

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

The city sprawls in all directions, a diva in recline beside the Hudson river she squints in annoyance at the morning sun as she prepares for another work day.

Cell phone RINGS.

VOICES filtered as in phone conversations.

MALE #1

Hello?

MALE #2

Taylor! Hey, you know that fifty bucks I owe ya? I could pay you back right now but if you can wait till Wednesday I'll--

CROSS FADE TO:

FEMALE #1

I swear I did not scratch your car. That tree wasn't there when I got there.

CROSS FADE TO:

MALE #3

I know honey and I'm sorry. Yes I know this is the third time this week. What can I say? The boss--

CROSS FADE TO:

FEMALE #2

Don't leave! I swear I'm five minutes away. Of course I'm on the way. Would I lie to you? It's this damn traffic.

Voices gradually mix together until they are indistinguishable from one another.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

PHONE VOICES continue in the background then gradually fade out.

From high above, the city forms a great stained glass window its streets a latticework that firmly holds the city together. On one such avenue horns BLARE impatiently as cars, trucks, buses, and taxis line up in a parade stalled as far as the eye can see.

PASSENGERS gab or play games on their cell phones as the jam inches forward in stops and starts.

SIDEWALK

Cell phones flash and glint amongst the streams of PEDESTRIANS that ebb and flow beside the jammed thoroughfare. In their preoccupation WALKER-TALKERS sense rather than see oncoming obstructions.

Ant-like, pedestrians emerge from a subway entrance as others hurriedly descend--

INT. NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY STATION -- CONTINUOUS

--down the stairs on to the station platform. A train pulls up and disgorges its PASSENGERS. Impatient COMMUTERS board quickly to replace them.

At a second platform another train pulls out.

INT. DEPARTING SUBWAY TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

Commuters stand packed face to face. They stare blankly, careful not to catch each other's eye.

The train pulls into another station. Passengers disembark as other commuters push and shove to get in.

LOU TURNER, mid-twenties, blond, hides her good looks behind hideous black plastic framed glasses, rushes in. She carries a bulging messenger bag slung over one shoulder, her purse over the other, and a stack of folders in the crook of one arm. A sentimental love song (THEME MUSIC) plays on the headset of her Apple iPod.

She dodges and weaves the odd elbow but trips on an unseen foot. She squeezes in between two BURLY CONSTRUCTION WORKERS.

A CREEPY LOOKING GUY tries to catch her eye.

Lou adjusts her headset to show that she is not in the least interested then looks away.

The train pulls into a third station. Passengers disembark, Lou glimpses a GOOD-LOOKING GUY, mid-twenties, medium build, brown hair, sports coat, across the aisle who also wears a set of headphones. Their eyes lock briefly then quickly look away.

At the next stop, the good-looking subway guy gets up and steals long side long glances at Lou. Lou watches from the corner of her eye as he almost trips. She stifles a laugh as the good-looking subway guy blushes then hurriedly exits.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET -- DAY

The usual morning rush hour CROWD pounds the sidewalk.

LOU (V.O.)  
 No. Absolutely not. No. I am not  
 going to do it.  
 (beat)  
 I don't care --

Lou emerges from the crowd, headphones of her iPod draped around her neck, she walks briskly as she talks on her hands-free cell phone.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 -- Do you know how embarrassing that's  
 going to be?

EXT. FACADE OF GLOBAL TELEVISION NEWS -- MOMENTS LATER

A brass lettered black marble slab reads: GLOBAL TELEVISION NEWS.

Lou passes the marble slab that sits boldly in front of a glass and steel tower.

LOU  
 No, really. I'm fine.  
 (beat)  
 I've got enough to worry about.

INT. GTN BUILDING, MAIN LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Lou enters through revolving doors and into a lobby full of WORKERS headed for their respective offices.

LOU  
 Mother. You have got to stop doing  
 this. Just because she seems nice  
 doesn't mean that I'm going to go  
 out with her son.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Crammed shoulder to shoulder some of the sleepy PASSENGERS glance at Lou in annoyance.

LOU  
 Who is Mrs. Foreman?

MRS. TURNER (V.O.)  
 (voice filtered as in  
 over the phone)  
 He's a doctor.

The elevator door opens, a few passengers get off as HARRIET STEVENSON, mid-twenties, attractive redhead, dressed in a

business suit with sneakers, clipboard in hand, boards and faces Lou.

LOU

Ma, when I want to see a doctor,  
I'll go to the hospital. Listen to  
me.

