

Members Only

By

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Inspired by true events.

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EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A small school in the suburbs, barely larger than a house. The doors swing open and young children run out the front door to play. It's all boys, they wear black pants, white shirts, and Yarmulke's on their heads. They laugh and run.

Around the side of the building walks a woman, wearing a long skirt and a wig, carrying a bucket of water. On the wall, just out of view of the front lawn, just where the laughing kids can't see, is a large painted swastika. Bright red against the white brick wall.

The woman sets down the bucket, pulls out a sponge, and almost by rote, starts scrubbing.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1960

SCARSDALE, NY

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

ZACHARY KRAMER, 18, white, with pale skin and close cut black hair framing handsome features, sits behind the wheel. He's wearing a sport coat and tie. Staring at something.

He's looking out the window, watching the woman as she scrubs the paint away. Or tries to, at least. He can't look away. His breathing intensifies... HONK

Zachary snaps back to reality and glances over his shoulder to see a car behind him. He nervously turns back forward and lifts his foot off the break. He doesn't look back.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The stop sign that Zach was parked at. His car pulls round the corner and disappears from view.

EXT. CAR - LATER

The car drives down quiet suburban streets. He passes houses, mansions, all like something off a post card.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The car drives by a beautiful brick building, stretching half a mile wide. Picnic tables scatter across a green lawn, and a babbling brook runs along the road his car follows.

EXT. CAR - LATER

He drives through a more wooded area. There are houses and buildings, but they're secluded. Just a hint of the opulence that hides out of view.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - AFTERNOON

The car winds up the road to a stone gate at the end of a large driveway. He turns in the gate and drives up the road to the Scarsdale Country Club.

An elegant white monument, it looks at least a century old, with the character of a building that's had all it's character carefully manipulated.

The shrubs are geometric and the wooden doors are mahogany. Perfectly manicured grass surrounds the building, a golf course stretch out the back and tennis courts to the side. The sun seems to shine directly onto the property.

Zach drives up to the front and gets out. Handing his keys to a valet and buttoning his jacket, there's a spring in his step as he hops onto the stairs.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

He reaches the top, walks to the front door and he freezes. He's in the doorway, but hesitates before he takes a step through. He looks up, as if waiting for something to drop in his path. He takes a step inside. The doors shut behind him.

Title: MEMBERS ONLY

INT. COUNTRY CLUB LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Zachary stands just in the doorway. The deep red carpet, cream walls, mahogany trim make the room seem much warmer than the WASPy guests scattered throughout. They're all the type who would have "the third" in their name and who summer in Montauk. They hold cocktails and make small talk.

(CONTINUED)

Zachary looks around, overwhelmed, looking for someone. A young waiter, RAY SULLIVAN, black, early 20's, big bright smile, walks up to him with a tray in his hand.

RAY
Can I help you find something?

ZACHARY
Um, no I'm ok thank you.

Barely even looking at Ray, Zach heads toward the back of the room, pushing through the crowd. Ray watches him go.

He moves towards a doorway but is stopped by LELAND DOBOSH, late 30's, white, impeccably dressed in a pinstripe suit. Not a hair or thread out of place.

LELAND
May I ask where you're going?

Zach looks up at the tall figure.

ZACHARY
I'm just looking for -

LELAND
The dining area is for members only, young man.

ZACHARY
I... how do you know I'm not a member?

LELAND
I know all the members of this club and you do not look familiar.

ZACHARY
Looks can be deceiving.

EMILY (O.S.)
Zach!

From the other room comes EMILY JANE FAULKNER, 17, blond, beautiful, an energy in her voice and a disarming intelligence behind her eyes.

LELAND
Ms. Faulkner.

ZACHARY
Ms. Faulkner, hello.

She takes Zachary's hand and kisses him on the cheek.

EMILY

I see you met Leland, captain of the ship.

LELAND

We were just having the pleasure.

ZACHARY

Yes, Leland here was kind enough to tell me where to find you.

EMILY

You're a dear, Leland.

LELAND

I -

EMILY

We should really get going, Daddy won't like it if we're late.

ZACHARY

Yes, let's get going. Wouldn't want to outstay my welcome.

He glances up at Leland

LELAND

It was a pleasure to meet you, Mr...

He extends his hand. Zachary takes it.

ZACHARY

Kramer. Zachary Kramer.

LELAND

Mr. Kramer. I imagine we'll be seeing a lot of you.

Emily pulls Zach's hand and they walk away. Leland's jaw is clenched. He does not like being shown up.

As Emily and Zach walk away, the confidence just barely falls from Zach's face. His eye's widen, his smile fades. That was close.

EMILY

You didn't need to give him such a hard time.

ZACHARY

What are you talking about, I was perfectly polite.

EMILY

If that's your version of polite this dinner is going to be miserable.

They make it to the door and Ray, still holding his tray, opens it for her.

EMILY

Thank you, Ray.

RAY

Evening, Emily.

Emily walks out and Zachary follows behind, but his eye catches something on the wall. He looks at it for a second, two, then follows her out the door. Ray notices him looking and glances over at it himself.

On the wall, where he was looking, is an engraved plaque topped with: SCARSDALE COUNTRY CLUB BYLAWS AND CODE OF CONDUCT

About two thirds of the way down, past "People of Color", past "People with ties to the Communist Party", in clear font: "No peoples born of the Hebrew faith shall be granted membership to this club or permission to participate in club events. No exceptions."

INT. CAR - LATER

Zachary sits behind the wheel. He periodically glances at himself in the rear view mirror and fixes his hair. Emily sits in the passenger seat, looking in a compact mirror and putting on lighter foundation.

He reaches down and turns up the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Latest polling shows a lead for Senator Kennedy, over the early presumed front runner Senator Nixon. Senator Kennedy, who many deemed to be a long shot due to his faith, seems to have a fighting chance in the race. Come December we have to consider we may be seeing this nation's first Catholic Preside -

(CONTINUED)

Zachary scoffs at the radio and turns it off as he pulls the car to a stop. He takes a deep breath, and opens the door.

EMILY

You don't like him?

ZACHARY

What?

EMILY

There are worse things to be than a catholic you know.

(Glancing at him)

Kennedy.

ZACHARY

I'm sorry, I didn't realize you were listening.

EMILY

I am occasionally capable of doing two things at once.

ZACHARY

I'm well aware.

She playfully nudges him as they laugh. She goes back to doing her makeup.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

If you were just tanning why are you now covering it up

EMILY

My mother.

(Beat)

But don't worry she's not too bad.

The car comes to a stop.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It'll be fine.

She hops out of the car. Zachary takes a deep breath, a moment to collect himself. Then he gets out as well.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A long driveway, lined with white gravel. Zach and Emily walk hand in hand as she pulls him up to the door.

EXT. FAULKNER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Before they can make a move towards the door it swings open. On the other side is GINNY SULLIVAN, a black woman of about 50 in a simple but perfectly pressed maids uniform.

EMILY
Evening Ginny.

GINNY
Good evening, Miss Emily. Mr. Kramer.

Emily steps inside.

INT. FAULKNER ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emily walks in passed Ginny. Zach hesitantly follows.

ZACHARY
Nice to meet you, Ginny.

GINNY
May I take your coat?

ZACHARY
Oh I'm fine, thank you.

GINNY
I don't think you are, young man.

He looks confused, then understands.

ZACHARY
Of course, thank you so much.

