

OPEN BOOKS

"Pilot"

Written by

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ACT ONE

COLD OPEN

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON (D-1)
(JUNE, KYLE, CAITLYN, RAY, DALE)

WE'RE CLOSE ON **KYLE NEILL**, ODD AND ANXIOUS, LYING ON A LEATHER COUCH, TALKING TO THE CEILING:

KYLE

-- and the dream always ends the same way. I'm trying to shoot, but no bullets are coming out. And then I realize the trigger isn't a trigger -- it's my mother's nipple.

WIDEN TO REVEAL JUNE **GAGE**, MID-30'S, SMART, QUIRKY-BEAUTIFUL, TILTED BACK IN HER CHAIR, LISTENING THOUGHTFULLY. AT THIS, SHE STRAIGHTENS UP.

JUNE

Okay, we're going to have to stop, but there's something I want us to work on for next week.

KYLE

What's that?

JUNE

Finding you a therapist. Look, Kyle, I know a good editor is supposed to be

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

a friend and a mom and a cheerleader,
and a lover and a shrink, but this is
taking it a little far.

KYLE

June, come on. I don't expect you to
be my friend.

JUNE

I understand you're scared, but the
only way for you to get past your fear
of writing is to start writing again.
You need to reclaim your voice.

KYLE

(WHINY) But --

JUNE

Not that one. (THEN) You can break
through this. I have faith in you.

JUNE HAS CROSSED TO HER OFFICE DOOR AND OPENED IT. KYLE
RELUCTANTLY GETS UP OFF THE COUCH AND HEADS TOWARD IT.

KYLE

I know you do. If only I'd had that
support growing up, from my --

KYLE, HIS PAIN RE-TRIGGERED, HEADS BACK FOR THE COUCH.

JUNE

Don't lie down again!

AS JUNE STEERS KYLE BACK TOWARD THE DOOR:

KYLE

Why didn't she love me, June? Why?

JUNE

Look, Kyle, I have some experience with difficult mothers myself. Even if she couldn't show it, she loved you. You were her child. And now you're an adult. A gifted, brilliant adult who's ready to move forward and have the career you deserve.

HE TAKES HIS FIRST DEEP BREATH OF THE WEEK, TAKING THIS IN.

KYLE

Thank you. You've really helped me today. And I promise, I'm going to stop coming here every day and forcing you to be my shrink.

JUNE

I'd appreciate that.

HE'S AT THE DOOR, ABOUT TO EXIT:

KYLE

So, twice a week?

JUNE

(RESIGNED) I'll pencil you in.

AS JUNE WALKS HIM OUT, WE...

RESET TO:

INT. OPEN BOOKS BULLPEN/CAITLYN'S DESK - CONTINUOUS
(JUNE, KYLE, CAITLYN, RAY, DALE)

JUNE WALKS KYLE OUT, INTO THE BULLPEN OF "OPEN BOOKS," ONE OF NEW YORK'S LAST SMALL, INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING HOUSES. IT'S A HIP, CONVERTED BROWNSTONE. BOOKS EVERYWHERE AND

FRAMED JACKETS HUNG AS ART. THEY PASS **CAITLYN**, JUNE'S ASSISTANT. CAITLYN, EARLY 20'S, IS WHIP-SMART, EDGY-CUTE, AND, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN THIS OFFICE, CHIC-ON-A-BUDGET.

KYLE

(TO JUNE) This is good. I feel good.
Cool, calm, ready to move forward.

CAITLYN

Hey, Kyle. (THEN) Your mother
called.

KYLE

(SUDDEN PANIC) She did? Here? How
did she know I was here? Why now? Is
she sick? Does she need me?

CAITLYN

(TO KYLE, RE: JUNE) Her mother
called.

KYLE

(BREEZY) 'Kay, then. 'Later.

HE EXITS DOWN THE STAIRS.

CAITLYN

(RE: MESSAGE) She wants to know if
you can push your dinner to seven.

JUNE

I guess so. We just have so much to
do. We still need to finalize the
seating charts, and figure out who
sits at table sixteen, also known as
the "Island of Misfit Cousins." And

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

now the whole "who's at the head
table" thing is in chaos, since my mom
decided to bring Bert.

CAITLYN

(TOUCHED) Aww. (THEN) I think it's
so amazing your mom's dating again.

JUNE

I know. It's hard to find love when
you're older, widowed, and a kind of a
stone-cold bitch.

CAITLYN

June! Your mom is lovely. When she's
not scaring the crap out of me.

(THEN) Oh, the mock-up of the
Portillo cover came.

CAITLYN HANDS HER A BOOK WITH A DISTINCTIVE COVER, AS **RAY**,
THE ART DIRECTOR, CROSSES BY.

JUNE

Great. I think the printer finally
got it right. (TO RAY, HOLDING BOOK)
Ray, what do you think of this jacket?

RAY

Looks cheap. Hate the color. Does
nothing for your boobs.

JUNE

(RE: BOOK) This jacket.

RAY

Love it.

RAY CROSSES OFF.

JUNE

(TO CAITLYN) This is a nice suit.

CAITLYN

Meh.

