

LOOT

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAY

MOLLY KOVAK (45, looks like and is Maya Rudolph) rides in the back of a speedboat next to her husband JOHN (48, Molly's college sweetheart, also happens to be one of the richest men in the world). Molly and John, both immaculately dressed, sip champagne and bask in the sunshine as they race along a picturesque coastline. It's basically a scene out of a James Bond movie.

MOLLY
(playful)
Awful weather today, huh?

JOHN
Hideous.

MOLLY
Can we turn the sunshine down like
20 percent? And get rid of the
dolphins too, please. Way too cute.

John laughs and pours more champagne for Molly and himself.

JOHN
Happy birthday, baby.

MOLLY
Thank you!

JOHN
So... what do you think of your new
boat?

MOLLY
I'll tell you when I actually step
foot on it.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Molly and John's speedboat is racing toward a YACHT -- this is Molly's birthday present, not the tiny-by-comparison speedboat. We're on a wide shot of the yacht. Molly is just a small speck next to it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I dunno, looks a little small.

John and Molly laugh at her joke together.

INT./EXT. YACHT - DECK - DAY

Molly's assistant NICHOLAS (30, Asian-American, vain, superficial, also honestly pretty charming) greets Molly and John as they board the yacht. He hands them drinks.

NICHOLAS

Welcome!

(to Molly)

Are you sure you're turning 45 today? You look incredible. On the scale of ageless Jennifers, you just went from Aniston to Lopez!

MOLLY

Oh, Nicholas, you're the sweetest.

She hugs him and kisses him on the cheeks.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Thanks for setting up this tour.

NICHOLAS

Of course, it's my job. Follow me through your new floating palace.

(escorting them)

We begin in the kitchen. Open floor plan, La Cornue range, Meneghini refrigerator, of course.

MOLLY

Wow, incredible setup. I cannot wait to pop in here and pour myself a glass of wine while someone else cooks.

(looks around)

This seems like a good sipping spot.

NICHOLAS

The light on you is beautiful there!

Molly mimes sipping wine and nodding at a chef.

MOLLY

("talking to chef")

Oooh, I love it when you julienne things!

INT. YACHT - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Nicholas leads Molly and John in.

NICHOLAS

The luxurious master suite, with
walk-in closet...

Nicholas opens a door to a large closet. Molly inspects it.

MOLLY

You know what I'm thinking?

NICHOLAS

You need front and back mirrors.

MOLLY

Exactly. Mama needs her angles. Can
we put those in?

John isn't paying attention. He's looking at his phone.

JOHN

(distracted)

Yeah, sure. Do it.

INT. YACHT - STEAM ROOM - DAY

Molly and Nicholas are standing in a steam room. John is
outside.

NICHOLAS

This is the steam room. Custom-
designed, of course.

Nicholas hits a button. Steam shoots out around them.

MOLLY

Oh my God. That came out really
fast!

NICHOLAS

Yes, and it's boiling hot. 220
degrees Fahrenheit. This was
designed in Finland. They're a
people of extremes.

Molly pokes her head out.

MOLLY

Honey, you might want to check this
out, I'm not sure if it's safe.

JOHN

(still on his phone, not
looking up)

Yeah, looks great.

MOLLY
(little annoyed)
Sorry, are you listening?

JOHN
Hm? Yeah. I'm getting slammed with emails. We had a huge supply chain fuck-up.

Molly nods. She's used to playing second fiddle to work.

MOLLY
Okay. I would just love your input at some point.

John puts his hand on Molly's shoulder, making this a moment.

JOHN
You want my input? What I would really love to see is... whatever you want to see. This is your birthday gift. I want it to be special and perfect for you.

Molly looks at John. The moment is broken by John's phone buzzing. He checks the text.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(irritated)
Are you fucking kidding me?
(looking up)
I'm sorry, guys. I have to go meet with Chris. It's an emergency, they're sending the chopper. You guys stay here, drink champagne, keep poking around -- whatever you want, consider it done. You want to put in a movie theater, put in a movie theater.

NICHOLAS
There's already two movie theaters.

JOHN
Of course there are. The point is, do whatever you want. This yacht is your oyster. Happy birthday, baby. I'll see you at the party.

John kisses Molly on the cheek. We see that she's a little disappointed. John crosses off. Nicholas clocks her mood.

NICHOLAS

(trying to cheer her up)
You want to go to the front of the
boat and do Titanic poses while I
take photos?