CHRISTOPHER and LILLIAN FAULKNER, late 30's-early 40's, the picture perfect wealthy blond WASPS enter the room.

CHRISTOPHER
Well, finally a face to the name.

ZACHARY
It's wonderful to meet you, Sir.
Thank you so much for having me.

Mr. Faulkner extends a hand, Zachary takes it, firmly.

ZACHARY
Mrs. Faulkner, you have a beautiful home.

(CONTINUED)

LILLIAN

You are too sweet. Would you like a drink?

ZACHARY

Um, a gin-

EMILY

(Under her breath)

Scotch.

ZACHARY

Scotch would be great.

CHRISTOPHER

My kinda boy.

Christopher slaps Zachary on the back, hard. He winces.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The four all sit around an antique table in an elegantly appointed dining room. Perfectly presented plates sit in front of them.

LILLIAN

Thank you, Ginny.

GINNY

Of course, ma'am.

Christopher takes his napkins and fans it out.

EMILY

Shall we say grace?

Emily, Lillian, and Zach lift their hands.

CHRISTOPHER

What?

Lillian gestures to Zachary with her eyes.

ZACHARY

Please don't on my account -

EMILY

Not at all, we say grace all the time, right Daddy?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER
Yes, all the time.

He takes Lillian and Emily's hands.

CHRISTOPHER
Zachary, why don't you start us
off.

They all close their eyes. The second everyone's are closed,
Christopher's open.

ZACHARY
Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy
gifts, which we are about to
receive from Thy bounty, through
Christ our Lord. And bless the
Faulkner's for their generosity in
having me in their home tonight.

Emily opens one eye and glances over at Zachary.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)
Amen.

He opens his eyes and they all release hands.

LILLIAN
That was very nice. Thank you,
Zachary.

ZACHARY
It was my pleasure.

There's an awkward silence in the room for a second.

CHRISTOPHER
So we can eat now right?

LILLIAN
Jesus Christ, Christopher.

EMILY
Mother!

Zach lets out a chuckle.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

They're all working their way through their food. The room has relaxed a bit.

ZACHARY

This is delicious, Mrs. Faulkner.

LILLIAN

Emily loves my lemon chicken, don't you dear.

EMILY

Yes Mother. I actually think I'll have some more, Ginny.

Ginny comes over with the platter of chicken to put some more on Emily's plate. But before she can, Lillian raises her fork in the air and without even looking from her plate nods no. Ginny backs away without a word.

Emily stares at her mother. She reaches over and scoops some a healthy serving of mashed potatoes onto her plate.

LILLIAN

I don't think I know you're parents, Zachary. I don't recognize your name.

ZACHARY

Um, they kept to themselves. And I went to private school until I was 15.

CHRISTOPHER

Kept?

LILLIAN

What?

CHRISTOPHER

He said they kept to themselves.

EMILY

I told both of you this. Zach's parents passed away a few years ago.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, well, sorry to hear that.

(CONTINUED)

LILLIAN

Yes very sorry. You poor thing. Do you live with family?

ZACHARY

I'm still in the house, my cousin technically manages it, but she's not around much. And the old family maid stayed on. They wanted me to be able to stay in town.

There's an awkward silence. They pick at their plates.

CHRISTOPHER

I knew a Kramer in Law School. Your father a lawyer?

ZACHARY

He was, but he didn't attend Harvard like yourself.

CHRISTOPHER

Where did he go?

ZACHARY

Cornell, Sir.

CHRISTOPHER

Ah, New York born and bred. You know now that I'm thinking about it that Kramer got kicked out of school anyway. Snuck passed the Jew quota, then, well -

He takes his knife and jokingly runs it across his throat.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Makes sense when you think about it. Sneaky people.

EMILY

Daddy!

Zach tries to change the subject.

ZACHARY

Um, Sir there's something I wanted to ask.

CHRISTOPHER

What, Emily?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

You're not supposed to talk like that anymore.

LILLIAN

Oh your generation is so sensitive.

Zach opens his mouth, about to speak.

CHRISTOPHER

Fine, whatever you say, I'll change the subject. What picture are you seeing?

ZACHARY

Um, Butterfield 8.

LILLIAN

Which one is that?

CHRISTOPHER

Doesn't Elizabeth Taylor play a prostitute in that picture?

EMILY

Oh my gosh.

ZACHARY

I think now might be a good time for me to say something Mr. Faulkner.

The room quiets. Christopher leans back in his chair, folds his hands in front of him.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, do proceed.

ZACHARY

I guess it's more something I'd like to ask. I know Emily's debut is coming up in the winter, and she has asked me, with your approval of course, to be her escort. And I would very much like to do that.

Christopher takes a deep breath. Builds the suspense as long as he can muster.

CHRISTOPHER

Tell me about your plans.

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY

Um, well. I think we're going to see the movie -

CHRISTOPHER

I mean after school, Zachary. I know what you're doing tonight, what are your plans for your life?

EMILY

Daddy -

CHRISTOPHER

He can answer the question, unless he doesn't know.

ZACHARY

Columbia, class of '65.

Beat.

CHRISTOPHER

Columbia man. That's a tough school to get into.

ZACHARY

The dean thinks I have a pretty good shot. I've been meeting with him over the summer to work on my application, and Emily's been helping me with my essay.

CHRISTOPHER

What will you be studying?

ZACHARY

Pre-Law, actually. At the moment I'm planning on asking Professor Gregson to be my adviser, assuming I go the public policy route.

LILLIAN

Politics?

ZACHARY

Eventually, after NYU Law. But of course it depends where Emily wants to be.

He takes Emily's hand and looks back to Lillian and Christopher.

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY (CONT'D)
NYU has a higher rate of Supreme
Court clerkships.

CHRISTOPHER
You're quick on your feet son.

ZACHARY
Track captain, two years running.

CHRISTOPHER
You know a good friend of mine
works in Admissions at Columbia.
Maybe I could give him call.

EMILY
Daddy, that would be amazing.

ZACHARY
That's really generous, Sir.

CHRISTOPHER
Well, if you and my daughter are as
serious as you seem to be, it's not
a bad idea for me start playing a
role in your future.

ZACHARY
Thank you so much, Sir.

Christopher reaches out for Zach's hand, he takes it and
shakes firmly.

CHRISTOPHER
You take care of our Emily, son.

ZACHARY
That's all I want.

There's a moment of awkward silence. Emily winces.

EMILY
Well, we should get going if we're
going to make the movie.

She tries to pull Zachary out of the room.

ZACHARY
It was really nice meeting you
both.

She drags him out the door. Christopher and Lillian are left
sitting in silence. Lillian takes a sip of her martini.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ginny stands at the side of the house, out of sight. As Zachary and Emily walk out the front door around the corner behind her, she takes a drag from a cigarette, doesn't even seem to notice them.

She wipes some sweat from her forehead. She takes in the silence for a moment. She takes another drag, stomps the cigarette out and turns the corner to go back inside.

INT. CAR - LATER

Zach and Emily are in the backseat of his car, kissing passionately.

EMILY
That went really well.

ZACHARY
I think so.

EMILY
You were amazing.

ZACHARY
Was I? I think I was unconscious.

She laughs, he kisses her. She pushes him off for a moment.

EMILY
I'm sorry about your parents.

ZACHARY
It's ok.

EMILY
It's not. I told him twice not to bring it up.

ZACHARY
Really, it's ok. I don't want to talk about it.

He goes in to kiss her again, they kiss for a moment.

