

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON an ENGAGEMENT RING being fiddled with between HANNAH's hands. Her hands are placed gingerly in her lap. Hannah is a thirty-something woman, neat, collected, very "Better Homes and Garden", not a hair out of place.

Hannah sits on a large couch, head down, tears in her eyes. There is a note set on the coffee table in front of her. She stands, placing the ring on the note. It says:

"Babe, I can't do this. I need to take some time. -Robby"

Hannah places her head into her hands, weeping.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

Hannah is laying in bed, arms and legs spread. Her hair is in an actual messy bun, her shirt has stains and wrinkles. She looks as if she hasn't slept in two weeks.

Tissues, empty leftover containers, and empty wine bottles litter the bed and floor.

Her phone vibrates on her nightstand. Hopeful, she glances at it. A message reads:

SUPER: Please get out of bed. You're going to get bedsores.

HANNAH
(under her breath)
Peyton, I'm trying.

She texts back:

SUPER: I'm up, don't worry.

PEYTON texts back immediately:

SUPER: No you're not. I'm here. GET UP.

A jovial woman in her thirties enters the room. She is petite, but has a large personality. She has a voice that can be heard from miles away, a deep register, a particular cadence. She has on a large statement necklace, a oversized cardigan, and chunky boots. Put together without being too type-A.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

Okay, get up. This pity party has gone on long enough.

Hannah groans, rolls over in her bed, covering her head with a pillow.

HANNAH

I'm not doing this today. I can't.

PEYTON

Yes, you can. You need to clean up here. And brush your hair. And take a shower. Seriously. You're so gross right now.

HANNAH

You legitimately can't say that to me. That is so mean.

PEYTON

Not mean if it's true. Get it together.

Hannah rolls out of bed. Peyton hands her a towel, a hairbrush, and a fresh outfit.

PEYTON

Go take a long, hot shower. I'll clean up around here. Love you, but get it together. It's been long enough.

HANNAH

Okay, thanks. Love you, too.

Hannah exits, while Peyton looks around the room. She grimaces, picking up the used tissues first.

INT. DINER - DAY

Peyton and Hannah are sitting across from each other in a booth at a diner. It's small and dingy, so you know it has good food. A waitress brings their food, and Hannah immediately digs in.

Hannah is more put together: hair neat, a cleanish shirt, a small amount of makeup.

Peyton glances at Hannah and scoffs under her breath.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON
So, how have you been? I've been
stressed for you.

Hannah's put-togetherness does not stop her from crying.

HANNAH
I'm so sorry for this.

Hannah gestures to herself.

PEYTON
No, let it out. Emotions should be
shared with people around them.

HANNAH
You wrote that in an article for
"The Chronicle" last year.

PEYTON
Yes, yes. Still my words, just at a
different time for a different
purpose. I can't believe you read
my stuff. And remember it, for
God's sake.

Hannah is still sniffing, but Peyton is more intrigued by
Hannah's interest in her work rather than Hannah's emotions.

HANNAH
Of course I do. I love you, I love
your work. Why would I read your
stuff?

PEYTON
I don't know, it just doesn't seem
your style. Sex, shallow stuff, it
doesn't fit you.

HANNAH
What do you mean it doesn't fit me?

PEYTON
I mean, you are into real love.
Like, over-the-moon, smile til it
hurts, holding hands in public type
of love. And I write about sex.

HANNAH
I like sex.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON
I'm not saying you don't like sex.
I'm just saying you like love.

HANNAH
True. But I like sex, too.

PEYTON
Please, say it louder. I don't
think the neighbors heard.

Hannah rolls her eyes, and changes the subject quickly.

HANNAH
Okay, ha ha. How's your next best
seller coming along?

PEYTON
I have exactly zero pages. I'm
meeting with my editor tomorrow to
let her know I'm stuck.

HANNAH
Do you have even an idea?

PEYTON
No, I've slept with every guy in
Seattle just to get a good story so
I'm plumb out.

HANNAH
Well, good luck with that. I hope
there's a new man out there just
for you.

Peyton rolls her eyes again. She stabs her slice of pie
with her fork, shoving it in her mouth.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Peyton is pacing her office, scribbling notes on a legal
pad. There are three large knocks at her door. A woman
enters without Peyton's permission.