MOLLY

Yeah. That'd be nice.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DUSK

Molly's birthday party is in full swing. We see quick shots of her and John's palatial beachfront Malibu mansion. Fantastically well-heeled guests arrive: celebrities, CEOs, world leaders.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

John enters the party. He sees Molly talking to a group of friends and approaches.

JOHN

Hey, can I steal her for one
second? Thanks.

He pulls Molly aside. They stand on a cliff overlooking the ocean, the sun setting behind them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about jetting off
earlier. Did you and Nicholas sort
out everything with the yacht?

Molly looks at him for a second. She's still stung from John abandoning her on her birthday.

MOLLY

Yeah, actually... I did. I decided
it wasn't right for me.

JOHN

Oh. Okay. So... what did you do?

MOLLY

I sent it back.

John stares at her.

JOHN

You did what?

MOLLY

I sent it back. They're taking it back to the factory.

JOHN

So... you sent the brand-new, 70-million-dollar yacht I got you for your birthday... back.

MOLLY

That's right.

John furrows his brow... bites his lip... thinks hard... and then slowly smiles.

JOHN

I. Love. That.

MOLLY

You do?

JOHN

This is why we're perfect for each other. You sent the yacht... back!

MOLLY

Yeah. Wow. I thought you might be mad.

JOHN

Are you kidding me? This is how we do things. We demand perfection. And when we get it, we demand more.

John gestures to their gorgeous surroundings.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's how a college dropout and a pre-school teacher came from nothing and ended up here. I mean, look around. Isn't this crazy? Sometimes I take a step back and I just pinch myself. It's all insane, isn't it?

MOLLY

It really is.

JOHN

I mean this: there isn't anyone in the entire world I'd rather be on this crazy trip with than you. I love you.

He kisses Molly on the top of the head. She smiles sincerely, touched by John's words. She notices something on his tie.

MOLLY

Oh. Speaking of perfection, you got a little spot on your tie. Let me go get you a new one.

JOHN

Always looking out for me. I love it. Thank you.

John smiles as Molly heads off.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Molly enters John's enormous, labyrinthine walk-in closet. Halfway in, she stops in her tracks, surprised: a young blonde woman, HAILEY, is already there picking out a tie.

MOLLY

Hailey. What are you doing here?

Hailey reacts, caught.

HAILEY

Molly. Uh, hey. I... just noticed that John had something on his tie. I was grabbing him a new one.

MOLLY

How do you know where his ties are?

Hailey stares at her, not knowing what to say.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME TIME

An oblivious John introduces CELINE DION to the crowd.

JOHN

Thank you all so much for being with us on this special day. The cash bar starts at nine. I'm kidding, drinks are on me. I own four soccer teams!

(off polite laughter)

Our dear friend Celine is here to sing a birthday song to Molly...

Molly marches up to John, furious and raging.

MOLLY

Your trainer? In our house? In our own bedroom? How long has this been going on?

JOHN

(caught)

Molly... hold on. I can explain.

The crowd reacts, confused.

MOLLY

Was this going on when we renewed our vows? The Bahamas? The new ring? Mariah Carey singing for me?

CELINE DION

Excuse me?

JOHN

Can we talk in private--

MOLLY

You know, you think you can talk your way out of anything. And 99 percent of the time, you're right. But not this time. This time, it's fucking over. I want a divorce. Never talk to me again.

Molly stalks off. A stunned John chases after her.

JOHN

Molly! Molly, come on!

Nicholas frantically motions to Celine Dion to fill the time. She starts awkwardly singing a love song.

CELINE DION

There were nights when the wind was so cold...

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

John follows Molly and calls out.

JOHN

I'm sorry! Let me explain. Please! Molly!

Molly passes by BARTOSZ, their driver, who's washing one of their many cars.

Ignoring John, she tries a few of the cars and finally finds one unlocked with the keys in it -- it's the ridiculous Audi sports car Robert Downey, Jr. drives in Avengers: Endgame. She gets in, locks the door, and realizes something. She rolls down the window.

MOLLY

Bartosz! I haven't driven in fifteen years! Drive me somewhere! Anywhere!

JOHN

Bartosz, stay where you are!

Bartosz looks very torn. John keeps running toward them.

MOLLY

Come help me! You know what? Fuck it.

Molly backs the Audi out of the driveway, scrapes a couple of other cars, knocks over a planter and awkwardly performs a three point turn.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(yelling out window)

Bartosz, this is a stick! How do you use a clutch?