EMILY
Someone's gotten all hot and bothered thinking about Elizabeth Taylor.

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY

I'm not looking at Elizabeth Taylor
I'm looking at you.

She laughs and he kisses her neck. He slides his hand up her skirt. She pushes him back.

EMILY

Wait.

ZACHARY

I'm sorry, do you want me to stop?

EMILY

No not altogether. Just, not that.
Not here, not now.

ZACHARY

Ok, of course. Whenever you want.

She reaches up and pushes his hair back from his face.

EMILY

Thank you, for doing this tonight.
It meant a lot to me.

For a moment he just looks at her, his face unreadable.

ZACHARY

It meant a lot to me too.

They kiss. They lean back in the seat and slide out of view.

INT. ZACHARY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zach walks in through the front door, flicks on the light. He moves slowly, tired. He sets his keys down on a table next to a rotary phone.

As he starts to leave he catches his reflection in a mirror. His hair is a mess. He flattens it down the best he can, takes in the result. He messes it up again, and leaves the room.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A juvenile white bedroom. The bed covers and antique furniture make it look like a display room in a tourist attraction. The one piece of color is a series of old, weathered books lining the shelves of a white bookshelf.

(CONTINUED)

Emily looks at herself in the mirror, wearing a pale yellow dress. She models in front of the mirror. She puffs out her chest, but ultimately lets out a sigh. She reaches into her dress and pulls out a balled up stocking from each bra cup.

She tosses the stockings to the corner and dejectedly takes a seat on her bed. There's a knock on the door.

EMILY

Yes?

LILLIAN (O.S.)

It's me.

Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY

Come in!

Lillian opens the door and comes in.

LILLIAN

Look at you. Are you excited for your first day of senior year?

EMILY

Absolutely ecstatic.

Lillian takes a seat on the bed next to Emily.

LILLIAN

What a pretty dress.

She pulls at the loose fabric around her chest.

EMILY

Mother, please!

LILLIAN

We could get that taken in a bit.

EMILY

Oh my gosh.

Emily gets up and goes to fix her makeup at her vanity.

LILLIAN

So, Zachary seems like a nice boy.

EMILY

He is.

LILLIAN

I think he could be a good choice.
For your debut.

EMILY

Could be?

LILLIAN

Of course, is, a good choice.

(Beat)

You'll be making a lot of choices.

EMILY

Please, not now.

LILLIAN

All I'm saying is your debut is
important. It sets the tone for
your -

EMILY

For my introduction into society
and determines the position I will
hold for the remainder of my social
career.

LILLIAN

Very funny. But one bad night, one
poor choice can knock you down a
peg for the rest of your life.

EMILY

You're being so dramatic.

LILLIAN

I just worry about you, Emily.

She rises from the bed and goes to Emily. She pushes some
hair out of her face.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

You're such a pretty girl. And
you're growing up so fast. Before
we know it you'll be married, and
with a little one of your own.

Emily pulls away.

EMILY

You know, Mother, I was thinking
about what I'm going to do after
graduation.

(CONTINUED)

LILLIAN

Well, we'll do the same thing we do every summer.

EMILY

I'm sure that's the case, but I meant in the fall.

LILLIAN

Oh honey. If you're having second thoughts about Sarah Lawrence I have told you a thousand times I don't think you need to go at all. And if Zachary proposes -

EMILY

No, that's not what I meant. I was thinking about maybe staying in Europe when the summer ends. To... travel.

LILLIAN

Sweetie, you want to be a single girl, traveling around Europe by herself for a year? What will people say?

EMILY

I haven't the faintest idea.

Emily looks back to the mirror, adjusting her makeup again.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Maybe I could take some classes.

Lillian pulls up a stool next to Emily.

LILLIAN

Sweetie, once Zachary proposes you'll have the rest of your life for him to take you wherever you want to go.

EMILY

Of course.

Beat.

LILLIAN

Have you and Zachary talked about that?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY
Mother, please.

LILLIAN
He's a handsome boy. And charming.

EMILY
Would you like his phone number?

LILLIAN
He seems to be a sad boy too. I can only imagine, in that big house by himself.

(Beat)
Be careful how you try to save him dear. Keep in mind you're wearing white to your debut.

Emily doesn't know how to respond. Lillian kisses her on the forehead and leaves the room. Emily looks at herself in the mirror again.

EXT. SCARSDALE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Crowds of teenagers stand outside a large brick school, SCARSDALE HIGH SCHOOL. Emily sits with her friends, Allison and Collette, at one of the picnic tables. As her friends gossip, Emily has the same lost look on her face.

ALLISON
How did last night go? Emily?

EMILY
What?

COLLETTE
How did last night go?

EMILY
Um... I'd say he kept it together.

COLLETTE
You never can tell with him.

EMILY
I like to think I can.

COLLETTE
Like to.

Collette gives her a look. Joking and friendly, but knowing.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

I think you two never made it to the movie.

EMILY

We absolutely did.

COLLETTE

Really? How did it end?

EMILY

She dies.

COLLETTE

Lucky guess.

ALLISON

Emily, did you two... you know?

EMILY

Oh my gosh!

COLLETTE

Of course they didn't.

EMILY

No, we didn't.

ALLISON

(To Collette)

How do you know?

COLLETTE

He doesn't have it in him.

EMILY

What is that supposed to mean?

COLLETTE

He goes to Church, dear. And not just on Christmas and Easter.

EMILY

That doesn't mean anything, does it?

ALLISON

Probably not.

COLLETTE

Do you want it to?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I...

COLLETTE

Oh my gosh. Speaking of.

Collette is looking across the lawn.

ALLISON

What is it?

They all turn to look in the same direction. Far away at the street, BRIGITTE COOPER, a brunette girl in a purple dress gets out of the backseat of a car. She neatens herself and tentatively starts walking to the school.

COLLETTE

I cannot believe she came back to school. I mean everyone knew.

ALLISON

We didn't know for sure.

EMILY

You don't stop coming to school with a month left in the year for the flu.

ALLISON

Well -

She nods to the very slim Brigitte walking to the doors.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Looks like there was nothing to know.

COLLETTE

Oh please. I heard over the summer she paid a little visit to the doctor. If you know what I mean.

ALLISON

Oh my gosh, really? I can't believe she can show her face here.

COLLETTE

Her family stopped coming to the club.

EMILY

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

COLLETTE

Word is they were asked to leave.

ALLISON

Poor Brigitte.

COLLETTE

Apparently they might have to move.

EMILY

Why?

COLLETTE

Everyone in town stopped going to her dad's practice. Didn't your parents?

Emily and Allison look at each other.

EMILY

Does anyone know who's it was?

COLLETTE

Nope, she still swears it was the flu.

ALLISON

It's sad really. Junior class president to this. She could not show up tomorrow and no one would go looking for her.

Zachary slides up beside Emily and puts his arms around her.

ZACHARY

Morning.

EMILY

Good morning.

COLLETTE

Hello Zachary.

ZACHARY

Collette, always a pleasure.

A bell rings.

COLLETTE

Alright ladies, that's the second bell. We can't put it off any longer.

They all rise and walk toward the building. Zach has his arm around Emily's shoulder, they stay close.

