

HOLMBY PARK

Written by
Sandra Chwialkowska

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TEASER

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The height of summer. A soccer ball rolls into frame. CAMERON (8, shy, blue uniform) kicks it towards a goal. TOMMY (9, aggressive, red uniform) chases after Cameron.

REVEAL a kids soccer game is underway in a leafy, residential park. Sunday morning light glints off everything, from the luxury SUVs parked on the street, to the sunglasses adorning the faces of the well-heeled parents. Everything in this LA park looks rich, beautiful, and more importantly, *safe*.

WENDY (O.S.)

I want you to remember something.
When it comes to vices, we are all
equal...

ZOE (25) in a bright yellow soccer jersey, coaches from the sidelines. Don't be fooled by her open face and warm eyes - this girl's a fighter. Scrappy. Independent. Takes no shit.

ZOE

Come on, Cameron! Drive!

DOUG KIRBY (40s, paunchy, red-faced), one of the helicopter parents on the sidelines, eggs Tommy on. Male competition is fierce here. And the dads start their boys young.

DOUG

Get in there, Tommy! Quit runnin'
like a girl!

Tommy locks horns with Cameron and battles over the ball. Tommy is bigger and tougher than Cameron, but Cam has better foot skills and manages to regain possession.

ZOE

That's it, Cam! Look for a pass!

DOUG

(to Zoe)

If you're gonna coach, coach all the
kids, not just the ball hog!

Zoe's eyes register annoyance but she smiles tight. Half this gig is diplomacy.

ZOE

Tommy'll get his chance, Mr. Kirby!

But that's not good enough for Doug. He gets right in Zoe's face, menacing.

DOUG
I pay good money for this, and I
expect Tommy to get time with the
ball.

Zoe takes this in, fearful. Some of these parents are intense.

LUCIA (O.S.)
Everything Ok over here?

Zoe's co-coach LUCIA (20s, Hispanic, polished) arrives.

DOUG
Everything's just fine.

Doug moves off. When he's gone:

LUCIA
Sorry I'm late. You Ok?

Zoe, a little shaken, nods, shrugs it off.

ZOE
Guys like him make me want to quit.

LUCIA
You can't quit.

ZOE
I can't *afford* to quit. I need a new
car battery. And brake pads.

LUCIA
If you're looking for some easy cash,
I can hook you up, you know.

From Zoe's face, it seems Lucia has made this offer before.

ZOE
I'm good. But thanks.

WE PAN off the soccer field, to —

A YOGA CLASS

Where a group of women in designer athleisure wear hold
identical yoga poses.

WENDY (O.S.)
We are all here for different reasons,
but with the same purpose...

BROOKE (30s) stretches her willowy frame into the complicated
pose, but she makes it look easy. She exhales, her face
serene. This class is her favorite part of her week.

On the mat next to her, RACHEL (30s), struggles to hold the pose, but no matter how many yoga classes she takes, she'll never be as limber as Brooke.

At the front of the group, an Instructor, HENLEY (20s, lithe, smug, very "Namaste") instructs the women with quiet confidence.

HENLEY
And find the breath...

RACHEL
(low, to Brooke)
How does your body even *do* that?

Henley's eyes flit to Rachel. She masks her annoyance with a self-righteous murmur.

HENLEY
And find the breath...

BROOKE
(low, wry)
Find the breath, Rach.

Brooke spots someone she recognizes crossing the park.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Isn't that your hubby?

Rachel spots her husband, DAVID (late 30s), crisply dressed, walking briskly, too briskly, across the park. The term "weekend" doesn't apply to David. Here, he's a shark in a tide pool. And he's on the phone, naturally.

DAVID
(into phone)
Of course no one wants to be stuck on a medical show for five years. That's why I got you an option for three – which never happens, so you're welcome – *and* got you an out for the feature. If it ever goes.
(listens)
Because. The exposure will make you an international brand. If anything will make the feature go, it's that.
(listens)
Good. Then I'll close.

He pockets his phone and heads towards a Community Center that borders the park.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A group of people, a mix of men and women, sit on folding chairs facing WENDY (50s, warm, bohemian) who holds court and speaks into a microphone.

WENDY

So, why is it anonymous? It's anonymous because we are all equal. And I want you to remember that we are all members of this community.

In the group, FIND ISAAC. He's in his 60s, and he looks as though life lived him, not the other way around.

WENDY (CONT'D)

To close today's meeting, please join me in the Serenity Prayer.

Isaac recites it, along with the others:

ISAAC/GROUP

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

David waits outside, casually scrolling through his phone. As AA group members emerge from the Community Center,

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the AA Group meeting, the soccer game, and the yoga class, all happening simultaneously. We take in the park as a whole. A contrast of Innocence and Experience, in the Blakean sense.

David spots Isaac emerge and catches up to him, matching his pace.

DAVID

I know who you are.

Isaac gives David a side eye. David swallows. Why is he nervous? This is what he's supposed to be good at.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And I'm a big fan.

Isaac nods, but his voice takes on a distancing tenor.

ISAAC

Thank you.

DAVID
I've seen all your movies.

Oh God.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Read all your books.

Stop.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You probably hear that every day.

ISAAC
Not for years. Then again, where I
used to live, there weren't a lot of
people. But I liked it that way.

David knows he should stop, but something about being in
Isaac's presence is compelling him:

DAVID
Can I just say that no writer has
ever captured the angst of the high
school experience quite like you.
The highs and lows of your twenties.
First love. Marriage. Fatherhood.

ISAAC
You don't have to —

But the word-vomit train has left the station. David's passion
is genuine, though. His admiration, real.

DAVID
For every stage of life, there is an
Isaac Jacobs novel. Or an Isaac Jacobs
movie. Your work is what made me
want to get into the business.

So much for the slick shark. But it's out there now. Isaac
stops walking.

ISAAC
You're not an alcoholic, are you.

Facing his childhood hero, David can't lie.

DAVID
No. I am not.

ISAAC
Producer?

DAVID
I'm an agent. David Haskell.

Isaac shifts his weight, distancing himself even more. But David speaks from the heart – this is not a calculated pitch.

DAVID (CONT'D)
And if I could tell my 13-year-old self that one day I would meet Isaac Jacobs, author of the *Everything's The Same* trilogy, I think he would agree that this is one of the greatest moments of my life.

ISAAC
One of the greatest moments of your life is meeting me,
(re: Community Center)
Here, which, for all you know, might be one of the lowest moments of mine?

David glances at the other AA group members dispersing. It hits him like a ton of bricks: it is utterly, morally wrong that he's here.

DAVID
You're right. I apologize.

This honest admission hangs in the air. Isaac doesn't reply, and David doesn't know what else to do, so he walks away.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

David moves across the park, equal parts humiliated and angry.

DAVID
(to himself)
Idiot.

Mortified, aimless, he crosses a jogging path and ends up at the soccer game. He sits on a bench and stares at the kids, who are enjoying a snack break. Zoe pushes a straw into a juice box, hands it to a kid. Notices David, sitting apart from the other parents.

ZOE
Which one's yours?

David looks up at her.

DAVID
What?

ZOE
Red or blue?

Oh, she means the kids. He takes her in: Her friendly smile, that bright yellow soccer jersey. A balm for his anxiety.

DAVID

None of them.

ZOE

So, you're just randomly watching a kids soccer game. In a park. By yourself. Not creepy at all.

DAVID

Because a guy can't sit in a park alone without being labeled a creep?

ZOE

Not really, no.

DAVID

I was meeting someone. A writer.

ZOE

A writer.

DAVID

You've probably never heard of him.

ZOE

Try me.

DAVID

Isaac Jacobs.

Zoe stiffens. She knows that name.

ZOE

He wrote *Everything's The Same Until It's Different*, right?

