

SEE JAYNE RUN

"Pilot"

written by

Alana Sanko

Brillstein - Grey Television
Touchstone Television

Revised Network Draft
January 18, 2007

©2007, Touchstone Television. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of Touchstone Television and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without the written consent of Touchstone Television is strictly prohibited.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SOHO - CORNER OF PRINCE AND W. BROADWAY - MORNING

A taxi approaches and stops at a red light.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

A CABBIE scratches a lottery ticket on the dashboard with a quarter when the back door opens and in hops --

JAYNE DOHERTY (33) a smart, confident, type-A workaholic who's too into her career to appreciate how gorgeous she is. At the moment, she's unbuttoned, untucked, wearing her Chinatown slippers and carrying a large briefcase.

JAYNE
3 World Financial Center. Take the
West Side Highway.

The cab screeches off and does a U-turn. Jayne hangs on.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as Jayne multi-tasks: Blackberry, make-up, Wall Street Journal, Balance bar. She puts on an earpiece and dials "the office" on her phone.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
Jessica, it's Jayne. I'm on my way in--

She grabs a package of Spanx Super Tummy Control pantyhose from her bag, rips it open and struggles to put it on.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm going to need a few
things when I get there.
(to driver)
Can you cut over to Broadway?

She snags the hose, gets clear nail polish from her bag, applies it to the run and fans it with her hand to dry it.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
Ask Neil for a transcript of the
Federal Reserve Board's last meeting.

Putting on diamond studs, she drops one. From the mirror, the driver sees her butt up in the air until she finds it.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
Get me our economist's latest jobs
report forecast.
(MORE)

JAYNE (CONT'D)
How that man gets paid so much for
being so wrong, I'll never know.

She takes off her slippers and slides on her Christian
Louboutin's. Wrong feet. She quickly switches them.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
And I'll need a tall black coffee.
But not in that order. Okay?

There is a pause.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
Jessica? Hello?

Jayne pulls out her earpiece and realizes it's a pacifier.
She rummages for the real earpiece and quickly puts it on.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
You got that? Great. See you in five.

The cab makes its final stop. The driver looks back at her.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
Just give me a second - it's my first
day back to work after having a baby.

CABBIE
We just had one too! Five pounds,
two ounces -- we're smokers.

JAYNE
Congratulations.

Jayne exhales, then grabs perfume and a twenty from her bag.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
Here you go. Keep the change.
(handing bill to driver)
Don't waste it all on Powerball.
Or cigarettes.

He's delighted. Jayne spritzes perfume towards the door,
then breezes through the mist -- and she's gone.

INT. LBS OFFICES - ELEVATOR/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

DING. Elevator doors open on the twenty-first floor. Tight
on Jayne as she exits, completely put together - a woman at
the top of her game. TWO CO-WORKERS approach.

CO-WORKERS
The stock's up, Jayne./How's the baby?

JAYNE

She's amazing!/How fast can you run
those numbers?

With an air of confidence, she whisks down the hallway and swipes her ID badge past a scanner. Double doors open to --

INT. TRADING FLOOR/JESSICA'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

A shiny sign prominently reads: LBS Capital Partners.

An entire floor crowded with worker bees at stations stacked with monitors, turret phone banks, papers, junk food wrappers and empty Red Bull cans. Clocks display the time in New York, London and Tokyo while giant flat screens blast CNN.

Jayne approaches her assistant, JESSICA (26) a saucy, jewelry-laden Latina. Her desk features a collection of e-Bay-purchased Smurfs and a Sears portrait of her two little girls. Jayne leans over the cubicle wall.

JESSICA

(handing her a Starbucks)
One tall black coffee, on the house.
(shakes a pill bottle)
And something my mom takes to help
her "face the day."

JAYNE

(takes coffee)
Ah, bless you.
(re: pills)
I won't be needing those.
(re: smurfs)
Nothing's changed around here, I see.

Jayne notices Jessica's painted nails.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

Except maybe your acrylics - is
that the Virgin Mary?

JESSICA

No, it's Katie and Suri.

JAYNE

(amazed)
I had no idea you could get such
detail on a fingernail.

As Jayne takes a sip, Jessica admires her.

JESSICA

You know, I can't believe you're back in the office already. It's called maternity leave for a reason.

JAYNE

(pleased with herself)

Jessica, my sweet baby Grace is an adorable blessing, but she's only caused eight pounds of change in my life. I can knock everyone's socks off around here and still get home for a bedtime story.