BARTOSZ

It's hard to describe, it's more of a feeling!

Molly bucks the car back and forth as she experiments, but then she gets it. John arrives and she almost hits him as the car peels out of the driveway.

We end on her face: furious, embarrassed, ashamed... and then, after a few beats, maybe a tiny, tiny bit exhilarated.

MAIN TITLES

INT. NEWS FOOTAGE - VARIOUS

We jump cut through various news outlets reporting on the implosion of Molly and John's marriage.

MSNBC:

BRIAN WILLIAMS

--lawyers today announced the official dissolution of the marriage of pharma CEO John Kovak and his wife, six months after accusations of infidelity--

Good Morning America:

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS

--without a prenuptial agreement, Molly Kovak's net worth is now 87 billion dollars, making her the third wealthiest person in the country.

The View:

JOY BEHAR

Trading some man for 90 bill? I'd take it! That's a lot of shoes, honey!

WHOOPI GOLDBERG

(laughing)

I'd be living it up! I hope girlfriend's out there with her hot new man, looking fine and living her best life!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - SCREENING ROOM - DAY

Molly is slumped over in a chair, wearing expensive sweats and drinking from a giant margarita glass. She finds some popcorn in her sweatshirt and puts it in her mouth. **She is not living her best life.**

The lights come up in the screening room. Credits are rolling on a movie.

NICHOLAS

And that... is the complete filmography of Miss Julia Roberts!

MOLLY

Owner of America's finest mouth!
Who's next?

Nicholas picks up a bowl with a bunch of scraps of paper in it. He reaches in, pulls one out.

NICHOLAS
(reading)
"Dame Judi Dench."

MOLLY
Ehhhhh... try another one.

Nicholas pulls out another scrap of paper.

NICHOLAS
Queen Latifah!

They cheer, excited.

MOLLY
Yessss! Throw on *House Party 2*!

Nicholas's phone dings. He look at it, then glances at Molly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

NICHOLAS
(little reluctant)
Yeah. I just... I actually had a
date planned for tonight.

Molly is thrown.

MOLLY
Oh. Wow. A date. That's great.

NICHOLAS
I figured one night away couldn't
hurt. You know, it's been six
months since... everything
happened.

MOLLY
Of course. It's not like you're my
prisoner. You should go.
(forced positivity)
Get outta here. Have fun!

NICHOLAS
You know what? I'm going to cancel.
I'm sure Rodrigo will still be here
in a month. Hopefully he won't have
gone back to Brazil by then.

MOLLY
He sounds really hot.

NICHOLAS

He is. He does capoeira.

MOLLY

You have to go. Listen, you don't need to worry about abandoning me. You're the one person who stuck with me when everyone else picked John.

NICHOLAS

Easiest decision in the world. No one else wears high-end athleisure like you.

MOLLY

Thank you. You're the best.

Nicholas gets up.

NICHOLAS

I'm going to go get ready. I'll text you later.

Nicholas starts to head out. Molly watches him, a little vulnerable.

MOLLY

Hey... do you think everything's going to be okay?

NICHOLAS

It's going to be more than okay. I promise.

Nicholas smiles at her and heads out. Molly's left alone with her thoughts.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - THAT NIGHT

Later, Molly is completely alone at home. The huge, empty estate makes her feel particularly small and lonely.

-She wanders through the rooms, turning on lights, still holding her margarita glass.

-She tries to watch TV. She shuts it off, bored.

-She halfheartedly does some yoga moves in her gym.

-She's in the kitchen on her computer, reading the news. A story pops up of John and his mistress Hailey together at the Met Ball. Molly closes her laptop instinctively.

Then, not being able to resist, she re-opens the computer and clicks on the story, seeing photos of John and Hailey happy together.

-Molly stands on a second floor balcony and hurls her computer into the pool. HARD CUT TO:

-Whitney Houston's "I Wanna Dance With Somebody" is BLASTING through the house. REVEAL Molly drinking straight from the blender pitcher. HARD CUT TO:

-Complete silence. Back in the kitchen, Molly calmly pushes the pulse button on her blender, making another batch of margaritas.

-Molly enters a small back bedroom. She notices some framed pictures: a ten-year-old Molly holding a Spelling Bee trophy, graduating from college, then a cute school photo of Molly as a teacher with her class of 5-year-olds. Molly looks young and strong and optimistic, the polar opposite of her current state. Molly stares at these past versions of herself. She takes another sip from her blender and stares at the pictures, thinking.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Nicholas enters. Molly's in an expensive business suit and looks very put together. It's a big contrast from the night before.