DAVID

Thought millennials didn't read books.

ZOE

(moves off)

Some of us do.

INT. RESTAURANT CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Evening. A trendy, new restaurant in the final stages of construction. Exposed beams, white walls, reclaimed wood floors, white twinkle lights wrapped around a pillar. A critic might describe it as "self-aware rustic." Brooke, whom we met at yoga, pays her contractor, DIEGO (28, Hispanic), who is packing up his supplies.

BROOKE
Thanks again, Diego.

DIEGO
It's lookin good, Miss Brooke.

Brooke looks around. It really is.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow.

BROOKE
Bye.

Diego heads out, as GABRIELLA RAMIREZ (35, savvy, Hispanic), a plain clothes Homicide Detective, enters.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Hi.

When Diego's gone, they KISS.

GABY
Hi.

Brooke takes Gaby's hand, swings it gently, childlike.

BROOKE
I wanna show you something.

She leads Gaby over to the bar, points out some vintage industrial pendant lights overhead.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Aren't they cool? Sourced them from
an old wheel factory in Van Nuys.

GABY
I think my uncle used to work at
that factory.
(playful, ironic)
You make gentrification look so hip.

Before Brooke can be offended by the dig, Gaby kisses her again.

GABY (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. It's gonna be beautiful.

She gently pushes Brooke against the bar. Holds her close.

GABY (CONT'D)
But I think we're gonna have to break
it in.

BROOKE

Oh are we now.

GABY

You know, for good luck.

BROOKE

Good luck is important.

They fall into each other, passionate. These two are in love. Gaby's cell phone RINGS, interrupting their make out session.

GABY

Sorry.

She steps away to take the call.

GABY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Ramirez. Yeah. Where?

(listens)

Ok. On my way.

Gaby pockets her phone. Sighs.

GABY (CONT'D)

I need to go.

BROOKE

Now?

GABY

(nods)

Raincheck?

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS of police cars illuminate the shadowy park. So do the twinkle lights that are wrapped around the palm trees. This sunshiny place looks completely different at night. And now it's a crime scene, being taped off by Police. Gaby's car pulls up to the curb. She climbs out, ducks under the tape, and moves towards the public bathrooms where FORENSICS OFFICERS are snapping photos. Gaby accosts the lead Forensics Officer, MARK (40s, chubby).

GABY

Mark.

MARK

Hey, Gaby.

GABY

What do we got?

MARK
Caucasian female. Mid twenties.

GABY
Time of death?

MARK
Between 8 and 10PM. Two gunshot wounds
to the chest.

GABY
Gunshots. This part of town?
(off his nod)
Where is she?

Mark nods to the men's bathroom.

INT. HOLMBY PARK - MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gaby walks into a cluster of FORENSICS OFFICERS snapping photos. She crouches by a tarp covering a body. Gaby braces herself. This is the worst part of her job. She nods at a MEDICAL EXAMINER, who pulls back the tarp, revealing the victim's face.

It's Zoe. Her bright yellow coaching jersey is soaked through with blood. Gaby stares at Zoe's lifeless face, stunned and devastated. She pulls out her phone.

GABY
(into phone)
Mateo.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gaby's partner, MATEO DIAZ (40s, Hispanic, tough but warm) is driving, on the phone with Gaby.

MATEO
Hey, Gaby. Got an address for me?

GABY
I'm here now. And you'll never guess
where "here" is.

MATEO
Where?

SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD: HOLMBY PARK

ACT ONE**EXT. HOME SPY CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY**

A glassy office complex, surrounded by palm trees. Morning light glints off the windows.

INT. HOME SPY CORPORATE OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

Zoe, having traded her yellow soccer jersey for H&M business casual, moves through the open concept office, Post-it note in hand.

CHYRON: SIX MONTHS AGO

Here's where we realize our story is unfolding in two parallel timelines: Before Zoe's death and After.

The office has the vibe of a start-up that expanded quickly: Funky, modular furniture and abstract art. But the ASSISTANTS and EXECUTIVES huddle tensely over laptops, betraying the stressful atmosphere that the bright colors can't hide.

ZOE
(practicing)
Levi, I want to talk to you about
joining the Go-Gretel development
team.

Zoe arrives at a glass office door. A muffled but intimidating voice can be heard behind it. Deep breath.

INT. HOME SPY CORPORATE OFFICE - LEVI'S OFFICE - DAY

LEVI (42 but his Botox makes him look 38, handsome-slick) is on the phone, oblivious to the gorgeous view of the city behind him.

LEVI
(measured)
I just need some clarification as to
why Go-Gretel was assigned to Swati.
(listening)
Yes, but I'm the one who pitched the
initiative.
(frustrated)
Uh huh.

Zoe slips into the office, brings him the Post-it note, but he holds up his hand, ignoring it.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Right, but —

Irritated, Zoe sticks the Post-it note to Levi's open palm.

He reads it: *They tapped Swati*. A vein on Levi's forehead pops. He can no longer modulate the tone of his voice.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I think I understand. You promoted her. To Senior Vice President.

He slams down the phone. Glares at Zoe. The unlucky messenger in the wrong place at the wrong time. Levi does his best to speak in a calm, even tone, but his rage is intensifying.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Do you think it could have been helpful for me to have known about Swati's promotion *before* my call with the President of the company?

ZOE

Yes, and I tried —

Rhetorical question.

LEVI

Do you think it's the *job* of my assistant to give me information as soon as it becomes available?

But Zoe is sick of his rhetorical questions.

ZOE

You were in a closed door meeting all morning.

(then)

I need to talk to you about Go-Gretel.

Levi paces by the windows, not so much looking at the view, as staring through it. He squeezes his iPhone like a stress ball.

LEVI

They're saying I can't spearhead a personal tracking service designed for young women, a program *I* developed, by the way —

ZOE

That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about —

LEVI

Just because I'm a *man*? And that's *not* sexist? Two years ago, Swati was my fucking *intern*. What's next? *You're* going to take over the fucking company?

Zoe realizes what she wants to talk about will fall on deaf ears. So, she says nothing.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Well? Answer me.

It's a flash. An impulse. And it's over before he's realized he's done it.

LEVI'S PHONE GOES FLYING AND CLOCKS ZOE IN THE TEMPLE.

Zoe stumbles backwards, grips the wall to keep from falling.

They stare at each other in shock – Neither can believe that actually just happened.

Levi moves to her, instantly apologetic.

LEVI (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I'm so sorry. I don't know
what came over me.

But Zoe holds up her arm, defensive.

ZOE
(shaky but measured)
Don't worry. I'm not going to take
over the company. Because I quit.

INT. HOME SPY CORPORATE OFFICE - HR - DAY

Zoe sits with DEBORAH (50s, plump) an HR Associate, and fills out an incident report on a clipboard.

DEBORAH
Try to be as detailed as possible.

Deborah hands Zoe another form.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
And I'll need your signature.
(indicates)
Here and here.

ZOE
What is this?

DEBORAH
Release of liability. And
acknowledgement of receiving your
severance package. Five thousand
dollars.

ZOE
I sign this and get five grand?

DEBORAH
And you waive your right to sue.

Zoe studies the form, considering.

ZOE
Can I think about it?

DEBORAH
It's a generous package. I recommend
you take it.

Zoe nods but stuffs the form in her bag. Deb glances at the
bump growing under Zoe's right eye.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
I'm impressed you lasted a year on
Levi's desk. Most assistants don't.

ZOE
Guess I must be a masochist.

DEBORAH
It's a shame you're leaving. We're
going to need a lot of help with Go-
Gretel. I really like that App.

ZOE
You do?

DEBORAH
My daughter uses it when she jogs at
night. I love that it lets me know
when she gets home safe. It's a great
idea.