But Zach stares ahead, a mixture of excitement and nerves on his face. Meanwhile, Emily looks back over her shoulder at Brigitte, like she's looking at a puzzle she wants to solve.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

An old, worn down car pulls up the driveway. But rather than stop at the front door, or in the parking lot, it turns around the side of the building.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT

The paint is less fresh, the driveway is dirt, and there's a dumpster by the back door. There are a couple of old cars parked in unmarked spots by the wall. The car pulls up next to the others and comes to a stop.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ray sits in the drivers seat. He looks up at the building, before grabbing a bag from the passenger seat, opening the door, and getting out.

INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM

Ray walks into the bland, gray employee locker room. Already in the room are CARL and ZEKE, also black, same age as Ray. Zeke is a bit taller, with a more modern, stylish haircut, while Carl has a bit more meat on his bones.

They change into matching waiter uniforms as Ray walks in.

RAY
Morning fella's.

ZEKE
You're gonna be late.

RAY
Hey I'm here aren't I?

LELAND (O.S.)
Morning gentleman.

They immediately tense up and turn back to their lockers, getting dressed with heads down. Leland is in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CARL
Hello, Mr. Dobosh.

ZEKE
Morning, Mr. Dobosh.

LELAND
What time is it Mr. Wells?

CARL
Um, 11?

LELAND
Very close, it's 10:57. And good thing it isn't 11 as our lunch buffet opens at 11, and if it were 11 then our lunch buffet would be open with no employees in sight to run it.

ZEKE
Of course, Sir.

Zeke and Carl quickly finish buttoning up their shirts and pace out of the room. Ray quickly tries to button his up.

LELAND
Late again, Mr. Sullivan.

RAY
I'll be right up, Sir.

Leland turns and walks out of the room. Ray is left alone in the locker room, his uniform not even fully on. He takes a deep breath and finishes buttoning up his shirt, he looks in the small mirror on the inside of his locker door.

He opens his mouth, takes a glance at his teeth. He quickly pulls a small toothbrush out of his bag and a tube of toothpaste, and starts brushing.

INT. CLUB HALLWAY

Leland walks away from the locker room down a fluorescent lit hallway. This is not a part of the club guests would ever see. He comes to a door and swings it open.

INT. CLUB HALL - CONTINUOUS

The white painted brick walls become a clean cream, the grey cement floor becomes a tasteful carpet, the lighting warms and the space feels larger.

As soon as Leland steps through the door he's greeted by ERIC, early 20's, white, his eager and jumpy assistant.

ERIC
Good morning, Sir.

LELAND
I honestly don't know how we get any work done with such lazy fucking staff.

As they walk down the hall towards Leland's office Eric recites a list from his notebook.

ERIC
Mr. Van Allman called, he wants his daughter going first at the debut.

LELAND
Of course he does. Did you remind him his last name starts with a V?

ERIC
I will pass along the message.

LELAND
No, don't actually do that Eric.

Leland rounds a doorway into his office.

INT. LELANDS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Leland sits at his large, intentionally imposing desk. His office is dark, especially for the time of day, and a crackling fireplace is the main source of light against the stained wood walls.

Eric follows in after him, places things on his desk.

ERIC
A new list of escorts is in.

Leland picks up the list, looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

What a joy.

Leland starts making some notes on the file in front of him. Eric stands there, waiting for something.

LELAND

Was there anything else you needed?

ERIC

No sir.

(Beat)

Is there anything else you need?

LELAND

I need my work done.

ERIC

Of course.

Eric walks out, shutting the door behind him.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Emily sits with Allison and Collette, but she's much more focused on the stack of papers and notes in front of her.

COLLETTE

Emily, we're at lunch, you can breathe.

EMILY

I'm sorry, I need to turn this in next month and the translation is tricky.

COLLETTE

Have you even told your parents? Or your boyfriend, for that matter?

EMILY

There's nothing to tell them yet.

ALLISON

I think they'll notice if you disappear to France for four years.

EMILY

My parents? I'm not so sure.

Collette grabs all the papers in front of Emily and starts going through them.

(CONTINUED)

COLLETTE

Well what about Amsterdam, or
Munich, or Madrid or, Berlin,
really?

Emily snatches the papers back.

EMILY

They have really good language
programs.

COLLETTE

They're in foreign countries Emily,
of course they do. What are you
trying to get out of this?

In perfectly accent Czech:

EMILY

Cítí se menší.

ALLISON

Show off.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

We're just worried about you,
Emily. Think about it practically,
if you disappear to Europe by
yourself, people won't see the same
girl when you come back.

Emily doesn't know how to respond. She's startled back to
attention when Zach appears beside her and pulls up a seat.

ZACHARY

Miss me?

EMILY

Not quite.

ALLISON

Emily told us all about the big
event.

ZACHARY

I think we did pretty well.

EMILY

We did.

She leans over and gives him a peck.

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY

So I was looking for you, because I have a present for you.

ALLISON

Ooh a present!

ZACHARY

That book you were looking for.

EMILY

The French Lit textbook?

ZACHARY

Yes, the French Lit textbook. I can show you in the library.

EMILY

Oh my gosh, amazing.

She grabs her books and throws them in her bag, both of them up from their seats in seconds.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

An old bookcase in the back of the library, no windows or people in site. Pressed up against one of the bookshelves are Emily and Zach, making out.

EMILY

I should've know you wouldn't just be hanging out in the library.

ZACHARY

I wanted to get you here. Only time of the day there's no one around.

EMILY

Well, I'm not sure how I feel about being lied to. You're lucky you're so easy to forgive.

ZACHARY

I'm going to make you eat your words.

He steps aside, and behind him is the textbook that Emily thought they were finding. She lights up and pulls it out.

EMILY

Oh my god you found it!

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY

It's been sitting in the returns bin all summer. Apparently someone else actually checked it out.

EMILY

How did you know that?

ZACHARY

Well since I hang out in the library so much -

She playfully hits him with the book, he pulls her into a kiss.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

I asked Ms. Flynn.

EMILY

So did I.

ZACHARY

Well I guess she knows me better.

Emily smiles.

EMILY

I'm sorry I underestimated you.

ZACHARY

Well you're lucky you're so easy to forgive.

They kiss.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

If I didn't know any better I'd say you're learning a new language so you can run away from me.

She freezes. She pulls him in for another kiss. She holds him in close, their foreheads pressed against each other.

EMILY

You keep me sane, you know that?
You stop my head from exploding.

ZACHARY

And you drive me insane.

EMILY

I mean it.

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (cont'd)
Je t'aime.

ZACHARY
What is that?

EMILY
Je t'aime. It means -

ZACHARY
I don't care what it means. Say it
again.

EMILY
Minä rakastan sinua

They kiss. It quickly gets passionate, more passionate than
we've seen from them before.

Emily pushes herself away from him, back against the book
case. She looks left, she looks right.

EMILY
I'm sorry.

ZACHARY
Don't be sorry.

EMILY
I'm all over the place.

He takes a step towards her.

ZACHARY
I won't do anything you don't want
me to.

They lock eyes. She takes his hand and pulls it under her
skirt. He makes a move, her face makes that clear.

CUT TO

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Zach and Emily emerge from a long hallway in the back of the
library, adjusting their clothes. Before they get too far
back into civilization, he grabs her and pulls her back to
whisper in her ear.

ZACHARY
I love you too.

They head to the door, neither trying to look suspicious. but they both have a smile on their face. He heads out the door but she notices something out of the corner of her eye. Brigitte Cooper, sits in one of the aisles, a book in her lap. They make eye contact, before Emily darts away.