Jessica recognizes something on Jayne's shirt.

JESSICA

Uh - Jayne, I know you don't like milk in your coffee, so you might want to take care of that first.

Jessica awkwardly points. Jayne looks down to discover - her breasts have leaked all over her new Ferragamo blouse! She quickly holds up her briefcase to cover.

INT. WALKWAY TOWARD JAYNE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Still clutching the briefcase, Jayne follows Jessica.

JAYNE

So, they reorg-ed the entire floor?

JESSICA

Yep. Your office is down here now, next to Paul's.

JAYNE

Please tell me you mean born again, gay Paul. I really like him.

JESSICA

Try 'Botox' Paul.

Just then, PAUL IZARD (29) a slick, square-jawed, aspiring Gordon Gekko with a suspiciously smooth brow, exits his office and walks with them to Jayne's.

PAUL

(playfully)

Jeepers, Jayne! If I knew your boobs were gonna get that big I would have knocked you up myself. You could have skipped the sperm bank and gotten a free dinner out of it.

JAYNE
Compared to you Paul, a test tube
full of Donor #92967 was like
George Clooney.

PAUL
Seriously, what's with the wet spots?

Jayne follows Jessica into her new office and turns around.

JAYNE
Mother's instinct. It happens when
I'm in the presence of infants.

PAUL
Ouch, hot mama!

She shuts the door in his face. Paul turns around, unphased.

INT. JAYNE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The space is small and faces a high-rise. Jayne sets down
her things and looks around, shocked.

JAYNE
I'm out of the office for six weeks
and they downsize me?

JESSICA
(brightly)
I don't know, it's not that small.

JAYNE
The bathrooms at Carnegie Deli are
bigger than this.

They both rifle through some boxes.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
(sighs)
I know there's a dry-cleaned shirt
in here somewhere.

JESSICA
Got it!

She pulls out the box, rips it open and has a new, clean
shirt for Jayne.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Let's just hope it still fits.

As Jayne unbuttons her shirt, NEIL WEIZELL (26) a nervous, hard-working associate enters carrying a stack of bound paper.

NEIL

Here's that transcript, Jayne.

JAYNE

Perfect.

Jayne matter-of-factly takes her shirt off (not the bra). Neil is taken aback.

JESSICA

(trading shirts)

I'll send this out.

JAYNE

You're the best.

Jessica exits as Jayne puts on the new shirt, which is snug across her chest. Neil looks like a deer in headlights.

NEIL

I probably should have, uh...
Knockers. Um, knocked.

JAYNE

They're just breasts, Neil. I
hope you've seen some before.

NEIL

Totally. All the time. It's just
usually they're on Pay-Per-View.

REGINA SPACEY (23) interrupts. She's a pixie cute Wharton grad who loves to change her hairstyle almost as much as she loves to party. As if that weren't enough, she's stacked.

REGINA

(ultra-perky)

Jayne!

Something about Regina gets under Jayne's skin.

JAYNE

Regina!

REGINA

God, you look great... For having just
had a baby and all. I'd say you've
almost lost half your baby weight.

(thumbs up)

You're on your way!

Regina's cleavage plays tug of war with her buttons. This is a stark contrast from Jayne's, where the buttons are screaming.

JAYNE

So, what do you need, Regina?

REGINA

Roger Bannister and Paul IZARD are going to be at the BluTube new business meeting with you tomorrow and they want a draft of the pitch book.

JAYNE

(incredulous)

Paul and Roger? On my deal team? That's outrageous. I don't care if he's Harold's nephew, I'm not working with Paul. And Roger wouldn't know BluTube if it bit him on the nipple. Sorry, it's where my head is lately.

REGINA

Came down from the top. I'm just the messenger.

INT. HAROLD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A corner office adorned with numerous "tombstones" from deals Harold's worked on and pictures of his Burberry-clad wife and four private-schooled kids. HAROLD (47) polished, successful, yet old-fashioned in his ways, stands with his back to the door. Jayne enters and notices someone kneeling in front of him.

JAYNE

Bringing the financial world to its knees, Harold? I didn't see the tie on the door.

HAROLD

Ah, Jayne. I've missed that sense of humor.

Harold turns around and reveals he is getting measured by his tailor, MR. CHAN.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Chan)

I dress to the left, so more room would be appreciated.

