

CANARY

"Pilot"

Written by

Linda Ge

Draft date: 11/13/2018

United Talent Agency
310-273-6700

Writ Large: Bash Naran / Matt Dartnell
323-553-4300

TEASER

A black screen.

KYLE (O.S.)
I can't let you do this.

FADE TO:

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Misty, dreamy atmosphere, straight out of a YA novel. The stars twinkling above, San Francisco alight with the Golden Gate bridge gleaming in the foreground, fog slowly closing in.

Two teenagers - KYLE WANG (18) and GRACE CHEN (18) - sit cross-legged, facing each other in the bed of a beat up truck.

She reaches over to take his hand, smiling serenely, trying to ease some of the guilt on his face.

GRACE
Since when do you let me do anything?

KYLE
I'm serious, Grace. You're talking about messing up your life...

GRACE
Some life. What exactly am I losing out on? Is this gonna be keeping me from waitressing at the restaurant, serving Mrs. Lee and her Mah Jong club and explaining why I'm still there when our high school friends come home for break?

Kyle looks away, frustrated and helpless.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Hey. You're going to be amazing, you know that? Harvard, Kyle. You worked so hard for this --

KYLE
You worked hard too, your grades were better than mine, you should be the one...

GRACE

Come on, loser. I was never meant for the Ivy Leagues. Can't afford it, remember?

KYLE

That doesn't mean you should throw away everything. For me.
(feebly)
Maybe we should tell our parents...
They'll know what to do.

As we move in closer on his face, reveal the glassy eyes, the unkempt hair, the way he's trying to hold himself together. He's drunk. Or was.

GRACE

(snapping)
We can't tell anyone. Come on, don't be stupid.

She sighs, getting impatient. Before she starts in again - SIRENS. Very distant, but Grace hones in on it right away. She looks back to Kyle, softening again. Takes his hand.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Come on. We gotta go.

As the scene starts to get lit up in blue and red and the sirens get louder --

KYLE

(trying one last time)
Grace, no -

She doesn't let him finish, just reaches into his hoodie pocket and yanks out a set of keys.

Grace jumps out of the truck bed, pocketing the keys into her own hoodie as Kyle watches her, anguished but helpless.

Red and blue lights intensify as a police car pulls up, and a POLICE OFFICER kills the sirens and gets out, approaching the two teens.

He looks around at the scene as we pan out and finally see the damage: The beat up truck is T-Boned into a parked car at the edge of a grassy knoll overlook.

The officer gets out his pad to start taking notes.

POLICE OFFICER
Okay, kids. So who was driving
tonight?

Off Kyle and Grace staring back at him, uncertain...

FADE TO WHITE.

Superimpose: SEVEN YEARS LATER

FADE TO:

INT. TIFFANY & CO STOREFRONT - DAY

Slowly pan up and over a large display of DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RINGS to reveal a now 25-YEAR-OLD KYLE, smartly dressed in a designer suit, peering over the selection.

He's on the phone.

KYLE
Sullivan spiked in the college
towns two days ago. We need to get
her in front of new voters.
(beat)
Okay, get back to me with new
numbers as soon as you can. Thanks,
Luke.

He hangs up, sighing. Stressed. But loving it.

A smiling SALESPERSON is waiting for him.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

SALESPERSON
Not at all, Mr. Wang. Your job must
keep you busy, with the election
coming up and all.

Kyle smiles but doesn't reply. The salesperson gets back on topic, presenting Kyle with a black velvet box.

SALESPERSON (CONT'D)
Here's your ring. I must say, you
made a fine choice. One of our most
special rings, for your special
someone.

Kyle cringes at the cheesiness of the line, reaching to take the box from her.

As he looks up, he's distracted by an ornate cross swinging from the salesperson's neck and we MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A very similar cross, swinging gently from a car's rearview mirror. Blue and red lights are flashing in the background through a severely cracked windshield.

RACK TO blurry figures beyond the windshield to reveal it's Grace, in HANDCUFFS, as the police officer, now with several backup officers in tow, loiter around the scene, examining the site of the accident.

KYLE

Wait. No, stop. This is a mistake --

He tries to approach Grace, now being led to the back of the police car, but officers restrain him, pulling him back.

GRACE

Kyle, it's okay. Look at me. It's okay.

KYLE

No --

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

INT. TIFFANY & CO - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

He's startled out of his reminiscing by his phone ringing - yet again.

With another apologetic look at the salesperson, he turns his back and answers it.

KYLE

Hey, Lizzie, what's up?

Kyle shakes off the memories and brightens at whatever's said on the other end of the line.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, of course, put her through.

(pause)

Hey, ma... What? Slow down...

(growing horror)

I'll be there as soon as I can.

EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

Grace, now 25, walks tentatively through the gate to the outside world. An older version of her is waiting by a car.

Grace's mother, CHRISTINE CHEN, looks older than her 50 years, thanks to years of hard work and hard grief.

Her mother bursts into tears at the sight of her.

Christine rushes to her daughter, hugging her tightly.

Over her mother's shoulder, Grace flinches, then slowly relaxes into the hug.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. WANG RESIDENCE - DAY**

AMELIA WANG (50s, elegant, authoritative) directs an entourage of employees as she marches through the grand foyer.

BARBARA (a nurse), GASTON (a chef) and CLAUDIA (a maid) try to keep up.

AMELIA

Make sure he gets three full meals, even if he tries to get out of it. I think we can ease up on the morning pills. Claudia, Kyle's left some sheets that need to be changed out in his room --

As they turn to make their way up the stairs, the sound of the front door opening.

KYLE

Mom?

Amelia practically BEAMS at the sight of her son, dismissing the trio, who scatter with relieved, nervous looks on their faces.

AMELIA

You're back!

Kyle walks over to kiss his mother on the cheek.

KYLE

How's dad?

Amelia sighs, turning to lead him upstairs to see his father.

AMELIA

I told him to take it easy, but does the old bat ever listen to me? No, he has to go and have a heart attack first. You know what he said to me today? Now he'll consider retiring.

INT. WANG RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHARLES WANG (late 50s, feeble) is propped up by a mountain of pillows on an impressive California King bed.

An older version of Kyle sits by his bedside. This is TYLER WANG (30), his older brother. The brawn to Kyle's brains.

Both men light up at the sight of Kyle as Amelia escorts him in. Tyler gets up to greet him.

TYLER

Hey!

They hug.

KYLE

Hey, Tyler. Dad.

Mandarin dialogue in this scene will be in italics.

Kyle walks over to the bed and leans down to carefully embrace his father.

KYLE (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

CHARLES

It's going to take a lot more than a heart attack to take me out.

AMELIA

Charles, I told you. If anything's going to kill you, it's going to be me.

Charles smiles happily.

CHARLES

See? How could I leave all this behind?

(to Kyle)

It's good you're back. Your brother should get you up to speed --

KYLE

(reluctant)

Aw, come on, we don't have to talk about that right now. Besides, I still have a bunch of work to do. We're chasing Sullivan in the polls in some contested districts --

Charles waves him off.

CHARLES

My son, big time political consultant. We're very proud of you, Kyle. But you know the plan.

Kyle, deflecting, glances at Tyler.

KYLE
You sticking around?

Tyler nods, then turns to his father determinedly.

TYLER
I'm ready for this. Dad, I won't
let you down.

CHARLES
I'm not worried. With Kyle on board
and you two working hand in hand --

Tyler visibly deflates at this. His parents don't seem to notice, but Kyle definitely does.

KYLE
Actually, there's something I
wanted to talk to you guys about.