Zoe hands Deborah the clipboard.

ZOE
Thanks. It was mine.

EXT. MERIT TALENT AGENCY - DAY

An old factory converted into a modern office building.
Industrial chic, hoping to look cutting edge and relevant.

INT. MERIT TALENT AGENCY - BOARDROOM - DAY

A dozen TALENT AGENTS sit around a reclaimed wood boardroom
table in a light-filled room. Among them is David. Ordinarily,
he's focused and prepared. But today he's somewhere else.

JED (40s, impeccable, an athlete's body in a bespoke suit)
holds court. He plays with a football, tossing it and catching
it with every point he makes.

JED

(toss)
We need
(catch)
New IP. I want you to look at the
success the streamers are having
with old franchises from the '80s.

But David is barely listening. He stares out the garage door windows, at two seagulls gliding across the flat blue sky.

JED (CONT'D)

(toss)
What was old
(catch)
Is new again. Speaking of which.
(to David)
How was your weekend? You workin the
steps with Isaac Jacobs?

David snaps out of his reverie. He shifts in his seat, uncomfortable.

DAVID

I went. But it just didn't feel right.

Jed stops tossing the football. Everyone stares at David, silently stunned at the opportunity missed. MATT (30s, charming but arrogant) laughs, shocked.

MATT

But it's *Isaac Jacobs*. The fact that
he's back in LA, that would be like
if JD Salinger came out of
reclusivity. How could you not at
least try?

Normally, David tolerates Matt. But right now he hates him.

DAVID

Just wasn't the right time.

Jed doesn't hide his disappointment.

JED

It's never the right time. Point is,
it might be the *only* time. If Isaac
Jacobs is back in town, he's here
for one reason: work.

DAVID

He's worth, what, a hundred million?
Why would he need more work?

MATT
He's in AA. And who knows what else.
He's been AWOL for years. Maybe he's
broke.

DAVID
I doubt that.

MATT
You never know.

JED
I'm surprised, Haskell.

Jed tosses the football to David a little too hard.

JED (CONT'D)
What's goin' on with my Closer?

David catches the ball. Doesn't know what to say. All he can
feel is the bile rising in his throat.

CUT TO:

INT. MERIT TALENT AGENCY - BATHROOM - DAY

David barely manages to close the stall door before RETCHING
into a toilet. Wipes his mouth with toilet paper.

Footsteps. David freezes. Someone else just entered.

AGENT (O.S.)
Can you believe that?

The faucet's running. Hand-washing. Then, the unmistakable
voice of Matt.

MATT (O.S.)
Actually, I can. Haskell never did
have the balls.

Footsteps. The door closes. They're gone. David manages to
stand. He opens the stall door, splashes water on his face.

Looks at himself in the mirror — *What is going on with you?*

EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful, upscale, modern house. All straight lines, flat
roofs, glass walls. Could be on the cover of Architectural
Digest. Probably was.

A decidedly out-of-place Civic pulls up and Zoe climbs out.
She grabs her banker's box from the passenger seat and lugs
it behind the house, through the

BACKYARD

Past an INFINITY LAP POOL that glistens in the mid-day sun. Empty, unused. More of a status symbol than anything else.

She heads towards a modern POOL HOUSE at the back of the beautifully landscaped yard.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

Zoe opens her freezer, pulls out an ice pack, wraps it in a dish towel, holds it against her eye, and slumps onto her bed. It's only noon, but it's already been a very long day. Feels good to sit in silence though.

She opens her iPhone to "mirror selfie" mode and looks at her face. The bruise under her eye is turning purple.

She stares at herself – *How did I get here?*

She pulls her suitcase out of her standing wardrobe, unzips it on her bed, and starts throwing her clothes into it.

INT. HOME SPY CORPORATE OFFICE - BOARDROOM - DAY

Levi sits across a boardroom table from Deborah and SWATI (30, Bengali, composed) the executive Levi was ranting about earlier. Swati is a woman who is used to being underestimated, and she has honed it into a weapon for success.

SWATI

It's unfortunate that our first meeting in my new capacity has to be under such circumstances, but –

LEVI

Swati. Come on. It's me. You don't have to talk like that.

Swati momentarily falters as her former boss chides her.

SWATI

Like what?

Levi smiles. Maybe he still holds power over her.

LEVI

Like a high school principal.

Nope. He no longer does. Swati pushes through the muscle memory of submissiveness and clasps her hands on the table.

SWATI

It was recently brought to my attention that an employee, well, *former* employee, filed a report describing an incident of physical assault.

LEVI

It got a little heated, that's all. I was blowing off some steam. Come on, Swat. You know what I'm like.

SWATI

(all too well)

I do.

(then)

Nevertheless, we have a zero tolerance policy when it comes to assault.

Her formal language is really starting to grate on him.

LEVI

What are you getting at?

Swati glances at the LAWYER seated at the end of the table. It gives her comfort to know he's here.

SWATI

You're being terminated, Levi.

There it is. The truth: Levi's former intern is now his boss. And she just fired him.

LEVI

What?

SWATI

And it's our recommendation that you attend a diversion course.

LEVI

I have no idea what that even means.

Deborah pushes a pamphlet across the table.

DEBORAH

It's an anger management class.

Levi stares at Swati. What fresh hell is *this*?

LEVI

You're loving this.

She is. But she doesn't let on.

SWATI

Deborah can provide you with a location close to your home.

LEVI

You know what? When I was coming up, my bosses threw phones at me all the fucking time. And worse.

Points to a small scar on his forehead with pride.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Stapler. I wore it like a badge of honor. Honestly, I don't know when things got so politically correct.

He stares at Swati. She's not swayed. Levi composes himself. This is the #MeToo era. He needs to watch his words.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Ok. Look. What happened today is regrettable and I promise it won't happen again. But this is ridiculous.

Swati, unmoved, nods to Deborah, who slides an envelope to Levi.

SWATI

Today will be your last day.
(re: envelope)
That contains your severance package.
We'll have your personal belongings couriered to your home.

Levi takes this in, stunned. This is actually happening.

EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - DAY

Zoe shoves her suitcase into the trunk of her car, as a luxury SUV pulls into the driveway. Out steps Brooke (we met her at yoga and the restaurant.) She looks at Zoe, confused.

BROOKE

Hey, Zoe. What are you doing home?

Zoe slams her trunk shut.

ZOE

I'm moving out.

BROOKE

What?

Brooke comes closer, sees the bruise blooming on Zoe's face.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Jesus. What happened to you?

Brooke reaches out to Zoe, but Zoe shrugs her off. Avoids eye contact so as not to burst into tears.

ZOE
I really don't want to talk about it
right now. Ok?

BROOKE
Zoe. It's me.

Zoe feels the tears welling.

ZOE
I'm sorry. I just can't right now.

Zoe climbs into the driver seat, starts her car.

BROOKE
Zoe. *What happened?*

Zoe says nothing, drives off. Brooke watches her go, stunned and confused.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - NIGHT

CHYRON: PRESENT DAY

Mateo passes the police cruisers with flashing lights, ducks under police tape, and crosses to the public bathrooms. POLICE OFFICERS are milling in the bushes at the far side of the park. Only now do we notice the white lights wrapped around the palm trees are holiday lights – It's Christmas time, six months after we first met Zoe. Mateo approaches Gaby.

MATEO
A homicide. In Holmby Park?

GABY
Reminds me of OJ.

MATEO
Before my time.

GABY
I was twelve when it happened. But
my dad worked the case.

MATEO
Wow. Wonder what he'll say about
this.

GABY
He passed away last year.

MATEO
I didn't know. Sorry.

GABY
It's Ok.

Mateo looks to Gaby. He has a lot to learn about his partner.
A Forensics Officer, CARLOS (30s) approaches.