NICHOLAS

(off her outfit)

Whoa, nice outfit! Are we playing dress-up? Can I be a carpenter?

MOLLY

No, no dress-up. This is real. I thought today I'd try something different and go into the foundation. Just pop over there and see what's up.

NICHOLAS

The charity offices? Really? God, it's been years. I blocked them from my Instagram.

MOLLY

Well, the place has my name on it, right? They do good work, I should show my face. Inspire the troops.

NICHOLAS

Okay. You know you don't have to do that, right? Or really anything. Ugh, I knew I shouldn't have left you alone.

MOLLY

No, it was good. It made me realize I probably need some purpose in my life. I can't just sit around all day doing nothing. I don't want to become one of those crazy old rich ladies out by her pool in a caftan, sipping a martini at nine a.m.

NICHOLAS

Just so you know, you would look amazing doing that. You're so beautiful you could make it work.

MOLLY

Agreed, I would look awesome--

NICHOLAS

It would be an iconic Vogue cover--

MOLLY

--it would be stunning. But the point is, I have more to offer. I'm smart. I'm capable. I'm ready to be independent now and strike out on my own.

NICHOLAS

Okay.

MOLLY

Now can you have the driver pull the car around? Also I threw my computer in the pool last night, I need you to fish it out, also the coffee machine wouldn't stop beeping so I hit it with a hammer.
(hitting Nicholas on the shoulder)

Whole new me! Let's go to work!

She strides out with purpose.

INT. KOVAK FOUNDATION - A LITTLE LATER

Molly and Nicholas step out of the elevators into a functional but somewhat drab office space. Nicholas reacts, bummed out.

NICHOLAS

(whispering to Molly)

Oh my God. This is so depressing.

(gasping)

That woman's eating a boxed salad next to a puppy calendar.

HOWARD, late 20s, Black, both friendly and unjustifiably confident, notices Molly and rushes over.

HOWARD

Is that Cousin Molly? What is up?

He hugs her. Molly hugs him back, a little surprised.

MOLLY

Nicholas, this is Howard. He's my aunt's ex-husband's son. I got him a job here a couple years ago.

HOWARD

That's right. Family sticks together. So I can do pretty much whatever I want, because the big boss lady has got my back.

Howard picks up a big bowl of M&Ms off a worker's desk.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I'm commandeering these, Clare.

(off her look)

There's raisins in the kitchen!

Maybe try some natural sugars!

(to Molly)

Let me show you around.

Howard leads Molly to a set of cubicles. Howard's has nothing in it except a monitor and a Nintendo Switch. Nearby is ARTHUR (40s, very square but very decent, CPA-handsome in a ruffled way). Arthur's desk is extremely organized.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

This is Arthur, my boring Black cubicle mate. Arthur, this is my cousin Molly.

They shake hands and ad-lib hellos.

ARTHUR

Nice to meet you, I'm the accountant here.

HOWARD

See? I told you me and Molly were tight. He didn't believe me.

Molly smiles. Arthur watches her for a beat too long.

ARTHUR

Sorry, I don't mean to stare, but it's kind of wild seeing you in person. I'm not used to meeting celebrities.

MOLLY

Oh, I'm not a celebrity.

HOWARD

Yes you are! You're like the most famous cheated-on woman on the planet!

(then, serious)

By the way, I want you to know that Black Twitter is very behind you.

MOLLY

Oh, that's nice.

ARTHUR

Black Facebook is also very supportive.

HOWARD

Man, why are you still on Facebook? What are you, fifty years old?

ARTHUR

Uh... yes. I'm 47. I'm very close. I don't know how many times I have to explain that to you.

MOLLY

I'm not on Twitter or Facebook. I'm on Omni. It's only for people with a net worth over seventy--

(hearing it)

You know what, never mind. What kind of computers are these?

INT. KOVAK FOUNDATION - SOFIA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

SOFIA GURROLA, (28, idealistic, uncompromising, hard-charging) is on the phone in her office, decorated with Green New Deal and Black Lives Matter posters. She notices Molly through the window and slowly puts the phone down.

SOFIA
(under her breath)
What the hell?

Sofia adjusts her top, then purposefully exits her office and strides over to Molly, holding out her hand.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Hello, Sofia Gurrola, executive director. I don't think we've ever officially met. It's been a while since we've had the pleasure of having you in the office.

