Untitled Sean Jablonski Pilot

Written by
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OVER BLACK:

NEIL (V.O.)
My name is Neil Truman and I have what every man in America wants...

INT. LIVING ROOM/TRUMAN HOME – MORNING

NEIL Truman, 40, eating a bowl of Cheerios in his boxers and a t-shirt, slips on glasses as he points a remote toward --

NEIL (V.O.)
...an 80-inch 3D TV. I watch Sports Center on it. That fishing show on the Discovery Channel. And sometimes, when my wife is getting dressed, I’ll sneak in, find one of those soft core movies you can get on cable 24-hours a day.

As Neil checks to make sure the coast is clear, changes the channel and finds some skin, CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BATHROOM/TRUMAN HOME – MORNING

GRACE Truman, late 30s, stands at the bathroom sink in a sports bra and workout pants, brushing her teeth.

NEIL (V.O.)
Not that my wife doesn’t satisfy me. She still gets mistaken for 25. Even though that’s when we first met -- eighteen years ago.

Grace steps back to consider her cleavage.

NEIL (V.O.) (cont’d)
She’s a knockout.

As Grace cups her breasts, gives them a lift, CUT TO:

INT. ANIKA’S BEDROOM/TRUMAN HOME – MORNING

ANIKA Truman, 16, hums along with the guitar she’s strumming.

NEIL (V.O.)
My daughter doesn’t do drugs or have sex yet. And for sixteen, that’s not just a blessing these days, it’s an anomaly.

(MORE)
Especially when you consider she wants to be a musician.

As inspiration hits and Anika scribbles some lyrics, CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM CLOSET/TRUMAN HOME - MORNING

Neil stands at a tie rack thumbing through a selection that could be Macy’s entire fall collection.

NEIL (V.O.)
I’m current on my mortgage, my cholesterol just dipped below 170 and most nights I get eight hours of sleep.

He selects a dark blue one, holds it up to his dress shirt.

NEIL (V.O.) (cont’d)
...everything a reasonable man could ask for.

Grace exits the bathroom as --

GRACE
The yellow one, honey. Brings out your eyes more.

Neil dutifully switches ties, begins to thread the yellow one through his collar -- then stops, stares directly at us.

NEIL (V.O.)
So what the hell is wrong with me?

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

Drenched in sweat, Neil sprints at full speed on a treadmill. Another man, LAWRENCE, his gym buddy, also 40s, does some half-ass stretching nearby.

LAWRENCE
Mid-life crisis.

NEIL
This feels bigger. More universal.

LAWRENCE
Now you’re losing me.

Neil ups his pace on the treadmill.
NEIL
You realize seventy five percent of the world is covered in water and we’re running out of fish? Fish. And the bees? Where are they going? Millions of ‘em, just disappearing. Then you got the rain forests burning, the ice caps melting -- even the polar bears are drowning.

LAWRENCE
Poor bastards.

NEIL
I’m serious. What’s the point of busting your ass everyday and paying a mortgage if the world is coming to an end.

Lawrence grabs a couple dumbbells, starts doing curls.

LAWRENCE (cont’d)
You gotta chill out, man. 2012’s over. Nostradamus was wrong.

NEIL
But what’s it all mean?

LAWRENCE
What, like in a biblical sense?

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Spirituality section. Neil appears, moves down the aisle.

NEIL (V.O.)
I wasn’t raised with religion...

He turns his head sideways to scan the spines.

NEIL (V.O.)
...Figured I’d look into it. Y’know, get some perspective.

We see titles like, “Christianity and You!” “The Torah Explained” and “A Baptist’s Guide to Life. He pauses -- something’s caught his eye.

NEIL (V.O.)
But I wanted to go outside the box.

He selects “Zen In The Modern World,” flips through.

NEIL (V.O.) (cont’d)
You know that the Buddha was actually a prince before he became his enlightened self? Had a wife, a kid, three palaces...

LAWRENCE (V.O.)
The American Dream.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - PRESENT DAY

Neil spots Lawrence as he struggles on a bench press.

NEIL
Then one day, he just gave it all up. Left his family to travel the world in search of meaning. Personal fulfillment.

Lawrence finishes, re-racks the weight.

LAWRENCE
Who hasn’t felt that way?
(then)
Maybe it’s your job.

INT. UPSCALE BROKERAGE FIRM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Neil sits in an office overlooking a bullpen full of BROKERS as he studies a monitor full of charts and ever-changing stock quotes, bored.

NEIL (V.O.)
Eighty hours a week and all I do is make the rich richer.

BROKER outside hangs up his phone, jumps up like a halfback who just broke through for a touchdown, high-fiving the other men around him.

NEIL
I mean, I help generate more money in one day than most people will see in their lifetime. And for what?

As Broker rushes into Neil’s office for a high five and Neil gives him a weak thumbs up, we CUT TO:
INT. LOCKER ROOM - PRESENT DAY


LAWRENCE
Oh, I don’t know...nice house? Two cars? Private school?

NEIL
Last month we helped refinance the Romanian debt. Know what they did? Three guys in the government kept all the money, unemployment went up three percent and they raised taxes on the poor. Am I supposed to feel good about that?

Lawrence applies some deodorant.

LAWRENCE
You need a change my friend.

NEIL
I was thinking of going to carpentry school, working with my hands. Like my dad.

LAWRENCE
Are you crazy?

NEIL
He made thirty grand a year his whole life, but at least he was happy.

LAWRENCE
He also died at fifty-eight.

(then)
I was gonna suggest Lexapro. You wanna see my doctor? He’ll fix you right up. Better than drinking three martinis a night. Now I don’t worry about any of that crap.

Neil shuts his locker, grabs his gym bag.

NEIL
I think the problem is I need to feel more right now, not less.

He exits. As Lawrence shrugs, turns to look in a mirror, admiring his arms, we CUT TO:
INT. BULLPEN/NEIL’S DESK - DAY

Neil thumbs through a book on his desk, ignoring the stock alarms on the monitors in front of him.

He clicks off the stock quotes on his monitor, opens up a new screen.


VOICE
Knuckle ball --

Neil turns just in time to snatch a baseball out of the air before it hits him in the head. DARRYL PECK, 30s, slight paunch, enters, the would-be pitcher.

DARRYL
Whaddya think? Had some good movement on it, right?

Neil looks ready to beat him with it.

DARRYL (cont’d) (CONT’D)
Take it easy, man. You’re always lookin’ so agro these days.

Darryl notices the book Neil is reading.

DARRYL (CONT’D)
What are you lookin’ at? Stock tips for dummies --?

He walks around the desk to peek over Neil’s shoulder. Neil snaps the book shut.

NEIL
Did you want something?

DARRYL
Dude. I’m just trying to be friendly. Is that like, against the rules now?

NEIL
Throwing this thing might be.

He tosses Darryl his ball back. Darryl’s disappointed.

DARRYL (cont’d)
C’mon. Big guy’s called a meeting, we’re all waiting on you.
INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Neil and Darryl enter a packed room of mostly MEN in suits who chatter and roughhouse like frat boys at a keg party.

DARRYL
Check it out -- we’re all wearing the same tie again.

As Neil looks down at his own tie, door opens and VICTOR O’CONNELL, 50s, head of the firm, enters like Patton addressing his troops.

VICTOR
Alright... we got a lot to cover this morning.
(scanning)
Truman, where are you?

Neil shoots a hand up from the back of the room.

VICTOR (cont’d) (CONT’D)
Just saw your quarterlies...
(beat)
Outstanding. Again. And this time, I’m not the only one who noticed.
(to the room)
We’re all familiar with Updike Pharmaceuticals?

DARRYL
(the kiss-ass)
They’re trying to get FDA approved on that new diet pill, right?

NEIL
After two people died in clinical studies. Their stock just tanked --

VICTOR
Which is good for us. They left their current brokerage house and are shopping right now, trying to find someone to plug the holes in their sinking ship. I told ‘em we had just the man for the job.

He looks directly at Neil.

VICTOR (CONT’D)
Tomorrow. I want you to go to New York. Wine and dine these guys, get ‘em to come join the family.
(MORE)
You got kind of a gift with the gab so this should be easy. Gonna mean a lot of money for us. Whaddya think? Can you close the deal?

The room turns to Neil, waiting for a response.

Well don’t just stand there with your dick in your hand, say something.

Neil hesitates, considers the eager faces of everyone here.

I don’t what to say... because I hate this job. None of what I do really matters. I don’t even get to see what I’m actually trading on a daily basis. It’s just numbers on a screen, it’s not real.

(to the room)
We’re not contributing anything to the world in any meaningful way. Just hoarding money.

(then, to Victor)
And I always thought you were an asshole for making that a virtue.

A long, awkward silence -- until Victor grins.

You son of a bitch.

(to the room)
You all could learn a thing or two from this man. Could sell ice to an Eskimo.

(back to Neil)
Almost had me there for a minute.

(to the room)
Alright...next order of business...

Neil sits back down, Darryl leans over.

Dude, that? Was awesome.

As he holds out his hand for a fist bump, CUT TO:
INT. ENTRYWAY/TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT

Neil enters, drops his briefcase. He listens for a beat, hears some guitar playing coming from:

INT. LIVING ROOM/TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT

Neil enters, sees Anika strumming her guitar, working on the same melody we heard earlier, trying out some lyrics. Neil is moved -- when did she get so good?

NEIL
That’s beautiful.

Anika looks up, wasn’t aware he was standing there.

ANIKA
It’s still a little rough.

NEIL
What’s it about?

ANIKA
...You’ll see tomorrow night.
(off his guilty look)
You forgot about the talent show, didn’t you?

NEIL
Sweetie, I have this thing I have to do for work now that --

ANIKA
You don’t need to explain it to me if it’s not a new excuse.

She stands, marches out. Neil exhales, heads into:

INT. KITCHEN/TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT

Neil enters, finds Grace on her cell phone, pacing back and forth, trying to put out a fire on the other end.

GRACE
(into phone)
...no way, Frank. I can’t get it done by then...

She turns to Neil rolls her eyes.
GRACE (cont’d) (CONT’D)
(into phone)
Alright, fine. I’ll make some calls, see what I can do. But only because I love you.

She hangs up, exhales.

GRACE (cont’d) (CONT’D)
How was your day?

NEIL
I tried to quit my job.

GRACE
Tell me about it. Frank’s got a new house to show this weekend? He wants me to have it staged by to‐
morrow. Can you believe that? I shoulda told him to go to hell.

Neil gives her a thin smile. Grace gives him a kiss.

GRACE (cont’d) (CONT’D)
You’re home early.

NEIL
I have to go to New York in the morning.

GRACE
What’s in New York?

NEIL
Victor wants me to sign a new client.

GRACE
Victor wants you to sign?

Neil nods.

GRACE (cont’d) (CONT’D)
Oh, my god, that’s great, honey. That’s really good news...
(off his expression)
What’s wrong?

NEIL
...nothing.
(off her look, sells it)
I was hoping to spend time with the family this weekend, that’s all.
And Anika’s got her talent show...
She studies him.

**GRACE**

Stay here, I got you something.

She hustles out of the room and comes back with a box, hands it to Neil. He opens it, pulls out --

**NEIL**

A tie...

**GRACE**

I just loved the color you had on this morning. Made you look sexy. You can wear it to New York now.

Neil gives her a slight smile -- she’s not reading him at all. He drops the tie back in the box.