CARLOS
Gaby. Mateo.

GABY
What do you got for us, Carlos.

CARLOS
Found this in the bushes.

He hands Gaby an evidence bag containing A WOMAN'S CARTIER
WATCH, SMEARED WITH BLOOD.

GABY
Clasp's broken.

She notices an inscription etched into the back of the watch.

GABY (CONT'D)
(reads)
Love you forever.
(then)
Zoe didn't wear a watch.

MATEO
How do you know that?

GABY
I knew her.

Gaby scans the dark park, illuminated by the flashing lights.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

DAN COOPER (20s, lanky, unassuming) Zoe's boyfriend, comes home to his spare apartment. The place has a makeshift vibe: mismatched furniture, mostly from thrift stores. Used books. Zoe is waiting on his futon. Dan dumps his messenger bag on the floor, confused.

DAN

Hey. Were we on for tonight?

Then he sees the purple bruise on her face.

DAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened?

ZOE

I quit my job, but on the upside, I got takeout with my last forty bucks. Not from the good place. The place next to the car wash. Sorry.

She hands him a carton of Chinese food.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Oh, and I moved out of the pool house.

Dan sinks into the futon, taking it all in.

DAN

Why?

ZOE

I just can't stay there anymore.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The PCH is gridlock. Incessant honking and idling cars. No one is looking at the majestic sunset over the Pacific.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

Except for David. He gazes out at the dazzling sky, lit up orange and gold. Streaks of pink clouds. The sun, a molten orb, sinks into the ocean. This is what made him fall in love with this city.

HONK — His meditative moment is interrupted by the very thing that made him fall out of love with this city.

A TEXT on his phone interrupts the moment. It's his wife, Rachel — *where r u? Dinner?*

He ignores the text, keeps staring out at the water. Then, he makes a call.

DAVID
(into phone)
Hey. It's David. How are you?
(beat)
Good, good. Any chance you're free
for dinner tonight?

INT. LEVI'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

In another part of town, Levi is also driving home in gridlock, but he's got no view of the water. Just a sea of unmoving cars ahead. The light at the intersection turns green. No one moves. He HONKS at the car in front of him.

LEVI
Come on.

Nothing. Total standstill. Levi grips the steering wheel, knuckles whitening. His road rage is palpable.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Move, asshole.

Finally, the car moves through the intersection. Levi jams the gas —

BUT A CAR VEERS RIGHT INTO HIS LANE, ALMOST CUTTING HIM OFF.

LEVI (CONT'D)
HEY!

Levi slams on the brakes, lurching forward in his bucket seat. He honks his horn.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outta my lane!

But the driver won't budge. They're now both blocking the intersection, trying to merge into the same lane. Drivers around them honk, but the other car doesn't move. Levi won't either. He grits his teeth, entrenching.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Not today, asshole.

The honking from neighboring cars grows louder, as the traffic light turns from green to yellow to red. They're stuck in the middle of the intersection, blocking traffic in all directions. The other DRIVER gets out of his car, moves to Levi. KNOCKS ON HIS DRIVER WINDOW.

DRIVER

HEY.

Ordinarily, Levi would stare ahead and keep his door locked.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

MOVE. YOUR. FUCKING. CAR.

But today has not been a good day.

LEVI

Fuck it.

Levi toggles his gear shift into Park, climbs out. The driver gets right up in Levi's face.

DRIVER

THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU, DUDE!

Levi stares at the driver. Unflinching.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I SAID. WHAT. THE FUCK. IS —

Levi can't help himself. He PUNCHES the driver in the face.

INT. DINER - DAY

David sits across from his mentor and fellow Agent, LEN LIEBOWITZ (70s), the kind of man who wears a suit to a diner.

DAVID

I think I might be losing my nerve.

Len chuckles as he bites into his greasy burger.

LEN

Maybe so.

David leans in, searching for something from his mentor. Truth? Guidance?

DAVID

Can I ask you something? Do you like your job?

LEN

What kind of question is that.

DAVID

I'm serious.

LEN

So am I.

(MORE)

LEN (CONT'D)

When I was your age, we didn't ask questions like that. We just went to work.

DAVID

Well, that was then.

Len chews, thoughtful. Swallows.

LEN

If you had asked me thirty years ago if agenting was what I wanted to do with my life, no. I had no idea what it even meant. But I wanted a career in show business. So, I got one. And it's kept a roof over my head and put my kids through school.

DAVID

Right. No, you're right. It's a good way to make a living.

LEN

You're conflicted, I can see that.

DAVID

It's just, at first, it seemed like: Opportunity. You know? Sky's the limit. There was no ceiling. It was exhilarating.

LEN

(reminiscing)

I remember when you first got onto my desk.

DAVID

But now. The relationships just feel... transactional.

LEN

Never seemed to bother you before. What changed?

DAVID

I don't know.

(yes he does)

I think it was Isaac Jacobs.

LEN

Thought he was living in a cabin in Maine or somewhere.

DAVID

He's back in town. And when he looked at me, I swear to God, it was like he was looking at thirteen-year-old me. I saw myself the way he saw me. And I didn't like what I saw.

Len wipes his hands on a napkin. Smiles.

LEN

That's what I always liked about you, David. You have a conscience. It's what makes you great. But it will also be your downfall.

DAVID

Oh, good.

LEN

Look. This is the business we're in. And it's never going to change. My advice to you? Do your job. Or quit.

EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

Levi pulls up in front of his beautiful home. (The same place Zoe moved out of.) He climbs out of his Porsche. He's disheveled, hair askew. It's been a day.

INT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Levi finds his son, little Cameron from the soccer field, dwarfed by the high ceilings of the modern kitchen, finishing dinner by himself.

CAMERON

Hi, daddy.

LEVI

Hey, buddy.

Levi kisses the top of Cam's head and tousles his hair.

CAMERON

You missed taco night.

LEVI

No way. My favorite.

Levi scoops some shredded cheese into his mouth. He notices a hole in Cameron's t-shirt. Pokes his finger in it.

LEVI (CONT'D)

What happened there?

CAMERON

Nothing.

Levi pulls a bottle of scotch from a cabinet, grabs a glass, and sits at the table next to Cam.

LEVI

Tommy give you trouble again?

CAMERON

It's no big deal.

Levi pours himself a drink, takes a generous sip. He needs to take the edge off this day.

LEVI

You gotta stand up to him. Don't let him bully you around.

CAMERON

I don't wanna fight him, dad.

LEVI

Sometimes you have to.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Levi?

Levi looks up as Brooke enters. Here, we realize Brooke and Levi are married, and that Brooke's relationship with Gaby is an affair.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

What happened?

Levi finishes his drink, bracing himself for the forthcoming interrogation. He kisses Brooke, hoping to shift her focus.

LEVI

Hey, baby. How was your day?

Judging by her withering look, his strategy's not gonna work.

BROOKE

Why did Zoe quit?

LEVI

My day was pretty rough, thanks for asking.

CAMERON

Zoe quit?

BROOKE
And why did she move out of the pool
house?

That part is news to Levi. And Cam.

CAMERON
Where did she go?

Levi heads out of the room, digesting this.

LEVI
I need a shower.

INT. LEVI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Levi exits the master bathroom in a towel. Brooke is standing
by the edge of the bed, waiting for him.

BROOKE
I want you to explain to me why Zoe
has a bruise on her face.

Levi pulls on his pajamas bottoms.

LEVI
I'm really tired. Can we talk about
this tomorrow?

He climbs into his side of the bed, but she won't budge.

BROOKE
Did you hit her?

LEVI
You seriously think I would do that.

BROOKE
I don't know what to think.

Levi throws back the covers, moves to the door. He can't do
this now. But Brooke blocks his path.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Tell me what happened.

