.

INT. ROSIE'S CUBICLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Something occurs to her. Picks up the phone. Dials.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Kirby enters as the phone rings. Doesn't open it. Rings again as he clocks the area. No one. Picks up:

KIRBY
(deep)
Adler residence.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

ROSIE
You're the new butler?

KIRBY
(looks at the phone)
May I help you?

ROSIE
Mitchell?

KIRBY
And who may I say is calling?

ROSIE
You haven't met me, I'm Mrs. Adler's daughter.

KIRBY
Of course.

ROSIE
Have we met? Your voice sounds familiar.

Kirby, a little frantic, calms himself.

KIRBY
I only just began this morning, Miss Adler.

ROSIE
Rosie.

KIRBY
Pardon?

ROSIE
Call me, Rosie.

KIRBY
Rosie.

Rosie cocks her head. There it is again. The way he said her name.

ROSIE

You're sure I didn't run into you when I was there?

KIRBY

I'd have remembered.

ROSIE

Okay. Well, tell Mom I might be late for dinner. I'm going to be helping a friend out this evening.

KIRBY

Is that a good idea?

Rosie looks at the phone. Eyes flash.

ROSIE

How do you know what's a "good idea for me?"

Kirby realizes he's gone too far. Back-peddles.

KIRBY

Just that I was told, by Mrs. Adler, to include a Pastor and fiance' for dinner. I naturally assumed that you would not want to miss such an important meal.

ROSIE

Don't assume, Mitchell.

He looks at the phone. Assumes the perfunctory voice again.

KIRBY

As you wish. I'll tell Mrs. Adler you won't be joining her.

ROSIE

No! Don't tell her that!

Now she's frantic. Calms herself.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Tell her I'm going to be a bit later is all. Nothing more.

KIRBY

Of course.

He hangs up. Smiles.

TIME CUT:

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Kirby is messing up pots with spaghetti sauce, chicken, etc. Anything to make it look like he's cooking a meal. Francine walks in, sniffs.

FRANCINE

Mitchell, have you put the chicken in yet?

KIRBY

Uh, not quite. Almost ready.

He fumbles with a knife and a package of chicken. Smiles his most winning smile.

FRANCINE

I don't want it *underdone* either.

KIRBY

Of course.

She leaves. Kirby slumps. Looks at his watch. It's nearly seven o'clock. Dials.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Hi, is Reinaldi there?

MAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

I'm sorry he was called away on a family emergency. May I help you?

KIRBY

What emergency! Reinaldi was fixing chicken parmigiana for four -- by seven!

MAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

Four by seven?

KIRBY

Yes. Name is Mitchell.

MAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

You're not on the delivery schedule.

KIRBY

I'm not!

MAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

Sorry.

KIRBY

How long to prepare it if you started now?

MAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

We could deliver by ten --!

KIRBY

Ten! That doesn't do me any good you moron!

MAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

Thank you for calling.

Clicks off. Kirby is beside himself. Has nothing near being ready. Flips the I-Phone again, texts: "Reinaldi can't deliver! Can you? Nicole in Desperation."

EXT. DOWNTOWN TOWER - EVENING

The words flash across. More people stop to read, converse about the dilemma playing out in real time on SCREEN.

INT. COLLEGE CAFETERIA - EVENING

Students on laptops, phones, etc. Again, mostly women tweet and text. Now, the "Nicole" tweets appear again.

INT. ROSIE'S CUBICLE - EVENING

Rosie's tapping away: "Calm down. Take out the chicken and follow directions. It's pretty simple. This is true love. Right?"

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Kirby looks at the screen stupidly.

KIRBY

She's going to help me cook it.

TOWER SCREEN:

People are stopped, read the electronic crawling sign.

CROSS-TOWN BUS:

Where women check their various electronic devices.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Kirby races around, periodically checking his phone.

Then streaks off to accomplish whatever he just read.

NATE'S APARTMENT:

Reads his computer screen, shakes his head.

NICK'S OFFICE:

Happens to glance at the computer screen. See's the "TWEETS" tapping out. His eyes super-glued to the screen.

ADLER'S FRONT DOOR:

opens to reveal PASTOR CARTER BARNETT. 50's, tall, gaunt. All Adam's apple and ankles. Smiles pontifically, hands his coat to Kirby.

The minute the Pastor disappears, Kirby chucks the coat overhand into the closet. Back to the kitchen at light speed.

ROSIE'S CUBICLE:

Has open the "*AMERICA'S GREATEST CHEFS*" coffee table book. Reads the recipe verbatim.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Kirby races again to the screen, reads: "Saute' the chicken with two cloves of garlic, one cup white wine, 1/2 stick of butter. Remove when browned."

OUTSIDE THE TOWER:

People are in little groups now following the progress. Some make notes of the recipe. Others bet money.