**NEIL**

Thanks... (then)

Think I’m gonna go take a swim.

**GRACE**

...It’s freezing outside.

He simply exits. Grace watches him go, uneasy.

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**EXT. YARD/TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT**

Neil, wearing swim trunks now, walks out to the pool. He climbs onto a diving board, walks to the end as if it was the plank on a pirate ship, looks down into

**THE SURFACE OF THE WATER**

We can make out a layer of leaves, sticks, gunk -- it’s like a dirty pond.

Neil hops off the board, picks up a long net to scoop out some of the trash. He takes one pass over the water then stops, drops the net and walks off.

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**INT. MASTER BEDROOM/TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT**

Neil lies in bed next to Grace, stares up at the ceiling.

**NEIL**

We need a vacation. On a beach somewhere. Far away.
Grace doesn’t answer. Neil turns to her... slides a hand under her nightgown. She gently moves it away.

GRACE
I’m tired now, honey.

He rolls back over, stares up at the ceiling again.

NEIL
I think we need to fire the pool guy.

No response. When Neil finally closes his eyes, they immediately shoot open in:

17 INT. AIRPORT – THE NEXT MORNING

Having dozed off, Neil awakes in a sea of other MEN in suits at the gate area for his flight. A VOICE is crackling over the P.A.

VOICE
Ladies and gentlemen, we can now begin general boarding...

Still groggy, Neil looks over at a balding BUSINESSMAN across from him who’s putting on his jacket.

BUSINESSMAN
Three hours late and not even a “sorry for the delay....”

Neil blends into the sea of other PASSENGERS, everyone showing signs of stress already.

18 INT. AIRPLANE – MOMENTS LATER

Neil wedges into an aisle seat, sees Businessman two rows up, trying to get his air to work. FLIGHT ATTENDANT hustles by.

NEIL
’Scuse me, is there any way to get some water before --

She keeps going.

BUSINESSMAN
Does your air work?

Neil reaches up, gives it a twist -- nothing.
BUSINESSMAN (cont’d) (CONT’D)
Coulda taken a Greyhound, got better service.

Captain comes over the P.A.

CAPTIAN (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, looks like that initial delay has held us here at the gate. Might be another hour before we can push back...

As groans drown out the rest of the announcement, we CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Still at the gate. Flight Attendant hustles by once more. Neil stops her.

NEIL
Scuse me, it’s really hot in here --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(placating)
I know, sir. And I am so sorry you’re uncomfortable.

NEIL
If we would just get some water --

She moves off. Neil looks at the Businessman who simply mouths the word “bitch.”

30 MINUTES LATER --

Neil flips through the SkyMall mag for the fifth time when the captain comes on the P.A.

CAPTIAN (V.O.)
Folks, hate to say this but we’re over our limit here in the cockpit...Gonna have to power down now, keep ya here while we call for another flight crew...

Passengers start screaming. Neil tries once more to snag the Flight Attendant.

NEIL
We’re all really thirsty --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Now you’re harassing me.
Neil reaches out to calm her.

**NEIL**
It’s been nearly five hours --

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT**
Touch me again, I’ll have you
removed from this flight.
(moving away)
Asshole...

Neil watches as Flight Attendant moves to the back of the plane and grabs the mic.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT’D)**
Ladies and gentlemen, we need you
to stay seated. I promise we’re
doing all we can to make you
comfortable while we’re
experiencing this delay...

Neil turns back, makes serious eye contact with the Flight Attendant -- just as she takes a sip from a bottle of water.

Whoosshhh...All SOUND FADES OUT. FILM SPEED SLOWS.

Neil turns back, overcome with a sudden sense of calm.

He undoes his seat belt. Rises.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT --**
Sees him leave his seat, calls out.

**NEIL --**
Walks calmly to the front of the plane.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT --**
Charges down the aisle after him.

**PASSENGERS --**
Take notice, start taping the scene on their cell phones.

**NEIL --**
Reaches for the mic at the front the cabin. He picks it up, turns back and starts to deliver a sermon (though we do not hear the words, just his voice over)
NEIL (V.O.)
I don’t remember what I said or where the impulse came from...

Flight Attendant closes in.

NEIL (V.O.)
Just that something snapped inside of me. And I was overcome by this sense of courage... Clarity.

Neil drops the mic, turns to the cabin door.

NEIL (V.O.)
I realized: I was the one who built this prison I was in...

With the strength of Hercules, Neil rips open the cabin door.

THE EMERGENCY SLIDE --

Unfolds like a ribbon to the ground.

NEIL (V.O.)
And I could break free...

Inhaling deeply, Neil closes his eyes and jumps. In SLOW MOTION he hits the slide, glides for what seems like eternity, a huge smile on his face.

Other Passengers appear behind him. One by one they jump down the slide like kids on a playground. As Neil turns back to take in their smiling faces... then sees SIRENS approaching, we CUT TO:

20 INT. TSA OFFICE - DAY

Neil sits on a folding chair in small office, water bottle in hand, talking to his LAWYER as a TSA OFFICER hovers just outside.

NEIL
Have you ever had that experience?

LAWYER
No. And, as your lawyer, I want you to forget you ever said that. (off Neil)
Look, four years ago, you’d be grabbing your ankles at county right now, probably not even get a hearing ‘til Christmas.
(MORE)
LAWYER (CONT'D)
But since they passed that
"Passenger’s Bill of Rights" last
year, you wedged your way into this
little loophole that’s gonna save
your ass. Not to mention everyone
on board is coming to your defense.

NEIL
Really?

LAWYER
They’re saying the Flight Attendant
attacked you.

NEIL
She didn’t “attack” me --

LAWYER
You let me handle that. Right now
you got 200 people backing you up
so I’d keep my mouth shut.

He motions for Neil to stand.

LAWYER (cont’d) (CONT’D)
C’mon. Let’s get out of here
before anyone changes their mind.

He leads Neil out to:

21 EXT. HALLWAY/TSA OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER
Neil and his Lawyer exit the room. Just before they reach
freedom, Neil sees the Flight Attendant in another office
being grilled by a TSA OFFICER. She makes eye contact with
Neil just as he absently takes a sip from his water bottle.
As Lawyer pulls Neil away, hustles him off, CUT TO:

22 EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY
Establish the impressive high-rise that is Neil’s firm.

23 INT. VICTOR’S OFFICE - DAY
Victor stands behind his desk, laying into Neil. Darryl is
off to the side, fingerling his baseball, enjoying this.

VICTOR
...a no fly list? Well I’m not
surprised.

(MORE)
VICTOR (CONT’D)
(to Darryl)
Show him that thing you showed me.

Darryl moves to Victor’s computer, does a few keystrokes.

ON SCREEN: A cell phone video of Neil rallying the Passengers on the plane, ripping open the door and pulling the slide.

VICTOR (cont’d) (CONT’D)
Lemme ask you: what do you think the guys at Updike are gonna say when they see this now? Huh? Hell, any of our clients.

DARRYL
It’s embarrassing.

NEIL
They kept us waiting almost five hours.

Victor studies Neil for a beat then snatches a paper off his desk.

VICTOR
Our lawyers advised us to put out a statement. You were off your medication -- diabetic dementia, some shit like that.

He thrusts the paper at Neil.

VICTOR (cont’d) (CONT’D)
You’re gonna sign this and offer a public apology on behalf of the firm. You’re also gonna take a leave of absence and agree not to talk to the press. Then you’re gonna thank me for not firing you right now.

Neil looks at the paper, back to Victor.

NEIL
I’m not signing that.
(off Victor)
They treated us like animals. Why should I apologize?

Victor looks to Darryl -- is he serious?
VICTOR
(back to Neil)
Do you realize what kind of trouble
you’re in right now? I’m giving
you a gift here.

NEIL
Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t realize it
was a gift. Lemme see that --

He takes the paper from Victor, mock reads it -- then tears
it in half.

NEIL (CONT’D)
Oops, guess I’m in really big
trouble now, aren’t I? But just to
make sure I “close” the deal --

Neil grabs the baseball out of Darryl’s hand, hurls it at a
mirror on the wall -- a BIG SMASH. He pats Darryl on the
back.

NEIL (cont’d) (CONT’D)
Now that had some movement on it.

As Neil exits, exhilarated, we CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

WHOOSH -- Neil explodes out of the elevator like a man shot
from a cannon. He rips off his tie, drops it on the ground.

He whips out his car keys, a smile spreading across his face.
He jumps in his car.
REVS the engine.
SQUEALS out of his parking space and fishtails for the exit.

INT. NEIL’S CAR - DRIVING

Neil weaves in and out of traffic as he dials a number on his
cell. There’s a lightness in him we haven’t seen before, a
glow. As the call connects, he talks through his bluetooth.

NEIL
Frank... is my wife there? I can’t
get her cell... yes, she mentioned
that house last night...what’s the
address?
Neil pulls over, inputs the address into his Navigation.

    NEIL (cont’d) (CONT’D)
    (into phone)
    Got it, thanks.

He hangs up, turns on the radio. Upbeat SONG TBD plays. Neil cranks it up, rocking like a teenager going to a house party. As he punches the gas, never more alive, CUT TO:

26  EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

SONG CONTINUES. Neil’s car squeals around the corner on a wide street in a housing development filled with model homes.

27  INT. NEIL’S CAR - CONTINUOUS

    NAVIGATION VOICE
    ...you have reached your destination...

Neil sees Grace’s car. He swerves over and parks.

28  INT. STAGED HOME - CONTINUOUS

Neil enters like a linebacker on his way to picking off a pass, calls out:

    NEIL
    Grace...?  Babe...?  I got some great news...

He sees her purse and cell phone on a entry table, moves into

29  INT. KITCHEN/STAGED HOME - CONTINUOUS

Neil enters, walks past the sliding door to the backyard and glances out at the small, gated yard. He turns back... listens. There’s some KNOCKING upstairs.

30  INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/STAGED HOME - DAY

Neil bounds up the stairs, his mood rising with every step.

    NEIL
    Babe...?

He heads toward the Master Bedroom -- then freezes.
NEIL’S POV --

Grace is holding onto the headboard as an unseen MAN is taking her hard from behind.

They’re both so engaged, they don’t realize Neil is watching them from the open door, dizzy from shock.

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

OVER BLACK: “Six Months Earlier”

VOICE
Grace... tell me a little bit about yourself...

31 INT. OFFICE - DAY

Grace stares back at us, face bright and eager.

GRACE
Well... I’m married. Eighteen years -- we met in college. We have a sixteen year old daughter. She’s starting to look at colleges this year. It’s so crazy how fast the time goes --

VOICE
I meant tell me why I should hire you.

GRACE
Right, of course...

REVEAL for the first time that she is sitting across a desk from a young man (LEON), mid-twenties, hipster-cool.

GRACE (CONT’D)
Because I’m an amazing designer. (off Leon)
With a sense of humor.

Leon gives her a thin smile, turns to a computer.

LEON
What’s your website? So I can see some of your work.

She reaches down for a large portfolio.

GRACE
I brought this instead if that’s okay...

She lays it on the desk. It’s almost foreign to him.

LEON
Wow... old-school.
She opens it and we go

CLOSE ON THE PAGES --

Hand-drawn sketches of room layouts and color palettes.

Leon turns the pages, considering the body of work.

LEON (CONT’D)
Have you never created on
Micropoint before?

GRACE
I’ve always preferred to work with
my hands. Makes me feel more
connected to the process.

LEON
They probably didn’t have those
programs when you went to school I
bet. That was what, twenty years
ago?

GRACE
Oh, yeah, electricity wasn’t
invented yet so computers weren’t
really around.

She smiles, but he doesn’t find her funny (again). She turns
to another section, undaunted.

GRACE (CONT’D)
This layout was part of a project I
did that got me a Fullbright
scholarship to study in Florence.

Now Leon seems impressed.

LEON
A Fullbright? Really? Tell me
about that. You studied in
Florence?

GRACE
Funny story, actually. I never
took the scholarship.

Leon looks at her, confused.

GRACE (CONT’D)
I’d just gotten pregnant when I
found out so Neil and I decided to
get married instead, and, you know,
things just kinda got put on hold --
LEON
So you don’t have any real experience since college.

Clearly she’s losing him, but Grace tries to stay positive.

GRACE
I do stage open houses right now. It’s only part time. But it’s kept my eye sharp -- and up to date with the latest trends...
(trails off)
Nancy did explain my situation when she recommended me for the job?

LEON
That you’ve basically been a stay at home mom, yes.
(off Grace)
Mrs. Truman. You clearly have talent. But that is not the only thing I like to consider when I bring someone onto the team --

He gestures to the wide-open workspace just outside his office. Young, hip PROFESSIONALS work at computer stations designing room layouts and custom furniture concepts.

LEON (CONT’D)
I have designers that come to me from all over the world.

GRACE
My mother was French --

LEON
I need people with real life experience.

Grace looks to the faces in the office -- they’re barely out of college themselves.

LEON (CONT’D)
And frankly, it sounds like you’ve had a pretty normal life.

As that lands on Grace like a cold shower we CUT TO:

32 INT. SPINNING CLASS – MORNING
32

Grace grabs a towel and a bottle of water from her gym bag as she sets up on a bike next to her sister, STEPHANIE, early 30s, bohemian.
STEPHANIE
Oh, my god, he actually said that?
I would’ve keyed his car when I left.

GRACE
But he was right.

STEPHANIE
About what? He was twenty-five years old. What does he know about life? You’ve had an amazing life.

GRACE
No, you know what I realized? I’ve had mom’s life. She gave up her dreams to stay home and raise her kids, too.

STEPHANIE
Barely.
(off Grace)
You turned out okay.
(to prove her point)
You have a great husband, beautiful home, amazing daughter --

GRACE
I know. And I sound like some whiny bitch to even complain, but I also know why mom had a screwdriver every day at two o’clock.
(off Stephanie)
I had this whole other life I was planning on living. I considered myself an artist once. And then I turned into... Neil’s wife --

STEPHANIE
Um, excuse me?

Stephanie had been preparing to set up on the bike next to Grace when another WOMAN swoops in to lay her claim.

STEPHANIE (CONT’D)
A towel on the bike means it’s spoken for.

Woman shoots her a “fuck you” glance, moves off. Stephanie flips her off with a look, turns back to Grace.

STEPHANIE (CONT’D)
So how are things with Neil?
GRACE
Fine. They’re always fine.

STEPHANIE
That mean you guys are still, y’know... fine in the bedroom? (off Grace)
What, like three times a week?

Grace is shocked -- are you kidding?

STEPHANIE (CONT’D)
Once a week? (off Grace)
Once a month?

GRACE
You’re not married. Sex just doesn’t become that important after a certain point. (off Stephanie)
Our schedules are so different anyway, we’re barely ever in the house at the same time. And when we are, Anika’s there.

STEPHANIE
That’s your excuse? (off Grace)
Doesn’t she have a driver’s license now? What’s she doing home anyway?

GRACE
I’m not gonna let her drive on her own, are you crazy? (off Stephanie)
Do you realize teenagers are the age group most prone to accidents? I saw this thing on the news the other day? About texting behind the wheel? They all do it. What kind of mother would I be if I just handed her my keys and --

Stephanie finally has to cut her off.

STEPHANIE
You know what the problem is? (leans in, sotto)
You need to be getting laid more often.

Grace flinches -- what?
STEPHANIE (CONT’D)
Look at you, you’re so wound up.
You got all this tension and no
release.
    (off Grace)
It’s a lot cheaper than going to
therapy.

Grace wants to respond, but the SPINNING INSTRUCTOR has taken
his spot at the front of the class, calls out:

    SPINNING INSTRUCTOR
    Alllll riigggggtttttt! Who’s ready
to pump out a twenty mile ride?

The class SCREAMS. Spinning Instructor kills the lights and
a disco ball drops -- it’s like a nightclub in here now.

    GRACE
    How many miles would you say we’ve
peddled in this class?

    STEPHANIE
    20 miles a session? Four days a
week for six years? What is that?

MUSIC BLARES. Stephanie puts her game face on, ready to
roll. As class begins but Grace remains frozen, we CUT TO:

A CELL PHONE SCREEN --

A FINGER taps some numbers into a calculator.

“20 x 4 = 80” A few more taps.
80 x 52 = 4160 A few more taps.
4160 x 6 = 24,960

    ANIKA (O.S.)
    Mom...what are you doing?

33

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT

Grace stands in her closet, mid-way through getting dressed,
staring at her cell phone screen in mild shock. Anika has
wandered in.

    ANIKA
    I’m totally running late, let’s go.

Grace looks up from her phone.
GRACE
Do you know how many miles it is around the earth?

Anika winces -- what?

GRACE (CONT’D)
A little over twenty thousand. I may have actually peddled all the way around the planet and never left the same room.

Anika studies her mom for a beat.

ANIKA
Ring...
(to Grace)
Hold on, I have to get this.

She pulls out her cell, answers the “call.”

ANIKA (CONT’D)
Hi, crazy town? Yes, my mom is on her way to you right now. Just as soon as she drops me off at Jenny’s so we can study for our history test.

She hangs up, looks to Grace -- can we go now?

GRACE
Your father’s driving you. I have book club tonight.

ANIKA
Dad’s in his force field right now. He said you have to.

34 INT. HOME OFFICE/TRUMAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Grace enters, finds Neil on his computer reviewing stacks of papers like a man trying to decipher the Rosetta Stone. Anika trails in behind to watch this unfold.

GRACE
Neil?

He holds up a hand -- lemme just finish this one part.

GRACE (CONT’D)
I have my book club tonight.
You have to drive Anika to Jenny’s.
NEIL
I have a huge presentation due in
the morning now, I can’t.

GRACE
When did that happen?

He looks up at her -- he just forgot to tell her.

GRACE (CONT’D)
This is the one night a month I get
with my friends.

NEIL
If I don’t have this done by the
morning, we could lose an account.

GRACE
It’s always life or death, Neil.
What about my life?

NEIL
Do you think this is how I want to
spend my evening?

DOORBELL rings. Grace holds on Neil for a beat then moves
off. Anika looks to her dad, then walks out as --

ANIKA
Someone has to drive me.

INT. ENTRY WAY/TRUMAN HOME - SAME TIME
Grace opens the door as a group of THREE WOMEN enter: MONICA,
NANCY and BETH, all around the same age, all close friends.
They ad-lib greetings. Monica holds up a bottle of wine.

MONICA
This needs to breathe.

She moves off as the other girls move to the living room to
get comfy. Neil comes marching out of his office, laptop
under his arm, lugging an overstuffed briefcase.

NEIL
I’ll drive her and then go into the
office to finish. I’ll probably
sleep there.
(off Grace)
I’ll be out of your hair.

GRACE
I’ll pick her up then.
NEIL
Okay.

He gives her a perfunctory kiss, heads out. Anika follows, looks at her mom.

ANIKA
Don’t party too hard.

Grace watches them go, then turns back to watch her friends gathering in the living room -- so subdued.

INT. LIVING ROOM/TRUMAN HOME - LATER

The women sip Chardonnay as they talk about the hardcover book on the coffee table in front of them.

NANCY
...I thought the author was trying to say we should move past our fears and let go of our childhood.

MONICA
Uh-oh...

She holds up the bottle of wine they had all been sharing.

MONICA (CONT’D)
No mas vino. Grace?

She turns -- she’d been a million miles way.

MONICA (CONT’D)
(re: the bottle)
I’m gonna need a little more before we talk about those last few chapters.

Grace considers her friends for a moment.

GRACE
Let’s go out.
(off their looks)
This is our one night a month to actually get together and have fun and all we do is sit and discuss what fake people are doing with their lives. What adventures they’re having. That’s pathetic, isn’t it?

She stands.
GRACE (CONT’D)
Let’s go create some of own stories. Talk about those instead. Get some... life experience.

A silent beat. Then:

MONICA
I think if we just opened another bottle --

Grace marches out of the room, re-enters a beat later with her coat on and her car keys.

GRACE
I’m driving. Let’s go.

Off the group, trying to catch up, we PRE-LAP the sound of CLUB MUSIC and smash cut to:

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT
Packed, sweaty and full of young, uninhibited PEOPLE who are dancing with abandon.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR --
Grace is letting loose under the pulsating lights, blending into the crowd, but clearly in her own world.

ON THE EDGE OF THE FLOOR --
Monica, Nancy and Beth watch Grace with a mix of fascination and concern, trying to make sense of how they even got here. They’re shouting to be heard despite the fact they’re standing next to each other.

NANCY
Did you see how much she tipped the bouncer to get us in?

Monica scans the faces moving by.

MONICA
I swear some of these kids have baby sat for Evan and I.

Beth watches Grace dancing, then turns back to the group.
BETH
You didn't catch it, but she and Neil had this thing and Neil said he was gonna sleep at the office. You think everything’s alright?

MONICA
He lives at the office, I wouldn’t read into it.

NANCY
I don’t know, look at her.

The girls all turn to watch

GRACE --
Dancing up a storm, lost in her experience.

The girls look at each other, suddenly self-conscious.

MONICA
You know, the book did suck.

Monica looks to Nancy and Beth, then moves out to the dance floor. Beth looks to Nancy.

BETH
I don’t have the right shoes.

Nancy moves off. Beth stays put.

THE DANCE FLOOR --

The women join up with Grace. She’s bursting at the seams, smiling brighter than the lights in here.

GRACE
I just got offered ecstasy. Isn’t that cool?

Her spirit is contagious -- this is so much better than book club. And as the moment just seems to keep expanding, Grace looks across the dance floor and makes eye-contact with a young, sexy man --

A YOUNG, SEXY MAN --

He locks eyes with Grace. Monica sees it.

MONICA
Hell-lo...

Grace can’t turn away from him. And he won’t look away from her. She finally does, refocuses on her friends.
MONICA (CONT’D)
...he’s coming over.

Grace can’t bring herself to look. But he comes right up to her, drawn in like a tractor beam.

MAN
It worked.

GRACE
(it’s so loud)
...What?

MAN
The way you were looking at me. I couldn’t resist.

Whether she hears him or not, she’s in a trance -- he’s gorgeous. He finally takes her hand, leads her off toward THE BAR --

A little quieter here.

MAN (CONT’D)
What’s your name?

GRACE
...Grace. I’m married.

MAN
Congratulations.

She can’t takes her eyes off him.

MAN (CONT’D)
I’m Simon.

As he leans in a little closer, we move back to

THE DANCE FLOOR --

Nancy and Monica are watching this exchange -- whoa.

BACK AT THE BAR --

Simon moves a little closer to Grace.

SIMON
What are you doing here tonight, Grace?
GRACE
Doing here... well, it’s kind of a long story.

SIMON
Tell me. I want to hear your story.

Grace is bumped hard from behind.

GRACE
Hey --

She turns and another WOMAN pushes her aside, starts berating Simon.

WOMAN
I go to the bathroom and you start picking up other women? She looks like someone’s mother for Christ’s sake --
(at Grace)
Run along to your PTA meeting, ma’am.

ACROSS THE FLOOR --

Nancy and Grace have rejoined Beth. They start to head over just as

THE WOMAN --

Shoves Grace. This time, Grace isn’t having it. She turns to the bar, grabs a drink -- and dumps it on her. Simon tries to step in between them. Nancy, Beth and Monica rush up just as the Woman lunges at Grace. As a scuffle breaks out, we CUT TO:

38

EXT. DANCE CLUB - LATER

PATRONS file out to find an after party, slowing to gawk at a couple of COP CARS at the curb. Looking closer, we see Grace in the back seat of one, her foe in the other.

NANCY, BETH and MONICA --

Huddle off to the side, waiting for the final outcome.

A COP --

Finishes talking to his PARTNER, then approaches the car with Grace inside, opens the door.
COP
If you're not willing to press charges, neither is she.

Grace turns to look at her foe, then back to the Cop -- this is the most fun she’s had in years.

GRACE
I’ve never been in a bar fight before.

(off Cop)
You know, in college?  I used to study so much, I never went out to clubs.  I was kind of a geek.

Cop is completely uninterested, hands Grace a cell phone.

COP
Evidently you dropped this during your “bar fight.” Gentlemen over there wanted me to make sure you got it back.

Grace takes the phone, looks over to where the Cop indicates and sees SIMON looking back at her. He smiles, motions for her to check her phone. Grace looks down, sees something she wasn’t expecting just before --

NEIL (O.S.)
Grace...?

She looks up as Neil approaches.

NEIL (CONT’D)
What the hell... are you okay?

COP
(to Neil)
You’re the husband?

NEIL
What happened?

Cop gestures for Grace to get out of the car.

COP
I’ll let her explain.

Neil nods his thanks to the cop, turns to wave to Monica, Nancy and Beth.

NEIL
Can you drive her car back?  I’ll have her ride with me.
They hesitate a beat before moving off. Neil turns back to Grace, his face tight.

GRACE
You’re never gonna believe this.
I, me, Grace, got into a bar fight.
(off Neil)
You’re mad. I totally get it --

NEIL
Is this what you do at your book club when I’m not around?

GRACE
We just wanted to try something a little different.

NEIL
Jenny’s mom called me completely panicked, I had no idea where you were --

Grace realizes -- Anffika. Shit.

NEIL (CONT’D)
I’m gonna completely miss my deadline now --

GRACE
I’m sorry --

NEIL
You almost got arrested?

GRACE
Okay, that woman shoved me first.

NEIL
What woman? What are you even doing here?

GRACE
We just wanted to have some fun. I’m still allowed to fun, aren’t I?

Neil studies her.

NEIL
How much have you had to drink?

GRACE
Well... I could have another...

She leans on his shoulder.
GRACE (CONT’D)
We could fool around when we get home --

He pulls away.

NEIL
What is wrong with you?

GRACE
Nothing. I feel like myself.

NEIL
What does that mean? I don’t even know who you are right now.

GRACE
I don’t know who I’ve been, Neil. And you don’t even notice. Why don’t you notice me anymore?

She’s making a scene now.

NEIL
Can we just get in the car --?

GRACE
No. Dammit, Neil do you realize this is the first time we’ve even seen each other outside the house in six months? Let’s go out to eat, grab a coffee -- take me on a date.

He takes her arm.

NEIL
I think I just need to get you home.

She pushes him off.

GRACE
Where I belong, right?

She studies him, then marches off. Neil holds a beat, not sure what the hell is going on. As he finally follows after her, CUT TO:
INT. MASTER BEDROOM/TRUMAN HOME - MORNING

Grace’s eyes shoot open and she stares up at us from the bed... winces from a screaming headache. She looks at the clock.

GRACE
Shit...

INT. KITCHEN/TRUMAN HOME - MORNING

Grace enters, moving slow.

GRACE
Neil...? Anika...?

No answer. She sees some breakfast dishes left on the kitchen table then sees Neil and Anika getting into Neil’s car outside. She waves, but they don’t see her, hop in the car and drive off.

Grace turns back to the empty kitchen.

The quiet house.

It’s almost deafening.

She sees her cell phone on the counter. She moves to it, picks it up and searches for something (which we don’t see). The phone rings. She recognizes the number, answers.

GRACE (CONT’D)
Hey, Steph... spinning? Um...no.
I think I’m really done riding in place.

Off Grace we CUT TO:

A GARAGE DOOR --

Whirring upwards, letting light into:

INT. GARAGE/TRUMAN HOME - SAME TIME

Grace enters moves to the back of the space and we REVEAL

A BIKE --

A little worse for wear, tires a little flat, but rideable. As she clears away some boxes to pull it out, we CUT TO:
EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Grace glides by on her bike, serpentes down the open road like a kid who just got their training wheels off.

But she’s not just going where ever the road takes her. She has a destination in mind. As she looks up at a street sign, “Dante Circle,” makes a tight turn, we CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Grace turns a corner, peddles past a row of houses. She’s slowing down, reading the addresses, finally stops at one near the middle of the block.

She pulls out her phone and this time we go 

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN --

There’s a text. “Sorry about the club. I just wanted to know your story” Below that is an address. It matches the building in front of her.

Grace considers the front door -- then suddenly snaps back to reality -- this is crazy. She peddles a half-turn forward, stops again. Looks back. Visibly torn.

Then she gets really nervous -- could someone be watching her? She turns back down the driveway to peddle off when --

A PORSCHE --

Pulls up. Grace freezes. Simon gets out. They stare at each other. She finally smiles. As he approaches...

END ACT TWO
EXT. BACK YARD/STAGED HOME – PRESENT DAY

Neil staggers out the sliding door from the kitchen, runs outside and vomits.

When he recovers he looks back at the house, sees Grace pass by an upstairs window. Then he hears the door open out front... a car alarm CHIRPS.

His anger coming into focus now, Neil races down the side of the house and sees

SIMON

Climbing into a Porsche. He revs the engine and pulls away.

NEIL

Hops the fence, stumbles onto the other side.

He watches as Simon’s car heads out of the development then hops in his own car and races down

ANOTHER STREET

Neil’s car speeds through the subdivision.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. ANOTHER STREET – CONTINUOUS

Neil’s car whips around another curve just as Simon car approaches. Neil’s car slams on its brakes at the intersection, forcing Simon’s car to screech to a halt.

NEIL
Leaps out of his car, races toward Simon’s Porsche, moves around to the driver’s side, tries to open the door as --
NEIL
C’mere --

It’s locked.

SIMON
What are you doing, man --?

Neil tugs on it again and Simon opens it, sending Neil backwards. Simon gets out of the car.

SIMON (CONT’D)
I don’t know what your problem is, buddy, but you need to calm the fu--

Neil comes back, takes a wild swing. Simon ducks it, using Neil’s momentum to toss him into a body of water.

Neil leaps up, rushes Simon again. This time Simon puts him in a rear naked choke, cutting off his air.

SIMON (CONT’D)
Relax, okay?

NEIL
...I saw you with my wife.

Simon cocks his head -- what?

NEIL (CONT’D)
I just saw you and Grace at the house...I can’t breathe...

Simon lets him go, turns Neil around to get a look at him.

SIMON
You’re Grace’s husband?
(off Neil)
Shit. You were just at the house?
(off Neil)
So you saw what we were...

He trails off. Neil is still trying to catch his breath.

SIMON (CONT’D)
Does she know you were there?
Neil finally shakes his head, takes a seat on Simon’s car, wet and defeated. Simon looks back toward the house, then back to Neil.

    SIMON (CONT’D)
    Listen to me. You can’t go back there. Don’t go home either.
    (off Neil)
    You gotta trust me on this, okay?
    You need to wait. Twenty-four hours. Especially if you have kids. You don’t want to do anything you’ll regret.

    NEIL
    A little late for that today.

Neil takes in Simon for the first time.

    NEIL (CONT’D)
    You’re a kid... What’s your name?

He doesn’t answer.

    NEIL (CONT’D)
    Where’d she meet you?

    SIMON
    It was a professional arrangement.
    (off Neil)
    Your wife pays me.

    NEIL
    Pays you...? For what?

Simon raises an eyebrow.

    NEIL (CONT’D)
    Sex?

    SIMON
    Lotta times it’s more than that. There’s an emotional component --

    NEIL
    How long? You and her, how long?

    SIMON
    I’d have to check the books...six months?

Neil is dizzy.
SIMON (CONT’D)
If it helps, she did say she was
happily married -- and I know the
ones that aren’t.

NEIL
...my wife has been sleeping with a
hooker...

SIMON
Escort is more the industry term.

NEIL
I can’t believe this.

SIMON
You wouldn’t believe how common it
is, actually. With the economy
these days? You got husbands
working longer hours, wives at home
with no companionship. Then
there’s the women who’ve had to
return to the workforce. They’re
older, well-paid, hitting their
sexual peak --

NEIL
So you actually do this for a
living?

SIMON
I started doing it for fun. It just
happens to be a very good living.

(off Neil)
Look, if you love her, I wouldn’t
throw it all away just yet.
Marriage is about a lot more than
just sex.

NEIL
You married? How would you know?

SIMON
Because I’ve slept with a lot more
married women than you ever will.
And believe me, when all is said
and done, you don’t want to throw
it all away over a few orgasms.

Simon studies Neil with real empathy, impulsively peels off
his jacket, puts it over Neil’s shoulders.
SIMON (CON’T’D)
You got a friend you can call...?

Neil stands, considers Simon for a beat, heads for his car.

Simon reaches out for him, but Neil shoves him away -- don’t touch me. They hold each other’s stare for a long beat before Neil gets in his car and drives off.

As Simon watches him go, CUT TO:

51
INT. STAGED HOME - SAME TIME

Grace puts the final touches on the kitchen table, arranges some fresh cut flowers. She sees the back door open. That’s odd. She walks over and closes it, looks out at the yard... Notices the row of trees behind it.

She finally turns away, moves into the entry way, grabs her keys and purse.

51A
EXT. STAGED HOME - CONTINUOUS

Front door opens and Grace steps outside. She locks the door back then turns and sees

AN OLDER COUPLE

In the distance, holding hands as they walk across a field out front. Grace watches the couple for a beat and we notice Neil’s car is gone. As Grace closes the door to the house and locks it, heads for her car, we CUT TO:

51B
EXT. TRUMAN HOME - SAME TIME

Neil’s car pulls up and parks outside the garage. Neil exits, reaches back inside and rips Simon’s jacket off the front seat, walks around to

THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Where he throws the jacket into a garbage can, continues to:
THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

Neil is headed for one of the sliding glass doors, but is distracted by something in the pool -- a WHOOSHING NOISE.

He heads over and sees the pool vacuum hung up and struggling on one of the steps, sucking mostly air. Neil yanks up the hose and tosses the vacuum back into the water, watches it sink.

The yard quiet now, he turns back toward the house and studies it. The emptiness inside. He takes a seat, unable to go in.

52 INT. BACK STAGE/HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 52

A handful of TEACHERS try to impose order on the dozens of STUDENTS who are warming up for their high school talent show. As the CAMERA TRACKS through the activity, we pass some KIDS JUGGLING, a small DANCE TROUPE, a MAGICIAN etc.
We finally pick up Anika, dressed all in black, strolling through the chaos with her guitar. A couple of SNOTTY GIRLS check her out, talk loud enough for her to hear.

SNOTTY GIRL #1
Check out freak show.

SNOTTY GIRL #2
She’s so creepy.

Anika pretends not to notice, but we can tell she’s used to such comments. Her cell rings. She checks the screen and her face hardens. She finally answers.

ANIKA
Hello...

NEIL (V.O.)
Hey, sweetie.

ANIKA
I’m about to go on. You’ll have to call me back --

NEIL (V.O.)
Wait -- I’m outside. In the parking lot.

Anika is thrown, but heads for an exit and out to:

EXT. PARKING LOT/HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Anika opens the stage door, sees Neil waiting for her.

ANIKA
What are you doing here? You’re supposed to be in New York --

He comes to her, gives her a hug.

NEIL
It’s your big debut. I couldn’t miss that.

ANIKA
Where’s mom?

NEIL
...probably inside already. I was hoping I could watch from backstage if --
GRACE (O.S.)
Neil...?

They both turn as Grace approaches.

GRACE (CONT’D)
...I thought you had a flight this morning.

She gives Neil a kiss; he pulls back.

NEIL
Trip was canceled.

GRACE
...Why didn’t you call?

Before Neil can answer a TEACHER pokes her head out of the stage door.

TEACHER
Anika -- you’re almost on.

ANIKA
Oh, my God -- coming.

GRACE
Go. Dad and I’ll grab our seats.

She turns to race off.

NEIL
Hey --

She turns back.

NEIL (CONT’D)
We’re proud of you. Just have fun.

She studies her parents for a tortured beat.

ANIKA
I will.

She turns and races off. Grace looks to Neil.

GRACE
Why didn’t you leave me a message?

Neil starts to move off.

GRACE (CONT’D)
Hey...
He turns back.

GRACE (CONT’D)
Something happen?

NEIL
...It got rescheduled.

Grace studies him.

NEIL (CONT’D)
It’s not a big deal.

Grace finally comes to him, takes his hand.
GRACE
I know it means a lot to Anika that you’re here. Me, too.

Neil gives her a thin smile.

GRACE (CONT’D)
We should get our seats.

As she leads him off, CUT TO:

54 INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LATER

PICK UP Neil and Grace settled in their seats off the aisle near the front as an ACT finishes on stage. APPLAUSE.

VOICE comes over the P.A.

VOICE
What a wonderful performance, thank you... Now, performing and original composition, let’s welcome Anika Truman. Give it up for Anika!

Mild APPLAUSE as Anika approaches the mike with her guitar. The spotlight hits her. It takes a moment to find her nerve. She gestures to the front row.

ANIKA
I’d like to dedicate this song to my biology teacher, Mrs. Tigh --

MRS. TIGH, 30s, smiles back from her seat, taken by surprise.

ANIKA (cont’d) (CONT’D)
And to Mr. McKernan from gym class.

McKERNON, also 30s, has curious look on his face as he’s singled out. Neil leans forward as Anika starts to sing:
ANIKA (cont’d) (CONT’D)
Dear hider and seeker there under
the bleachers, I caught you there
riding my favorite math teacher.
You held her, you ruled her like
Julius Ceaser. You handled her
like a stud...

Neil and Grace look at each other -- what is she singing
about?

ANIKA (cont’d) (CONT’D)
But when it was over, heard tell of
abortion. And fear of exposure and
threats of extortion. Did mister
Tigh find out and try to divorce
her? Was it even ever love...?

A collective gasp.

ANIKA (cont’d) (CONT’D)
What a shame, we’re all to blame...
Look out now here it comes here it
comes. The truth’s a loaded gun
loaded gun. Pointing at everyone
everyone fa la la la la la la la.

A panicked Teacher rushes on stage.

ANIKA (CONT’D)
Don’t it make you wanna cry?
Makes you wonder why wonder why.
No one’s safe no where to hide
fa la la la la la la la la la --

Anika’s mic goes dead. Mrs. Tigh races from the auditorium
and McKernon runs after her. Crickets. The Audience is in
shock.

Then Neil stands.

Starts to applaud.

As he keeps applauding, a one man standing ovation, CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DIRECTOR’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Anika sits between Neil and Grace. In the hallway behind
them, we see the School Director, LIONEL ELKORT, 40s,
chatting with an emotional Mrs. Tigh. He turns and enters
the office, takes a seat behind his desk.
ELKORT
We confiscated all the cell phones we could. The last thing we need is this all over the internet.

GRACE
That was smart.

Elkort studies the Trumans.

ELKORT
I’m going to expel her.

GRACE
Hold on, I thought we were here to discuss this.

She reads it on Elkort’s face -- there’s nothing to discuss.

NEIL
What about these teachers having an affair on school grounds? What are you doing about that?

ELKORT
That was a vicious rumor.

ANIKA
(under her breath)
Cover-up.

GRACE
Wait outside, please?

Anika exits.

GRACE (cont’d) (CONT’D)
I’m so sorry, we really had no idea what she was working on --

ELKORT
Maybe that was the problem right there.

GRACE
(the mama bear)
What are you saying?
(changing tracks)
We pay a lot of money in tuition to this school. I think that entitles us to an opportunity to resolve this without an expulsion.
(MORE)
GRACE (CONT'D)
What happens now can really effect
her future -- especially with the
colleges we’re considering.
(MORE)
Now she’s never demonstrated any behavior like this before --

ELKORT
This is a total disregard of our institutional ideals.
(then)
If I may, Mrs. Truman? Tuition money is just the beginning of what we expect at this school. And honestly, if this had happened with one of our other more... committed families, we’d have more incentive to discuss a resolution...

EXT. PARKING LOT/HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT
Neil marches for his car, Grace and Anika trailing behind.

NEIL
No, absolutely not.

GRACE
Neil, wait --

NEIL
I’m not giving this school another penny if that’s how they’re going to treat her or us.

ANIKA
I totally agree.

Grace turns to her.

GRACE
You hated it here that much you had to sabotage your chances at an education with that stunt?

ANIKA
I’ve told you a hundred times, I don’t belong here. And everybody hates me any way.

Grace exhales -- clearly there’s bigger issues going on here. She turns to Neil.

GRACE
I’ll drive her home. Then you and I’ll talk.

She ushers Anika off. As Neil watches them go, CUT TO:
EXT. BACK YARD/TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT

Neil walks to the edge of the pool, looks across the water -- it’s still littered with leaves and gunk. He scans the yard, spots the automated pool cleaner, moves to pick it up.

GRACE
Neil?

Grace has appeared at the sliding door.

GRACE (cont’d) (CONT’D)
What are you doing?

NEIL
Cleaning the pool.

GRACE
Now?

Neil uncurls the hose, tosses the cleaner into the pool, watches it sink.

NEIL
I can’t remember the last time any of us spent time out here. We used to love this thing. What happened?

Grace studies him for a long beat then goes.

As Neil adjusts the hose, watches the cleaner go to work, he hears a cell phone RING from THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Neil appears, realizes the ringing is coming from the garbage can. He considers it for a moment, opens the lid and digs around, pulls out Simon’s jacket... then the ringing cell phone... answers.

NEIL (cont’d) (CONT’D)
(into phone)
Hello...?

WOMAN’S VOICE
Hi... I know we said nine, but I was so nervous I got here almost an hour ago. Any chance you can come early before I lose my nerve?

As Neil stumbles, not sure what to say, we MOVE INTO:
Grace’s cell rings. She enters, digs through her bag, pulls it out and answers.

GRACE

Hello...?
SIMON (V.O.)
Grace... It’s Simon.

She goes stiff, looks outside, sees Neil on his phone call.

GRACE
What are you doing? I said never call this number --

SIMON
I wanted to check up on you.

Off that, we INTERCUT between Grace and Neil on their respective calls.

NEIL
...I’m sorry, I forgot about our appointment... Where are you?

WOMAN’S VOICE
The Royal Hotel...? That was your suggestion, right?

Back to GRACE --

SIMON (V.O.)
Have you seen your husband yet?

GRACE
What do you mean? He’s right outside. Why would you ask me that?

Back to NEIL --

NEIL
Can you tell me your name again?

WOMAN’S VOICE
Mallory.
(them)
I got the room already.

Back to GRACE --

SIMON (V.O.)
Did I leave my phone at the house earlier? I can’t find it.

GRACE
That’s why you’re calling me?

There’s a beat of silence. Finally:
GRACE (CONT’D)
I don’t have your phone. I have to go --

She hangs up, turns back and sees Neil standing behind her. How much did he hear? A beat as they consider each other.

NEIL
I need to go into the office.

GRACE
Now?

He turns and heads upstairs. A beat later, he comes down holding a suit and some dress shirts.

GRACE (CONT’D)
Neil...?

And he’s gone. Grace walks to the front door to watch as Neil hops in his car and goes. As she stares at his tail lights disappearing down the street, we CUT TO:

59 INT. ROYAL HOTEL – NIGHT

A high-end boutique hotel. Neil’s car stops at the Valet. He gets out, takes his ticket and looks to the entrance, frozen.

A DOORMAN opens the door. Neil hesitates then enters. He pauses in the lobby, gathering his nerve then moves toward:

60 INT. BAR/ROYAL HOTEL – NIGHT

Neil enters, moving slowly as he scans the faces throughout.

He stops when he catches sight of a short-haired brunette (MALLORY, 30s) sitting at the bar, nursing a cosmopolitan. She gives him a small nod as if to say, “I’m the one you’re looking for.” Neil approaches.

MALLORY
Simon?

Neil holds out his hand to shake, second guesses himself, then awkwardly leans in for a kiss.
NEIL
Nice to meet you.

He takes a seat, scans the bar, trying to hide his face in case anyone might see him.

MALLORY
Is everything alright?

NEIL
Oh, yeah, fine. I just haven’t been here in a while.

She gives him a polite smile. Neil’s on the verge of bolting.

MALLORY
Sorry I called in such a panic.

NEIL
No, no -- I’m sorry I’m late.

A beat. Mallory is drawn to Neil’s left hand.

MALLORY
You’re not really married are you?

Neil looks down at his wedding ring.

NEIL
Oh, this...yeah...I wear this sometimes to...give the appearance of -- yours is pretty.

She shows him her wedding band; platinum, lots of diamonds.

MALLORY
Thank you.

She takes another heavy sip of her drink. There’s a long awkward silence. Finally:

MALLORY (CONT’D)
You came highly recommended, by the way.

NEIL
Really? By who?

She hesitates.

NEIL (CONT’D)
That’s okay, it’s not important. (then)
Is she married though?
Now Mallory’s uncomfortable.

NEIL (CONT’D)
Silly question. Why would anyone be here if they weren’t married, right?
(then)
Why are you here?

MALLORY
You mean... what do I want?

NEIL
Clearly we both know what you want.

She’s mortified, reaches for her purse, stands.

MALLORY
This was a mistake --

She starts to move off, Neil reaches for her.

NEIL
No, wait, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that. It’s just... you’re so beautiful it didn’t make sense that you’d need to...
(off Mallory)
Can we start over? Please.

She considers him for a beat.

MALLORY
This was really hard for me. I’ve never done anything like this before.

NEIL
Me neither.

Mallory laughs.

MALLORY
You seem so... normal.

NEIL
I’m trying very hard right now.

Bartender approaches.

NEIL (CONT’D)
(to Mallory)
Would you like another?
She hesitates, then nods.

NEIL (CONT’D)
(to Bartender)
...and I’ll have a vodka soda.

Bartender nods, takes her glass and moves off. Neil gestures to the stool and Mallory retakes her seat. After a beat.

MALLORY
To answer your question, I’m not sure what I want.

NEIL
Why don’t you just tell me why you called.

Mallory considers how to say this.

MALLORY
I’ve been married a long time. And I love my husband. But he’s just never around.

NEIL
Works a lot?

MALLORY
And even when he is home, he’s on his laptop and completely ignores me when I try to talk to him. There’s always some deadline he’s worried about.

That resonates for Neil -- he’s done that with Grace.

NEIL
I’m sure he still cares about you. Men -- we feel a lot of pressure to perform at the office.

MALLORY
I just wish he felt the same way about our marriage. (off Neil) I want to feel wanted. No one has wanted me in so long.

More serious eye contact. Neil reaches out and puts a hand on her leg. It’s exhilarating. For both of them.

Mallory starts to move his hand up her leg. As she pulls it up farther and farther, the excitement building for both of them, we CUT TO:
Sprinklers pop on the front lawn, shooting water everywhere.

Grace rolls over, opens her eyes, realizes she’s alone.

Grace enters.

Grace looks out at the driveway -- his car isn’t there.

Clothes litter the floor; there’s an empty champagne bottle on the night stand. Neil pops from under the covers when his CELL PHONE RINGS. He grabs it quickly, moves into:

NEIL
(whispering into phone)
Hello?

Grace paces on her cell phone. INTERCUT as needed.

Where are you?

...I’m still at the office.

You didn’t return any of my texts.
NEIL
I turned my phone off.
(a beat)
I’ve got a lot of work left to do here. And I might have to go out of town again.

Another long pause.

GRACE
Who’s this new client, Neil?

Neil looks in the bedroom, sees Mallory roll out of bed, naked, start to get dressed.

NEIL
No one you’d know.
(then)
I have to go, I’ll call you later.

He hangs up, reeling from his own behavior. He takes a moment to collect himself, then re-enters the bedroom. Mallory nods to an envelope on a pillow.

MALLORY
I put it all there -- plus tip.

Neil takes it, looks inside -- must be a thousand dollars.

MALLORY(CONT’D)
Something wrong?

NEIL
No I... Thank you.

Mallory gives him a quick hug. When she pulls back --

MALLORY (cont’d)
I hate to just run, but I want to get back home to Daniel, see if anything’s changed now.

She exits. As Neil watches her go his smile fades -- he sees he’s still wearing his wedding ring.

INT. RECEPTION AREA/NEIL’S OFFICE - DAY

Grace steps off the elevator, approaches the reception desk, really taking in the space.

SECRETARY
Can I help you?
Grace refocuses, sees the Secretary for the first time.
GRACE
It’s so weird. My husband’s worked here for five years and I’ve never actually seen his office.

(off Secretary)
I’m Grace. Neil Truman’s wife? We’ve probably spoke on the phone a hundred times.

SECRETARY
You’re Neil’s wife?

GRACE
Is he here?

INT. NEIL’S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Darryl, juggling his baseball, stands with Grace at Neil’s desk as he puts the last of Neil’s belongings in a bankers box. Grace is in shock.

GRACE
...then he did what?

DARRYL
He really didn’t tell you any of what happened?

GRACE
...no...

DARRYL
Damn, he must’ve totally gone off the deep end.

Grace is reeling. Darryl considers her for a beat.

DARRYL (CONT’D)
Grace... Can I call you Grace?

She looks at him, hopeful for answers that would explained what happened.

DARRYL (CONT’D)
Tell him we’re sending a bill for the damage.

He hands Grace the bankers box and moves off.
EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

Just outside the city. Neil approaches a gated entrance, stepping lightly past a flowering garden.

EXT. ZEN GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Neil enters, takes in the sparse, quiet surroundings.

Ahead of him, a bevy of bald-headed monks kneel in prayer as incense wafts throughout the air. A young APPRENTICE MONK approaches.

NEIL
Hi...I’m not sure if you can help me, but...

As Neil begins to tell the Apprentice Monk his story, the words fade out and we PRE-LAP:

NEIL (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Anyway, despite everything that’s happened, I still thought there might be hope for me... and my marriage.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

A large, open space with an alter at one end. Neil sits across from the wise, old Zen Master.

NEIL
There must be something you can tell me to help make sense of all this.

The Zen Master considers Neil, then picks a lotus flower from a vase, places it between them.

ZEN MASTER
All of your answers are here.

Neil looks down.

NEIL (cont’d)
Seriously? My entire life just went Enron and that’s your answer? A flower?

ZEN MASTER
Is that all you see?
Neil chuckles to himself, starting to crack.

NEIL

You know what I see? You’re the one that’s crazy. I read your story about how the Buddha left his family? It’s insane. If people like me give up everything, I’m certifiable. Course I could take anti-depressants, become just another zombie trying to pay his mortgage, put all my passions into building a home theater system -- but what’s the point? Who wants to live like that --?

Neil’s cell starts to RING. He empties his pockets to search for his phone. First he tosses some condoms on ground... a thick stack of hundred dollar bills... finally he pulls out Simon’s phone.

NEIL (CONT’D)

(into phone)
Yeah... uh-huh... where...?
I can work with that, sure.
Alright... text me the address.

Neil hangs up, looks to the Zen Master.

NEIL (CONT’D)

That was a woman who wants to pay me five thousand dollars to have sex with her for the weekend.

(off Zen Master)
I think I’m gonna go.

ZEN MASTER

And when you are ready, you will come back.

As he quickly re-pockets the condoms, money and phone --

NEIL (cont’d)

You ask me, anyone can be Zen if you meditate all day. Try having a family. Sit in rush hour traffic half your life and work eighty hours a week. You do that with a smile on your face, then I’ll think you’re really enlightened.

Neil Exits. Off the Zen Master, we PRE-LAP the sound of WIND CHIMES and SMASH CUT TO:
Grace paces, mind racing. Then she sees those annoying wind chimes, rips them down just as Stephanie exits the house with a cup of tea.

STEPHANIE
You gave me those for Christmas.

Grace hands her the chimes, takes the tea.

GRACE
They were a re-gift.
(re: the tea)
What is this?

STEPHANIE
Valerian root. Calms the nerves.

Grace sips it -- yuck.

STEPHANIE (CONT’D)
Sorry. I’m on a juice cleanse. I got rid of all alcohol and sugar in the house.

Grace dumps the tea in one of the potted plants.

STEPHANIE (CONT’D)
What are you going to tell Anika?

GRACE
I don’t know... The whole thing might be my fault.

STEPHANIE
I’m sorry -- what?

GRACE
He came home the other night and said he tried to quit but I... I thought he was joking. I should’ve been paying better attention.

STEPHANIE
And that makes it your fault?

GRACE
He’s been so unhappy lately. I’ve tried to cheer him up, I bought him a tie --
STEPHANIE
Grace. You have been nothing but supportive of him since the first day you were together. Nothing you said or didn’t say could’ve made him do what he did... unless there’s something else going on.

Grace looks up at her sister, conflicted.

STEPHANIE (CONT’D)
Is something else going on?
As Grace hesitates, not sure how much to say, a gray-haired MAN, 50, pops his head out, wearing only boxers.

MAN
Hey, um, shower? Which way is hot?

STEPHANIE
Left. But you have to let it run. Takes forever.

MAN
Got it.
(then, to Grace)
Hi.

He disappears. Grace looks to Stephanie -- seriously?

STEPHANIE
I met him at bikram, what?

Grace considers Stephanie, switching gears.

GRACE
You know what his office said? That when he went to New York the other day, he freaked out on the plane and pulled the emergency slide.

STEPHANIE
You’re kidding.

GRACE
I guess you can see the whole thing online.

Stephanie leaps up, runs into the house leaving Grace alone with her thoughts. We PUSH IN on her face, seeing the tension until --

STEPHANIE
I think I found it...

Stephanie sits back down with an IPad, shows Grace.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN --

The same video we saw earlier in Victor’s office of Neil talking to the plane and then pulling the emergency slide.

STEPHANIE (CONT’D)
Oh, my god... he looks completely crazy.
Grace sees something else.

CLOSER ON THE SCREEN --

Neil is in the middle of his speech. And there’s something oddly noble about him. Revolutionary.

GRACE
I’m not so sure...

Stephanie turns to Grace -- what? As Grace leans in closer to the screen, marveling at Neil’s performance, we CUT TO:
EXT. ROAD - DUSK

PICK UP Neil’s car as it drives down a windy canyon road.

EXT. ADRIANA’S HOME - DUSK

Neil’s car pulls into a driveway outside a gated home. Neil
exits, approaches the entrance, stops. He pulls off his
wedding ring and pockets it before he rings the buzzer.
After a beat:

WOMAN’S VOICE
Step back from the camera, please.

Neil obliges.

WOMAN’S VOICE (CONT’D)
Turn around.

He does. Waits. BUZZER rings and the gate opens.

EXT. COURTYARD/ADRIANA’S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Neil walks toward the front door; it’s been left open.

INT. ADRIANA’S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Neil enters a high-ceilinged space, all of it furnished with
custom-made pieces and striking art work.

He moves farther in before catching sight of a beautiful
WOMAN pacing with a cell phone on a balcony off the kitchen.
She sees Neil, holds up a finger -- one minute.

ADRIANA
(into phone)
I have a contact in customs,
paperwork won’t be an issue...
Transfer the funds and I’ll put you
in touch... merci.

As she continues to talk, Neil notices a SEXY YOUNG WOMAN
(VERONICA) reclined on a couch in the Living Room, smoking.
She is paying him no attention.

Adriana finally hangs up, looks to Veronica.

ADRIANA (CONT’D)
Darling, can you call George for
me, tell him we’re all set?
She crushes out her cigarette and slinks out of the room.
Adriana turns her attention to Neil now, approaches.
ADRIANA (CONT’D)

On time. That’s good.

She offers a hand.

ADRIANA (CONT’D)

Adriana.

Neil takes it, gives it an awkward kiss.

NEIL

Nice to meet you.

She considers him for a moment like a dress on a sales rack.

ADRIANA

Are those the only clothes you have, Simon?

NEIL

I have a business suit in the car.

(off her look)

I didn’t know what we were doing.

ADRIANA

When a woman makes the date, you should always come prepared for any occasion.

(off Neil)

How big are you?

NEIL

...Do you mean like --?

ADRIANA

Don’t tell me, I want to guess.

She circles him, running a hand along his torso.

ADRIANA (CONT’D)

Jacket, 44 regular. Shirt, 18...

She faces him up close, reaches down and grabs his crotch. Considers her handful.

ADRIANA (CONT’D)

Size 11 shoe?

NEIL

...11 and a half.

ADRIANA

You sure?
NEIL
Yep. Pretty sure.

She lets go, backs up and considers him once more.

ADRIANA
Alright. Let’s get you out of those clothes... Come.

As Adriana leads him off, we TIME CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS DRESSING ROOM/ADRIANA’S HOME – LATER

Neil trails in after Adriana who leads him toward a closet filled with designer shirts, shoes and jackets.

ADRIANA
We’re going to a fund raiser tonight. There will be a lot men with a lot of money there. You should be able to find something more stylish in here.

Neil thumbs through some of the clothes.

NEIL
Anything specific?

ADRIANA
Something that will make me look good.

She turns and exits. Neil watches her go then turns back to the closet.

He thumbs through the shirts before settling on a tie rack... sees a yellow one. It freezes him. As he pushes it aside, we CUT TO:

EXT. ADRIANA’S HOME – NIGHT

The magic hour, nowhere else you’d want to be.

INT. ADRIANA’S HOME – NIGHT

Neil re-enters dressed sharply in a fitted jacket with an open collar shirt. He looks dapper and sexy.

ADRIANA
That looks great on you. I want you to keep it.
NEIL
Oh, no, I really can’t.

ADRIANA
Hmm. Strike two now. A woman’s generosity should never be taken for granted.

That lands hard with Neil. He nods, embarrassed.

NEIL
You’re right. Thank you. I was just confused...
(approaches)
Because you stole the view right out of the room. You look gorgeous.

Adriana cracks a slight smile, nods with approval.

ADRIANA
I was beginning to get a little worried about you.

Neil holds out his arm.

NEIL (cont’d)
I just needed a little time to warm up.

Adriana takes Neil’s arm as he leads her toward the door. As he opens it for her, we MATCH CUT TO

ANOTHER DOOR OPENING --

As Grace enters:

INT. ENTRY WAY/TRUMAN HOME - NIGHT

She closes the door, holding the bankers box and moves to:

THE LIVING ROOM

Just outside the kitchen. She sets the bankers box down on the long counter, lingering on the contents. First she pulls out a FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH -- happier times. Then she notices a book: Zen in the Modern World. She pulls it out, curious -- what was Neil doing reading this? She flips through it for a beat before she notices

ANIKA
Asleep in the Den on a the couch, magazine on her chest, ear buds in with MUSIC still playing.
Grace goes to her, shuts off the music and pulls out the earbuds. She brushes the hair from her face, watches her sleep... then starts to cry. She stifles it when Anika stirs awake.

ANIKA
...Mom?

GRACE
Let’s get you to bed.

As Grace helps Anika from the couch and leads her off to bed, we CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A large high-walled space filled with the upper crust who’ve come for a charity auction. Neil and Adriana enter, weave their way through the crowd ogling the art on the walls.

ADRIANA
...so we’re here tonight as friends of the gallery owner. All proceeds from this auction will go to help build wells for water in Africa. You’re familiar with those politics?
(off Neil)
Good. Now look at this.

They make their way through the crowd and over to:

ADRIANA (cont’d) (CONT’D)
I absolutely have to have it.

CLOSE ON THE PAINTING/PHOTOGRAPH: It’s an abstract piece with what looks like two lovers underwater.

NEIL
Beautiful...

As he drinks in the painting, an attractive Older Woman (the GALLERY OWNER) approaches with a younger, HANDSOME MAN.

GALLERY OWNER
Adriana --
(introducing)
You know Dane...

ADRIANA
Of course. Nice to see you. And this is Simon.
A brief beat of introductions as everyone shakes hands.

GALLERY OWNER
Can you come with me? There’s some friends I’d love you to meet.

As Adriana and Neil move off we BEGIN MONTAGE:

Neil and Adriana are introduced to various men and women, all of whom appear to carry some weight in the world. Neil seems at ease in conversation, laughing and holding his own. Adriana is clearly impressed with his social skills. As the montage comes to an end, we HEAR A VOICE over a loudspeaker.

VOICE
Ladies and gentlemen, five minutes until we close bids. Thank you.

Adriana turns to Neil, rattled.

ADRIANA
The piece I wanted. We never bid.

NEIL
I’ll take care of it.
(off Adriana’s concern)
If there’s one thing I know know how to do, it’s close a deal.

Neil hustles back to the auction, finds an AUCTIONEER pacing the rows of merchandise with an IPad (you give your assigned number, he enters the bid). Neil pulls out the wad of hundreds he got earlier from Mallory, palms a bunch.

AUCTIONEER
Would you like to bid, sir?
(off Neil)
Just tell me your assigned number, I can go ahead and do it for you. Which item?

Neil motions to the art piece.

NEIL
And my number is Five-zero-zero.

Auctioneer types...frowns.

AUCTIONEER
I’m sorry, that’s not coming up.

NEIL
Sure it is.
Neil slips the Auctioneer five hundred dollar bills.

    NEIL (CONT’D)
    You know who’s bid on that and how much. I need to go home with it tonight.

Auctioneer casually slips the money in his pocket.

    AUCTIONEER
    Of course, sir. What was that number again?

    NEIL
    Try one-seven-five.

Auctioneer puts it in -- voila.

    AUCTIONEER
    I think you’re all set.

Neil nods and Auctioneer moves off just as --

    CHARLES
    Is that Neil Truman?

Neil turns, sees CHARLES LIPTON, 60s, approaching. You’d only need look at him from afar to guess he’s very rich and very powerful. And you’d be right.

    CHARLES (CONT’D)
    You work with O’Connell at Apex Financial, right?
    (offers his hand)
    Charles Lipton.

Neil immediately recognizes the name -- it’s like saying Buffet. He puts his game face on.

    NEIL
    Charles... I thought that was you. Nice to see you.
    (they shake)
    How are they treating your money over there at... Montgomery, was it?

    CHARLES
    Like I pissed on it before I handed it over.
NEIL
Everyone’s getting killed in this market right now. I wouldn’t let it worry you. In the short term.

Charles looks suddenly concerned.

CHARLES
Do you know something I don’t?

NEIL
Of course. If I didn’t, how could I do my job?

CHARLES
From what I hear, you’re doing it very well these days.
(then)
Maybe you’d like to take a look at my portfolio, tell me what you think.

NEIL
You know what, Charles? If you’re really looking for some answers, I got just the thing.

Neil turns, plucks a flower out of a vase, hands it to him.

NEIL (CONT’D)
If you concentrate, all you need to know is right here.

Off Charles’ confusion, Adriana walks up.

ADRIANA
...hope I’m not interrupting.

She slips her arm into Neil’s, motions for him to make the introduction.

NEIL
Adriana, this is Charles, Charles, Adriana.

Charles turns to Adriana like a drunk uncle.

CHARLES
Can you please tell your husband I need his help. He’s being coy with me.

Adriana looks to Neil -- husband?
NEIL
(to Charles, sotto)
I’m not being coy, Charles. I’m trying to be polite. Because I’m really not interested in helping you.

He motions for Adriana to go. As they move off, Adriana looks to Neil.

ADRIANA
Who was that?

NEIL
Someone from another life.

As the Auctioneer calls for everyone’s attention and Neil guides Adriana off, WE CUT TO:

82 INT. ADRIANA’S HOME – LATER

SOUNDS of lovemaking. CAMERA tracks through the home toward:

83 INT. BEDROOM/ADRIANA’S HOME – CONTINUOUS

CAMERA enters, finds Adriana, riding Neil and arching her back just as they surrender together then fall apart.

ADRIANA
Whew, I needed that. Thank you.

Adriana rolls off Neil, pulls the covers up around her before leaning over to a night stand and taking a hit off a still-lit joint. She exhales, considers the new painting above the bed before grabbing an envelope and tossing it to Neil.

ADRIANA (CONT’D)
You can take a shower before you go if you’d like.

As if he’s already gone, Adriana grabs a LAPTOP from the same night stand, tunes Neil out as she focuses on checking her email. Neil watches her for a beat before getting out of bed to get dressed, casually looks at the cash in the envelope -- and he’s confused.

ADRIANA (CONT’D)
(without looking up)
It’s sixty percent less than what we discussed on the phone. My cut.
NEIL
...your cut?

Adriana looks up for the first time. Neil suddenly senses a larger picture.

NEIL (CONT’D)
What’s this all been about?
ADRIANA
Since you didn’t figure it out from the party... I have a service that caters to very rich, very busy and very picky women who are looking for a man and not a husband. And usually only for an evening.
(off Neil)
I’d been hearing about you for awhile. Word does travel in certain circles. And because I’m always on the look out for new talent... A little test drive before I make the offer.

NEIL
So this whole evening has been some sort of job interview.

ADRIANA
Come work for me. I think you’d really appreciate how much your business will improve. Unless you like banging all those lonely housewives you’ve been filling your phonebook with.

NEIL
Yeah. Not interested.

Neil picks up the pace now as he gets dressed, wants to get the hell out of here now.

ADRIANA
What were you before?
(off Neil’s silence)
You’re not the typical personal trainer or model I usually come across. You have...a soul.

NEIL
I managed other people’s money. I was pretty sure I didn’t have a soul anymore.
ADRIANA
Well thankfully it’s not a requirement for the job. Though it is a plus.

Neil turns to her, fully dressed now and ready to go.

NEIL
Thank you. For a lovely evening.

He heads for the door as --

ADRIANA
When you’re ready to make a real change, I’ll be here for you...

Neil turns back to consider her for a long beat, then exits. As Adriana smiles, goes back to her work, we...

END ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

85 EXT. TRUMAN HOME - EARLY MORNING
Establish.

86 INT. MASTER BEDROOM/TRUMAN HOME - SAME TIME
Grace stirs awake after a horrible night’s sleep.

87 INT. ANIKA’S ROOM/TRUMAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER
Grace comes to the doorway, finds Anika strumming her guitar, working on another song. Soon as she sees Grace she stops.

    ANIKA
    (re: the song)
    Don’t worry, it’s not about you.

Grace comes in, sits across from her. Takes her hand. And places something inside it. Anika’s opens her palm and we see a set of CAR KEYS.

    GRACE
    One hour. No freeways, just surface streets. Five miles under the speed limit at all times. And if I see you texted someone after you left this house, I’m going to home school you and never let you have any friends. Is that understood?

Anika looks at her mom, shocked, confused... excited.

    ANIKA
    Can I bring my Ipod?
    (off Grace)
    That’s okay, I can just listen to the radio.

    GRACE
    No you can’t listen to the radio.
    (then)
    Just not too loud.

Anika jumps up, races for the door.
GRACE (CONT’D)
Hey --
She turns back.

GRACE (CONT’D)
Thank you?
Anika rushes back to her mom, gives her a big hug.

ANIKA
If you see my real mom, tell I
think she’s amazing.

GRACE
Believe it or not...
She pulls back from Anika.

GRACE (CONT’D)
This is your real mom.
Anika turns and rushes out. As Grace watches her go, uneasy
now, we CUT TO:

88
EXT. TRUMAN HOME - DAY
Neil’s car pulls up the driveway, parks.

89
INT. NEIL’S CAR - CONTINUOUS
Neil sits behind the wheel, staring at his front door --
KNOCK-KNOCK.
Neil’s startled, turns and sees his neighbor and gym-buddy
Lawrence tapping on the passenger-side window, motioning for
him to roll it down. As he does:

LAWRENCE
Check out what I just got --
Lawrence points to two WORKMEN across the street moving a
giant flat-screen TV box out of a Van.