JUNE

Really? I bought two more just like
it. I thought it was --

CAITLYN

(RE: MESSAGES) Oh, and Dylan Fargo
called. He's back.

JUNE, ON HER WAY BACK INTO HER OFFICE, STOPS, SURPRISED.
THIS NAME ONCE MEANT A LOT TO HER.

JUNE

"He's back?" He went to India for a
week two years ago.

CAITLYN

Well, he's back. And he wants you to
meet him at four at the Empire,
because (READING POST-IT) "no one in
New Delhi can make a decent black-and-
white."

JUNE

Four? That's in, like, now.

CAITLYN

He also said he might swing by here.

JUNE

Oh, then should I go? Or should I --

A **CUTE GUY** ENTERS.

CUTE GUY

You should stay.

JUNE SMILES AT HIM, SURPRISED BUT PLEASED.

JUNE

Hi.

DALE

Hey.

HE GIVES HER A SWEET KISS ON THE CHEEK.

CAITLYN

Hey, Dale. Congrats again! Big day!

Coming up!

DALE

(TO CAITLYN) You're invited.

CAITLYN

Just so we're clear.

WE REALIZE THIS IS **DALE**, JUNE'S FIANCEE: 30'S, KIND, LEVEL-HEADED, DRYLY WITTY.

JUNE

(TO DALE) Sweetie, this is such bad

timing. I'm on my way out.

DALE

I brought you a present.

JUNE

I have a minute. (UNWRAPPING IT) I
think I know what this is! Is it --

SHE PULLS OUT A FRAMED BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTO OF A COUPLE
SLOW-DANCING AT A WEDDING.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Where did you find this?

DALE

I knew you couldn't bear to go through
that box of your dad's stuff, so I did
it for you. This was right on top.

JUNE

Thank you. (RE: PHOTO, STRUCK) Look
at my mom. And my dad. They're so
young. And so happy. I want us to
look just like that.

DALE

We will.

CAITLYN HAS COME AROUND TO LOOK AT THE PHOTO.

CAITLYN

Maybe skip the torpedo bra.

DALE

(TO JUNE) Cancel your thing. Have
lunch with me.

JUNE

I can't. Guess who I'm meeting?
Dylan Fargo.

DALE

(LIGHT) That jerk's back?

JUNE

He's not a jerk. (TO CAITLYN) Dale was just jealous of him because he was in boring old business school, and Dylan had a piece in GQ.

DALE

Yeah, he had piece in Gentleman's Quarterly, and a piece in ladies daily.

CAITLYN

(LAUGHING, THIS ISN'T LIKE HIM) Dale!

JUNE

(TO CAITLYN, RE: DYLAN) It was ridiculous. Every girl had a crush on him.

DALE

(TEASING) Yeah, all those "ridiculous girls."

JUNE

Okay, I may have had a little crush on him myself. (CONCEDING, TO CAITLYN) And I may have forced my poor friend Dale to sit through a few too many rounds of "Aren't I pretty enough?"

DALE

(TO CAITLYN, RE: JUNE) I'll never know if we finally got together because I developed a thing for needy women, or her taste in men improved.

JUNE

The second one. Definitely.

JUNE KISSES HIM. CAITLYN "AWW'S."

DALE

(TO CAITLYN) I'm just saying, when he comes around here, you be careful.

JUNE

(TO DALE) I'll see you at home.

JUNE GRABS HER COAT AND BAG. AS SHE GOES:

CAITLYN

(TO JUNE, CALLING AFTER) Don't forget your dinner with your mother.

JUNE

Caitlyn, it's impossible to forget my mother. You want to, but you can't.

AS JUNE HURRIES OUT, LEAVING DALE AND CAITLYN, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. EMPIRE DINER -- A LITTLE LATER (D-1)
(JUNE, LYDIA, DYLAN, MALE PATRON)

JUNE ENTERS THE DINER: OLD SCHOOL, LOTS OF CHROME. **LYDIA**, JUNE'S BEST FRIEND, LIBIDINOUS, GLAMOUROUS, WAITRESS-ACTRESS, IS ON THE PHONE. SHE WEARS A TIGHT T-SHIRT THAT READS "EMPIRE", A SHORT SKIRT AND HIGH BOOTS.

LYDIA

(INTO PHONE) Of course I'll be there.

Don't worry. I'll find something.

A GRUMPY, MALE PATRON WAGGLES AN EMPTY COFFEE CUP AT LYDIA. SHE WAVES HIM OFF AND GOES BACK TO HER CONVERSATION.

GRUMPY MALE PATRON

(TO NEARBY PATRON) I don't even know

why I come here anymore.

JUNE ENTERS, TAKING OFF HER COAT.

JUNE

(TO Lydia) Hey, Lydia.

LYDIA BRIGHTENS, HANGS UP, COMES AROUND TO MEET JUNE.

LYDIA

(TO JUNE) Get in the bathroom and
take your clothes off.

GRUMPY MALE PATRON

(TO PATRON; OH, YEAH) That's why.

LYDIA USHERS JUNE TOWARD THE BATHROOM:

LYDIA

I need your suit. I have to be at an
audition in fifteen minutes, looking
like a dumpy working mom.

