

OVER ASKING

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EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

Rise from a SHADOW cast by a Beaux-Arts APARTMENT BUILDING. Climb the building's fifteen ornate stories...

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PENTHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

And crest the building's ledge, to find a dazed WOMAN, 40, watering decorative POTTED TREES with a watering can. She wears only a thin robe despite seeing her own breath.

The woman doesn't feel the cold. Or notice the water pooling in the pot. Or sense the freezing overflow as it spills onto her bare feet.

Her watering can empties. She sets it down. She steps onto a planter, stretching to reach the FOUR-FOOT WALL lining the edge of the rooftop. Her toes teeter on the planter's ceramic rim -- she leaps, the PLANTER TIPS, CRACKING AN ITALIAN FLOOR TILE on impact.

The woman stands on the LEDGE. Her eyes drop to the street. The building's shadow darkens the ugly details, cloaking the cement and steel with serene mystery.

Throughout the above, the dead-of-night quiet opposes the voice of an unrelated effervescent TikTok personality:

FEMALE TIKTOK V.O.

Join me on my "Every Day's a Good Day" health journey, day six. Each morning starts by adding ice to a chilled bowl and submerging my face for thirty seconds and -- brrrr. Then I'm ready for my homemade electrolyte water. To avoid that mid-day brain fog, I wait 90 minutes before my first coffee and enjoy with Blue Garden creatine. Then we're off to the gym for a blast in the cryo for two-thirty at negative 150 with a quick 30 on the Tonal. Finally, a stop at Happier for kale and spinach with a banana to sweeten. Quick blend in my Vitamix and enjoy! See you tomorrow!

The WOMAN JUMPS, soaring past FRAME as we STAY ON the LEDGE. A MUTED THUD. A CAR ALARM and then:

INT. DIGITAL BRAND EMPIRE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

THE TIKTOK LOGO ends the TikTok post. Brand Strategists ZEEK, 24, and ASHLEY, 25, gather their thoughts, having seen the visuals that accompany the voiceover we heard.

Across the table, MARGO PRETTY, 33, awaits their reaction. The star of the TikTok has spent her life effortlessly cashing-in her winnings from the genetic lottery, but presenting the intellectual artistry swirling inside her brain is terrifying. She pulls a notepad from a designer tote to hide her nerves.

ASHLEY

That's not actually your personality, right?

MARGO

The voiceover? No, I'm acting. Happy.

ZEEK

Maybe it grates a little?

They are annoyingly self-assured for being so young because they actually know what they're talking about.

MARGO

I can re-dub it. I just figured lifestyle brands would want someone cheery --

ZEEK

It's fine.

His words hang there, until she finally fills the air.

MARGO

Anyway, I was thinking athleisure, supplements, Tonal, Vitamix --

ZEEK

The prescriptive lifestyle space is very full. And we've found that it's less successful when influencers look --

ASHLEY

Like you.

Margo has no idea what that means.

ZEEK

It plays sad.

ASHLEY
Skinny jeans sad.

MARGO
Okay...

ZEEK
The public likes a story. Fat-to-fit. Fit-to-fat. Fat-to-fit-back-to-fat.

ASHLEY
Unfortunately, you were born holding a winning lottery ticket.

MARGO
Actually, I was a preemie with hypoglycemia --

ZEEK
What Ashley means, and I'm so not putting words in your mouth --

ASHLEY
No, please, you're fine --

ZEEK
The trifecta of thin, skin, and good hair is neither aspirational nor horrifying. It's --

ASHLEY
Irrksome.

Margo stares at them. She stops taking notes.

MARGO
I think there's room in the market for someone like me. Top down, bottom up -- it's got room to run.

ZEEK
(like he's worried)
MBA?

MARGO
I have a finance background. Maybe I could be an investment influencer --

ZEEK & ASHLEY
NO!

The mere notion causes Zeek to rapidly fan himself.

ZEEK

Sorry, stress-reflex. Look, Margo, we didn't take this meeting because we're jealous bitches who want to point out your flaws. We do see a niche for you.

ASHLEY

Your husband is Christian Pretty.

MARGO

I know.

ASHLEY

(*presenting!*)

Hedge fund wife.

MARGO

Hedge fund wife?

ASHLEY

You start your day with a cappy at the Marzocco. Maybe you unbox a Birkin. You lunch at Eleven. You stop by Armani to buy your driver a tie.

MARGO

I don't do any of those things.

ZEEK

We'd curate your daily: hair, nails, filler, mocktails -- a DITL of a hedge fund wife. It's like putting pretty pictures to someone flushing money down a toilet.

ASHLEY

It checks the "horrifying" box.

MARGO

So basically a tutorial on how to spend my husband's money.

ZEEK & ASHLEY

Exactly.

INT. DIGITAL BRAND EMPIRE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Margo alone, descending. She clutches her tote for comfort. Her eyes fill with moisture. She wipes them. She notices the camera in the corner. Self-consciousness sets in. But emotion returns. She wipes her tears again.

MARGO

Fuck.

She takes a calming breath. Centers herself. She opens her eyes. The tears are gone.

MEN CHANTING (PRE-LAP)

Pretty! Pretty! Pretty!

INT. REED CAPITAL - BULLPEN - DAY

The cheers come from the OPEN FLOOR OF ANALYST DESKS. Young MALE BANKERS and ANALYSTS pause options trading and accept champagne hand-outs to celebrate CHRISTIAN PRETTY, 40, a chiseled, sharp banker addressing his colleagues.

CHRISTIAN

I didn't prepare a speech so I'll just say this: it's brutal when the FDA recalls your ED drug. But it's kismet when your stock price looks like your customer's wang during sex.