INT. MOUNT VERNON LIBRARY - LATER

Ray sits at a library over some textbooks. The library is smaller than the Scarsdale High School Library. The furniture a little older, the lights a little dimmer. While he stares at his book, you can see under his lips his tongue absentmindedly running back and forth over his teeth.

His sister CHLOE (19) marches up with a coat on and a toddler, her son JULIUS, on her hip.

CHLOE

Ray.

Ray snaps back to reality.

RAY

What?

CHLOE

Come on we gotta go.

RAY

I'm still working.

CHLOE

Mom's outside, come on let's go. Or would you rather walk.

RAY

Fine, fine, I'm coming.

She turns and heads back to the door, Ray takes his time packing up his books and carries them out.

INT. SULLIVAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray sits at a dinner table in a simple, but nicely furnished apartment. Ginny sets food on the table, still wearing her uniform from the Faulkner's house. Ray and Chloe sit at the table, Julius on her lap.

RAY

I'm just saying that's what people are saying.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY
Don't go around talking trash.

RAY
It's not trash.

CHLOE
If your friends are saying it, it's trash.

RAY
What is it your friends are saying Chlo?

GINNY
Hey now don't go starting a fight, not in front of Julius.

CHLOE
He hears plenty.

GINNY
Not in my house. Now eat.

The kids serve themselves. Chloe scoops baby food from a little bowl and feeds her son.

RAY
Have you heard anything about it Mama?

GINNY
What did I just say?

RAY
I'm just saying you're in that house all day every day you gotta know something.

GINNY
I know what I need to know, now eat your tomatoes.

RAY
They're not good for your teeth.

GINNY
That's not my problem. But cooking them was. Now eat.

He stabs a tomato with his fork and takes a bite.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)

That reminds me. Ray, we're going to need you to give Julius his bath and get him into bed tonight.

RAY

What?

CHLOE

I've got the early shift tomorrow if I show up to work on three hours of sleep again they're gonna can my ass.

RAY

I can't, I've got to finish studying.

GINNY

You can finish after the baby goes to bed. You're not working tomorrow morning.

RAY

But I was trying to finish earlier I only couldn't because you guys dragged me away.

CHLOE

You heard what she said.

RAY

It's your baby why can't you take care of it?

GINNY

Hey!

Ginny slams her utensils down on the table, hard.

GINNY

You better apologize to your sister.

RAY

What'd I do? It is her baby.

GINNY

You think just because that girl you got in trouble is rich and white that that makes you better than your sister?

Ray doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)

You are a part of this family, act like it.

RAY

Yes ma'am.

(Beat)

Sorry, Chlo.

Ray is deflated. The baby giggles on Chloe's lap.

GINNY

That's right baby.

They all go back to eating their meals. A slight silence hangs over the room. Ginny doesn't seem to notice or care.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

The bells chime as a church service lets out on a sunny day. People come filing out along with PASTOR MANNING, mid 50's, with salt and pepper hair and a genuinely kind smile.

He shakes hands and says goodbye to congregants as they leave, but as the crowd thins out Zach emerges from the church, finds his in to come up to the Pastor.

ZACHARY

Excellent sermon this morning Pastor.

PASTOR MANNING

Thank you Zachary, I appreciate you coming.

ZACHARY

Of course.

Beat.

PASTOR MANNING

Was there something else on your mind?

ZACHARY

I actually was hoping to talk to you about something, but I have to get to school.

PASTOR MANNING

I'll walk you to your car.

They round the back of the Church.

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY

You know I'm planning on going to Columbia next fall, Pre-Law. Well, one of the pre-requisites for the major is Public Speaking, and well, I was wondering if you could, show me the ropes, a bit.

PASTOR MANNING

You want me to teach you how to sermonize?

ZACHARY

In a manner of speaking, yes.

PASTOR MANNING

I'm sure the professor's at Columbia will be much better educators than me.

ZACHARY

I... I want to be ahead of the class, I need to be so good right off the bat that they can't ignore me.

Pastor Manning stops, Zach stops with him.

PASTOR MANNING

If I didn't know any better I'd think you were asking me to teach you how to sway the masses.

ZACHARY

Maybe I am.

PASTOR MANNING

This wouldn't be because you're afraid of what the masses think now, would it?

ZACHARY

Well, who isn't Pastor?

PASTOR MANNING

Colossians 3:9, "Do not lie to each other since you have taken off your old self with it's practices". Zachary you were born a Jew. Now I don't say that to upset you I say it because it's fact. But you've changed your life. You made a decision that set yourself on the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PASTOR MANNING (cont'd)
right path, but who you were before
is still a part of you. That will
never change.

ZACHARY
That's the point Pastor. So when
they find out I need to already be
the best. So that they can't kick
me out or fail me or -

PASTOR MANNING
Power is a dangerous thing Zachary.

ZACHARY
Less dangerous than being
powerless.

Pastor Manning considers what he's going to say next.

PASTOR MANNING
Zachary, when we first met, what
was it 5 years ago now? You said
you felt a calling, that you wanted
to be saved.

Zach looks at the ground.

ZACHARY
Yes.

PASTOR MANNING
What exactly is it that you wanted
to be saved from?

Beat.

ZACHARY
I... um... same as everyone else.
(Beat)
I have to get to school. Thank you,
and I'll see you this weekend?

PASTOR MANNING
Of course Son.

Zach opens the car door.

PASTOR MANNING
It's the 16th, Zach.

ZACHARY

It is.

PASTOR MANNING

You still going into the city tonight?

ZACHARY

Um, yea, I think so. Goodbye.

Zach hops into the car and pulls away. Pastor Manning watches him go.

INT. CAR - LATER

Zach is in the drivers seat and Emily in the passengers, her lap filled with papers.

EMILY

Remember how I told you when I was in France last summer I taught the housekeeper's kid's English?

ZACHARY

Yeah.

EMILY

Do you think I can list that under volunteer work?

ZACHARY

You taught English to under privileged locals, sure.

EMILY

They went to private school.

The two laugh.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Thank you for driving me to the club.

ZACHARY

Of course.

There's a moment of awkward silence.

EMILY

You know Brigitte Cooper?

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY
Brigitte Cooper, from school?

EMILY
Yeah. Did you hear about her?

ZACHARY
I did, from Collette. Where all my
gossip comes from.

She chuckles, and then builds up her courage.

EMILY
You guys were friends, right?

ZACHARY
I don't know if I'd say friends. We
were in student government
together, she was nice.

EMILY
Do you know who's it is?

ZACHARY
What? No. Of course not. What's
gotten into you? Why are you so
interested in Brigitte Cooper?

Emily averts her eyes, stares out the window.

EMILY
I don't know. Just curious about
her I guess. I wonder what it's
like to be outside it all.

ZACHARY
Well I don't think she left
willingly.

Beat.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)
Are you ok?

EMILY
Yes, I'm fine.
(She snaps back to reality)
So while you're here, my parents
wanted to invite you in for dinner.

ZACHARY
At the club?

EMILY

Yes, of course.

ZACHARY

I... I'm not a member.

EMILY

We get guests Zach it's not a big deal. My parents really want to start introducing you to people.

ZACHARY

I, I don't think I can. But tell them thank you.

EMILY

Come on, I know they're dull as dirt but the food is good and believe me, they'll do most of the talking.

ZACHARY

I'm sorry I can't, I'm busy.

EMILY

You said you weren't doing anything today.