JUNE

This is a nice suit.

LYDIA

Meh.

JUNE

I can't. I'm supposed to meet a
writer here in, like, a minute.

LYDIA

Please? I'm broke and desperate, and
when I win an Oscar for this Tide
commercial, you'll be the first person
I thank.

JUNE

... Okay.

LYDIA

Thank you!

AS LYDIA AND JUNE EXIT INTO THE RESTROOM, WE:

RESET TO:

INT. EMPIRE DINER BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS
(JUNE, LYDIA)

LYDIA CLOSSES THE DOOR TO THE TINY, SINGLE BATHROOM. THEY QUICKLY TRADE CLOTHES, OVER THE FOLLOWING:

JUNE

Why do I let you always talk me into things like this?

LYDIA

Because you love me and you have no personal boundaries. (THEN) Blouse.

JUNE TAKES OFF HER BLOUSE, AS LYDIA PULLS OFF HER BOOTS.

JUNE

Guess who I'm meeting? Dylan Fargo.

LYDIA

(SHE KNOWS WHAT THIS MEANS) Uh-oh.

JUNE

"Uh-oh"? Why "uh-oh?" He called. He's back from the ashram.

LYDIA

Come on. You're totally cool with seeing him, even though you had a thing for him all through school?

JUNE

I did not.

LYDIA

Really? Then why didn't I ever go
after him?

JUNE

Because I would have killed you. But
it was just a talent crush. And it
was forever ago.

JUNE HAS JUST PULLED ON LYDIA'S T-SHIRT.

LYDIA

I know. I just like teasing you about
boys while I still can. (THEN, RE: T-
SHIRT) Speaking of which, you should
get married in that.

LYDIA TURNS JUNE TO THE MIRROR.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Seriously, Junie, who knew you had
such good boobs?

JUNE TAKES IT IN: THIS IS A LOOK SHE NEVER GOES FOR.

JUNE

(SELF-CONSCIOUS, RE: ENSEMBLE) Oh my
god. How do you do this? Everything
is uncomfortable.

LYDIA

I know, but there's nothing hot about
comfortable.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(BACK TO DYLAN) So, ashram? What is
he? Like, a monk now?

JUNE

I have no idea.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

LYDIA/JUNE

Hang on! / We'll be out in a minute!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(INTERESTED) There's two of you in
there? Any room for three?

JUNE

Dylan?

DYLAN (O.S)

June?

LYDIA

I'm guessing not a monk.

JUNE OPENS THE DOOR. DYLAN **FARGO**, 30'S, SCRUFFY-HOT,
ETERNALLY BEMUSED, IS THERE. THEY TAKE EACH OTHER IN.

JUNE

Hi.

DYLAN

Hi.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You look uncharacteristically slutty.

JUNE SMILE-BLUSHES: FLUSTERED, FLATTERED, PLEASED. THEN:

JUNE

It's not mine. It's hers.

LYDIA STEPS INTO VIEW.

DYLAN

(TO LYDIA) Hi.

LYDIA

Hey. Long time. (RE: CLOTHES) We
traded. I have an audition. I
wouldn't be caught dead in this.

JUNE

It's a nice suit!

DYLAN

Meh.

LYDIA

I have to go.

JUNE, BEAMING AT DYLAN, DOESN'T MOVE.

DYLAN

(TO JUNE) You have to move.

JUNE

Right.

JUNE MOVES. LYDIA SLIDES BETWEEN THEM, AS WE...

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. EMPIRE DINER -- A LITTLE LATER
(JUNE, DYLAN)

JUNE AND DYLAN ARE IN A BOOTH, HALF-FULL MILKSHAKES IN FRONT OF THEM.

JUNE

... so why did you disappear? Your career was totally taking off.

DYLAN

I know, but it all felt kind of meaningless. So I went to India, hoping to find --

JUNE

Enlightenment?

DYLAN

Surfing. But then that seemed kinda pointless, too, so I went to this ashram and met this really incredible --

JUNE

Guru?

DYLAN

-- girl. And her sister. We moved
into this abandoned shack on the
beach, and had a summer of non-stop --

JUNE

I don't need to --

DYLAN

Meditation.

JUNE

Right. Meditation.

DYLAN

I loved meditating. It was the only
thing that centered me enough to
handle the drugs and constant three-
ways.

JUNE

(LAUGHS, THEN) My life is so boring
compared to yours!

DYLAN

Come on. You've got to be having more
fun than you did in school, when you
were always hanging out with that
guy -- what was his name? Dull?

JUNE

Dale.

DYLAN

I always get those names confused.
What happened to him?

JUNE

We're getting married next month.

DYLAN

Oh. Oh! Wow, that's -- (THEN) I'm a
jackass.

JUNE

It's okay. We're happy.

DYLAN

Good. (THEN) Well, after that, maybe
now isn't the best time to ask you --

JUNE

What?

DYLAN

To take a look at some stuff I wrote
while I was away?

JUNE

(TEASING) The incoherent ramblings
you scribbled, wasted, in between
incestuous threesomes? Sounds great.
(THEN, RELENTING) I'd be happy to.