A STOCK GRAPH for QUANTUMHEALTH SOLUTIONS appears on the LARGE MONITOR behind him showing a STEADY PRICE met by A SUDDEN AND DRASTIC DECLINE. The room CHEERS.

INT. REED CAPITAL - VAUGHN'S OFFICE - DAY

VAUGHN REED, 70, Christian's boss, takes a KANDINSKY off the wall revealing a broken HOLE the size of a fist.

CHRISTIAN

You kept this for ten years so we could have this moment, didn't you?

VAUGHN

Let it linger, aaaaaaand... now I can have it fixed.

He returns the painting.

CHRISTIAN

Thank you. For real. I know I have not been easy to work with.

VAUGHN

Not the first alpha to lose a client's life-savings coked out of his skull. But thanks for not fucking up your second chance.

Vaughn pats Christian on the back, proud.

VAUGHN

Let's get lunch. I can't do champagne on an empty stomach.

CHRISTIAN

Gotta raincheck. We're seeing an apartment and I had to blow the realtor to get an appointment. Hope it's cool Bridget's lending me your car.

Christian puts on his suit jacket. Tidies up.

VAUGHN

Who are you trying to impress?

CHRISTIAN

A two-story penthouse on Central Park West.

VAUGHN

Jesus.

CHRISTIAN

What? I put down half while I wait for the old man to expire.

VAUGHN

Maybe. If Eugene Pretty were a carton of milk. You're competing with cash, my friend. Have lunch with me. Spare the blow to your ego.

CHRISTIAN

Ego? Me?

INT. GLADSTONE GALLERY - DAY

Margo and her bestie BEANIE PEREZ, 30s, palm smoothies, taking in CONCEPTUAL MODERNIST PAINTINGS, like the one before them: *A FIGURE in the foreground, standing before an ENCROACHING BLACK DUST STORM.*

BEANIE

They call it a "thirty-something crisis."

Beanie continues to meander. Margo follows.

BEANIE

You question every life decision
you've ever made and then realize
you serve no purpose to the world.

MARGO

Oh, those children just told me my
purpose -- I'm a fuck doll and a
tax break.

They pass a MALE GALLERY GUARD, eyeing Margo.

GALLERY GUARD

Walk away all damn day, honey.

Margo ignores him. Beanie looks back, disturbed.

BEANIE

You wear a badge.

(to Margo)

How do you listen to that all day?

Beanie continues on, but Margo's breath catches as she notices a particular PAINTING. We don't see the artwork itself, but we see its placard: "*ROSE*," Camden Cryer. *Oil on Canvas*. It moves Margo profoundly.

EXT. GLADSTONE GALLERY - CHELSEA - DAY

Margo follows Beanie out of the gallery into an industrial pocket of W 21st. They toss their smoothies.

MARGO

So I shouldn't do this hedge fund
wife thing?

BEANIE

It's beneath you. What happened to
your finance content? My mom had
no idea she could roll my sister's
529 into her Roth.

MARGO

Your mom needs to call me.

A BENTLEY rolls up. Christian gets out the back. He kisses Margo.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, beautiful. Hey, Beans. I told *The Times* not to use that picture. I have coke face.

BEANIE

Talk to Business, I cover real news.

CHRISTIAN

A hundred mil, Beanie. Real news.

BEANIE

You're my hedge fund hero, Christian.

(hugging Margo)

Thanks for lunch. Good luck on the apartment.

MARGO

Where did this car come from?

Christian closes the door for Margo and walks to the other side.

INT. BENTLEY - DAY

Margo settles in.

CHRISTIAN

How was the meeting?

MARGO

Good. They seemed into it.

CHRISTIAN

Of course they did. You're you.

Christian grabs her hand on her lap.

MARGO

Can we talk about the painting I was telling you about? I just saw it. It literally gave me chills --

He stops her with a BRACELET BOX.

CHRISTIAN

First see if this gives you chills.

She opens it to find a DIAMOND BRACELET.

MARGO

It's stunning.

CHRISTIAN

It's Cartier. What's wrong?

MARGO

Kinda feels weird celebrating a company's pending bankruptcy.

CHRISTIAN

They're the idiots who had their drug recalled.

MARGO

Still, people are about to lose jobs, 401ks, health insurance --

CHRISTIAN

You want it or not, AOC?

Margo looks at the bracelet. She extends her wrist.

EXT. NYC CRIMINAL COURT COURTHOUSE - DAY

A gathering of mostly women wave signs -- "STOP CAMPUS ABUSE!" "BELIEVE WOMEN!" "TRANSPARENCY NOW" -- behind a CHANNEL 7 NEWS REPORTER.

REPORTER

Notorious courtroom warrior Gillian Town has just claimed her latest victory in the defense of NYU psychology professor Ari Applebaum, having the jury reject claims of sexual assault by Applebaum's former student.

INT. NYC CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

A LEGAL TEAM rides the crowd, sheltering a frumpy but beaming defendant ARI APPLEBAUM, 55. However, all eyes and CAMERAS are on his defender, GILLIAN TOWN (Jill-ean), 50, a fiercely serious and poised attorney.

GILLIAN

Take him.

She motions SECURITY to Ari. Gillian peels away toward a FEMALE STUDENT, 23, across the lobby. She's been crying.

GILLIAN

Excuse me.

She pushes through several friends and family, finally reaching TAYLOR'S arm.

GILLIAN

Taylor --

TAYLOR

Why are you talking to me?

GILLIAN

When you decide to sue the school,
call me.

TAYLOR

You're a disgusting excuse for a
woman.

TAYLOR'S LAWYER steps in.

TAYLOR'S LAWYER

Get her out of here, please.

SECURITY steps in, but Gillian backs away, not looking for a fight.

EXT. NYC CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Hungry PRESS greet Gillian and her TEAM at the door yelling questions: "Do you consider yourself a feminist?" "Would you want your client to teach your daughter?"