Sofia gives Molly a firm and brisk handshake.

MOLLY
So great to meet you. You're so young!
(looking around)
Is it me, or is it a little empty in here? I remember hiring like five older white guys to run this place. Where are they?

SOFIA
We've had... some staffing issues on the management level. We tried to keep you out of it.

MOLLY
Where's Jim Lehman?

SOFIA
He got Me Too'd. He's gone.

MOLLY
Greg?

SOFIA
He's gone too. Racist Halloween costume.

MOLLY
Shane?

SOFIA
Shane masturbated on Zoom. While telling a racist joke.

MOLLY

(clapping hands, changing
subject)

All right! Well. Sorry to hear
about all that. But I say we
concentrate on the future!

Molly clinks a pen on the side of a coffee mug.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

If I can have everyone's attention
for a second? I'm just so, so proud
of everything you've done so far,
and I'm excited to announce I'm
going to start being a little more
hands on. But don't think of me as
the boss. I'm just one of the guys.
I want to roll up my sleeves, get
in the trenches, and do whatever it
takes to make the world a better
place.

Some light applause as Molly finishes. She looks pleased.

SOFIA

Great. Let's head into the
conference room for our staff
meeting.

MOLLY

Oh, we're starting now? Like now
now?

SOFIA

Yeah. We've got a big day ahead.

MOLLY

Okay. Whew. Doesn't it feel like we
could all use a little breather
after that speech?

NICHOLAS

I need a break. I haven't looked at
my phone in four minutes. What the
hell is going on here?

SOFIA

This is actually a really important
week for us. We have a ribbon-
cutting tomorrow for our new
women's homeless shelter downtown.
We've been working on it for years,
you've probably seen the emails.

MOLLY
(lying)
Yes. Definitely.

SOFIA
(light bulb)
Wait a second. You should come,
give a speech! With your profile,
we could probably get some press
there. This could be a huge
opportunity to make a broader point
about the unhoused population in
the city.

Sofia takes Molly's arm, getting a head of steam.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
How much do you know about
Proposition HHH? It was a 2017 bond
measure that injected 1.2 billion
into housing subsidies--actually,
let me back up. To really get at
the root of homelessness, you have
to understand the 1969 mayoral
election. Samuel Yorty was quite a
character. His nickname was
"Travelin' Sam"...

Sofia leads a overwhelmed Molly into the conference room. She
looks back at Nicholas, worried.

INT. LUXURY SUV - LATER THAT DAY

Molly and Nicholas are being driven home by Bartosz.

NICHOLAS
I'm so glad to be out of there. Did
you get that out of your system?
(sniffing suit sleeve)
God, they made my Tom Ford smell
like a tuna sandwich!
(to the sky)
I'm so sorry, Master.

MOLLY
I think I want to go back tomorrow.

NICHOLAS
What? Are you serious?

MOLLY
Listen, was I incredibly bored the
entire time we were there? Yes.
(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But I think I prefer that to screaming and crying and being mad at John and then numbing myself with Sandra Bullock movies 12 hours a day.

NICHOLAS

Okay, you have suffered a lot and you deserve to get whatever you want. But also: what about I want? I've suffered too. I grew up gay and Asian in Indiana.

MOLLY

That must have been so hard for you.

NICHOLAS

(bad memory)

I had to join the baseball team just to fit in. I played for ten years and led us to the state championship.

MOLLY

You never told me about that, that sounds awful.

NICHOLAS

It was.

(getting emotional)

I was so good.

Nicholas looks at Molly. He sees that she means what she's saying and sighs.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Okay. If this will help you deal with your trauma, I am always here for you. But do you really want to go to some depressing ribbon-cutting?

MOLLY

Come on. It's for a great cause and honestly, what is a ribbon-cutting? It's basically a party.

NICHOLAS

Pffft. It's going to be a bunch of sad people in front of an ugly building wearing untailored blazers with New Balances. That's not a party.

MOLLY

Well, then it's a good thing I'll be there. Because I am a one-woman walking party machine.

(hearing it)

That makes me sound like a prostitute. I didn't mean it that way.

Nicholas sighs and leans back, not convinced. Molly looks out the window, excited. She's got some purpose.

EXT. KOVAK FOUNDATION - THE NEXT MORNING

Sofia walks towards the office. She pulls up, noticing nine gleaming luxury SUVs in front of the building, all with drivers. Sofia walks up to Molly, who is happily watching the charity workers load in.