LEVI
Why? You've clearly already made up
your mind what happened.

BROOKE
Because I don't know the truth.

LEVI

Right. You don't. But you *actually* think I have the *capacity* to do something like that.

(then)

I didn't touch her.

BROOKE

What. Happened.

LEVI

I was angry. I threw my phone. It hit her face. It was an accident.

BROOKE

Why would you do that?

Levi considers telling Brooke that he was fired. But saying it out loud will make it real. So, he evades.

LEVI

...I had a bad day. That's all. And now HR wants me to take some kind of anger management course.

BROOKE

Maybe you should.

LEVI

It's bullshit.

CAMERON (O.S.)

What's bullshit?

Cam is standing in the doorway. It's unclear how much of their conversation he overheard.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David comes home to a dark house.

DAVID

Rach?

No answer. He heads upstairs.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David finds Rachel (from yoga) curled up in their California king. Rachel looks up from her iPad, drowsy.

RACHEL

Hey, babe. Why didn't you text me back?

DAVID

Sorry.

RACHEL

Where were you?

DAVID

At dinner with Len.

Rachel puts away her iPad.

RACHEL

Oh. Why didn't you just tell me? I didn't know what to think.

David sits on the edge of the bed, conflicted.

DAVID

I don't know. I'm sorry.

RACHEL

What happened? You only eat with him when something bad happened.

DAVID

Do I?

Rachel pats the bed next to her. He climbs over, curls up next to her.

RACHEL

Is this about Isaac Jacobs?

DAVID

Maybe.

RACHEL

I assume Jed did not take it well.

DAVID

No.

RACHEL

Well, I would not want to be married to someone who could sign a client at an AA meeting.

That's what he loves about her. He kisses her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(yawns)

By the way, Brooke saw you at the park on Sunday and might think you're an alcoholic.

DAVID

Great.

They lie together for a beat. David is starting to relax. Rachel wriggles away, curls up on the far side of the bed in her sleeping position.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where'd you go?

RACHEL

I'm right here.

DAVID

Come back. I miss you.

But Rachel's already drifting off to sleep.

RACHEL

...I'm so tired, baby. I took a sleeping pill.

DAVID

See, this is why I never wanted to get a king size bed. You always end up so far away.

RACHEL

(mumbles)

...You know I can't fall asleep when you're holding me.

She falls sleep. David lays there in the dark, staring up at the ceiling, frustrated.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Zoe is eating Chinese food on the couch. But Dan is too angry to eat.

DAN

I'm going to kill him.

ZOE

No point now. I already quit.

DAN

What an asshole. I never liked that guy.

ZOE

Relax. I'm fine. Really. I just need a new job. And a new place to live.

DAN
You never should have moved into his pool house.

ZOE
Well, I got evicted from my last place. Brooke and Levi offered. It was close to work, and the rent was too cheap to pass up.

DAN
It was his pool house. It was creepy.

ZOE
It's not like I had a choice.

Dan looks stung. This topic is a sore spot in their relationship.

DAN
Actually, you did.

ZOE
Sorry, that's not what I meant.

DAN
Then what *did* you mean?

Zoe puts down her Chinese food. She needs to navigate carefully so as not to hurt his feelings even more.

ZOE
You asked me three months ago, and I thought it was too soon. But maybe this is a sign that we should.

Dan says nothing.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Or... not. Forget I asked. I thought you wanted this.

DAN
I wanted you to move in with me three months ago because I love you. Not because it was convenient.

ZOE
And now?

DAN
Nothing's changed for me. Has it changed for you?

Zoe doesn't want to go there. She deflects by opening her fortune cookie. But it's empty. No fortune.

ZOE
Typical. I'm gonna go.

DAN
Don't. Stay.

Zoe gathers her things, frustrated.

ZOE
No, I mean, why would you want me to
move in with you, anyway? I'm
unemployed and homeless.
(re: empty fortune
cookie)
And I have no future.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Buzzing fluorescent lights. Medical tools laid out on a tray. Christmas carols play on a stereo, a sharp contrast to this sterile, clinical environment. A Pathologist, PRISCILLA (30s, Caribbean, big-hearted) sings along as she conducts an autopsy on Zoe's body. She's got a deep, beautiful voice.

PRISCILLA
*O holy night, the stars are brightly
shining...*

Gaby enters, pulls on some latex gloves.

GABY
Hey, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA
Hey, baby girl. Baked y'all some
holiday cookies.

Priscilla nods at the baking tins on the counter.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Don't forget to take some up for
Mateo. He loves my gingerbread.

GABY
Thanks.
(re: Zoe's body)
Anything I should know?

PRISCILLA
Pulled a bullet out of the girl's
chest.

Priscilla shows Gaby a tray with a blood-covered bullet.

GABY
9 mm?

PRISCILLA
Mm-hmm.

GABY
Any defensive wounds?

PRISCILLA
Nope. No lacerations. Nothing under her fingernails neither. And she was shot in the front. Point blank.

GABY
Please don't tell me she was pregnant.

PRISCILLA
Nope. But there was cocaine in her system.

GABY
Pretty sure she wasn't an addict.

PRISCILLA
I heard that you knew her. I'm sorry.
(then)
Ten years in this job, I've learned one thing: You never can tell what's goin' on in a person's life.

Gaby stares at Zoe's face. Priscilla's right. Unfortunately, whatever secrets Zoe had, she took them to the grave.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. HOLMBY PARK - DAY**

Another summery Sunday. Zoe supervises her soccer kids as they run zig-zags between orange pylons. Sunlight glints through the trees, winking with the promise of a new day. Another chance to get things right this time. David's car pulls up to the edge of the park.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David sits, watching Zoe watch the kids. Then, he makes a call.

DAVID
(into phone)
Jed. David.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

Tinkling china and water glasses. Jed's in the middle of a breakfast meeting (egg white omelet) on an elegant terrace overlooking the ocean. He steps away to take the call.

JED
(into phone)
David.

DAVID
I made a mistake. But I'm going to fix it. I just got to AA, and I'm going to finish what I started.

JED
Don't worry about it.

David climbs out of his car, crosses the park towards the Community Center. Confident. Ready to close.

DAVID
You were right. There *is* no good time. But I'm going to make now the *right* time.

JED
Don't worry about it. Seriously.

DAVID
No, *I'm* serious. Next time you hear from me, I'll have signed Isaac Jacobs.

Jed can't beat around the bush any longer.

JED
Matt's handling it.

David stops walking.

DAVID
What?

JED
It was my decision.

David stares at AA group members heading into the Community Center. Spots Isaac. And the unmistakable silhouette of Matt. Matt's wearing a hoodie and jeans, but it's him, alright.

DAVID
Jed —

JED
You're emotional. You connect. And that works with the younger clients. But Jacobs is different. He's been around the block. You weren't the right fit. But don't worry about it.

David doesn't know what to say.

JED (CONT'D)
Do me a favor. Take the day. Spend some time with your wife. I'll see you in the AM, alright?

David swallows, manages —

DAVID
Right.

But Jed's already hung up. David stares at Matt, who follows Isaac inside the Community Center.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Isaac is sitting at the back of the group, slightly apart from the others, waiting for the AA meeting to begin. Matt sits next to him.

MATT
Mr. Jacobs?

Isaac instantly smells an impostor.

ISAAC
Thought this place was anonymous.

MATT
Just wanted to introduce myself.
Matt Conover.

He extends his hand. But Isaac doesn't shake it.

ISAAC
Another Agent.

MATT
With Merit Talent, yes. I want to
apologize for my colleague's behavior
last week. He never should have
approached you here. It was an
invasion of your privacy.

Isaac stares at Matt.

ISAAC
I trust you're not an alcoholic
either.