A PROTESTER unleashes a BUCKET OF RED PAINT, which splatters over Gillian and her less polished associate DANIELLE, 30s.

DANIELLE

Jesus.

Danielle begins to walk toward the protester.

GILLIAN

Get in the car.

Gillian pushes Danielle into the idling limo. PATRICK BRADY, 50s, Gillian's driver, closes the door for them.

INT. GILLIAN'S LIMO - DAY

It's quiet, but we feel the press clamoring outside.

DANIELLE
Fuck. Is this blood?

GILLIAN
It's paint. You're fine. Expense
it to the firm.

DANIELLE
This doesn't freak you out?

GILLIAN
A rapist who should be in jail is
on his way to Starbucks right now.
People are allowed their feelings.

Danielle huffs, scrubbing her jacket with wipes from her
purse as Gillian checks her phone.

PATRICK
Home or office, Ms. Town?

GILLIAN
Office. My home's been hijacked by
bergamot.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

Elevator doors open to Christian and Margo, who take in a
modern, luxurious penthouse. Bergamot abounds.

MARGO
Oh my God.

CHRISTIAN
Be cool.

MARGO
You be cool.

They are both giddy as their polished and enthusiastic
realtor EVAN, 30, greets them.

EVAN
Welcome to the one percent, my
Prettys. Sorry, couldn't resist.
Meet our listing agent, Greta.

GRETA, 30, impeccably dressed, queen of first
impressions.

GRETA
Welcome. I'm so sorry to hear
about your situation.

EVAN

I told Greta your building was
purchased by a Jordanian prince.

Margo eyes him, annoyed.

GRETA

Please come in. Our seller asks
that you make yourself at home.
Coffee, tea, champagne, juice in
the kitchen. Look around, open
doors...

EXT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Patrick helps Gillian and Danielle from the car. They
enter a CHIC TOWNHOUSE with a subtle plaque at the door
announcing "The Law Offices of Gillian Town."

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Timeless elegance. Solid oak. Legal tomes. As Gillian
enters, FEMALE ASSOCIATES glance up from their desks.
Polite applause follows.

GILLIAN

Well done, everyone.

ASSOCIATE

Congratulations, Ms. Town.

GILLIAN

Wasn't pretty but they rarely are.

She drops her coat on her SECRETARY's desk, then glances
at the PHONE MESSAGES she's handed.

GILLIAN

Get my Lela Rose pants.

SECRETARY

Yes, Ma'am.

GILLIAN

Is the showing --

SECRETARY

Just started.

Gillian closes the door on her.

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillian crumples the messages into a ball and tosses them in her trash can. Making the shot, she strips off her suit and sits down to watch a LIVE FEED streaming from the laptop on her desk.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY

Christian, Margo, and Evan follow Greta's tour. It's modern, tasteful, but devoid of personality.

GRETA

It's the only condo on the street which means no co-op approval board, no interviews. If your financials make sense and my seller likes you, you're golden.

EVAN

Is it me or is this a 20 million-dollar kitchen in itself?

GRETA

Your fridge and dishwasher are Thermador. You have a built-in coffee maker. Your oven is from the Ilve Nostalgie Collection...

CHRISTIAN

(to Margo)

You gonna learn to cook?

MARGO

Can't wait.

Margo takes WATER from a basket of bottled beverages.

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillian watches as Margo realizes it's the only flat water in the basket. Margo returns it to the basket.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - DAY

Christian pokes at a wall-mounted SYSTEM CONTROL PANEL.

CHRISTIAN

You have other offers?

Christian moves to the counter. He helps himself to the BOTTLE OF WATER Margo left there.

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillian sits in a matching silk bra and underwear. Completely at ease. Her Secretary knocks and enters with the PANTS and a new WHITE BLOUSE.

GILLIAN

Take this, too.

Gillian hands over her blouse without looking up.

SECRETARY

Mr. Akers has a case for review.

GILLIAN

Later.

SECRETARY

Yes, ma'am.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - LIVING ROOM - DAY

GRETA

The seller is motivated to find the right buyer.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PRIMARY SUITE - DAY

Margo has found her way into the primary suite struck by the floor-to-ceiling windows of Central Park.

She's drawn to the massive bed. She searches for titles on a stack of GENERIC TEXTS staged beside an UNLIT CANDLE on the bedside table. She eases open a drawer. Nothing.

She moves to leave, passing a MIRROR, casually glancing at her reflection. But something stops her. She takes an inspective step closer. There, at her temple, a SINGLE GRAY HAIR.

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillian watches Margo in the LIVE STREAM as Margo plucks the gray. She examines it to confirm, then blows it away.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PRIMARY SUITE - DAY

Margo checks the rest of her hair, content this was an anomaly. From the mirror, she spots a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA on the shelf behind her. She spins to face it.

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillian stares at Margo. Margo stares at the lens. An exchange so potent it's as if they're in the same room.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - DAY

Christian stands on the Italian-tiled patio. Central Park vibrates below. Margo joins him.

MARGO

Can you get Evan not to tell agents that our building was sold and we're desperate to move? I get that he's your college buddy but that's kinda real estate 101.

CHRISTIAN

Evan's an idiot.

MARGO

Who do you think lives here?

CHRISTIAN

Us, maybe? What do you think?

MARGO

I grew up with a view of a coal mine. What do you think I think?

Greta steps out.

GRETA

We do have another showing in ten minutes, so if I could be so crass as to answer your questions on the elevator ride down.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

Christian and Margo exit the luxury building where the Bentley idles.

MARGO

It'd be nice if it had a gym.

CHRISTIAN

Your gym's an avenue over.

Christian opens the car door for Margo as Evan runs up.

EVAN

Christian. Wait up.

