

**THOROUGHLY ENGAGED**

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FED EX RETAIL STORE - COUNTER TOP - DAY

A package - about the size of a square tissue box - is gently set on a worn, laminated counter.

A SET OF HANDS takes the box and places it on a digital scale. Numbers are punched into a machine that spits out a sticker, which is applied to the package. Pressed secure.

INSERT - LABEL: "INSURED"

The box is whisked from the scale.

BACK WAREHOUSE - LATER

Cargo vans, box trucks and eighteen wheelers face out toward the street. All these vehicles wait - back doors open - hungry for the day's fill.

A UNIFORMED EMPLOYEE approaches the line of vehicles. He tosses the box up to a BEARDED WORKER

IN A TRUCK

who catches it and places it on top of countless others.

He hops down, rope in hand, sliding the door tight with a SLAM. The Fed Ex logo - painted on the door - slides with it.

EXT. AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Enormous Fed Ex planes line a dozen gates.

A moving black belt filled with packages is attached to one of the jets.

The mystery box rides up into the belly of the soon-to-be airborne beast.

RUNWAY - LATER

The Fed Ex airplane takes off, hot steam coming from the ground behind it.

INT. GIANT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Different from the previous warehouse, this huge room is buzzing. Moving black conveyor belts, filled with cardboard boxes, are floor to ceiling.

The package that has been holding our attention rumbles at a steady clip.

Without warning, the box comes to an abrupt stop. The impediment: Other boxes. Every package presses, bumps and pushes into each other as the belt moves beneath them.

The box we've been following is nudged slowly, slowly, slowly off the belt. It crashes hard to the floor, insured sticker side up.

Almost immediately, a FIELD TRIP LEADER leads a dozen ELEMENTARY CHILDREN past the scene of the crime.

An OBLIVIOUS SCHOOL GIRL accidentally kicks the box under a conveyor belt table.

The belt stutters then continues, all the boxes moving along.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "SEVEN YEARS LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. GIANT WAREHOUSE - DAY

The same warehouse but in the midst of a complete remodel. Sawdust everywhere. Buzz saws WHIR.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS take apart empty conveyor belt tables, piece by piece.

A HARD HAT bends down spying something through the dust.

HARD HAT

What the --

He picks up the box and looks at it. Rubs dust off it with a gloved hand.

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

Throw it on a belt and get back to work.

Hard Hat tosses the box on a moving belt and away it goes.

EXT. COLONIAL HOME - WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NY - ESTABLISHING

This home sits serenely behind enough lawn and greenery to require a small team of landscapers.

CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY

A Fed Ex truck pulls in and a YOUNG DRIVER hops out, the motor still running. He walks toward

THE PORCH

where he sets the infamous package - worn and dirty - next to a welcome mat.

MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens. Shapely legs and stylish shoes appear. Very much a WOMAN.

She glides past the package, an 'I'm late' in her step.

CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A HAND opens the door of a black limousine. She gets in.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - CURBSIDE OF HIGH RISE - DAY

A limousine door opens. The still-not-seen woman steps out. She walks toward huge glass double doors, skillfully dodging cabs, bikers and pedestrians. She's done this before.

INT. HIGH RISE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The perfectly sculpted legs and vintage shoes strut through a maze of people. Just like that, the feet stop on a dime and spin toward a mirror.

In the reflection is JORDAN WAITLEY, (25). She's always stylish, always stunning. In and out of any outfit. It's no accident that her camera bag matches her shoes.

Jordan moves closer to the mirror, studying. She admires her dress and herself. And not in that order.

She spins on a heel and walks on.

LONG CORRIDOR

Jordan walks past a desk and a CURVY RECEPTIONIST. Jordan adjusts an accessory then struts into an

OFFICE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Beyond spacious. Cherry wood. Auction-bought art. Think: conference room meets penthouse suite.

On every wall, large framed blowups of magazine covers hang. One cover: The latest in fashion. Another: A chic, clean room design. Each cover complete with an A-list celebrity.

Every mock-up proves where we are: Inspired Living Magazine.

Jordan gives a genuine smile to TAD PEMBERTON (31). Style first, apologies never, Tad wears a suit more expensive than his weekend getaways.

He stands at the mini-bar, drinking brunch.

TAD

The woman of the hour.

JORDAN

Baby.

Tad holds out his hands to Jordan and she grabs them tight. He turns them over slowly. On Jordan's left hand, the most enormous diamond ring sparkles. Brilliant.

TAD

Lunch?

JORDAN

Sorry. I just stopped in to get something from my office.

TAD

I figured ... after last night --

JORDAN

Oh that. I've been proposed to hundreds of times.

They kiss. And not shy.

A courtesy KNOCK followed by the peeking head of MR. BRADLEY. He's older, distinguished and straight as a rail. A sharply dressed MR. KENT enters with him.

Bradley throws a "STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHY & DESIGN" magazine on the desk.