LAWRENCE (cont’d) (CONT’D)
104 inches of high-def, 3D, LCD
clarity, baby. Biggest on the
market. What do you think?

NEIL
Congratulations.
LAWRENCE
Superbowl at my house this year, okay? Got the speakers hooked up, gonna feel like you’re taking the snap yourself.

NEIL
...look forward to it.

Lawrence squeals with delight as he practically skips back to his house. Neil gets out of the car.

90 INT. ENTRY WAY/TRUMAN HOME - DAY

Neil enters, gently closes the door behind him. He takes a beat to steel himself before:

NEIL
Grace?

GRACE (O.S.)
In here.

91 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Neil enters and stops short. Grace is sitting at the kitchen table with Victor.

VICTOR
You wanna hear something funny? Your wife actually staged the house I bought two years ago. (to Grace, realizes) Y’know, I think we kept half that furniture, too.

Neil half-smiles, trying to act casual. Victor rises, looks to Grace.

VICTOR (CONT’D)
Mind if I steal him for a bit?

92 EXT. BACK YARD/TRUMAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Neil walks with Victor along the pool, mid-conversation.

VICTOR
...you took me by surprise. Twice in one week. That’s not something I’m used to.
NEIL
Sorry about the tv --

VICTOR
Don’t be. The reality is it’s that kind of passion -- and recklessness that’s made this firm great. And I don’t want to lose it.

Neil turns to Victor, way ahead of him.

NEIL
I don’t want my job back.

VICTOR
Good. Because I’m offering you something better. A partnership.  
(off Neil)
I got a call from Charles Lipton this morning. Said he ran in to you at a party the other night. I don’t know what you said to him, but he’s insisting you take over his hedge fund. I told him you couldn’t wait to get started.

Neil looks back to the house, sees Grace watching them from the kitchen. He turns back to Victor.

VICTOR (CONT’D)
Don’t make me beg. You know how much money a partner makes, Neil?

NEIL
I don’t care about the money.

VICTOR
...What do you care about?

INT. KITCHEN/TRUMAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Grace watches intently at the window as Neil calmly and methodically talks to Victor, tries to read his body language. Finally, Neil holds out his hand and Victor moves it away -- grabs Neil and hugs him tight, all smiles. Victor peels off, walks out of the yard and disappears.

EXT. BACK YARD/TRUMAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Grace comes out of the house, approaches Neil who’s staring at the pool (it’s shimmering and clean). Grace stands alongside him. There’s a long beat.
GRACE
I fired the pool guy.
(off Neil)
You were right, he was lazy. I
don’t know why I never saw that
before.

NEIL
We never spend time out here any
more.

GRACE
It was the whole reason we bought
the house, remember?

A beat. Grace looks to him for the first time.

GRACE (cont’d) (CONT’D)
How come you never told me?

NEIL
About the job?

GRACE
Everything.

NEIL
I didn’t want to worry you.
(off Grace)
All worked out.

GRACE
What about us? Are we going to
work out?

Neil looks to her for the first time.

GRACE (CONT’D)
I’m scared Neil. What’s happening
to us?

He reaches for her and she clings to him as if he were her
last breath. After a long beat.

NEIL
Do you still have that tie you
bought me?

She pulls back to face him -- what?

NEIL (CONT’D)
That color, it really does --
GRACE
Bring out your eyes more, I know.

Neil searches for how to say the next few words.

NEIL
I want you to know I appreciate
when you give me things and... I
should never take that for granted.

GRACE
...Thank you. I returned it.

He laughs -- of course she did. There’s a moment between
them before Anika pops her head out of the house.

ANIKA
Mom, I’m back. Leave the keys on
the counter?

She nods. Anika turns to go, turns back.

ANIKA (CONT’D)
Hi, dad.

Then she disappears inside. Neil looks to Grace -- keys?

GRACE
I let her drive on her own today.
(off Neil)
It was a moment of weakness, I
know. I’ll lock her back in her
room until she’s twenty-five, don’t
worry. That way we won’t have to
deal with the school issue.

NEIL
...I think I had an idea how to fix
that.

INT. ELKORT’S OFFICE – DAY

Elkort reads from a file folder, looks up at Neil and Grace
who sit across his desk.

ELKORT
How exactly did you --?

NEIL
This school’s accounting firm
happens to work closely with my
office.

(MORE)
I had them send over your filings so I could crunch the numbers on the endowment. Frankly it was criminal the returns you were getting. By allowing me to roll those monies into some of the bigger hedge funds I manage, you’ll begin to see consistent double digit gains in the next ten years.

Elkort is trying to do the math in his head.

My husband is very good at what he does, so if he says he can do it, then he can do it.

Neil looks to Grace -- that’s the first time he ever heard her take pride in his work.

This is very generous of you.

What’s the catch?

Anika serves a one week suspension. After she writes a letter of apology to the school and the teachers, she will be readmitted and there will be no mark on her record. This all goes away.

Elkort studies them both.

I’m not sure it’s as simple a fix as you’re making it sound.

I’m not sure the school’s board of directors would appreciate an investigation into allegations of faculty affairs either.

Grace pulls out a business card, lays it on the desk.

We’ve contacted an attorney. If you’d like to have him explain it to you in more detail, feel free to give him a call.

As Elkort considers the card, then the file folder, CUT TO:
Neil and Grace exit the building, the encounter still settling.

GRACE
That went well.

NEIL
Yeah. You were really good in there.

GRACE
...you, too.

They consider each other for a beat until Anika comes running up from down the hall where she was chatting with FRIENDS.

ANIKA
Are they letting me back in?

Neil nods. She hugs him.

ANIKA (CONT’D)
Thank you, thank you --

GRACE
We still have to discuss how we’re going to deal with this at home.

ANIKA
Oh, yes, I totally get it.

Neil’s still a bit confused though.

NEIL
Can I ask you something? If you hated it here so much, why so happy now?

ANIKA
I did hate it here. But after what happened, I’m finally popular.

As Anika looks back to the girls she was chatting with, gives her parents a hopeful smile, we CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Neil’s car pulls in and he drives past his usual spot to another one closer to the elevator with his name on it. He parks, gets out. He considers the plaque for a moment, then turns to head for the elevator when --
VOICE
So this is your real job...

Neil turns, Simon has been waiting for him.

SIMON
Grace told me you were some financial guy. Looks like you do okay for yourself.

Simon approaches Neil now, calm but menacing.

SIMON (CONT’D)
I know you had my phone, I know you slept with one of my clients. That bartender at the hotel is a friend of mine.

Neil looks around the parking lot -- who’s seeing this?

SIMON (CONT’D)
What’d you do with all my contacts? I can’t access them online anymore.

Neil turns back, bold now.

SIMON (CONT’D)
That’s my livelihood, man. What are you trying to do to me?

NEIL
Same thing you did to my wife, I think.

Simon half-laughs -- touché. The smile fades quickly.

SIMON
I know where you live, now I know where you work. You don’t undo what you did, I’m coming after you. You got it?

Now Neil moves in close to Simon, matching his attitude.

NEIL
That’s not a threat, you know what a real threat is? The IRS looking into your finances for the last ten years and discovering exactly what you do for a living. And as personal friends of mine, all it would take is one phone call. (off Simon) You got it?
A tense beat.

DARRYL

Yo --

Neil turns as Darryl saunters up.

DARRYL (CONT’D)

I heard the good news. We got our clean up hitter back. Awesome.

Darryl steps up, sees Simon.

DARRYL (CONT’D)

How you doin’? Darryl.

(re: Neil)

You know this prick?

NEIL

No. He doesn’t.

DARRYL

(to Simon)


(to Neil)

I’m just kiddin.

(back to Simon)

Most talented guy in the firm. Truly. And a great guy.

NEIL

Why don’t you go grab the elevator.

DARRYL

...So that’s how it’s gonna be now, huh? New title, new parking space make the monkey’s dance.

(off Neil)

Of course, my liege.

(to Simon)

Nice to meet you.

Darryl moves off. Neil looks back to Simon.

NEIL

There anything else you wanted to discuss?

Simon considers Neil for a moment.

SIMON

Tell Grace I said hello.
He turns and exits. DING. Neil turns, sees Darryl waving.

NEIL (V.O.)
I’ve been thinking a lot about that story again lately.

As Neil joins Darryl at elevator and steps inside, CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/TRUMAN HOME - DAY

Grace sits at the kitchen table on her laptop.

NEIL (V.O.)
About the Buddha leaving his family to search for meaning...?

She hits a few keys, leans in close and we go:

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN:
It’s a travel site. Florence. Options abound.

NEIL (V.O.)
...It didn’t really make much sense when I first read it.

INT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

Neil browses a row phones as a SALES ASSOCIATE approaches.

NEIL (V.O.)
I mean, what kind of man would you have to be to leave everything you’ve ever loved to search for the meaning of it all?

As Neil picks up a RED PHONE, hands it to Associate, CUT TO:

EXT. ZEN GARDEN - DAY

Neil sits across from the Zen Master holding the RED PHONE.

NEIL
I got this the other day. It’s Simon’s number. If someone calls, we start talking and they’re still looking for someone to...

(off Zen Master)
I know. Crazy. But I don’t ever have to answer it if I don’t want.
ZEN MASTER
But you will.

NEIL
Guess you never really do know
where enlightenment is going to
come from.

Zen Master smiles for the first time. Then Neil. As his
grin keeps growing and growing, we CUT TO:

101 EXT. BACK YARD/TRUMAN HOME - DAY

Neil stands on the diving board, looking into the crystal
clear water beneath him.

ANIKA
It’s freezing dad, don’t do it.

Reveal Anika watching from a chaise, in a jacket -- it’s cold
out here. Neil takes a deep breath, dives in.

UNDERWATER -- Neil swims to the bottom, rests there for a
long time as if floating in space. All SOUND DROPS OUT.

Lungs ready to burst, Neil shoots to the surface, gasping.

ANIKA (CONT’D)
God, Dad. I thought you were dead.

NEIL
Me, too.

Graces approaches, sets down a tray with mugs of hot
chocolate.

GRACE
See? We didn’t need a vacation,
babe. Just a little family time
around the pool.

ANIKA
I think actually going some where
warm would’ve been better.

GRACE
That’s not the point, honey.
(off Neil)
I was gonna make lunch. Who’s
hungry?

Anika and Neil raise their hands.
GRACE (CONT’D)
Tuna fish. Coming up.

She turns to go.

NEIL
Grace...
  (she turns back)
  You should come in. It’s not that bad.

She lifts up her coverall, shows off a new bikini.

GRACE
I was planning on it.

Neil wasn’t expecting that -- and he loves it.

ANIKA
Wow, mom, you look hot.

GRACE
I know.

She dances into the house as Neil pushes off from the side to do a few laps in water. His cell phone RINGS.

ANIKA
I knew it was too good to be true.
You’re gonna have to go into the office now, aren’t you?

NEIL
Let’s just see who it is first.

Neil hops out of the pool, grabs a towel and reaches in his robe -- there are two cell phones inside -- the Red Phone is ringing. He’s about to decline when he notices the number.

ANIKA
Well? Who is it?

Neil looks back toward the house, sees Grace inside on her cell -- clearly she’s calling Simon’s number right now but doesn’t know it’s Neil. As Neil studies the phone, we...

END EPISODE