What do you have, a few chapters, or --

DYLAN TAKES A PHONE-BOOK-SIZED MANUSCRIPT OUT OF HIS BAG.
IT'S COVERED IN SCRIBBLES AND LOOKS LIKE IT WAS DROPPED IN
THE OCEAN AND LEFT IN THE SUN TO DRY.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Wow.

DYLAN

I'm gonna need an editor.

JUNE

You're gonna need to buy me another
milkshake.

HE FLAGS A WAITER. AS SHE SORTS THROUGH THE PAGES, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMPIRE DINER -- A FEW HOURS LATER - NIGHT (N-1)
(JUNE, DYLAN)

JUNE IS READING AND LAUGHING. DYLAN IS WATCHING HER.

DYLAN

You like it?

JUNE

(ASTONISHED) I love it. It's funny;
it's edgy; it's charming. But --

DYLAN

But?

JUNE

I want -- more. I want to cry.

DYLAN

You did cry.

JUNE

Only because of these boots. They're
killing me.

JUNE LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HOURS, SEES
SOMETHING:

JUNE (CONT'D)

Oh my god. What happened out there?

DYLAN

(LOOKS, THEN) I think it's called
"night."

JUNE

What time is it?

DYLAN

Eight-fifteen.

JUNE

My mom! I have to meet my mom.

(THEN, RE: PAGES) Can I --

DYLAN

Please.

JUNE STUFFS THE MANUSCRIPT INTO HER BAG, JUMPS UP TO GO.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Don't rush. I'm sure she'll
understand. (THEN) I'm kidding.
She's terrifying. Go, go.

JUNE HURRIES OUT, AS WE...

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. RESTAURANT -- A FEW MINUTES LATER (N-1)
(JUNE, ROZ, CHEF)

JUNE'S MOTHER, **ROZ**, MID-60'S, A TOUGH COOKIE, IS ALONE AT A TABLE, FINISHING HER MEAL. THE **CHEF** APPROACHES ROZ, AS JUNE, IN HER COAT, ENTERS AND HEADS OVER TO HER MOTHER.

CHEF

Good evening. Did you enjoy your meal?

ROZ

No. (WAGGLING FINGERS AT HIM) Thanks to your sodium piccata, the only way I'll be getting my rings off tonight is with a butcher knife.

JUNE, JOINING THEM, HAS OVERHEARD. SHE TURNS TO THE CHEF:

JUNE

I'm sorry. We'll tip big. Well, she won't, but I'll sneak back and leave an extra twenty.

THE CHEF CROSSES OFF. DURING THE FOLLOWING, JUNE TAKES OFF HER COAT, REVEALING LYDIA'S CLOTHING UNDERNEATH.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Mom, hi. I'm so sorry I'm late. I
was with a client, and --

ROZ

(RE: OUTFIT) An author, or are you
hooking now?

JUNE

Not hooking yet. But, given the shape
publishing's in -- maybe soon.

JUNE SITS WITH HER MOTHER, PICKS UP A MENU, THEN:

JUNE (CONT'D)

Hey, speaking of clients, guess who's
coming in tomorrow?

ROZ

Guessing is for children and idiots.
Tell me.

JUNE

Bert.

ROZ

Bert? Why would Bert come to see you?

JUNE

I don't know. Maybe because I'm a
respected professional and he wants my
opinion on a story he wrote.

ROZ

You don't have to do that. He's not a
real writer.

JUNE

But he is your boyfriend, which may
merit canonization more than
publication, but I'm happy to be nice.

ROZ

Don't bother. You obviously don't
have time.

A WAITRESS PUTS THE CHECK DOWN AND CROSSES OFF. ROZ OPENS
IT, PAYS, CLOSSES IT.

JUNE

Mom, really. I'm sorry I was late,
but can we start over? I really want
to finalize stuff for the wedding, and
I'd like to make time for Bert. If
he's important to you, he's important
to me.

ROZ

He's dead to me.

JUNE

What?

ROZ

We broke up.

JUNE

Oh my god, Mom -- Why?

ROZ

I don't know. We didn't discuss it.

JUNE

He never gave a reason?

ROZ

No. We don't talk everything to death
like you young people. What does it
matter? It's over.

ROZ GETS UP AND GATHERS HER THINGS:

ROZ (CONT'D)

I don't want to talk about it any
more. I'm tired. I'm going home.
You look good, Juney. Nice boobs.

JUNE

(FLUSTERED) What?

AS ROZ HEADS OUT, JUNE GOES TO FOLLOW:

JUNE (CONT'D)

Mom --

ROZ EXITS. JUNE STARTS AFTER HER, THEN TURNS BACK, SLIPS
AN EXTRA TWENTY IN THE BILL, THEN GOES, AS WE...

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. JUNE & DALE'S APARTMENT -- A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT
(JUNE, DALE, LYDIA, KYLE)

JUNE, NOW IN PAJAMAS, RANTS IN THE LIVING ROOM TO DALE.

JUNE

-- and then the weirdest part was, she
complimented me.