BRADLEY

Welcome to the dance, Jordan.

INSERT - COVER HEADLINE: "THE NEW BREED"

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH: "Jordan and eleven others sitting on stools. All proudly hold cameras."

Kent produces his own copy of the same magazine, pages open.

KENT

(reads)

Out of thousands, twelve remain.

He lowers the paper.

KENT (CONT'D)

And a week from now won't those other eleven be disappointed.

Jordan takes a mock bow.

JORDAN

First, I would like to thank all the little people.

BRADLEY

Of which you were one.

JORDAN

Then I thank myself.

BRADLEY

(to Jordan)

Know that we are behind you. Every resource at your disposal. I mean it. Whatever you need.

JORDAN

Thank you, sir.

BRADLEY

And of course, congratulations.

(re: Tad)

Looks like you already won one competition.

Jordan smiles, as Bradley and Kent exit out the door.

TAD

Jordan, you win this and the door flies open to senior staff.

JORDAN  
Boardrooms full of editors are  
swayed by photography awards, are  
they now?

TAD  
This award, yes. Important people  
are watching.

JORDAN  
Big bosses know what they want.

TAD  
Leave my mother up to me. C'mon,  
let me take you to lunch.

JORDAN  
Eat? Haven't you heard? I have an  
award deadline. And the right shot  
could be anywhere.

In one motion, Jordan produces a camera from her bag and  
snaps a picture of Tad.

TAD  
Jordan --

JORDAN  
(playful)  
I feel inspired.

Jordan takes another picture of him. Then another. He grabs  
for her but she is too quick. She moves around his desk.  
Takes another shot.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Don't you want me to garner top  
prize? The Nobel of Photography,  
you called it. Your smiling face  
could win it for me.

TAD  
It's not the subject ...

Tad reaches out and finally gets her. Pulls her close.

TAD (CONT'D)  
It's the photographer.

He kisses her.

OUTER OFFICE

Tad and Jordan walk arm in arm. They strut past Kent and  
Bradley who stand with the Curvy Receptionist.

CURVY

Too big for her britches.

KENT

You mean coat-tails.

BRADLEY

She's got what it takes. And now,  
the opportunity to take it.

CURVY

With a little help from her Sugar  
Taddy.

At the end of the hall, Jordan turns and walks off leaving  
Tad with a wave. He watches her off.

INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE - COLONIAL HOME - CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY

In the plush backseat of the limo sits Jordan. She looks at  
REYNOLDS, a weathered chauffeur, through the open separation  
window. He is not driving, but is turned toward his  
passenger. His eyes are red and watering.

JORDAN

You really don't look so hot.

She hands him a crystal glass of water and two pills through  
the opening.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Both.

REYNOLDS

Yes, Miss.

He does as ordered, then hands the glass back to her.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Congratulations again. You two will  
make a sublime couple.

JORDAN

Thank you, Reynolds. Drink plenty  
of water.

REYNOLDS

Yes, Ma'am. Good evening, Ma'am.

Jordan gets out, closing the door behind her.



## ON THE PORCH

Jordan opens her front door but as she turns she spies the small package - the one we followed earlier - sitting alone.

She picks it up. The address label is torn off, but something is scribbled on the box.

INSERT - HANDWRITTEN LABEL: "Jordan Waitley - 11 Oak Road  
Rye, NY 11580"

## INT. COLONIAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A spacious, modern style. Minimalist and full of light. Surely the home of one who photographs style for a living.

Jordan, package in hand, kicks her heels off. She moves on the hardwood floor toward

## THE KITCHEN

where a granite island separates the gigantic room. Sun from the skylight reflects off a knife that Jordan reaches for.

Carefully she slices the packages top. The flaps open - along with Jordan's mouth. She pulls out a black ring box.

Jordan slowly opens the velvet box. A diamond ring gleams.

Not as ostentatious as the one on her finger but incredible in its own right. It could be the clearest ring ever. The gold band is immaculate. The entire piece: Heirloom quality.

Jordan looks from one ring to the other. Is this a joke?

## LIVING ROOM - LATER

In the open doorway stands KIT PETERS. Jordan's assistant and best friend, Kit is the comrade all of us want. A true face that gives it to you straight. With, if needed, a dose of 'I told you so.'

KIT

So. In your mind, exactly what  
constitutes an emergency --

Jordan holds out her hand. The way all engaged girls do.

Kit SCREAMS a high pitched, girlie scream. She grabs Jordan's hand to gaze at the diamond goodness.

KIT (CONT'D)

Oh Jordie! Jordie! Tell Kitten all about it. No, don't tell me, I'll explode! Did you cry? Did you throw up? You threw up, didn't you?

Jordan holds up the black velvet ring box.

KIT (CONT'D)

You kept the box. So sentiment --

Jordan opens it. The mystery diamond ring gleams.