ROSIE'S CUBICLE:

She taps away. More of the recipe. Munches another Oreo. Shoes kicked off. Skirt hiked up, straddling her chair as she works now.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Clock reads 7:20 PM. Kirby starting to show the strain. Doorbell rings. He streaks out.

ADLER'S FRONT DOOR OPENS ON:

Nick holding a bottle of French wine.

Stares at Kirby who bows, motions the drawing room. Nick shrugs, goes inside.

KIRBY IS SUPERMAN -- flies off to dump the coat.

AT THE CLOSET:

He throws in the bottle. "Clunk" Wrong! Realizes his mistake, switches them.

ROSIE'S CUBICLE:

"Add red sauce, shrooms n top/w grated Parmesan

IN THE KITCHEN:

Kirby doing precisely that.

NATE'S OFFICE:

He picks up the phone, dials. Waits.

THE KITCHEN:

Cell rings. Kirby looks at it, answers:

KIRBY (CONT'D)

What?

NATE (O.S.)

You cookin' dinner?

KIRBY

How'd you know?

NATE (O.S.)

Everybody knows. Wind.com is playin' it out in real time.

KIRBY

Yeah?

NATE (O.S.)

Don't poison anybody.

KIRBY

The plan's working.

NATE (O.S.)

What plan?

KIRBY

The one I'm making up.

He sprints to the stove. Slams a casserole dish into the oven.

THE DINING ROOM:

The CLOCK reads 8:12 PM. Chimes the quarter hour as Kirby walks in with an hors d'oeuvre tray. Tiny sauteed shrimp.

Serves each in turn, Pastor Barnett, Nick and Francine who immediately bites into the shrimp.

It's good. Very good. She nods slightly, smiles.

FRANCINE

Very tasty Mitchell

NICK

Yeah. Can I get a beer?

Kirby nods slightly. Smiles at the Pastor.

PASTOR BARNETT

I have great hopes for dinner.

KIRBY

Me too.

IN THE KITCHEN:

Kirby checks in the oven. Goes to the fridge pulls a beer, back to his phone:

Types: "Shrimp - check. Main dish so-so.

Starts to hit enter, then adds: Person w8ting on not here!" HITS ENTER. Tweet flies.

ROSIE'S CUBICLE:

She reads, looks at her own watch. Gasps, taps: "Must run. Tell me all 2mara."

IN THE KITCHEN:

Kirby, one foot pulling down the oven door, as he's texts: "YOU ROCK! She will love me! Nicole, Soon Out of Need.

OUTSIDE THE TOWER:

a pretty large crowd assembled now. There's a collective gasp.

ROSIE'S CUBICLE:

Message stopped her like a laser hit. Texts: "Wow! My first same sex match up." She hits enter. "Love tweet love."

IN THE KITCHEN:

Kirby's too busy trying to douse the fire which has just started in the oven.

Fumbles with heat pads, lifts out the casserole dish. Slides it onto the counter to cool.

Turns back, sees the last note from Dear John. Goes over, types: "I'm certain I'm not sure..."

ROSIE'S CUBICLE:

Types: "You're not a woman?" Waits for the answer.

OUTSIDE THE TOWER

People stop talking, look at the screen. Rapt attention.

INTERNET CAFE':

Same scene. A dozen - mostly women - stare at their internet devices.

ROSIE'S CUBICLE:

"No." She looks up, wheels turning behind the eyes. Suddenly hits her!

Texts: "Do you work for my mother!"

CAMPUS LIBRARY:

Crowd watches laptops, I-phones/pads expectantly. Deathly quiet.

CROSS TOWN BUS:

Bus full of people staring. Waiting for the answer.

ROSIE'S CUBICLE:

Transfixed. Screen cursor blinks. No other movement. Finally...

"Yes. And you're late."

Rosie flies out like a bullet!

FAST INTERCUTS:

People chatter to perfect strangers. Make notes. Call friends. Text, motion, close/open laptops, etc. What a development as the --

SEQUENCE ENDS:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Kirby serves the chicken pepperoni. Pastor Barnett savors the aroma.

PASTOR BARNETT

I must have your recipe.

KIRBY

It'll be here any minute.

PASTOR BARNETT

(to Francine)

This one's a real find.

NICK

Yeah, where *did* you find this guy?

FRANCINE

Actually, he found me.

ROSIE (O.S.)

Us. He found us.

Of course, everyone spins around like the Rockettes. Rosie's at the door. Dripping. No umbrella.

FRANCINE

You're a mess.

Rosie takes off the soaked raincoat. Eyes snapping.

ROSIE

What do you want!

Kirby takes her coat, motions.

KIRBY

Another chance.

NICK

You know this guy?