ZACHARY

Well, yeah I wasn't. But the lawyer has been calling me for weeks, you know how complicated everything's been with the estate. I told him this morning I'd come in today.

EMILY

You didn't mention anything.

ZACHARY

I just didn't think of it, I thought you'd be at dinner with your parents.

She looks away, avoiding his eye contact.

EMILY

Yeah, of course.

ZACHARY

I, I'm really sorry.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

It's fine. Nothing to be sorry
about.

For a moment they're silent, averting each others gaze. The quiet hangs in the air as they pull into the driveway of the club and up to the door.

Emily's passenger door opens, as a VALET helps her out.

EMILY

Goodbye.

ZACHARY

Bye. I love you.

He calls after her, but she's appears to be gone.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Fuck.

He starts to pull away from the front door, but his breathing gets heavier. Suddenly he's practically panting, he pulls off to the side around the back of the building.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT

Zach pulls into an open spot in the back of the club and jumps out, slams the door behind him. He can barely catch his breath, his hands on his knees. He loosens his tie.

He backs away from the car, up against the wall. He pulls off his jacket, when -

RAY (O.S.)

You ok?

He turns to see Ray poking his head out of the employee entrance. Zach quickly tries to look normal, consciously slowing down his breathing.

ZACHARY

Yes, I'm fine.

RAY

You sure? I heard you were putting
on a bit of a show out here.

ZACHARY

You heard?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Just some of the waiters. They
always send me to deal with the
white person in distress.

(Beat)

A joke.

Zach tries to force a chuckle, but his breath is still a
little labored.

ZACHARY

Do, do you have a cigarette?

RAY

I don't, sorry. Bad for your teeth.

ZACHARY

Of course.

He shuts his eyes tight and leans back against the wall.

RAY

Hold on a second.

Ray goes over to the dumpster and reaches around the back,
pulling out a pack of cigarette's and a lighter.

RAY (CONT'D)

The other guys keep a communal pack
back here in case of emergencies.
The big man upstairs isn't a fan of
smoking on the job.

He hands Zach the pack and the lighter.

ZACHARY

Big man upstairs?

RAY

Big boss man.

ZACHARY

Right, of course.

Zach slides the cigarette between his lips and flicks the
lighter a few times, finally getting a light. He takes a big
inhale, then lets it all come out in a clean white stream.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
Don't mention it.

ZACHARY
I know you. Your mom is the
Faulkner's maid right? Ray?

RAY
Well done. How many of us did you
try that on before you got it
right?

ZACHARY
What?

RAY
Ah, nothing. Don't worry about it.

Zach takes another drag. He holds out the pack.

ZACHARY
You sure you don't want one?

RAY
I'm good.

ZACHARY
Right, your teeth. Your dad a
dentist or something?

RAY
Nope. Gonna be one myself though.

ZACHARY
Really?

RAY
Yeah well, everyone's got teeth.

ZACHARY
Of course.

RAY
And besides there isn't a colored
dentist for 40 miles, so I figure
I've got a good market.

Zach takes another drag.

RAY (CONT'D)
So you must be the one dating Miss
Emily Jane Faulkner.

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY

The very one.

RAY

My mom likes you. She says you're charming. And nervous.

Zach lets out a laugh.

ZACHARY

She sees right through me.

RAY

You sure you're ok to drive? We got a cab company on call here. You wouldn't believe how these old white people pound back martini's. Or you probably would.

ZACHARY

I'm good, I'm fine now, thank you. I'm just not very good at dealing with things. Anything, really.

RAY

I bet you're doing alright.

ZACHARY

Yeah. Um, what time is it?

Ray checks his watch.

RAY

Uh, about half past 4.

ZACHARY

Crap, I've got to go. I have a train to catch.

He takes one last drag of the cigarette and then stomps it out on the ground. He puts his jacket back on, and reaches in his pocket.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Thank you so much, for everything. Really.

He pulls a few dollar bills out of his pocket.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Here, for the cigarette.

RAY

Please, they're like a penny each.

ZACHARY

Really, it's fine.

RAY

They're not even mine.

ZACHARY

For your trouble.

He holds out the money. Ray looks down at it, trying, but not too hard, to not seem offended.

RAY

Thank you.

Zach notices a change in the air.

ZACHARY

I... I'm sorry. Thank you.

Ray takes the money and slides it in his pocket. Zach hops back in his car and drives off. Ray reaches around the back of the dumpster to put the cigarette's back in place.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - AFTERNOON

Several lawn tables are laid out on the lawn of the club. At one table sit the Faulkners, all dressed in white.

Christopher wears a tennis outfit, panting. Lillian has her sunglasses on and a glass in her hand.

LILLIAN

Do you have to pant like that?

CHRISTOPHER

I got some exercise. It's a rarity.

LILLIAN

Please don't be vulgar.

CHRISTOPHER

Ray! How are you?

Ray comes up to the table with a tray in his hand.

RAY

Very well Sir, thank you? How are the Faulkners today?

(CONTINUED)

LILLIAN
Good to see you Ray.

EMILY
I'm fine, thank you.

RAY
Can I get you anything? Refresh
your drinks?

Chris and Lillian immediately hand him their glasses.

CHRISTOPHER
Perfect. Scotch. Neat.

RAY
Right away sir.

LILLIAN
Vodka Gimlet.

EMILY
I'll have -

CHRISTOPHER
She'll have an iced tea.

LILLIAN
No sugar.

EMILY
God forbid.

Ray takes both their glasses and flashes a sincere smile.

RAY
Tell mom I say hello when you get
home.

CHRISTOPHER
Will do, Son.

Ray turns and leaves the table.

LILLIAN
Emily, sit up straight, arch your
back.

Emily pulls back her shoulders awkwardly.

EMILY
I think those are mutually
exclusive.

CHRISTOPHER

What happened to Zachary? I thought you were going to invite him to dinner.

EMILY

I... I didn't get a chance to. He had to go into the city.

LILLIAN

The city? What for?

EMILY

Um, just some legal things. Something about his family property. Since he turned 18 he's been dealing with a lot of stuff.

LILLIAN

Poor boy. All on his own.

Eric briskly walks toward the table.

ERIC

Excuse me, Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner?

LILLIAN

Yes?

ERIC

Mr. Dobosh is requesting to speak with yourself and Mr. Faulkner in his office if you don't mind.

CHRISTOPHER

What is this about, Eric?

EMILY

I actually have to go anyway.

CHRISTOPHER

What, where?

EMILY

I just remembered I had plans to see a movie tonight with Collete and Allison.

She rises and kisses both of her parents on the cheek.

EMILY

Goodbye Mother, bye Daddy.

And she's off, before they can even utter a word.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner.

CHRISTOPHER
We have drinks coming.

ERIC
I'll let your server know.

Christopher and Lillian look at each other. They look around, people are staring at them, quickly turning away. They begrudgingly rise from the table.

INT. CAR - LATER

Zach sits behind the wheel of the car, parked at the Metro-North Train station.

His fingers are circled around the wheel, tight. He takes a deep breath. He slams his hand down on the wheel a couple times. Finally he reaches and grabs a small gift wrapped box in the passenger seat and pushes open the door.

INT. LELAND DOBOSH'S OFFICE.

Eric leads Lillian and Christopher into Leland's office, gestures to a couple of chairs opposite his desk. Leland immediately rises from his chair the second they walk in.

LELAND
Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, it's excellent to see you.

CHRISTOPHER
Likewise, Leland. Can I ask what this is about?