(back to Jayne)

You look terrific. How's the sleep going?

This disarms Jayne. She sits, excited to talk about her baby.

JAYNE

It's funny you should ask, she's been skipping the two AM feeding...

HAROLD

So, what can I do for you, Jayne?

JAYNE

(back to business)

Why's Roger Bannister on the BluTube deal team? I don't need another senior banker, especially one from the London office.

HAROLD

Consider Roger your second string.

Harold holds up two fabrics that look very similar.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

What do you think, chalk stripe or pin-stripe?

JAYNE

I'm just a little confused. Are you doubting that I can oversee the job on my own? Chalk-stripe.

Harold nods and picks the pin-stripe swatch.

HAROLD

Jayne, this is your first deal back. Having support will give you a chance to regain your banking legs and decide if you want to stay in Leveraged Finance or transition into a less... stressful area, like Recruiting.

JAYNE

(nervous laugh)

Recruiting? Harold, my banking legs are my best assets--

Harold's had enough. He turns to Jayne.

HAROLD

BluTube is a very important client to the firm. Rather than worry about who else is on your team, you might want to focus on winning the pitch. Because if you can't, there are plenty of others who can.

Off Jayne, feeling the stakes --

INT. JAYNE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The desk chair faces the window. Just over the seat back is an unmistakable crop of wonderfully thick hair. Jayne enters.

JAYNE

How long you here for this time, Roger?

The chair spins around, revealing ROGER BANNISTER (39) seated in it. He's impossibly charming and incredibly handsome. While he gives off the air of always being on vacation, he's one of the firm's best.

ROGER

Ah, Jayne! Why does it always sound like a prison sentence when you ask it that way? Wouldn't it be nicer, maybe more colleague-friendly, to say "How long can you stay?" I mean, we Brits are pretty much your only allies these days.

JAYNE

That's true. Every super power needs a bitch.

He moves toward her and leans on the edge of the desk.

ROGER

Two days. And why don't you return my messages? Did you get the baby gift?

JAYNE

If you're referring to that bottle of champagne, then yes.

ROGER

Hey, you've got to know if your kid can handle liquor. Otherwise you won't know if you can send her to public school.

JAYNE

Listen, I've just been informed that we're going to be working together on the BluTube pitch.

ROGER

Yes, we should talk about that--

Paul enters.

PAUL
Jessica said you're looking for me.
(smirking, re: window)
Nice view.

JAYNE
I'd like to make it very clear that
while you two may have been assigned to
the dealteam, BluTube is my client and
I'm the lead banker here.

PAUL
(leering at Jayne's shirt)
If this has anything to do with you
changing your shirt, my vote was for
the wet one.

JAYNE
(to Roger)
Would it seem unmaternal to kick him
in the veneers?

ROGER
Actually, would you excuse Jayne
and me for a moment, Paul?

PAUL
You got it. I'm already looking
forward to our next little tete a tete.
(sotto to Roger)
Talk about sour MILF.

Paul exits to the hallway.

JAYNE
Oh Paul, before you go...

Paul turns back, Jayne slams the door in his face.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
(turning to Roger)
Now look, as far as BluTube's concerned,
I'm the one with the relationship...

But Jayne is effectively shut down as Roger swiftly
approaches and plants a long, passionate, cause-for-
paralysis KISS on her.

As Jayne's knees buckle, we --

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. JAYNE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Still lip-locked, Jayne regains consciousness and abruptly pulls away.

ROGER
I've missed you.

JAYNE
(recovering)
Apparently so. But I have no interest in rekindling our... enormous lapse in judgement.

ROGER
Is it because you have a baby?
Because it doesn't bother me at all.
That lucky sperm donor didn't know what he's missing.

JAYNE
Unbelievable.

ROGER
What?

JAYNE
That it never occurred to you that it might bother me. Not *everything's* about you, Roger.

ROGER
Why are you so angry? Was it something I said?

JAYNE
How about something you didn't say?
Like, "I'm married." Or does that have some other meaning for you Brits, like "pissed or "lift?" Or "dental care."

Jayne promptly grabs her bag and approaches the door, but he blocks it.

ROGER
Jayne, I--

JAYNE
You know, the further you are away from me, the more I like you, Roger.
(MORE)

JAYNE (CONT'D)

Let's just get through this transaction
and keep going our separate ways, okay?

Roger digests this and backs away. Jayne opens the door.