FRANCINE

Mitchell?

Kirby walks back into the kitchen. Meanwhile, the Pastor is plowing through his chicken pepperoni like a D-8 Cat.

PASTOR BARNETT

(between mouthfuls)

Better hang on to him, Franny. First rate cook.

NICK

Who the hell is this guy?

Rosie doesn't look at him. That's because she has a thousand yard stare.

ROSIE

Our new butler.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Nick is incensed. Rosie, unmoving, as he paces around her.

NICK

So you boffed the butler?

ROSIE

I may have.

NICK

I can't believe you picked up a butler.

ROSIE

I didn't pick him up. And he's not a butler.

NICK

Then what the hell is he?

ROSIE

He's a man, you dimwit. And don't yell at me!

Pulls the ring off her finger. Launches it. He ducks.

NICK

What is it with you! Every time we have a discussion you want out?

ROSIE

You just don't get it, do you?

NICK

I love you. That's all I know.

They look at one another. Both soften.

NICK (CONT'D)

You love me more than you think you do.

ROSIE

I've tried to but...

Hangs in the air a moment. A sudden flicker of fear shoots through his eyes.

NICK

Don't do anything we'll both regret.
Please.

ROSIE

I'm not sure anymore.

NICK

You don't have to be. You just have to
give "us"... a chance. We're worth that,
aren't we?

Long beat. Her voice barely a whisper.

ROSIE

Okay.

He kisses her, leaves. She stands mute. A single tear finding its way down her cheek.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Francine is at the stove. Cooking. Rosie's in her bathrobe at the table. Head down.

FRANCINE

The wedding announcement party is
tomorrow night.

Rosie raises her blood-shot eyes. No sleep. Not a wink.

ROSIE

When a Smurf chokes, what color does it
turn?

Francine stops cooking. Turns the stove off and sits by her daughter.

FRANCINE

Talk to me.

ROSIE

I don't know if I love Nick.

FRANCINE

Have you told him?

ROSIE

He doesn't believe me. I don't know what to do, Mama.

FRANCINE

You never have. It's my fault. When your father died I couldn't say no to you.

ROSIE

You think I'm spoiled?

FRANCINE

Yes. That's not the problem. This...
(touches her heart)
...is the problem. What you feel here.

Takes a moment to remember. Savoring the memory.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

When I met your father he was not all that attractive to me. He was all right but no bells or whistles or anything. Although I did like his face. He had a nice face.

(smile)

But, when I kissed him that first time ...I was stunned.

(thinks)

That's the only word I can use to describe it. Stunned.

ROSIE

Did you hear a choir singing "Hallelujah?"

FRANCINE

(shakes head)

Frank Sinatra. "My Sweet Embraceable You."

(smooths Rosie's hair)

Was it that way with Nick?

ROSIE

Not exactly. You think I'm wrong about him, don't you?

FRANCINE

I don't know, sweetheart. Nick's from a well known family. He has influence. He's handsome. But I'm not the one marrying him. All I can do is offer a little help.

ROSIE

A little help at the right time is better than a lot of help at the wrong time.

Francine hugs her daughter. A moment that's been a long time coming.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick huddles around his desk with Jackson.

NICK

There has to be something.

JACKSON

I tell ya' boss, nothin'. He lives alone with a dog. His mother lives in town and he sees her more than anybody else.

NICK

I just don't buy it. You find out for me, Jackson. I don't care how you do it. Expense every thing to the paper. But you find out.

(ice)

Can you handle that?

JACKSON

Does Dolly Parton sleep on her back?

Jackson's face creases into a broad grin.

INT. ADLER ESTATE - NIGHT

The wedding announcement party is in full swing. The house decorated right out of Better Homes and Gardens.

Lavish floral arrangements. Well-heeled guests, all perfectly groomed and elegantly dressed.

Waiters offer hors D'oeuvres. Bartenders mix elaborate drinks.

Nick, dressed to the nines, knocks back a Scotch. Motions for another as he is congratulated.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kirby is at the back door reading a bill. Reinaldi's catering company and...

GIUSEPPE REINALDI

is the man holding the bill. Short. Italian. Barrel-chested. A fire hydrant with feet.

KIRBY

Wasn't much of a break, Reinaldi.

REINALDI

Wasn't much notice, Kirby.

KIRBY

But sixty-six hundred bucks?

REINALDI

Overhead.

KIRBY

You lost my take-out order for the chicken parmigiana. Screwed up the whole evening. That's worth a discount.

Little round man scrunches his forehead, then with a flourish crosses something off the bill.

REINALDI

Sixty-four ninety-nine. How's that?

KIRBY

Jeez. Mussolini in an apron.

Reinaldi smiles, leaves. Kirby watches the kitchen. It's a well oiled machine.