The woman is short, but very passionate. She is decked out
in Ann Taylor, talking furiously on the phone. This is
HILLARY.

HILLARY
(on the phone)
Okay, yes. I told you that a
million times. If you don't do
this, I'll drop you. Get it
together.

(CONTINUED)

She hangs up without saying goodbye. She flips her hair, slams her phone into her bag.

HILLARY
Peyton. How are you?

PEYTON
(sarcastically)
Oh, just great. Livin' the dream.

HILLARY
Okay, we need to figure this nonsense out. You need a drink and an idea.

PEYTON
Let's start with the drink.

She walks to her desk and pulls open her bottom drawer.

PEYTON (CON'T.)
Tanqueray, Captain, what's your poison?

HILLARY
Bourbon, two fingers, neat.

PEYTON
Got it.

Peyton pulls two drink glasses off her bookshelf that is behind her desk. She pours bourbon from a fancy bottle into both glasses. She grabs both glasses, sipping one and handing the other to Hillary.

HILLARY
Thank you kindly.

Hillary sips her drink and winces subtly. She places the glass on the side table next to her chair.

HILLARY (CON'T.)
So, this book.

PEYTON
This book.

HILLARY
Why don't you have anything? Your deadline is in four weeks.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON
I've been busy. God.

HILLARY
Busy? Peyton. This is your job. You can't be too busy to not do your job.

PEYTON
I've got some personal stuff going on.

HILLARY
Is it juicy?

Peyton is taken aback by this question.

PEYTON
Juicy?

HILLARY
Yeah, like is it something you can write about?

PEYTON
It's not my stuff so...no.

HILLARY
Then it's not personal. Get me a story. Now. Go to the next town over to find a new guy, get on Tinder, anything.

Hillary stands, putting her coat back on.

PEYTON
That's it? No sage advice? No story ideas? Just "get on Tinder"? Have you seen guys on Tinder? That is why I won't "get on Tinder".

HILLARY
Well, do something. Wave your magic wand so someone will do the same to you.

Hillary winks and waves to Peyton. She leaves without saying goodbye, something she is quite good at.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hannah is napping on her couch, Netflix on the television. There is a rap on the door. Hannah turns over, mumbling under her breath. She wraps a blanket around her, groggily stands up. She opens her front door. Peyton is standing there, two coffees in hand.

HANNAH
Peyton, what are you doing here?

PEYTON
I just thought I would swing by,
get you some coffee, you know,
friend things.

HANNAH
Oh, okay, thank you. Come on in.

Peyton enters, handing one coffee to Hannah. Hannah shuts the door as Peyton plops on the couch, pulling out her laptop.

HANNAH (CON'T.)
Okay, what do you really want?

PEYTON
I need your help.

HANNAH
My help?

PEYTON
Yes. I don't have a story idea, and
my meeting with my editor went
horribly, so I need your help.

HANNAH
What exactly can I help with?

PEYTON
Well, I thought since you are fresh
to singleness I could get a hot
take on you. Like, what should I
write about now?

HANNAH
Isn't your whole deal to write on
relationships? Not singleness?

PEYTON
Well, I thought I could draw from
your spirit and find some story
within.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH
You sound like a crazy person.

PEYTON
(smirking)
I left my Ouija board at home, so
I'm not that crazy. Are you going
to help me? Please? I'll buy you
more coffee. Two coffees! One for
each hand!

Hannah laughs and walks to the couch to sit next to Peyton.
She starts to laugh.

HANNAH
Chill out. How many coffees have
you had?

PEYTON
Just the one. Plus three.

HANNAH
God, no wonder you're all hopped up
with nowhere to go. Sure, I'll
help. What do you need?

PEYTON
I need something fresh, something
new.

HANNAH
Have you tried Tinder?

PEYTON
I am NOT trying Tinder. Sleeze bags
and wankers. I'm not willingly
submitting myself to that.

HANNAH
Okay, no Tinder.

PEYTON
What if we went out? Just you and
me? I could spy on some young
couples who think they have it all
together. You can get a long island
the size of your head. It'll be
good for us.

HANNAH
No. No way.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON
What? Why not? You weren't doing
anything...obviously.