MATT
I am not, sir.

ISAAC
Then I assume you might see how your
presence here is *also* an invasion of
my privacy?

Matt nods, smiles. Touché.

MATT
I didn't know how to contact you, so
I thought I'd apologize face to face.

At the front of the room, Wendy turns on her microphone.

WENDY
(into microphone)
Good morning.

Matt leans close to Isaac.

MATT
I would be remiss if I
didn't tell you what a
big fan I am of your
work.

GROUP
Morning. / Good morning.

Isaac turns his attention back to the group.

MATT
Your fans would be
thrilled to know that,
after all these years,
you're back.

WENDY
How is everyone doing this
beautiful morning?

MATT
I would love nothing
more than to take you
to lunch.

GROUP
Good. / Good to see you,
Wendy.

Matt hands Isaac his business card, but Isaac waves it away.

ISAAC
No, thank you.

MATT
I assume you're in
town because you want
to put your work back
out into the world.

WENDY
Please join me for the
serenity prayer.

ISAAC
I'm not here for work.

Matt stares at Wendy, stymied.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Zoe is watching the kids run between the pylons. Her bruise
is well camouflaged with makeup. Barely noticeable.

CAMERON (O.S.)
Zoe!

Zoe turns to find Cameron running towards her. And behind
him come his parents, Brooke and Levi. Nightmare.

ZOE
(feigning cheeriness)
Hey, buddy!

She stoops to tie his shoelaces.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Hold up. We got a shoelace situation.

CAMERON
When are you gonna come home?

Zoe is unprepared for this question.

ZOE
...I dunno, Cam.

CAMERON

I miss you.

It hurts disappointing this little guy.

ZOE

I miss you, too.

Cam hugs Zoe as Levi and Brooke approach.

BROOKE

Hi, Zoe.

ZOE

(to Cameron)

Remember what I taught ya: double knots next time, right? Go get em.

CAMERON

Thanks.

Cameron runs off, and Zoe rises to face Brooke and Levi.

BROOKE

How are you?

Zoe avoids eye contact with Levi. Focuses on Brooke.

ZOE

Good, thanks. Better.

BROOKE

Look, I'm...

(re: Levi)

We are both so sorry about what happened. Could we take you for coffee sometime, talk about it?

ZOE

(no way in hell)

Thanks, but I gotta get going.

(re: soccer kids)

Can't lose this job, too.

ON Levi: That burns.

Zoe glances briefly at Levi. Contempt mixed with humiliation.

BROOKE

Ok. Well, if you change your mind.

Zoe nods. She won't. She jogs off. When she's out of earshot:

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you say anything?

LEVI

What would you have had me say?

ANGLE ON: The far side of the soccer field. Zoe monitors the kids. The brush with Brooke and Levi has left her on edge. Brazen. Bold. She spots David sitting on a nearby bench.

ZOE

Creepy park guy's back.

David should be annoyed, but he's not. Maybe it's her playful tone.

DAVID

That's me. Creepy park guy.

ZOE

What's on the agenda for today?
Stalking new child victims? Casing
the joint for a terrorist attack?

DAVID

Work thing. But it's not happening.

ZOE

Ah, yes. Isaac Jacobs.

DAVID

You remembered.

ZOE

What's so great about him, anyway?

DAVID

He's only the greatest living writer
of the 21st century.

ZOE

Please.

DAVID

The way he challenges societal
complacency and economic prosperity?
I heard he wrote *Everything's The
Same* in a three-week haze. He's like
a modern day Kerouac.

That line might convince some girl at a bar, but not Zoe.

ZOE

You know, when Kerouac ran out of
money on his epic road trips, he
moved in with his mom. She basically
bankrolled his lifestyle.

DAVID

Careful.

ZOE

And he didn't write *On the Road* in a three-week haze. His girlfriend Joyce Johnson said he revised his "spontaneous prose" for months. With her help, no doubt.

DAVID

Not a fan, I see.

ZOE

Of hypocrites? Not really, no. All I'm saying is, Isaac Jacobs might not be as great as you think he is.

DAVID

Well, I blew my chance with him.
(resigned, cynical)
Not that it matters anyway.

ZOE

You sound pretty existential for a Sunday morning. Please don't kill yourself on my watch. My first aid kit only has Dora the Explorer band-aids. And not the waterproof kind.

David laughs. Maybe it's because he just blew things professionally, but he feels loose. Janky in the limbs. And it feels good to flirt with this weird, morbid girl.

DAVID

I promise I won't kill myself on your watch. If I was going to kill myself in front of someone, I would want to at least know their name.

This conversation suddenly feels intimate, even dangerous.

ZOE

Zoe.

DAVID

(trying it out)

Zoe.

(then)

David.

EXT./INT. LEVI'S CAR - DAY

Levi opens the door, and Cameron climbs into the backseat.

LEVI
Hey, buddy. How was practice?

CAMERON
Good. I scored a goal.

LEVI
You did? High five.
(they high five)
That calls for a milkshake.

CAMERON
Really? Can I get an Oreo one?

LEVI
Anything you want.

Brooke approaches with her yoga mat rolled under her arm.
She and Levi kiss.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Guess who scored a goal?

Brooke beams at Cameron.

BROOKE
You did?
(Cameron grins)
Amazing!

Brooke climbs into the passenger seat, Levi puts the car
into drive and pulls into traffic.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
By the way, I checked. There's a
meeting tonight at eight.

Levi honks at the car idling in front of them.

LEVI
(annoyed, to driver)
Let's go.

BROOKE
(scrolls on her phone)
It got good reviews on Yelp.

The driver moves. Levi slams his foot on the gas, irritated.

LEVI
Thought Yelp was for restaurants.

BROOKE
It got a lot of positive testimonials.
(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Even from men. I think you should
go.

Irrked, Levi accelerates. Brooke grips the car door handle.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Slow down.

LEVI
You hate my driving now, too?

BROOKE
You're scaring me. And Cam.

Levi glances in the rearview mirror at Cameron in the back seat, soaking up his anger. Levi takes his foot off the gas.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Zoe and Lucia are tossing soccer balls into net bags. Some distance away, Isaac kicks a stray soccer ball in Zoe's direction.

Zoe looks up, as Isaac approaches. He waves. She doesn't wave back.

LUCIA
Who's that?

ZOE
Nobody.

Zoe moves towards Isaac, out of Lucia's earshot.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Heard you were back in town.

They take each other in.

ISAAC
I should have called.

ZOE
That's what most people would have
done, yeah.

ISAAC
I didn't think you would agree to
see me if I called.

Zoe says nothing. He's probably right. She keeps collecting soccer balls. He pulls out a one-year sobriety chip.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Thought you'd like to know I'm sober.

ZOE
Good for you.

ISAAC
I'll be in town for a while. So, if
there's anything you need. Money or—

ZOE
I'm happy you're doing well, Isaac.

It's hard for him to hear her say his name with such derision.

ZOE (CONT'D)
But I don't want your help. Whenever
you show up in my life, bad stuff
happens.

Zoe turns and heads back to Lucia. Isaac watches her go.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(to Lucia)
Listen, um. If that offer to make
some easy cash still stands, I'm in.

LUCIA
What changed your mind?

ZOE
I need the money.

Lucia glances at Isaac in the distance. Doesn't probe.

LUCIA
Well, like I said. It's an easy gig.
Like being a facilitator.

ZOE
(a what?)
A facilitator.

LUCIA
All you have to do is scout new
clients.

Lucia nods at the parents leaving the park with their kids.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
Lawyers, executives, Hollywood people.
And direct them to me if they're
interested in the product.

ZOE

The product.

LUCIA

Coke. And Molly.

ZOE

Didn't figure Brentwood yuppies for your clientele.