DALE

(STUNNED) Your mom?

JUNE

I know! She's must be devastated.
And I don't blame her. To just get
dumped, after three months, with no
explanation? Like he's such a player,
just because he can drive at night?

DALE

C'mere.

JUNE PLOPS DOWN NEXT TO HIM. HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER.

JUNE

I was just so glad she had somebody.
I don't want her to be alone.

DALE

She'll find someone else. I don't
know who, but someone. (THEN) Hey,
how was lunch with the jerk?

JUNE

Oh, it was --

JUNE IS EVASIVE, REMEMBERING HOW CAUGHT UP IN DYLAN SHE
WAS. THE DOORBELL RINGS. RELIEVED, SHE GETS UP TO GET IT:

JUNE (CONT'D)

Are you expecting somebody?

DALE

Nope.

JUNE OPENS THE DOOR. IT'S LYDIA.

LYDIA

Hey. Did I wake you guys?

JUNE

It's nine-thirty.

LYDIA

The question stands.

JUNE

I don't know why you have this picture
of our life as staid and boring, but --

DALE

Hey, Lyd. (TO JUNE) I'm going to
bed. Tomorrow's Thursday. I want to
be fresh for the crossword puzzle.

(TO LYDIA) I know. I'm sexy.

HE EXITS TO THE BEDROOM. LYDIA CAN'T HIDE HER SMIRK.

JUNE

Don't say anything.

LYDIA

I don't have to. (THEN) I need my boots. I have an audition tomorrow morning to be a hooker on CSI.

JUNE

I thought you weren't going to do those parts any more.

LYDIA

This one's different. She has a heart of gold.

JUNE HANDS LYDIA HER BOOTS, WHICH WERE BY THE DOOR.

JUNE

Break a leg. (RE: BOOTS) Which shouldn't be hard.

LYDIA

Thanks. I thought you were going to keep them, since your boyfriend likes them so much.

JUNE

They're not really Dale's thing.

LYDIA

I'm not talking about Dale. (OFF
JUNE'S LOOK) Come on, June. Dylan.
I saw the way you were looking at him.

JUNE

What? You're crazy.

LYDIA

It's okay. He's sexy, and you still
have a little crush on him.

JUNE

I really don't. Not anymore. He's an
irresponsible, multiple-sister-banging
burn-out, and I am very happily
engaged to an amazing guy.

LYDIA

You love him.

JUNE

(DEFENSIVE) I do not.

LYDIA

I was talking about Dale.

JUNE

(FLUSTERED) Unbelievable. You know
what you do? You make all kinds of
drama where there isn't any drama.

LYDIA

It's my job. I'm an actress.

JUNE

(RE: BOOTS) You're a whore.

LYDIA

With a heart of gold. (THEN) Come
on, I'm just playing. I know you're
over Dylan. And you know no one's
more excited for your wedding than me.

JUNE

Because you love your dress.

LYDIA

And I love you. For picking out my
dress.

LYDIA KISSES HER AND GOES. AS JUNE CLOSES THE DOOR, HER
BLACKBERRY BUZZES. SHE SEES WHO IT IS, HESITATES, ANSWERS:

JUNE

Dylan. Hi. (BEAT, THEN) No, I
haven't gotten to it yet, but --
(LOOKS TO BEDROOM, THEN) I guess I
have a minute.

AS SHE SETTLES ON THE COUCH WITH THE BLACKBERRY, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUNE & DALE'S APARTMENT -- THE NEXT MORNING
(JUNE, DYLAN, DALE, KYLE)

EARLY MORNING. JUNE IS ON THE COUCH WITH THE MANUSCRIPT.
SHE AND DYLAN HAVE BEEN ON THE PHONE ALL NIGHT.

JUNE

... I'm not saying it shouldn't be
funny, but it can also be moving.

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

(THEN) I get it, emotions aren't your thing, but they're in here, and if you bring them out, it's what's gonna make this a best-seller. (ANNOYED) What do you mean, "you have to go?"

HE'S ALREADY HUNG UP. JUNE LOOKS AT THE PHONE, ANGRY. SHE HITS SPEED DIAL, AS DALE COMES OUT OF THE BEDROOM.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) You say, "You have to go," and then you just hang up? What the hell is that about? (THEN) Oh. Pee and call me back.

DALE

Oh, no. Did Kyle keep you on the phone all night again?

JUNE

No, it was the jerk.

DALE

Are you kidding me? That guy again?

JUNE

I know, I shouldn't get involved, but he brought me this pile of pages, and even though it's a mess, it really does have potential, if only he'd stop being so pig-headed and do what I tell him.

DALE

Well, it is his book.

JUNE

I hate when you're reasonable.

DALE

(RE: DOOR) You get the paper?

JUNE

Not yet.

DALE CROSSES TO THE DOOR. JUNE'S PHONE RINGS. SHE ANSWERS.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) That was fast. (THEN)

Oh. Hi, Kyle.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HALLWAY -- SAME TIME
(KYLE)

WE'RE TIGHT ON KYLE, ON HIS CELL PHONE.

KYLE

Sorry to bother you so early. Are you
busy?