Peyton motions to Hannah's t.v. that is still on.

HANNAH
I just don't want to go out. I
can't.

PEYTON
You can't? Yes you can. Nothing's
stopping you.

HANNAH
I know nothing is stopping me, but
I just don't want to.

PEYTON
You owe me. Let's go. Put on that
top that makes you look like 2007
Britney.

HANNAH
That's it? We're going out?

PEYTON
Yes. And I have a coupon for 50
cent wings at Wing Town, so that's
first.

HANNAH
Fine, but now you owe me.

Hannah leaves the room, while Peyton stays on the couch,
sipping her coffee and smiling widely.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Peyton and Hannah sit across from each other, each with a
drink in hand. Peyton has a notebook out, jotting notes
quickly. Hannah glances around and drinks her drink a
little too quickly.

PEYTON
Are you having fun yet?

Hannah throws back the rest of her drink.

HANNAH
(sarcastically)
Oh, yeah. A blast. The time of my
life.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

I'm almost done here. We can go back to your place afterward and watch a movie or something. I just needed inspiration, and I figured you did too.

HANNAH

Inspiration?

PEYTON

Yeah, put your beer goggles on and be *inspired*.

Hannah looks at Peyton inquisitively, but soon laughs.

HANNAH

Fine, I'll go get some more to drink. You want another?

PEYTON

Yes, please.

Hannah leaves the table.

INT. BAR - MAIN BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Hannah stands at the bar, lightly tapping her nails on the bar top. The BARTENDER is serving some particularly thin women on the other side of the bar. She sighs loudly, but the bartender still is ignoring her. She finally clears her throat, getting the bartender's attention.

BARTENDER

Can I help you?

HANNAH

Yes, I need a long island, top shelf. And a martini, neat.

BARTENDER

Name?

HANNAH

Myers, Peyton. That's M-Y-

BARTENDER

Got it. It's not a hard name.

The bartender walks away before Hannah can retort. She waits at the bar, looking around to observe the area. It's a small bar, dingy, looks like it needs a good cleaning.

(CONTINUED)

The bar top is sticky from the endless amount of drinks that were served. There is peanut dust stuck to the sticky residue. There are stains on the pool tables in various shades of brown. Hannah shudders, thinking of the germs.

Hannah glances over her shoulder to see Peyton and a mystery man at the table. Peyton is laughing, touching the man's upper arm. The bartender clears his throat, Hannah jumps. She grabs the drinks and turns to leave.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Peyton is still laughing with the man.

PEYTON
Oh, Hannah! This is-

The man turns to Hannah, extending his hand.

HARRY
It's Harry. Nice to meet you.

Hannah stares at him, then looks at his hand. She doesn't shake it.

HANNAH
Same to you. Peyton, your drink.

Peyton grabs the drink, sipping it too quickly.

PEYTON
Thank you! Okay, so I'm going to leave with Henry and-

HARRY
Harry. It's Harry.

PEYTON
Sure. Okay, Harry. But I wanted to run something by you. I think I like you and how you handled your relationship.

Hannah raises an eyebrow to Peyton.

HANNAH
Thanks I think?

PEYTON
You're welcome. So, what if I document your life? Like for my next book.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH
Like everything? It's not that
interesting.

PEYTON
It's real, it's raw. It's fresh.

HANNAH
Just think about what you're even
saying. Go with this, I'm sure,
charming young man before he
changes his mind.

PEYTON
You're the best.

Peyton leans to kiss Hannah on the cheek. She grabs Harry's
arm to be escorted out of the bar.

HANNAH
Don't forget your card!

PEYTON
Sign for me! Treat yourself
tonight!

Peyton waves to her and leaves.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah is curled up on her couch, a glass of water on the
coffee table, a wastebasket next to the couch. She moans,
looking at her clock.

HANNAH
Why am I so old?

She grabs an aspirin, pops it in her mouth, and rolls back
over on the couch, putting a pillow over her head.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Peyton wakes and rolls over to find a stranger in her bed.
She pokes him, waking him up. The stranger smiles.

HARRY
Good morning, beautiful.

PEYTON
You gotta go. Now.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
What? Why? I'll make breakfast.

PEYTON
No, you need to leave. You weren't
inspirational enough to stay.