MOLLY

Surprise! I thought we could go to the ribbon-cutting in style.

SOFIA

Oh. Wow. Okay.

MOLLY

So go upstairs, get changed into your nice clothes, and let's get this started.

SOFIA

These... are my nice clothes.

MOLLY

(recovering)

Great! Then we can go right now!

Sofia hesitates.

SOFIA

Molly, I'm a little worried about the optics of this. Rolling up to a homeless shelter in a fleet of \$100,000 cars might not be ideal. Plus, I can't imagine how bad these huge SUVs must be for the environment.

Molly takes this in, considering.

MOLLY

Good call. Let me fix this.

Molly takes out her phone and types on it for a few beats.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay, we're good. Get in.

SOFIA

What did you just do?

MOLLY

I gave ten thousand dollars to Greenpeace. That should even it out, right?

SOFIA

What? No. Sorry, that's not how it works. We can't use these.

MOLLY

Sofia, you should try being a little more flexible. Open to other ideas. I think you'll find people really respond to that.

SOFIA

Are you saying women should just agree with whatever authority figures tell them to think?

MOLLY

Hmm, good point. That was a little anti-feminist.

Molly takes out her phone again, rapidly tapping.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Twenty thousand to the National Organization for Women! And... sent! Great. We're good!
(yelling off)
Let's roll!

Molly climbs into a car. Sofia looks frustrated.

INT. LUXURY SUV - A LITTLE LATER

Molly and Arthur are in the back seat. Arthur starts fiddling with one of the seat controls.

ARTHUR

Wow. Look at this. Individual temperature controls. You can be 71. I can be 68. What a dream.

MOLLY

Yeah, it's good.

Molly and Arthur ride together for a beat in silence.

ARTHUR

What's your ideal temperature? 72 is standard, but 70 can be nice.

MOLLY

You know, I go even lower sometimes. I'm not mad at 68. I like to pretend I'm in Scandinavia.

ARTHUR

Totally. 68 is crisp, cool, you're moving, you're walking, no sweat stains. 68 is a winner.

MOLLY

I know we only met yesterday, and this is pretty intimate information, but... I've been known to entertain the idea of 67.

ARTHUR

I wasn't going to say anything, but 67 is my sweet spot. It's the exact temperature you want your pillow to be when your head hits it at night. Pure luxury. Should we do it?

MOLLY

Let's do it!

ARTHUR

All right! 67! Here we go.
(adjusts knob, then)
Look at those suckers outside. It's 72 out there, minimum. I feel sorry for them.

MOLLY

Peasants.

He laughs.

ARTHUR

Thanks again for getting these cars.

MOLLY

Of course. It's the least I could do for the team. You've been with us for a while now, right?

ARTHUR

Yeah, it's been a few years.

MOLLY

How'd you get started?

ARTHUR

I used to work at a large accounting firm. Dixon Hughes Baxter Tilly Virchow -- you've probably heard of it?

Molly gives him a blank look.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Wow, no? Okay. It's pretty legendary in accounting circles. Anyway, after I got divorced, I needed a change. Plus, this job has better hours. Lets me spend more time with my daughter.

MOLLY

That's sweet of you. Are you totally her role model now?

ARTHUR

Oh no, she hates me. Her new nickname for me is "Clarence Thomas." That's so offensive -- I'm extremely liberal. I follow the Squad on Facebook!

MOLLY

(laughs)

Well, I'm sure it's just a phase. She might still be processing the divorce.

ARTHUR

Yeah. Took me a few years to recover myself. On the bright side, it didn't cost me much. Settlement was closer to 87 bucks than 87 billion, ha.

Molly smiles, a little sadly.

MOLLY

Glad you're able to see the humor
in it.

ARTHUR

Well, it took me a long time, but I
finally realized I couldn't control
my ex-wife's behavior. I could only
control how I respond to it.

Molly thinks about this for a second. Then:

MOLLY

Well. I'll tell you what I can
control. The temperature in this
car--and Mama's going down to 66.
Are you with me, Clarence?

ARTHUR

Whoo! We've got a wild one on our
hands. Take me with you!

Molly laughs and adjusts the temperature down further.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOMELESS SHELTER - A LITTLE LATER

Sofia stands at a microphone next to a red ribbon in front of
the new shelter. Behind her are the charity workers and a
group of homeless women. Some press, government officials and
citizens watch. Molly is there, holding some scissors.