Harriet silently mimics Mrs. Turner almost word for word.

MRS. TURNER (V.O.)

I just want what's best for you. If  
only your father were still alive.

(sighs)

He'll never get to see his  
grandchildren.

Lou frowns at Harriet to stop.

LOU

(silently mouths)

Harriet.

(to phone)

I know Ma, I miss him too. Listen  
you really should think about moving  
in with Uncle Paul and Aunt Shirley.

Harriet continues to silently mimic Mrs. Turner.

MRS. TURNER (V.O.)

It's been eight months since you  
left. You know that darn milk  
machine's been acting up again. I  
can make that cherry pie that you  
like so much.

LOU

I'm swamped right now Ma. But as  
soon as I get a break. I miss you.

INT. GTN MAIN OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors open, Lou and Harriet alight on the main floor of GTN, a cavernous space that would fill three full floors. Hundreds of REPORTERS, PRODUCTION PERSONNEL, and STAFF scurry about their duties. Off to one side a news set where two NEWS READERS present a live newscast.

Lou and Harriet turn off Main Street into a side aisle.

LOU

A kiss and a hug Ma.

MRS. TURNER (O.S.)

Albert. His name is Albert.

LOU

Who?

MRS. TURNER (O.S.)

Mrs. Foreman's boy.

LOU

Goodbye Ma.

Lou hangs up and turns to Harriet.

LOU (CONT'D)

You'll never guess who I saw again  
this morning.

HARRIET

The good-looking subway guy?

LOU

That makes the second time this month.

HARRIET

So why haven't you met him yet?

LOU

Oh, he's probably already got a  
girlfriend.

(beat)

He's already married. The good ones  
always are.

Lou turns to Harriet.

LOU (CONT'D)

My God. He's gay isn't he?

HARRIET

I don't mean him. You. Why haven't  
you met him yet?

Lou and Harriet turn off into another hallway.

LOU

Me? No. I couldn't. I wouldn't.  
What if he's some kind of weirdo,  
maniac, a rapist?

Harriet stops and pulls Lou up and looks her in the eye.

HARRIET

And if it turns out that this guy is  
a weirdo, maniac, or rapist? Ces't  
la vie. You're not in Wisconsin  
anymore.

Harriet shakes her head in exasperation, turns on her heel  
and walks away.

Lou glares after her then hurries to catch up.

LOU  
Well I didn't come to New York to  
meet a rapist.

Lou pulls some notes out of the folders she carries in the  
crook of her arm.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Here I managed to track down more  
background for the north side story.

HARRIET  
Speaking of, Donovan wants you to  
get in touch with Ken at the mayor's  
office. He thinks this guy can  
corroborate what we have so far.

Lou and Harriet exchange note sheets.

HARRIET (CONT'D)  
The boss man also said to tell you  
the head of some steering committee  
for Child's Light called. He needs a  
follow-up on that.

LOU  
Got it.

HARRIET  
Also our ever-loving fearless leader  
is missing you and wants you to show  
up at the staff meeting this P-M.

Lou slows to a stop in front of her cubicle.

LOU  
Can't you tell Donovan that I've got  
the flu or something?

HARRIET  
Sorry, no can do. You've used up all  
your get-out-of-jail cards as of two  
months ago. He's going to have a  
fit if you don't show up--  
(beat)  
--again.

Harriet turns to face Lou, her expression softens.

HARRIET (CONT'D)  
Look, nobody likes the show and tell.  
If you like, pretend you're talking  
to me.

LOU

Oh, like that's really going to help.

HARRIET

If all you ever want to be is a production assistant. Fine. I can only go so far.

Harriet turns and walks away.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

C'mon Lou, we're both going to make producer even if I have to kill you.

Lou stares after her a beat then enters her cubicle.

EXT. ADVERTISING AND MARKETING AGENCY -- DAY

An older building compared to GTN but still fashionable.

INT. ADVERTISING AND MARKETING AGENCY, LARRY'S DESK -- CONTINUOUS

On his cell phone LARRY ECHEVERIA, late twenties, Latino, medium-build, fashionably dressed, slicked back black hair, sits at a desk by a door lettered: NATHAN MERIT and below that in smaller text: VICE-PRESIDENT CREATIVE SERVICES.

LARRY

I can't Rebecca. Consuelo's already suspicious. Just one more disappearing stunt and she'll have my ass for sure.

INT. SAK'S FIFTH AVENUE, PERFUME DEPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

REBECCA early twenties, sexy, tall, beautiful with a vacant look, ignores a customer as she gabs on her cell phone.