LELAND
Nothing at all. We just wanted to check in with you, as one of our seasoned members, to see how things were going.

LILLIAN
Oh, well that's nice.

CHRISTOPHER
Sure, very nice. Everything's fine.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

That's excellent. We know you daughter's debut is coming up -

CHRISTOPHER

So this is about Emily?

LELAND

It's not about anything. So no concerns? Nothing you'd like to bring to our attention?

CHRISTOPHER

What are you implying?

LILLIAN

Christopher.

LELAND

I'm not implying anything.

CHRISTOPHER

I have to say I feel like we were brought in here to be accused of something.

LELAND

Not at all, Mr. Faulk -

LILLIAN

Christopher, please.

CHRISTOPHER

Thank you Leland, but I think it's time we go.

He rises up out of his chair.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Let's go Lillian, we don't need to deal with this.

(To Leland)

Need I remind you how much we pay in membership fees for this place? Not to mention our significant donation at the Gala last year -

LELAND

Of course Sir, this was all a misunderstanding.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

I should think so. Lillian.

Lillian gets up out of her chair. They start to leave.

LELAND

Honestly, Sir, please. We simply hadn't received the name of your daughters escort to her debut. We just wanted to make sure there weren't any issues, any reason you might be switching to a new club. I was simply trying to be delicate.

LILLIAN

Of course, that's all. Christopher that's all.

LELAND

That's all.

CHRISTOPHER

Well good. His name is Zachary Kramer. Now let's go.

Christopher walks out of the room, Lillian follows.

EXT. LELAND'S OFFICE - LATER

Eric sits at his desk right outside the office, when suddenly the door swings open and Christopher leaves. Lillian slowly follows him out. Eric rises from his seat and walks into the office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Leland sits at his desk, stares into nothing. With the light dimming in the window behind him, the crackling fire reflects against his face.

ERIC

How did it go?

LELAND

Surprising awful.

ERIC

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND

He was nervous about something.
There's something he's worried
about getting out.

ERIC

Do you want to bring in the
investigator?

LELAND

(Beat)

Yes, do.

Beat.

ERIC

Do you need me to stay late?

LELAND

What?

ERIC

I can stay late, if you need.

Eric rounds the desk to Leland's side. Leland pulls out his chair, making a face as if he doesn't know what's going on, but he seems to know the game they're playing.

Eric steps towards him, sliding his legs between Leland's.

LELAND

What are you doing?

ERIC

What do you want me to do?

LELAND

Not now, I have too much to deal
with.

ERIC

I can make it better.

Leland pulls away.

LELAND

I have shit to do Eric. Now will
you please just do your job.

Eric backs away.

(CONTINUED)

LELAND (CONT'D)
And get me a gin and tonic.

ERIC
Of course.

He turns from Leland and walks out, very quickly.

LELAND
Wait, Eric!

He's already gone.

LELAND (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Leland takes a deep breath, he closes his eyes. He reaches down and adjusts himself. Finally he picks up the phone and starts dialing.

EXT. METRO-NORTH STATION - DAY

A taxi pulls up outside the train station, Emily steps out and hands the driver some cash. She looks at the train tracks, and walks inside.

EXT. BAR - LATER

As it's later in the day, the bar area has thinned out. Some of the families still sit at their tables, sipping cocktails, but no one's paying much attention.

Zeke stands behind the bar, a cloth over his shoulder. Eric comes up, distracted.

ERIC
Gin and tonic, please.

ZEKE
Right away.

Eric leans on the bar, tapping his fingers anxiously. Zeke goes about preparing the drink.

ZEKE
Didn't take you for a gin man.

ERIC
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

ZEKE

I wouldn't have guessed Gin was your drink.

ERIC

I... what would you have guessed?

ZEKE

I'd say, beer. Vodka soda if it's been a long day.

ERIC

Well, it's for Mr. Dobosh. He asked me to get it for him.

ZEKE

You work well together, don't you?

ERIC

What do you mean by that?

ZEKE

Don't mean anything. Just a question.

Beat.

ERIC

We work well together.

ZEKE

He seems like a bit of an asshole to me.

ERIC

Well, he is. But you work with who's willing to work with you.

ZEKE

I bet there are other people who might be willing to work with you.

Eric looks up at him. Zeke just barely flashes a smile before continuing with his drink.

ERIC

I'm sorry, he's probably going to want the drink soon.

ZEKE

Of course, here you go.

Zeke sets the drink down on the counter, Eric immediately grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Hope he likes it. I took my time
with it.

He shoots Eric a wink.

ERIC

Thanks. And I like whiskey.

Zeke chuckles to himself.

ZEKE

Good to know.

Eric hesitates for a second, then walks away with the drink. Zeke goes back to cleaning glasses, smiling to himself. Eric's got a smile too. A confused smile, but a smile. But he remembers where he is and lets it fall from his face.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

The train rattles along the tracks as Zach stares blankly out the window. While his face is empty, he anxiously squeezes and tugs on the end of his coat.

The train slows to a stop. Zach looks around, as if confused for a moment where he is. Finally he rises from his seat.

EXT. CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's getting darker out, the parking lot is filled with some very nice cars. Christopher fumes, storming through the maze of vehicles, Lillian a few steps behind.

CHRISTOPHER

That was humiliating.

LILLIAN

It wasn't so bad.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you truly that naive, Lillian?

LILLIAN

There's clearly no point in us
talking about it until you calm
down.

CHRISTOPHER

This is all your fault, you know.

(CONTINUED)

LILLIAN
I'm sure it is.

He stops and turns back to her, stopping her in her tracks.

CHRISTOPHER
Did you think about any of us,
Lillian? For a second? Did you
think about Emily?

LILLIAN
I told you I'm not talking about
this.

CHRISTOPHER
Well excellent, now you don't feel
like talking.

LILLIAN
What is that supposed to mean?

CHRISTOPHER
You seemed very eager to talk when
you met with that lawyer.

Lillian slaps him across the face.

LILLIAN
I'm sorry.

CHRISTOPHER
For what? For slapping your husband
across the face or for almost
leaving him in the night after 20
years?

Lillian doesn't respond. She looks around, to see if anyone
saw them.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
If anyone else finds out we won't
be able to show our faces in the
club again, and that's assuming
they even let us stay.

LILLIAN
No one else will find out. And
we're not getting kicked out of the
club.

CHRISTOPHER
There better not be something else
waiting in the wings. That's all I
can say.

Lillian looks around, makes sure the parking lot is empty. He opens the door of the car. She reaches up and flattens some flyaways that don't appear to exist as she rounds the other side.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Zach sits on a bench outside Mt. Sinai hospital in Manhattan. He takes a drag from a cigarette. He looks up at the hospital, towering over him.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

A small, very authentic Italian restaurant in the heart of Little Italy in Manhattan. Olive skinned people sit at tables, sipping wine, speaking perfect Italian, the restaurant is bustling with action and noise.

In the back of the restaurant, at a two person table, sits Emily. Across from her is a young WAITER, early twenties, scrawny but with a European sort of handsomeness. They laugh as he refills her glass of wine.

Emily seems a little drunk, rocking from side to side. But she speaks perfectly. And flirtatiously.

WAITER
(Italian)
Where are you from in Italy?

EMILY
(Italian)
Bologna. And you?

WAITER
(Italian)
Rome.

EMILY
(Italian)
Ahh, a city boy.

WAITER
(Italian)
I ended up in New York City for a reason.