SOFIA

This is a big day for the city, for
the brave women standing behind me,
and for the Molly Kovak Foundation.
We couldn't have gotten here
without all the hard work of our
staff. I want to thank them all.

Polite clapping. Howard steps forward.

HOWARD

Thank you! Howard Wilson. Check out
my comedy on YouTube, my rap album
on SoundCloud, and my recipes on
Epicurious.com.

SOFIA

Okay--

HOWARD

(quickly)

Venmo @Howard-Wilson, CashApp
\$WilsonHoward!

Howard steps back. Sofia regains control.

SOFIA

And a special thank you to the woman without whom none of this would be possible. A woman who has funded us and supported us and tirelessly... read her emails about this project. Thank you, Molly Kovak!

Molly waves, steps forward, and cuts the ribbon. Some cheers.

MOLLY

Thank you, everyone! This day is a big victory, but there's still so much more work that needs to be done to fix the out-of-control homeless crisis in our city.

Sofia nods, "Good start."

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But before we get into any of that... I've got a little surprise for everyone.

Sofia's smile fades. Nicholas takes out a walkie talkie.

NICHOLAS

(into walkie)

Send them in.

SOFIA

Wait, what's going on?

A fleet of luxury SUVs rolls around the corner and pulls to a stop at the curb.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

More SUVs?!

Drivers jump out and start removing very expensive-looking gift bags from the trunks of the SUVs. They distribute them to the crowd, including the homeless women.

MOLLY

Last night I called my dear friend Gwyneth Paltrow, who graciously agreed to donate some products from her GOOP lifestyle line in honor of the opening! We want to let all these amazing women here know how much we love and support them as they get back on their feet!

Sofia, worried, pulls Molly aside.

SOFIA

I wish you would've told me you were doing this beforehand.

MOLLY

But then it wouldn't have been a surprise! All your hard work, you deserve someone doing something nice for you. Don't worry, you get a bag too.

Molly takes a bag from a driver and hands it to her proudly. Sofia opens the bag and looks inside. Her eyes go wide.

SOFIA

Oh, we are so fucked.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WOMEN'S SHELTER - DAY

We enter a TV NEWS REPORT about the ribbon-cutting.

REPORTER (V.O.)

--a disaster at a charity ribbon-cutting earlier today. The Molly Kovak Foundation gave out gift bags from Gwyneth Paltrow's GOOP luxury lifestyle collection to residents at a downtown women's shelter, causing confusion and anger--

Footage of angry homeless women holding gold-plated panini machines, expensive bath salts, and face creams. An outraged woman addresses camera holding A FLASHLIGHT-SIZED PINK CRYSTAL:

OUTRAGED WOMAN #1

What am I supposed to do with this rich lady bullshit? Can this dumb-ass crystal get me into an apartment?

(to crystal)

(MORE)

OUTRAGED WOMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Do you know where there's
affordable housing?
(listening)
It's not saying shit!

We CUT TO: another angry woman holding up a T-shirt that
reads "Is It Wine O'Clock Yet?"

OUTRAGED WOMAN #2

I'm a recovering alcoholic and
also, this phrase is very clichéd!

We CUT TO: a third woman holding a jar filled with a white
skincare product.

OUTRAGED WOMAN #3

Why would I need a cream that
increases the intensity and
duration of the female orgasm?!
Actually, I'm going to keep this.

REPORTER

Representatives from the foundation
had no comment, but critics say
this is an embarrassing black eye
for the charity led by the
country's newly-minted richest
woman, now being accused of being
elitist and out of touch--

INT. KOVAK FOUNDATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We pull out and show Molly, Nicholas, Howard, Arthur, and
some others watching the news footage on TV.

MOLLY

I feel like this coverage is pretty
skewed. I saw one of the women
really enjoying her chakra
meditation kit... although it's
also possible she might have just
passed out.

Howard pulls some candles out of one of the gift bags and
starts lighting them.

HOWARD

You're being treated unfairly.
These candles are dope! This whole
room is gonna smell like clean
white women!

Sofia comes to the conference room door.

SOFIA

Molly, can I speak to you in my office?

INT. KOVAK FOUNDATION - SOFIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Molly sits down. Sofia shuts the door behind them.

MOLLY

Hey, I just wanted apologize on behalf of Gwyneth. I told her to go low-key with the gift bags, but you know her, she's just so generous--

SOFIA

This isn't really a Gwyneth problem.