Waiters dart in and out. Cooks cook. Busboys bus. Thing of beauty as Francine pokes her head in.

FRANCINE

Well done, Mitchell.

Kirby smiles.

KIRBY

Thank you ma'am.

FRANCINE

Pastor was right. You are a find.

Kirby does an "Aw shucks" kick of the foot. When she leaves he sags. Weight of the world on his shoulders.

INT. MAIN SALON - NIGHT

The band plays in the corner. Perky Latin number. A Waiter hands Nick a note. He looks around, ducks out the side.

Francine walks to the Band Leader, whispers. He ends the song with a flourish, points to the microphone, 'taps' it. Room falls silent.

FRANCINE

Thank you all for coming. It's so wonderful to have you here. I wish Tom were alive to see this.

(emotional)

On his behalf, I am delighted to present our only daughter Rosie and officially announce her wedding next week to Mr. Nicholas Monroe.

All eyes snap as the light hits Rosie.

POV:

She looks - for all the world - like a princess. A sublime vision. Her every move, fluid perfection.

FROM THE CORNER:

She *is* the most beautiful creature on the planet. Kirby, watches, his eyes flicker with that exquisite pain of loss.

FRANCINE MOTIONS

to the Band Leader who strikes up a romantic melody. People look around. Wait expectantly.

Rosie searches the crowd. No Nick. Embarrassment washes across her face. Very awkward moment.

Suddenly -- Kirby steps over to her! He takes her hand. Rosie is stunned.

A hushed gasp from the onlookers. The butler is asking her to dance?

He gently leads her onto the parquet. They are the perfect couple in the most perfect of moments.

Gliding around the floor. Everyone in the room is caught up in the scene that plays out before them.

Kirby bends his head close to her ear whispers softly:

KIRBY

She was the most beautiful woman in the world -- and she was with him.

Rosie is astonished at the passage he's quoting as he moves even closer to her.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Carefully, ever so slowly, he took her in his arms and they began the dance of love. Close. Warm.

(closer)

It's was as if they had always been in this embrace."

Rosie damned near swoons.

Francine catches the look on her daughter's face and it registers.

Nick hurries back in. Lipstick on his mouth. He rubs it off with his sleeve.

Walks up to Kirby, taps him on the shoulder.

Kirby knows who it is without looking. Relinquishes her to the other man.

ROSIE'S EYES

glisten as Nick dances her away from Kirby. And the crowd applauds politely as we slowly...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Rosie is waiting for Nick in his office when he arrives.

NICK

We having a meeting? I just came from one.

ROSIE

Your meetings have meetings.

NICK

Last week we doubled our "Apps" downloads and the on-line subscriptions are up 60%. All because of *Dear John*. Ad revenue projections are through the roof!

ROSIE

That's good.

NICK

No, that's great! Keep this up and I'll be running the entire WIND media conglomerate by Christmas.

ROSIE

I want out.

NICK

Honey, just hang in there.

He takes her in his arms.

NICK (CONT'D)

I promise, as soon as we're married, I'll give you an investigative by-line and blog page.

ROSIE

I've been offered a position in South Bend.

NICK

So?

ROSIE

I want to take it.

NICK

Indiana? What's the point?

ROSIE

A chance to be a reporter.

NICK

You have a killer blog about to be syndicated nationwide. Brought in a record number of 'tweets'. Damned near crashed the company servers.

(takes her hand)

We have a life here, Rosie. You and me. We're a team. A great team.

(searching)

I love you.

ROSIE

I know.

NICK

I promise you, an investigative on-line web-site and a weekly broadcast/streaming video reporter gig by the end of the year.

(kisses her)

This is just the beginning, baby. Of your new career. Of new opportunities... Of us -- and the rest of our lives...

(long beat)

Okay...?

This is harder than Chinese algebra for her. Has to force herself to summon the word. Nods.

ROSIE

(almost inaudible)

Okay.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Rosie's car motors down a two-lane black top road. Trees turning autumn colors. Beautiful.

Rosie drives. Window down, blowing her hair. Her eyes pained.

As it gets smaller at it heads toward more trees and a sign that reads: Lake Geneva.

EXT. LAKE GENEVA - DAY

A cabin right out of Norman Rockwell. Beautiful, quaint log home with a full porch, surrounded by trees.

In the distance the view of the lake is spectacular.

Rosie's car pulls up, stops. She gets out looks around. Takes a deep breath of the air. Grabs a small bag, goes inside.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Rosie opens the door, peeks in. Dark. Wood and leather. Cozy. At one end, a cold fireplace...

TIME CUT:

THE FIREPLACE

Crackling now. Flames jumping. Spitting and hissing. Smoke curling up the flu.

