



Pilot
by
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The Mark Gordon Company

NETWORK DRAFT 3 (CLEAN)

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ACT ONE

1

INT. BACKSTAGE, AMERICANA FASHION SHOW, MILAN - NIGHT

1

The exhilarating world backstage at a major fashion show. MODELS - some dressed, some half-naked - STYLISTS, HAIR, MAKEUP, MINIONS IN BLACK shouting into headsets. On the other side of the giant stage panels is an UNSEEN CROWD, but we stay here in the hurricane of urgent activity.

In the middle of it all is ROBERT SOULTER, 58, creator of the most iconic fashion brand in the world - Americana. He's on his knees pulling a hem while talking to a MODEL.

ROBERT

Who are you?

MODEL

Marta.

ROBERT

Not your name. Who are you right now? The woman in this dress is on her way to meet the man she met last weekend. She's nervous, she's excited, she hasn't stopped thinking about him...

She's mesmerized, until a WOMAN WITH A HEADSET leans in.

HEADSET

Mr. Soulter...

With one quick GLANCE from him, the woman shrinks.

ROBERT

(to the model)

Don't look at her, look at me.
Who are you?

She looks him in the eye.

MODEL

I'm in love.

She's in love, all right. With him. He spins her toward the runway and tenderly nudges her forward.

HEADSET

That's the last one, sir.

She urgently waves for HAIR and MAKEUP to touch him up, but he waves them off and walks onto the runway.

2 **INT. AMERICANA RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS**

2

We walk out with Robert onto the runway, surrounded on each side by HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE now on their feet. Projected on a wall behind him in massive letters:

“ROBERT SOULTER’S AMERICANA - 30th Anniversary”

Thundering APPLAUSE as images of Soulter’s entire career project on the walls and ceiling. He stops to kiss his wife, SIERRA DELON-SOULTER, the 48-year-old ex-supermodel. Her bronzed East African skin and legendary cat-like eyes sparkle as she kisses him and smiles.

Robert waves to the adoring crowd as he heads back up the runway. The models surround him as he blows a kiss...

3 **INT. ALICE AND SHANE’S APARTMENT - DAY**

3

A DRESS FORM stands in a small NoLiTa apartment filled with flea market furniture and eclectic art. ALICE GARANO, 27, funky and boho-chic, drapes the form with fabric, beginning the slow process of pinning and cutting. A small, furry dog named LBD stares up at her from his fluffy bed.

Alice’s roommate, SHANE KELLY, 27, enters the front door wearing O.R. scrubs. She’s beautiful and very excited.

SHANE

Hear anything?!

ALICE

No, and stop asking.

SHANE

They said this week.

ALICE

I don’t want you to freak out if I don’t get picked.

SHANE

If I flunked out of med school, wouldn’t you freak out?

ALICE

Not getting picked for a dumb fashion show is not flunking out.

SHANE

Now it’s a dumb fashion show.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHANE (CONT'D)

Parsons picks ten students to show
in the final. If you're not one
of them, I'll kill Tim Gunn.

Alice's CELL RINGS. She continues working.

SHANE

I bet that's them!

ALICE

(stares at the dress)
Would it be crazy to use some fur
or something as a trim?

Alice looks down at the dog, who tilts his head
quizzically. She moves him, lifts the sheepskin bed, and
holds it against the dress. Shane, exasperated, finally
GRABS ALICE'S PHONE.

SHANE (PHONE)

Hello! Oh, it's only you. Yes,
we're here. Awesome-you're
amazing-loveyou-bye.

(hangs up)

Vince is bringing lunch. You know,
if you would just have sex with
him, we'd get lunch all the time.

ALICE

Oh crap, lunch! I forgot I'm
meeting my father!

4

EXT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - SAME

4

Alice bounds out and runs right into VINCE BANNING, 28,
in O.R. SCRUBS - cute, athletic, nervous. Hot nerd.

VINCE

You're leaving?

ALICE

I know, I'm sorry...

She stops on the CHAMPAGNE poking from his bag.

VINCE

(sheepish)
You're not supposed to see that.

ALICE

Dude. Seriously. You guys have
to stop. Call you later.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

You're from the union? Local
Millworkers 77th?

ARLOFF

I'm from an organization that
works closely with the Local 77th.

MARTIN

Who are you dealing with over
there? Specifically? Mike Voss?

ARLOFF

For the purposes of this meeting,
it's not important.

MARTIN

Let me ask you something, Mr.
Arloff. Do I look like a teenage
girl to you?

ARLOFF

A teenage girl?

MARTIN

Think you're breaking my cherry
here? I don't know what a
shakedown looks like?

ARLOFF

I don't know what you're talking
about, Mr. Garano.

MARTIN

No? Let me show you something.

Martin opens a deep drawer in the ancient, steel desk.

MARTIN

My father left me three things he
said I'd need to run the business.

He pulls a BRASS RING from the drawer.

MARTIN

This is a brass ring from the
carousel at Coney Island. His
good luck charm. Said if this
don't work, try one of these.

He pulls out a BLACKJACK and a REVOLVER.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

You think you're gonna muscle me?
Threaten my business? My family?
Wrong shop, pal. Now, walk down
those stairs and out the door. Or
I'll throw you out this window.

9

INT. OUTER OFFICE, MARTIN GARANO'S OFFICE - SAME

9

Alice watches Arloff walk out. Martin excitedly waves her in as he quickly puts the weapons back in the drawer.

MARTIN

Hey, did we hear anything?

ALICE

If you ask me one more time...
(beat)
Who was that guy?

MARTIN

Just a salesman. Come with me, I
have something to show you.

She follows him down the hall, stopping at a closed door. With a flourish, he opens it to reveal... An office. Desk, chair, phone, lamp, a filing cabinet, and a brand new desk set. It's functional but generic.

MARTIN

I know it's not hip or anything...

ALICE

It's not that, it's just... I
thought it would be more of a
studio, you know, for design.

MARTIN

Honey, we talked about this. It's
going to take some time to...

ALICE

What happened to designing our own
clothing instead of stamping out
jeans for other people? You said
it was going to be a *whole new
chapter for the company.*

MARTIN

That was three years ago. The
only chapter I'm concerned with
now is Chapter 11.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Alice, do I have to remind you this was your deal? *Pay for school and I'll work it off at the factory.*

ALICE

I know, it's just...

MARTIN

You want to be a designer.

ALICE

I am a designer.

MARTIN

You know I'm proud of you. And you have your whole life to turn this place into anything you want. But, right now we have to keep the walls up.

He hugs her and kisses her forehead lovingly.

ROBERT SOULTER (V.O.)

My father came here in 1922 and built a garment factory.

10

EXT. THE AMERICANA RANCH - DAY

10

The snow-capped peaks are reflected upside down in the sapphire blue water, as two riders gallop along the shore. They're JESSE SOULTER, 36, and FRANCESCA SOULTER, 29, each dressed in perfect western chic. Nearby, Robert watches as he talks to a journalist named ELOISE PRITCHARD. She holds a small tape recorder.

ROBERT

He started making gabardine slacks. During the war they made uniforms for the navy. In the fifties it was poodle skirts. Fashion marks time like nothing else. What's the first thing a woman does when she loses weight? She slips back into those jeans, and is immediately transported, to the person she was, and the woman she wants to be.

Now we notice the PHOTOGRAPHER - MARSHA FIELDS, 52 - and her CREW with SUN REFLECTORS. RAPID PHOTO SNAPS as Jesse and Francesca each jump their horses over a fallen tree.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

I thought you were afraid to jump.