He has everyone's attention.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I think I'm going to propose to
Emily.

He pulls out the black box and opens it up. They gasp.

AMELIA
Oh honey, that's wonderful!

She takes the box from him, examining it closely, delighted.

KYLE
(pushing forward)
And I think it's best if I relocate
to New York full time.

Stunned silence.

AMELIA
What? Kyle, no. What happened to
moving here, together?

CHARLES
We had a plan, son. You and Tyler,
taking over the family business.
Together. Family.

KYLE
Tyler's more than capable of taking
it on himself. You heard him, dad.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

He's ready. You've been preparing him for this moment his whole life.

TYLER

*(seizing the opportunity)
He's right, dad. I can do this. I won't let you down.*

Charles shakes his head, still a bit too stunned to argue.

KYLE

Emily deserves my undivided attention. And my job, it's getting busier, they're giving me more responsibility and... I love it. I really do, and I want to do this, on my own.

After another long pause...

CHARLES

Let's discuss later... I'm just glad to have my boys home with me. Family. It's all about family.

But the nervous, awkward energy in the room persists...

INT. WANG RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - A BIT LATER

Kyle and Tyler exit their parents' room, closing the door behind them.

Tyler slaps his younger brother on the back.

TYLER

Did you hear about Grace?

Off Kyle's confused face...

INT. GRACE'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Slowly, we pan across what is clearly a teenage girl's room.

The teenage Grace had track trophies, science fair ribbons. A fair number of photos plastered across walls and bulletin boards have Kyle in them, Grace with her parents, Christine and a beaming DAVID, in others.

Finally, we see her.

Grace is lying in her old twin bed, looking slightly too big for it now. Clearly wide awake.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

An alarm goes off, and we follow Grace's gaze to her bedside table, where an iPhone is letting her know incessantly that it's 9:00 am.

She sighs and sits up, silencing it. She sits for a moment, then gets up and pads out the door.

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Christine is moving tables around, turning over chairs as she prepares the restaurant for the lunchtime open.

A JINGLE catches her attention and she GASPS as Kyle walks through the front door.

CHRISTINE

Kyle!

He grins, big and easy, makes his way over to give her a hug.

KYLE

Hey, Mrs. Chen.

Christine squeezes him back for a second and then lets him go.

CHRISTINE

I didn't know you were in town.
Look at how grown up you are.

KYLE

Aw, it hasn't been that long has it?

He rubs his hair, self-consciously, then sobers a bit.

KYLE (CONT'D)

It's my dad. He had a heart attack.
(at her alarmed
expression)
He's fine. On bed rest and hating
it, of course, but mom's taking
care of him and Tyler's here.

Christine sighs, relieved.

CHRISTINE

Thank goodness. It's good of you to
come home to see him.

KYLE
Yeah, well...
(a beat)
How's Grace?

Christine stiffens a bit, not surprised by this turn of conversation, but...

CHRISTINE
She's doing good, Kyle.

KYLE
Is she... Is there any update? Any news?

Christine's eyes peer sideways and we pan to the back of the restaurant, where a staircase leads up to the residence above the storefront.

Reveal GRACE is hiding behind the wall, listening to the whole conversation.

Kyle is still looking at Christine, expectantly.

CHRISTINE
No, honey. I'm sorry.

His eyes narrow. Doesn't buy it. But lets it go.

KYLE
I just wish there was something I could do.

CHRISTINE
She knows you're thinking of her. I promise.

Kyle digs a business card out of his jacket pocket and grabs a pen from a nearby table.

He starts scribbling a messy note on the back.

KYLE
Will you give her this? It has my new office number, my cell... Just in case she changes her mind.

CHRISTINE
Of course, Kyle.

Kyle hands her the card, then hugs her again.

Over her shoulder, Kyle clocks a jacket casually slung over the back of a chair.

He pulls back, turns to go.

KYLE

Thank you. I have to run, but it's great to see you, Mrs. Chen. Come by the house some time, okay? Mom would love to see you.

Christine nods at him, waving him on his way.

Behind the curtain, Grace lets out a sigh of relief.

INT. GRACE'S ROOM - LATER

Christine knocks softly on the slightly ajar door and walks cautiously into her daughter's room.

CHRISTINE

Are you okay?

Grace is curled up under her covers, facing the wall.

Christine sits down and gently pats her on the back.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

He's gone.

The lump on the bed gives the motion of nodding.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

You're going to have to see him eventually, you know.

GRACE

I know. I'm just not ready yet.

CHRISTINE

He's probably only going to be in town for a couple more days --

Grace jumps up, aggravated.

GRACE

(snapping)

God, I know, okay? Just let me do this.

Christine presses her lips into a tight line.

Grace backs down, immediately guilty.

A long tense silence, and then --

CHRISTINE

You know we didn't mean to keep your room like this for so long. We just didn't want to throw anything away, just in case you wanted to keep any of it.

Grace smiles wistfully, looking around.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

We should go shopping. You can redecorate.

GRACE

It's fine, mom. This is great for now. It feels like I'm home.

She picks up a well-loved bear, hugging it close. A long pause.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It's just weird being here... without dad.

Christine turns to her daughter, pets her hair. This time, she notices the flinch.

She pets Grace's hair again, gentler this time.

CHRISTINE

(murmuring)
We'll be okay.

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - LATER

It's almost lunchtime by the time Grace makes it downstairs.

The restaurant isn't open yet, but employees are milling about, in final preparations.

Christine pauses in her work to smile indulgently at her daughter.

SABRINA MANNING (17, all youthful exuberance) is behind the hostess stand. She does a double take when she sees Grace.

SABRINA

Oh my god, Grace!

Grace barely has time to react before the teenager has wrapped her in an excited hug.

Against all odds, she laughs, the enthusiasm infectious. She hugs the girl back.

GRACE

Brini?

Sabrina pulls back, makes a face.

SABRINA

Oh my god. Sabrina, please. No one's called me that since I was eight. Gracie.

Grace rolls her eyes, still grinning.

GRACE

Look how big you got!

Sabrina takes a bow.

SABRINA

Puberty. Thank god for puberty. How was prison?

RICHIE (O.S.)

Sabrina, Jesus!

Grace turns to find another teenager, RICHIE GONZALEZ (17, all youthful angst), wearing a waiter's uniform and an unimpressed expression on his face as he glares at his co-worker.

SABRINA

Speaking of cruel reminders that puberty isn't kind to everyone... Grace, you remember Richie?

Richie continues to glare.

RICHIE

(hissing)

She's only been back a few days. Give her some breathing room, god, were you raised by wolves?

SABRINA

(hissing back)

I'm trying to make her feel welcome and I'm interested in her life, excuse me for caring too much.

Grace and Christine watch them, amused.

CHRISTINE

Why don't we save the questions for later? We have to open soon. Grace, you don't mind helping with the windows, do you?

Grace smiles at her mother, grateful.

GRACE

No. Absolutely. I'll catch up with you guys later, promise.

She shakes her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

God, I can't believe you're old enough to work here. I remember watching you two race around the block after school.

SABRINA

(before Richie can interject)

And I always beat him, and still can. Anyway -- I remember being so jealous when Kyle came by with his first car and picked you up everyday -- have you seen him yet?

RICHIE

Sabrina, shut up.

Ignoring him, Sabrina looks at Grace expectantly for an answer.

GRACE

(uncomfortable)

Nope. Uh, I'm just gonna -- I'll see you guys later.

She quickly grabs a bucket and a towel and heads out the front door.