KIT (CONT'D)

I don't understand.

(laughs)

Did Tad give you a choice?

Jordan, straight-faced.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kit paces the floor. If she were a smoker, now's the time.

KIT

You said you stopped dating everyone when you starting going out with Tad.

JORDAN

I did. But it wasn't that long ago. Is it a crime that I dated?

KIT

'Dated?' 'Rotated' might be better.

Kit picks up the opened cardboard package. Spins it around.

KIT (CONT'D)

No return address?

JORDAN

I told you. I found it on the porch.

KIT

A proposal. By mail.

A tiny smile cheats out of Jordan's lips.

JORDAN

Adventurous.

Kit reacts.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So I'm curious. Leave me alone.

KIT

Are you not already wearing an engagement ring?

JORDAN

What? Because I'd like to know who wanted to commit their life to me?

KIT

If this is Follow Your Heart time, don't. What's with you? Your 'Happily Ever After' means the guy picks up the check.

JORDAN

I just want to know. Can't you see the wonder?

Kit goes back to pacing. She does not see the wonder.

Jordan takes Tad's ring off and puts the mystery ring on.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It fits perfectly.

Kit spins around quickly.

KIT

Take that off! It's a bad omen.

JORDAN

When did you start believing in omens?

KIT

When you put that ring on your finger!

Jordan hesitates then removes the ring and puts it on the table. Now both diamond rings sparkle in front of the women.

JORDAN

We can figure this out.

KIT

We?

KITCHEN - LATER

A construction-orange posterboard sits on an easel.

ON THE BOARD: A timeline chart with names and dates written in black.

Jordan stares at the chart, thinking very hard. Kit sits on a stool by the counter, a package of Oreos her prisoner.

KIT

All I want is one man. To marry?  
No. To cuddle? No. Just a man to  
talk to. The civilized world calls  
it: A date. But nobody applies.  
Yet, in the course of your charmed  
life, you have amassed ...

Kit smacks the chart with a spatula.

KIT (CONT'D)

Seven wonderboys, count 'em seven.  
All ready to go to the jewelers.

JORDAN

I'm sorry.

KIT

How many of the Magnificent Seven  
actually asked you what ring size  
you were, took you into a jewelry  
store or talked about a honeymoon?

JORDAN

Yes.

KIT

I'm so mad at you.

Jordan pours soda into a glass.

JORDAN

When you are semi-serious with  
someone, you always talk about a  
wedding.

KIT

Thank you for that. When did this  
onslaught begin?

JORDAN

When I started at the magazine.  
Wow. Two years is a long time.

KIT

You keep my dry spell out of this.  
If it was me, we'd know who sent  
this in four minutes.

(MORE)

KIT (CONT'D)  
And we'd know the ring is stolen  
because none of the Prince  
Charmings I've been with could  
afford this gem.

Kit starts to write, then stops. She looks up genuinely.

KIT (CONT'D)  
You dated so many guys.

JORDAN  
And what was I supposed to do?

KIT  
Not date so many guys.

Jordan takes a sip of soda.

JORDAN  
Now you're just being silly.

Jordan flips open a laptop on the granite center island.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Facebook is exactly the place to  
find all these ex-beaus.

KIT  
You also might want to change your  
password to 'Ringhoarder.'

Jordan examines both engagement rings. Dreamy.

JORDAN  
It's all kinda romantic.

KIT  
Yes. In a Who-Loves-Me-Raffle sort  
of way.

The doorbell RINGS.

Kit peeks out the door peephole.

KIT (CONT'D)  
You've got to be kidding.

She opens the door quickly. A young FED EX GUY in uniform  
holds an electronic clipboard.

FED EX GUY  
Hi. Uh ... the other day, I dropped  
off a package by mistake --

KIT  
Mistake? Do you want it back?

JORDAN  
Is it not mine?

FED EX GUY  
What? Oh no, that package is yours.  
I'm just new. Some you leave and  
some need a signature.

He hands her the clipboard to sign.

FED EX GUY (CONT'D)  
It was sent aways back. I guess the  
package was lost. Sorry.

JORDAN  
Lost.

FED EX GUY  
Yeah. And we're lucky we found you.  
You moved. A lot. I hope it wasn't  
damaged.

KIT  
It was perfect.

JORDAN  
There was no sender information.

FED EX GUY  
Wait, dontcha know who sent it?

Jordan scribbles her name then hands him the clipboard.

FED EX GUY (CONT'D)  
Well I don't have that information.  
I have date of shipment, if that  
helps.

JORDAN  
Yes! Yes. Uh, the date. Please.

He punches some buttons on his clipboard. After an eternity:  
The winning number.

FED EX GUY  
August 22nd, 2003. Oh-three? Yikes.

The date washes over Jordan's face.

FED EX GUY (CONT'D)  
Wow. Let me first start by  
apologizing --

Jordan slams the door and bolts up the stairs.