EMILY
(Italian)
Yes, New York. Sometimes I think this place is smothering me to death.

(CONTINUED)

She takes a sip from her glass.

WAITER
(Italian)
When did you move to the states?

EMILY
(Italian)
Um, 4 years ago. My father sold his bakery and he and my mother were moving to Sicily to be near the ocean, and I have some family there.

WAITER
(Italian)
Ahh, Sicilian.

EMILY
(Italian)
On my mother's side. And well with my brother off in the military I decided to make a change myself! But I miss it every day. This country is so boring. No one does anything, or eats anything or says anything.

WAITER
(Italian)
We speak from the heart in Italy.

EMILY
(Italian)
Exactly!

MALE VOICE
(Italian)
Hey! Get back to work!

WAITER
(Italian)
I'll be right there!

EMILY
(Italian)
I love this place. Feels like home.

She takes another sip of her wine.

WAITER
(Italian)
Do you ever think about going back?

(CONTINUED)

EMILY
(Italian)
Oh yes, every day. But I can't.

WAITER
(Italian)
No one tells an Italian woman she
can't do anything.

EMILY
(Italian)
I have family here. And a...
fiancee.

She finishes her glass of wine and pours herself another. He
leans back in his seat.

WAITER
(Italian)
You have a fiancee?

Emily raises her glass to him. Her eyes are almost crossed.

EMILY
(Italian)
Yes, yes I do.

WAITER
(Italian)
American?

EMILY
(Italian)
Very.

He leans back in.

WAITER
(Italian)
See that's your problem. An Italian
woman can only really love an
Italian man.

Emily's hand falls to the table. She lasers her focus on the
glass of wine in front of her, her lips moving separately
from her eyes.

EMILY
(Italian)
I love him so much I don't know
what to do.

She looks back up to the waiter.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (CONT'D)

(Italian)

Sometimes I think that without me,
he would collapse to dust. And
without him I would just float
away, and who knows where I'd end
up.

She brings her glass to her lips.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(Italian)

God I love the Italian language.

The waiter leans back, rises from his chair.

WAITER

(Italian)

Let me check on your dessert.

Emily snaps back to reality, pulls away from her glass.

EMILY

(English)

Oh, thank you. I mean... Grazi.

WAITER

(Italian)

Of course.

He walks away, Emily turns inward. She looks around, as if everyone must be staring at her. She takes a sip from her glass of water. She reaches up and flattens some flyaways that don't exist.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Zach is sitting on the same bench, he stares up at the hospital. He takes a drag from his cigarette, it's burned almost to the base. He puts it out and gets up, starts walking. He stops when he passes a phone booth.

He looks at it for a second, then steps in. He slides in some quarters and dials. Finally it picks up. He listens.

ZACHARY

Oh Ginny, hi. Is Emily there?

(Beat)

Oh, ok. I figured she'd be home
from the club by now.

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY (cont'd)
No, no need to leave a message. You
don't even need to tell her I
called. Goodnight Ginny.

He hangs up the phone and steps out. He looks up at the tall buildings around him.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ray, and Carl, stand in the corner of the kitchen, hiding behind all the hustle and bustle. They pick food off a half eaten plate that's been sent back.

CARL
Yeah I get why they sent this back.

He tosses a french fry back on the plate. ZEKE, comes in from the side door carrying a box of wine bottles.

ZEKE
Hey Ray!

RAY
Yeah?

He comes up to Ray, lowers his voice.

ZEKE
She's outside, asking for you.

Carl and Zeke look at each other, trade knowing glances.

RAY
I'm working.

ZEKE
She was real insistent. I don't
think she's going anywhere, and no
one's seen her but me, yet.

CARL
Good luck.

Ray takes a deep breath and walks towards the door.

EXT. CLUB BACK DOOR

Ray pushes open the door and looks around, not seeing anyone. He takes a step further and sees Brigitte, leaning against the dumpster smoking a cigarette. When she sees him, she drops it and stomps it out with her shoe.

RAY

You can't keep doing this.

BRIGITTE

Doing what?

RAY

Showing up here, asking for me.

BRIGITTE

How else am I supposed to get you to talk to me?

RAY

Alright, I'm here, what do you want to talk about?

BRIGITTE

I want you to not just pretend nothing ever happened, it's not like I can.

She pulls out another cigarette and tries to light it, but she can't get the lighter working.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

I already have the glitterati of Scarsdale looking at me like I've got a fucking Scarlett letter on my chest I don't need it from you too.

Ray calmly and gently takes the lighter and lights it for her.

RAY

So you liked it when I treated you like you were better than me.

She looks at him, and inhales. Once she blows out, he pulls the cigarette out of her mouth and tosses it to the floor.

RAY (CONT'D)

You shouldn't smoke.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGITTE

Don't tell me what to do.

RAY

I need to go back to work.

He starts to head inside.

BRIGITTE

How can you just walk away from me?

RAY

I'm doing what I gotta do.

BRIGITTE

What does that mean?

He turns around.

RAY

It means I don't wanna get hitched to the back of a pickup truck and dragged fifteen miles. It means I don't want to get strung from a tree while a bunch white folks taking pictures and it means I don't want my mama to have to see what they do do guys like me who run around with girls like you.

BRIGITTE

That stuff doesn't happen here.

RAY

Oh yea Scarsdale with all you nice and friendly white people, knowing our names and saying please and thank you like you're some saints. This shit happens everywhere Brigitte. So people look at you funny, I'm trying not to get lynched, get some fucking perspective.

BRIGITTE

You never would've talked to me like this before. I lost something too you know.

She turns to walk away.

RAY
Brigitte, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

She turns back around, her arms crossed.

RAY (CONT'D)
No one knows it was me, right?

BRIGITTE
No Ray, everyone thinks I aborted a nice white baby.

RAY
Good. Let's hope it stays that way.

He walks back inside and the door swings closed behind him.

BRIGITTE
Then you're off scott free!

Brigitte is left standing behind the door, watching him go. She looks left and right, before walking away.

INT. EMPLOYEE BATHROOM

An empty white bathroom, fluorescent lights overhead. Grey metal stalls line the wall. Ray stands at the last mirror, brushing his teeth. Averting his own gaze.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Emily emerges from the restaurant, her arms crossed tight in front of her. She still looks embarrassed.

She walks over to a pay phone, slides in some quarters and dials, it starts ringing.

INT. ZACHARY'S LIVING ROOM

Zach's living room in Scarsdale. The room is empty, the lights are off. The phone starts ringing.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Zach walks down the sidewalk, past the hospital. He opens the door of an apartment building, right next door, and walks inside.

The phone keeps ringing.

INT. ELEVATOR

Zachary steps into an elevator, the elevator operator shuts the door and they start going up.

INT. HALLWAY

A long, grey hallway, lined with doors on both sides. Zachary walks down and down, reaching a door that makes him stop. There's something on the door frame.

He raises his hand to knock.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Emily is at the phone with her arms crossed. The ringing finally stops as she slams the phone on the receiver.

CUT TO

INT. HALLWAY

He knocks, and a middle aged, brunette woman, MARIE KRAMER opens the door. Behind her is PAUL KRAMER, about the same age, in a wheelchair. He has a beard and wears a yarmulke.

PAUL

Zachary.

ZACHARY

Happy Birthday, Dad.

Zach walks into the apartment and the door shuts behind him. The thing in the door frame comes into view. It's a mezuzah.

CUT TO BLACK