FRANCESCA

Not since we were kids.

Back with Robert and Eloise:

ELOISE PRITCHARD

Both of your grown children work for you. Is fashion in your DNA?

ROBERT

Americana and America are woven from the same cloth. A frontier spirit, an endless horizon, a land that begs you to stab the dirt with your own flag. That is what's in our DNA. It's why I went out on my own as a young man to make my mark. It's why I'm glad my children are making theirs.

He looks off at Jesse and Francesca as they ride toward Marsha and her camera.

11

EXT. MAIN HOUSE, THE AMERICANA RANCH, SUN VALLEY - DAY

11

Marsha arrives at the house as Sierra drives up in a jeep. She's impossibly gorgeous with the gentle lines of maturity that somehow make her even more so.

MARSHA

How is it that I look like this and you look like that.

SIERRA

You're four years older.

MARSHA

If I didn't have to shoot you right now, I'd *shoot* you right now.

SIERRA

Great title for your memoirs.

MARSHA

Memoirs? I'm not that old, bitch.

(CONTINUED)

They both laugh as they hug each other deeply. Marsha lingers for a moment too long. There's a history with them, one that Sierra is uncomfortable with.

SIERRA

I need to tell Robert that his youngest isn't coming.

MARSHA

Troy? Why not?

SIERRA

Because Troy's mother isn't getting enough attention.

12 **INT. KITCHEN AMERICANA RANCH - DAY**

12

Robert is on the PHONE and his anger is a quiet boil.

ROBERT (PHONE)

Wendy, my son wasn't on the plane.

INTERCUT WITH:

13 **INT. WENDY LAW-SOULTER'S APARMENT - DAY**

13

Sitting casually on the phone is WENDY LAW-SOULTER, 34, a beautiful, sexy, well put together, holy bitch on wheels.

WENDY (PHONE)

What kind of message does it send when you fly private but you make my son fly commercial?

ROBERT (PHONE)

That he's just like every other eight year old.

WENDY

He's not like anyone. Troy is special. To me, anyway.

Wendy smiles, as 8-year-old TROY walks in.

Robert hangs up, his hands pressed on the counter.

SIERRA

That's it?

(off his look)

She's going to do this every time. You need to punish her...

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

I just did.

SIERRA

By doing nothing?

ROBERT

By not caring.

Before Robert leaves, Sierra puts her hand on his.

SIERRA

We both know you care.

Robert kisses her, and walks back outside.

14

EXT. PORCH, AMERICANA RANCH - SAME

14

Eloise sits with Francesca and Jesse, with the ever present recorder. Marsha takes a few candids.

ELOISE PRITCHARD

What about sibling rivalry?

JESSE

I don't think we've ever been rivals, have we?

FRANCESCA

Not at all.

She pretends to choke him. They all laugh.

ELOISE PRITCHARD

Jesse, a serious question. Company profits are down twenty percent. Half the people think that's due to your stewardship.

JESSE

(smiles)

What do the other half think?

FRANCESCA

Can I speak for my brother here?
(to Jesse)
Do you mind?

JESSE

(minding)

Please, go right ahead.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCESCA

Fashion is the first industry to take a hit in a rough economy. Because of Jesse we're doing much better than most of our friends.

JESSE

My family will always give me too much credit and the critics too much blame.

ELOISE PRITCHARD

How much credit do you deserve?

JESSE

None. Americana is Robert Soultter.

ELOISE PRITCHARD

So, then is your father to blame for the falling share price?

JESSE

That's obviously not what I...

ROBERT (O.S.)

Guilty as charged.

They all turn as Robert approaches.

ROBERT

Not a sparrow falls without God knowing.

ELOISE PRITCHARD

Are you god, Mr. Soultter?

ROBERT

No, but I'd like to make him a great pair of jeans.

He looks over at the PUBLICIST, giving her a clear CUE.

PUBLICIST

Eloise, we're going to stop there.

As Eloise protests, Robert walks back toward the house.

15

INT. MAIN HOUSE, AMERICANA RANCH - DAY

15

Robert pours coffee as Jesse and Francesca walk in.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Do me a favor and don't defend me.

FRANCESCA

Seriously? The headline is going to be you blaming dad for the stock price!

JESSE

Francesca, I know this is hard for you to grasp, but I'm your boss!

FRANCESCA

If you have to keep announcing you're the boss, you're kinda not the boss, are you?

Robert puts the coffee pot down, pointedly.

ROBERT

We don't explain ourselves to anyone. Ever.

16 **INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT**

16

Alice sits on a crowded subway on her way back to Manhattan. Her phone rings. She looks at it and catches her breath. The call is from "PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN."

ALICE

(answering)

Hello. Yes, this is Alice Garano.

(pause... waits)

Okay... okay. Yes. Thank you.

She hangs up and sits frozen. A lone tear traces a path down her cheek. The OLD WOMAN next to her leans in.

OLD WOMAN

Are you okay, sweetie?

ALICE

They picked me.

Alice smiles as another tear falls.

17 **INT. PRIVATE JET - MORNING**

17

A PHOTO OF ALICE in Robert's hand. On the jet with him are Sierra and Francesca, Jesse is up front on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

Why didn't I know about this?

FRANCESCA

They just released the names.

ROBERT

Americana sponsors this event, and you're personally coordinating it for us. You should have known.

FRANCESCA

What's the big deal? She's your niece, so what? You've never even met her. Personally, I'm curious.

ROBERT

I'm not.

SIERRA

His brother will be there.

FRANCESCA

I don't get this. I mean, I hate Jesse, but I can't imagine not talking to him for thirty years.

Sierra glances over to Jesse. He's oblivious.

SIERRA

You don't hate your brother.

FRANCESCA

I almost pushed him in front of a bus the other day. Kidding. Ish.

SIERRA

You don't have to go, Robert.

FRANCESCA

Yeah, I'll explain to Parsons.

ROBERT

What did I tell you about explaining?

He puts the portfolio down and picks up a newspaper.

18

INT. ITALIAN COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

18

Alice, Shane, and Vince eat cannolis, looking up at a POSTER for the PARSONS THESIS FASHION SHOW highlighting the "SPECIAL GUEST - ROBERT SOULTER."

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

What do you mean he's your uncle?

SHANE

How could you never mention this?

ALICE

It's not a big deal. He's never been in our lives.

VINCE

Your father never talks to him?

ALICE

My father never forgave him for walking away from the business. Now you see why it's hard for me to do the same.

SHANE

This is how you do it. *Dad, I didn't go to Parsons School of Design to work in a factory.*

ALICE

That factory is the reason I was able to go to Parsons.

VINCE

And it's not like you're going to stop designing.

ALICE

Exactly.

SHANE

Dreams die in small increments.

VINCE

Oscar Wilde?

SHANE

Justin Bieber.

Alice stares up at the poster.

ALICE

I've worshipped Robert Souter my whole life and he doesn't even know I exist.

19 **INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT**

19

Everyone is asleep but Robert, who sits alone in the back, the photo of Alice in his hand. Sierra appears.

SIERRA

Something's got you. You've been holding that for hours. You never talk about your brother. I didn't even know you had a niece. And she's a designer, no less.

Robert looks out the window, clearly troubled.

SIERRA

Robert? What is it?

ROBERT

She's not my niece. She's my daughter.

END ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Georges, first let me thank you for coming to us...

JESSE

What are we really talking about?