ROGER

There's still something I need to
tell you--

JAYNE

It'll have to wait. I've got a
lunch with a new client.

INT. WALKER'S/MAIN BAR AREA - NOON

Jayne is at the bar. As she checks her watch, a handsome
BUSINESSMAN sits down next to her.

BUSINESS MAN

Can I buy you a drink?

JAYNE

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm meeting someone.

She looks past the man and waves. Widen to reveal an infant,
GRACE (6 weeks), held by Jayne's excessively attractive
French nanny, COLETTE (23), who is there with a stroller.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

You're late.

COLETTE

(thick accent)

I could not get a cab.

JAYNE

(re: baby)

Is she hungry? Did she have the
full four ounces at ten?

COLETTE

(what's the big deal?)

She ate.

Jayne suddenly becomes aware that the businessman is listening.

JAYNE

Please be back by one o'clock.

Jayne and Grace disappear into the back room.

INT. WALKER'S/BACK ROOM - LATER

Jayne and her friend GWEN (34), a former banker, now full-time mother who lives vicariously through Jayne, sit in the back. Jayne discreetly breastfeeds while trying to eat with one hand.

GWEN

Ah, sleep-deprivation. After I had Jacob, I remember sitting through a meeting for a half an hour before I realized I was in the wrong building. I quit LBS the next day.

JAYNE

Look, I know I can juggle all this, even if it means working with Roger.

Jayne takes a bite of her sandwich - it falls apart.

GWEN

Do you mean to tell me Roger's in New York and it's BluTube you're worried about nailing? You really need to reprioritize your talking points.

Food is dropping on the baby.

GWEN (CONT'D)

(dabbing Grace with her napkin)

You've got a little mustard on her nose.

JAYNE

It's payback. You should have seen what she got on me.

GWEN

You know, Roger was the first person to come along who made you stop thinking about Alan Greenspan.

Jayne grabs a burp cloth from her bag and puts the baby over her shoulder.

JAYNE

There's a lot going on with me right now, Gwen. Roger's not the headline.

GWEN

(lost in her own thoughts)
There was always something special about the way he used to look in your eyes. He's so perfect for you.

JAYNE
I wonder if his wife thinks he's
perfect for me too.

GWEN
(sighs)
Okay, so... I'm guessing you didn't
tell him.

JAYNE
Of course I didn't tell him.

GWEN
Roger's got a right to know he has
a daughter, Jayne.

JAYNE
Roger's a married man - he doesn't
have any rights.
(moving on)
Now, if I can just get through the next
two days, I can go on with being a
successful, single... working mom...

Jayne holds up the baby and takes a whiff.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
Who really needs to change a diaper.
(babytalk to Grace)
Isn't that right my little poop pants?
Who's my little poop pants?

Jayne deftly puts down a changing pad and quickly begins
to change the diaper when --

HAROLD (O.S.)
Jayne?

Jayne looks over her shoulder. It's Harold. Crap.

JAYNE
Harold!

Harold notices his ex-employee, Gwen.

HAROLD
Gwen.

GWEN
Harold.

An awkward pause. Harold glances at Grace.

HAROLD

See you back at the office, Jayne.

When he leaves, Jayne and Gwen exchange a stunned look, then try to spot the waitress.

JAYNE/GWEN

Check?!!

INT. WALKER'S/MAIN BAR AREA - LATER

Jayne crosses to the bar where Colette sits next to the same business man. Jayne taps her on the shoulder.

COLETTE

(annoyed)

Oui?

Colette turns around, revealing an empty wine bottle with two glasses. Jayne can't believe her eyes.

JAYNE

What's this?

Colette is clearly buzzed.

COLETTE

A disappointing Bordeaux.

JAYNE

(holding out her hands)

I'd like my house keys.

COLETTE

You can't be serious, I just had some wine. And look, it's twelve fifty-five. I'm early.

JAYNE

You're at a bar, drinking on the job with a man you don't know. You have zero body fat, which is annoying in itself, but means you're probably loaded. What about this situation makes you think you're still employed? Keys! Now!!

INT. TRADING FLOOR/JESSICA'S DESK - LATER

Schlepping a large diaper bag, a teddy bear, her briefcase and a sleeping baby in a blanket, Jayne approaches Jessica, who lights up at the sight of Grace and races over to help.

JESSICA

How did you carry all that?