PIVOT back to Richie and Sabrina, now standing side by side watching her go.

SABRINA

(musing)

Prison. For seven years.

RICHIE

You didn't have to be so aggressive.

SABRINA

Lighten up, loser. She didn't get her panties in a bunch nearly as much as you did.

Richie goes back to setting out silverware and napkins on various tables, Sabrina returning to her hostess stand.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

You think she'd let me interview her, for my podcast?

RICHIE

I doubt it. Who wants to talk about that stuff?

SABRINA

Uh, lots of people. Besides, don't you want to know what really happened?

Richie shoots her a wary look.

RICHIE

Sabrina.

SABRINA

What?

RICHIE

You know what. Don't go all Nightcrawler on Grace. She's had a rough life, she doesn't need you meddling.

Sabrina flips her hair, dismissive.

SABRINA

I'm not. God.

The teenagers return to their respective tasks, now pointedly ignoring each other.

EXT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - STREET ENTRANCE - DAY

On the bustling sidewalk, Grace is working on the windows, dragging the soapy wet towel all over one pane.

Around her, ELDERLY MEN AND WOMEN are crowded around plastic tables, gossiping, playing cards.

A bored TEENAGER minding a magazine stand scrolls through her phone with one hand and distractedly pets a mangy stray cat with the other.

Other storefronts are being prepped for openings, WORKERS bustling about.

Back to Grace. A PING as she receives a text message.

She wipes her hands dry and reaches into her hoodie pocket, pulling out an old, clearly outdated FLIP PHONE.

REVERSE to reveal the screen.

ROMAN is written across the top.

ROMAN: Have you seen them yet?

Grace sighs. She types out a reply.

GRACE: No.

ROMAN: Grace.

GRACE: I will. Soon.

GRACE: I just need a little more time.

KYLE (O.S.)

Grace.

Grace looks up, startled, her eyes widening at the sight of him.

Kyle is standing on the sidewalk about twenty feet away, looking at her expectantly.

Bewildered, he watches as she DARTS OFF, as if in fright.

Kyle pauses, then shakes himself out of disbelief and chases after her.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Grace, wait!

She glances over her shoulder and seems to redouble her effort to escape.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I know you've been avoiding me!

She HALTS.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I know you've been back.

She turns slowly back to face him. A long pause, and then...

KYLE (CONT'D)
You're still wearing that jacket I
got you.

Indeed, Grace is now wearing the same jacket Kyle saw in the restaurant earlier.

GRACE
It's my favorite.

Kyle and Grace take a moment to look at each other, for the first time in a long time, studying, categorizing the changes. Both are unsure what to do next.

He moves first.

Rushing forward, she's in his arms in an instant.

Grace flinches, but finally puts her arms around him, slowly giving in to contentment as she buries her face against his shoulder.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(quietly, muffled)
Hey. It's good to see you.

He cradles her head, not ready to let her go.

KYLE
I can't believe you're here.

They pull back and look at each other.

GRACE
(awkwardly)
Yeah, um. Early parole. I was surprised too...

JUDGE (PRE-LAP)
This is outrageous.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Grace stands in handcuffs next to her LAWYER in the defendants' box, as Kyle sits between his parents in the back of the audience, staring intently at her.

A JUDGE is explaining her sentence.

JUDGE

I appreciate counsel's attempt to downplay your client's culpability, but the fact of the matter is this egregious loss of life was the direct result of Ms. Chen's own choices. She chose to drink while underage. She chose to get behind the wheel under the influence. It doesn't matter one bit that she didn't realize Mr. Parker was inside his vehicle at the time of the crash. She could very well have hit another driver, a pedestrian. This wasn't some reckless mistake. You are being sentenced to the maximum penalty allowed for vehicular manslaughter. Twenty years. Let this be a lesson to all selfish young people who don't think they have to care about anyone else while making their way through life.

He POUNDS the gavel, making everyone flinch.

Grace's eyes close as her lawyer immediately leans over and begins whispering in her ear. She nods imperceptibly as guards walk over to lead her away.

Turning her head back, she locks eyes with Kyle, who is on his feet in desperation, as he if he's going to run to her.

His parents grab him and forcibly yank him back.

Kyle and Grace stare tearfully at each other from afar as she's led out of the courtroom.

EXT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - STREET - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

They shuffle back away from each other, Kyle awkwardly scratching at the back of his neck.

KYLE

When did you get home?

She hesitates.

GRACE

About a week ago.

KYLE

You've been back for a week?

The "Why didn't you tell me?" goes unspoken. "Why did you run?"

GRACE

(rambling)

Yeah, I've just been getting adjusted back home. I was definitely going to call you, but I mean, you're busy too, right? I didn't want to just blurt it out, you know? Like, hey --

KYLE

(muttering, disbelieving)

I haven't seen you in five years.

She bristles.

GRACE

Yeah, well, it's not like you didn't know where I was.

The immediate guilt on his face is enough to make her retreat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean it like that. I just meant... it's been a lot, okay? Being back home. I've just been spending a lot of time with my mom. I was going to call you, I promise. And just now... I panicked.

(a beat)

I'm sorry.

KYLE

God, Grace, don't apologize.

There's another long awkward silence.

GRACE

How's your dad?

KYLE

How do you already --

GRACE

That's why you're in town right?

Kyle pauses.

KYLE

You've been keeping tabs on me?

Grace tenses - uh oh - but Kyle breaks out in a smile. He's just teasing.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What are you doing right now? You want to come by the house? My mom would kill me if she knew I didn't bring you by immediately.

Grace smiles.

GRACE

Um, yeah. That would be great. Let me just tell my mom.

As we watch them maneuver all the window cleaning equipment back inside, PIVOT around to reveal someone else is also watching them.

SAMANTHA PARKER (35) looking angrier than anyone has ever looked, is so tense she squeezes the coffee right out of the cup clenched in her hand as she stares after them.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

As Grace is led out, pan around to reveal a 28-year-old Samantha, different haircut, the grief still fresh. Her eyes closed, tears leaking out. She wipes at her face discreetly.

The PROSECUTOR turns around, leaning down to touch her shoulder.

PROSECUTOR

(gently)

This is the best outcome we could have hoped for, Mrs. Parker. Your husband's killer is going to be behind bars for a very long time.

Samantha nods shakily, trying to pull herself together. Her hands rub over her swollen belly protectively.

EXT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - STREET - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Off Samantha's withering glare as Kyle and Grace walk away...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. WANG RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON**

Amelia has Grace locked in a tight hug and is swaying her back and forth, not noticing how tense Grace is.

GRACE
(forced smile)
Good to see you too, Mrs. Wang.

Amelia pulls back, framing Grace's face with her hands.

AMELIA
Look at how grown up you are, how beautiful.

Kyle stands back, grinning at the scene.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You and your mother have to come to dinner. How's tomorrow night?

GRACE
Oh no, please, that really isn't necessary. With Mr. Wang's health and all --

AMELIA
Nonsense. You're part of this family, Grace. We'll make him his healthy stuff, he'll love it. We - we owe so much to you.

Grace hesitates, slanting her eyes at Kyle. *Does she know...?*

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Kyle wouldn't be the man he is today if you didn't bully him into actually studying for the SATs and applying to Harvard.

Grace is noticeably relieved. She plays along, makes a gesture of showing Kyle off.

GRACE
(joking)
Yeah, it's about time someone appreciated my handiwork.

Kyle rolls his eyes good-naturedly.

KYLE

I'm so glad the two of you can get
back to ganging up on me.