SIMON

Jesse, if I could finish...

JESSE

No. He's bought three of our friends' companies in the past six years. Now he wants *Americana*.

GEORGES STANNIS

I'm merely protecting our considerable investment.

SIMON

And you have every right to. Let me assure you, Georges, that...

GEORGES STANNIS

You do not need to express assurances, Monsieur Borrel. In fact, we are requesting that you be immediately reinstated to the position you occupied before this gauche nepotism sidelined you.

SIMON

I'm still in the same position I've always been in.

GEORGES STANNIS

The French do not have a word for *co-president*.

JESSE

This meeting is over.

GEORGES STANNIS

We would also demand the addition of a new chief designer.

SIMON

You want to replace Robert Soulter at *Americana*? That is as ludicrous as it is inconceivable.

GEORGES STANNIS

Tom Ford at Gucci, Karl Lagerfeld at Chanel...

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Both very different situations.

GEORGES STANNIS

Our proposal is that he transition to an emeritus position, and we will find a fresh talent who can revitalize the label.

Georges sips his coffee, putting it back down.

GEORGES STANNIS

The coffee is cold.

JESSE

You want to replace that, too?

23

INT. JESSE'S OFFICE, AMERICANA - DAY

23

Jesse walks in, Simon right behind him.

SIMON

You need to control your emotions.

JESSE

And you need to grow a pair.

Simon holds his tongue... barely.

SIMON

Honestly, I don't know what your father was thinking. You're not ready for this. You're reckless.

JESSE

I'm passionate.

SIMON

No. Your father gets to be passionate. Your job is sobriety.
(calms himself)

Jesse, we have a board of directors and a man like Georges Stannis can easily poison them. I need you to understand that what happened in there is very serious.

JESSE

Don't talk to me like a child. It's been a long time since I've called you Uncle Simon.

Simon takes a deep breath and walks out.

24

EXT. BALCONY, SOULTER PENHOUSE - DAY

24

Marsha snaps a PHOTO of Sierra, sitting on the balcony of the Park Avenue PENTHOUSE.

MARSHA

It's not like I didn't warn you.
You married Robert Soultter.

SIERRA

I don't know what's worse, that he had a child and didn't tell me or that he never told her?

MARSHA

How 'bout he had an affair with his brother's wife?

SIERRA

He was young.

MARSHA

He wasn't that young.

Sierra turns and the light catches her just perfectly. Marsha can't help herself, she snaps a few more pictures.

SIERRA

I do miss this sometimes.

MARSHA

So do I.

Marsha lowers the camera, puts her hand on Sierra's face, LEANS IN and KISSES HER. Flustered, Sierra backs away.

SIERRA

Marsha, I'm not like that anymore.

MARSHA

Right, you're happily married now.

Marsha puts her camera back in its case.

25

INT. WORK ROOM, AMERICANA OFFICES - DAY

25

Robert stands over a large table in this cluttered work room, as a photographer named MAURIZIO and 20 STAFFERS present large-format photos to him. Simon steps into the room, stands against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

MAURIZIO

We found this massive American flag. It had been draped on the bow of the Missouri on V-Day.

The photo is of a TOPLESS MODEL wearing AMERICANA JEANS, covering her breasts with part of the flag.

ROBERT

Better without the jeans.

The photographer laughs, along with everyone else. Robert isn't laughing. He's serious. Silence.

ROBERT

Paint the flag on her skin.

MAURIZIO

I am confused, then. What product will you be advertising?

Robert ignores the question, flips through the photos.

MAURIZIO

I will make it *bellissimo*.

ROBERT

Good.

SIMON

That'll be all everyone.

As they gather and leave, Simon and Robert speak alone.

ROBERT

What does Georges Stannis want?

SIMON

Not sure yet.

ROBERT

Careful with him. He likes to roll a grenade into the boardroom before launching an attack.

SIMON

Then he's true to form.

ROBERT

How was Jesse in the meeting?

SIMON

Petulant. Impetuous.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

I'm relying on you to guide him.

SIMON

That's what he has parents for.

Robert looks at Simon, who simply shrugs and leans back against the wall as a line of FEMALE MODELS enters in evening wear. They look gorgeous.

ROBERT

Look at this mess.

SIMON

Robert, I'm begging you. We're barely making our delivery schedule as it is.

The head ATELIER asserts himself.

ATELIER

This is what you drew.

TWO FAT SEAMSTRESSES murmur in ITALIAN. Robert looks.

SEAMSTRESS #1

We tell him, Signore Soulter has never drawn a *bateau* neckline in his life. And why?

SEAMSTRESS #2

Because he loves women!

Simon sighs audibly, speaking to Robert.

SIMON

This is precisely why I asked you to engage with the ateliers.

ROBERT

Fine. I'll engage.

Robert picks up a LARGE PAIR OF SCISSORS, approaches one of the MODELS. She eyes the scissors.

MODEL

Have I done something wrong?

ROBERT

Not you, love.

He smiles mischievously and she's mesmerized. He slowly, sensually plunges the scissor blade down her cleavage. Simon closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCESCA

Blue passes are for the press,
black for VIPs...

COREY (O.S.)

I hope I get black.

Francesca turns to find COREY DELON, 28, black, downtown cool, red headphones on his neck, beaded necklace over a vintage Prince shirt. She gives him a big hug.

FRANCESCA

Great! Guys, this is my step-
brother Corey Delon, a.k.a. *DJ*
Mars. He'll be rocking the house.

COREY

Don't say *rocking the house*.

Alice and Shane walk in, carrying the garment bags.
Francesca spots them. She drags Corey over.

FRANCESCA

Alice Garano? Weirdness, but
we're your cousins. Francesca,
Corey. So great to meet you!

ALICE

Weirdness barely covers it. Hi.

COREY

(checking out Shane)
You my cousin, too?

ALICE

This is my friend Shane. She's
one of my models tonight. Shane's
actually in medical school.

SHANE

They don't need to know that.

FRANCESCA

I handle special events for
Americana so I'll be running the
show tonight. If you need
anything at all... *holla*.

As they walk away, Corey and Shane linger for a second.

SHANE

Definitely not your cousin.

(CONTINUED)

COREY

Good to know.

29 **EXT. PARSONS - NIGHT**

29

Now NIGHTTIME, the building is lit up. LIMOS are stacked outside, PEOPLE are lined up around the block.

30 **INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT**

30

Robert and Sierra in formal-wear. A pointed silence.

SIERRA

What are you going to say to Alice when you meet her tonight?

ROBERT

I don't plan on meeting her.

SIERRA

She became a designer, just like you. You don't find that incredible? Aren't you even curious to see if she's talented?

ROBERT

She is talented.
(pause)
But, she's not special.

SIERRA

I guess I'm lucky that Robert Soultter found me special.

ROBERT

Sierra, I understand you're angry with me, but this has nothing to do with you.

SIERRA

Except that we're not supposed to have secrets from each other.

ROBERT

You mean like Marsha Fields paying you a visit?

She turns sharply.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

I don't want to have to defend my life to you, any more than you want to defend yours to me. I've already paid the price for my mistakes. I lost my marriage and my brother. That's enough.

SIERRA

How did their marriage survive?

ROBERT

Rachel was pregnant.

SIERRA

And he knew it was your child.

ROBERT

Martin always did the right thing.

Sierra is astonished. Robert tries a different tack.

ROBERT

It was a long time ago. You don't have to worry about me sleeping with another woman.