JAYNE

Took a cab.

JESSICA

Where's the stroller?

JAYNE

In the cab.

JESSICA

At least you didn't forget the baby.

Jessica grabs the pill bottle from her desk and shakes it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You know, now might be a good time...

JAYNE

Nope. I can do this.

JESSICA

(looking at Grace)

Oh. My. Goodness. Is she precious!

(noticing)

But why haven't you pierced her ears yet?

JAYNE

Um, you know, I thought I'd hold off on that for about ten or fifteen years or so. Along with the weave, the belly shirt and the ankle tatoo.

JESSICA

What a shame. She's got such beautiful lobes.

JAYNE

Listen, I just fired my nanny.

JESSICA

Oh boy...

JAYNE

Shh. Yeah, I know--

JESSICA

Because Paul had me book a table at STK tonight for himself, Roger and Chad Morris from BluTube.

JAYNE
(anger rising)
Really. Where are they?

Off Jessica, as she nods toward Paul's office, happy she's not in Jayne's sights--

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The door is open and Roger and Paul are there. Jayne knocks. She immediately notices it's larger than hers and has a view. On the desk there is a picture of Paul climbing a mountain.

PAUL
Time for another pow-wow, Jayne?

JAYNE
No, I was just stopping by to tell you that Chad Morris is not much of a night owl, so I got our reservation at STK moved up to 8 o'clock.

Roger and Paul look at each other. Busted.

ROGER
We didn't think you'd want to go. Because of the baby and all.

JAYNE
Please. I wouldn't dream of bringing my personal life into the office.

Crying is heard from down the hall. Jayne cringes.

ROGER
Watch your back, Jayne. They're hiring younger and younger these days.

JAYNE
(covering)
The secretaries have been dying to meet Grace. She's going home soon.

PAUL
I hope so. I'm pretty sure they don't have high chairs at STK.

As Jayne ponders what to do next, WE:

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TRADING FLOOR/JESSICA'S DESK - LATER

Jayne's door opens. She peers out, looking both ways - the coast is clear. Carrying the baby in the blanket, the teddy bear and the diaper bag, she makes a beeline for the elevators, when she sees Harold rounding the corner. She hides behind a ficus. Harold walks up to Jessica's desk.

HAROLD
Where's Jayne?

Jayne makes eye contact with Jessica and shakes her head, mouthing "I'm not here" to her.

JESSICA
(lying)
No idea.

HAROLD
(picking up Jessica's
phone)
I'm trying her cell.

Harold dials. A loud ring comes from the ficus. He looks towards the plant.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Jayne?

Jayne peers through the ficus.

JAYNE
Harold, I was just admiring the new foliage. Interesting fact: Did you know the ficus leaf makes a rich tea which is dangerous to small animals?

The baby gets restless. Jayne bounces to quiet her and puts a pacifier in her mouth.

HAROLD
(furious)
This pitch book's a mess. I hope you weren't planning on handing it out at the meeting tomorrow.

Grace spits the pacifier onto the floor.

JAYNE

(struggling unsuccessfully
to pick up pacifier)

Of course not, I'm about to start
proofing it. I was just going to
the lobby to hand Grace over to my
mom. She's gonna babysi--

HAROLD

Well, I've started proofing it for you.

Harold holds out the book - it's covered with red pen edits.
She takes it with her two remaining fingers as he picks up the
pacifier. Jayne is out of hands. He places the pacifier in
her mouth.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Good luck.

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Roger, Jayne and Paul all pile into the back of the car.
Jayne sits in the middle. Paul types on his Blackberry.

JAYNE

(to driver)

Little West 12th between Washington
and 9th. Take Hudson.

Roger admires Jayne. Somehow she's managed to put an
evening spin on her business attire and looks smashing.
He puts his arm up across the seat, behind her head. She
feels him staring.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

(to Roger)

What?

ROGER

You've got a little... mascara
clump... happening. Let me.

Roger takes a handkerchief from his pocket. His thumb gently
touches her lip as he removes the clump.

JAYNE

(pulling away)

Did you get it?

ROGER

(smiles)

Got it.

PAUL
(off Blackberry)
Check this out - I just got dumped.

ROGER
Oh, the cruelty of email.

JAYNE
Should we be consoling you or
congratulating her?

PAUL
I know you think I only date bimbos
Jayne, but I was really into this
girl. She's a dancer.

JAYNE
I'm sorry, it's just that something
tells me she won't be performing at
Lincoln Center anytime soon. Unless
they've installed brass poles.

PAUL
If they did that, I might actually
have a reason to check it out.

The car turns and Jayne leans in to Roger. To keep her
balance, her hand lands on his leg. He smiles. Her eyes
fall on his ring finger and she quickly retrieves her hand.

JAYNE
Okay, about this dinner tonight. I
know Chad Morris. He's a straight-
shooter from Seattle who irons his
jeans, uses a parental chip on his
own computer and won't respond well
to the Borat routine. So, I really
need you to dial it back. Have you
got that, Paul?

PAUL
Jayne, that's an insult.

INT. STK/TABLE - LATER THAT EVENING

Close on Paul.

PAUL
What's the difference between a
penis and a bonus?

Widen on Roger, Paul and Jayne sitting at a booth with CHAD MORRIS (30s), a geeky, computer genius, who is the BluTube CEO. Chad looks very out of place in this trendy meat-packing establishment. Paul's had too much to drink.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Your wife will always blow your
bonus!

Paul laughs hard, but Chad's not amused.

JAYNE
(laughing with him)
Who cares, you'll never get either.

Paul stops laughing.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
So Chad, how's Matthew? What is he
now, eight, nine?

CHAD
(brightening)
He's nine. Still loves baseball.
We've been spending a lot of time
together lately.

PAUL
Sounds like a night on the town
away from the old ball and chain
could be a serious plan tonight,
huh? Nudge, nudge.

CHAD
(sadly)
If you're referring to my wife
she... passed away.

JAYNE
(mortified)
Oh, Chad.

ROGER
I'm so sorry.

CHAD
It's been tough.

JAYNE
I can't imagine.

PAUL
(somber)
I feel your pain. I just lost a
girlfriend.

Jayne kicks Paul under the table.

ROGER
(uncomfortable, changing
the subject)
You know, I'm starving. Where's
the food?

Jayne's Blackberry goes off. She looks at it.

JAYNE
Let me check on that. Can you
excuse me for a moment?

Jayne grabs her bag and leaves the table.

INT. STK/HALLWAY OUTSIDE LADIES ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON Jayne.

JAYNE
(quietly singing a
lullabye)
Go to sleep, Close your eyes
Tomorrow's a new day
Go to sleep, Close your eyes
Tomorrow we...will... play!!
Goodnight, sweetie.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Jayne is standing near a LINE of sexy twenty-
something WOMEN waiting to get into the bathroom. They've
all been listening, concerned.

WOMAN
Is she finally asleep?

JAYNE
(relieved)
For the moment.

Roger walks up, pissed. At the sight of him, the women perk
up like meerkats.

ROGER
What the hell are you doing? You've
been up here forever.

JAYNE
I'm sorry, there was some... work I
had to put to bed. I'm finished now.

ROGER
My god, I hope so. Paul's about to
sink the deal - he's making a complete
ass of himself.

JAYNE
Which explains why you left him there
alone. Come on.

As Jayne starts back to the table, Roger notices the woman is
smiling at him.

WOMAN
(naughty giggle)
I love your accent. Are you from
Down Under?

Jayne turns around and sees Roger speaking to the woman.
Displeased, she swiftly marches up to them.

ROGER
Actually, I--

JAYNE
Don't let the accent fool you.
I've had him. You're not missing
anything.
(pulling Roger)
Let's go.

He shrugs his shoulders at the woman, who pouts, disappointed.

INT. STK/TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The music's louder - the place is filling up. Roger follows
Jayne down some stairs and through the crowd.

ROGER
You weren't a little jealous back
there, were you?

JAYNE
Don't flatter yourself. We're
still working here.

Roger holds her arm to stop her. She turns to him.

ROGER
Is that all this is?

JAYNE

Yes, it is.

As the crowd tightens around them, pushing them closer together, they look into each other's eyes. It's true - no one looks at Jayne quite the way Roger does and, for a moment, she is tingling like a teenager.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

And that's all it will ever be.

Jayne moves to the table. He follows.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

(to Chad)

Sorry to be gone so long--

PAUL

I was just about to tell Chad that I've got these amazing Cubans we can light up after dinner.

CHAD

Uh, not for me.

PAUL

Come on, live a little.

CHAD

(struggling)

I... lost my wife to lung cancer.

ROGER

My god.

PAUL

My ex had a thyroid problem.

JAYNE

I don't know what to say.

CHAD

I think enough's been said already, actually.

(getting up)

Why don't we just call it a night.

JAYNE

Oh. You sure? Okay, Chad. I guess we'll see you tomorrow then.

CHAD
(dismissively)
Good night.

Chad takes off quickly. Jayne is in shock. Roger's furious.

ROGER
What the hell was that?

PAUL
Yeah Jayne, some...
(makes air quotes)
"Relationship" you've got there.
What a disaster. Apparently you're
too busy being a mom to take care
of business.

Jayne's cell phone rings.

JAYNE
(answering)
Hello?

Grace is heard crying from the receiver. Jayne's reached her
breaking point.

JAYNE (CONT'D)
I have to go.

Jayne quickly leaves the table and disappears in the crowd.
Roger looks at Paul, disgusted.

ROGER
You idiot.

PAUL
What? I was just kidding.

Roger runs after her.

EXT. STK - MOMENTS LATER

Roger exits the restaurant and looks around. At the
corner, he spots Jayne driving away in a cab.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace cries. Jayne enters and turns on the light.

JAYNE

Hi, boo boo. How are you?

When Grace sees her, she immediately stops crying. Smitten, Jayne picks her up and goes to the rocking chair to feed her.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

Let's have a little after midnight snack.

Jayne settles into the chair and starts to breastfeed as she tenderly strokes her baby's head when GEORGIA (69), Jayne's flamboyant mother, enters.

GEORGIA

Oh Jaynie, how long are you going to keep this up?

JAYNE

A couple more hours. I've still got to proof this pitch book tonight...

GEORGIA

I'm not talking about that silly bitch book...

JAYNE

Pitch book. And it's not silly, it's what pays my mortgage. But the way this deal is going, I'll have plenty of free time soon enough.

GEORGIA

You think you can do this by yourself, sweetie? This is why I didn't want you to have a baby on your own.

JAYNE

(sotto, to herself)

If only you and that little voice in the back of my head would run away together.

GEORGIA
(changing the subject)
Well, I'm going to head home now.

JAYNE
Thanks for your help today, I
couldn't have done it without you.

GEORGIA
What you really need is a husband.

JAYNE
No, what I really need is a wife.

GEORGIA
And I would totally support you if
that was the lifestyle you chose.

Jayne rolls her eyes.

JAYNE
Good night, Mom.

GEORGIA
Good night, honey.

As Georgia leaves, Jayne looks down at Grace and tenderly
strokes her head.

JAYNE
Once upon a time there was a little
girl who wanted to be a powerful
investment banker princess. But there
was an evil villain, named Paul...

Off Jayne, living in this moment with her baby--

EXT. 3 WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER - MORNING

The electricity is already amped for another day in the city.

JAYNE (O.S.)
No other bank can offer you
premiere research coverage along
with the #1 investment banking team
on the street for the last 3 years.

INT. TRADING FLOOR/NEIL'S DESK - MORNING

Looking through the glass-walled conference room, Neil,
Regina and Jessica listen on the intercom to the meeting
taking place in the distance. Neil and Regina are still
wearing yesterday's clothes - Regina's hair is in a twist.

REGINA

Boy, Jayne gives good meeting.

NEIL

She's hitting it out of the park.

Slowly ZOOM IN on the meeting, where Chad and his team sit on one side of a long table with Jayne and Roger on the other side. Jayne is in her element -- polished, professional, confident. This is where she shines.

JAYNE

You have my commitment that I, personally, will be involved with every aspect of this transaction. In fact, to prove it, I will make one million of my total fees payable at your discretion, purely based on how well you think my team did.

On Regina and Neil, impressed.

REGINA

Can she do that?

NEIL

She can do anything she wants.

Resume on Jayne--

JAYNE

You've known me for a long time, Chad. What you see is what you get.

On Neil, Jessica and Regina, who are loving this.

JESSICA

You go, girl.

PAUL (O.S.)

What the hell is going on?

REGINA

Uh-oh.

The three freeze as Paul appears, holding a small box.

PAUL

Jayne asked me to pick this box up and said the meeting was pushed to ten. What's everyone doing in the conference room?

Paul takes off toward the conference room, fuming.

JESSICA

(sotto)

Saving your incompetent ass.

REGINA

(twisting her hair)

Ooh, this is gonna be good.

