SOCIAL CIRCLE

"Pilot"

by
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ACT ONE

CLOSE ON: A COMPUTER SCREEN

The Facebook log-in page, circa 2004. We watch someone type: Lee.Baxter@brown.edu and a password, and then a Facebook page pops up showing the smiling face of 18 year old LEE BAXTER.

LEE (V.O.)
Everyone has a group. A clique. A social circle. The friends you made in high school or college, the ones that become your friends for life. You get together every day, every week, every month, every year. You're always in touch. Phone calls, emails, texts, Facebook. You grow up together, go on vacations together, try new restaurants together, quit smoking together, get married, have kids, divorce together. You're always connected. I'm sure you're still friends with yours. And I'm still friends with mine.

As Lee's voiceover continues, we watch a SOCIAL MEDIA MONTAGE of Lee's group over the years, beginning with a **Friend Request** from one AUDREY SCHAEFER, with the added message: *So glad you're my roommate! You need to meet my boyfriend, Nick*!

Suddenly, another **Friend Request** in the top right margin - NICK BRADLEY. The mouse clicks accept. A **Message** pops up: *So great meeting you last night.* Then a **Picture** pops up -- PATRICK PRICE tagged you. The mouse runs over the photo, identifying the college-aged occupants that are clearly having a good time sitting out in the quad: Patrick "PATCH" Price, DAPHNE GUEST, JJ EASTON, Nick, Audrey, and Lee.

Friend Requests pour in: Daphne, JJ, PATSY KELLER, more and more as Lee's friend number rockets up. She's clearly popular. A comment appears under the photo from JJ: *Hey, Patsy, where were you?* Patsy immediately responds: *Studying. Unlike you guys as usual.* Then another comment from Patsy a day later: *Still got a C.* Audrey comments *:(*

Lee's mouse clicks on the search box, types in DANIEL SONG. She clicks on his page, writes a message: *How are you doing without your sister?* GRACE SONG adds to the message immediately: *Harvard's only an hour away. Don't have too much fun without me.* An **Instant Message** pops up on Lee's computer from SONGD85: *Wanna get a drink after MCM11*? Lee writes back: *Can't wait.*

Then, Lee's **Status Update** changes to In A Relationship with Daniel Song. Her profile picture changes to a picture of the two of them kissing. Grace immediately likes it. Patch likes it. Audrey likes it. JJ likes it. Daphne comments: *unlike*. Grace comments *OMG! I've been waiting for this since we were all in kindergarten!*

A **Group Invite** goes out: Housewarming party! BYO-anything! The mouse clicks on it, and we read "Hosted by Audrey, Nick, Lee, Patch, Patsy, JJ, Daphne, and Daniel." The Yes-No-Maybes start coming in; 200+ yes's, hardly any no's or maybes.

LEE (V.O.)
But how well do we *actually* know each other? What we really feel, what we really think? What's hiding behind the status updates and Instagrammed smiles, underneath the texts and Tweets? Are we just presenting our lives the way we want them to be seen instead of the way they really are?

The mouse clicks on **Photos** - then **Albums** -- then **Housewarming '06** - and we see photos from the party. Patch making out with a boy, then another boy, then a third boy. Daphne dancing in a crazy outfit. Patsy studying in the corner. Audrey and Nick having a public fight outside a room where JJ and others are clearly doing drugs. Lee and Daniel kissing, super romantic. The cops coming and shutting the party down.

The mouse clicks on other photo albums; the group all cooking Sunday brunch. Sitting on the porch. Painting a room. A **FB Message** pops up from Grace: *Why hasn't Audrey accepted my friend request?* Lee typing a **FB Message** to *Audrey: Did my friend Grace friend you?* Audrey writing back: *oh, is that who that was? ;)* Grace sends an **Instant Message:** *You told her to accept me, didn't you.*

LEE (V.O.)
Or do we secretly know that no one wants to hear how sad we truly are. How lonely. How lost.

Mouse clicks to Audrey's page. Her **Status Update** goes from In A Relationship with Nick Bradley to It's Complicated to Single to Engaged to Nick Bradley and 187 likes. Patch comments: I *know who's making your dress!* @Daphne. Daphne comments: @Patch *who's making yours?* Patch comments: *ha ha.*

LEE (V.O.)
Or what we really did last night. Where we were. Who we lied to. Why we died.

The mouse clicks over to Daniel's page, where suddenly a post comes up: *RIP Daniel*. People start pouring in: *OMG what happened?/I can't believe it/Oh no!/I heard he may have killed himself? So sorry/Did they find the body yet?*

The page quickly becomes a memorial. People post pictures of Daniel, their memories with him. A news article: Brown student presumed dead. No body found. Then a photo of the funeral; Grace with Lee, and Lee's Dad MICHAEL behind them. Lee's mouse clicks to her page, mouse hovers over the "In a relationship" section. Then, after a beat, clicks Single. Audrey pops up: *:(:(:(:(*

LEE (V.O.)
So we turn into full time publicists, managing our image twenty-four seven. Carefully constructing the lie that is our lives. And we pray no one will ever find out who we really are.

The years fly by. **Twitter** updates *@Lee's birthday, Neaths Restaurant.* Photos of a still-sad Lee being cheered up by her friends. Then photos of graduation, everyone around her. Audrey and Nick's wedding. Audrey's **Status Update:** *Starting at Bloomberg's office Monday!* Nick standing with his parents at a ribbon-cutting at The Standard Highline Hotel, with JJ off to the side. A gchat pops up from Patsy: *Did you hear? Daphne's line got picked up by Neiman's!* The mouse updates "**My Info**" on Lee's page to read Interns at The Village Voice. Then "**Lives In**" amended from Providence to Chicago. Added: Works at The Chicago Reader.

One of Daphne's dresses on Cameron Diaz at The Golden Globes. Shots of Daphne at Mercedes Benz fashion week, with Audrey and Patsy by her side. Patsy written about in The New York Observer: Patsy Keller, daughter of Jordan Keller, joins The Keller Group. A photo of Audrey behind Mayor Bloomberg, NY Times caption: Is this Bloomberg's Gen-Y Secret Weapon? Article on Nick and JJ in New York Magazine: New York's New Knights of Nightlife. Instagram photos of the group, sans Lee, at The Nomad restaurant holding a sign saying *we miss you, Lee*! An email Lee has sent to the group: *Got a job at The New York Times! Thanks, Patch!* Nick writes back: do*es this mean we finally get to meet the Alex we've heard so much about?* Patsy writes back: *I got him a job at my office!*

LEE
Because if they *did* find out who we really were, they might not like what they see. And we might do anything, anything at all, to stop the truth from coming out.

VOICE (O.S.)
Miss? You're going to have to shut down your computer now. We've started our descent.

WE PULL BACK FROM THE COMPUTER TO SEE: the beautiful, but slightly haunted LEE BAXTER, 28, African American, sitting in her cramped coach seat at the back of the plane. She smiles at the FLIGHT ATTENDANT (she of the Voice we just heard) and looks out the window at Manhattan in the distance. She's about to land.

TITLECARD: **SOCIAL CIRCLE**

INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Lee exits the airport. As people walk down to their waiting cars, she pulls her stuff to the Airtrain escalators. She is not like those people. She takes out her phone, and texts Alex: *On my way*. She then forms a group text to her friends. (Note: all telephones, computer screens and Social Media shows up in split-screen, not character POV.)

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

The blonde, cute, but clearly overworked PATSY walks amongst a large crowd, a lone woman in this sea of Wall Street Suits. She speaks into her headphones as Siri takes dictation.

PATSY
To Alex S Moore at Gmail dot com. Looking forward to meeting you tonight! Don't forget to come early tomorrow to get your badge from Security!

Her phone beeps with a group text, interrupting her dictation. She looks down. It's from Lee: *I'm here!* Patsy smiles, clearly happy. Types back: *Yay!*

INT. IMMACULATE PREWAR WEST VILLAGE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

SJP would die from envy at this perfectly decorated, warm townhouse. Audrey comes down the stairs in a smart suit looking at the group text. The front door opens, and NICK (charming, bro-ish, 28) enters with his overnight bag from the airport. Audrey does a turn, for Nick's admiration:

AUDREY
How was the trip?