HARRY
Inspirational? What?

Peyton stands, gathering his clothes from the floor. She
shoves them at Harry, who is still laying in the bed.

PEYTON
I can't even remember your name,
man. You gotta go.

HARRY
Harry. My name is Harry.

He stands, putting on his pants.

PEYTON
Okay, Harvey. Please leave.

Harry scoffs, and hops out of the room as he puts on his
shoes while still standing.

Peyton follows him out to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Peyton opens the front door for Harry. He exits, but turns
around.

HARRY
You know, I had a fun time last-

Peyton slams the door on him before he finishes his
sentence. She sighs, then shrugs, and head toward her
kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Peyton is eating a bowl of sugary cereal, and reading the
paper. One article is particularly intriguing to her. The
headline reads "Best selling author, Peyton Myers, to
publish new book-cutting edge".

Peyton chokes on her cereal. She puts the paper down, and
picks up her phone, immediately dialing Hillary.

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

Peyton leaves a long-winded message.

PEYTON

Hillary. We need to meet today. As soon as possible. Why is there an article about my non-existent book in "The Chronicle"? And I have an idea for the book. But seriously. We need to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Peyton and Hillary are seated in Peyton's office across from each other.

HILLARY

I appreciate your urgency on the phone this morning. Finally some passion behind your work! So, about this idea. What do we have?

PEYTON

First of all, why is there an article in "The Chronicle" about my book that, I'm sorry, I didn't know I had published yet.

HILLARY

It's publicity. It's required.

PEYTON

It's a little premature, don't you think?

Hillary laughs and shakes her head.

HILLARY

Of course not, silly! We needed it out there for your motivation! So, what's the idea?

PEYTON

Well, it sounds outlandish, but I think it'll be new and fresh.

HILLARY

Ok, so spill. I don't have all day. I'm very busy.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

What if I write about my best friend's love story instead of mine? It would be something totally different.

HILLARY

No, I can't work with that. What if you write it from your perspective? Like, you just spin it into your own story.

PEYTON

Can I do that? I don't think that's legal.

HILLARY

Just say "Based on a true story". It doesn't have to be your true story.

PEYTON

She'll know. I'll know. That's not quite fair.

HILLARY

Fair doesn't sell books. What's her story? Well, your story now.

PEYTON

Well, she was in a four year relationship and was engaged. He only left a note without any explanation.

HILLARY

That is so sad. It's perfect.

PEYTON

But...

HILLARY

No buts, write the story. Your deadline is creeping up on us both.

Hillary stands to leave.

PEYTON

I can't! We know I'm a bitch, but I can't do that to her. She'll be devastated.

(CONTINUED)

HILLARY
Don't tell her. Just do it.

Hillary leaves, Peyton still sitting in the office.

INT. DINER - DAY

Hannah and Peyton sit together in the diner. Hannah is shoving fries into her mouth.

PEYTON
So, I have something to tell you.

HANNAH
What? You found the hidden city of Atlantis?

PEYTON
Ha ha. Very funny.

Hannah smiles, her cheeks full of fries.

PEYTON(CON'T.)
No, but I did have a pitch meeting with Hillary.

HANNAH
That's so exciting! How did it go?

PEYTON
Uhh, good. Great actually. She likes my story idea.

HANNAH
You didn't tell me you had an idea! Did last night give you some inspiration?

Hannah winks and grins. Peyton shrugs.

PEYTON
Well, yes. Kind of. I kind of pitched your story.

HANNAH
What do you mean, my story?

PEYTON
Well, you know I'm a romance author. And yours and Robby's story is full of romance.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH
And heartbreak.

PEYTON
I know! It's actually perfect.

HANNAH
My heartbreak.

PEYTON
People won't know it's about you,
though. I'm going to write it like
it happened to me.

HANNAH
But it happened to me. Please don't
write this.

PEYTON
I mean, it's been approved. You
seemed all for it last night!
Besides, I don't have anything
else.

HANNAH
Last night I was drunk. So were
you. I thought you would have
forgotten by now. I mean, what
about that guy from last night?
Write about him. That story seemed
promising.

PEYTON
That would take up two pages, max.
He did nothing for me. Literally.