INTERCUT: LARRY/REBECCA

REBECCA

Sooo? You can have my ass Lorenzo.

Larry shivers with delight.

LARRY

Okay! Okay! I'll think of something.

Larry's phone RINGS an incoming call. He looks at it briefly then puts the phone back to his ear.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Rebecca, mi chiquita, I've got to go! I've got another call.

Larry hangs up.

Larry smoothes back his hair, loosens his shoulders then answers the phone.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 (sexily)  
 Ola. Corazon. Tu amor es aqui.

INT. GTN, LOU'S CUBICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Lou on her cell phone.

LOU  
 Excuse me? Is this the mayor's office?

INTERCUT: LOU/LARRY.

Larry smiles lecherously.

LARRY  
 (sexily)  
 No! I'm sorry you have the wrong number.

LOU  
 Sorry!

Lou hangs up.

END INTERCUT

Larry looks at his phone then shrugs in disappointment.

INSERT: LARRY'S CELL PHONE DISPLAY

Display reads: NO NAME 555-9354

RESUME SCENE

The phone on Larry's desk RINGS. Larry puts his cell phone away and picks up the handset.

EXT. EXCLUSIVE COUNTRY CLUB, VERANDA -- DAY

A champagne fountain overshadows a massive richly decorated wedding cake. In the rose garden below, yellow and white decor, a STRING QUARTET, and floral arch complete the bridal fantasy.

The radiant BRIDE, mid-twenties, toys with her bouquet and jokes with some twenty young LADIES excitedly gathered on the patio below as finely dressed MEMBERS OF THE BRIDAL PARTY and GUESTS look on.

ROSE GARDEN, BAR

A short distance away, NATHAN MERIT, early thirties, square jaw, thick unruly dark hair, tall, athletic, talks on his

cell phone while a BAR TENDER sets a drink down for him. Nathan hangs up his phone takes a sip from his drink, then turns to talk to a GROOMSMAN.

VERANDA STEPS

The smiling bride turns her back to the crowd. She makes a couple of warm up tosses, slips and overthrows the bouquet.

The bouquet flies over the heads of the young women.

CROWD

Nathan! Nathan!

ROSE GARDEN, BAR

Nathan turns and sees the bouquet headed toward him. Nathan catches it awkwardly and spills his drink in the process.

He recoils in horror and immediately tosses the bouquet back to the crowd of young women.

VERANDA STEPS

It sails through the air toward a pretty young BRIDESMAID who reaches out to catch it, but at the last moment she is knocked down from behind by KATHERINE DUPRE late twenties, dark hair, attractive with aristocratic features, who triumphantly waves the bouquet in the air.

The assembled young ladies sullenly return to their tables, leaving Katherine to smell the bouquet as she stares wistfully at Nathan.

Nathan sips a fresh drink.

INT. GTN, DONOVAN'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

GEORGE DONOVAN late forties, stocky, distinguished, graying at the temples, surveys his STAFF crammed into his modest office. He points a pencil around the room at the bored and restless staff members.

DONOVAN

(under his breath)

Greg... Mary... Bob... Harriet,

(encouragingly)

good job Harry... Alice, great write

up...

(loudly)

Have we finished with everyone?

Lou sits in the furthest corner of the room. Head down, pencil and pad in her lap, she shields herself from Donovan's pencil with the staff member in front of her.

Lou's heart BEATS louder as the pencil resumes its sweep around the room, closer and closer it comes then suddenly stops.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Okay! Heads up on a party this week end. Mary Chou, senior field reporter, has just been reassigned to head up our Asia Bureau. Big promotion for Mary, let's give her a round.

APPLAUSE from the staff.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Which also means that if anyone is interested, and I'm sure that no one here is,

SNICKERS from the staff.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

There will be a vacancy in field.

The pencil resumes its scan around the room. Slowly, the pencil comes on until she can no longer take it, Lou abruptly stands up.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Ms. Turner. Yes.

Lou eyes cast to the floor.

LOU

I, Uh...

DONOVAN

A little louder please Lou.

Lou looks to Harriet for reassurance and gets an encouraging smile in return.

The page in her hand shakes slightly as Lou strains to see the words.

LOU

I, Uh... spoke with Sis... Sis...  
Sister Mary of the Child's Light  
Foundation to... To... Today--

Donovan taps his pencil impatiently on his desk.

DONOVAN

Yes, Child's Light. For everyone's  
information. This is the Chairman's--

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