Evan catches his breath.

EVAN

This place is hot. If you're gonna make an offer, needs to be today.

Christian looks at Margo for confirmation.

MARGO

Whatever you want.

Christian kisses Margo, excited.

CHRISTIAN

Go in at asking. Thirty-day close. Drop contingencies if necessary.

EVAN

All over it, boss.

Christian heads to his side of the car.

EVAN

Oh, and Greta said the seller will want to meet first. Make sure you're not terrorists, et cetera.

CHRISTIAN

Name the place.

EVAN

Great. I'll send the deets. I feel good about this, bro. It's gonna happen.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Christian pulls a blazer over his T-shirt. Margo comes in with her iPad to show him a painting.

MARGO

This is the absolute worst thing I could be doing before we close, but how good would this look on that staircase wall?

He glances at a vibrant, ABSTRACT STREET ART CANVAS.

CHRISTIAN

Sick.

MARGO

The artist is super picky about where her stuff hangs so I thought it could be fun to invite her over for a little cocktail thing so she could see the space. Assuming we get the place.

Christian watches Margo adjust her HALTER in the mirror. Her stomach is visible above her flowing pants.

CHRISTIAN

You look hot.

MARGO

Thanks.

CHRISTIAN

Maybe too hot?

MARGO

Is that a thing?

CHRISTIAN

I don't want to come off as the asshole who already has everything.

Margo stares at him.

CHRISTIAN

Or not. Whatever. What do I know?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Wearing a more conservative linen dress, Margo walks with Christian. It's a beautiful summer day.

CHRISTIAN

Is that him?

A MAN meets up with a WOMAN and her DOG -- nope.

MARGO

Evan said the bench by the fountain, like we're making a drop for a hostage ransom...

Her words drift as she notices Gillian approach, struck for no reason except that Gillian is elegant and beautiful and walking toward her with purpose.

GILLIAN
Mr. and Mrs. Pretty.

Christian turns. He has a charming smile.

GILLIAN
Gillian Town. Thank you for meeting me.

CHRISTIAN
Hi. Christian.

They shake.

CHRISTIAN
This is my wife, Margo.

GILLIAN
Pleasure.

Margo smiles, shaking her hand.

CHRISTIAN
Are we waiting on your husband?

GILLIAN
Just me.

Gillian grins as to not embarrass him. Margo tries to play it off.

MARGO
He usually waits til later in the evening before he starts offending people.

CHRISTIAN
Sorry, it's such a big place, I assumed there were two of you --

GILLIAN
It is big. But you two look like you can handle it. What do you do?

CHRISTIAN
Wealth management. Firm called Reed Capital.

GILLIAN

Vaughn must be proud to see one of his guys making an offer on a park view penthouse.

CHRISTIAN

You know my boss?

Off Christian's curious look, she turns to Margo.

GILLIAN

And you? What gets you out of bed in the morning, Margo?

MARGO

(grabbing Christian)
Him. He kicks in his sleep.

GILLIAN

Right. Well, I didn't invite the agents here because I wanted to talk brass tacks without getting anybody in trouble. I have three offers. Yours, financed at asking. One cash at asking. And one with some international inconveniences but cash at twenty-five.

CHRISTIAN

That's gonna be a problem. We're stretched at twenty. I'm not sure how else we can sweeten the pot.

GILLIAN

I want to sell you the apartment at asking.

CHRISTIAN

Great. That's fantastic --

GILLIAN

If I can spend one night there with you.

Her eyes are locked on Margo. Her statement just hangs there for a moment. Nobody moves.

Margo and Christian try to figure out if they heard correctly. Finally --

MARGO

You want to sleep with me?

GILLIAN

Your husband's not my type.

Margo and Christian still struggle to process.

GILLIAN

When you get to this price point,
everyone's the same. They love the
location, they want to grow their
family... Everyone's boring.
You're not.

MARGO

You don't even know me --

CHRISTIAN

You think you're Robert Redford?
We're some down-on-our-luck
couple? I just offered you twenty
million dollars.

GILLIAN

I love Robert Redford as much as
the next lesbian, but women have
been commodified in transactions
since the dawn of time.

CHRISTIAN

Wow.

MARGO

This is weird. We should go.

GILLIAN

Do you really think she'd be with
you if you didn't have money?

(to Margo)

Would he be with you if you didn't
look like that? Life is one, long
fluid transaction. And you asked
how to sweeten the pot.

CHRISTIAN

Go fuck yourself.

(then)

Twenty-one.

MARGO

This is below us, let's go.

GILLIAN

It's not below him, he's still
negotiating.

Gillian's car pulls up. Gillian addresses Margo.

GILLIAN

I'm pulling the trigger on the all-cash 25 this weekend, so let me know by noon Friday if I should take yours instead.

She disappears into the back seat. The car pulls away, leaving Margo and Christian baffled in its wake.

MARGO

Can we fire Evan now?

Margo walks off, disturbed. Christian stays put, watching Gillian's limo disappear, calculating his next move.

INT. GILLIAN'S LIMO - DAY

Danielle is already in the car as Gillian settles in.

DANIELLE

What's with Ken and Barbie?

GILLIAN

Potential buyers. Is the sparkling by you?

Danielle hands Gillian the bottle of Pellegrino. As Gillian pours it, her hand TREMBLES.

EXT. EUGENE PRETTY'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Christian exhales a calming breath. Centers himself. Then rings the bell to the PARK AVENUE TOWNHOUSE. The door opens to AMELIA, 50, the housekeeper.

CHRISTIAN

What's up, Amelia?

AMELIA

He's expecting you.

INT. EUGENE PRETTY'S TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Christian waits on a velvet chair amongst gold framed art, oriental rugs, mahogany walls. Reagan-era money. A grandfather clock CHIMES four o'clock. Amelia enters.

AMELIA

Okay.

INT. EUGENE PRETTY'S TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

EUGENE PRETTY, 85, looks frail in his oversized leather chair. He wears an oxygen tube in his nose, the canister sits on a cart nearby. Christian enters.

CHRISTIAN

There he is.

EUGENE

Come here, I'm not getting up.

Christian leans down to hug him.

CHRISTIAN

I'd expect nothing less. Margo sends her love, wishes she could be here.

EUGENE

I'm sure she's very busy.

CHRISTIAN

How are ya? You look like shit.

EUGENE

I feel fucking fantastic.

CHRISTIAN

So what you're saying is I'll have to keep making my own money.

EUGENE

A few more wins like your little play on Annopin, and I can donate my fortune to charity.

CHRISTIAN

A hundred million is little? CNBC may beg to differ.

EUGENE

You know what's ironic -- you were conceived on Annopin.

Christian was unaware of this. Eugene laughs. The notion becomes more and more hilarious to him.

EUGENE

My kid, who couldn't trade a Tastykake to a second grader, somehow predicts the ED drug that seeded him would be recalled thirty years later and it makes him millions.

Eugene laughs devolves to coughing.

EUGENE

You are one lucky son-of-a-bitch. Don't ever forget that.

CHRISTIAN

Couldn't if I wanted to.

Eugene gets up. He moves to the bar, dragging his cart.

EUGENE

And this was all a result of your brilliant market analysis?

CHRISTIAN

Is it really that hard to accept I'm good at this?

Eugene pours two vodkas. Christian notices the GLOSSY SALES BROCHURE for the 50 Central Park West apartment.

CHRISTIAN

So, talk to me. What do you think of the place?

EUGENE

What's not to love? It's a dream.

Eugene brings Christian his drink.

EUGENE

That is the definition of something wildly out of your reach, right? A dream?

CHRISTIAN

It's within my reach. But now there's a bidding war.

EUGENE

And I'm your calvary. Unless -- oh shit, are you here to ask me about my swollen prostate? How kind, son. Wanna see it?

Eugene starts to unbuckle his belt.

CHRISTIAN

Maybe I should talk to Amelia
about putting you in a home.

Eugene smirks and collapses into his seat, winded.

EUGENE

Have you confirmed the other
offers? Desperation's like BO,
doesn't stink on you like it does
to everyone else.

CHRISTIAN

You think I'd be sitting here
watching my dick shrink if there
were wiggle room?

EUGENE

You know how I knew subprime
mortgage swaps were gonna get me
rich? In 2007 --

CHRISTIAN

You visited every housing
development in Yucaipa.

EUGENE

I talked to every homeowner on the
verge of eviction. And each of
them looked me in the eye and said
they genuinely believed they
deserved to live there.

CHRISTIAN

Pretty sure my portfolio's more
diverse than the assistant manager
of Yucaipa's Walmart.

EUGENE

Walmart, Wall Street. The elixir
of entitlement is far more
intoxicating than reality water.

CHRISTIAN

Reality is I'm going to inherit a
hundred times this when you drop
dead -- no offense. It's an
advance.

EUGENE

You grew up to be exactly why your
mother wanted a daughter.

CHRISTIAN
I said "no offense."

A beat. Eugene looks him dead in the eye.

EUGENE
You deserve love and happiness and
food and shelter and all of it.
But you haven't done shit with
your life to deserve a 25 million-
dollar penthouse.

Eugene leaves the room, rolling his oxygen beside him.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Margo squirts Thousand Island on a takeout burger as Christian arrives home and pours himself a large glass of wine from the bottle Margo's opened.

MARGO
Gillian Town just defended an NYU
professor accused of sexual
assault.

Margo turns her laptop so Christian can see Gillian's
PHOTOGRAPH in *The New York Post*.

MARGO
She's a public figure and she's
not the least bit concerned that
we'll say something to someone? We
could cancel her in two seconds.

Christian downs his glass of wine. Margo watches him.

MARGO
Everything okay?

CHRISTIAN
Eugene Pretty wants to choke me to
death with my silver spoon.

Christian finds his burger and fries in the take-out bag.

MARGO
Why do even visit him? You always
feel like shit afterwards.

CHRISTIAN
I wouldn't mind having my ass
handed to me if I got five million
dollars on my way out.

Margo looks at him as he takes a bite of his burger.

MARGO

You asked him for money?

(realizing)

You still want that fucking apartment??

Christian shrugs.

MARGO

She defends rapists!

CHRISTIAN

(mouth full)

Alleged rapists.

MARGO

You're so warped. You know what?
It doesn't matter. We can't afford it.

CHRISTIAN

I mean we can.

He motions to Margo's body. She throws a fry at him.

MARGO

Christian.

CHRISTIAN

What?

MARGO

No.

CHRISTIAN

Because it's cheating? I have no problem with girl-on-girl inside a relationship --

MARGO

Because it's prostitution.

CHRISTIAN

It's *favoritism*.

MARGO

It's prostitution.

CHRISTIAN

Fine. Is the fact that our kid's gonna go to Yale because I've been giving them twenty grand a year to make sure they favor him over every other application prostitution? Because maybe it turns out I'm okay with prostitution.

MARGO

Want me to fuck the Yale board while I'm at it?

CHRISTIAN

Of course not, they're not attractive.

Christian pokes his fries in his ketchup.

CHRISTIAN

Gillian though? Kinda hot.

MARGO

She's beautiful. I'm not rejecting the idea based on physical repulsion.

CHRISTIAN

Right, it's the moral principle. Hey, get any compliments on your new bracelet lately?

MARGO

Oh my God.

CHRISTIAN

It's not cheating. And we agree she's beautiful. Ergo...

MARGO

Ergo, I'm not fucking another woman to get you your dream house.

CHRISTIAN

...it wouldn't be too far-fetched to half-enjoy yourself.

MARGO

Now I should enjoy whoring myself.

CHRISTIAN

I'm just saying it's not, by definition, transactional if both parties are into it, is it?

MARGO

Why would I be into it?

CHRISTIAN

You've made out with women before. Women. Plural. Which means you didn't hate it the first time. Or the second time.

MARGO

We weren't married and no one was paying me.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, let's say you met her out at a bar and she hit on you -- you're single, there's no apartment at stake, just an old school bar pick up. Would you go home with her?

MARGO

You seriously want me to do this.

CHRISTIAN

I'm asking if under different circumstances you would. Because if you would sleep with her without getting anything out of it... than what's the harm of sleeping with her and letting her do you a favor afterwards?

Margo closes the laptop.

MARGO

If Gillian were a man, would you be making the same argument?

CHRISTIAN

If Gillian were a man, I would have killed him already.

MARGO

I rest my case.

CHRISTIAN

I'm not threatened by her. I'm sorry. Does that make me a sexist asshole?

(MORE)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Fine, I'm a sexist asshole. I don't see this as cheating or a power move or anything that big baller Gillian Town thinks it is. And if you're open to it, and I don't give a shit, then go have fun and let's get our dream place out of it.

Margo studies him a long beat.

MARGO

I need a shower.

She leaves him.

CHRISTIAN

Margo.

(no answer)

Margo.

A door SLAMS.

INT. THE BRANDING EXPERTS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

JAMES and RACHELLE, 20s, review Margo's lifestyle TikTok presentation. Different people. Same meeting. Margo sits across the table. Over it.

JAMES

It's cute. A little prescriptive, maybe?

MARGO

I can gut some of the instruction, make it more day-in-the-life.

RACHELLE

You're how old? Twenty-eight?

MARGO

Thirty-three.

RACHELLE

Yeah, okay, that's a tough age for us because you're not young-young and you're not a mom, right?

MARGO

Right. Not yet.

JAMES
(hopeful)
Are you pregnant?

MARGO
No, I mean, one day. Maybe.

RACHELLE
Right, that's what we mean. You're sort of in this no-man's land. You're educated, high net-worth, no kids -- of course you're living a healthy lifestyle, it'd be weird if you weren't?

JAMES
Actually -- time out -- Rachelle, you just got me thinking, what if we flip it. You're educated, high net-worth, no kids, and you're a hot fucking mess.

RACHELLE
See, that's an angle.

JAMES
You eat garbage all day. You watch *Suits* non-stop. Your body goes to shit --

RACHELLE
-- viewers watch you develop a blue Mountain Dew addiction in real time.

JAMES
I'm kind of in love with this.

Off Margo, so deflated she can't muster a response --

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APT - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Still heavy from her shitty meeting, Margo enters to find Christian sitting in bed, scrolling on his phone.

MARGO
You see they put another eviction notice on everyone's doors?

CHRISTIAN
Yup. Dicks.

She steps into the bathroom, taking off her earrings.

She stares at herself in the mirror. She shifts her gaze to Christian -- but his attention is on his phone.

She takes off her shirt, expecting him to notice. He doesn't. She returns to the bedroom and crawls onto the bed. She takes is phone.

MARGO

May I?

CHRISTIAN

You may.

She tosses it aside, then kisses him. She wastes no time kissing his chest and disappearing under the sheets.

Christian stares at the ceiling as Margo goes down on him. Christian closes his eyes, trying to relax. But he can't. And after a long beat --

Margo comes up for air.

MARGO

Are you okay?

CHRISTIAN

Sorry.

MARGO

Can I do something to help?

CHRISTIAN

Don't worry about it. It's not you.

He gets up and disappears into the bathroom. As the SHOWER TURNS ON, Margo lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, thoughts tumbling. *It's not you.*

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - CAFETERIA - DAY

Margo and Beanie eat lunch. Margo pokes at her salad.

BEANIE

I watch *Suits* and drink blue Mountain Dew.

MARGO

I'm sure they'd love to rep you.

BEANIE

To be fair, I would watch a hot mess Margo TikTok.

MARGO

Who's the most fucked up person
you've ever slept with?

BEANIE

Ooo, this is fun -- um, I used to
sleep with an Adderall dealer.

MARGO

That's not that fucked up.

BEANIE

I'm boring. Why? You wanna set me
up with someone?

MARGO

Do you know Gillian Town?

BEANIE

She represented the dude who sued
the MTA for making him miss his
job interview.

MARGO

That's not a real story.

BEANIE

It is a real story -- won him a
fuck-ton, too. She's brilliant.
And ruthless. And female. Not
interested, thank you though --

MARGO

She's the seller of the apartment
we want. She's asking for a lot.

BEANIE

Ah. In that case, spoiler alert,
you guys will end up paying her
whatever she wants because part of
Gillian Town's sex appeal -- *and I
never said that because I'm a
feminist and she is a monster* --
is that she doesn't lose a
negotiation. But, on the plus
side, I'm sure the place has the
best finishes blood money can buy.

Margo considers this, intrigued in spite of herself.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Margo watches clips of Gillian on YouTube:

-- The news coverage of Gillian leaving the courthouse after winning Ari Applebaum's defense, surrounded by press.

-- Gillian teaching a lecture at Columbia Law School, getting the students to laugh.

-- A news blurb and photo of Gillian Town's partner, BILLIE TOWN, announcing she died of blood cancer complications. (We recognize her from the opening scene.)

-- Gillian delivering a closing argument in court with unwavering conviction.

INT. REED CAPITAL - CORRIDOR/CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Christian walks into his office staring at his iPad.

CHRISTIAN

Mikey! Get Blaine on the phone --

He stops, surprised to find Margo staring out his window.

CHRISTIAN

Hey.

She turns around to face him. She has made up her mind.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Gillian walks with purpose alongside JUDGE WALTERS, 65, and a very pissed Defense Attorney LANCE FINNEGAN, 50.

JUDGE WALTERS

Suing a non-profit that spends a million dollars-a-year on needy children is not a case anyone wants on their resume, Gillian. Even you.

GILLIAN

The evidence will show faulty process and illegal payouts --

FINNEGAN

It's a sixty dollar hot dog vending permit.

GILLIAN

A man is dead from salmonella poisoning thanks to that ill-begotten permit.

FINNEGAN

He's dead from weighing three hundred pounds.

JUDGE WALTERS

Can you prove the illness came from street meat?

GILLIAN

I have a witness from the city Vending License Department stating his client's publicity team paid a thousand dollars for an online Food Protection Course of which no one has any record of because they don't offer an online course.

Her phone rings. She sees the ID -- "PRETTY BUYERS." Gillian grins briefly, then looks at the Judge.

GILLIAN

Judge, unless you have an issue with it, I'll be serving the CEO at his fundraiser tomorrow night.

She walks away, answering the phone. Judge Walters pats Finnegan's shoulder, won over by Gillian.

JUDGE WALTERS

Tell you what, she's good at being bad. See you in court, brother.

GILLIAN

(into phone)
This is Gillian Town.

INT. REED CAPITAL - CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

Christian stands at his desk like he's closing a deal. Margo locks his office door.

CHRISTIAN

Gillian, Christian Pretty.

GILLIAN

How are you, Mr. Pretty?

CHRISTIAN

Call me Christian, you're about to go down on my wife.

Margo gives him the finger.

CHRISTIAN
Hope I'm not on speaker.

GILLIAN
It's five after. You missed your
deadline.

CHRISTIAN
Don't act like this isn't the best
phone call of your life.

GILLIAN
Twenty-point-one. A game's not a
game if there aren't rules,
quarterback.

Annoyed, Christian twists a pen in his fingers.

CHRISTIAN
Take it out of our agent's
commission.

GILLIAN
Happily.

CHRISTIAN
So how do we ensure this doesn't
fall out of escrow?

GILLIAN
When I get back to my office,
Greta will send you the signed
accepted offer that goes live the
morning after Margo leaves. How
does tomorrow night work?

Christian covers the phone.

CHRISTIAN
Tomorrow night?

MARGO
It's the 4th of July.

Christian shrugs. Margo throws up her hand.

MARGO
God bless America.

CHRISTIAN
Tomorrow works.

GILLIAN
Looking forward to it.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sure you are.

Christian hangs up. They stare at one another, both a little surprised a date's been set. A beat.

MARGO

This is the part where you buy me dinner.

CHRISTIAN

(yelling)

Mikey, hold my calls. I got a date with my wife.

As Christian exits with Margo --

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Christian reads emails on his iPad while Margo has her laptop, watching a sex scene from *Blue is the Warmest Color*.

CHRISTIAN

She does porn?

MARGO

It's not porn. This won Cannes.

CHRISTIAN

You sure? Every time I look over they're in a different position.

MARGO

I don't think I have the stamina for this.

CHRISTIAN

I don't think the impetus is on you in this scenario.

MARGO

There's five million dollars-worth of impetus on me.

Margo shifts to her side, boxing him out and taking the laptop with her.

Christian cuddles behind her as she watches the movie. He starts kissing Margo's neck. She playfully nudges away.

MARGO

Stop. I am working.

CHRISTIAN

Torturer.

He relents, leaving her be. He settles on his side of the bed. Margo watches the film, increasingly turned on. She closes her laptop and turns toward him, pulling him into a kiss. As they make-out --

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams in on Margo, staring at the ceiling. She looks tiny in her empty bed.

INT. GYM - PLUNGE ROOM - DAY

Margo's HEAD emerges from a COLD PLUNGE.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - DAY

Margo shaves her legs, scrutinizing every angle.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Margo opens Reddit. Margo searches: "Do lesbians have pubic hair?" She scrolls and reads, and then --

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - DAY

Margo turns the shower back on.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Margo stands in her bra and underwear staring into the abyss of her wardrobe. She considers a SILK TOP -- its low-plunging V is revealing and sexy.

MARGO

Her partner died from cancer ten years ago.

CHRISTIAN

Or, alternatively, she faked her death and fled the country.

Margo returns the sexy top to the rack.

MARGO

Please just let me believe she's experienced humanizing trauma and isn't a total psychopath.

CHRISTIAN

You look awesome.

He kisses her neck.

CHRISTIAN

You smell awesome.

She steps away from him.

MARGO

Help. If you were Gillian Town, which dress would you want your whore to wear?

Margo holds up a red dress and a black dress.

CHRISTIAN

Pants.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Margo wears jeans and designer summer top. Effortlessly elegant and casual. She pours two bourbon shots.

MARGO

You want one?

CHRISTIAN

I'm good.

She downs hers, then his shot, too.

CHRISTIAN

You're overthinking this.

MARGO

She is leaving a lot of money on the table to have her mind blown.

CHRISTIAN

Hey.

Christian pulls Margo into his arms, comforting her.

CHRISTIAN

I spent four years in a frat house.

(MORE)

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

The money's not for you to blow
her mind. The money's for you to
leave in the morning.

MARGO

Was that a poem? Moving. Truly --

CHRISTIAN

You're just nervous because a part
of you is turned on by this, too.

Margo doesn't deny him.

CHRISTIAN

It's okay to admit it. No one's
calling you gay.

She gets a text.

MARGO

My car's here.

Christian takes her phone.