HANNAH
Okay, well, please don't do this.
For my sake.

PEYTON
I'll talk to my editor, but I
really don't think that's a
possibility.

HANNAH
Just try.

They sit in silence for the rest of the meal.

INT. OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Peyton is sitting at her desk, typing at her computer. She glances at her phone, but there are no notifications. She looks back up at her computer, but has a glazed look of discontent on her face. There is a knock at her door. Hillary enters without an answer from Peyton.

HILLARY
(on the phone)
No, I'll get you that information tomorrow. I'm meeting with Myers right now. I'll call soon.

Hillary hangs up without saying goodbye.

PEYTON
Hillary, I uhh, wasn't expecting you today.

HILLARY
How's my story coming? I expect something great.

PEYTON
Well, you see...I think I've had a change of heart.

HILLARY
Sorry, not an option. You've got to do the story you pitched. It's brilliant! A little unbelievable, but brilliant.

PEYTON
You don't understand. I can't do this story. I'll do something else, anything else. Just not this.

HILLARY
Again, not an option. The publishing house needs a rough cut by the 15th. You can do that, right? What you sent me earlier this month was grand.

PEYTON
I mean, yes, I can do that. I am that good, you know that, but...

HILLARY
Tisk tisk, no "but"s. We need something good or I'll have to drop
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HILLARY (cont'd)
you as a client. And we don't want that, do we? That's all for now from me. Do finish your book by then, and we can work out any fears you might have.

Hillary leaves without saying goodbye, something she is quite good at. Peyton is left alone in her office. She grabs her phone and puts it to her ear.

PEYTON
Hey. Hannah. It's me. Call me back.

Peyton stands from her desk, and begins pacing her office. She scans her walls, which are covered in her plethora of awards for her novels and articles. She sighed, and dials her phone again.

PEYTON
I think I have to do the story. I just talked to my agent. You understand, right? It's just for work. I'll lose my job if I don't. I'll lose everything.

Peyton sighs, goes back to her desk, and continues to work. She glances at her phone, but again, no notifications.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah is laying on her couch, Netflix on in the background. Her phone buzzes, she glances at it, noticing it is a call from Peyton. She puts her phone back down on the table, and rolls over on the couch.

The phone buzzes again, but Hannah simply ignores it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Peyton, exasperated, picks up her phone and texts Hannah.
"Hey, I need to talk to you. Please call me back."

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Hannah sees a text pop up on her home screen. She sighs and grabs her phone.

HANNAH
"Hey, I need to talk to you. Please call me back." Not until you don't publish my story.

(CONTINUED)

Hannah texts back. "Don't publish the story, then we can talk."

She tosses her phone onto her coffee table.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Peyton sees the text pop up. She texts back. "Ok, I'm not publishing the story. Can we please talk again?"

She pulls up her email, sending one to Hillary. "We need to talk about this book deal. -P. Myers"

And email comes back almost immediately. "Get the book done, and we'll talk. -H. Dent"

Peyton sighs, and turns back to her computer.

INT. OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Peyton is surrounded by disposable coffee cups and Post-It notes on her desk. She is fervently scribbling notes on a legal pad. She turns to her computer and starts typing. A text pops up on her home screen: "Hey, I'm in the lobby. Can I come up?"

She shoots back: "Sure, come on up. The secretary should know you're here."

Moments later, Hannah is walking into Peyton's office, two iced coffees in hand. She hands Peyton one of the coffees, which Peyton grabs and smiles a fake smile.

PEYTON

Thanks so much. I've been in dire need of coffee for awhile.

Hannah motions to all the empty coffee cups on Peyton's desk.

HANNAH

(sarcastically)

Oh, I can tell. It looks like it.

PEYTON

Ha ha. Very funny. I'm working here, okay? What's going on?

HANNAH

I just wanted to see what you were working on. I mean, we haven't really talked since you told me you weren't publishing my story, which I appreciate.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

(curtly)

Yeah, it's no problem. I'm just working on a new story since I'm not doing yours.

HANNAH

Ahh, ok. I didn't realize it was going to affect so much. But I really don't want Robby and my relationship and breakup plastered everywhere.

PEYTON

I wish you wouldn't take this so personally. This is my career, but whatever. Your terrible relationship, it really was terrible, was going to be masked as mine anyway. But, no it's fine.