NICK
Too fast to be fun. Maybe lose the necklace?

AUDREY
I was thinking that!

As she takes it off, her phone beeps with a follow-up text from Lee: *Can I invite Grace tonight?* Audrey rolls her eyes, shows Nick, who does the same. Audrey texts back *of course!*

NICK
Gotta shower and get to work. If I forget to send flowers for your big day...

She points to an incredibly chic arrangement on the credenza.

AUDREY
You didn't.

NICK
(smiles)
No, I didn't, did I. So I still win husband of the year?

AUDREY
Five years running.

This is clearly their routine. They kiss, sweetly. She picks up a folder of papers from the table, holds them up, excited.

NICK
Good luck, Councilwoman!

AUDREY
Council*person*, and not yet! Have to file these, announce my candidacy and, you know, win.

NICK
You've never lost a thing in your life.

Audrey smiles; it's true. As she exits, Nick heads upstairs, taking out his phone and calling:

INT. FLATIRON LOFT - DAY

JJ, just entering his old brick-and-wood-floor huge loft.

NICK
Yo, dude. My office in 30?

JJ
I just got in from the club, I haven't slept.

NICK
And I just got in from Seattle, but you don't hear me complaining. Do an eight ball and don't be late?

JJ hangs up, sighs, then composes a text to:

INT. WILLIAMSBURG PENTHOUSE- DAY

Where huge floor-to-ceiling windows highlight Manhattan sparkling across the river. Someone incredibly wealthy lives here. PULL BACK TO REVEAL: PATCH, 28, a hot bon-vivant, in bed, waking up and scrambling for his beeping phone. Sees the text from JJ: *Have to pass on lunch*. There are three hot naked 20something men in Patch's bed. He texts back: *That's okay, I'm beat too*. He gets up, walks to his kitchen, calls:

INT. DAPHNE'S GARMENT DISTRICT ATELIER- DAY

DAPHNE, a cold and distractingly beautiful 28, in her fashion Atelier, where she's going through a bunch of fabrics amidst a hive of Assistants and Seamstresses and Stylists.

DAPHNE
Who'd you go home with last night? The guy from The New Yorker or one of those teachers from PS107?

PATCH
Yes. I can't believe I'm awake and it's not even noon. Drinks before the party?

DAPHNE
Anything to not be sober at another forced college reunion. I just hope Lee's fiance isn't as boring as she is.

PATCH
Wonder if he's hot?

DAPHNE
If he is, dibs on breaking them up!

INT. BED-STUY HOLE-IN-THE-WALL APARTMENT- DAY

So not anything like the places we've just seen. But yes, ALEX is hot - very hot - as we see when Lee rolls off of him, and they lay there, post-coital, on the floor. Alex smiles.

ALEX
Now *that's* a hello.

She looks around the apartment. It's tiny, dark, and unhip, but there's a sweet thrift store vibe to the modest furnishings, and neon daisies in a vase on the dining table.

ALEX (CONT'D)
It was the best I could find for our money...

LEE
It's cute. The flowers are too.

ALEX
Don't get too close to them, I think the dye might be toxic. They're from the bodega on the corner, which has really great toxic coffee too. You hate it.

LEE
I don't! Who cares how big our apartment is or what zip code we live in. We're here, together, in New York. That's what matters.

ALEX
And as soon as I move up the ranks at Patsy's dad's firm and you win a Pulitzer at The Times, we'll be able to afford any apartment we want. Maybe even one where the subway isn't outside our window. Which you shouldn't walk to alone, or at night, or maybe ever without pepper spray?

They kiss. Lee smiles, looks at her watch.

LEE
I can't believe how late you made me for--

INT. BLUE BOTTLE COFFEE - WILLIAMSBURG - DAY

GRACE SONG, 28, a smart, totally together Korean American woman, sitting at this airy WBurg coffee bar. She's taking photos of patrons, making notes when Lee arrives.

LEE
Grace!

GRACE
Lee Baxter in New York! Finally!

They hug. As they break, Grace takes another photo.

LEE
What up, NSA?

GRACE
I've been here twenty minutes and no one's looked up from their devices. Clearly my research on social media and brain chemistry is more timely than ever. And intensely hypocritical, because:

She shows Lee photos of her two kids on her phone.

LEE
Oh my god, they're so big!

GRACE
They can't wait to see you. Where's Alex?

LEE
Most likely rearranging our furniture. He's worried I don't like our apartment.

GRACE
Trying to make you happy -- good quality in a fiance.

LEE
He's wonderful. I lucked out.
(pauses, then:)
Sometimes I feel a little guilty how happy he makes me...

GRACE
Daniel would want you to be happy.

There's a moment. This means more than we know.

LEE
So hey: you didn't respond to my text about tonight. You coming?

GRACE
They're not really my friends. I didn't go to school with them like you did...

LEE
I know. But I'm going to be here a while, so it'd be nice if we could all hang out together. They're good people.

GRACE
Maybe *now*.

LEE
Then, too. They care about me. And they cared about Daniel, even you have to admit that. What do you say? Bring an olive branch with me tonight?

GRACE
(reluctantly turned)
Let me make sure Brian doesn't mind flying solo with the kids...

INT. CHELSEA HOUSE - NIGHT

Think Soho House, except actually cool and hard to get into. A townhouse in far west Chelsea that's been converted into a private club, with a parlor, a bar, a patio and a dining room. It's jammed tight, a rager all in honor of Lee; Nick's invited as many people as he could. As Alex enters with a nervous Lee and an apprehensive Grace, his eyes go wide. He's never been in a place like this before. And he loves it.

ALEX
What *is* this place?

LEE
An old townhouse Nick's parents bought for him and JJ to turn into a private club. It's got a bar, a restaurant, and rooms upstairs if you get too wasted to get home.

GRACE
Or if you don't want your wife to see you doing coke.

She points to where Nick is getting a bag from a DEALER in a hallway. He catches Lee's eye, quickly pockets the coke and rushes over, hoping he wasn't seen. Grabs Lee in a big hug.

NICK
BAXTER! I was just making sure we're not exceeding code. There's so many people here for you!

LEE
I know maybe ten of them.

NICK
Talk to me in two hours! Grace...

Her hug's less big, but still warm. She can't help but smile.

NICK (CONT'D)
And you must be Alex!

He grabs Alex the hardest. Alex, caught off guard, laughs.

ALEX
Wow.

NICK
Yeah, don't let the weight fool you. All muscle. At one point.

Audrey rushes over, squealing:

AUDREY
Oh. My. God!!!!

Lee's smile to see her old friend lights up the room. As they hug, best friends reunited, Daphne and Patch appear. Seeing Alex, Daphne and Patch share a look; he *is* cute.

PATCH
You must be Alex.

ALEX
And you must be Daphne and Patch.

PATCH
What gave us away?

ALEX
Lee said you came as a set.

Audrey breaks her long hug with Lee with:

AUDREY
Now let me see it!!

Lee holds out her hand. Shows Audrey her (modest but lovely) engagement ring. Daphne sees it, and quips sotto to Patch:

DAPHNE
Is that from a vending machine?

AUDREY
(impressed, to Nick:)
I should send Alex with you next time you have to buy me something.

NICK
When have you ever let me buy something you didn't pick out first?

AUDREY
I've missed you so much. My life simply isn't right when you're not in it every day. Don't forget our guest room if you and Alex need a place. Stay as long as you want.

LEE
He was the advance team, found a great place for us.

ALEX
Which we couldn't afford, so we settled for unsafe but solvent in Bed-Stuy.

AUDREY
Well, we'll just have to have breakfast, lunch and dinner every day then like we did in college. Both of you.

JJ (O.S.)
L-E-E!

JJ appears, the life of the party. Lee kisses him hello. He turns to Alex, pats him on the back, welcoming.

JJ (CONT'D)
JJ. So good to have you with us. Anything you need in this city, just give me a holler and I'll make sure you're treated right.

ALEX
Thanks, man. Much appreciated.

DAPHNE
(pats Nick)
I'm sobering up.

NICK
Jimmy! Drinks!

As the bartender crosses, and everyone gives their drink orders, Audrey stops the BARTENDER before he leaves, with her best Tracy Flick smile:

AUDREY
That's precisely one-and-three-quarter-ounces of gin and a quarter ounce of vermouth.
(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I allow myself only four ounces of liquor when I'm out and I plan to have two drinks this evening. Do you understand?

BARTENDER
(verbal eyeroll)
You come here all the time.

CUT TO: The drinks arrive.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
G&T?

JJ
(taking it)
That's for me.

PATCH
This my seltzer with lime?

The Bartender nods. Patch takes it. Off Daphne's look:

PATCH (CONT'D)
Can't get foggy til I find someone I won't regret sneaking out on.

Daphne grabs a bottle of champagne from the bar.

DAPHNE
I drink to forget. I slept with everyone here, anyway.
(looking around)
Ooh, except him.

Patch makes a "big dick" gesture. As Daphne beelines:

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Thank you!

JJ and Patch give each other a look, and surreptitiously trade drinks. JJ nods a thank you. ANGLE ON: Nick and Grace, who is explaining her PhD:

GRACE
So when someone "likes" a post, you get a surge of dopamine in your brain, which gets you addicted to securing more likes by any means necessary. So you start actually *creating* moments just so you can put them up on social media-

NICK
(missing the point)
That's awesome.
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
Send me a copy when you're done, I'll post it on my wall.

GRACE
(well, she tried)
I'm going to get another drink.

As she moves off, Patsy rushes in.

PATSY
So sorry I'm late! I'm stuck on this project at work, I couldn't get away, it's a total nightm--

She slips and her bag falls, contents spilling out.

PATSY (CONT'D)
Oh my god of course this would happen to me.

No one reacts; standard Patsy. As Alex bends down to help:

PATSY (CONT'D)
You must be Alex. I'm sorry I'm such a mess. You might as well know now--

Alex hands her a pill bottle he's picked up from the floor.

PATSY (CONT'D)
For when I need to stay up.
(hands her another)
For when I can't fall asleep.
(...and a third)
For moments like this, when I am incredibly humiliated in front of my new co-worker.

He opens it for her. She smiles, takes one. Alex stands, whispers to Lee:

ALEX
You didn't tell me how great everyone was.

LEE
All I told you was how great they were.

ALEX
But I didn't believe you.

Audrey comes to Nick, kisses him.

AUDREY
Lee's back. I feel whole again.

NICK
Thank god she traded up from that douchebag; Alex is much cooler than Daniel ever was.
(she hits him; be nice)
Brb?

Nick motions to the DJ: "it's time" and moves off, as JJ brings Alex and Patsy another round.

JJ
You know something? I think we might have met before. You from Boston?

ALEX
Lincoln, Nebraska.

JJ
Never been. Somewhere else, then?

ALEX
I don't think so. I'd remember.

Patsy clocks this interaction, but before she can probe, the music stops, and Nick stands on an ottoman. Audrey sees this, hands her drink to Daphne with:

AUDREY
Oh god, he's doing it.

NICK
Friends, party crashers, publicists- attention must be paid! I, Nick Bradley, have a toast that's six years in the making and completely under-rehearsed, by that I mean not at all as I am making it up on the spot.
(sees Audrey coming)
Uh oh. Here comes the PR police!

AUDREY
Nick, get down.

He teeters on the ottoman, clearly drunk, spilling his drink on Audrey in the process. He looks to the crowd, guilty:

NICK
I'm going to pay for that one. Or you could just take it off...?

People cheer. Audrey looks around, smiling despite herself. Unbuttons her cardigan for everyone. They cheer harder. Then she sees someone video-ing on their iPhone. She crosses.

AUDREY
I'm sorry, but there are no cameras or phones allowed in here.

She holds out her hand. The PATRON hands it to her. She hits delete, and hands the phone back.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Thank you. It's just that I'm a public figure and all...

PATRON
You are?

AUDREY
I'm your Democratic District Leader.
(off their clueless look)
Never mind.

NICK
Please raise your glasses, your hands and your hearts for my girl Lee, the best, the brightest, the Baxter-est new resident of this mess of a city. She worked hard her whole life just to get what our parents bought for us, and changed us all for the better when we met her. We've been through a lot--

He raises his glass to Grace, a nod to the missing Daniel.

NICK (CONT'D)
But it's only made us stronger. Now the whole family is together again for the first time since graduation. And we're never letting you go. You either, Alex. You're one of us now.

AUDREY
To Lee and Alex.

Everyone offers a "here, here" and "To Lee and Alex." Then:

NICK
Okay, DJ, take us back with something choice from '08? I need to dance my beers off!

As M.I.A.'s Paper Planes comes on to a roar from the crowd, we CUT TO:

INT. CHELSEA HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

The party's still raging, but in a corner of the Dining Room are our core nine, plus ten to fifteen others from the Brown days, gathered around, listening to stories from their past.

COLLEGE FRIEND
Remember when Patsy's date left with Patch at Nick and Audrey's wedding?

COLLEGE FRIEND 2
I can't believe you're running for City Council. You'd be the youngest person ever, Audrey.

PATCH
Don't remind me. He still calls.

NICK
She's not going to stop til she's the youngest President, too.

ANGLE ON: Alex, Lee, Patsy and others.

ALEX
Hey, I want to hear more about Lee in college.

LEE
Let's not go there--

PATSY
Why not? Due diligence is a fiance's duty.

PATCH
There's not a lot of stories to tell. She was a pretty clean teen.

JJ
She had some quirks. When we all lived together she came up with this crazy game we used to play when we were high.

NICK
Yeah! Secrets In A Hat!

ALEX
What's that?

LEE
Oh, it was nothing. Just a stupid way to procrastinate.

GRACE
I remember hearing about this!

NICK
It was actually pretty awesome. Everyone wrote a secret down on a scrap of paper--

AUDREY
--with your opposite hand, so it couldn't be traced to you-

PATSY
And you throw them in a hat, and take turns pulling them out and try to guess whose secret is whose. It was pretty easy. Patch's were always about sex.

DAPHNE
Patsy's were about cheating on tests.

PATCH
Yours were about your family.

DAPHNE
Lots to draw on there...

AUDREY
Mine were so stupid.

LEE
"I secretly cleaned your room."

AUDREY
"I alphabetized the cupboard."

LEE AND AUDREY
"I count the pores on my face!"

NICK
Hey! We should play right now!

DAPHNE
(finger click motion)
Unsubscribe.

NICK
Come on! We're older, I'm sure our secrets are a whole lot better than I lost my virginity to my camp counselor.

Patch raises his hand for that one.

NICK (CONT'D)
Whaddaya ya say, huh?

People look at each other, into it -- except Lee.

ALEX
Sounds fun.

JJ
Damn straight.

DAPHNE
Alright, I'm in.

Daphne grabs a Trilby off a nearby hipster, who objects:

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Don't start. I'm saving you.

She puts the hat on the floor. Nick grabs a Server's pad and starts handing out slips. QUICK CUTS as everyone thinks and writes. The secrets are thrown in. The hat is shaken. And then: the game begins. Patsy pulls the first one.

PATSY
"I'm sleeping with my boss."

JJ
Trick answer: Daphne.

DAPHNE
I *am* my own boss, so on occasion that is technically true.

JJ
Nick's parents are mine, so that would be weird.

AUDREY
Weirder for him; they're his too.

ALEX
I *have* no boss, till tomorrow.

PATSY
Please don't sleep with my Dad.

ALEX
Deal.

AUDREY
I work for the entire West Village.

NICK
Unsolved for now. Next? "I haven't paid my taxes in years." Clearly I was wrong about us being more interesting.

AUDREY
(pulling one out)
"I'm a born-again Christian." I don't even *want* to know the answer to this one.

DAPHNE
"I'm having an affair with a married person in this room."
(tons of "oooh's")
Married people, show of hands?

10 hands go up -- Audrey and Nick's too. Nick puts his down.

NICK
Not it!

AUDREY
How bout we don't end this night in divorce? Moving on?

PATCH
"I wasn't on vacation, I was in rehab."

DAPHNE
That could be anyone.

JJ
Except me. Thank god.

LEE
It gets easier as it goes on, you get one or two right and then use process of elimination to go back and knock them all down. "My name isn't my real name."

PATSY
Daphne? Guest is her grandmother's maiden name.

DAPHNE
If my secrets are ever that boring, please kill me.

Patsy hands the hat to Grace, who pulls one out, into it.

GRACE
This one's long.
(reading)
"Eight years ago in college, I killed someone just to see if I could get away with it, and I did."

There's an immediate chill in the room. Then some nervous laughter. But something about it unsettles Lee. And the others as well, even though they try not to show it.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(getting emotional)
I'm sorry. I have to...

She puts it down and, overcome, walks out.

LEE
Not funny, guys.

Lee heads after her, fast.

ALEX
That's obviously a joke, right?

PATSY
Grace's brother died eight years ago.

ALEX
Daniel? I thought that was suicide?

PATSY
It was. But they never found the body.

AUDREY
He left a note. Nick?

NICK
No fair, whoever did that. You know the rules, the secrets have to be true. Guess the game's done?

Clearly, the party is too. Lee comes back.

LEE
We should go, it's late. Grace offered to share her Uber. And since she's a little shaken up, I think it's a good idea.

AUDREY
Of course. Tomorrow's your first day of work anyway. Can we have lunch? You, me and Nick?

NICK
I have to go to Atlanta for the day, but you guys eat without me. I'll see you at your housewarming on Tuesday?

Lee clocks Audrey's feelings about Nick's travel, but she covers as they hug:

AUDREY
See you at noon?

As Lee turns to hug Nick goodbye:

NICK
Sorry for pushing the game.

LEE
No apologies necessary.

As Alex says goodbye to JJ, Patsy, Patch and Daphne, a WAITRESS crosses over to Lee with the hat and the secrets:

WAITRESS
What should I do with this?

Lee looks at the hat. There's a beat. Looks down at the big secret, sitting atop the pile. We CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - MORNING

Lee is being walked around The New York Times offices by a MANAGER younger than she is.

LEE
So what exactly does the social media editor do?

MANAGER
You're responsible for pulling quotes from our articles for our Twitter and Facebook page. We've got a bunch of blogs that host content not in the paper; you'll post those as you get them. Oh, and there's an algorithm that automatically finds haikus in front page news. You'll select the best ones and post them to Haiku Times.

LEE
There's no actual writing involved?

MANAGER
Lucky you, right? Here's your office.

He shows her to a tiny closet with no windows.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Let me know if you have any problems with your terminal.

She enters the office. Looks around. Sits at the computer. Then, takes out her phone, calls up Facetime, and hits:

INT. THE KELLER GROUP - DAY

Alex, at his cubicle, hears his phone. Answers, head down.

LEE
My office used to be an IT closet.

ALEX
At least you have walls:

Alex holds his phone up and circles his view; a sea of cubicles just like his.

LEE
Turns out my job is cutting and pasting.

ALEX
No place to go but up, then, right?

LEE
Are you bright-siding me?

ALEX
Guilty as charged. But if it's any consolation, at least your friends accepted me into the circle. Nick already texted to help for the housewarming when he's back from Atlanta.

LEE
So much for worrying I'd been away too long. That *is* a consolation.
(call waiting beeps:)
It's my Dad. Probably to wish me a good first day. Hold on a sec?
(clicks over)
(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
Hey Dad. I'm just on the other line with Alex-

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Hey honey. I'm sorry to bother you, I know this is a big week, but something's happened I thought you should know..

EXT. PROVIDENCE HARBOR - MORNING - INTERCUT

MICHAEL, Lee's policeman father, is standing on the edge of the harbor beneath a bridge as we can see behind him, a crew of divers in boats and cops on the perimeter. We see a crane lifting something out of the water.

MICHAEL
We found a body in the harbor this morning. It's severely decomposed, been in the water a long time--

LEE
Oh my god. Is it Daniel?

MICHAEL
We can't say for sure yet. All we know is there was an anonymous tip last night. A caller who said they'd been afraid to say something the past eight years.

LEE
(mind racing)
Last night? What time?

MICHAEL
Around one. Came from a New York number too, we're tracing it now. Why?

As Lee's face goes pale...

LEE
Let me know what you find out?

MICHAEL
I will. I'm so sorry, Lee. I know this is the last thing you wanted to hear today.

As Michael hangs up, and Lee's heart begins to race...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DEMOCRATIC DISTRICT LEADER OFFICE - DAY

Audrey sits at her desk, all smiles for workers in the outer office who can see her through the glass. But we see what she's really doing: surreptitiously opening a desk drawer and lifting up a false bottom to reveal a hidden space beneath it where a pre-paid cellphone sits. She covertly calls:

EXT. PATCH'S LOFT - DAY

Patch, who is exiting his loft.

AUDREY
I only have thirty seconds before someone sees me. What's up?

PATCH
Why did you put my secret in the hat last night?

AUDREY
I did no such thing. I thought *you* did. Does anyone else know?

PATCH
(reluctant)
I might have told JJ...

AUDREY
(trying to not freak out)
You told *JJ*?

PATCH
I had to. He covered for me once.

AUDREY
Then clearly he put it in!

PATCH
There's no way. I know his secret, and it was in there.

AUDREY
Then he put in two to screw with you. Which means it's only a matter of time before he talks.

PATCH
What do I do?

AUDREY
Let me handle it. Call you back.

She hangs up and drops the phone into the drawer and covers it with the fake bottom just as a STAFFER enters with:

STAFFER
A Lee Baxter to see you?

INT. DEMOCRATIC DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS- DAY

Audrey walks over to Lee as her Staffer fills her in.

STAFFER
Your Pinterest, Tumblr and Twitter updates are prepped for the announcement; they're pending your review. And the Investigator's here with his report.

LEE
Investigator?

AUDREY
Needed to make sure my closets were empty. No one wants a Spitzer surprise in this day and age.

STAFFER
Spoiler alert: you're clean.

AUDREY
I prefer spotless.
(to Lee, as Staffer exits)
What's going on? I thought we said noon.

LEE
They found Daniel's body.

AUDREY
What?

LEE
Or at least they think it's him. My Dad called. Someone phoned in an anonymous tip last night. There's going to be a press conference once the body is ID'd.

AUDREY
Oh god. After all this time? What you must be feeling right now...

Audrey hugs her. When they break, Lee hesitates, and then:

LEE
Please don't think I'm crazy. But I can't stop thinking about that secret last night.

AUDREY
Oh, sweetie. That was just a joke.

LEE
I know why you'd say that, but--

AUDREY
It was, I promise. Daniel had a history of depression and was off his meds. He left a note. This is just a weird coincidence, that's all.

LEE
So the secret was a joke and the body was a coincidence? What if it wasn't? No one knows what really happened. He *could* have been killed.

AUDREY
And if you believed that to be true, you'd basically be accusing one of your closest friends of murder.

LEE
I know. It's ridiculous.

AUDREY
(gently)
What happened was an awful tragedy. We lost Daniel, and then you got so depressed we almost lost you. You have so much going for you now. If it *is* Daniel, that's bound to open old wounds, but try to remember what happened happened in the <u>past</u>. You mourned him. We all did. Try not to spin out again, okay?

LEE
(relaxes; she's right)
I just didn't want to talk to Alex about it, I worry he feels like he's always in Daniel's shadow. Maybe I should talk to JJ?

We see something pass through Audrey's eyes for a moment. Her Staffer crosses over and interrupts, with:

STAFFER
The Investigator...?

AUDREY
We're almost done here.
(as the Staffer exits)
Why JJ?

LEE
He was the last person to see Daniel alive. Maybe he remembers something he didn't at the time?

AUDREY
Lee. You just got here. Take it easy today. Maybe see Grace, I bet she could use a friend right now. And we can make our lunch breakfast tomorrow instead, see how you're feeling after you've had some time?

Lee nods, takes a breath. Audrey's right.

LEE
I really appreciate you hearing me out. I feel better already.

AUDREY
You're my best friend. I'm always here for you. Now go kick some ass at your new job and call me later?

They hug. As Lee exits, Audrey looks after her, concerned...

INT. THE KELLER GROUP - DAY

A highly caffeineated Patsy leads Alex on a tour through the office. As they walk and talk, Alex sees Patsy's coffee cup spilling from a faulty lid, nearly dripping on her blouse every time she takes a sip. He tries to point it out:

PATSY
Did you have fun last night? I could only ever fill <u>half</u> that room myself -- and even then I'd have to invite all the dates I've had from Tinder to do it. But they probably wouldn't come...

ALEX
(re: coffee)
Patsy--

PATSY
This is where the analysts sit -- you know that, that's you! It's not very comfortable, what with the fluorescents, loud voices, constant surveillance -- watch what you browse online --

ALEX
Your coff--

PATSY
The offices along the wall are for Senior Analysts and Associates. I have a corner -- the view is to die for, come visit anytime you--

He stops trying to interrupt her and reaches out and quickly catches the coffee before it hits her blouse.

PATSY (CONT'D)
Ugh, I need to get a bib surgically attached. Morning, Jordan!

She's switched tracks so fast Alex doesn't notice JORDAN KELLER approaching. Patsy quickly hands her faulty coffee cup to Alex and smooths herself out. Then he sees him.

ALEX
Jordan. Not dad?

PATSY
Not at work. Not growing up, either, if I'm being honest.

Jordan lands. A self-made millionaire and a pretty formidable presence, he instantly reaches out his hand to Alex.

JORDAN
Mr. Moore, how do you like the digs?

Alex has coffee on his hands, wipes them on his suit, shakes.

ALEX
My cubicle's bigger than my apartment, so it's a relief to hopefully spend all my time in it.

Patsy watches this interaction; her father clearly likes Alex, which makes her nervous.

JORDAN
Glad to have you aboard. Patsy lobbied hard.

PATSY
(joking, to Alex)
Yeah, don't make me look bad, okay?

Jordan points to her blouse. She sees she *did* spill on it.

PATSY (CONT'D)
Oh darn.

He enters the conference room, where a gaggle of suits awaits. Before Alex enters, he turns to Patsy:

ALEX
I heard about the Gucci bid you're working on so I read up on them over the weekend. Maybe I could help? Over lunch?

PATSY
That's sweet, but I have a standing lunch with the other associates every Tuesday. Besides, can't be seen taking advice from a newbie analyst on a deal like this. See ya round?

As he watches Patsy take her seats with the other guys, feeling a little iced out...

INT. SUPER SEEDY ASTORIA STRIP CLUB- DAY

There isn't enough bleach in the world to clean this place, though a Janitor is certainly trying hard. JJ is waiting for Nick, who rushes in, clearly late.

NICK
I'm sorry, man. Traffic on the bridge. So. Whaddaya think?

JJ
It's way too early and I'm way too sober to be in a place like this?

NICK
I knew you'd say that, so I'll jump to the pitch: we're both sick of only opening clubs and restaurants in buildings my parents own. We need to branch out, be seen as more than just the son and his best friend. We need to make our <u>own</u> names. And you're standing in our first step.

JJ
(looking down)
I'm standing in something, but it ain't a step.

NICK
Try and look past the current surroundings and see just how much sick potential this place has?

JJ
As what, a CDC hot zone?

NICK
As the next Chelsea House. Only without my parents' names on the lease. The landlord owns the whole building and is willing to sell.

JJ
I'd want to sell too. This is Astoria. No one comes here unless they live here. And even then, they wish they didn't.

NICK
Come on. People in the boroughs need somewhere to go. Look at the Bossa Nova Civic Club in Bushwick, it's killing it.

JJ
Bushwick is Brooklyn. This is Queens. The median age around here is 50. Do you even understand how much money it would cost to turn this place around?

NICK
I've got my trust. My 'rents won't even notice the money's gone til they're turned away opening night.

JJ
Nicky, Nicky, Nicky, this is a bad idea.

NICK
So you won't help?

JJ
Are you saying if I don't you're going to go ahead anyway?

NICK
Without your contacts I'm just the suit. *You're* the tastemaker. That's why we're partners.

JJ's phone beeps with a text from Audrey: *we need to talk*.

JJ
If your wife knew where you were right now, thinking about buying a strip club on the eve of her announcing a run for City Council--

JJ shakes his head, texts back: *Not free. Sorry*.

JJ (CONT'D)
Forget about this place, man. I'm not just saying that as your partner, but as your friend. We'll branch out. But not with this.

As JJ leaves, Nick watches after him, uneasy.

INT. GRACE'S PROSPECT PARK HOUSE - DUSK

Lee has just finished having dinner with Grace, her husband BRIAN, and their kids. As Brian leads the kids off to bed:

LEE
Sorry Alex wasn't able to make it; day one, he's already working late.

GRACE
And so it begins...

LEE
Are you going to Providence?

GRACE
Once they say it's Daniel for sure, I'll take the first train up.

LEE
Have you thought at all about the timing? That secret last night, the body today?

GRACE
Oh god, I had forgotten all about that joke. Nick's such an asshole.

LEE
You think it was Nick?

GRACE
He never liked Daniel. And he's that kind of guy. I just assumed.

LEE
But you thought it was a joke.

GRACE
You didn't?

LEE
That night, Daniel had made dinner for everyone. We had a really nice time. There was no drama, no fights, no issues. I left for film class, and when I got back I found the note and never saw him again. It makes no sense. It never did.

GRACE
(pauses)
I understand what you're doing. You never wanted to believe it. You felt pressured by the police to say he was depressed even though you didn't think he was. But I heard it in his voice every time I called. No one killed Daniel but Daniel.

That's when her phone rings: Dad. Lee shows Grace, who nods, and takes plates and moves to the kitchen, Lee answers:

INT. PROVIDENCE POLICE STATION - DUSK

And talks to Michael, at his desk in the Station.

MICHAEL
Sorry I haven't been able to call till now.

LEE
It's okay.

MICHAEL
I thought you'd want to know dental confirmed the body's Daniel.

Lee gives a look to Grace; it's Daniel. Grace nods, sad. She knew this was coming. Lee turns back to the phone:

LEE
So what happens now?

MICHAEL
Well, I was hoping we'd be able to rule out foul play, but turns out we can't just yet.

LEE
What? Why?

MICHAEL
We're not ruling suicide out either; he had rocks in his jacket and pants pockets to weigh him down, which is common with people who want to make sure they succeed at what they're trying to do. That's why his body stayed on the bottom of the harbor this long.

LEE
But you think...?

MICHAEL
We're looking into every possible scenario. Have you ever heard of some place called the Chelsea House?

LEE
Yes, why?

MICHAEL
The anonymous call - that's where we traced it to. What is it, some kind of hotel?

That lands on Lee hard. Mind racing:

LEE
Dad, I'm going to have to call you back, okay?

She hangs up. Grace sees the look on her face.

GRACE
What is it?

Lee looks at her. It stops Grace dead in her tracks.

LEE
I don't think Daniel killed himself after all. I think that secret is true.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BED-STUY HOLE-IN-THE-WALL APARTMENT - MORNING

Alex wakes up, sees: Lee at her computer in the kitchen. Where she's been all night. He crosses, catches she's got several Facebook pages open. Off his disapproving look:

LEE
I couldn't sleep.

ALEX
Clearly.

LEE
The anonymous call came from Chelsea House. Everyone I know was there. Turning my friends over to the police is the last thing I want to do, but--

ALEX
I'm worried about you.

LEE
You just met everyone. You don't know them like I do. JJ used to get so drunk in college he'd black out, have no idea where he was the night before. Patsy was wound up so tight that when she'd inevitably snap, she'd scare everyone. Nick grew up with so much privilege he always got away with anything he wanted--

ALEX
Are you really accusing the husband of your *best friend* of murder? If he or any one of them saw something the night Daniel died, something they lived with for years, maybe *they're* the ones actually hurting right now?
(as that lands on Lee)
I'm going to shower and get to work. I hope by the time I get home tonight you've let this go.

He kisses her on the forehead, and exits into the bathroom. As soon as he's gone, she goes back to the computer. Not giving up that easy.

INT. THE STANDARD GRILL - DAY

Audrey and Lee are having breakfast on the patio underneath The Standard. It's pleasant, but Lee's thinking, not talking.

AUDREY
You haven't said much. Everything okay?

LEE
The night Daniel died, wasn't he in a fight with Nick about that coke Nick gave the freshman who almost OD'd? Daniel wanted him to come forward, right?

AUDREY
(looking around, shh)
Nick didn't give coke to anyone. He doesn't even *do* coke.
(off Lee's look)
That was eight years ago. Who can remember?

LEE
And Patch was hooking up with that married actor. Daniel was the only one he told who it was, I *still* don't know, do you?

AUDREY
I can't believe it. You're still thinking about that stupid secret.
(off Lee's guilty look)
It was a game. That's all. Do you honestly think any of us had something to do with Daniel's suicide?

LEE
Maybe if I figured out some of the other secrets, I could find out who wrote that one and ask them why?

AUDREY
You kept the secrets?

That sets Audrey's dander up, but she doesn't want to show it, so she takes a breath and then, calmly:

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Nick gets back from Atlanta tonight. You can ask him yourself.
(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Because if you're asking me, all I'll tell you is what I know: Nick is the kindest, sweetest, most considerate man I've ever met. A perfect husband in every way. Did he and Daniel have problems? Sure. Not everyone fits as friends. But he couldn't hurt a fly. Neither could any of the rest of us.
(stands)
I have to go back to work, announce my candidacy and then get to your housewarming tonight. Where we, *as your friends*, are coming to celebrate just how happy we are to have you here.

As Audrey leaves, Lee watches her go. Then takes out her phone, texts Patch: Are you free right now? Need a favor.

INT. THE KELLER GROUP- DAY

Patsy and her team (including Alex, sitting in, silent) meet with The Gucci Group, who peruse a proposal, unimpressed.

GUCCI TEAM MEMBER
Ms. Keller, your proposal is... thorough. But Goldman Sachs presented us with something -- how do you say -- cleaner?

PATSY
Cleaner? What does that mean?

GUCCI TEAM MEMBER
Something we can understand. This is numbers and jargon, but not much heart. Gucci as a brand wants to inspire in its buyers the aspiration of a certain lifestyle. And this, it's just math.
(to another Member:)
Lei accetta, sì?

GUCCI TEAM MEMBER 2
(in Italian)
Yes, I'm not impressed. This isn't the firm for us.

Alex tries to save the day, jokes from the corner in Italian:

ALEX
I can see how you'd think that based on the suit I'm wearing.

They laugh. Patsy's surprised.

PATSY
You speak Italian?

ALEX
Took it in college.

He hesitates to speak directly to clients again. But Patsy is clearly unable to contribute. She waves him on.

ALEX (CONT'D)
The Keller Group may not know fashion, but we know business. No other firm has the leads we do. If you look at the last page, you'll see a list of up-and-coming brands we have a direct line to that Goldman can't even touch. Brands with a lot of heart...

The Members look at the page, confer amongst themselves.

PATSY
What did you say? You're not killing this for me, are you?

GUCCI TEAM MEMBER
Perhaps you could walk us through?

ALEX
Un momento.
(to Patsy)
I think this newbie analyst just got you the campaign. You should clear the room.

PATSY
Why?

ALEX
Because this is your deal. I want you to be able to take credit with your father for closing it. Just let me work on it once it's closed?

PATSY
Everyone, you're excused. Everyone except Alex.

As people shuffle out, leaving just Alex and Patsy and Gucci, they sit down to begin their discussion. Patsy smiles.

INT. CHELSEA HOUSE - DAY

Lee enters with a sunglassed Patch, who gives his Member Card to the HOSTESS to swipe.

HOSTESS
Thank you, Mr. Price. Is it just the two of you?

Patch nods. The Hostess brings them over to a table in the bar, by a lit fireplace. As they sit:

LEE
You sure you have time for this?

PATCH
I don't have a job *precisely* so I have time for this. Why'd you want to come here, anyway?

LEE
I just wanted to see what it was like during the day.

As they sit, Lee takes out her cell.

PATCH
Can't use that in here, babe.

LEE
I'm just shutting it off.

PATCH
That's why I like this place; can't get walk-of-shame updates from Daphne or artless selfies from whatever airport Nick is in.

She shows him her Instagram, with a photo of Nick from 10 minutes ago in front of the Hartfield-Jackson (Atlanta) Airport sign, tagged @BaxterLee: <u>See you tonight</u>! Patch laughs as Lee powers off her phone and puts it in her purse.

PATCH (CONT'D)
And I thought it was just me. What're we drinking?

LEE
It's one o'clock!

PATCH
So you're saying a "white?"

He moves off. Lee looks to the Hostess, still at her stand. Gets up, and crosses over.

LEE
Sorry to bother you, but you guys wouldn't have a payphone around here by any chance?
(off the Hostess' blank look)
Or a landline of any kind?

HOSTESS
There's a strict no phone policy here. To protect the privacy of our members.

LEE
I know, I was going to step outside until I saw my cell was dead. I need to call my office to tell them I'll be late...

HOSTESS
There's the reservation line downstairs and one in the owner's office, but it's locked.

LEE
You mean Nick? I'm his friend. Any chance you could let me use it?

HOSTESS
I can check with the Manager?

LEE
My name's Lee, I met him the other night. There was a party here for me, I'm sure he'll remember.

The Hostess moves off. As Lee waits, we ANGLE ON: Patch, texting covertly under the lip of the bar as he waits for his drink, to Audrey: <u>You talk to him yet</u>? Her text returns: <u>Blew me off. I'll do it tonight at Lee's thing</u>.

INT. CHELSEA HOUSE - BACK OFFICE - DAY

The Hostess lets Lee inside this small, cramped office full of papers. A wall of monitors shows security footage from Chelsea House's public areas. She points to the landline:

HOSTESS
Let me know when you're done so I can lock it again?

Lee nods. The Hostess leaves. Lee picks up the phone. Dials a number. Gets voicemail.

LEE
Hey Dad, it's me. I'm calling from Chelsea House. Wanted to see if this particular number is the one that called you. Call me back when you can?

As Lee goes to hang up, her eye is caught by something on one of the security monitors: a WOMAN exiting a guest room, kissing a MAN clad only in a towel goodbye. When they break, Lee can clearly see the man is NICK! He isn't at the Atlanta airport at all! He's right upstairs! She can't believe it. Quickly powers up her phone.

LEE (CONT'D)
Come on, come on.

But by the time it's powered up and she opens the camera app, the door is closed. Nick has gone back inside; the Woman walking down the hall to exit. Lee moves out the door fast. We CUT TO:

INT. CHELSEA HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY

Lee heads up the stairwell as the WOMAN heads down it. Lee holds her phone low and snaps the Woman's picture without her noticing. As they pass, Lee smiles a polite hello. Then continues up the stairs.

ON THE LANDING: She sees there are way too many doors. She'll never be able to figure out which one Nick was in. Suddenly, she hears:

HOSTESS
You can't be up here. This is a members only floor.

LEE
Yeah. I was just thinking about that.

As she walks back down the stairs behind the Hostess, she looks at the photo she took. Looks like Nick's not the perfect husband after all...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NEW YORK TIMES OFFICE - DUSK

It's the end of the day; people are packing up and leaving. Lee, in her office, is on her computer, looking at Audrey and Nick's wedding album on Facebook, feeling sad at how happy they look. She's in a tough spot. There's a moment, and then she takes out her phone, hovers over Audrey's name. Then scrolls to Nick. Calls, and it rings. Gets voicmail.

LEE
Nick, it's Lee. I really need to talk to you alone, before the party. Hopefully I'll hear from you...

She hangs up and grabs her bag to go.

INT. NICK'S PARENTS OFFICE - DUSK

Nick's sitting opposite his parents, JOYCE and SAM BRADLEY, a very stylish and warm couple in their 50s.

NICK
What did you guys want to talk to me about? I just got in from Atlanta, and I have this party--

JOYCE
Why did you look into purchasing a property in Queens without asking us first?

NICK
(caught, defensive)
Oh, wow. Well, see-

SAM
We've given you a lot of leeway with our restaurant and club spaces over the years, but always under the umbrella of investments *we've* made. A project like this needs to start with us, not you.

NICK
It's not *for* you. It's for me. Me and JJ. Something of our own.

SAM
JJ isn't interested in something of his own.
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
And without his address book, you wouldn't have a leg to stand on.

NICK
(in disbelief)
He told you.

JOYCE
He's your friend. He was looking out for you. We're just glad he came to us before you made a mistake.

NICK
(starting to boil)
It's not a mistake. I ran the specs. Astoria's going to be the next Williamsburg in five years.

SAM
Not after the MTA starts building their new rail yard a block away. There'll be construction tying up the area for the next ten years.

Nick's stunned; he clearly didn't know that.

JOYCE
Thank god you didn't actually buy anything or this would be a much different conversation.

As his phone rings again -- Lee -- and he hits ignore.

NICK
Yeah. Thank... thank god...

Nick tries to hide his panic. There's more to this story...

INT. KELLER GROUP - DUSK

The market's closed. People are leaving. Patsy walks to her father's office, where she sees Jordan inside. She enters, hoping for some hard-earned approval.

PATSY
Big win today, Dad, huh?

JORDAN
Yes. Alex was a great find. Thanks for pushing him my way.

PATSY
Alex?

JORDAN
Without his help you would have lost the deal.

PATSY
That's not-- that's not true.

JORDAN
I'm going to put him on it with you from now on. Why don't you take him to lunch tomorrow and get him up to speed?

Off Patsy, fire in her eyes. Alex ratted her out!

INT. BUSHWICK HOLE-IN-THE-WALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Candles are lit; the place looks the best it possibly could, which isn't saying much. Alex is cooking at the stove while JJ helps Daphne with her coat. It is clear she doesn't approve of the space.

DAPHNE
All it's missing are a string of lights that look like chili peppers.

JJ makes a face at her to "be nice" behind Alex's back.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
You cook?

ALEX
I reheat. Lee made it this morning. Apparently something she used to make all the time?

Daphne and JJ look into the dish; nod an "oh yeah."

JJ
(looks at pot; oh yeah)
I've never tasted that not stoned before.

DAPHNE
(holds up a bag of weed)
And you don't have to either, thank god.

Audrey enters, holding wine. They applaud.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Congratulations! You were all over my Taxi TV.
(MORE)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
The youngest City Council candidate in the history of New York.

AUDREY
Is Lee here?

ALEX
(nope)
Late to her own party.

DAPHNE
I thought I was the only one who did that.

AUDREY
JJ, got a second?

Audrey walks off with JJ as Lee enters with Patch.

LEE
Sorry I'm late! Look who I found lurking outside.

PATCH
Not lurking, hiding. I think I may have hooked up with someone in this building.

He makes a face; it wasn't good. Lee sees Daphne:

LEE
Is Nick here yet?

DAPHNE
No, but Audrey is.

Daphne points to the bedroom. As Lee walks towards it, JJ exits. He sees Lee, hugs her, looks at Patch over her shoulder -- makes a "it's all good" face - his secret's safe.

JJ
L-E-E, great place, great place.

LEE
Thanks JJ. It's getting there. I'm just going to say hi to Audrey...

Lee goes into the bedroom towards Audrey. Lee turns to Audrey, trying to figure out if what she's about to do is right or not.

LEE (CONT'D)
I wanted to talk to Nick first, but he's not here, and I just can't lie to you. Especially since you just made your announcement and the press will be all over you...

AUDREY
What are you talking about?

Lee thinks a beat, then holds up her phone with the photo of the dark-haired woman loaded up.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Who's that?

LEE
The woman Nick's sleeping with.

AUDREY
He's not sleeping with anyone.

LEE
I saw them together. Which means he wasn't in Atlanta. He probably hasn't gone anywhere he's told you.

Audrey looks at the photo, shakes her head. A beat.

AUDREY
Oh, Lee. I know.

LEE
(shocked)
You know?

AUDREY
Of course. I set it up.

Lee doesn't know how to process this information.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Nick and I have been together fourteen years. We lost our virginity to each other, for god's sake. And that's fine, for me. But I know Nick struggles with that. So I got ahead of the ball. I sat him down, had a talk. Told him if he wanted to sleep with someone else, he could. But it had to be on <u>my</u> <u>terms</u>. Which meant very expensive, very discreet, very safe call girls.
(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Whom I find for him. They meet at Chelsea House on weekdays because no one's there then. And since there are no cellphones, there's no evidence.

LEE
(re: her phone)
There are always cellphones.

AUDREY
And thank you for bringing that to my attention. I'll find somewhere else for him to go from now on.

LEE
(stunned)
I can't believe you're okay with this. Don't you love him?

AUDREY
Madly, which is why I do this. I know what he's up to, and where, and with whom. I'll never be Huma Abedin, blindsided by scandal. What were you even doing at Chelsea House, anyway?
(realizes)
You were looking into Nick and JJ.

Lee's face shows Audrey she's right. Audrey shakes her head in disbelief. Nick enters. He doesn't look happy to see JJ as he hands over his housewarming gift to Alex with a hug. Looks into the pot:

NICK
Man that takes me back.

He pats Alex on the back, then he goes to hang up his coat, motioning JJ over with his head. JJ crosses. Nick, sotto:

NICK (CONT'D)
We gotta talk.

JJ
Sure. What's up?

NICK
You sold me out to my parents, that's what.

That's when Patsy enters, interrupting them. The door catches on her coat loop; Daphne rolls her eyes.

PATSY
Oh god.

DAPHNE
Everyone's here! Can we start drinking now?

Patch holds up a flask; he's already started. To Patsy:

ALEX
Hey stranger. I looked for you when I was leaving, guess we missed each other?

PATSY
Maybe because you were too busy in my father's office?

Alex looks at her; what does that mean? We INTERCUT WITH Audrey and Lee, Nick and JJ, and Patsy at the stove with Alex:

AUDREY
I can't believe it. You're still digging. After I asked you not to.

NICK
I thought we were partners. I thought we were friends.

JJ
We are.

PATSY
You said it was my deal. And then you told my dad you did it? Was that your plan all along?

ALEX
The Gucci people must have called him. I had nothing to do with it--

NICK
(panicked)
You don't get it. I already bought it, man.

JJ
You what?

NICK
Before you even came. I thought you'd say yes.
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
You better fix this, or so help me god I don’t know what I’ll do.

AUDREY
Why can’t you just let Daniel go?

LEE
It’s not like that--

AUDREY
Not like what? Not like *you*? Cause if that’s what you mean, I agree. It’s like I don’t even know you anymore.

Patch and Daphne, on the sofa, watch between the three arguments like tennis matches while Daphne lights a joint.

PATCH
Why is everyone fighting?

DAPHNE
Because there’s no place like home?

AUDREY
God, I feel so stupid. I honestly thought that you’d move here and it would be like old times. Clearly I was wrong to think so.

LEE
It *can* be. I just need to figure this out, that’s all.

Everyone else has stopped their fighting; all eyes are on Lee and Audrey now.

PATCH
Figure what out?

ALEX
(he knows what)
Uh oh.

PATSY
Don’t change the subject--

LEE
You’re still my best friend.

AUDREY
I haven't heard from you except for emails or texts for months.
(MORE)

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I didn't even know you were *engaged* until Patsy said you'd reached out for a job for Alex. Best friends are supposed to talk to each other.

JJ
Hey, Audrey, calm down, ok?

AUDREY
Confide in each other. Support each other. Trust each other. You definitely don't trust us. So why should we trust you?

Which is when Daphne sees, on the mantle, the hat from the party. And all the secrets in it. She lifts them out.

DAPHNE
You kept the secrets?

AUDREY
You mean you don't know? Lee's investigating all of us. She thinks one of us killed Daniel.

Everyone react -- what? That's crazy. Are you kidding?

JJ
That's ridiculous-

AUDREY
Oh yeah? Then ask her. Ask her why she was at Chelsea House today looking into you.
(to Nick, pointed)
Both of you.

Nick's instantly worried; what did Lee see? Patch is pissed.

PATCH
That's why you wanted me to take you there? You used me?

LEE
I can explain.

DAPHNE
I am so loving this right now.

PATSY
Daniel wasn't murdered. He killed himself.

AUDREY
Apparently Lee's the only one in the world who doesn't believe that.

LEE
My Dad doesn't either. He said there was foul play--

ALEX
He said they're not *ruling out* foul play. That's different.

Alex looks at Lee, sad for what's happening.

AUDREY
Where does it stop, huh? You keep looking into our lives until you find out everything? Destroy all of us? All because you can't handle the fact that Daniel died on your watch. If someone killed him, who's to say it wasn't *you*?

LEE
(hard)
You know it wasn't me.

AUDREY
I don't know anything about you anymore. And you know what? I'm not sure I want to.
(looks to group)
I'm leaving. Who's coming with?

PATCH
I am.

PATSY
(looking at Alex)
Me too.

JJ
Right behind you.

LEE
Guys, wait, please.

Everyone gathers their things and leaves. Daphne's the last one left. She hands the hat with the secret back to Lee.

DAPHNE
Great party.

And they're gone. Lee turns to Alex, upset, looking for support. Instead she sees on his face quite the opposite.

LEE
Alex...

ALEX
(shakes his head)
You know something? I've always felt like I could never compete with Daniel. That he was your one great love, and I was just the runner-up. But I never thought you felt that too.

LEE
I don't...

He turns and grabs his coat.

ALEX
I need some air.

LEE
Alex, please wait--

He doesn't answer. Just leaves. And with that, Lee's alone. Her cell rings. She looks down, answers.

LEE (CONT'D)
Hey Dad. Now's not a great time.

MICHAEL
I won't keep you. I just thought you'd want to know the Coroner's report is in. Daniel's death was a suicide, plain and simple. We thought it wasn't because some of his bones had bruising, but that was just from the force of the rocks in his pockets when he hit the water. We're closing the case. Everything okay there? Anything I can help with?

Lee's face falls. This was the last thing she wanted to hear. Which is when Grace enters, holding a box of dessert, peppy:

GRACE
Sorry I'm late. What did I miss?

As she sees Lee's face, and the empty apartment...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BUSHWICK HOLE-IN-THE-WALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grace and Lee sit at the kitchen table, picking at the pastries Grace brought.

LEE
Oh god, what a mess, huh?

GRACE
It makes sense. You wanted there to be a reason. You thought you could find one.

LEE
And now none of them will never talk to me again because of it.

Grace looks at Lee with kindness. Levels with her.

GRACE
After my brother died, I worried that you might not fall in love again. When you told me about Alex, I was so happy. I thought: finally, she's moving on. And when I heard you were coming here, I was even happier. Not only would you be closer to me, but you'd be with your group.

LEE
The group you hate.

GRACE
They're not my favorite people, it's true. But I *do* know that whenever I came to visit you and Daniel, I saw how much they cared about you. They let you into their world as if you'd always been there. They're not letting you go now, trust me.

LEE
(feels better)
I should go apologize, shouldn't I.

GRACE
And maybe bring some of these? But not the orange one, that's mine.

As she takes it, and Lee smiles, we CUT TO:

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Lee putting Grace into a cab.

GRACE
You sure you don't want this one?

LEE
It's okay, I'll get the next.

GRACE
Good luck.

She closes the door and the cab moves off. Lee looks around for another. Of course there isn't any. She looks down the street to the Subway, then heads off.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Lee stands, waiting for the train. The platform is empty; she seems to be the only person. She takes out her phone, and starts a group text: I owe you all a big-- when she sees the train coming towards the station. She moves a little towards the edge of the platform.

Suddenly, A FIGURE RUSHES HER and PUSHES HER over onto the tracks! Lee lands hard, looks up to see the Figure fleeing, and the train coming fast. She tries to get up, but as the train sounds it's horn and tries to brake she can see it's no use. She's certain to be crushed.

She looks around fast for any way out and rolls underneath the platform overhang just as the train comes in and slows to a stop. She's safe. She can't catch her breath. She looks at her crushed phone on the track in front of her; that could have been her. CUT TO:

EXT. BUSHWICK HOLE-IN-THE-WALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Two SUBWAY COPS have driven Lee home. As they get out:

COP
We'll be in touch if the security cameras turn up anything.
(Lee nods)
You're a lucky girl, you know that? Someone must be watching out for you.

LEE
Thanks.

Lee enters the apartment, in a daze.

INT. BUSHWICK HOLE-IN-THE-WALL APARTMENT- NIGHT

Lee enters the apartment. The second she's inside, she leans against the door, tears coming. She calls out, still rattled:

LEE
Alex? Alex, are you here? Someone just tried to--

That's when she sees, on the kitchen table, a note. A note that was not there previously. She crosses to it, picks it up. It's a suicide note. In her own handwriting. It reads: *Audrey was right. I killed Daniel. I'm so sorry. I can't go on living with the truth. Please forgive me.* And it's signed: **Lee**. Her eyes go wide. Suddenly, Lee hears a noise in the apartment. Jumps.

LEE (CONT'D)
Who is it? Who's here?

It's Alex, coming in. She relaxes when she sees him.

ALEX
Just me. You look terrible. What happened?

LEE
Someone tried to--
(has a thought)
Where were you?

ALEX
I took a walk. Why?

Lee looks at him, then at the letter. She hides it.

LEE
You just -- scared me, is all.

ALEX
I'm sorry. And I'm sorry about what I said before, too. I didn't mean it.

LEE
I'm sorry too. My Dad called. Daniel did kill himself. It's over.

Alex knows that must be hard for her to hear. He reaches out and hugs her, tight.

ALEX
Whatever you need, I'm here for you. Why don't you come to bed? You'll feel better in the morning.

LEE
Yeah. In a second.

As Alex moves off, Lee watches after him, then looks down at the suicide note in her hand.

LEE (V.O.)
Everyone has a group. A clique. A social circle.

INT. AUDREY AND NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Audrey and Nick undress around each other, getting ready for bed. It's wordless, routine. After a moment, Nick heads off to the bathroom.

LEE (V.O.)
You get together every day, every week, every month, every year. You're always in touch. You're always connected.

INT. AUDREY AND NICK'S MASTER BATH - NIGHT

Nick enters, closes the door. Sits down on the edge of the bathtub. Stares at his reflection in the mirror. Lost.

INT. AUDREY AND NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Audrey looks at the closed bathroom door, then takes out her phone. Texts someone: <u>We're good; JJ won't talk</u>.

LEE (V.O.)
But how well do we *truly* know each other? Behind the status updates, Instagrammed smiles, texts, Tweets. Do we know each other at all?

INT. PATCH'S LOFT - NIGHT

Patch sits against his wall of windows, looking out. His phone dings. He doesn't look at it.

LEE (V.O.)
Or do we not want to. Because if we did, we'd have to face how lonely we are. How lost.

INT. CHELSEA HOUSE - NIGHT

JJ sits at the bar as the scene bustles around him. The Bartender approaches:

BARTENDER
Seltzer with lime?

JJ
Gin and tonic. Extra gin. Thanks.

As we can see this means something more than we know....

LEE (V.O.)
Or tell the truth of where we were last night. Who we lied to. Who we tried to kill.

INT. DAPHNE'S ATELIER - NIGHT

Daphne sits in the dark, crying. As we CLOSE IN ON HER, we see: she's crying. What's she crying for?

LEE (V.O.)
But if we were to tell that truth? If we were to open up and finally reveal ourselves to each other...

INT. PATSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where she sits with her computer, on Facebook. Types in "**Alex Moore.**" Clicks on his page, and starts to look through it, searching for something. Reads his status updates. His friends' comments. His pictures. But they all stop at a certain point. She clicks "**More Stories**" and all that comes up is "**Joined in 2012.**" Only two years ago.

LEE (V.O.)
What happens then? Who would we become?

INT. BED-STUY HOLE-IN-THE-WALL APARTMENT- NIGHT

Alex is asleep in bed, but Lee's not there. She's in the living room, sitting in front of printed-out photos of everyone from the Chelsea House party lined them up on the floor. People we didn't meet, but also Patsy, Daphne, Grace, Patch, Nick, JJ, Audrey... and herself. She dumps the secrets out in front of her. Looks at "*I was in rehab.*" "*I'm having an affair with a married person...*". She then looks at the suicide note. Stares at it.

LEE (V.O.)
I had a group. A clique. A social circle. The friends I made in college, the ones I trusted were my friends for life.

She picks up "*8 years ago in college I killed someone*." Looks at the pictures of her friends. Who could it be??

LEE (V.O.)
I was wrong.

As she looks, and looks, and looks, she knows what she has to do.

END OF PILOT