Rosie wears Levi's and a work shirt, a blanket pulled around her. Gazes into the dancing flames. Glass of wine in her hand.

Her eyes, deep and faraway. Searching. Trying to make sense of it all.

KIRBY (O.S.)

Door was open.

Rosie jumps straight up! Spins around to Kirby standing in the doorway.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

You ought to lock it.

ROSIE

You scared the shit out of me!

KIRBY

Sorry.

ROSIE

(collects herself)

What are you doing here?

He hands her another bag.

KIRBY

Your mother thought you should have warmer clothes.

Rosie, embarrassed, mutters as she pulls the blanket back around her.

ROSIE

She needs to get a life.

KIRBY

(holds out map)

She even made me a map.

(starts out)

Lock the door.

She gulps the wine.

ROSIE

Wait.

He turns back.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Uh, wanna' warm up before you go back?

He probes her eyes, uncertain.

KIRBY

Okay...

Walks back, rubbing his hands together in front of the fire. Looks around.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Nice place.

ROSIE

Daddy built it when I was ten. It's my favorite place in the whole world.

KIRBY

I can see why.

ROSIE

Whenever I needed time to myself. To figure out things, I'd come up here.

KIRBY

That what you're doing?

ROSIE

Huh?

KIRBY

Figuring out things?

ROSIE

Yeah.

KIRBY

Turbatio.

Rosie does a double take.

ROSIE

What's --?

KIRBY

My grandmother thinks speaking Latin makes everyone sound smarter.

ROSIE

English. Latin. Doesn't matter to the heart.

KIRBY

What have you figured out so far?

ROSIE

Nothing yet. That usually takes another bottle of chardonnay.

Kirby smiles. Genuine.

KIRBY

You haven't asked me.

ROSIE

Asked you what?

KIRBY

What I hoped to accomplish by working for your mother.

ROSIE

What did you hope to accomplish by working for my mother?

KIRBY

You.

ROSIE

What, about me?

KIRBY

Everything, about you.

Rosie smiles, faintly self-conscious.

ROSIE

That night at your place...

(long beat)

You already know quite a bit.

KIRBY

I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about you -- the 'you' inside the 'you' on the outside.

ROSIE

You lost me.

KIRBY

The real you. Not the "Dear John" you.

She slumps.

ROSIE

Oh, that.

KIRBY

I was honest with "John," you know?

ROSIE

Nicole in Need? How honest is that?

KIRBY

More than you think.

Their eyes catch. Absolutely locked together for an instant. They have that effect on each other.

Rosie, self-conscious, breaks the gaze.

ROSIE

Maybe you'd better go.

KIRBY

Yeah.

He goes to the door.

ROSIE

That passage you quoted at the party.
Where'd you hear that?

KIRBY

Grandma. It seemed appropriate.

ROSIE

It was.

KIRBY

Bye.

ROSIE

Bye.
(holds up bag)
Thanks.

KIRBY

You're welcome.

He's gone. Her eyes wistful. Staring at the closed door for a very long time.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Evening. The room glows. Rosie's in her robe and slippers now. Has lit some candles. No other light.

She feels the draft, opens the bag her mother sent.

Inside - besides the sweater and blanket - are a box of chocolates and a dozen roses.

She's stunned. Picks up a rose.

ROSIE

How does he know?

Goes over to the overstuffed chair, pulls up a paperback, "Sweet Nights" by Nicole Forrester

ON THE COVER --

A photo of roses and chocolates.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Rosie casts the line into the water. Makes small ripples out into the lake. She sits back, reads the paperback.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - LATER

The fishing line is forgotten. Rosie is engrossed in the book, when suddenly she sits up.

ROSIE

No!

She jumps up, runs back to the cabin.

EXT. TWO LANE BLACK-TOP - AFTERNOON

Rosie's car shoots down the asphalt. Leaves fly in circles as the car roars past... A SIGN:

"Chicago -- 56 miles"

INT. WIND.COM - DAY

Nick heads down the aisle. When Jackson Shaw is on him like police radar.

JACKSON

Got somethin' you might be interested in pardner.

NICK

Gee what, pardner?

JACKSON
Kirby Mitchell.

NICK
What about Kirby Mitchell?

JACKSON
He's Nicole Forrester.

Stunner.

NICK
What? That true?

JACKSON
As a nun's prayer.

That stops Nick like a poster of a naked woman.

NICK
He's a cross-dresser?

JACKSON
(laughs)
Naw. Nicole is his whaddya'-call-it...his pseudonym.

NICK
Kirby Mitchell is the writer behind the Nicole Forrester romance novels?

JACKSON
Don't that just make you happy as the village idiot?

The wheels are turning behind Nick's eyes.

NICK
Give me a five hundred words and have it on-line before five.