HANNAH

Whoa, okay. Can you not attack me? I just brought you a coffee, I've had a rough week, a rough few months, actually.

PEYTON

Okay, I get it. I'm sorry, but I'm under a lot of stress. Thanks for the coffee. I need to get more work done.

HANNAH

Okay, I'll go. Thanks again, though. Seriously. It means a lot.

PEYTON

Yeah, no problem. I'll see you soon?

HANNAH

See you soon.

Hannah leaves. Peyton sets the coffee aside, and continues to work.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Hillary and Peyton are in a coffee shop, each with a latte and a scone, all untouched.

HILLARY
So, you are going to publish it?

PEYTON
Yes, of course. I was stressing earlier about this. We need to go through with this.

HILLARY
It's definitely going to be a best seller. It's fresh, it's new, it's different. Everything we need right now.

PEYTON
I know. I'm super glad we're going through with this. I'll get to edit my rough copy, right? Like, we wouldn't send it straight to publishing?

HILLARY
Oh, we'll fix a few kinks, but other than that, it's going straight to the presses. We need to overcome this drought you've been in, that I've been in!

Hillary's phone rings, and she answers it.

HILLARY
Yes, okay, yes...

She holds her hand over the phone, mouths "one second", and gets up to stand outside. She paces outside the coffee shop, looking angry.

Peyton is playing with a bit of her scone, not really eating it. She sips her coffee, waiting for Hillary when a MAN walks up to her.

MAN
You're Peyton Myers! I love your work!

PEYTON
Thank you so much. Always good to meet a fan.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

When's your next book coming out? I
always love a juicy romance.

PEYTON

I'm not really allowed to say,
but...

Peyton drops her voice to a dramatic whisper.

PEYTON (CON'T.)

Very soon, and it's a good one. I
don't mean to brag, but I
definitely mean to brag.

MAN

Well, I'm stoked. Can I get your
signature?

The man hands Peyton his receipt from his coffee order. She smiles her usual fake smile, and signs the back of the receipt. He smiles and leaves, then turns back around for his coffee he forgot.

Hillary is finally finished with her phone call and comes back into the coffee shop as the man leaves.

HILLARY

God, that took too long. NEVER take
on a client that wants to write
about sci-fi murder thriller set in
the wild west. Okay, so let's send
this off to the publisher once the
editors take a look at it. Deal?

Hillary extends her hand. CLOSE ON hand. Peyton grabs it and shakes it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Peyton sits at her desk, working on her computer. There is a knock on the door.

PEYTON

Come in.

A UPS delivery man walks in, carrying a large package. She signs for it, and he leaves it on her desk. Peyton opens up the box, which contains copies of her new book.

She grabs the first book on the top. She flips through the book, smiling. She closes the book and holds it to her chest.

FADE OUT

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Hannah walks on the sidewalk next to a busy street. She looks up to see a billboard with Peyton's book.

HANNAH
(under her breath)
Are you serious?

She runs to a bookstore that is around the corner.

INT. BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

There is a large display of Peyton's book front and center. Hannah grabs a copy of the book, turning it over to read the dustcover.

HANNAH
What the hell?

She keeps the book and runs out the door, without paying for the book.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Peyton is sitting on her couch, flipping through a magazine. There is a knock on the door.

She slowly gets up, but before she gets to the door, there is more and quicker knocking.

PEYTON
I'm coming, I'm coming. Chill out
for a hot second.

She reaches the door and opens it to see Hannah standing in her hallway, Peyton's book in hand. Hannah has tears in her eyes.

HANNAH
How could you? I trusted you. You
said...

PEYTON
Slow down. What's going on?

HANNAH
You made my break up into a
freaking book. A BOOK,
Peyton. Not even one of your dumb
magazine articles. A
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH (cont'd)
book. Something that people will
read and cling to every word. What
were you thinking?

Peyton rolls her eyes as large as humanly possible. Hannah
glares at her.

PEYTON
I was thinking it would be a best
seller. I mean, I'm sorry I didn't
tell you, but I needed your story.

HANNAH
You NEEDED it? For what? Your
precious editor? Your plethora of
awards aren't enough? You need to
ruin not one, but TWO lives in the
process?