JUNE

Kind of.

DALE OPENS THE DOOR TO GET THE PAPER. KYLE IS STANDING
RIGHT OUTSIDE THEIR DOOR. HE LOOKS AT JUNE ON THE COUCH.

KYLE

(TO JUNE) You don't look busy. (TO
DALE, HOSTILE) Hi, Dale. Congrats on
your "engagement."

DALE

(THEY DO THIS ALL THE TIME) You can stop saying it like that, Kyle. She isn't going to marry you.

KYLE

We'll see.

KYLE STARTS TO ENTER. JUNE CROSSES TO HIM, STOPPING HIM.

JUNE

(TO KYLE) What are you doing here?

KYLE

Well, since I promised to stop coming by the office every day, I was hoping it was okay if I came to your house.

JUNE

(TERSE) No, Kyle. It isn't.

KYLE

You sound mad. Are you mad?

JUNE

(SOFTENING) Not at you. I was just dealing with this other writer, and --

KYLE

(THREATENED) Other writer? What other writer? Who is he? What's he writing? Is he --

JUNE

Kyle, please. You have to stop
feeling threatened by other writers.

KYLE

Why? Who else should I be threatened by?

JUNE

No one. Look, if you have an issue,
come to the office. Just like all my
other authors. (OFF HIS HESITATION)
I'll let you lie on the couch.

KYLE

(CONSIDERS, THEN) Later, Dale.

KYLE EXITS. DALE PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER. SHE LEANS IN.

DALE

You poor thing. They never stop.

JUNE

I know.

JUNE, SEEING HER BLACKBERRY FLASH, REFLEXIVELY TURNS TO IT.

DALE

(STILL HOLDING HER) You want to check
your Blackberry, don't you?

JUNE

Just for a second.

OFF HER SHEEPISHNESS, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE E

INT. OPEN BOOKS BULLPEN -- DAY (D-2)
(JUNE, CAITLYN)

JUNE HURRIES INTO WORK, A LITTLE LATE AND A LITTLE UNKEMPT FROM HER ALL-NIGHTER.

CAITLYN

Yick. What happened to you?

JUNE

How about, "Good morning, can I get you a coffee?"

CAITLYN

(CONSIDERS, THEN) Yick. What happened to you?

JUNE

I was up all night giving notes to this stubborn writer, who's too dumb to realize that if he'd just call me back and take my notes, he could transform his goofy ramblings into something that could win us a Pulitzer.

BERT FIELDS, 70, MILD-MANNERED, REACHES THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, OUT OF BREATH.

BERT (O.S.)

You should get a Pulitzer just for making it up these stairs.

JUNE

Bert? What are you doing here?

BERT

I was hoping for a little constructive criticism. (TO CAITLYN, EXTENDING HAND) Bert Fields.

CAITLYN

(CHARMED) Caitlyn. Can I get you a --
JUNE, FURIOUS AT BERT, IS ALREADY CUTTING HER OFF.

JUNE

(TO CAITLYN) Oh, no. No, no, no. Do not be nice to him. (TO BERT) I can't believe you have the nerve to come here. If you think I'm going to spend so much as a minute critiquing your ridiculous, unrealistic story --

CAITLYN

(SOTTO) So much for constructive.

JUNE

-- after you dump my mother without so much as a phone call? I don't care if she's the most nasty, critical,

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

judgmental woman on earth, and she may well be; she is a person and she doesn't deserve to be treated like that, except occasionally by me, and then, only when seriously provoked on major national holidays. (THEN) What you did to her sucks, Bert. It sucks almost as bad as your character names. I mean, really. What Italian is named Vinny Lasagna?

BERT

What are you talking about? Your mother dumped me.

A BEAT, THEN:

JUNE

Oh. (THEN, SHEEPISH, RE: STORY)
There were some parts I liked...

OFF JUNE'S EMBARRASSMENT, WE...

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE H

INT. ROZ'S APARTMENT -- A LITTLE LATER (D-2)
(JUNE, ROZ)

JUNE CONFRONTS ROZ IN HER SMALL ONE-BEDROOM APARTMENT.

JUNE

Why would you lie? Why would you tell
me he broke up with you?

ROZ

I never said that.

JUNE

You so let me believe it. And why
would you dump him? He's kind, and --

ROZ

There's no chemistry.

JUNE

(TAKEN ABACK) What?

ROZ

He's nice, but in the sack? Zip.

JUNE

(FLUSTERED) Oh. God. Wow. I wasn't
even thinking about that. (THEN) But
isn't it just nice to have someone to

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

have dinner with and go to the movies?
Enjoy a little companionship?

ROZ

Ah, "Companionship." I should be
grateful for "companionship." Well,
I'm sick of companionship. I had
forty years of it with your father.

JUNE

(STUNNED) You and Dad didn't have...
chemistry?

ROZ

Honey. Your father was kind, he was
generous, he was a good provider. We
had different criteria then; it wasn't
like you kids, all about "soulmates"
and "passion." And when it came to
that, we were... comfortable with each
other. We had our laughs, we raised
our girls, and I miss him. But now
I'm on my own, and if I'm going to do
it again, I want passion. And when
you say it at my age, you sound like
an old fool. So why wouldn't I lie?