His phone buzzes in his hand. He makes an "excuse me" gesture
and turns away to answer it.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey you.

Grace reacts to his tone as he walks away, still murmuring,
but Amelia leads her in the other direction.

AMELIA

We have to spend some time together
soon, just you and me.

GRACE

That'd be great, Mrs. Wang.

AMELIA

I can't even imagine what you must
have gone through all these years.
You poor child. All because of one
mistake...

Grace is getting uncomfortable.

GRACE

Yeah, well...

Thankfully, Kyle's back.

KYLE

Hey, uh... Emily just got here.

AMELIA

Fabulous!

Kyle looks over at Grace almost apologetically.

KYLE

My girlfriend.

Grace's mouth drops open in surprise.

AMELIA

She's a little more than that,
Kyle. Have you shown Grace the
ring?

Grace's expression starts to turn from surprise to hurt.

GRACE
You're engaged?

KYLE
(forcefully)
No.

Amelia glances between the two of them.

The doorbell rings, breaking up the tense moment.

KYLE (CONT'D)
That's her now.
(to Grace)
I told her she didn't have to come,
but she wanted to check on Dad. You
up for meeting her?

Still a bit caught off guard, Grace forces a smile.

GRACE
Yeah, of course.

AMELIA
I'll go get her.

She turns and leaves the room before either of them can react.

KYLE
She started at the firm about a
year ago. It happened kinda fast,
but... I think you guys will really
like each other.

Grace nods, not so sure about that.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'm not engaged.
(then)
You've been gone a long time --

GRACE
You don't have to explain --

Heels clacking on the floor announces the return of Amelia, who's arm-in-arm with EMILY SPENCER (25, gorgeous, blonde, the kind of woman who travels in heels but looks comfortable doing it), toting designer luggage, because of course.

Grace has never felt less adequate.

EMILY
Babe!

She drops her things and rushes into Kyle's arms. He holds her tight and gives her a kiss.

KYLE

Hey. I've missed you. Thank you for coming.

EMILY

Of course.

They break apart.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I brought a book of low cholesterol recipes for Gaston to make Charles. How's he doing, really?

AMELIA

Oh, he's fine, he's fine. Such a thoughtful girl.

Kyle gestures for Grace to come closer.

KYLE

Hey Em, this is Grace. Grace, Emily Spencer.

EMILY

The Grace?

Emily is definitely a hugger. As Grace gathers her bearings and spits some of Emily's hair out of her mouth --

EMILY (CONT'D)

(without letting her go)
I've heard so much about you.

Grace glares at Kyle behind Emily's back.

GRACE

Oh yeah?

EMILY

Yeah. Kyle wouldn't shut up about you. I think it's amazing when childhood friends are able to keep in touch after high school.

Ah. So he didn't tell her everything. Grace nods, saying nothing further.

AMELIA

Emily, you're here just in time.
Grace just got home a few days ago
and we're going to throw her a
small welcome home dinner party.
You've got to help me plan the
courses.

EMILY

Fabulous!

Kyle and Grace glance at each other.

GRACE

(mouthing the word)
Party?

KYLE

Uh, mom, I don't know if Grace
wants a big party --

AMELIA

Nonsense! It will be fun. Just a
small, intimate gathering of close
friends. Promise.

INT. WANG RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It is not a small, intimate gathering of close friends.

There are people everywhere, but luckily, most of them ignore
Grace, seemingly having no idea who she is.

She stands by herself, watching her mother and Amelia Wang
laugh over something together, then shifting her gaze over to
where Kyle is holding Emily close.

As we register her expression turning slightly sad --

An arm drops over her shoulder.

She looks up to see Tyler casually leaning on her, making her
smile.

TYLER

Now, I know you're old enough to
not need me to slip you booze
anymore, but...

He presents her with a champagne flute. She takes it and
gives him a squeeze back.

GRACE
Never too old to need a big
brother.

TYLER
Welcome back, kid.
(then)
So. You hate this, huh?

GRACE
It's not really my scene, but your
mom's happy. Look at her.

TYLER
Ah, Grace Chen, ever the altruist.

Grace notices something in his tone, but lets it go.

GRACE
How are you?

TYLER
Me? I'm great. The old man's
finally loosening the reigns a
little and I've got big ideas for
the future of this place.

GRACE
Oh yeah? Like what?

TYLER
Oh, just you wait.

GRACE
Watch out, world.

TYLER
That's right.

Grace smiles, her eyes shifting over to Kyle and Emily.

GRACE
What about your brother?

TYLER
(following her gaze)
Kyle's got his own thing going on.
(then)
You meet Emily?

Grace nods.

GRACE
They seem really happy together.

TYLER

Yeah, well, Kyle's always been good
at putting on a happy face.
(ignoring her confused
look)
If you ask me, I don't think it'll
last.

Grace eyes him, suspicious.

GRACE

Why do you say that?

TYLER

(casual)
Hard to commit when you've been in
love with someone else your entire
life.

Before she can respond, he's off, leaving her with quite the
bombshell to digest.

INT. SABRINA'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Sabrina is adjusting something on her laptop as she sits
alone at a table in the middle of her bedroom, a microphone
and headphones on either side.

Satisfied with the settings, she puts on one of the
headphones and hits record.

SABRINA

Hey San Francisco, it's your girl
Sabrina. Welcome back to another
episode of Golden Gate After Dark.
This week we're tackling a
scandalous unsolved murder from the
1960s.

(a beat)

And I'm flying solo again tonight,
so I need all of you to tweet me
your responses to the topic at hand

--

A scurry at her bedroom window catches her attention, as
RICHIE comes popping through.

They look at each other for a beat, then he rolls his eyes,
exasperatedly but fondly, and sits down behind the empty mic,
putting the second pair of headphones on his own head.

Sabrina doesn't even realize she's smiling at him gratefully.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
 Hold that thought, my lovely
 listeners, it looks like we have a
 late-breaking addition. Our friend
 Richie Gonzalez has graced us with
 his presence. Hi Richie.

RICHIE
 (into his mic)
 Hi Sabrina. Hey everyone.

SABRINA
 So Richie, have you heard the story
 of Stacey Beach?

RICHIE
 No, I haven't, Sabrina. Care to
 enlighten me?

SABRINA
 (smiling at him)
 Well, it's an absolutely
 fascinating story. She disappeared
 in bright sunlight, somewhere
 between her school and home. I went
 and retraced her steps yesterday,
 and I have a couple of theories...

Pan out as the two teenagers get into it, heads bent close
 together in serious discussion, obviously not the first time
 they've done this...

INT. WANG RESIDENCE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The party is becoming overcrowded and Grace is clearly
 getting a little claustrophobic.

She slips through the crowd and out a barely discernible door
 hidden behind some tall plants.

EXT. WANG RESIDENCE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Ahh, sweet relief. Grace breathes in the cool night air.

PING.

She sighs, checking that old flip phone.

ROMAN: You're at the house right now? Any updates?

She goes to reply, but the balcony door opening again and she quickly pockets the phone as Kyle slides out into the space next to her.

KYLE

You know, my mom should thank you. Without you, she never would have had an excuse to get all these society people here to compliment the redecoration job she did in the foyer.

Grace smiles at him, grateful.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You want to get out of here?

GRACE

(instinctive)

God, yes.

(then, hesitating)

Won't Emily mind?

Kyle smiles at her reassuringly.

KYLE

No. I'll text her and let her know. She's cool hanging out here with mom and Tyler for a while.

GRACE

(awkwardly)

Right. It's good that they're... close.

A commotion from inside the house draws their attention.