Hannah holds up two fingers directly in Peyton's face.
Peyton swats them away.

PEYTON
I'm not ruining your life. I'm not
ruining anyone's life. No one will
know it's your story.

HANNAH
Do you understand anything? I asked
you not to do this. I don't want
this to get out. My reputation is
in danger. People know this
happened to me.

PEYTON
What people? I'm your people. I
was there for you during the
breakup. I was there for you when
you didn't have anyone else. What
are you even talking about?

HANNAH
How dare you. I trusted you. You
don't know anything about having a
real friendship. A real
relationship of any kind.

PEYTON
I know plenty. I'm a romance
expert. Can't you tell from my
"plethora of awards"?

Peyton uses air quotes when saying "plethora of awards".

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

Romance expert my ass. You know how to sleep with people. That doesn't mean you know anything about romance. And romance is not the same as love, might I add.

PEYTON

What's that supposed to mean?

HANNAH

Are you serious? You can't go a week without sleeping with some sleeze for a quick story. That's not romance. That's not love.

PEYTON

I know what love is. Don't you dare.

Peyton points a shaky finger at Hannah.

HANNAH

Then why did you have to use my entire relationship story for your book? What couldn't you have written your own love story if you know so much about love?

PEYTON

I need you to leave. Get out of my apartment right now.

HANNAH

Fine. I hope you and Hillary and your best seller are very happy together.

PEYTON

I don't know what's gotten into you, but I don't like it.

HANNAH

No? I learned my quick wit from the best of the best.

Hannah gestures toward Peyton. Peyton's face drops.

PEYTON

Get out. NOW.

Hannah throws the book she's been holding the whole time at Peyton. She leaves, slamming the door behind her. Peyton is left in her apartment alone.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Two chairs, a screen behind one, lights and cameras are set up in Peyton's office. Peyton is sitting in one, an INTERVIEWER is in the other.

INTERVIEWER

So, Ms. Myers.

PEYTON

Please, call me Peyton.

INTERVIEWER

Peyton. We're here to talk about your #1 best seller, "Other Love". How did you come up with this amazing idea for this book?

PEYTON

Well, you see, I'm very in touch with my emotions. I love love. I want my readers to experience what I experience.

INTERVIEWER

But this story is so original. It feels so real. A little outlandish, but amazing.

PEYTON

Yes, of course. I didn't know if you know this, but I'm a Top Ten best selling author. That is how my story is so amazing.

INTERVIEWER

How did you come up with this story, though? Is it based on a true story?

PEYTON

It is based on a true story. I want my readers to know me well, and I felt this was a great way for them to get to know me.

INTERVIEWER

This story gets very personal, though. How was this even a thought to write? Your previous work hasn't been this personal.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

I thought this would be best for my career. More personal means more readers can connect at a deeper level to me and my work.

INTERVIEWER

You must have relived this horrendous relationship over and over again. We're not going to spoil anything for you viewers who haven't read this book yet, which is CRAZY if you haven't, but it's such a sad story. How have you been coping with it since?

Peyton shifts in her seat uncomfortably. She smiles her typical fake smile.

PEYTON

Oh, you know me. Always finding the light in a bad situation.

INTERVIEWER

It seems like that isn't you, though. Your other stories are literally finding bad things in all situations. They are very shallow, where this book is so real.

PEYTON

Okay, yes. That may be true about the past, but my fresh new voice is something different. Turning over a new leaf. I have had plenty of real relationships.

Peyton gets frustrated, whereas the interviewer continues.

INTERVIEWER

Do you mind reading a bit from your book for us? It would be great for our viewers.

PEYTON

Oh, sure. Anything for you.

Peyton grabs a copy of her book that was setting on a side table. She flips to a dog-eared page. She clears her throat and begins to read.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON

"I had said yes to the proposal. I had said yes to the dress. I had said yes to the venue. But he had left right as I had started to say yes to forever. Just a note, nothing else. An apartment empty of his clothes, the memories, my joy."

The interviewer pretends to push a tear away from underneath her eye.

INTERVIEWER

That was beautiful. Thank you so much for your time, Peyton.

The interviewer turns to face the camera in the middle of the two of them.

INTERVIEWER (CON'T.)