JACKSON
Done. But I want the by-line when Huffinton Post or MSNBC picks it up 'Hoss.
(wink)
'Cause they will.

Nick hesitates. Shrugs.

NICK
As long WIND.COM is quoted as the source.

JACKSON

Word is your filly has her brand on any
"Wind dot Com" virals.

NICK

Change of plans.

Jackson smiles wider than the Mississippi at flood stage.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TOWER - DAY

The people stopped for blocks. As the words flash across
the screen people strain for every tidbit.

EXT. INTERNET CAFE' - DAY

People inside and out -- all on laptops, phones, etc.

CU ONE SCREEN:

The story reads: "Nicole Forrester is really not Nicole
at all. Meet Kirby Mitchell, the writer behind the Nicole
Forrester romance novels, etc.

INT. ADLER HOME - DAY

Francine is reading her PHONE, dumbfounded as Kirby walks
in. Looks at him. He's a little uncomfortable.

KIRBY

Something wrong?

She just turns the I-PHONE around for him. He reads and
his face falls about ten stories.

TIME CUT:

INT. SERVANT'S QUARTERS - DAY

Kirby is packing his things. Closes his small suitcase.
One last look around. Leaves. Heads for the door when --

ROSIE (O.S.)

You son-of-a-bitch!

He stops, turns to her.

KIRBY

Been on the internet, huh?

ROSIE
 You snake.
 (hits her)
 It's on the internet!

KIRBY
 I wasn't using you.

ROSIE
 Oh you weren't? I'm sorry. Must have
 been mistaken. I thought it was you who
 used all the romance --
 (screams)
 -- BULLSHIT --!
 (back to normal)
 -- On me?

KIRBY
 It wasn't like that.

ROSIE
 No, I'll bet it was a lot funnier from
 your end.

KIRBY
 Doesn't matter now.

He heads down the hallway.

ROSIE
 That's for damned sure...Nicole.

That stings. He doesn't turn around. Leaves. Rosie
 watches, angry tears stinging her eyes.

INT. NATE'S HOME - DAY

Nate sits in the hot tub, studying his I-Pad. When the
 SCREEN is lowered it --

REVEALS

A nude Valentina reveling in the bubbles.

NATE
 Let's go.

VALENTINA
 Why?

NATE
 Something's come up.

She perks right up.

VALENTINA

Oh, wow! That "vulgar" stuff works quick.

NATE

It's Viagra.
(waves hand)
Get dressed.

She shrugs, stands, back to us but facing Nate who can see the entire view.

Nothing he hasn't seen before as he pulls his cell phone, dials.

NATE (CONT'D)

I'm coming to the office. Wait for me.

It isn't a request. He clicks off the cell phone.

INT. NATE'S CAR - DAY

Nate drives. Valentina is doing her nails again. Buffing them. He looks over.

NATE

What's at the Marriott?

VALENTINA

I don't know. What?

NATE

You. According to the credit card I gave you. Three different nights this month.

Valentina looks at him puzzled, then something clicks for her. Fear takes the place of puzzlement in her eyes.

VALENTINA

I got a little drunk at the bar and didn't want to drive. So I stayed.

She's happy she came up with a good excuse that quick.

NATE

But you ordered room service for two.
(lets it sink in)
Three times.

VALENTINA

I was hungry.

NATE

Yeah.

(chuckles)

So was Nick, huh?

VALENTINA

(laughs too)

Starved. All the time. Especially after we --!

It finally dawns that she's been had. Looks at Nate balefully. He touches her cheek tenderly.

NATE

Honey you ain't smart enough to cheat.

VALENTINA

I know...

NATE

It's okay.

Obvious he really cares for her. She smiles sadly.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Nate strides in. Nick stops fixing himself a drink. Shoves the bottle in the file cabinet.

NICK

Where's the fire?

NATE

In your pants apparently.

Nick looks at Valentina. He realizes Nate must know.

NICK

It's not what you think.

NATE

It's exactly what I think.

(holds up phone)

And why are you revealing Kirby Tucker to the world? I tell you to do that?

NICK

It's a great story. We had nearly half a million hits. Tweets are off the scale.

NATE

Because of Dear John...

NICK

And... my Nicole Forrester by-line.

NATE

You don't get it do you? I own WIND.COM.
Pretty much everybody knows that.

(suddenly soft)

But I also own Cole McKenzie Publishing.
Named it after my maternal grandmothers'
maiden names. That's the company that
made 27 million dollars last year alone
off Nicole Forrester.

(deadly)

Not everybody knows that, Nick.

Nick gulps. Starting to realize the vast extent of his
screw up.

NATE (CONT'D)

They are two separate entities but I am
the bridge that holds it all together.
Me. I own all it all.

(eye to eye)

And I own you. Lock stock...