INT. WANG RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler is confronting MR. LEE, an elderly Chinese man, clutching a manila envelope in his hand.

The crowd is trying to be polite and not stare, but it's getting hard to ignore.

MR. LEE

(in Chinese)

Look, I have the document right here --

Tyler is getting incensed, refusing to engage in Chinese.

TYLER

My father gave you a deadline and
you show up here, uninvited, two
weeks late --

Someone claps him on the shoulder and he turns to see Kyle,
calm with a friendly smile on his face --

KYLE

Mr. Lee! It's been forever!

The tension dissipates a bit as Mr. Lee greets Kyle with a
sense of relief.

MR. LEE

(in Chinese)

*Ah, Kyle. You're back in town. I
was just telling your brother that
I have the --*

KYLE

(cutting him off)

This is great. It's so good to see
you. Why don't we go talk in the
office? I'm sure we can work this
out.

He gestures to the rest of the party.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, this party was so
last-minute, of course you were
invited -- Come on, let's go talk
where it's more quiet.

He starts to lead Mr. Lee away as the rest of the party
guests take the hint and get back to their conversations.

Kyle and Mr. Lee brush by a seething Tyler.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Tyler, do you mind sorting this out
with Mr. Lee? I told Grace we could
go get some fresh air.

Tyler is still pissed, but at a glaring, stiff nod from
Amelia, who is standing nearby, he takes a deep breath and
acquiesces.

Kyle passes off Mr. Lee to Tyler and heads back to Grace, who
is staring at the spectacle.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You ready?

GRACE
Is everything okay?

KYLE
Yeah, of course. Just some
business. Dad's out of commission
for a little bit, so, you know...

Grace nods, unsure, but...

Kyle takes her hand and leads her out.

From her POV, we see Tyler escort Mr. Lee through a set of
doors, then angle his head for a couple of SECURITY GUARDS to
follow them.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. KYLE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Kyle and Grace are driving along in his fancy Jaguar, the lights of Chinatown a blur around them. She looks around at the leather interior, complicated-looking GPS system. A bit wistful.

KYLE

You okay?

GRACE

Yeah. It's just... you've obviously done well for yourself.

Kyle is slightly uncomfortable at the prospect of having this conversation.

KYLE

(deflecting)

They definitely pay me way too much. Too much money in politics, isn't that what everyone says?

Grace pauses.

GRACE

Politics. I thought... I assumed you became a prosecutor, like we always talked about. I thought you'd have taken the bar by now.

Kyle rubs the back of his neck, really feeling the tension now.

KYLE

Yeah. A lot's changed since you've been gone, Grace.

(a beat)

Maybe we should go somewhere. Talk.

Grace nods.

GRACE

Seems like we have a lot to catch up on.

KYLE

I know just the spot.

As the shiny car peels out of the city...

INT. WANG RESIDENCE - STUDY - NIGHT

Mr. Lee has settled into a chair opposite an impressive desk, where Tyler perches.

He's collected himself, the mask back on.

Mandarin dialogue in this scene will be in italics.

TYLER

Mr. Lee, I'm so sorry about my
outburst earlier. Are you alright?

MR. LEE

(warily)
I understand. I'm fine.

Feeling more generous now, Tyler switches languages to make Mr. Lee more comfortable.

TYLER

*Now, what's so urgent that this
couldn't wait for regular business
hours?*

MR. LEE

My nephew.

TYLER

*You mean the shipment, Mr. Lee. And
I thought we had settled this.*

MR. LEE

You still have him. He's still...

TYLER

*We can't release product with
partial payment, Mr. Lee. You still
owe us something. Unless there's
fifteen thousand dollars in that
envelope...*

MR. LEE

(feebly)
No, but --

TYLER

*Then I'm afraid we're both wasting
our time here, and I have guests I
need to get back to --*

Mr. Lee thrusts the manila envelope towards Tyler.

MR. LEE
Please. This is all I have...

Off Tyler, unimpressed, but opening the envelope.

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The shiny Jaguar is parked in the exact spot we first met Kyle and Grace.

The duo stand side by side at the edge of the cliff, overlooking the view, which is as spectacular as ever.

GRACE
Just as I remember it.

KYLE
So are you. You're still the same,
you know.

Kyle looks at her, but she's still admiring the view. Some things never change.

GRACE
(wistful)
I don't know about that.

KYLE
You are.

She smiles serenely.

GRACE
So. Tell me about you.

KYLE
Me?

GRACE
Yeah. Isn't that why we're here?
Tell me why you didn't go to law
school.

He pauses for a long moment.

KYLE
You know I couldn't drive until a
couple of years ago? I would have a
panic attack every time I got
behind the wheel. As for law
school...

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Turns out it's hard to have passion for something after seeing your best friend be put away for twenty years by the guy you dreamed of becoming. I walked out of Criminology 101 on the first day and never looked back.

Grace tenses.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I had nightmares. I still have them sometimes. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw that man... and I saw you, being taken away in handcuffs. Being led away after the trial. Telling me not to come back to see you anymore...

GRACE

(realizing)

Are you... mad at me?

KYLE

No, Grace.

Grace isn't buying it.

GRACE

You are.

KYLE

No.

GRACE

Tell me the truth. You're angry, and you've been angry for a long time.

KYLE

No, Grace, how could I ever be mad at you? What kind of selfish prick would I have to be?

But she knows him too well.

GRACE

Tell me. Say it.

A long moment as the tension builds, and then --

KYLE

(finally exploding)

Of course I'm mad!

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Would you be okay pretending to live out some dream life if I was behind bars sacrificing my life for you? But that would never happen, because I'm weak and you're a goddamn saint, Grace.

Grace and Kyle stare each other down, at an impasse.

INT. WANG RESIDENCE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Things have escalated and one of Tyler's goons is holding a knife to Mr. Lee's neck.

MR. LEE

(frantic)

I told you, it's all I have!

TYLER

(snapping)

Enough.

Tyler gets up from his chair, taps his goon on the shoulder to get him to back off.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(gentler now)

Mr. Lee. We've known each other for years. I've always looked up to you. You're a good businessman, and I think you know this --

He waves around a pink slip --

TYLER (CONT'D)

-- is a waste of my time.

MR. LEE

(still so scared)

The car is all I have left...

TYLER

No. It isn't.

Mr. Lee continues looking scared and confused.

TYLER (CONT'D)

The shop, Mr. Lee. You still have the shop.

Tyler snaps his fingers, and one of the goons brings him a file folder.

Tyler opens it up and spins it so it's facing his captive.
Mr. Lee glances over it and looks up at Tyler, horrified.

MR. LEE

But...

Tyler nods. Another snap of his fingers, and he's handed a pen, which he also offers up to Mr. Lee.

TYLER

Think about your nephew, Mr. Lee.

Lee hesitates for a long moment, then leans over and begins to sign his name.

REVERSE to reveal bold type across the top: TRANSFER OF DEED

INT. SABRINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sabrina's packing up her podcast supplies. Richie puts on his jacket, getting ready to leave.

SABRINA

Thanks for coming. Again.

Richie shrugs, uncomfortable.

RICHIE

Come on. No big deal.

SABRINA

You know it is.

(to herself)

You're always there for me.

RICHIE

I was just bored.

Sabrina smiles, lets him get out of it.

SABRINA

Yeah. Okay.

Richie sighs, walks over to her, awkwardly shakes her elbow a little.

RICHIE

Your podcast is great, okay? I'm sure Stanford will love it.

(then)

I'll see you tomorrow?