Peyton Myers' book, "Other Love" is available in all major bookstores and on her website. Back to you at the studio.

The lights flip off, and the interviewer's plastered smile falls from her face. Peyton stands and moves to the door, putting a scarf around her neck and starts to put her coat on.

INTERVIEWER (CON'T.)

Thanks for your time. It really is a great book.

PEYTON

It should be. It has cost me a lot.

INTERVIEWER

What do you mean?

PEYTON

Nothing. Make sure you leave everything the way you found it.

Peyton leaves, shutting her door a bit too loudly.

MONTAGE - PEYTON'S PRESS TOUR

A) INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY - A BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE places a poster in the window that reads "ONE NIGHT ONLY: PEYTON MYERS OF "OTHER LOVE" FAME IS VISITING YOUR TOWN!"

B) INT. SMALL BOOKSTORE - DAY - Peyton sits on a makeshift stage, reading aloud from her book.

(CONTINUED)

C) INT. SMALLER BOOKSTORE - DAY- Peyton sits at a long table, signing book after book.

D) INT. LARGE BOOKSTORE - DAY - Peyton sits in a large armchair surrounded by teen girls and overenthusiastic middle-aged women. she looks exhausted, but still has a large smile on her face.

E) EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY - Hannah walks by a bookstore, with her catching a glance at a book tour poster for Peyton. She glares at it for a brief moment, then runs inside and tears it down.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Peyton stands in line at a busy coffee shop. She taps her foot so it is audible for the patrons around her. The patrons look annoyed, but do nothing. She finally reaches the counter.

PEYTON
Short flat white, no foam.

BARISTA
So...an espresso.

PEYTON
No, a short flat white, no foam.

BARISTA
That's literally an espresso.

PEYTON
Whatever it is, put it in a cup and give it to me.

A familiar voice comes from behind Peyton.

HANNAH
Peyton?

Peyton turns around to see Hannah with a young man. Hannah looks happier than during the montage scene.

PEYTON
Oh, Hannah. Hello.

HANNAH
Hello. I figured it was you by the terseness of your order.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON
Yeah, I'm very particular about my
coffee.

Hannah ignores the statement.

HANNAH
How have you been?

PEYTON
Great. I'm getting ready to end my
book tour. Hopping all over
northwest. The normal thing. How
about you? Who's this?

HANNAH
Oh, Peyton, this is Jackson.
Jackson, Peyton.

Peyton extends her hand to Jackson.

PEYTON
Nice to meet you, Samson.

JACKSON
It's Jackson.

PEYTON
That's what I said. Jackson.

Jackson shakes Peyton's extended hand.

JACKSON
Wait a second, you're Peyton Myers.
I just finished your new book. It
was amazing! How did you come up
with this story?

Hannah looks at him with a little disgust.

PEYTON
Oh, thank you. It just came to me.

JACKSON
I can't believe that. It was just
so real, so raw.

Hannah quickly interrupts the conversation.

HANNAH
Peyton, your coffee is ready. It
was good to see you.

(CONTINUED)

PEYTON
Oh, thanks. Well, it was fine to
see you, too.

Peyton grabs her coffee from the counter. She puts on her
sunglasses and exits the coffee shop.

JACKSON
How do you know Peyton Myers? That
was great!

HANNAH
We used to be friends.

JACKSON
Used to be?

HANNAH
It's a long story. I think that's
more of a "eight date story".

JACKSON
Okay, deal. But, that basically
guarantees a eighth date for us.

HANNAH
You show promise.

Hannah smiles, grabs and squeezes Jackson's hand. She leans
into his shoulder.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

Peyton sits in her office, dimly lit by a lamp in the
corner. She glances at the wall of her awards. She stands
and walks by it. She runs her fingers over the frames,
noticing dust. She moves back to her desk, grabbing a copy
of her book. She flips through it without looking at it.

She holds the book to her chest, almost to cover her body
with it. She leans forward to check her messages on her desk
phone.

ANSWERING MACHINE
No new messages.

She checks her email. No new messages in her inbox. She
picks up her cell phone, but there are no new texts. All
she has is her awards, best seller, and herself. She sighs,
leaning back in her office chair, and begins to cry.
Schedule