(pulls out bottle)

...and scotch bottle.

NICK

I've been a good manager.

NATE

Not any more.

NICK

You're firing me!

NATE

This very second.

NICK

I'm the best web manager you've ever had!

Nate gets right in his face. A storm about to happen.
It's a side of him we haven't seen before. A very damned
dangerous side.

NATE

"Had" being the operative word, you
opportunistic asshole. It's not the
job...

(bellows)

YOU SCREWED MY WOMAN! Nobody sleeps with
her but me. Even if that's all I want to
do -- sleep! Nobody! Now get out!

He goes to the door, leans out to the secretary.

NATE (CONT'D)

Call security and make sure this prick
doesn't steal anything else.

Nick storms out. Valentina looks at Nate like a lost puppy.

VALENTINA

Are you firing me too?

NATE

He took advantage of your innocence.

VALENTINA

(brightening)

He did?

(kisses him)

You're right. He did take advantage of
me.

She smiles. All is forgiven. And forgotten. As they walk out we realize they are the perfect couple.

Short, rich, bald, fat man with luscious airhead. Match made in heaven.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Rosie's wedding. Quite a crowd. The well-to-do mingle, talk, enter the big church.

INT. BRIDE'S ROOM - DAY

Julia sits on the sofa, hanky to her eye. Now we see the reason she's crying:

Rosie stands there arrayed in dazzling white. A vision.

JULIA

You are so beautiful. You make the
perfect bride.

Rosie bends down, kisses her. Genuine love in her eyes. The door opens softly behind Rosie - it's Nick.

JULIA (CONT'D)

And Nick's handsome as sin.

ROSIE

That's the right word.

JULIA
Why settle for the lesser evil?

NICK
If it's evil to love someone, guilty as charged.
(nuzzles Rosie's neck)
I love you.

ROSIE
It's bad luck to see the bride before the wedding.

NICK
Couldn't help it.

ROSIE
It's only twenty minutes.

He kisses her. Long and hard. No mistaking his intentions. Smiles, leaves. Julia watches him.

JULIA
Why can't I get a guy like him?

ROSIE
(fiddles with veil)
Maybe you're lucky.

JULIA
Hello! Earth to Rosie. You're getting married in fifteen minutes! Not a good time to have second thoughts.

ROSIE
Better than after.

Julia clucks her tongue. Leaves. Rosie slumps. Mindlessly checks her makeup, lipstick, when --

HER PURSE

Vibrates! She leans over, pulls out the I-phone.

THE SCREEN

Is full of Tweeter feeds! Clicks on them... "Should *Inkman* marry *grlinluv*? "Duh! Of course!" A myriad of positive responses ROLLING through as she 'thumbs' the screen.

Smiles inspite of herself. Stares at it for a moment.

KIRBY (O.S.)
I need to talk to you.

She wheels around. He's dressed in his work shirt and Levis. Her demeanor hardens.

ROSIE
No, you don't.

KIRBY
Yes, I do. Just a minute. That's all.

ROSIE
No.

KIRBY
Just one.

Before she can respond Kirby is next to her. Shutting the door behind him.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
One - minute.

Rosie checks her wrist watch. Hits the button.

ROSIE
Go.

KIRBY
I didn't lie to you. You asked where I'd "heard" that quote I spoke to you. My grandma read it to me that morning. You didn't ask me if I "wrote" it.

ROSIE
Pretty damned small distinction.

KIRBY
I know. But when I said it to you it was like hearing it for the first time.

She's weakening.

ROSIE
That whole charade, working for my mother and all that "Nicole In Need" crap? What was that?

KIRBY
Me trying to say "I love you."

ROSIE
Why didn't you just say it?

KIRBY

I tried.

ROSIE

Not very hard.

KIRBY

I love you.

Rosie pulls the veil down. She's angry.

ROSIE

Damn you! How dare you wait 'til my wedding day to finally say you love me?

She marches to the door. Opens it.

KIRBY

I hear the Mormon Tabernacle Choir when I kiss you.

She slams the door behind her. Nothing. Long beat. And then, she walks back in...

ROSIE

The whole entire choir?

KIRBY

All four hundred of 'em.

She can't move. Her eyes well up.

ROSIE

I promised him.

KIRBY

Even if you don't love him?

ROSIE

That's a question you don't have the right to ask.

She's gone. Door closes with a soft sigh. Just like Kirby's life -- and it's all in his eyes.

TIME CUT TO:

KIRBY'S EYES

Which haven't moved. Nor has he. Still sitting in the bridal room. Alone. In the half darkness.

With great effort, he stands. Heads for the door when it opens. Nate walks in.

NATE

So, d'ya' get the novel finished?

KIRBY

Not now.

NATE

Bad time?

KIRBY

Yeah, Nate. Bad time.

NATE

Sorry.

(as Kirby leaves)

Monday?

Kirby turns back, wonder in his eyes.

KIRBY

I told you. I'm not writing again.
Done. Sue me. I don't care.

NATE

I can't sue you. I love you. You're the
best writer at Cole McKenzie.

KIRBY

Doesn't matter.

NATE

Maybe to you.

KIRBY

Right. To me. End of story.

NATE

Pretty selfish.

KIRBY

What are you talking about?

NATE

Love.

KIRBY

Huh?

NATE

Love. Right...?

Kirby looks at him stupidly, then realizes Nate is talking and looking past him.

Kirby turns slowly and Rosie stands there, juggling the bridal bouquet.

ROSIE
(very softly)
Right.

Poor Kirby is way over his head. Doesn't get it. Nate jerks his head at Rosie.

NATE
Rosie and I had a little talk before the Pastor got here.

KIRBY
What did you tell her?

NATE
The truth.

KIRBY
She already knows I'm Nicole Forrester.

NATE
Not you, turnip head.

Kirby just stares at the man's bad toupee for a moment.

NATE (CONT'D)
I said I'd get you a woman to marry.
Here she is.

Kirby dare not look, in case it isn't true.

KIRBY
What about Nick?

NATE
He had to go somewhere.

KIRBY
Where?

ROSIE
Straight to Hell.

Kirby does a double take. Rosie looks down. Light begins to dawn in Kirby's eyes.

KIRBY
You also said she'd bear my children.

NATE

I did?

ROSIE

Okay by me.

NATE

The Pastor's still on the clock.

Nate smiles. Pushes Kirby gently toward her.

Kirby and Rosie embrace. Hesitantly at first, then more powerfully. An embrace of hunger and great longing.

Then the kiss -- 8.2 on the Richter scale.

SHOCK CUT:

INT. CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

The entire congregation is there. Minister is waiting as the "Wedding March" roars out from the pipe organ.

Rosie appears. More radiant and lovely than we've seen her. She walks down the aisle on Nate's the arm.

At the altar she's met by Kirby still wearing Levi's and the work shirt but now with a TIE.

Francine smiles. As does virtually everyone in the place.

The waning sun weeps through the stained-glass windows casting an amber, magic glow on the proceedings as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Beautiful. Fall colors. White caps on the lake. A canoe way the hell out there.

EXT. CANOE - DAY

Kirby and Rosie sit in the canoe, taking in the early autumn sun. Peace.

Their hands drift lazily in the water. Matching wedding bands.

ROSIE
How can you write as if you're a woman?

KIRBY
Cross dressing helps.

ROSIE
(smile)
Besides the obvious.

KIRBY
I don't think men and women are that different.

ROSIE
You don't? When a woman says, "honey are you busy?" What does she really mean?

KIRBY
Easy one. "Let's talk."

Rosie raises up. Pretty good. Thinks.

ROSIE
Okay, when she says, "how do I look in this dress?"

KIRBY
"Have I gained weight?"

Rosie cocks her head, he's good at this. Starts conjuring up the hardest one she can think of.

ROSIE
Alright, any conversation with the words "mother," "work" or "hair"?

KIRBY
"Not tonight, honey."

Rosie's face lights up. Smiles at him.

ROSIE
Very good.
(lasciviously)
Ever gotten lucky in a canoe?

KIRBY
I got lucky once when I was wearing *Canoe*.

ROSIE
Just like Hiawatha.

She kisses him. They get into it. Things start getting serious when the canoe tips over! Lots of splashing, sputtering and laughing...

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rosie is already in bed. Only thing showing is her head. Covers pulled tightly up around her neck. Big smile.

Kirby walks in wearing a bath towel around his waist. No light, other than moonlight as he slips into the bed with her.

She rolls into his arms:

KIRBY

One thing.

ROSIE

Can't it wait?

KIRBY

The night you woke up in my apartment,
and I let you believe we slept
together...?

(deep breath)

Didn't happen.

ROSIE

No?

KIRBY

No.

ROSIE

I know. I wasn't that drunk.

KIRBY

Why didn't you say something?

ROSIE

Because I wished it had.

He takes her into his arms. They begin to fulfill each other's desires when --

HALLELUJAH!

The Tabernacle Choir is back. They react to it at the same time. Stop for a split second.

KIRBY

That who I think it is?

ROSIE

Who?

KIRBY

All those people singing.

ROSIE

(slow smile)

Old friends.

They fall back into their passionate embrace -- and out of sight.

Then WE HEAR cell phone beeping. Incoming tweets. AS WE move over to the opened phone on the bedstand.

Love 'tweets.' Hundreds, maybe even thousands, as everything slowly...

FADES TO BLACK:

End.