She nods, still smiling, watching him go back out through her window.

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Kyle and Grace have retreated to their respective corners, each licking their wounds.

Finally, he approaches her.

KYLE

I'm sorry.

GRACE

I deserved it.

KYLE

(horrified)

No! Hey. I'm the selfish prick here, okay? I owe you my life and the last thing you deserve is me lashing out at you.

Grace turns to look at him, really look at him.

KYLE (CONT'D)

No matter how angry I was, or am, it's a fraction of how grateful I am for you.

Grace softens, smiles at him.

GRACE

You can tell me anything, Kyle. I'm still your best friend. That hasn't changed.

KYLE

Ditto.

(then)

Why did you make me stop coming to visit you? Brutal honesty.

Grace sighs, turns away towards the bay again.

GRACE

(sighing)

You know why. Being in that place... I couldn't stand it anymore. Okay?

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

It wasn't easy for me, in there,
and to have you showing up once a
week with that guilty look on your
face... We both needed to move on.

Kyle is wounded by her words, but doesn't disagree.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Anyway. Look at you now, what
you've accomplished. I don't care
if you're not a lawyer or a doctor
or anything else as long as you're
happy. And Emily is great. I hope
you guys are happy together.

KYLE

Yeah... Thanks.

(then)

About what my mom said, about the
ring --

GRACE

Oh, no, you really don't have to --

KYLE

I was going to propose to Emily,
and move to New York --

GRACE

And I'm happy for you --

KYLE

But that was before I knew you were
back.

This halts Grace.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Now that you're back...

GRACE

(forced enthusiasm)

I think you should.

KYLE

Should what?

GRACE

Move to New York. Propose to Emily.

KYLE

But I thought... Since you're back,
we should hang out. I can stick
around for a few weeks.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

My flight's on Saturday but I can cancel it. Work will understand.

GRACE

No. You should go.

KYLE

But --

GRACE

You owe me this.

(off his confusion)

We did this... I did this... So you can live your life. So go live it.

KYLE

(taking this in)

What about you?

GRACE

I'm good. I'm here. I'm exactly where I would have been without... everything that happened. Just like we discussed, right?

A long moment.

KYLE

What about... us?

Grace keeps a blank, expectant face, pretending she has no idea what he's talking about.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I don't want it to be another five years before I see you again...

Grace grins, trying to set him at ease. She goes in for the hug.

Off the relief in her face...

EXT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Kyle walks Grace up to the door of the darkened restaurant.

The streets are quiet, dark.

She begins fishing out her keys.

Kyle chuckles, prompting an amused, curious look from Grace.

KYLE
We're almost thirty years old and
still doing this.

GRACE
(teasing)
You want me to sneak you up to my
room, for old times' sake?

KYLE
We gonna make out?

GRACE
Hmmm. Why start now?

A beat as they look at each other. It could turn awkward...
They burst into laughter.

They hug goodbye, as familiar as ever. When they pull away,
though, there is that tug of *something*. Their faces, still
too close.

Finally --

GRACE (CONT'D)
(slightly breathless)
Good night.

Kyle takes the hint, stepping back all the way, smiling at
her one last time as he backs away towards the street.

KYLE
When am I gonna see you again?

GRACE
Soon. Maybe I'll come out to New
York... I've never been, you know.
Will you show me around?

KYLE
Anytime.

They smile, a bit wistful. This is goodbye.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Grace.
(a beat)
Welcome home.

Grace says nothing, just smiles back as she turns the lock,
propelling herself through the door and into the darkened
restaurant.

Off Kyle, watching her go...

INT. GRACE'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

We follow behind Grace as she makes her way through the restaurant, up the back stairs, tiptoeing past her mother's closed door, into her room.

The night is silent. She shuts her door silently, leaning against it for a moment, closing her eyes.

MAN (O.S.)

How'd it go?

Grace JUMPS, scared shitless, flipping on her light, turning to see ROMAN WASHINGTON (33, tough, unimpressed) sitting in her desk chair, casual as can be.

Off Grace's face softening in recognition, walking towards her unexpected visitor...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. GRACE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Grace rolls her eyes at the sight of Roman, taking off her purse, her jacket, padding around her room.

GRACE
(hissing whisper)
What the hell are you doing here?

ROMAN
Just checking in, jailbird.

Pan to reveal an FBI badge and a gun is sitting next to him on her desk.

INT. JAILHOUSE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A slightly younger Grace sits with her lawyer on one side of a table, Roman and an older FBI official, AGENT BAKER on the other.

GRACE
Why me?

ROMAN
You grew up around that family.
You're practically their daughter.

GRACE
That was before. I doubt they want anything to do with me after I almost got Kyle killed. I haven't even seen him in five years.

ROMAN
(impatient)
You think you're fooling anyone? We know you told him to stop coming around. Very selfless, by the way.

Agent Baker directs the conversation back.

BAKER
Kyle Wang is irrelevant. He's not the one we want, Ms. Chen.

Grace thinks this over.

GRACE
You swear he's off-limits?

ROMAN

That's not how this works.

Baker tries another tactic.

BAKER

We're talking about getting years of your life back. Do this, and you're out in weeks, a few months, tops. And you'll be compensated, of course. Your family's financial situation... They could use the help, couldn't they?

Grace's lawyer leans over to whisper in her ear as she continues staring distrustfully at the two FBI agents.

INT. GRACE'S ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Grace reaches into her pocket, pulls out that old flip phone.

GRACE

I thought that's why I have this, for you to "check in."

ROMAN

(drily)

I was in the neighborhood.

Grace huffs.

GRACE

More like you didn't trust me.

ROMAN

Well, you did take off in the middle of what should have been a productive night.

GRACE

How do you know where --?

Roman looks pointedly at the phone in her hand.

Grace throws it on her bed in disgust.

GRACE (CONT'D)

God, technology has gotten so creepy since I've been gone.

ROMAN

You were supposed to get close to them, not leave --

Grace sighs, exhausted all of a sudden. She flops onto her bed.

GRACE

You're asking me to spy on my best friend's family. They were practically my family before the accident. Can you please let me ease into it? The whole point is to not draw suspicion, right? Otherwise you could just barge in with your badge?

Roman snorts, but gives her a second to breathe.

ROMAN

How did it go tonight?

GRACE

Fine. An old man came by the house and Tyler took him into an office. It seemed tense, but I don't know... He was probably late on his rent or something. The Wangs have all those apartments over on Grant.

Roman remains unimpressed.

ROMAN

And Kyle?

GRACE

He's... great. He's leaving. I told you, he's not a part of this.

ROMAN

I guess you've got it all figured out.

She turns over to glare at him, reproachful for the sarcasm, and he finally softens.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You okay? Being back here?

GRACE

Yeah. It's okay.

Roman's still not buying her bullshit. He raises an eyebrow.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You ever feel like you're between two places, or two versions of yourself?

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

When I'm here, all I know is how to be eighteen and happy. I don't remember anything about those last days, the trial, leaving... All I remember is being here, with two living parents, a best friend who I was going off to explore the world with.

(beat)

And now... I've been gone for so many years. My dad's gone. My best friend grew up without me. The world out here is huge, and it's moved on while I was away. I don't know how to get a grasp on it.

Roman makes his way over, kneels down next to her.

ROMAN

(gently)

You will.

GRACE

Yeah?

ROMAN

Yeah. I've seen my fair share of people after they've done time. You're strong. You'll get through this.

GRACE

(mostly to herself)

Just as long as Kyle is okay.

Roman side-eyes her.

ROMAN

You still...?