(pause)

As long as you don't.

Her eyes widen and she punches him.

SIERRA

She's just a friend!

His eyes smile mischievously, which is clearly one of the things she loves about him. The car stops.

ROBERT

You understand that no one can know about this.

SIERRA

I understand I'm a part of your lie now, yes.

She steps out into blinding flashbulbs. He follows, to the rush of the crowd.

31

INT. BACKSTAGE, PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN - DAY

31

Alice finishes dressing Shane, spinning her around to the large mirror. It's a beautiful ocean-blue dress.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

You hate it.

SHANE

I love it. But, you have five models and none of us are wearing that...

Shane points to the dress with the SHEEPSKIN TRIM.

ALICE

You think I'm being safe?

SHANE

I think you're being a pussy.

Alice sees Vince leading Martin and RACHEL GARANO, 50, through the backstage area.

SHANE

Your dad know his brother is here?

ALICE

Yeah, he's not thrilled.

Martin doesn't really fit in with this crowd, but he's proud as hell of his daughter. Rachel looks at Shane in Alice's dress and her hand goes to her mouth.

RACHEL

Oh Alice, you made that?

ALICE

(really at Vince)
You're not supposed to see it yet.

Vince is sheepish. Martin saves him.

MARTIN

It's not his fault. We wanted to see you in your element. We're so proud of you, honey.

RACHEL

And what a beautiful model you have. Shane, you could really do this professionally, you know.

SHANE

Bite your tongue, Rachel.

(CONTINUED)

TIM GUNN (O.S.)
Welcome to the Parsons' Thesis
Fashion Show. I want to first
thank our generous sponsors...

RUNWAY - TIM GUNN is addressing the crowd.

TIM GUNN
...especially, the legendary
Robert Soultter.

FRONT ROW - Robert, Sierra, Simon. He whispers to Simon.

ROBERT
Where the hell is Jesse?

TIM GUNN
I wonder if we could all convince
Mr. Soultter to say a few words.

BACKSTAGE - Looking up at the closed circuit monitor. As
Robert takes the microphone, Shane whispers to Alice.

SHANE
Uncle Bob.

Martin and Rachel both watch in silence.

ROBERT
I am a believer in one thing above
all others. I'm always right.

Everyone laughs. Except for Robert. And Martin.

ROBERT
Ten young designers are showing
this evening. Statistically
speaking, nine of you will never
be heard from again. One of you,
and only one, might be a star.
What separates that one from the
rest? Not talent. We can agree
you're all talented. Not luck.
Luck is for slot machines and
lottery tickets. No, what
separates the one from the many is
a confidence so far beyond reason
that you can't even imagine
failure. Creating something
wholly original means, by
definition, that everyone around
you will call you crazy. To do it
anyway requires something more
than confidence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It requires arrogance. You have to be that certain, you have to stand tall against not just your critics, but your colleagues, your friends, and your family. You have to walk right into the storm with your eyes wide open and shout into the wind, until your voice becomes the thunder itself. If you can do that, if you can summon that kind of strength? You might just be the one.

The words sink in to every person here, especially Alice.

MARTIN

Still a blowhard.

ALICE

Shhh. Dad, please.

32

INT. PARSONS - LATER

32

The show is in full swing. A MODEL walks the runway.

BACKSTAGE - Francesca, wearing a headset, manages the total chaos. She leans in to Alice's booth.

FRANCESCA

Alice, we need your models now.

ALICE

Guys, let's get lined up.

As they line up and walk, Francesca waves them forward.

FRANCESCA

(into mic)
Okay, kiss black... Cue music...
Light it up!
(to the first model)
Go!

RUNWAY - "Alice Garano" is projected onto the backdrop as her first model walks confidently down the runway. Sierra leans over and whispers in Robert's ear. Martin puts two fingers in his mouth and whistles.

BACKSTAGE - Alice and Shane peer out to see what the crowd thinks - what Robert thinks.

FRANCESCA

Last model, ten seconds!

(CONTINUED)

Alice LOOKS back at the rack with the sheepskin dress.

ALICE
Shane, how fast could you...

SHANE
Fast!

Alice and Shane giggle wildly as they run.

RUNWAY - The model finishes her walk and disappears backstage. The pause on the runway is noticeable.

BACKSTAGE - Alice and Shane rush through the crowd, pulling the dress over Shane's head.

FRANCESCA
Guys? What are we doing?

ALICE
On our way!

SHANE
Zip me up.

ALICE
No. And take off a shoe.
(mussing her hair)
You're sneaking out of his
apartment in the morning.

SHANE
Love you.

ALICE
Love you back.

RUNWAY - Shane backs onto the runway, a shoe in one hand, dress unzipped. She plays like she's just been caught. Picking up her cue, Corey SCREECHES the music to a stop.

Shane puts her hand to her mouth, plays it a bit Marilyn - "Oh gosh!" - lifts her bare foot behind her and slides the shoe on. She zips herself, standing straight, pretending to caress the wrinkles and her dignity.

Corey smiles as he quickly SPINS ANOTHER RECORD up to speed. The new track fills the room. Shane struts to the beat - proud, sexy, attitude. The crowd eats it up.

ON ROBERT - WE SLOWLY PUSH IN on him as he lowers his sunglasses to get a better look. HIS POV - the swish of the dress, the belt and trim, the drape, the color, the attitude. HE LIKES IT.

(CONTINUED)

BACKSTAGE - Francesca turns to Alice.

FRANCESCA

Go let them love you.

RUNWAY - Alice emerges with all of her MODELS. The crowd applauds. Martin, Rachel, and Vince are on their feet.

Shane looks up at Corey on the turntables and blows him a *thank you* kiss. He nods back. He likes this girl.

Alice looks at Robert, her uncle. Robert looks at Alice, his daughter. Then she quickly looks away.

Robert looks a few rows back at a proud and boisterous Martin and Rachel. Martin feels his brother's stare and looks, for just a moment, then they each turn away.

33

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

33

Jesse turns off the water in this luxurious shower and grabs a towel, talking to someone in the bedroom.

JESSE

This guy comes into our offices -
my house - and says he wants to
replace Robert Soultter at
Americana? The French have balls.
If my father only knew the kind of
crap I deal with for him.

He enters the bedroom and we see who he's talking to. On the bed in a beautiful, silk La Perla set, is Wendy.

WENDY

Your father used to talk about
work all the time, too. Bored the
living hell out of me.

She reaches between her breasts and unclasps her bra, opening it up for him. He slides himself on top of her.

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

34 **INT. ALICE AND SHANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

34

It's the end of a long night. Vince, Shane and Alice come tumbling in, DRUNK AS HELL.

SHANE

Cookie dough ice cream?

VINCE

You guys mind if I crash on your sofa? Long train to Brooklyn.

Shane appears with a bucket of ice cream, which Alice sticks a spoon into. Shane whispers to Alice.

SHANE

You're crazy if you don't hit that.

ALICE

Stop already.

SHANE

He's hot and drunk. He'll never remember.

ALICE

I'm not raping him.

SHANE

Rape? He's done everything but beg you!

VINCE

(drunk and slurry)
Alice, let me sleep in your bed.

SHANE

I take it back. Now he's begging.

Alice grabs a blanket and tosses it to him.

ALICE

Here's a blanket. Go to sleep.

Vince closes his eyes and immediately starts to doze.

SHANE

You're an idiot.

35 **INT. ALICE AND SHANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT [LATER]** 35

It's dark now. Alice walks out in a robe and into the kitchen, filling a glass of water. As she turns to go back to her room, she stops. Vince is on the sofa with his shirt off. The blanket is on the floor.

Alice picks up the blanket, about to lay it on him. She stares at his chest. She has no idea what she's doing, but she reaches out a finger to touch... he GRABS HER.

He smiles and pulls her close and they kiss. He pulls her robe off, she's nude underneath. He quickly starts unbuttoning his pants, she frantically helps him...

36 **INT. ALICE AND SHANE'S APARTMENT - MORNING** 36

Alice peels her eyes open, her face in Vince's neck. She slowly pulls away and grabs her robe, only to find Shane smiling at the kitchen table, a mug in her hand.

SHANE

Coffee?

Alice closes her eyes and heads to the bathroom.

37 **INT. SHOWER, ALICE AND SHANE'S APARTMENT - MORNING** 37

Alice steps under the steaming hot shower. She looks straight into the shower head and lets it blast her face, oblivious to the fact that the bathroom door just opened.

Behind her, the shower curtain pulls to the side and Corey steps in. HE LOOKS UP at the same time SHE TURNS around and they BOTH SCREAM!

ALICE

What are you doing?!

COREY

Sorry, sorry, sorry!

He falls, pulling the shower curtain down. She slips, the two of them in a slippery pile. Shane rushes in.

SHANE

Alice, you remember cousin Corey.

ALICE

What the hell is he doing here?!

(CONTINUED)

SHANE

Um... booty call?

Vince comes running in. Alice grabs a towel and runs out. Shane and Corey crack up.

38

INT. ALICE AND SHANE'S APARTMENT - SAME

38

Vince follows Alice into the kitchen, where she pours herself some coffee. She sees him and immediately wishes he would spontaneously combust.

VINCE

That's your cousin?

ALICE

No. I mean, yes. Step-cousin.
Whatever. I have no idea.

VINCE

So... last night was pretty great.

ALICE

Thanks. Do you think he liked it?

VINCE

Who?

ALICE

Robert Soultter.

VINCE

No, I meant last night with you
and me was pretty great.

She winces, not knowing how to respond.

ALICE

Vince, I can't deal right now.

VINCE

Deal with what?

ALICE

I finished my show and now it's
like a death. Know what I mean?
(he doesn't)
You work so hard on something and
then it's suddenly over. Feels
almost like someone died.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

You are aware that everything that happens to you isn't only about you, right?

He opens the door to leave, then turns back.

VINCE

If you want to know what he thinks of your work, ask him.

He walks out and closes the door.

39

INT. D'AGOSTINO SUPERMARKET - DAY

39

Rachel pushes her cart down the aisle in D'Agostino, passing a magazine rack. She stops. On the cover of WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY is a PHOTO OF ROBERT SOULTER at the ranch. She picks up the magazine and opens it.

She finds the feature story - "A SLICE OF AMERICANA." It's the feature story from the ranch. A QUOTE is featured in a BOX on the page: "*What father doesn't want his kids to follow in his footsteps?*"

ARLOFF (O.S.)

Mrs. Garano?

Startled, Rachel closes the magazine and turns to find Arkady Arloff standing there.

ARLOFF

My name is Arkady Arloff. I'm an associate of your husband. I've seen you here before, yes?

RACHEL

I don't believe so.

ARLOFF

Every Monday. Right after the dry cleaner. A creature of habit.

RACHEL

Who are you?

ARLOFF

My regards to your husband.

Arloff smiles, tips his hat, and walks off.

Jesse doesn't, but follows them over to a glass case on a pedestal. Inside is a marble bust, and wrapped around the neck is a CASHMERE SCARF in RED, WHITE and BLUE.

ROBERT

I feel like a storekeeper who saved his first dollar.

SIMON

Picasso saving his first painting.

Jesse rolls his eyes as he walks behind them.

SIMON

(to Robert)

I still can't believe your father made a thousand of these for us. What were we thinking?

ROBERT

You sold them all.

SIMON

Let's be honest. It took a while.

Jesse doesn't like their camaraderie and his mind is reeling with what he just witnessed at Wendy's house.

JESSE

Simon, do you ever wish you started your own business?

Robert turns sharply.

SIMON

I did start my own business. With your father.

JESSE

I'm just curious why someone chooses to spend his whole life supporting someone else's vision.

ROBERT

Who the hell do you think you're talking to?

JESSE

You told me to learn everything I can from Simon. I'm learning.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Your father was creating something new, something I hadn't seen before, and I wanted to be a part of it. His dream became my dream.

Robert glares at Jesse, who looks at his watch.

JESSE

Well, I'd love to keep reminiscing, but I have to get back. It all looks great, though. Congratulations, dad.

Robert watches his son leave, then looks at Simon.

SIMON

It's a mistake if you think that just because he's your son that this is in his blood.

Robert doesn't respond because Simon is right.

SIMON

He makes one good point, though. Reminiscing is for old men.

ROBERT

So are retrospectives.

They walk into the sea of mannequins, virtually wandering through their lives together. The room is silent except for their footsteps and voices.

ROBERT

I know you met with Tommy Hilfiger.

SIMON

What did you expect? Do you have any idea how many people have said to me over the years, "if I only had a Simon Borell..."

ROBERT

But, really. Tommy?

Robert's wry smile softens him.

ROBERT

Do you honestly think I don't know how valuable you are?

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Then why?

ROBERT

Why? Look around you. Haven't you asked yourself where all this goes? Who continues it when we're done? Are we really going to let the vultures get it? Are we going to let Georges Stannis get it?

Simon takes a deep breath, realizing that this is a problem they share.

SIMON

What about Francesca?

ROBERT

She's good at what she does, but she doesn't have the steel for this business.

Robert looks back, past the row of dresses, at the other end of the hall and the glass case with *The Scarf* in it.

ROBERT

I realized something last night. I'm no longer interested in creating something new. I want to create someone new.

44

INT. DINING ROOM, MARTIN AND RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

44

Martin and Alice sit at the table surrounded by the remnants of dinner. On the other side of the pass-thru we see Rachel working in the kitchen. Martin sips coffee from an old mug that says "I'd Rather Be Fishing."

MARTIN

First thing to do is get the delivery schedule under control.

Alice is nodding, but her eyes are glazing over.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Things go out late, we got overtime with drivers, penalties from buyers. We're gettin' *schlonged* every which way.

RACHEL

Okay, no more shop talk.

(CONTINUED)

Rachel appears with pie. Alice is saved.

ALICE

Mom. Lemon meringue?

RACHEL

It's not every day you come for dinner.

MARTIN

(looks at his watch)
Probably gonna head over to the office tonight. Maybe you come with, I'll walk you through the...

ALICE

Let me be very clear about this. That's never going to happen.

MARTIN

What do you mean never?

ALICE

I'm never going to sit in the office at night and do the books.

MARTIN

Best time to get work done.

ALICE

That's true. For hookers and serial killers. I have a life.

MARTIN

I have a life.

Alice looks at Rachel. They both smile. Martin laughs.

ALICE

Oh, I wanted to tell you guys, one of my friends from school got a job at Barney's. He's going to show the buyers my look book.

RACHEL

Honey, that's so exciting!

Martin takes a bite of pie. His silence is loud.

ALICE

What?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Nothing. That's great. I just want to make sure your head is in this. You start Monday.

ALICE

I never agreed to stop designing. It's why I went to school to begin with. I know you have this fear that I'm going to abandon you like your brother did.

MARTIN

Robert Garano is a fraud and a liar. You could never be like him.

ALICE

You may hate him, but the man is a genius.

Rachel gets up and starts clearing dishes.

MARTIN

A genius, huh?

ALICE

He's an icon. I don't know how you're not at least a little proud of that. I mean, to people all over the world, Americana is virtually synonymous with America.

KITCHEN - Rachel makes sure they can't see her, as she opens a cabinet and reaches behind the cleaning supplies for a hidden bottle of VODKA, pouring it in her coffee.

MARTIN

You think Robert Garano invented America?! All he did was take the symbol of the greatest nation on earth and make it a logo. To those of us who love this country, that's obscene!

ALICE

You miss the point that Americana celebrates this country. It's actually what you and your brother have in common. You love America.

MARTIN

We have nothing in common!

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL
(steps in, furious)
Enough! My daughter came to have
dinner. She didn't come to work
and she didn't come to argue!

Silence. Until the vibrating of Alice's PHONE. She
walks into the living room and answers it.

ALICE (PHONE)
Hello?

ROBERT (O.S. PHONE)
Alice? This is Robert Soulder.

Alice practically chokes. She looks back in the other
room at her mother and father, Rachel scolding Martin.

INTERCUT WITH:

45 **INT. ROBERT'S STUDY - NIGHT**

45

Robert sits alone, lit by a reading lamp on his desk.

ROBERT (PHONE)
You had a good show last night.

ALICE
Oh... really? Thank you.

ROBERT
Come to my office tomorrow and we
can discuss it.

She looks at her parents and finds herself whispering.

ROBERT
I'll see you at noon.

He hangs up. Alice stares at the phone, incredulous.
Robert puts his phone down and takes a sip of his scotch.

END ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR46 **INT. NON-DESCRIPT ROOM - DAY**

46

A PHOTO PRINTER spits out a PHOTO taken through a ZOOM LENS of WENDY'S NAKED BACK pressed up against the windows of her apartment, HER LEGS WRAPPED AROUND JESSE SOULTER.

A MAN'S HAND with a SILVER and TURQUOISE RING slides the photo into an envelope labeled "URGENT AND CONFIDENTIAL."

47 **INT. BETHESDA FOUNTAIN, CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

47

Jesse walks toward a bench facing the boathouse. Seated on the bench is Wendy. She looks up at him and smiles.

WENDY

Don't look so angry. Georges is an old friend. He stopped by to tell me about your meeting.

JESSE

How is our meeting your business?

WENDY

Who do you think sent him to you?

Jesse is stunned. *What the hell is going on?!*

WENDY

I took my divorce settlement in the form of Americana shares. The lack of creative vision in the company is compromising those shares. It's that simple.

JESSE

Then you talk to me! Have we not been sleeping together? You do realize he wants to fire me!

WENDY

I dissuaded him of that. For Americana to thrive we need a Soultter at the top. But Robert's time has come and gone.

JESSE

Sorry to disappoint you, but even with your shares, Stannis doesn't have enough for a takeover.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

True, my shares won't make the difference. But my son's will.

JESSE

Jesus, you're serious.

WENDY

Can't you see this is good for you? You'll finally be out from under his shadow.

JESSE

He and I may have our differences, but I could never betray him.

WENDY

Darling. What do you think you've been doing all this time?

Jesse backs away from her, then turns heel.

48 **INT. TAXICAB - DAY**

48

Alice sits in a cab, looking out the window and UP at the building they're pulling in front of. She gets out and takes a deep breath, walking into AMERICANA.

49 **INT. AMERICANA LOBBY - DAY**

49

A MESSENGER walks up to the receptionist and hands her the envelope marked URGENT AND CONFIDENTIAL. He turns to leave just as Alice gets off the elevator.

ALICE

Hello. I'm Alice Garano. I'm here to see...

Francesca steps in behind the receptionist.

FRANCESCA

Alice!

50 **INT. HALLWAY, AMERICANA OFFICES - DAY**

50

Francesca leads Alice down the hallway, giving her a tour as they go. They pass by an OLD ITALIAN MAN.

FRANCESCA

Gio, this is my cousin Alice.

(CONTINUED)

GIO
Buonjorno, Alice.

FRANCESCA
Gio is our Button Master.

Gio disappears into a door marked "Button Room"

FRANCESCA
Last count, I think he had over
seven million different buttons.

Six MALE MODELS walk by wearing ROBERT SOULTER underwear.

FRANCESCA
No bigger turn-off than getting a
man in bed only to find your
father's name on his waistband.

ALICE
I never thought of that. Ew.

FRANCESCA
You wanna see the closet?

ALICE
The closet?

51 **INT. AMERICANA CLOSET - DAY**

51

Francesca pushes a large set of double doors open,
leading Alice into the biggest "closet" you've ever seen.
It actually looks more like a department store.

FRANCESCA
We loaned two hundred historical
pieces to the Met, but as you can
see, there's plenty here.

ALICE
That's the Liberty dress.

She points to a WEDDING DRESS on a mannequin.

ALICE
That inspired every wedding dress
for the past decade.

FRANCESCA
You mean it was stolen by every
designer. Hey, you wanna see
Mecca? Turn around.

(CONTINUED)

Behind her is wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling SHOES.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)

You look like a seven. We'll find
you something great to take home.

Francesca charges forward, Alice barely keeping up.

52

INT. PHOTO STUDIO, AMERICANA OFFICES - SAME

52

Francesca leads Alice into the large studio where a PHOTO SHOOT is taking place - a CREW, LIGHTS, various STAFF huddled together on directors' chairs, and Robert, who is flipping through a book of PROOFS.

The photographer is Maurizio. The set is draped with a giant American FLAG, A NUDE MODEL lies on it, her BODY PAINTED EXACTLY LIKE THE FLAG.

FRANCESCA

(whispering)

I have no idea what we're supposed
to be selling with this.

ALICE

I think he's saying that a woman
doesn't wear Americana, she *is*
Americana.

Francesca looks at her, impressed. Robert notices them.

ROBERT

Alice. Good. You made it.

ALICE

Does anyone ever not make it?

Francesca pulls up a chair so Alice can sit. Robert looks through PHOTO PROOFS of the shoot in progress.

ROBERT

Do you know why you're here?

ALICE

Absolutely not.

ROBERT

That last dress.
(to Maurizio)
Let's desaturate it a little more.
(back to Alice)
Your others were derivative and
unoriginal.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

(ouch)
Oh. Wow.

ROBERT

But, the last one was made by a different Alice Garano. Even the presentation, the way the model came out. It told a story.

ALICE

This is crazy.

ROBERT

What's crazy about it?

ALICE

We haven't even acknowledged the elephant in the room. That you're my uncle?

He smiles enigmatically. If she only knew.

ROBERT

Alice, I'm not offering you a position because we're related. In fact, I expect Martin and Rachel to be very much against it.

ALICE

I'm confused. Did you just say you're offering me a job?

ROBERT

You'll start on one of our design teams. You won't be paid particularly well and you'll work harder than you ever have in your life, but you'll learn and you'll grow and you'll have entree to the greatest show on earth.

Alice is speechless.

ROBERT

Francesca can take you down to HR, all that nonsense, and then...

ALICE

I'm sorry... I'm just... I can't.

Francesca looks at Robert. This doesn't happen.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

I promised my father I'd work at the factory for a while. He really needs me right now.

ROBERT

Alice, we get thousands of lookbooks every year. Everyone wants what I just offered you.

ALICE

I know, and I can't believe I'm saying this, but I have to say no.

ROBERT

Very well. Best of luck.

Alice is about to say something else, but Robert is already talking to Maurizio. Francesca stands. Alice has been dismissed.

53

INT. ALICE AND SHANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

53

Alice and Shane.

SHANE

Have you lost your mind?!

ALICE

I gave my father my word.

SHANE

You didn't join the army. He's your father. Tell him no.

ALICE

I have my own plans. I'm going to put out my own line and have the factory manufacture it.

SHANE

Do you have any idea what it takes to start a line of clothing?

ALICE

Do you?

SHANE

No. But Robert Soulter does. Let's get real for a second. You turn your back on this now and you may never get another chance!

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
You don't know that.

SHANE
I know you! And I know that a job
designing for Americana is
something Alice Garano doesn't
walk away from! This is your
life, not your father's!

ALICE
And it's not yours!

Alice storms out.

54 **INT. ROBERT'S STUDIO, AMERICANA OFFICES - DAY** 54

Robert walks in to his office, sits at his drafting
table, contemplating what just happened. He sees the
envelope marked URGENT and CONFIDENTIAL. He opens it,
reaches inside and pulls out... PHOTOS. He doesn't quite
register it immediately. Then he stands.

55 **INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY** 55

Simon sits at his desk working on his computer when
Robert storms in and SLAMS THE PHOTOS down on the desk.

SIMON
What is this... my God.

ROBERT
Is this your doing?!

SIMON
You think I sent you this? Shame
on you, Robert.

Jesse suddenly appears in the doorway behind Robert.

JESSE
Oh good, you're both here. We
might have a situation...

Jesse looks down on the desk and SEES THE PHOTOS. He
turns to his father, who EXPLODES. Robert slams his son
against the wall, HIS FOREARM PRESSED AGAINST HIS THROAT.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

I thought I could change you,
Jesse, but you're exactly what
they say you are. Spoiled,
wicked, and pathetic.

Simon tries to pull Robert off of Jesse.

SIMON

Robert, stop!

ROBERT

I don't know what shallow gene
pool you crawled out of, but it
can't be mine.

Simon watches as Robert leaves and Jesse gasps for air.

56 **EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT** 56

Robert's BLACK MERCEDES heads toward Brooklyn.

57 **INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT** 57

Sierra holds the PHOTOS in her hands, horrified. Robert
drives quietly, crossing the river to the other side.

SIERRA

Are you going to tell me where
we're going?

He doesn't answer, but only because he can't hear her.

58 **EXT. GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - NIGHT** 58

The factory sits dark. Robert and Sierra sit in the
black Mercedes idling across the street.

SIERRA

You've never brought me here
before.

ROBERT

What kind of man sleeps with his
brother's wife?

SIERRA

Robert, what are we doing here?

ROBERT

I made Jesse the way he is.

(CONTINUED)

SIERRA

Jesse is a grown man and makes his own choices.

ROBERT

Just like I've made mine.

SIERRA

Years ago, you gave me some advice. You said that fame had nothing to do with me. You asked, *if I was all alone in a room, am I still famous?* The answer is no, of course, which means that fame is something other people bring into the room. In the middle of that whirlwind, that advice let me hold onto my humanity. Maybe this is a moment for you to hold onto yours. You don't always have to be the Wizard of Oz. Sometimes you can be the man behind the curtain, with all the fears and doubt that the rest of us have.

He looks at her eyes and the genuine love in them. He suddenly opens his car door. She follows him.

59

EXT. GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

59

They cross to the sidewalk. Written in the concrete it reads "MC AND RC WERE HERE."

ROBERT

Martin and Robert Garano.

On the adjacent square, a giant "X" is written.

ROBERT

We used to drop water balloons from my father's office. We'd hold the balloon over the X, and when someone walked by...

SIERRA

Boys are horrible.

ROBERT

Boys are funny.

Suddenly, a LIGHT TURNS ON in the office above them, startling them. They see a figure inside. Martin.

(CONTINUED)

SIERRA

It's a sign.

ROBERT

From who? God?

SIERRA

Your father.

60 **EXT. GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - NIGHT** 60

Robert touches the old mailbox on the door. He looks back toward the car. Sierra waves. He feels for the KEY behind the mailbox, gratified that it's still there.

61 **INT. GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - NIGHT** 61

Robert walks among the old machines. At the top of a catwalk he can see the light from the office. He walks toward it, full of memories, maybe even some regret.

62 **INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE, GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING - SAME** 62

Martin sits at his computer, an accounting ledger opened in front of him, GLASSES on the end of his nose. The YANKEE GAME plays on a radio in the corner.

ROBERT

I would have buzzed but you still don't have a doorbell.

MARTIN

Hell are you doing here?

ROBERT

Did Alice tell you I offered her a job?

MARTIN

Why would you do that?

Robert looks at the shelves. A TROPHY, an autographed BASEBALL, a PHOTO of Martin, Rachel and Alice.

ROBERT

Because she's good and it's what she wants, though she's too loyal to you to say so. Congratulations on that. It's something I've been unable to inspire in my eldest.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

What do you want, Robert?

ROBERT

I want to help her.

MARTIN

Why would she need your help?

Robert looks around the room. The answer is obvious.

MARTIN

You're a hero to Alice because she doesn't know what you really are. She doesn't know she's just a shiny new toy and when you get bored of her, you'll leave her in pieces like her mother. I won't let that happen again.

ROBERT

It hasn't occurred to you that she's like me?

MARTIN

No, it hasn't.

ROBERT

It makes sense, doesn't it? Genetically speaking.

MARTIN

I was there when she was born, not you. I raised her, not you. Through stuffy noses and piano lessons and little league and boyfriends and breakups, all while you were *pulling yourself up by your bootstraps*. That's what you tell people, right? Of course, the truth is less romantic.

ROBERT

And what's the truth?

MARTIN

That our father nearly went broke making your scarves. And you repaid him by changing your name and never looking back. You didn't pull yourself up by your bootstraps. You pulled yourself up by his.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

It was a business transaction and it paid off for both of us. But that's not what you're so angry at, is it? No, you're angry because I won.

MARTIN

What did you win, exactly?

ROBERT

For starters, I'm not the one still sitting in dad's chair. You are. You probably still have the brass ring and the gun in the desk, right?

MARTIN

He gave you everything!

ROBERT

I gave him everything! Who do you think paid off the mortgage on this place? That's right, you still have a business because of me. Didn't matter to dad, though. After Rachel, he never spoke to me again. Truth is, he's the one who turned away.

(beat)

This was a mistake. I never should have come here.

As he turns to leave...

MARTIN

Stay away from my daughter. I'm warning you, Robert.

ROBERT

I don't need your permission. Neither does she.

Robert walks out the door without another word.

63

INT. GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING - CONTINUOUS

63

Robert walks down the hall to the catwalk over the factory floor. He looks back, but there's nothing for him in that office. He walks down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

At the bottom, he stops, looks around, knowing he'll never be back here again. Then, HE HEARS a SOUND in the darkness. He looks closely.

ROBERT

Is someone there?

He squints to see -- A quick GLINT of metal. A GUN.

ROBERT

No...

BAM!! The GUN FIRES and Robert's shocked eyes fade.

END ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

ACT FIVE

MUSIC UNDER FOLLOWING IMAGES - Something quiet, haunting.