LUCIA

They're rich and they're loyal.

As Zoe considers her potential new job...

INT. POLICE STATION - GABY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A utilitarian office, spruced up for the holidays with tinsel. Gaby studies Zoe's phone in an evidence bag. Mateo enters with the evidence bag containing the Cartier watch.

MATEO

Forensics came back on the watch.
Blood matches Zoe's.

Gaby takes this in. Then:

GABY

Any sign of the murder weapon?

MATEO

Nope. All we know is that it's a 9mm. Forensics are trying to determine exactly what kind of gun it was.

Gaby examines the watch, thoughtful.

GABY

What was she doing in that park. At night. By herself.

A cell phone rings. But it's not Gaby's or Mateo's. It's the phone in the evidence bag. Zoe's phone. Gaby and Mateo exchange looks.

GABY (CONT'D)

Let it go to voicemail.

They watch as the call goes to voicemail. With gloved hands, Mateo pulls the phone out of the bag, taps the screen. But the phone is password protected.

MATEO

I guess you didn't know her well enough to know her password?

GABY

No.
 (gears turning)
 But we don't need her password.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

PRISCILLA

You want to do what?
 (rolls her eyes,
 gestures at Zoe's
 body)
 Go ahead.

Gaby and Mateo move to Zoe's body.

GABY

Thanks, Priscilla.

Gaby uses Zoe's thumb to "unlock" her phone. Gaby dials into the voicemail, puts the phone on speaker. The message plays:

SWATI (O.S.)

Hi Zoe, this is Swati Gupta at Home
 Spy Technologies. I know you're no
 longer with the company, but HR
 informed me that you were the
 originator of the Go-Gretel App. I'm
 looking to expand the development
 team, and I'm calling to see if you'd
 be interested in meeting with me to
 discuss a position with us. You can
 call me back at this number.

Click. Gaby and Mateo digest this darkly ironic moment.
 Sometimes, life's just not fair.

PRISCILLA

I think your girl just got a job.

MATEO

What's Go-Gretel?

Gaby scrolls through Zoe's phone. Finds the App, opens it.

GABY

(reads off phone screen)
*Hey, Ladies. Go-Gretel lets you leave
 a breadcrumb trail of your movements,
 so you never have to feel scared
 walking home alone at night again.*
 (MORE)

GABY (CONT'D)
(scrolls through App)
Looks like she turned it on the night
she was killed.

Gaby looks to Mateo, disturbed.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Zoe enters and slumps on the futon. Dan looks up from his laptop.

ZOE
Isaac's back. He came up to me at
soccer.

Dan's not sure what to say. Anything on this topic is liable to make her angry.

DAN
(hopeful)
Maybe it's good timing?

ZOE
He only shows up when he wants
something.

DAN
Maybe he can help.

Zoe glares. Landmine. Dan knows it. Regrets what he said.

ZOE
Why would I want his help?

He's gotta dig himself out of this one, somehow.

DAN
Because you need money? And your dad
has a lot of money?

ZOE
Please stop calling him my "dad." He
bailed when I was a kid. He doesn't
get to be called my "dad."

DAN
I'm sorry.

ZOE
Not your fault. You're not the one
who left.
(then)
He used to come home from work every
night at six o'clock. Right at six.
Every single night. But one night,
he never came home.

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)
(fighting emotion)
He left my mom and me with nothing.
And now he thinks he can just come
back into my life? That's not how it
works.

DAN
I just thought, you know, if you
need money, he can give you money.

Dan means well, but Zoe's getting agitated.

ZOE
Why do people always think money can
fix things?

DAN
Because sometimes it can.

ZOE
Well, it can't. Forget it.

Zoe storms out of the apartment.

EXT./INT. LEVI'S PORSCHE - NIGHT

Levi's Porsche pulls up to the park. In the distance, he
sees a group of men sitting in camping chairs in a circle.

ON Levi: Is he really gonna go through with this?

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - ANGER MANAGEMENT CIRCLE - NIGHT

Levi reluctantly approaches the group and sits in an empty
camping chair. A counselor, JEREMY (40s) holds court.

JEREMY
...As boys, we're not taught to talk
about our emotions. Especially not
with other boys. And over time, those
emotions can bottle up. Sometimes,
they explode. When that happens, we
hurt the people we care about.

Levi looks around. He didn't know what he was expecting from
an anger management group - Angry looking dudes? But these
guys look like husbands. Like dads. Like him.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
I know many of you are forced to be
here tonight. But I encourage you to
see this as an opportunity. And I
want you to think of this circle as
a safe place.

The circle looks about as safe as the dentist's chair.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

We can't control our anger until we
can name it. So, I want to start by
talking about what made us angry
today. Who wants to share?

Crickets. No takers. Gonna be a long night.

CUT TO:

Later, the group takes a break. Levi pulls a soda from a
communal beer cooler, cracks it open. He recognizes one of
the men - It's Doug, the guy who yelled at Zoe at soccer.

LEVI

You're Tommy's dad, right?

DOUG

Doug.

LEVI

Levi. Cameron's dad.

DOUG

Right.

They sip their sodas. Now what? Neither of them are
particularly adept at small talk. But there's always sports.

LEVI

Catch the Lakers game last night?

DOUG

No. Can't believe I missed that buzzer
beater shot because the wife made me
watch Wonder Woman.

LEVI

(laughs)

My wife almost left me when I told
her how boring it was.

DOUG

Your wife make you come to this?

LEVI

Yup.

DOUG

Same. Bullshit if you ask me.

LEVI

That it is.

Levi catches Doug's eye. A connection.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HOME GYM - NIGHT

David is running on a treadmill, trying to sweat out his frustration, when his cell phone rings. The caller ID says it's an unlisted number. He hops off and takes the call.

DAVID
(into phone)
David Haskell.

ISAAC (O.S.)
This is Isaac Jacobs.

David wipes his face with a towel, surprised.

DAVID
Isaac. Good to hear from you.

ISAAC (O.S.)
I want to meet.

DAVID
Oh. Ok.

ISAAC (O.S.)
At the park. Next Sunday. Same time.

DAVID
Can I ask —

Click. David stares at his phone. Did that really just happen?

INT. ZOE'S CAR - NIGHT

Zoe, in the driver seat, is reclined as far back as it will go. She's trying to get comfortable for a long night of sleeping in her car.

There's a KNOCK at the driver side window. It's Dan.

DAN
What are you doing.

ZOE
Trying to sleep.

DAN
Come back inside.

Zoe turns away.

DAN (CONT'D)
Zo.

She shuts her eyes.

DAN (CONT'D)
Can you at least roll down the window?

Reluctantly, she does. They stare at each other.

DAN (CONT'D)
Come back inside. Please?

ZOE
You're only saying that because I
have nowhere else to go.

DAN
That's not why I'm saying it.

Dan opens the door, extends his hand.

DAN (CONT'D)
Your dad bailed on you, but I won't.
Will you please move in with me?

Possibly the most romantic thing anyone has ever said to her. She takes his hand.

INT. MORGUE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Zoe's body, on the stainless steel table, is now covered with a sheet. Gaby is with Priscilla. Mateo enters.

MATEO
Zoe's emergency contact is here.

Gaby and Priscilla move to the window, looks out into the HALLWAY. Dan is standing there, escorted by an OFFICER.

PRISCILLA
That the boyfriend?

Gaby nods and opens the door.

GABY
Dan?

Dan, pale, shaken, nods.

GABY (CONT'D)
Come on in.

Dan walks in, sees the sheet covering Zoe's body on the table.

PRISCILLA
Whenever you're ready, hon.

Dan takes a breath. Nods. Priscilla pulls back the sheet, revealing Zoe's face. Dan blanches, then nods.