She gets what he's hinting at, but --

GRACE

I told you, it wasn't like that.

(then)

He's made a new life for himself, in New York. Far away from whatever you think is happening with his family. He's a good person.

ROMAN

So are you.

Grace smiles tiredly at him.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 (getting back to business)
 But you've still got a job to do.

INT. WANG RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

We walk in with Amelia, seeing Tyler by his father's bedside again.

Mandarin dialogue in this scene will be in italics.

TYLER
 Lee signed over the deed.
 (earnest, eager)
 I told you, I'm ready.

CHARLES
 (not so fast)
*You're reckless, Tyler. Losing your
 temper and making a scene in our
 own home. You need your brother --*

Tyler LEAPS to his feet in frustration, unwittingly confirming his father's words.

TYLER
 I don't need him. I'm your
 firstborn, dad. Why won't you trust
 me? How many times do I have to
 prove myself before I can measure
 up to Kyle in your eyes?

Silence. The tense, heavy kind.

Tyler realizes he's gone too far, but it's too late.

Slowly, Charles - with some visible effort - raises himself out of bed.

Without warning, Charles reaches out a hand and GRABS TYLER'S NECK, every muscle and vein straining with the effort.

Despite the older man's weakness and health, Tyler is turning red, struggling in his father's grasp, slowly sinking to the ground.

Amelia pads about the room, casual as can be, ignoring the violence in front of her.

Finally, Charles YANKS his hand away, leaving Tyler a choking, panting mess on his knees in front of him.

Charles calmly returns to bed and Amelia rushes over to tuck him back under the covers.

CHARLES
(coldly)
*Do not disrespect me or question my
decisions again.*

TYLER
(choking it out)
Yes, father.

CHARLES
Get out of my house.

Tyler rushes to get up, still sputtering and rubbing his neck, making a quick exit.

Amelia gets into bed beside her husband, kissing his cheek and rubbing his hair, calming him down.

Charles takes a deep breath, visibly relaxing.

Amelia urges him to lie down on his back, fluffing his pillow and making him more comfortable.

AMELIA
(chiding)
*You shouldn't get yourself so
worked up.*

CHARLES
He's going to get us all killed.

AMELIA
*Try not to let this heart attack
kill you first.*

CHARLES
*And Kyle. This talk of going to New
York full time. It's nonsense.*

He silently fumes for a few seconds as Amelia does her best to calm him down.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
*What happened with him tonight?
Grace?*

Amelia pauses.

AMELIA
I'll take care of it.

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

The restaurant is mostly empty, but TWO MEN sit in a corner booth, and we see Grace, sitting alone on her laptop at a table across the restaurant, eyeing them with some interest.

Sabrina, in her waitress uniform, stops by their table to refill glasses.

A JINGLE over the restaurant's entrance draws her attention, and Grace is surprised to see TYLER walking in, seeming furtive.

He makes a beeline for the two men in the corner booth, not noticing her.

Grace clocks this, discreetly taking out her Roman-phone.

REVERSE to the screen:

GRACE: Tyler just showed up at the restaurant. He's with two guys.

A beat, then:

ROMAN: See if you can take a picture. But DON'T let them see you.

Grace rolls her eyes.

GRACE: Aye-aye Captain.

Before she can take a photo, though --

Tyler looks up from his conversation and LOCKS EYES with Grace, clearly startled to see her.

She's as casual as can be, giving him a friendly wave.

Tyler relaxes somewhat, gives her an awkward wave back, then returns to his companions, decidedly not inviting further interaction with her.

From her vantage point where she has gone back to pretending to concentrate on her screen, see Tyler getting agitated at the two other men.

Grace frowns a bit when she sees him actually SHOVE one guy's shoulder, as if in warning.

More low, apparently angry conversation happens and then they all get up to leave.

Grace quickly and discreetly lowers her eyes back down as Tyler glances her way. He walks on, satisfied she hasn't seen what they've been up to.

After they're gone, Grace types out one last text, getting up to leave as well.

GRACE: They left. Seemed tense. Didn't get a photo. I'm gonna follow and see what's up.

ROMAN: NO.

But she's already shoving the phone into her pocket and rushing towards the exit, when suddenly --

SAMANTHA PARKER is in front of her, blocking her way and her entire field of vision.

A long, tense moment as Grace's eyes widen in recognition and she tries to figure out what to say.

Suddenly, Samantha SLAPS her across the face.

She's out the door in a whirlwind and Grace is left cradling her cheek, the other customers staring at her in shock.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER**

Grace cradles her burning cheek, humiliated and frozen.

SABRINA (O.S.)

Grace.

Grace turns around and registers the girl's presence.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

Come on, come sit down.

She takes Grace gently by the arm and leads her over to a corner booth.

Grace is trying to pull herself together.

SABRINA (CONT'D)

You okay? You want me to get you some ice?

GRACE

No. I think I'm okay.

SABRINA

(no chill)

So did you know that woman?

Grace tenses, smiling tightly.

GRACE

Her husband. She thinks that I --
the night that we --

Sabrina gets it. Her mouth drops open in shock.

SABRINA

Oh my god.

(then, slightly
suspicious)

What do you mean 'she thinks'?

Grace is flustered.

GRACE

Uh... No, I just... Since we didn't
realize there was anybody in the
car...

Sabrina nods slowly, but is cataloguing this. Grace braces herself for more questions, but --

SABRINA

You know what? I think you're brave.

GRACE

(in disbelief)

Brave...

SABRINA

Yeah, brave. You did something awful, yes. But you did your time, and you're out here, facing it, and trying to move on with your life. You're not burrowed under your covers, being miserable. Crying, feeling sorry for yourself. Waiting for death.

Grace chokes out a shocked laugh.

GRACE

That's... one way of looking at it.

(pause)

I don't know about brave, but... Things can happen in the blink of an eye. Take it from me. If there's something you want, you have to go for it. Now.

Sabrina takes this in.

SABRINA

Like with you and Kyle?

Grace is caught off guard again.

GRACE

What? No. I just meant... Like with Stanford. It's amazing that you're working so hard.

(moving on)

Hey, um. Do you happen to know who those guys were that Tyler was talking to?

SABRINA

No, but I did overhear something about a meeting. Later, on the docks. But first --

(deep breath, resolute)

Will you do my podcast?

Grace laughs, constantly surprised by this girl.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Roman is in his office, frantically typing into his phone, then SLAPPING his desk in frustration when there's no reply.

He tries calling next, but no one is picking up.

Agent Baker walks by, seeing his agitation, and pokes his head in.

AGENT BAKER
Everything okay?

Roman presses his lips together, tense.

ROMAN
Grace Chen, sir. I told her to back off but I think she may have gone after the target on her own.

Agent Baker takes this in, unimpressed.

AGENT BAKER
Your little canary's flown the coop, already?

ROMAN
No, sir. She just doesn't understand the severity of the situation.

AGENT BAKER
Keep her in line, or it's your ass.

ROMAN
Yes, sir.

As Baker leaves, Roman heaves a breath, frustrated, punching more aggressively at his phone.

EXT. DOCKS - SAME TIME

Close-up on a phone screen.

ROMAN: This is NOT what I meant by be more proactive.

ROMAN: Seriously, Grace. Don't do this. THIS IS DANGEROUS.

Reveal Grace, half hidden beneath a dark hoodie, the phone on vibrate, forgotten in her pocket.

EXT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING

The neon OPEN sign is flipped off.

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Christine is alone, wiping down the tables, looking run down.

She's startled when the bell jingles above the front door.