JUNE REELS AS SHE TAKES ALL THIS IN, AS WE...

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE J

EXT. OPEN BOOKS -- A LITTLE LATER (D-2)
(JUNE, DYLAN, KYLE)

JUNE HEADS UP THE STEPS TO HER OFFICE, REELING. SHE TALKS ON THE PHONE WITH LYDIA.

JUNE

(INTO PHONE) I can't believe it, Lyd.
Forty years, and no passion? How
could I have not seen that? Do I even
know what passion is?

JUNE LOOKS UP. DYLAN IS APPROACHING HER, DETERMINED.

DYLAN

June --

JUNE

(INTO PHONE) I've got to go.

JUNE HANGS UP.

DYLAN

I've been thinking about you all day.
I know what you want, and I want it,
too --

UNABLE TO STOP HERSELF, JUNE LAUNCHES OFF THE STEP AND THROWS HERSELF AT HIM, KISSING HIM DEEPLY. AS THEY BREAK:

DYLAN (CONT'D)

-- for the book. (THEN, RE: KISS)

But wow. That was interesting.

JUNE STANDS IN STUNNED HORROR: WHAT DID SHE JUST DO? WHAT DOES SHE DO NOW?

JUNE

(COVERING) Yeah, I know. For the book. You were talking about the book. That's why I kissed you. Because I'm passionate. About the book. And when I'm passionate, I... kiss my writers. I kiss 'em all like that. Why else would I kiss you? I'm engaged.

DESPERATE FOR AN ESCAPE, JUNE LOOKS DOWN THE STREET, PRETENDING TO SEE SOMEONE SHE KNOWS.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(CALLING OFF, TO IMAGINARY PERSON)

What? Okay! (TO DYLAN) Gotta go.

SHE RUNS AWAY, MORTIFIED. HE WATCHES HER GO, AS WE...

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE K

INT. JUNE & DALE'S APARTMENT -- EVENING (N-2)
(JUNE, DALE)

JUNE ENTERS, IN HER SUIT, RATTLED. DALE IS MAKING DINNER.

DALE

That's more like it.

JUNE

What does that mean?

DALE

You know, yesterday you came limping home, in that crazy get-up. I like you looking like you. Comfortable.

JUNE

But -- what if I don't want to be comfortable all the time? What if I want to be off-balance and... shake it up now and then? What if I want that?

DALE

(HELPFUL, RE: OUTFIT) Then change.

AS JUNE CONTEMPLATES WHAT THIS SUGGESTION MIGHT MEAN, WE...

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE L

INT. LYDIA'S HALLWAY -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT (N-2)
(JUNE, LYDIA)

JUNE KNOCKS ON LYDIA'S DOOR, UPSET AND OUT OF BREATH.
LYDIA, IN A SHORT, SILKY NIGHTIE, OPENS IT.

LYDIA

June? What happened? Are you okay?

JUNE

I don't know. I woke up in a freezing
sweat, and I looked over at Dale, and
I saw my father. And then I looked in
the mirror, and I saw my mother.

LYDIA STEPS OUT INTO THE HALL, LEAVING HER DOOR AJAR.

LYDIA

You've got to get rid of that mirror.

JUNE

I freaked, Lyd. I got out of bed, and
I bolted. I'm so confused. I love
Dale, and I thought we had passion,
but then something happened, and I
felt passion. I don't know if I can
marry him. I don't know what to do.

LYDIA

Wow. Okay. Honey, this is huge, and I wish I could talk about it all night, but I'm feeling some passion, too. I'm kinda in the middle of feeling it right now.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Lydia?

A BEAT, AS JUNE RECOGNIZES DYLAN' VOICE.

JUNE

Oh my god. Is that -- ?

LYDIA

(SHEEPISH, EXCITED) Yes! He came by the diner, and yes, I know, he's trouble, but I couldn't resist. (OFF JUNE'S SHOCK) Oh god. You're upset. Are you upset?

JUNE

(REELS, THEN, COVERING) ... No. No. Why would I... be upset?

LYDIA

Okay, good. Because Dylan may not be your type anymore, Junie, but whoof, he's always been mine.

OFF JUNE'S ASTONISHMENT, WE...

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE M

INT. ROZ'S HALLWAY -- A LITTLE LATER (N-2)
(JUNE, ROZ, BERT)

JUNE KNOCKS ON ROZ'S DOOR. AFTER A BEAT, ROZ, IN A COZY ROBE, OPENS IT.

JUNE

I need to stay here tonight.

ROZ

(BEAT, THEN) Can we take a raincheck
on that?

JUNE

What? Why?

BERT (O.S.)

(CALLING, FROM INSIDE) Roz?

ROZ

(OFF JUNE'S LOOK, SOTTO) Bert came
by, furious. "How dare I treat him
like that?" I don't know what came
over him. So sexy. (THEN) I'll call
you.

ROZ CLOSES THE DOOR, AS WE...