(then)

I'm skinnier than her, right?

Chad and his team exit with Jayne and Roger. They shake hands as Paul runs up. Jayne is pleased to see him.

PAUL

Jayne! What the--

JAYNE

Perfect timing, Paul.

Jayne takes the box from him. Roger is admiring her.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

Chad, this is a little souvenir for your son, from New York.

Jayne hands Chad the box. He opens it and pulls out an autographed baseball. It reads: "To Matthew, Derek Jeter."

CHAD

What a nice gesture. Thank you, he's going to love it.

Paul cools his jets.

JAYNE

It's our pleasure. We're really sorry about last night.

CHAD

Apology accepted.
(re: ball)
Thanks again.

PAUL

(trying to take credit)

You're welcome. I just put in a few phone calls...

CHAD

We're going to make our decision by two o'clock. Until then--

JAYNE/ROGER
Take care, Chad./Goodbye.

Chad and his team exit with Paul trailing them. Jayne and Roger walk down the hall.

ROGER
(sotto, to Jayne)
You were brilliant. Do you think Paul would be mad if he knew you played him?

JAYNE
I'm sure he'd frown. If he could move his face.

ROGER
How about some lunch? It's on me.

JAYNE
Thanks, but I've got some important business to address.

INT. CAPTAIN'S KETCH BAR - SIMULTANEOUSLY

In this nautically-themed watering hole, Roger sits at the bar, collar opened, tie loosened, drinking a Guinness. A male BARTENDER (50s) brings him another round.

BARTENDER
This one's from the little lady in the row boat.

ROGER
Boat?

The bartender points and Roger looks over to see an attractive woman sitting in a booth that looks like a small lifeboat. She waves. He nods at her, then turns back around. The bartender notices the ring on Roger's finger.

BARTENDER
Should I tell the little lady that you're married?

ROGER
(smirks)
Well, actually, I'm not married.

BARTENDER
Oh yeah? Then what's with the hardware?

The bartender points to Roger's band.

ROGER

Huh? Oh, that's just something
that I put on when I need to.

BARTENDER

You lost me.

ROGER

(taking the ring off)
You know, the minute a relationship
starts getting a little too...
serious...

He puts the ring on.

ROGER (CONT'D)

On goes the ring and off goes the
relationship. Keeps everything... I
don't know... simple.

BARTENDER

(impressed)
Did you come up with that yourself?
It's genius.

ROGER

Yes, I did.
(a bit somber)
It is quite clever.

The bartender walks away. Roger loses his smile -- somehow,
it's not as clever as it used to be. The bartender returns.

BARTENDER

So, I'm confused. Should I tell
the little lady that you're married
or not?

INT. JAYNE'S OFFICE - LATER

To the rhythmic sounds of the breast pump, Jayne sits at her
desk, surrounded by papers. Her hand is working the
calculator, but she can't concentrate. She picks up a framed
picture on her desk and looks at it. CLOSE ON a picture of
Grace, which features a prominent dimple.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON ROGER, with a similar dimple. PULLBACK TO REVEAL he sits at a desk facing the window, in deep thought. Jayne knocks.

JAYNE
Have a minute?

Roger turns around in the chair.

ROGER
Yes, of course.

Jayne enters.

JAYNE
Listen, there's something I need to tell you...

ROGER
Actually, there's something I've been trying to tell you as well.

JAYNE/ROGER
You go first.

JAYNE
Okay, I'll just... I thought you should know...

Roger is all ears. There is a knock at the door - it's Harold.

HAROLD
Glad I caught you two together.

Jayne and Roger exchange a panicky look.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Great news - I got the call. We won the deal! You really pulled it off, Jayne.
(pointedly)
Keep it up.

JAYNE
(thrilled)
Thank you.

HAROLD
And congratulations, Roger. This just validates the firm's decision further.

Roger beams.

JAYNE

Decision?

HAROLD

He didn't tell you? Roger's been promoted to Head of Global Finance, North America.

Jayne looks confused. Harold shakes Roger's hand.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Have a great flight.

As Harold exits, Jayne feels a little anxious.

ROGER

That's what I wanted to tell you.

JAYNE

Amazing. Well, good for you, Roger. I didn't even know you could do that job from across the pond.

Jayne laughs, nervously. Roger smiles.

ROGER

I can't. I'm moving to New York.

Off Jayne as she takes in this bombshell and WE:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW