UNTITLED DAVID O. RUSSELL-SUSANNAH GRANT PROJECT

Story by

Susannah Grant and David O. Russell

Teleplay by

Susannah Grant

Timberman/Beverly Productions
CBS TV Studios
ABC Studios

January 13, 2014

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT IN THE PROJECTS - DAWN

A BRAND-NEW PASTEL PINK POLO SHIRT is removed from clear plastic. A CLUB LOGO ON THE CHEST: understated, elegant.

The shirt is pulled over the tattooed chest of JESSE RACCA (21, not nearly as tough as the tats would have you think). He tucks it into BRAND-NEW KHAKIS. Slides a WHITE WEBBED BELT through the belt loops. OVER THIS: A no-bullshit voice:

HILDA (O.S.)
Your uniform must be immaculate at all times.

As he dresses: glimpses of the others in the apartment: A WOMAN (40's) on a bed, sleeping it off in last night's mini-dress. And a GIRL (ROXY, 11) asleep on a sofa. Jesse pulls a few bills from his wallet, touches Roxy's shoulder. She stirs. He hands her the money.

JESSE
I'm leaving. Go to the library. I'll pick you up when I'm done.

ROXY
Good luck.

EXT. CONNECTICUT TOWN - BY THE PROJECTS - MORNING

Jesse runs for a bus that's pulling away.

HILDA (O.S.)
Your day starts at 7:30. Sharp.

He pounds on the side. The bus stops. He climbs on.

EXT. THE CLUB - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The same bus pulls away from a stop in the luxurious part of town. Jesse stands at the end of a long driveway. The only indication that anything lies on the other end is a discreet bronze plaque with the same LOGO and "*MEMBERS ONLY.*"

HILDA (O.S.)
At that hour, you can use the main drive. But when members are on-site, you use the service entrance.

He walks up the long leafy drive. As he rounds the bend ...

<u>Paradise</u>. Stunning vistas. Rolling fairways. Impeccable courts.

STAFFERS in pink polo shirts and khakis are getting to work: A POOL BOY skims the pool. A GREENS KEEPER inspects a grass on his hands and knees. A TENNIS PRO fills a cart with brand-new tennis balls, each stamped with the Club's logo.

Jesse rounds another bend. There, in front of him, is a magnificent CLUBHOUSE overlooking it all.

INT. THE CLUB - CLUBHOUSE - VARIOUS - MORNING

CLOSE ON HILDA DOS SANTOS (45, black pantsuit, serious).

HILDA
Under normal circumstances, you'll work a 9-hour shift. But there's nothing normal about 4th of July.

She's marching Jesse through the STAFF LOCKER ROOM (other pink-and-khaki staffers arriving). He listens carefully.

HILDA (CONT'D)
We have twice the usual number of members on site. There are tournaments, a clambake, a dinner-dance, fireworks.

... he follows her into the KITCHEN, where TEN COOKS are deep in food prep for the hordes.

HILDA (CONT'D)
I need everyone on overtime to pull it off.

She points to a rag on the floor. A Cook sees it, picks it up. She marches through another door, leads Jesse out into:

THE MAIN HALLWAY OF THE CLUBHOUSE. Rich wood paneling, quietly elegant appointments. Everything glows with the patina of pedigree and time. A MAID (black uniform) vacuums.

Jesse stares, in awe. Hilda sees. She gets it. Still:

HILDA (CONT'D)
Don't gawk when the members are here. To them, this is normal.

JESSE
They're pretty fancy people, huh?

HILDA
Our members are the best of the best of the best.

INT. MICKEY AND RANDY'S HOUSE - MASTER BATH - MORNING

PERFECTLY MANICURED HANDS rip desperately through drawers, reading the labels of countless PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLES.

This is MICKEY HOLBROOKE HEALEY (40, Hitchcock-blonde flawless, golf outfit). She <u>really</u> wants whatever she's looking for. A CAR HONKS. Rattling her nerves.

MICKEY
<u>Coming</u>!

Even when raised, her voice is soft and feminine. She keeps searching, then -- finally! -- she finds it: Ativan.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Oh, thank God.

She opens it. It's empty. Not good.

INT. THE CLUB - LOBBY HALLWAY - DAY

Hilda continues Jesse's orientation tour.

HILDA
No drinking, no drugs, no cell phones in member areas, no use of member rest rooms, no hanky panky with members, no tipping, no exceptions. It's very hard to get a job here and very easy to lose it.

JESSE
Don't worry, Mrs. Dos Santos, I'm not risking this gig. I've got some problems on the home front --

HILDA
No you don't.
(this is important)
Our members pay a fortune to belong here. Why? To play golf? No. To have one place where all life's problems disappear. Your job is to make this that place.
(reinforcing)
No problems.

INT. FORTY'S RESTORED KARMANN-GHIA - DAY

FORTY HOLBROOKE (23, tousled-sexy, cigarette, sunglasses) -- looks like a guy with nothing but problems, the most pressing being a desperate need for caffeine. He's stopped at a light, looking at his phone. On the search engine: STARBUCKS.

Then his phone BUZZES with a text: "BITS": "*my my look who's back.*" Forty looks around, doesn't see anyone. Then, in the rear view mirror, he spots an old Volvo. He smiles. Another text comes in: "*last one to the club's a rotten egg.*"

He chuckles -- then floors it, screeching through the red light. The Volvo peels out right behind him. The cars race through the wealthy bucolic town, past stately homes and fields with thoroughbreds.

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Mickey is in the passenger seat, watching the landscape go by. Still could <u>really</u> use that Ativan, but an expert at hiding desperation. The only tell is a habit she has of picking at her pale pink nail polish.

Her husband RANDY (43, a pit bull, inside and out) is driving, barking into his cell phone about finance.

In the back: their stunning Triplets, GRACE, HOPE and EVE (17, used to being watched) are glued to their phones.

The Karmann-Ghia and the Volvo come ROARING up behind them -- passing them on both sides -- dangerous --

RANDY
Jesus H --

Randy has to drop his phone to grabs the wheel --

RANDY (CONT'D)
<u>Fuck</u> -- <u>me</u> -- who the fuck --?

-- the two cars tear off ahead of them. He and Mickey both recognize the Karmann-Ghia.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Of course. Should have known.
Your little brother's back.

On Mickey: this is not going to make her day any easier.

INT. THE CLUB - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

AN EXTENDED-FAMILY PORTRAIT hangs prominently in the hall. Recognizable among the clan: Mickey, Randy, the Triplets and Forty -- all 5 years younger. Hilda is showing it to Jesse.

HILDA
The Holbrooke family. They founded the Club in 1893 -- still basically run the place ...

EXT. THE CLUB - DAY

The Karmann-Ghia and the Volvo tear up the drive, past a "*SLOW PLEASE*" sign. A gardener leaps out of the way.

HILDA (O.S.)
There are rules for other members -- dress code, cell phone use --

The cars careen to the tennis courts and screech to a stop. Forty gets out of his car, barefoot, in pajama bottoms and a tuxedo jacket (no shirt).

FORTY
Beat you, you old dyke.

Out of the Volvo, BITS emerges: 80, in baggy Don Budge tennis duds and the huge sunglasses that go over eyeglasses, carrying a tattered L.L. Bean tote.

BITS
I let you win.

She throws a tennis racquet at him. He barely catches it before it hits him in the face.

EXT. THE CLUB - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The Range Rover parks front of a "*NO PARKING PLEASE*" sign.

HILDA
But the Holbrookes -- they do what they want.

Everyone gets out (Randy back on the phone), toting bags full of sporting gear. Randy and the Triplets head into the club.

Mickey takes a proprietary look around the grounds, wipes an invisible smudge off the hood of the car, then follows them.

INT. THE CLUB - CLUBHOUSE - LOBBY HALLWAY - DAY

Mickey enters, spots Hilda down the hall with Jesse.

MICKEY
Oh, Hilda! Good morning!

They turn. As she heads their way:

HILDA
Mickey Holbrooke Healey. All the rules I told you? She wrote them.
(when Mickey reaches them)
Good morning, Mrs. Healey.

Jesse sees the insanely hot Triplets in their little golf skirts. Eve is reading. Grace and Hope are talking.

MICKEY
How are you? Listen, two quick things: the gravel's uneven, make sure it's raked before the throngs arrive. Also, the boxwood is about to be too high. Let's have Edgar trim it now before it's a problem.

HILDA
Yes, Mrs. Healey.

Mickey glances at Jesse, questioning. Who's this?

HILDA (CONT'D)
This is Jesse. First day today.

MICKEY
Welcome. I'm Mrs. Healey. It's very nice to meet you.

JESSE
Nice to meet you too, ma'am.

As they shake hands, she does a quick, almost-imperceptible visual inspection. Her eyes linger a nanosecond on his hair.

HILDA
Mrs. Healey, excuse me, Mrs. Hodges was here earlier, asking for you. She left her card.

As Hilda hands it to Mickey, Jesse eyes the Triplets again. Grace and Hope have seen him too. They point him out to Eve.

RANDY
Babe.

Mickey looks. Randy's ended his call and is going upstairs.

MICKEY
Yes -- coming, sweetie.
(to Hilda and Jesse)
Have a wonderful day, both of you.

Before heading off, she shoots Hilda a look, eyes darting toward Jesse's unruly hair. Hilda nods, got it.

HILDA
Thank you, Mrs. Healey. You too.

Mickey pauses to straighten the Portrait, then goes upstairs.

JESSE
She seems cool.

MICKEY
Don't be fooled. She fired a girl last week for having acne. Come on, you need hair gel.

She sees him stealing a last look at the Triplets.

HILDA
Don't even think about it.

EXT. THE CLUB - PARKING AREA - DAY

MALCOLM TRUE (42, handsome, athletic, intelligent, soulful) sits behind the wheel of his parked car, bracing himself. Doesn't want to get out. Then someone pounds on his window.

KARA
Daddy, come <u>on</u> --

He looks. His daughters KARA (9) and MAY (12) are waiting in swimsuits, eager to hit the pool. He takes a breath, forces a smile. Gets out of the car. Sees Kara's barrette is falling out of her hair.

MALCOLM
Hang on there, cutie --

He kneels down to adjust it -- with a little more tenderness than the busy morning would warrant -- then heads to the pool with them. But halfway there, he sees a late-30's mom in a tennis dress, ELLEN, hurrying toward him, casserole in hand.

ELLEN
Malcolm! Malcolm!

This is what he was dreading. The girls go ahead, but he waits. Ellen hands him the casserole and wraps him in a hug.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
How are you? How are the girls?

MALCOLM
We're okay -- better every day.

He tries to extract himself, but she won't let go.

ELLEN
If there's anything -- I can take the girls to a movie, take you to a movie, make you dinner, I could even sleep over if that would help.

What the fuck? He peels her off him.

MALCOLM
Thanks, that's -- generous. And thanks for this.

He backs toward his car, putting distance between them.

ELLEN
Call me! I put my numbers on there!

He looks. Indeed: numbers, email, and a note: "*from Ellen with love.*" Wow. She watches him go. Can't help herself:

ELLEN (CONT'D)
You look great, by the way!

Jesus. He get to his car, pops the trunk. It's FULL OF CASSEROLES with similar notes, all in different handwriting.

INT. CLUB HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LIBRARY ROOM - DAY

Dark paneling, leather-bound books. 12 WHITE GUYS, 40's and 50's, are around a table, looking at print-outs of FINANCIAL STATEMENTS.

HEMMINGS (tan; lime green golf shirt; visor) taps his watch.

HEMMINGS
Guys, 9:00 tee time, let's get going. As you know, our trusted CFO Win Holbrooke has split. Best guess is he's somewhere in the Caymans, but nobody knows for sure.

POLO SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Wait, what? When did this happen?

TENNIS WHITES BOARD MEMBER
Are you serious? Like four weeks ago. Where have you been?

POLO SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Bermuda, race week. What happened? He left Leslie and the kid?

Delight fills the room: they get to tell the story again.

OXFORD SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Yeah, but that's not the good part. Guess who he left with?

TENNIS WHITES BOARD MEMBER
His god damn stepmother.

POLO SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
What?

OXFORD SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Yup, the old man's trophy wife.

POLO SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Jesus. Calling Dr. Freud ...

TENNIS WHITES BOARD MEMBER
No shit. He evidently texted his kid: Daddy loves you --

OXFORD SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Just not quite as much as your super-hot step-grandma --

HEMMINGS
And -- unfortunately for us, he wasn't watching our bottom line nearly as closely as he was watching hers. He gave the Club's account to an old buddy, who basically pulled a Madoff on us. Net net: we're 25 million dollars in the red.

Holy shit. A much bigger hole than they anticipated.

HEMMINGS (CONT'D)
But. Last night, Mickey called me, upset, feels terrible about her big brother's screw-up, wants to do what she can to make it right.

SMITH (48, a fat asshole) rises up out of his morning donut.

SMITH
How about staying out of it? How about that whole "founding family" staying out of everything for once?

HEMMINGS
So -- this morning, she and Randy wired 10 million dollars, cash, to the Club's account.

That is a new development. That quiets them.

OXFORD SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Don't take it. All due respect to Mickey -- we can't be indebted to her pushy prick of a husband.

HEMMINGS
Without that money, this club will be repossessed and sold off at auction. That pushy prick is the only thing between us and --

The door opens, and Randy and Mickey come in. Silence.

RANDY
What?

HEMMINGS
Mickey, we're talking about your brother here. You might want to sit this one out.

Randy steps forward -- defending his wife.

RANDY
Hey. This club wouldn't last a day without my wife, and you know it. I don't care what her brother did, you're not kicking her out of a board meeting.

SMITH
Who asked you? Why are you even here? You're not on the board.

RANDY
Okay, I'll leave, and I'll take my 10 million bucks with me, how's that sound?

Not so good. Smith shuts up. Randy picks up a packet of financial forms. Flips through it like it's worthless.

RANDY (CONT'D)
I looked through this. You know what I saw? Zero board oversight. Total negligence. If I ran my business the way you run this Club, I'd be a finance punch line. If we don't make changes, in a year, this place'll be condos and we'll all be golfing on the county nine-hole.

He throws the forms on the table. Takes a seat.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Luckily, my lovely wife -- the one you wanted gone -- has a thought.

Everyone looks at Mickey.

MICKEY
A golf tournament.

SMITH
That's your thought? We play each other in golf and all problems go away?

MICKEY
A professional tournament. Pro Cups pay between 5 and 10 million dollars for use of a course. That would cover our annual shortfall. Add to that ticket sales, broadcast license fees, concessions, and our problem is more than solved.

Okay, fuck -- that actually is a good thought.

POLO SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Yeah, but don't all the tournaments have their clubs already?

MICKEY
They did. But the club that hosts the Salisbury Cup just had to tear up its 6th hole -- toxic waste. So they're looking.

RANDY
How 'bout that?
(slides her his phone)
(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)
Call ‘em, babe, right now. Watch. She’s impossible to say no to.

As she searches for the number:

HEMMINGS
Hang on. Not gonna work. No tournament will sign on with a club that’s all-white.

MICKEY
We’re not all-white. What about the Robinsons?

HEMMINGS
Moved to Atlanta last winter.

POLO SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
There’s that judge.

HEMMINGS
Died like five years ago.

TENNIS WHITES BOARD MEMBER
What about Charlie Bryant’s wife? She’s something, right?

OXFORD SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
No, she’s just really tan.

HEMMINGS
Trust me. I know. We have no members-with-color --

OXFORD SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Of-Color is I think what they say.

HEMMINGS
Whatever. We ain’t got it.

POLO SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
So we go get one. How hard can that be? Who has a black friend?

Silence.

TENNIS WHITES BOARD MEMBER
Can it be Hispanic? I have a neighbor who’s something Spanish-y.

HEMMINGS
I feel like black is better.

OXFORD SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
There's a guy in my office whose wife's like a quarter-black or something. I could ask him.

RANDY
Or -- I could call my friend Deacon Harris.

That's a big name. They shut up.

TENNIS WHITES BOARD MEMBER
The football player?

RANDY
Football player, Hall of Famer, Nike spokesman. Just moved to town with his all-star, all-American, all-black family. Hot day like today, I'm sure they'd love a place to swim. I'll invite him over.

Randy takes his cell phone back, shoots a look at Smith.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Still want me gone, asshole?

EXT. THE CLUB - POOL - DAY

Olympic-size pool, kiddie pool, gorgeous landscaping. Beautiful, tan, fit bodies swimming, lying on chaises, socializing.

Amid all this: LESLIE HOLBROOKE (unruly hair, lush Jewish features) is on a chaise, very alone. She's covered up in a robe and a huge hat. No one's talking to her.

AT THE SNACK BAR, two MOMS in swimsuits are watching her.

BIKINI CLUB MOM
You gotta hand it to her. If I'd been dumped for my mother-in-law, I don't think I could show my face.

TANKINI CLUB MOM
I think they call it "chutzpah."

OVER AT THE CHAISES, Leslie's son EVAN (11, surly, ear buds in), comes over, digs through her bag.

LESLIE
Did you put on sunscreen?

He doesn't answer. Just finds his goggles, then heads off, away from her. She grabs his wrist.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Evan, you can't dive all day without SPF.

EVAN
Nobody else wears it.

He yanks his arm free of her and heads for the diving area, where LIFEGUARDS are corralling kids. Leslie yells to him:

LESLIE
THEY'RE ALL GONNA DIE OF SKIN CANCER!

Oops. Louder than she meant that to be. She sees the PRETTY CLUB MOM on the next chaise look at her with distaste.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Not you.

Then the Pretty Mom spots someone beyond Leslie. Waves.

PRETTY CLUB MOM
Malcolm! MALCOLM!

Leslie looks. Malcolm is coming out of the locker room in swim trunks. Even by this crowd's high standards, he's spectacular-looking. He sees Pretty Mom waving. Ugh, again?

PRETTY CLUB MOM (CONT'D)
I saved you a chaise! I have two for your girls, too! And I got you some lemonade! It's hot out!

Malcolm tries to mask his annoyance -- but Leslie, watching, reads it loud and clear.

PRETTY CLUB MOM (CONT'D)
(pats the empty chaises)
I'll order you a sandwich. What do you like? Ham? Turkey? BLT?

His eyes connect with Leslie's. She raises her eyebrows, makes a "yikes" face. He notes it -- then looks away.

MALCOLM
Thanks, I'm just gonna take a swim.

He escapes by diving into the water.

EXT. THE CLUB - TENNIS COURTS - DAY

AT THE CLUBHOUSE: a TENNIS PRO is writing names onto the large, prominently displayed TOURNAMENT BRACKET WHITE BOARD.

ON A COURT: Forty (barefoot, pajamas and blazer, coffee in one hand) is hitting with Bits. They're both very good.

BITS
You're hitting well for a guy who was locked up.

FORTY
There was a good court at prison. And a great one at rehab.

BITS
I didn't think I'd see you around. Figured you'd go back to the city.

FORTY
That was the plan, but there's been a little family drama --

BITS
Oh, trust me, we're all well aware.

FORTY
Yeah -- so Dad's alone, Win's gone, Mickey's wound even tighter than usual -- I figured someone should be here to hold down the fort.

BITS
And that's gonna be <u>you</u>?
(loud cackle of a laugh)
Kid, if <u>you're</u> the one saving the day, put a fork in that family of yours. You're done.

Forty responds to her ribbing by hitting a blistering winner into the corner. She lunges for it. Misses.

As she retrieves the ball, Forty spots ANA (21, staff uniform, haughty swagger) passing behind the court, carrying a tray of water. She oozes attitude -- she's <u>way</u> too good for this fucking job. Forty watches her go, intrigued.

EXT. THE CLUB - PRO SHOP - DAY

Ana heads past the Pro shop, passing Jesse, who's driven up in a cart loaded with fresh towels. With a stack of towels in his hands, he looks around, confused. Sees Ana.

JESSE
Hey, do you know where these go?

ANA
No.

Meaning yes, she knows, but can't be bothered to tell him. Jesse doesn't see an obvious spot for the towels. He walks around to the other side of the Pro Shop --

-- and sees golf pro GEDDY KARRAS (45, loves his life) step out the back door, buck naked, and stretch in the sun.

Then a SUBURBAN MOM in golf clothes follows him out. She tucks a folded-up 100-dollar-bill in the crack of his ass, gives it a hard little slap, then heads off.

Geddy watches her go -- retrieves the tip from his ass -- then sees Jesse with the towels.

GEDDY
Stack 'em on the bench out front.

He winks, goes inside.

BY THE TEE, Ana brings the water to the Triplets, who are choosing drivers. She passes Mickey on her phone.

MICKEY
Yes, hi, Mary Jo, Hilda mentioned you were looking for me. It's been ages. How are you?
(a little surprised)
Today? Ooh, that's tricky with the holiday. Oh. Well if it's urgent ... All right, 3:00 it is.

Ana sets the water on the girls' golf cart, then heads back to the Clubhouse. Hope looks at the water. Sees the ice.

HOPE
Oh, excuse me! We asked for room temperature. This has ice.

Ana looks at them. You gotta be kidding me.

ANA
It'll melt. Drink it then.

She turns away and continues up to the Clubhouse.

GRACE
What the hell was <u>that</u>?

Then Grace spots Jesse setting up the towels at the Pro Shop.

EVE
Ooh -- there he is again.

GRACE
I call dibs.

HOPE
I saw him first.

GRACE
But I like him more.

Mickey (done with her phone call) heads their way, ready to play. Eve shoots a glance at her sisters.

HOPE
You thinking what I'm thinking?

GRACE
A little Independence Day wager?
First one to nail towel-boy wins?

HOPE
Stakes?

GRACE
Winner gets to rack up the loser's
gold card.

HOPE
Let the games begin.

Mickey joins them. Eve sets her ball on the tee and hits a beautiful drive down the fairway.

EXT. THE CLUB - DAY

A 80's Mercedes (fancy once, now rusted out) careens up the drive, scraping the flowers off the bushes, then rolls to a stop in the middle of the parking lot, nowhere near a space. WINSTON HOLBROOKE III (patriarch in the family portrait) gets out. 79, in a natty linen suit, he saunters into the club.

INT. THE CLUB ENTRANCE - DAY

Hilda is going over a check-list with PERKINS (African-American desk guard, 65, unreadable) when Winston enters.

HILDA
Good morning, Senator Holbrooke, how are you today?

WINSTON
Haven't moved my bowels in 16 days. Stock the gents with TP. When it hits, it will be monumental.

And he goes on his merry way. Hilda grimaces -- gross.

PERKINS
You asked.

EXT. THE CLUB - POOL - DAY

The diving competition is underway. JUDGES lined up. A BOARD lists the divers, scores. Leslie is among the parents watching. A LITHE PIXIE does a double-gainer. Applause.

As the next diver gets ready, Leslie sees Winston arriving.

LESLIE
Oh, no.

She tries to hide behind the person next to her, but no luck. Winston spots her. Waves. Makes his way over.

WINSTON
Well. Here we are. Cuckold and cuckoldess. How are we holding up?

LESLIE
Fine.

WINSTON
Are you? Bully for you. I miss Mariela terribly. She was divine. Kind. Beautiful. A spectacular lover, good God.

This is what she was dreading.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Blessedly, I still have the erections of a 30-year-old --

LESLIE
Winston, please --

WINSTON
-- so coitus was deeply satisfying. But when it came to cunnilingus ...

She looks at him in disbelief. At the diving boards, Evan starts the long climb up to the high dive.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
There was pleasure to be sure -- still, one can tell, can't one, when one is falling short of the mark? I suppose if a man came along who <u>was</u> masterful in that realm ...

LESLIE
You're not <u>really</u> about to ask me how your son was at oral sex.

WINSTON
No?

She stares -- then walks away. Sees Jesse picking up wet towels. She goes to him, hands him a twenty.

LESLIE
See that old guy? If you keep him away from me at all times, there's lots more where this came from.

ON THE HIGH DIVE, Evan balances on the edge of the platform.

BELOW, Jesse tries to return the tip.

JESSE
Oh -- I'm not supposed to --

LESLIE
Don't be stupid, take it.

JESSE
No, really -- I can't --

As they tussle, Evan jumps -- but when he flips inward -- CRACK! -- his forehead smacks the platform, hard. Everyone GASPS and GROANS. Leslie looks up in time to see Evan tumble through the air and land in a giant bloody splash.

<u>END OF ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

EXT. THE CLUB - POOL - DAY

Lifeguards pull Evan (dazed, bloodied) from the pool. Leslie is panicked. Malcolm jumps out of the pool and runs over.

MALCOLM
What's his name?

LESLIE
Um. Evan. He's Evan.

MALCOLM
Evan, I'm Dr. True. I'm just gonna take a look at your head, okay?

Evan's too freaked out to respond. Malcolm lifts him in his arms and carries him over to the Guard Hut.

LATER, IN THE GUARD HUT,

Malcolm snips off the last stitch in the gash on Evan's head, then places a bandage over it. Leslie hovers, deeply shaken.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
And we are ... done.
(to Evan)
The good news: you'll be fine. The bad news: no more diving today.
(to Leslie)
Make sure he takes it easy --

Leslie goes close to Evan, puts her arms around him --

LESLIE
Absolutely -- right, honey?

-- but Evan shoves her off him, ugh, and huffs away. Leslie watches him go, hurt, embarrassed. Turns to Malcolm.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Well. Thank you.

MALCOLM
No sweat, glad I was here. Malcolm True.

LESLIE
I know, I've seen you at your office. Evan sees Dr. Weiss. I'm Leslie.

They shake, but her hand is trembling. She tries to take a calming breath, but it's all shaky.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

MALCOLM
Please -- it would be weird if you weren't upset. And for what it's worth: him acting like a normal little pissant is a good sign.

She tries to nod, but she's still a mess. He sees how shaken she is. Doesn't want to leave her alone.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Is your husband here?

LESLIE
No -- no, he's not.

MALCOLM
Well -- you want to go get a sandwich or something?

LESLIE
You don't need to take care of me, Dr. True.

MALCOLM
Malcolm, and I'm not. I'm starving, and I'd rather not eat alone.

EXT. THE CLUB - LAWN - DAY

ON A PHONE: a list of A.A. MEETINGS: locations and times.

Forty is strolling across the lawn, toward the Clubhouse, scanning the meeting options. From behind him, the Triplets:

GRACE
He's back from the abyss!

Grace jumps on his back. Eve and Hope wrap around him.

FORTY
Ladies.

HOPE
Look at you, <u>God</u>. If you weren't my uncle, I would totally do you.

FORTY
That's messed up.

RANDY
Girls!

ON THE VERANDA, Randy is waving them over. Around him, MEMBERS in pastel sports clothes eat lunch. Forty waves at him. He waves back. As the girls head to their dad:

GRACE
Remember: in terms of cool, sober's the new drunk!

He watches them run off in a blur of carefree laughter. Then he sees, through the glass doors behind them:

ANA, walking down the hall inside the Clubhouse.

INT. THE CLUB - LOBBY HALLWAY -

Forty comes inside in time to see Ana disappearing into the Club Room down the hall. He heads that way. Stops outside the room and watches her through the glass-paned door. The room is empty. She's wiping down tables. On every table is a PAIR OF SILVER CANDELABRA.

Then, he sees her stop wiping and cast a careful look around the room to make sure it's empty (she can't see Forty through the window's reflection). When she confirms she's alone, she takes a pair of candelabra off one of the tables, brings them behind the bar and slips them into her backpack.

Forty reacts -- surprised. And a little impressed.

EXT. THE CLUB - NEAR THE CLUBHOUSE VERANDA - DAY

Mickey is standing on the lawn near the veranda, talking on her phone. Bright and sunny voice.

MICKEY
And I've been a huge fan of your tournament for ages, so this could be a match made in heaven!
Excellent! Yes! See you then.

When she hangs up, the brightness disappears and she GROANS, stressed. She goes up to the Veranda, where Randy is waiting with the Triplets.

RANDY
Salisbury Cup?

MICKEY
They love our course. Thrilled about the possibility.

RANDY
That's my girl.

MICKEY
But. They're already in talks with the Briarwood Club. If they're going to pull out of that, they need to do it soon, so they're coming to visit us tomorrow. Which leaves us all of 24 hours to lock in -- shit, there they are.

Hilda escorts DEACON HARRIS to the veranda with his stunning wife DIANA (both in sunglasses) and their beautiful daughter IMANI (17). The veranda goes quiet. All heads turn.

Randy puts a reassuring arm around Mickey.

RANDY
No sweat, babydoll, this is what we do. We make things happen.
(then: large, gregarious)
Deacon Harris! The Legend!

He goes to Deacon, mock-tackles him, then wraps him in a bear hug. Deacon returns it: genuine affection between these two.

DEACON
The brother at the gate practically had a heart attack when I rolled up. I don't think he's ever see a black man drive past him here.

RANDY
I know -- crazy -- you and me are gonna fix that --
(to Diana)
Diana -- every bit as stunning as your husband said, great to finally meet you. And you must be Imani. My wife, Mickey. Our girls Grace, Hope and Eve.

Friendly hellos all around. Then Randy sees their bags.

RANDY (CONT'D)
I see you brought your gear. Excellent, excellent. I hope you don't mind a little competition -- it's tournament week.

INT. THE CLUB - THE CLUB ROOM - DAY

Ellen is lunching with the Swimsuit Moms (now in dresses). They all keep looking across the room, where Leslie and Malcolm are at a table together.

ELLEN
I'm not saying she did it on purpose -- but if you were looking for a way to get close to him, splitting your kid's head open is about as good as it gets.

AT THEIR TABLE, Leslie and Malcolm feel the eyes on them.

LESLIE
You're clearly too nice to say it, so I will: that's annoying as hell.

MALCOLM
They're just looking out for me. I had a loss recently --

LESLIE
I heard.
(explanation:)
Not a lot of privacy in this place.
(then)
I'm very sorry.

MALCOLM
Thank you.

A respectful beat. Then:

LESLIE
But for the record: they're <u>not</u> just looking out for you. They're trying to empathize their way into a hot piece of widower ass, and you know it.

He laughs. Yes, he does. Lowers his voice:

MALCOLM
It's a nightmare.

She laughs.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
What do I do? I don't want to be rude.

LESLIE
You could gain 100 pounds, that might put them off.

The Waiter comes to clear their plates.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Put this on my account, please.
(he starts to object)
No -- it's the least I can do.
(to the waiter)
Win Holbrooke.

The waiter nods, takes the plates away. Malcolm reacts.

MALCOLM
You're Win Holbrooke's wife?

LESLIE
Oh. Yeah. You heard, huh?

MALCOLM
Not a lot of privacy in this place. I'm sorry.

LESLIE
Thank you.
(then)
You know what? You're the first person here to say that to me. Whatever I have, these people do <u>not</u> want to catch. Not that I ever really fit in -- I don't play sports, I don't drink -- plus there's the whole Jewish thing, which just confuses the hell out of everyone, but still. You'd think <u>someone</u> would reach out, right? Girlfriend's going through it, let's make her a bundt cake --

MALCOLM
Maybe they're confused about whether Jews eat bundt cake.

She laughs, then sees something across the room and ducks.

LESLIE
Oh, shit -- hide me.

Malcolm looks. Sees Winston arriving, big drink in his hand. He moves through the room, greeting people -- affable, jokey.

MALCOLM
Not tight with the old man?

LESLIE
The fact that he was a Senator for 30 years explains everything that's wrong with this country.
(then, as Winston sits)
I'll make a deal with you. If you successfully shield me from Old Boozey McDrunkDrunk, I'll cockblock the sorority girls.

MALCOLM
You're on.

EXT. THE CLUB - THE PRO SHOP - DAY

ON THE TOURNAMENT BOARD: the name "DEACON HARRIS" has been added to the golf draw. Smith is staring up at the board.

SMITH
What the hell? He's not a member!

Deacon is on a bench changing into his golf shoes. At the Pro Shop, Randy is talking to Geddy confidentially.

RANDY
<u>Really</u> want to show him who we are. Who can you put us with?

GEDDY
(checking his schedule)
Let's see ... Diggins and ... Wyman? A CEO and a billionaire? That work for you?

Randy grabs Geddy's head, kisses him roughly on the forehead. <u>Loves</u> this guy. Then, a thought --

RANDY
Hang on -- Wyman's good, right?

GEDDY
6 handicap.

RANDY
Hm. I want Deacon to come out on top. Send him home happy. I don't know if he can beat a 6-handicap.

GEDDY
(big smile)
I'll make sure he can today.

CLOSE ON TWO BLISTER PACKETS being opened. FOUR PILLS fall out of it, get crushed with the back of spoon, then stirred into a GIN-AND-TONIC. On the packet: muscle relaxant.

Geddy sets the drink on a tray, hands it to Ana, who's eyeing him evenly.

GEDDY (CONT'D)
Got a problem?

ANA
Hell, no. Drug 'em all, I say.

ON THE FIRST TEE, Ana delivers the drinks to the golf cart as Randy introduces Deacon to DIGGINS (60ish, distinguished) and WYMAN (50, athletic, gregarious). They both ooze success.

WYMAN
Deacon Harris! God damn, I'm a huge fan.
(big sip of gin and tonic)
Huge.

EXT. THE CLUB - GROUNDS - DAY

Mickey is giving Diana a tour of the club. Diana still has her sunglasses on -- impossible to read her thoughts.

MICKEY
One of the things I like best is that it's safe. So the girls can be independent -- but they also get to hold onto their innocence.

EXT. THE CLUB - THE POOL - DAY

A MONOGRAMMED SILVER FLASK pours booze into FOUR ARNOLD PALMERS. The Triplets and Imani are on chaises in bikinis. Hope finishes spiking the drinks, raises her glass.

HOPE
Cheers and welcome!

They all clink and drink. Then as she sips, Grace spots Jesse across the way, filling a water dispenser with ice.

GRACE
Towel Boy Alert. Two o'clock.

IMANI
Who's Towel Boy?

HOPE
Over there, with the water.

Imani looks. Jesse wipes a little sweat off his brow.

IMANI
Mm, he can towel me down an-y-time.

Sounds like their kind of girl. Grace shoots Hope a look.

GRACE
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

HOPE
Open the field up to guest players?

IMANI
What field?

EVE
Do you have a gold card?

IMANI
Platinum. Why?

ON JESSE, as he finishes filling the water dispenser. Beyond him, the girls are filling Imani in on their bet. She's obviously interested. She turns to look at him. When he heads back into the Guard Hut, Imani stands, arranges her hair for maximum seductiveness, and follows him in.

AT THE CHAISES, the Triplets watch. As Imani reaches the hut, she reaches behind her back and unlaces her bikini top.

HOPE
Ooh -- strong opening move from the wild card player!

IN THE GUARD HUT. Jesse is putting the extra ice away when:

IMANI
Excuse me.

He turns. Imani is right behind him. Her bikini top is untied, dangling, barely covering her.

IMANI (CONT'D)
I'm having a little trouble with my suit. Can you can give me a hand?

She gets so close their bodies are almost touching. She lifts the string to her bikini top -- puts it in his hand.

IMANI (CONT'D)
You do know how to tie a girl up, right?

His body reacts first (hello!) -- but his mind catches up quickly (the job! the rules!). He drops the string, steps back, tripping over the piled-up lane dividers, and calls:

JESSE
Um, Anke? That's your name, right? Can you help this girl please?

He books out of the guard hut as fast as he can. And ANKE, the hulking female lifeguard, emerges from the guard office.

OUTSIDE, Hope and Grace laugh their asses off watching Jesse hightail it away from the hut while Anke reties Imani's suit.

EXT. THE CLUB - GROUNDS - DAY

Mickey is continuing her tour. Diana continues to be about as forthcoming as a Secret Service agent.

MICKEY
... and that's what my great-great-great grandfather wanted to create. A place where everything would be the best of the best of the best --

They round a bend and run right into Winston, tottering up the path, clutching his now-empty glass. Shit.

WINSTON
Mickey, pumpkin. How are you? You look lovely, as always.

He kisses her, then hands Diana his glass.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
I'll take another of those when you have a moment, beautiful.

MICKEY
Daddy! No! This is Diana Harris -- my <u>guest</u> --

But he's too drunk and distracted by Diana's beauty to hear.

WINSTON
Bring it to me in the men's room, I'll be trying to defecate. And write your number on the napkin --

MICKEY
Oh my God! Stop talking!

WINSTON
-- I happen to be newly single --

He squeezes her ass and totters off. Mickey stares -- mortified -- then she snatches the glass from Diana's hand.

MICKEY
I am so -- very -- sorry. That man is an ignorant drunk.

DIANA
That's -- your father.

MICKEY
Only biologically.

There's a desperation in the disowning. They both hear it.

DIANA
Maybe we should find our husbands.

MICKEY
Fabulous idea.

EXT. THE CLUB - PARKING LOTS - DAY

Ana rides her bike out of the staff parking lot, backpack on, heading out. She pedals past the member lot. Forty is there, in his car. He pulls out and follows her.

EXT. CONNECTICUT ROADS - DAY

Forty follows Ana on her bike, keeping a distance, through the residential part of town -- finally arriving at:

THE MAIN COMMERCIAL STRIP. She jumps the curb, gets off her bike, and wheels it into a PAWN SHOP.

Forty watches through the window as Ana goes to the counter, takes the candelabra out, and shows them to the Pawn Dealer.

EXT. THE CLUB - GOLF COURSE - DAY

A small crowd has gathered from nearby holes to watch Deacon play. He hits a spectacular drive. It lands softly on the green, a foot away from the hole. Enthusiastic applause. Deacon acknowledges it -- a sucker for an audience.

As Wyman steps up to the tee (obviously feeling the muscle relaxant), Mickey and Diana pull up on a golf cart.

RANDY
Diana, your husband just hit the most beautiful shot I've ever seen.

DIANA
Everything he does is beautiful. I'm used to it.

Icy. Randy watches her go over to Deacon, whisper to him. He looks at Mickey: *what happened*? She shakes her head: *don't ask*.

MICKEY
(as if all is fine)
I have a meeting at the clubhouse. Meet you after?

Diana doesn't respond. She's reporting to Deacon. Shit.

RANDY
Sounds great. See you then.

Miserable. Mickey drives off. Meanwhile, Wyman takes a huge backswing -- but as he swings through, he loses his grip on the club. It flies out of his hands, right at Diana. She screams -- ducks. It barely misses her head. She and Deacon glare at Wyman. He's looking at his hands, perplexed.

WYMAN
Gee whiz ...

INT. THE CLUB - STAFF LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Ana comes into the locker room. She punches her time card. Heads for her cubby, taking off her backpack.

HILDA
You're 12 minutes late.

Ana turns. Sees Hilda there, arms crossed. Angry.

HILDA (CONT'D)
Listen to me. You needed a job, I gave you one, but don't think for a second you get special treatment because you're my daughter. Now get back to work. You owe me 12 minutes.

Hilda leaves. Ana, goes to stick her backpack in her cubby then sees an unfamiliar BROWN PAPER BACK shoved in it. She takes it out, opens it. Inside: THE SILVER CANDELABRA.

INT. THE CLUB - CLUBHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Mickey walks down the hall, talking on the phone. She has the Ativan BOTTLE in her hand.

MICKEY
I have the number <u>right here</u>, you can just call my pharmacy --

She passes an OVERWEIGHT MAN going into the men's room: ill-fitting suit, bad comb-over. <u>Definitely</u> not a member.

VOICE ON PHONE
Sorry, Mrs. Healey, we can't refill it without an appointment --

MICKEY
That's <u>absurd</u>, what does he think --

There are PHONES RINGING in the doctors office.

VOICE ON PHONE
Please hold.

She puts Mickey on hold. Fuck it -- Mickey hangs up. She closes her eyes, takes a steadying breath -- gets herself together. When she opens her eyes, she's Mickey Healey again: smiling, confident Alpha female. She enters:

INT. THE CLUB - TEA ROOM - DAY

Crowded with lunching ladies. Mickey sashays in. Spots MARY JO HODGES (bad haircut, dull suit) alone at a corner table. Mickey heads over, greeting other women with a wave, a kiss. Then she joins Mary Jo.

MICKEY
Mary Jo, so good to see you. Are you here for the tournament?

MARY JO
No, I don't play anymore.
Bursitis.

MICKEY
You can't let that slow you down!
I have a Chinese doctor, a genius --

MARY JO
That's okay, I have a doctor.

MICKEY
You also have bursitis. I'm
sending you his name. Tell him
you're my friend.
(a waiter appears)
Water and lemon, please, thank you.
(then, to Mary Jo)
So. What can I do for you?

MARY JO
Actually, I'm here to do something
for you.

The ill-fitting suit dude sits at their table. Excuse me?

MARY JO (CONT'D)
I'm an attorney for the Securities
and Exchange Commission. This is
my lead investigator Louis
Havermeyer. He and I have spent
the last three years tracking an
insider-trading ring. The leader,
the hub of the whole deal, is your
husband Randy.

Mickey stares at her, genuinely shocked. Laughs.

MICKEY
That's absurd.

As Mary Jo talks, Louis paws through the bread basket, touching all of them as he looks for the piece he wants. Mickey can't help noticing.

MARY JO
We're confident we'll get what we
need to indict him. But I want to
nail the whole group. If you help
me do that, I can offer you some
protection.

Louis picks a roll, rips it open. Crumbs fly everywhere. He sets it right on the tablecloth, shoves a huge smear of butter in the middle, then closes it: butter sandwich.

MICKEY
Mary Jo. I don't know where you're getting your information, but it's wrong. I know Randy. He plays in the margins, but he's not a crook.

MARY JO
Yeah, he is. Not just of insider trading, also misappropriation of funds and fraud.

Louis bites into the butter sandwich. A glob of butter clings to his lip. He wipes it with his hand.

MARY JO (CONT'D)
I'm offering you a lifeboat. Help me nail the rest of these guys, and I'll make it worth your --

Louis sets the roll down on the tablecloth. Mickey can't help herself. She hisses at him:

MICKEY
<u>What do you think the plate is for</u>?

Louis stops chewing ... then slowly sets the roll on the plate. Mickey realizes her cool just slipped. She takes a moment to regain it, then looks at Mary Jo.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
If what you're saying is true -- and don't assume for a second that I believe it -- in exchange for information about others involved, you'd keep me and Randy out of it?

MARY JO
Oh, no, sorry, my mistake. Randy's going down. I can only help you.

MICKEY
I don't know what kind of people you're used to dealing with, Mary Jo, but my husband and I are a team. We stand by each other.

MARY JO
If that's the case, then you'll probably be inclined to tell him about this conversation.
(MORE)

MARY JO (CONT'D)
I advise you not to. If you work with us, we can shield you and your daughters from the worst of what's coming. You'll be able to keep your house, they can stay in their school. But if you don't, well -- how are your typing skills?

Mickey is speechless.

MARY JO (CONT'D)
We also know about the cash Randy put into the Club. Now that it's tied to Randy's dirty money, the SEC can come after it too. But I know what this place means to you, so if you cooperate -- well, 10 million's a tiny piece of what Randy's going to owe -- I'd be willing to leave the Club alone.

Mickey still doesn't respond. Mary Jo takes out a card, holds it out to Mickey. Mickey stares at it.

MARY JO (CONT'D)
This offer has a deadline. If I don't hear from you within 48 hours, I'll assume you're not going to cooperate, and the SEC will proceed accordingly.

Mary Jo sets it on the table, stands. Louis stands too, takes another roll, shoves it in his pocket, then they leave.

Mickey sits there trembling. She instinctively reaches for her bag, pulls out the Ativan bottle. But it's empty.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. THE CLUB - TEA ROOM - DAY

Mickey is still at the table, drawing shallow breaths.

JESSE
Excuse me, Mrs. Healey? It's time for your tournament match.

She turns. Sees Jesse there. She surfaces ...

MICKEY
Of course. Yes. Be right there.

EXT. THE CLUB - TENNIS COURTS - DAY

ON THE TENNIS BRACKETS: matches have been played -- results entered onto the board.

ON ONE COURT: Imani is playing Eve. A tough, even match. Grace and Hope are watching with Diana. Then:

HOPE
Ooh. Mom's up.

They see Mickey step onto the next court. Her immense stress reads as athletic focus. She greets her opponent: Ellen.

GRACE
Mom's kind of a legend. She's won this tournament the last 19 years --

HOPE
She even won it pregnant with us --

GRACE
The woman she's playing isn't that good. She'll go easy on her.

Mickey tosses her ball -- then drills a blistering serve across the net. Ellen dives for it -- misses.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Or not.

Mickey does it again -- and again. Ellen flails. She shoots a glare across the net: Mickey's playing like an asshole. But Mickey's not thinking about sportsmanship. She's thinking about Randy. And prison. And poverty.

Finally she hits a volley right into Ellen's face. The Spectators GASP as Ellen collapses, clutching her eye. Mickey looks around -- sees faces staring at her with a hint of something she never thought she'd see: judgment.

EXT. THE CLUB - POOL AREA - DAY

Leslie and Malcolm come back to the pool after lunch, their body language a little delighted, a little tingly.

LESLIE
Well. I should probably go find my concussed son.

MALCOLM
Hey, before you run off. Thanks.

LESLIE
For?

MALCOLM
Not offering making me dinner or to watch my kids or --

LESLIE
Have sex with you --

MALCOLM
(a smile at that)
-- help me in any way whatsoever. For a second, I almost felt like a normal person. So. Thank you.

She nods. He nods. They stand a moment in the cocoon of their lunch, holding onto it. Then she steps away --

LESLIE
I should probably...

She heads toward a locker room. As she's about to go in:

MALCOLM
Leslie. That's the men's.

She looks. Indeed. Embarrassment. Fluster.

LESLIE
I knew that.

She goes around to the women's locker room.

INT. THE CLUB - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Leslie heads to her locker, then hears SNIFFLING. She looks around. It's coming from behind a row of lockers. She goes over. Curled up on the floor in a swimsuit and towel is MAY (Malcolm's 12-year-old) crying. She sees Leslie, sits up --

LESLIE
No, don't get up. It's okay.
(goes to get tissues)
Here.
(hands them to May)
I'm Leslie. I know your father.
Do you want me to get him?

MAY
No. I'm okay. You can go.

LESLIE
May, honey, I can't leave you like this. Please let me get your dad -- he knows what you're going through.

MAY
No. I'm not crying about that.

LESLIE
Oh. Okay.
(then)
You want to tell me what's wrong?

Silence. Leslie sees her arms pressed against her abdomen.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Are you feeling sick?

Again, no. Leslie sees the towel wrapped around May's hips.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Did you get your period?

May doesn't look at her. Then nods.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Have you gotten it before?

May shakes her head, no. Leslie's heart breaks a little. But she doesn't let it into her voice. Keeps it light.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
OK. Well -- first of all, you are 100 percent right to be crying. Periods suck.
(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
That crap about it being a beautiful part of womanhood? Total B.S.

As she talks, she takes May's locker key from her hand. Finds the locker, opens it, takes out May's pool bag.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
It's icky and inconvenient and now you can get pregnant, so, you know, careful, careful.

May smiles a tiny bit -- she's years away from that, of course. Leslie goes to a cupboard, digs out a box of pads.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
But on the upside: you only have to deal with it for the next 40 years.

Leslie hands May her clothes and a pad.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
There's sticky on the back. Holler if you need technical support.

Leslie shoves the rest of the pads in May's pool bag. May gets up. Heads for a stall. Before she closes the door:

MAY
Don't tell my dad, okay?

LESLIE
Sweetie, he's a doctor.

MAY
I know, but he'll feel bad that Mom wasn't here. And he already feels so bad all the time. I don't want to make him feel worse.

EXT. THE CLUB - PATH - DAY

Jesse wheels a huge dolly stacked with dining chairs up a path to the clubhouse -- surreptitiously using his phone.

JESSE
Is this the financial aid office?
(stops pushing to talk)
Hey, my name's Jesse Racca, my sister Roxy's a student there.
(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)
She’s on 80 percent scholarship, which is awesome -- but the thing is, my mom just got laid off, so we can’t really make up the difference right now. I was wondering, I mean, you’re already helping us a lot, but --
(listens; not good news)
Oh. So all the scholarship money for next year’s basically promised out already? Okay. Nah, it’s cool, we’ll figure something out.

He hangs up. It’s not cool. It sucks.

INT. THE CLUB - FORMAL DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jesse backs the cart through the door. The room is in early stages of party prep: tables around, linens in plastic. He takes a chair down and sits. Sighs heavily.

Then he hears a SIMILAR SIGH from elsewhere in the room. He looks around. Sees Mickey, sitting against a pillar, in her tennis dress, looking shaky.

JESSE
Oh. Sorry --

He backs off, but she starts talking, even softer than usual.

MICKEY
I was just thinking how fragile it all is. Everything. How little it would take for it all to just --
(makes a gesture)
-- pff. Do you think about that?

No. He doesn’t.

MICKEY (CONT’D)
You work and you work and you hold your breath, for years, you hold your breath, with that horrible feeling that the bottom will fall out -- and all along, everyone says relax, it’s all in your head -- and you believe them, until one day, out of nowhere, it’s not in your head. It’s real. And everything you fought to protect is just ...

She trails off, relieved to be saying this out loud. But Jesse’s unnerved. He defaults to service mode.

JESSE
Can I help you, ma'am?

She hears the concern in his voice. Sees herself through his eyes: the crazy lady. Not who she wants to be. She stands.

MICKEY
No. No, I'm fine. All I need -- all I <u>really</u> need -- is some Ativan. Can you find me some?

JESSE
Ma'am, I'm sorry. I can't.

MICKEY
Of course. Forget I asked.
(straightens herself up)
I'll be just fine. Thank you.

EXT. THE CLUB - GREAT LAWN - NIGHT

The Clambake. The lawn is covered in RED GINGHAM PICNIC BLANKETS. On one: a little card: "*RESERVED FOR: HOLBROOKE.*"

MEMBERS are out in force: board members, Bits, Ellen (with an eye patch). COOKS are steaming lobsters and clams at an OUTDOOR KITCHEN.

Jesse is at the clam bar, filling paper bins with clams. Hope, Grace and Eve are all over him, nibbling clams from the bins as he fills them, pinching him with a lobster claw.

HOPE
I'm Hope, I was born first.

GRACE
I'm Grace, I came out last.

EVE
I'm Eve. Middle child.

HOPE
Quick: which of us was born last and what's her name?

He has no idea.

AT THEIR BLANKET: Randy is holding a big drink, looking around for Mickey. Leslie arrives.

RANDY
Leslie, babe -- looking good. Hey, you know he's coming back, right?
(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)
He'll screw her what, 20, 30 times, then boom, right back home where he belongs.

LESLIE
Actually, I'm not sure that's what I want --

But Randy sees Mickey arriving (changed into clambake clothes) and leaves Leslie mid-sentence to go to her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Good talk. Thanks.

Randy makes it over to Mickey (who's spotted Forty across the lawn and is making a beeline for him).

RANDY
Baby, where'd you go? I had to see the Harrises off all by myself --

MICKEY
(right -- the Harrises)
Oh -- oh, Randy, I'm sorry --

RANDY
It's okay, I worked it out. I got them to agree to a meet-and-greet with the board tomorrow morning, at our house. That'll work, right?

She sort of half-nods and continues over to Forty.

FORTY
Hello, dear.

MICKEY
Hi. Listen. I'm having a kind of a <u>situation</u> -- my <u>stupid</u> shrink -- anyway, I'm out. What do you have?

FORTY
You do know I just got out of rehab -- right?

MICKEY
I thought that was just for the judge.

FORTY
No. Clean for real, I'm afraid.

MICKEY
Well that <u>sucks</u>.

She goes over to the bar. Orders a drink. Takes a swig.

She leans against the bar and watches Randy work the picnic. He moves through the crowd, chatting, back-slapping, glad-handing, sharing laughs and secrets with other tanned masters of the universe.

Then a GUY whispers something to him. Randy's eyes widen -- hello! He looks around for Mickey. Spots her. Goes over.

RANDY
Baby, something came up in the Japan markets. I gotta deal with it. I might not make it back. Bring me home a lobster, okay?

He kisses her and splits. She stands there watching him go.

EXT. THE CLUB - STAFF PARKING LOT - DAY

End of the night. Cars leaving. Ana goes to her bike. When she reaches it, she sees in the basket: A PAIR OF CANDELABRA, just like the others. She looks around, doesn't see anyone.

But she does see ANOTHER PAIR OF CANDELABRA by a back door to the Club House. She goes over. Then she sees, through the door: ANOTHER SET OF CANDELABRA on the staircase inside.

She goes in, starts climbing. Every time she reaches a pair of candelabra, she sees another higher up. She follows them up to an attic. There's a pair of candelabra in the window. She goes over. Sees Forty sitting on the roof.

ANA
That doesn't look safe.

FORTY
Neither is stealing from your job.

ANA
Are you gonna tell on me?

FORTY
Are you kidding? I've stolen more crap from this place. Nobody ever notices. All that valuable stuff, just lying around.

ANA
Is that where all the candlesticks came from? You stole them?

FORTY
Those? No. I bought those today. I thought it would be funny.

ANA
How much did that cost?

FORTY
No idea. Hilda's daughter, right? Ana?

ANA
Yeah, and you're the Holbrooke kid.

FORTY
That's me.

ANA
I heard you were locked up.

FORTY
I like to think of it as a cultural exchange program. You gonna stay inside all night?

She climbs out the window. Scooches over to him.

FORTY (CONT'D)
You can see everything from up here. The teenagers getting high behind the pool. The kitchen staff jacking cases of booze from the loading dock. Geddy's hut -- best live porn show in the county.

ANA
You know all the secrets, huh?

FORTY
I know you hate your job. It's okay, I would too. The people here are entitled asses.

ANA
(shrugs, whatever)
When I'm a lawyer I'll lock 'em all up.

FORTY
(laughing)
You're gonna be a lawyer? Little tip -- larceny might not be the best first step to a legal career.

ANA
What I did wasn't larceny. It was a fair redistribution of resources in an unfair world.

He smiles at her. Liking everything about her.

FORTY
You're very pretty. Smart. And pretty. And sexy. If I were drunk, I'd be trying to kiss you.

ANA
You mean you lured me up here, and you're not gonna kiss me?

FORTY
Nope.

ANA
You're a bad man, Holbrooke.

FORTY
That's been well established.
(then, slightly sincerely)
But I'm working on it.

They look at each other a long beat. Then he lies back on the roof. Looks up at the stars.

FORTY (CONT'D)
Do you know anything about stars?

ANA
A little.

FORTY
Teach me.

She lies back next to him.

EXT. BUS STOP OUTSIDE THE CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jesse is at the bus stop, waiting. On his phone.

JESSE
Hang tight, I'm on my way. Me too, we'll get food on the way home.

He hangs up. A SINGLE HEADLIGHT comes down the Club Drive. Pulls up in front of him. It's Hope, on a Vespa.

HOPE
The bus doesn't run this late.

Jesse looks at the schedule. Shit. She's right. Fuck.

HOPE (CONT'D)
If you can tell me which one I am,
I'll give you a ride.

JESSE
Hope?

She makes a buzzer noise. Then laughs.

HOPE
Just kidding. I am Hope. Hop on.

JESSE
Thanks. I'm going to the library.

He gets on. She zooms off. They wind around the leafy dark streets. She takes the turns fast. He grips the seat with his hands. Then she makes an unexpected turn.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Hey -- the library's that way --
(she doesn't turn around)
You're going the wrong way.

She pulls into a huge estate, motors up to the immense house.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Hey, I can't be doing this. It's
breaking and entering.

HOPE
Relax. I live here.

She drives around to the back. Pulls up next to the lighted pool, stops, gets off, peels off her clothes and dives into the pool. She surfaces. Floats on her back.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Come in. It's heated so it feels
like warm silk all over your body.

Not that he's not tempted, but ...

JESSE
I really gotta get to the library.

Hope climbs out, goes to the diving board and bounces on the end. Jesse stands there, staring at this nude vision bouncing in the light ...the huge estate ... the whole scene.

JESSE (CONT'D)
What kind of world do you people live in?

HOPE
The best of the best of the best kind.

She bends down and lifts into a handstand. Jesse stares --

Then THE HOUSE LIGHTS TURN ON, lighting them up. Jesse turns to look. In the house, he sees Mickey, in the kitchen, looking right at them. His eyes lock with hers. Then she turns the lights back off, and he can't see her anymore.

JESSE
Great. You just got me fired.

He gets on her Vespa, starts it up and drives off.

INT. THE HEALEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mickey is in the darkened gourmet kitchen, a fat glass of wine in her hand. Hope comes in, dressed, chagrined.

HOPE
Nothing happened.

Mickey doesn't respond. Hope slinks out and goes upstairs. Mickey refills her wine glass, then goes to:

INT. THE HEALEY HOUSE - RANDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Full of keepsakes: Yankees bats, photos with presidents. Mickey pauses in the doorway: am I really doing this? Then she goes to the desk, looks at the computer. Presses a key. The screen comes to life, open to his email.

She scans the emails: a long list of finance-related subjects. Then one catches her eye: "SUBJECT: MICKEY." She opens it. An email chain opens. She reads the first: "*Dude: need prominent woman for halfway-house board. Mickey?*"

She scrolls down to read Randy's response: "*you're kidding, right? Way too f'd up! More like halfway house resident!*"

Mickey stares at it. She reads it again -- "*way too f'd up.*" Her stomach sinks. Devastated. She drains her wine.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HEALEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Huge. Gorgeous. Mickey is on the bed, staring at the muted TV. Randy comes in, eating the lobster she brought him out of the tinfoil it's wrapped in.

RANDY
Hey, thanks for this. You rock.

He goes to the bathroom, turns on the shower. Mickey doesn't move.

INT. WINSTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wee hours. The huge old house is like Winston: great raw material, lousy maintenance. Forty comes in, goes to:

THE KITCHEN. He opens to the fridge. The light reveals Winston sitting in the dark, in a Dickensian nightshirt, drinking a nightcap of bourbon and Metamucil.

FORTY
Dad?

WINSTON
Ah. Foster. Lovely boy.

FORTY
It's really late, Dad. Go to bed.

WINSTON
I was thinking about the Club. Do you know, when my great-grandfather built it, he was only 27? Imagine.
(then)
It's not a perfect place. It excludes. That's unpleasant. But I'll tell you something. As a child, when my parents were traveling and the only people minding me were hideous governesses -- that Club was my refuge. My port in the storm. I don't think I'm alone in that. That's worth something. Don't you agree?

FORTY
Sure. Come on, bedtime.

He helps Winston out of his chair, leads him out of the room.

WINSTON
Were you with a woman?

FORTY
Yes. But not like you think.

WINSTON
Is she pretty?

FORTY
Yes.

WINSTON
Keep her away from that brother of yours. He's a sneaky one.

INT. THE HEALEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Mickey is lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. Hasn't slept a wink. Randy -- fully dressed -- pokes his head in.

RANDY
Up and at 'em, babe. Game day. Rise and shine!

INT. THE HEALEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The meet-and-greet breakfast is underway. The board members gather around Deacon, kissing his ass ...

POLO SHIRT BOARD MEMBER
Your first time out on the course, and you run away with day one --

SMITH
Not that guests are allowed to play, but whatever.

The WIVES cluster around Diana.

TANKINI MOM
Bridge club is Tuesdays.

DIANA
I don't play bridge.

BIKINI MOM
We'll teach you! It's just fun!

Mickey is removed, at the buffet, straightening, arranging -- OCD fussing. She notices her hands trembling. She tucks them under her armpits to steady them.

OVER BY THE MEN, Hemmings holds up a hand.

HEMMINGS
Much as I'd love to hang out here all day, some of us have tournament play ahead of us, so --
(to Diana and Deacon)
Diana. Deacon. As President of the Club's Board of Directors, it is my privilege to extend to your family an offer of membership. I can't think of a better fit.

Light, happy applause. Deacon and Diana acknowledge it.

DIANA
Thank you. As you know, we come from football, where an offer is always the start of a negotiation. The kickoff, if you will.

Uncomfortable laughs: ha ha. Where's she going with this?

DIANA (CONT'D)
We've done a lot of negotiations. You know who always wins? The party in the power position. So let's see, who might that be in this situation? The family who, let's face it, can build their own damn pool and tennis court if they want one? Or the club that'll go under if they don't get a very dark family to join very soon?

The smiles fade. Seriously, where's she going with this? Deacon beams, proudly. Damn right -- this is his wife.

DIANA (CONT'D)
If we join your Club, we're gonna need a few extras. One: no joining fee. You can cover that 250 grand for us. Two: I sit on the board, starting immediately. Three: we can add 5 new families of our choosing, no vetting, no fees, no questions. And finally, Mr. Smith?

All eyes turn to Smith.

DIANA (CONT'D)
I understand you run the State Planning Commission.
(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)
My husband owns waterfront real estate he's been trying to develop, but someone in your office must not want him to do that, because he submitted his plans and his EIR 18 months ago, and still no permits. That seems like something you could take care of with a phone call.

Everyone waits -- well?

SMITH
She can't do this. It's extortion.

HEMMINGS
Smith. Make the damn call.

Red-faced, livid -- Smith takes out his phone.

INT. MALCOLM'S PEDIATRICS OFFICE - DAY

Malcolm moves through the office in his white coat, tailed by his nurse SONDRA (50, kind), handing him files.

SONDRA
Strep in room 1, pink eye in room 3, and -- ugh, really sorry -- the cemetery called. Something about the headstone.

Malcolm lets that hit -- boom --

MALCOLM
Right. Thanks.

She moves on. Malcolm lets that settle. Then looks at the files in his hands. Right. Back to work. He moves through:

THE WAITING ROOM - and sees, among all the sick kids: Leslie.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Leslie.

LESLIE
Oh! Hi!

A moment. A little energy. Happy to see each other.

MALCOLM
Is Evan okay?

LESLIE
Yeah, Dr. Weiss is just checking him. But Evan didn't want me in the exam room, of course.

The kid next to her sneezes all over Leslie's arms.

MALCOLM
Come on back. I have an empty exam room. You can wait in there.

She follows him into the busy hallway of exam rooms. As they walk down the long hall together, through the bustle, an unmistakable vibe builds between them -- wraps them in their own cocoon -- like they're the only two people on Earth.

They reach the exam room. He opens the door. She goes in. Without a word, he follows her in and closes the door.

The second the latch clicks, they fall into each other -- kissing, groping, grabbing. He backs her onto the exam table. Lifts her onto it -- the paper crinkles beneath them. Just as they start to tear at each other's clothes ...

THE DOOR OPENS. Sondra is there, with SICK IDENTICAL TWINS. And their MOTHER. Sondra SCREAMS. Slams the door.

LESLIE
Oh my God --

She jumps off the table -- bursts into mortified laughter.

MALCOLM
I'm really sorry --

LESLIE
No! No, I'm sorry, it's me. It's -
- oh, God -- oh Jesus --

Another blast of awkward laughter -- then she bolts.

EXT. THE CLUB - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

An Escalade pulls up. On its door: a SALISBURY CUP LOGO decal. FOUR MEN get out. Look around. They seem impressed.

Randy and Hemmings greet them. Then Randy turns and introduces them to Deacon. The Salisbury Cup folks are beside themselves with excitement to meet the superstar.

EXT. THE CLUB - TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Ladies' final. Mickey and Imani walk onto Center Court. Applause from the many SPECTATORS filling the stands, including the Triplets, Winston, Bits and Forty.

Forty sees Ana passing a tray of iced towels. He goes over.

FORTY
Hello there.

ANA
Well hello.

They're sparkly around each other -- unmistakable chemistry.

On the court: Imani serves: a crazy topspin serve -- Mickey gets to it -- a gorgeous winner return. Appreciative applause. This is gonna be one hell of a match.

Hilda drives a golf cart piled with red-white-and-blue bunting past the court, pauses to check out the match. Then she sees Forty and Ana together. Chatty, flirty. Her face darkens. Doesn't like the looks of that one bit.

DURING A COURT CHANGE-OVER, Ana goes back to passing the iced towels around the stands. Forty heads over the Snack Bar.

FORTY
Ham and cheese and a Coke, please.

As he steps aside to wait, Hilda comes up to him.

FORTY (CONT'D)
Hilda! Where you been hiding?

He goes to give her a hug, but she deflects it. Gets right to business. Keeps her voice low and serious:

HILDA
I know the rules, Mr. Forty. I'm the staff, you're the member. I don't tell you what to do, you tell me what to do. I know that. But I also know you. I've watched you your whole life. I know what kind of person you are. One DUI is a mistake. Three DUI's? That's someone who doesn't give one thought to anyone other than himself. They were right to send you to jail. They should have kept you there longer. I know everyone here is charmed by you.
(MORE)

HILDA (CONT'D)
You come back, they laugh, act like you're home from a vacation. But I'm not charmed. Not one bit. I think you're selfish and dangerous and I don't want you anywhere near my daughter. You hear me? You leave her alone. She's too good for you.

He looks like he's been punched in the gut. Satisfied that her point has landed, she goes back to her cart. Drives off. Forty stands there, reeling.

ON THE COURT, Mickey and Imani play the match of their lives. They dive, fall, grunt. The scores are tight: 7-5; 6-6; 6-7.

Finally, break point -- Mickey serves -- Imani drills it back to her. They both come to net -- furious fast volleys -- Mickey hits a lob -- Imani hustles back -- she'll never make it -- but somehow she does and hits a between-the-legs winner. Game, set, match.

The Spectators roar -- great tennis. Mickey and Imani meet at the net. Mickey is gracious -- gives Imani a hug -- gestures to her for the crowd: the new champion. Imani is handed the winner's trophy: the only name for the last 19 entries: MICKEY HOLBROOKE HEALEY. Mickey gets the runner-up plate. They pose for photos: big smiles, what fun.

INT. THE CLUB - LADIES LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mickey enters carrying the runner-up plate. Locks the door. As she moves into the far end of the locker room, she starts to hyperventilate. Finally, when reaches the deepest part of the locker room -- she SCREAMS -- an angry, guttural, primal noise. She takes the piece-of-shit runner-up trophy and SMASHES it into the mirror. Glass shards fly. She slams it onto the vanity, SCREAMING LOUDER. She grabs a chair, hurls it across the room. It CRASHES into the lockers. Then hurls another -- and another -- and another --

Finally, her rage runs out of gas. She leans against the wall, exhausted, and slides down to the floor. Shattered.

Then: the DOORKNOB on the far end of the locker room jiggles. Then the sound of KEYS IN THE LOCK. The door opening.

JESSE (O.S.)
Hello?

Mickey's too spent to answer. Jesse rounds the corner with a towel cart. He sees the mess. Yikes. Then he sees Mickey.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Sorry. I didn't -- sorry.

He grabs his cart and heads out. When he's out of her sight:

MICKEY
Wait. I want to talk to you.

He stops. Shit. Turns and slowly heads back.

JESSE
Mrs. Healey, I swear I didn't even want to be there -- she said she'd give me a ride to the library -- nothing happened, I promise --

But when he comes back to the area where Mickey is, he finds her standing there wearing nothing but her tennis sneakers.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. THE CLUB - LADIES' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Jesse stares. By any standards, Mickey is stunning.

JESSE
Mrs. Healey. You're beautiful. But I can't lose this job. And Hilda was really clear --

MICKEY
Hilda answers to me.

JESSE
So -- if I was to go over there and touch you -- I wouldn't get fired?

MICKEY
Not a chance.

He does.

INT. THE CLUB - CLUBHOUSE - EVENING

The dining room is decorated (bunting! American flags!) and filling up with members dressed for fun. Jesse passes a tray of shrimp. Ana works the bar, scanning the crowd for Forty.

On the dance floor: an ALL-WHITE ALL-MALE COLLEGE A CAPELLA GROUP (blue blazers, white pants, bucks) is singing the whitest version imaginable of "Midnight Train to Georgia."

A CAPELLA BOYS
Ooh, L.A. ... proved too much for my gal ... too much for my gal ..

ACROSS THE ROOM, Deacon and Diana arrive with guests: another African-American couple. She has long dreadlocks. He's wearing a dashiki. They stare, stupefied, at the singers.

DEACON
Oh, we're gonna have some fun with these people.

As the A CAPELLA SINGING CONTINUES:

INT. THE CLUB - LADIES' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse lies on a bench, spent, satisfied. Mickey (showered, in a casual party dress) takes his KEY CHAIN from his belt.

As he talks (which we don't hear), she uses his master key to open and search random lockers. Finally, she finds what she's looking for: A PILL BOTTLE. Checks the label: ATIVAN.

INT. THE CLUB - LOBBY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Leslie and Evan arrive. Leslie's in junky sweats --

LESLIE
Oh, shoot, the party. I forgot --
(to Evan)
Go find your ear buds, quickly, I'll wait here.

She turns around and is face-to-face with Malcolm. He's dressed nicely for the party. She's instantly embarrassed.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Oh -- Malcolm -- oh my God --

MALCOLM
No, Leslie, its --

LESLIE
No, I'm mortified. I don't know what I was thinking -- and after insisting I was the one person not trying to have sex with you, which I swear I believed at the time --

MALCOLM
It's okay. Little bad judgment on both our parts. Let's call it a mulligan.

LESLIE
A what?

MALCOLM
A golf term. The shot you don't count. A do-over.

LESLIE
I like it. I'll take a dozen.

He smiles. Notices her spattered sweats.

MALCOLM
Nice outfit, by the way.

LESLIE
Thank you. I went to great effort.

Evan comes up to her. Ear buds in hand.

EVAN
I found them, but all the kids are in the bowling alley. Can I stay?

Leslie can't join the party in sweats ...

LESLIE
All right. I'll wait in the car. Don't stay forever.

Evan runs off. She turns to Malcolm.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Enjoy the party.

She leaves. Randy comes up to Malcolm, pats him on the back.

RANDY
Hero of the Day! Poolside surgery! That definitely earns you a special treat. Follow me.

INT. THE CLUB - FORMAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A BAND is playing big band music. Dancers on the floor. Winston's dancing quite happily by himself. Mickey is standing alone, detached, letting the Ativan work its magic. Smith comes over to her, red-faced.

SMITH
Well? Are you happy now? Look at them. What are they even wearing?

He's pointing at the Harrises' guests. Mickey watches him raging -- then simply walks away. He keeps going --

SMITH (CONT'D)
You've ruined this place forever!

Then, suddenly, he stops talking, goes beet red, and with nobody noticing, collapses into a large swag of bunting.

INT. THE CLUB - UPSTAIRS MEN'S GRILL - NIGHT

Malcolm is sitting in an oval with 10 other CLUB MEN. But there's no table. Randy is holding forth.

RANDY
Burgers and dogs are good enough for some folks, but I think this illustrious group deserves something a little more festive.

With that, the large double doors open, and Jesse (looking utterly miserable) wheels in a large dining table. On it: a nude Asian woman, covered head to toe in sushi.

Jesse sets her in the middle of the men. Malcolm is aghast. The other guys seem delighted. Randy picks up chopsticks --

RANDY (CONT'D)
Happy 4th, gentlemen.

-- then grabs some toro off the girl's nipple and eats it.

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Leslie is reading in the driver's seat. The passenger door opens. She puts her book away -- but it isn't Evan. It's Malcolm. Very relieved to be out of that room.

MALCOLM
Sorry, I thought this was my car.

LESLIE
Really?

MALCOLM
No. Not really.

She smiles. They sit there. Palpable pull between them.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
You know, I can't even begin to think about a relationship now.

LESLIE
Oh good God no -- me neither.

MALCOLM
<u>Good</u>. So we just --

LESLIE
Talk.

MALCOLM
Exactly. We talk.
(then)
Can we talk about what you look like naked?

She laughs.

LESLIE
I know something we can talk about. But you have to promise you won't tell May I told you.

INT. THE CLUB - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Party's getting crazy. The Triplets and Imani are dancing with all 12 (very happy) a capella boys. Grace leans close to the other girls:

GRACE
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

HOPE
Double or nothing: two or more a capella boys at once.

IMANI
And you need photo evidence.

It's a plan. They dance at the boys with more of a purpose --

UPSTAIRS, Mickey comes out of the washroom and heads down the hall. Ahead, she sees Jesse coming out of the Men's Grill. When he sees her, he quickly shuts the door behind him. She notices. Goes over. Reaches for the doorknob.

JESSE
Don't do that, Mrs. Healey.

She looks at him -- considers his advice -- then opens the door anyway. Just a sliver.

Through the crack: she sees the men gathered around the nude girl. They're all drunk and loud and ugly. Then she sees Randy, laughing his ass off as he bends down between the girl's legs and bites a piece of fish off her hairless mound.

Mickey watches, ashen. Jesse takes her hand off the knob, closes the door. She looks at him, touched by his protective gesture. She takes his face in her hands and kisses him lightly -- thank you.

AT THE SAME TIME, Imani and the Triplets run up the service stairs (the same ones Forty left the candelabra on) with a herd of eager a capella boys. As they thunder past the door that leads to the hallway, Eve happens to glance through the glass panes and see her mother kissing Jesse.

She stops, shocked. The others continue on without her.

DOWNSTAIRS IN THE DINING ROOM, Forty arrives. Tan, gorgeous, dressed nattily, like his dad. He goes to the bar where Ana's working. She brightens when she sees him.

ANA
Look at you. All dressed up.

He smiles at her -- but it's a bullshit smile.

FORTY
Gin and tonic, please.

She's hurt. And surprised.

ANA
Okay.

She pours it. He takes a big sip, winks at her, and heads into the party. Ana watches him go, a little heartbroken.

Forty scans the room. The faces. Finally his eyes land on a PRETTY YOUNG WIFE -- late 20's, sitting across the room in a group with her husband, who's talking nonstop. She looks bored. Forty catches her eye. She looks back. A moment. He makes little dancing-feet gesture with his fingers: an invitation. She looks at her husband, but he doesn't look her way, so she gets up, goes over to Forty.

FORTY
Kat. You used to babysit me.

KAT
Yes. You were very naughty.

He takes her by the hand, leads her out to the veranda.

KAT (CONT'D)
Where are we going? I thought you were asking me to dance.

FORTY
What made you think that?

KAT
Your fingers. They looked like dancing legs.

FORTY
They were legs, but they weren't dancing.

KAT
What were they doing?

He pulls her outside, to the veranda. Backs her against the wall, puts one leg firmly between hers, presses into her.

FORTY
This.

He starts kissing her.

IN THE DINING ROOM, Jesse, clearing a huge tray of glasses, spots legs sticking out of the pile of bunting on the floor. Maybe another sleeping guy? He goes over, kneels down, pushes aside the bunting. No. This guy isn't sleeping. He's just plain dead.

EXT. THE CLUB - GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Geddy is out on the first tee. Fireworks set-up around him. He lights a match. FWOOM. A firework shoots up. Explodes in the sky above them. As the fireworks burst overhead:

* IN THE BOWLING ALLEY: Evan knocks down a bunch of pins.

* ON THE ROOFTOP: barely-dressed Grace, Hope, Imani and the a capella boys photograph themselves in various positions and combinations.

INSIDE the attic, Eve sits alone, shaken by what she saw.

* IN LESLIE'S CAR: Malcolm and Leslie lie back in reclined seats, talking as they watch the fireworks out the sunroof.

* ON THE VERANDA: Forty and Kat rut against the wall, as the party continues inside.

* IN THE DINING ROOM: Mickey watches out the window of the glass doors, at the fireworks lighting up the Club.

* IN THE REST ROOM: Winston's feet twitch in a stall as he revels audibly in a wildly successful bowel movement.

INT. THE CLUB - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Party's over. Pink-and-khaki staffers cleaning up. Jesse is showing Hilda dead Smith in the pile of bunting.

JESSE
All I could think was, a dead body in the middle of a party. <u>That's</u> a problem. So I left him there.

HILDA
You're sure he was dead.

JESSE
I'm no doctor, but -- he was kinda blue-ish.

Hilda looks at him.

HILDA
You're going to do very well here.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jesse comes in, exhausted, to find the music playing, a half-eaten cake, and Roxy and his Mom dancing in the living room.

JESSE
What's going on?

His Mom sings the explanation along with the music:

MOM
Buckley called -- Rox has a full ride -- extra stipend for expenses

JESSE
What? How?

MOM
Evidently some trustee insisted ...

Roxy gets in there, dancing with them too.

EXT. THE HEALEY HOUSE - POOL - NIGHT

Mickey sits alone on her diving board. She has her phone in one hand. Mary Jo's card in the other. She dials.

END OF ACT FIVE