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE P

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE / BULLPEN -- EARLY MORNING (D-3)
(JUNE, CAITLYN, DYLAN, KYLE)

JUNE STIRS ON HER OFFICE COUCH, HAVING SPENT A RESTLESS NIGHT ON IT. MORNING LIGHT POURS IN. CAITLYN, ENTERING WITH FLOWERS, SEES JUNE ON THE COUCH:

CAITLYN

Ew. Kyle sweats on that.

JUNE

(SITTING UP, GROGGY) Coffee. Please.

CAITLYN EXITS TO GET COFFEE. THEY CONTINUE TALKING, DURING THE FOLLOWING.

CAITLYN (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

JUNE

... Working late.

JUNE STANDS, THEN COLLAPSES. HER LEGS ARE ASLEEP. SHE POUNDS THEM TO GET THE FEELING BACK. CAITLYN RETURNS, HANDS HER A MUG. JUNE SWIGS, REACTS, THEN SPITS IT BACK INTO THE CUP.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(REACTING) What is that?

CAITLYN

Listerine. Now coffee.

CAITLYN HANDS HER A SECOND MUG. JUNE TAKES IT AND DRINKS,

AS CAITLYN EXITS.

CAITLYN (CONT'D)

(EXITING) And Dylan Fargo is here.

Can I send him in?

JUNE

What? No.

TOO LATE. DYLAN ENTERS AS JUNE STRUGGLES TO STRAIGHTEN HER CLOTHES AND HAIR, THEN MAINTAIN A FAUX-CASUAL POSE. HE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

DYLAN

Hi.

JUNE

Hi. (BEAT, THEN, PRE-EMPTIVE) Look, as much as I really, really love your manuscript and see so much potential in it, I'm guessing you're here to say that you'd like to go with another editor. One who may be a little less... over-involved. And that's cool.

DYLAN

No. Not at all. I want to develop it here, at Open Books. I want you. Your input. I need it. But, that said, I'll find someone else, if you're not... okay working with me.

JUNE

(LYING) Oh, I'm okay. I'm super
okay. We're colleagues, Dylan. So,
I'll have Caitlyn set something up,
and --

SHE OPENS HER OFFICE DOOR.

DYLAN

Are you sure?

SHE STOPS.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(GENTLY) I know you don't really kiss
all your writers like that.

CAITLYN (O.S.)

(TO OFFSCREEN PERSON) You can't just
barge in there. She's with a --

KYLE ENTERS, ON A MISSION. HE BLOWS RIGHT PAST DYLAN, NOT
EVEN SEEING HIM.

KYLE

(TO JUNE) I'm sorry, but I can't get
past something you said before. I may
have boundary issues, and I'm working
on those, but I signed with you eight
years ago, when I was on the best-
seller list and you were just a baby
editor, because you were the only one
who never made me feel like I was
"just another author." But if that's

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

not the case anymore, then tear up my contract because I've been blocked for so fucking long, I don't even need an editor anyway.

JUNE STEPS TO KYLE.

JUNE

Yes, you do. And I'm here for you.

THEN, SEEING AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE HER POINT TO DYLAN, JUNE PLANTS A LONG, DETERMINED, DECIDEDLY UNPROFESSIONAL AND COMPLETELY INAPPROPRIATE KISS ON KYLE. SHE STEPS AWAY.

KYLE

(BEAT, THEN, INSPIRED) I think I just got an idea.

KYLE, DRIVEN TO START HIS NEXT MASTERPIECE, TURNS TO EXIT. AS HE DOES, HE REGISTERS DYLAN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(TO JUNE, RE: DYLAN, DISMISSIVE)

Who's the kid?

KYLE STRIDES OUT, CONFIDENT. DYLAN TURNS TO JUNE, STUNNED.

DYLAN

What was that?

JUNE

(SHRUGGING) Business as usual.

JUNE CROSSES TO HER DESK, BARELY ABLE TO HIDE HER SMILE, AS WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE -- A LITTLE LATER (D-3)
(JUNE, CAITLYN, RAY)

JUNE IS AT HER DESK, TRYING TO WORK, BUT CAN'T. CAITLYN ENTERS, HOLDING UP PIECES OF A COMPLICATED, ELEGANT, WEDDING INVITATION. ALL ARE A TASTEFUL CREAM COLOR.

CAITLYN

Your invitations came! They're
gorgeous. And look, here's the best
part. (RE: EACH PIECE) Cream, cream,
cream, cream -- (THEN, OPENING
ENVELOPE, REVEALING LINER) -- pink!
So cute! I can't wait to get one!

JUNE TAKES A DEEP BREATH. IT'S ALL BECOMING CLEAR TO HER.

JUNE

Caitlyn, I don't know if there's going
to be a wedding.

CAITLYN

(UPSET) What? Why? Who could be
better for you than Dale?

RAY ENTERS WITH A BOUQUET OF RED ROSES IN A CRYSTAL VASE.
IT SCREAMS CLASSIC ROMANCE.

RAY

These just came for you. From Kyle.

JUNE

Oh, dear god.

JUNE BURIES HER HEAD IN HER HANDS. CAITLYN AND RAY LOOK AT
HER, BEWILDERED, AS WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW