

Jack drives along a sconic road. He stops at a stop sign and pulls down his visor because of the sun. From behind it falls a PHOTO of HIM AND MARIN... smiling, laughing. He quickly throws it into the glove compartment.

16 EXT. ALASKA BEAUTY THOT - DAY (D3) 16

Fall leaves in all reir splendor dot the trees...

INT. BABBO RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N3) 17

17

CLOSE ON a perfectly manicured FALL LEAF DISPLAY on the HOSTESS TABLE of this upscale restaurant. Marin passes it to find STUART MAXSON, sexy, charming publisher, waiting at a table. He stands when she walks up.

MARIN

Stuart?

STUART

Marin, it's a pleasure.

They shake hands and sit.

STUART

I love your first chapter.

MARIN

Thank you.

STUART

I'll tell you how I knew it was good -- it made me actually want to take one of those silly cruises to Alaska. Check out the "fog that grows along the edges of the horizon at five a.m."

MARIN

You're quoting me! I'm flattered.

STUART

Wanna sign with me? (then, laughing) Too pushy?

MARIN

A little. But I like it.

A WAITER walks up.

STUART

A bottle of Chateau Neuf de Pap, thanks.

He nods and walks off.

STUART

So how did a woman who wrote relationship advice books end up writing about men in Alaska?

MARIN

My last book contract ended when my engagement ended. They wanted an advice book on marriage... and I didn't end up getting married. So I kinda fled to Alaska.

STUART

Cold feet?

MARIN

Yeah. He started warming someone else's.

STUART

Actually, I was just suggesting a title there.

MARIN

Okay, I'm mortified.

STUART

Don't be. I like to know all the ugly personal dating histories of my authors.

The waiter pours them wine.

MARIN

(sassy) So you think I'm gonna be one of your authors?

STUART

I think you need to be somewhere you feel safe and understood. And appreciated.

Marin is uncomfortable. He gets her.

MARIN

That's why I'm moving back to New York.

STUART

You're not involved with Jack anymore?

MARIN

(thrown)

Oh, no. No. No. Jack and I -- we didn't date.

STUART

Well then you're an even better writer than I thought because that was quite a love letter you wrote to him.

MARIN

I'm not dating. I'm still getting over the foot-warmer. Graham.

STUART

If I were you, I'd stay up there in Elmo.

MARIN

You would?

STUART

Seems to be where you get your inspiration.

MARIN

You wouldn't need me back here?

STUART

I'd miss our dinners, sure. But you have to ask yourself, as a writer -as a person -- where do you belong?

OFF MARIN's reaction...