CHRISTINE

We're actually closed --

She turns around, startled to see Amelia Wang framed elegantly in her doorway.

EXT. DOCKS - SAME TIME

Grace is straining to see and hear from her hiding spot. Finally, she gets up the courage to take a peek.

From her POV: Tyler and his sidekicks are facing off against a trio of RIVALIS.

Tyler motions for Goon #1 to hand over an envelope to one of the guys across from them, and he does.

TYLER

Thirty large. It's all there. Now show me the box.

Grace eagerly anticipates seeing what's in "the box," but the men walk away and out of range of her hiding spot.

She tries to follow their voices as they get fainter and further away, moving to the other side of the container.

She peers around the corner, seeing the men have stopped in front of a lone shipping container further away.

She can no longer hear them, but she still has a clear sight line to the action.

Two of them approach the container, starting to lift the heavy metal bar holding it closed.

Grace looks down, fumbling around in her pocket for her phone, getting ready to record, but before she can, a hand GRABS HER SHOULDER, whirling her around and -- it's KYLE.

Off Grace, incredulous --

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Christine collects her surprise, motioning Amelia to come in.

Mandarin dialogue in this scene will be in italics.

CHRISTINE

Amelia!

AMELIA

Hello, Christine. I'm sorry to just drop by like this.

CHRISTINE

Of course not, don't worry. Come in, come in. Tea?

She pulls out a chair at one of the empty tables, rushing back towards the kitchen.

Amelia sits, accepts a warm mug, cradling it between her hands.

Christine sits down next to her.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

What brings you by?

AMELIA

Grace and Kyle certainly seem to be getting along.

Christine smiles.

CHRISTINE

Yeah, it looks like they're picking up right where they left off.

AMELIA

That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Grace can't comprehend Kyle standing in front of her, glaring.

GRACE

(hissing)

What the hell are you doing here?

KYLE

Sabrina told me where you were.

GRACE

You're supposed to be on a plane to New York.

KYLE

I know you think you're protecting me by sending me away -- again -- but you don't get to keep deciding what's best for me.

Grace is trying to shush him, but he plows on --

KYLE (CONT'D)

This is my decision and my life --

He suddenly realizes where they are and what she was spying on.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Is that my brother?

He starts walking away, towards the oblivious Tyler and the goons.

Grace tries to grab him and hold him back.

GRACE

Kyle, no. We should go --

KYLE

What the hell is this?

She watches him go, helpless.

GRACE

Kyle!

From her vantage point, she sees Kyle rushing over, approaching Tyler, arms out, demanding an explanation.

KYLE

(calling out)
Tyler, what the hell?

Tyler and the goons startle. Tyler tries to intervene, pushing his brother back but the goons are getting angry.

GOON #1

We said three each, no backups --

More angry words are exchanged and Grace sees Kyle and Tyler grab each other and drop down, disappearing from view before realizing why --

POP! POP! POP!

Gunshots start going off, bullets begin flying everywhere, some hitting dangerously close to the container she's hiding behind.

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Amelia leans in close, and her warm demeanor gives way to something more intense and dark.

AMELIA

*We have a deal, don't we,
Christine? No one can ever know
what really happened seven years
ago.*

EXT. RICHIE'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Sabrina is frantically banging on his front door. Finally, it opens.

Richie looks bleary-eyed, pulling on his glasses.

RICHIE

Are you crazy? You trying to wake
up the entire neighborhood?

Sabrina puts her hands on his shoulders.

SABRINA

Just- shut up for a minute.

He blinks at her, uncomprehending.

Without warning, she leans in close and presses her mouth to his. Just for a second, then she pulls back.

Richie still looks gobsmacked, but before he can respond --

Sabrina turns and RUNS off into the night.

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Christine is startled at the rapid change in conversation.

CHRISTINE

*Of course, Amelia. I've never told
a soul. You know that.*

AMELIA

It's the kids. Kyle loves Grace, we all do! But I can't have him pulling some noble stunt to try to clear her name or some nonsense. After all these years! That son of mine is just a do-gooder through and through, no matter how much we try to break him.

CHRISTINE

*(uncomfortable now)
Well, I think we both know that daughter of mine is more stubborn than he is. She'll never allow it.*

Amelia shifts swiftly back into her warm, personable persona.

AMELIA

Of course. She's the best, isn't she? She knows better than Kyle does that we can't have law enforcement sniffing around. Our business is our own.

*(then, meaningfully)
And I know Grace is a good girl who listens to her mother.*

Christine nods along obediently.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Good! Then our understanding holds. As long as things stay exactly the way they are, everything is perfectly fine.

Amelia politely finishes her tea and stands up to go.

As she does, she glances at the photo of Grace's father.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It really is a shame what happened to David. Such a shame.

She makes her way out, leaving Christine shaken, sitting alone and looking very small in the empty restaurant.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Grace is panicking as bullets continue to fly behind her.

The gunshots finally die down, but Grace is still shaking, frozen.

There's total silence now and she finally gathers up the courage to peer back around the container.

Slowly pan over bullet casings and then TWO DEAD GOONS, and finally, Kyle and Tyler, disheveled, out of breath, scraped up, but alive.

Kyle is holding a gun, but his hand is shaking.

As if suddenly remembering, he turns his head and locks eyes with Grace, peering out from the shadows in the distance.

An agonizing moment, and then he mouths: "RUN."

Grace looks reluctant, but at one more pleading look from Kyle, she turns and disappears into the darkness.

Kyle exhales, relieved.

TYLER (O.S.)
What are you looking at?

Kyle jerks back.

He looks down, noticing the gun still in his hand as if for the first time, and drops it.

KYLE
Nothing.

Tyler lets it go, takes in the scene around them, one hand pressed a bullet wound in his arm, then smiles grimly.

TYLER
You're in it now, little brother.

He jerks his head and Kyle turns in the direction his brother is pointing out --

Inside the now-opened shipping container: DOZENS OF PEOPLE - all Chinese, dirty and skinny - cowering into one corner, clutching each other in fear.

Off Kyle's horrified face --

FADE TO:

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - ALMOST SUNRISE

Grace walks downstairs, phone to her ear, a blanket wrapped around her.

The whole world is still sleeping, so she's very quiet.

GRACE

Yeah. I'm fine, Roman, I promise.

(then)

He's here.

She hangs up, then goes to the front door. She pauses, taking a deep breath --

INT. GRACE'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Grace and Roman sit, facing each other, in the confines of her small room.

GRACE

What if the Wangs are just upstanding citizens and the FBI has this all wrong? What happens to me if I don't come back with the answer you want?

Roman shakes his head.

ROMAN

Nothing happens to you, Grace. You live your life, with your friends close and your conscience clear. I want that for you, I really do. But we're good at our jobs. This isn't a shot in the dark, you know.

He stands to leave.

GRACE

(resolute)

I know Kyle, how good he is. If he knew something bad was going on, even with his own family, he wouldn't let it happen. He would have come to you himself.

Roman walks over, gently tugs on a strand of hair hanging by her face.

They're standing and acting a bit too close to be professional.

ROMAN

I hope you're right, Grace.

INT. GOLDEN DRAGON RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

Grace opens the door to reveal Kyle, bloody, sweaty and shaken.

They look at each other wordlessly, then hug tightly, so glad the other is okay.

A long moment, then they pull back.

Grace sweeps Kyle's hair back from his forehead, smiles at him comfortingly, then steps aside to let him in.

She pauses for a moment, takes out her phone and hits RECORD, then pockets it and follows him in, closing the door.

THE END