MOLLY

What do you mean?

SOFIA

I hope you can see this has more to do with you than with her. This is a real job, and it doesn't seem like you're treating it like one.

MOLLY

Okay, we took a little bit of a hit today, but let's not overreact--

SOFIA

I'm not overreacting. I've been working on getting that shelter opened for six years, and now, the day it opens it's a laughingstock.

Molly sighs. She doesn't have a response.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(deep breath)

Look, you're probably going fire me for what I'm about to say, but whatever... I know why you're doing this.

MOLLY

Doing what?

SOFIA

Coming into the office for the first time in years. Hanging out, trying to be one of the guys.

(MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)

You got divorced, you're lonely, you need something to fill your day. I get it. But I'm asking you politely: find something else. Start a handbag line. Join a book club. Anything. This is a job, not a country club you can just drop in on because you caught your husband cheating on you and you wanted to get out of the house.

This hits Molly hard.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Am I fired? I can fit most of my stuff in one of those bags you were handing out.

MOLLY

No. You're not fired.

Molly swallows. Her words are measured now.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

A lot of what you said is right. Divorce is hard. It did feel good to get out of the house. But that's not the only reason I'm here.

(beat)

Everyone thinks I found out about John's cheating at my birthday party.

(she shakes her head)

The truth is, I've known about his affair for years. And I just let him keep doing it.

SOFIA

Wow.

MOLLY

It doesn't paint me in the best light, I know.

SOFIA

I mean, I understand how hard it would be to give up that lifestyle.

MOLLY

It wasn't just that. The parties and vacations and private jets were fun, but the bigger issue was that over the years I had become such a part of John's life, John's legend, that I lost track of who I was without him. If I left him, who would I be? I couldn't answer that question. So I just kind of...let things keep happening. Until I saw her in our bedroom closet and finally snapped.

Molly exhales deeply.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I didn't always used to be this way. I used to be proud of who I was. I was a straight-A student. I became a teacher. I wanted to make the world a better place. I was kind of like you. Idealistic, hard-working, so focused on other things I had no idea how to dress or put on makeup--

SOFIA

All right--

MOLLY

I want to try to get that part of me back. I know it won't be easy. I've picked up some bad habits. Okay, a lot of bad habits. But maybe you can help me. What do you think?

SOFIA

...I don't know.

MOLLY

I haven't worked a regular job in a long time, as you can probably tell. But I'm willing to meet you halfway if you're willing to give me some guidance.

Off Sofia's look, we cut to...

INT. KOVAK FOUNDATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Molly and Sofia walk into the conference room.

SOFIA

Okay guys, I know it was a tough day out there today, but ultimately we opened a shelter that's going to help a lot of people, and we can be proud of that. I want to give a special shoutout to Molly. All of this is only possible because of her generosity. We're going to be seeing a lot more of her around here in the future, and she just told me that even though her name's on the door, she's open to constructive criticism, so feel free to speak freely.

HOWARD

I think the bow on your shirt is too big, it makes your head look like a peanut.

MOLLY

That's not really in the spirit of what Sofia was talking about.

HOWARD

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't hear anything she said, I was just making an observation.

MOLLY

Well, I'm thrilled to become a part of this team. I can't wait to get going on whatever our next big project is. I'll see everyone here tomorrow at 11:30 sharp.

SOFIA

Nine a.m.

MOLLY

Let's say a soft 10:30.

SOFIA

Nine a.m.

MOLLY

Okay. Nine it is! Ish.

Molly nods, proud.

INT. KOVAK FOUNDATION - MOLLY'S OFFICE

A little later. Almost everyone's left for the night. Molly walks into her long-neglected office. We see her nameplate outside the door: "MOLLY KOVAK."

Molly looks around. The office is being used for storage. We enter a quick MONTAGE of Molly cleaning up:

She clears some boxes and a broken lamp off her desk. She rolls a chair from the corner behind the desk and sits down. Puts out a mug with some pencils in it. Places a legal pad in front of her. Straightens it.

Molly looks at her desk, takes in her modest surroundings... and smiles. For the first time in a long time, she feels a sense of independence. A sense of purpose.

We PULL OUT, revealing Molly's nameplate outside the door once again. There's now a piece of tape over the last name "KOVAK." Molly's written her maiden name on it.

It now reads: "MOLLY HALE."

END OF PILOT