DAN

It's her.

GABY

I can't imagine how hard this is for you. But I have to ask you a question.

She shows Dan the evidence bag containing the Cartier watch.

GABY (CONT'D)

Have you seen this before?

DAN

No.

GABY

(shows Dan the watch)

"Love you forever." You didn't give this to her?

He shakes his head.

GABY (CONT'D)

How long were you two dating?

DAN

About a year.

GABY

And you were living together?

DAN

Yeah.

GABY

(re: watch)

And in that time you never saw your girlfriend wearing this?

DAN

No. And she's not my girlfriend. We broke up.

GABY

When?

DAN

Last week.

Gaby looks to Mateo, surprised.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. HOLMBY PARK - DAY**

Sunday morning #3. The park is a flurry of activity. Families have picnics at the public grills. Couples walk their dogs. David finds Isaac on a bench near the Community Center. He sits next to him, sips a Starbucks.

DAVID

Morning.

From a distance, Isaac watches Zoe set up for soccer practice.

ISAAC

You know, I thought I could come back to LA and be incognito.

DAVID

Wishful thinking.

ISAAC

I'm actually impressed how fast you guys found me. And I know I'm going to be hounded until I sign with someone. So, I'm in.

DAVID

You're...in?

ISAAC

You were honest with me, at least. And you didn't follow me into my meeting. Unlike your colleague.

David smiles to himself. Schadenfreude is a wonderful feeling.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I'm willing to consider having you represent me. But I have three conditions I need you to meet.

DAVID

Shoot.

ISAAC

Number one. Get my daughter to speak to me.

David takes in this bizarre request.

DAVID

I can't say I know your daughter.

ISAAC

Sure you do. Saw you talking to her last week.

Isaac nods at Zoe, who is coaching the game.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Zoe.

DAVID

(makes the connection)

Is your daughter.

ISAAC

I don't come to meetings here for the support. I come to see her.

DAVID

I'm sure if she knew you were back in town -

ISAAC

She knows.

DAVID

Oh.

ISAAC

Can't say I blame her. Wasn't exactly a stand up father. But you're in the business of negotiation. So, I need you to help me break the ice.

Tall order. He's almost afraid to ask:

DAVID

What are conditions two and three?

ISAAC

Do this first. We'll talk about the rest later.

David digests the strangest deal he's ever been offered.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brooke moves down the hallway, distraught, in shock, tears in her eyes. Gaby meets her and they hug. Long and hard.

BROOKE

I don't understand. I was just talking to her. How did this happen?

GABY
That's what we're trying to figure out.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gaby sits with Brooke. They're nursing coffees.

GABY
We're looking at everyone who had contact with Zoe leading up to her death.

BROOKE
The night she was... I was with you.

GABY
Does Levi know?

BROOKE
No.

GABY
He's going to find out.

BROOKE
Why?

GABY
Because your alibi will become part of the investigation.

BROOKE
Shit.

GABY
Where was Levi that night?

BROOKE
I don't know.

GABY
Zoe used to work for him, right?

BROOKE
She was his assistant. But she quit six months ago. After the —

GABY
Cellphone thing, right. And she lived in your pool house?

BROOKE
For a couple months. Why?

GABY
The optics are not great.

BROOKE
What does that mean?

GABY
It means Levi is a person of interest.

Brooke's new reality is dawning on her: her husband might become a murder suspect.

BROOKE
I know you don't like him but that's insane.

GABY
I need you to find out where he was that night. Will you do that for me?

BROOKE
(firm)
No.

Gaby studies Brooke — this is a side of her she hasn't seen.

GABY
What do you mean, no?

BROOKE
He's my husband, Gaby.

Gaby takes in Brooke's response, surprised, even stung. They may be in love, but Brooke's priorities have suddenly been made quite clear.

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Levi and Doug, new friends, shoot 9mm guns at a target.

ON Levi, arms taut, amped. He smiles. This is *fun*.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

David approaches Zoe as she sets up for soccer practice. He waves. She waves back.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Outside the Community Center, Isaac watches David greet Zoe from afar.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Lucia, a yoga mat under her arm, approaches Diego, who is doing lay-ups. (We met Diego at the restaurant.)

LUCIA
I told you about her. Zoe. From soccer?

DIEGO
The white girl?

LUCIA
Yeah.

DIEGO
No way.

He sinks another basket.

LUCIA
Why not? She's perfect.

Sweaty, breathing hard, Diego confronts Lucia.

DIEGO
How many times do I have to tell you? We don't recruit outside the family.

LUCIA
Why not? White girls never serve time. They get arrested? They walk. It's low risk. You're always saying: look for the low risk option.

DIEGO
Forget it. I'll find somebody.

He goes back to shooting baskets. Lucia doesn't say anything. Diego looks at Lucia and reads her silence.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
You already talked to her. Without asking me.

LUCIA
I gotta go. I got soccer.

Lucia tucks the yoga mat under her arm, walks off.

DIEGO
Lucia.

Diego grabs her arm. She yanks it away.

LUCIA
Doesn't matter anyway.
(lying)
She said no.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Lucia approaches Zoe, who is setting up orange pylons.

ZOE
Sure you're Ok coaching on your own?

LUCIA
I've got this. Go.

She hands Zoe the rolled yoga mat.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
You already know someone there.

Zoe glances across the park, at a group of women unrolling their mats before yoga class. Among them, Brooke and Rachel.

ZOE
(re: Brooke)
We're not exactly on great terms.

But Lucia's firm. She needs to prove Diego wrong.

LUCIA
Then make new friends. Gauge interest
in our product. Report back.

ZOE
I'm nervous.

LUCIA
It's yoga. Just breathe.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Mateo flips through the autopsy report. Gaby is with him.

MATEO
How'd you meet her?

GABY
Zoe? At Holmby Park.

MATEO
When?

GABY
About six months ago.

EXT. HOLMBY PARK - YOGA CLASS - DAY

Zoe unrolls her yoga mat next to Brooke. WOMEN are stretching, but Henley the Instructor has not arrived yet.

BROOKE

Zoe?

ZOE

Hey.

BROOKE

Don't you have soccer practice?

Despite everything, it feels weird to lie to Brooke.

ZOE

I, uh...I have a sub this week.

BROOKE

Oh. I didn't know you were into yoga.

ZOE

I'm not. I mean, I'm trying to get into it.

BROOKE

Well, welcome. Henley's class is really good.

(re: Zoe's face)

You sure you're Ok?

ZOE

Yeah. Sorry I left like that.

BROOKE

You don't need to apologize. My fucking husband threw a phone at your head. I am so mortified. Please, if there is anything I can do -

ZOE

I'm good.

(re: yoga mat)

Turning over a new leaf, I guess.

BROOKE

Well, I'm glad you're here.

(to Rachel, re: Zoe)

Rachel, this is Zoe.

RACHEL

Hey, there.

Rachel shoots Brooke a look, as if to ask, "*that* Zoe?" Brooke nods. Rachel privately arches an eyebrow at Brooke.

GABY (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Zoe turns to face the woman next to her. It's Gaby.

GABY (CONT'D)

This is Henley Booth's yoga class,
right?

ZOE

I think so, yeah. Sorry, it's my
first time.

GABY

Mine, too.

Gaby looks past Zoe, at Brooke, and the women make eye contact for the first time. Instant attraction. They smile. Brooke looks away, uncomfortable by how attracted she is. Gaby, incentivized to get to know Brooke, extends her hand to Zoe.

GABY (CONT'D)

I'm Gaby, by the way.

ZOE

Zoe.

GABY

Nice to meet you.

PULL BACK on this tableau of four women: Zoe, Gaby, Brooke, and Rachel, who don't yet know how inextricably entangled their lives are about to become.

END OF PILOT