64 **INT. FACTORY FLOOR, GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING - NIGHT** 64

A split-second after the gunshot. In SLO-MO, Martin comes running down the catwalk stairs, seeing Robert on his back, a growing plume of blood under him.

65 **EXT. GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - SAME** 65

Sierra climbs out of the car, terrified. She approaches the factory as a MAN BURSTS OUT THE DOOR, runs around the back of the building and scales the chain link fence.

66 **INT. FACTORY FLOOR, GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING - SAME** 66

Sierra enters and freezes at what she sees - Martin on the floor, his hand on Robert's wound. He shouts to her, pointing to the PHONE ON THE WALL.

67 **EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT** 67

NEWS VANS are parked outside the hospital, various REPORTERS, TV CAMERAS, and PAPARAZZI have gathered.

68 **EXT. MARTIN AND RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 68

Alice and Shane get out of a taxi and run up the steps. The door opens and Rachel hugs Alice.

69 **INT. GARANO GARMENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY - NIGHT** 69

A CRIME SCENE. POLICE swarm, photographers, fingerprints, etc. Martin, his clothing covered in his BROTHER'S BLOOD, is being interviewed by DETECTIVES.

70 **INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - SAME** 70

Two policemen interview Sierra, as Francesca holds her hand, Corey sitting on the other side. Simon is distraught across the room on his cell phone.

The elevator doors open and Jesse rushes out. Sierra whispers to Corey, who gets up and intercepts Jesse.

(CONTINUED)

The doors open and the DOCTOR appears. Everyone snaps to attention. Sierra approaches the doctor, tentatively.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Soulter, your husband is one tough sonofabitch.

The doctor smiles, as she gasps, eyes welling.

71 **INT. MARTIN AND RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

71

Martin walks in. Alice and Shane are asleep on the sofa. Alice rises as Rachel hugs him.

MARTIN

He's stable.

ALICE

What was he even doing there?

MARTIN

He wanted me to tell you to take the job.

Rachel looks at Alice.

72 **INT. WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

72

Wendy appears with her son, Troy. Jesse is by himself.

TROY

Jesse!

JESSE

Hey, buddy, dad's doing great. Have a seat. Your mom and I have to talk.

He indicates that she should walk with him.

73 **INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - SAME**

73

Jesse leads Wendy down a hallway.

JESSE

What the hell is wrong with you?!

WENDY

Troy is also Robert's son and he wanted to be here.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

You know full well what I'm referring to.

He gets right in her face, seething with anger.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I didn't want to join up with you and your French dick, so you send pictures of us to my father?

WENDY

Pictures? Naughty pictures? Ick. But, they didn't come from me.

JESSE

Then who?

WENDY

Someone with a wicked sense of humor.

SIERRA (O.S.)

Get out!

Sierra is marching toward them.

WENDY

Oh, dear.

SIERRA

Both of you! Get out now!

JESSE

He's my father, Sierra.

SIERRA

He doesn't want you here!

WENDY

Sierra, darling, let's calm down.

Sierra lunges at Wendy, but Jesse gets in between them, holding her back. The SECURITY GUARD runs over.

SIERRA

I said get out of my sight!

WENDY

I'm leaving. It's fine. I hate the smell of this place anyway.

Wendy starts to back away. Sierra glares at Jesse until he does the same.

74

EXT. MARTIN AND RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

74

Martin says goodbye to Alice as Shane gets in the taxi.

ALICE

I was going to tell you.

MARTIN

No you weren't. But thank you for turning him down.

He gives her a hug and a kiss and she gets in the cab. When the taxi pulls away, Martin sees a BLACK SEDAN idling across the street. The back WINDOW OPENS. Curious, Martin walks over. Inside, Arkady Arloff.

MARTIN

You...

ARLOFF

I heard about the burglary and your famous brother. Lucky you.

MARTIN

What do you mean, *lucky me*?

ARLOFF

People who know you say you're an insomniac and you sometimes work at night. I'm simply saying, if not for luck, it might have been you with a bullet in your chest.

Rachel steps out onto the porch. Arloff closes his window as his car pulls away.

75

INT. MARTIN AND RACHEL'S HOUSE - SAME

75

Martin walks in, Rachel behind him.

RACHEL

You didn't tell the police about him, did you?

MARTIN

No. I thought...

RACHEL

You thought what? You could handle it yourself? Well, now your *tough guy act* got your own brother shot! Congratulations!

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Would you rather it had been me?

He storms into the kitchen, but she follows him.

76

INT. KITCHEN, MARTIN AND RACHEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

76

He pours himself a SCOTCH, his back to her.

RACHEL

No, no, you don't get to do that.
These people could hurt Alice.
Did you ever think about her?

MARTIN

All the time.

He turns and we see TEARS IN HIS EYES. She softens.

MARTIN

I spent the last 27 years
terrified that one day Robert
would come back and claim her.

RACHEL

She's not a piece of luggage. And
she's not a baby anymore. You're
the only father she's ever known.

Rachel steps up close, wraps her arms around his neck.

MARTIN

What happens when she finds out
that we've lied to her all these
years?

Her only answer to that is to hug him tightly.

77

INT. OUTER HALLWAY, ALICE AND SHANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

77

Alice and Shane trudge up their staircase after a long
night and stop. Sitting on the floor outside their door
is Vince.

Shane walks past him and opens the door, mussing his hair
affectionately as she passes. He stands and greets
Alice. She puts a hand in his and leads him inside.

ALICE
What do you need a model for?

86

INT. ROBERT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MAGIC

86

Francesca leads Alice and Shane in. Robert, Sierra and Simon turn when they walk in.

ALICE
How are you feeling?

ROBERT
I'm good now that you're here.
Alice, meet my wife, Sierra. And
my good friend, Simon Borrel.

SIERRA
So nice to meet you, Alice.

ROBERT
(to Shane)
Are you our model today?

SHANE
Excuse me?

ALICE
This is my friend, Shane.

ROBERT
Shane, there's a dress behind that
changing screen that I'd like
Alice to see. Would you mind?

SHANE
Actually, I'm not really a model.

ROBERT
Simon, what kind of day-rate do we
pay for this?

SIMON
Ten thousand.

SHANE
Dollars?

Moments later - Shane steps out from behind the screen and steps into the amber light of the vanishing sun. The dress is stunning and it's impossible not to notice that it BEARS A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO ALICE'S sheepskin-trimmed dress.

(CONTINUED)

It's more refined, more feminine, but retains the unmistakable attitude in the original. Robert looks to Alice for her reaction.

ALICE

It's beautiful.

ROBERT

Good. Because it's *ours*. Yours and mine.

Alice looks at Robert. He smiles. Simon watches...

SIMON

(under his breath)
Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly.

Shane giggles and turns, the dress spinning in the glowing sun, as Alice's world spins, too.

87

INT. FRANCESCA'S LOFT - NIGHT

87

Francesca steps off the large industrial elevator and into her massive downtown loft.

Across the room, a HAND wearing a large TURQUOISE and SILVER RING clicks the light on. The man is 35, beautiful in that ex-model way. His name is JORDAN.

JORDAN

I saw the news. I wanted to make sure you were okay.

FRANCESCA

Or you want to make sure you're getting paid.

Francesca is holding something in her hand - a magazine?

JORDAN

Did he get the pictures?

FRANCESCA

Yes. But, now I have a new problem.

She tosses the magazine on the table. It's the program from the Parson's show, opened to the PICTURE OF ALICE.

END PILOT