CHRISTIAN

If you don't want to go, don't go.

Margo considers him. She takes her phone to leave.

CHRISTIAN

Told you. Gay.

MARGO

Shut up. I love you.

CHRISTIAN

I love you.

Margo kisses him gently on the lips, cherishing the last
pure thing she'll do all night. She leaves.

EXT. APARTMENT/INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Patrick has the door open for Margo. She gets in.

EXT. NYC STREETS/INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Margo stares out the window. Nightlife abounds.
FIRECRACKERS POP on the sidewalk. Kids wave SPARKLERS.
Distant FESTIVE BOOMS.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST/INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Patrick parks.

PATRICK

She asked me to take your phone.

MARGO

Seriously?

Patrick looks at her in the rearview mirror. Margo turns it off and hands it over.

MARGO

Here ya go.

PATRICK

I'll text her to send down the elevator. See you in the morning.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ELEVATOR LOBBY - NIGHT

Margo waits at the elevator. She watches the numbers drop to "L." The door opens. She boards.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Margo presses PH. Nothing happens. She notices a DIGITAL THUMB PAD. She touches her thumb to it. Nothing happens.

The PH illuminates automatically. The doors close. The elevator ascends.

Margo checks her outfit and makeup in the mirrored wall. She looks great. She takes a deep breath, exhales --

And the doors open.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - FOYER - NIGHT

No one greets her. Margo takes an apprehensive step.

MARGO

Hello?

She hears LAUGHING. She follows the sound --

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - NIGHT

No one is in the kitchen. The lights are dim, like someone's cleaned and done the dishes for the night.

GILLIAN (O.S.)
Come here and look at this.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Margo finds Gillian seated at her computer.

GILLIAN
Tell me this isn't the most
hideous thing you've ever seen.

Gillian turns her laptop to share the image of an OIL
PAINTING: an unsettling abstract humanoid.

MARGO
What is that?

GILLIAN
My designer wants it for the lobby
of my law office. I said I wanted
modern and thought-provoking.

MARGO
And they sent you a panic attack
on a canvas.

Margo studies it.

MARGO
It's an Inez.

GILLIAN
That means nothing to me.

MARGO
Rodrigo Inez. Spanish modernist.
Poor man's Picasso.

GILLIAN
Was I supposed to know that?

MARGO
I follow Artist TikTok. Inez was a
thing for two seconds last year.

Margo looks at some IMAGES behind it.

MARGO

Is that your office?

GILLIAN

It is. My wife was into impressionism. But she's gone and it's time for a change.

MARGO

Camden Cryer would look good here.

Gillian finds herself again uneducated.

MARGO

He's based in Chicago but had an opening in SoHo last year. We hung out. He's cool.

GILLIAN

I'd love to see something.

MARGO

I'll text him -- when I get my phone back. You know your driver took my phone?

GILLIAN

I do. What can I get you to drink?

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BASEMENT/CELLAR - NIGHT

Gillian is deep in a storage closet of unopened bottles.

GILLIAN

Most of this is packed already.

Margo surveys the wide array of WHISKEY Gillian has unearthed and set atop the bar.

MARGO

You have a serious not drinking problem.

GILLIAN

They were gifts. Clients ask my secretary what I like, and saying "being paid on time" apparently loses me stars on Yelp.

Gillian sets another bottle on the bar.

MARGO

Okay, so this one's decent. This is great. This was made by Nazis. I'm pouring it down the drain.

GILLIAN

I can't like Nazis?

Margo freezes, mid-pour.

GILLIAN

You think I like Nazis. My God, I do need an image makeover.

MARGO

You could stop representing rapists and soliciting married people for sex. Just throwing out ideas.

GILLIAN

Yeah, but then you wouldn't be here, and I'd be drinking Nazi scotch.

Margo smiles.

GILLIAN

You know a lot about whiskey for someone who must get drunk off fumes.

MARGO

My grandad's claim to fame. Apart from raising me, he was a locally renowned Harlan County moonshiner.

GILLIAN

You're kidding me.

MARGO

Clyde's Creek Distillery. Granddad Clyde bottled it til his dying day.

GILLIAN

The name rings a bell.

MARGO

Trust me, it doesn't. He sold it as cleaning solution to underage college kids. I think one actually died.

Gillian disappears into the cellar.

GILLIAN

I don't hear a hint of an accent.

MARGO

While I was getting my MBA,
someone told me money doesn't
trust a hick, so I spent ten grand
on a dialect coach.

GILLIAN

I didn't realize you had your MBA.

MARGO

I don't. I dropped out.

Gillian returns with a bottle of CLYDE'S CREEK WHISKEY.

MARGO

No way.

GILLIAN

I thought I remembered seeing it
while I was packing.

Margo beams, handling it. Tears spring in her eyes.

MARGO

I'm -- look at me. This is -- how
do you have this? No one has this.

GILLIAN

I have strange clients and unique
enemies.

Margo wipes her happy tears away.

MARGO

It's crazy how many memories this
is bringing back right now.

GILLIAN

Do we dare?

MARGO

I mean we have to, right?

Margo pours two shots.

MARGO

Cheers.

GILLIAN
To Granddad Clyde.

Their eyes meet for the first time since Margo has arrived. It's weighted, bordering on uncomfortable.

Gillian goes first. Margo follows. It BURNS.

GILLIAN
I'm decidedly too old for that.

MARGO
Wow. Definitely from an enemy.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - NIGHT

Gillian leads Margo onto the balcony.

GILLIAN
The planters were custom so I figured I'd leave them. Unless you hate them.

MARGO
They're perfect.

Margo notices the single CRACKED TILE. A shard is loose.

GILLIAN
I meant to fix that. I swear my gardener breaks things on purpose.

MARGO
Slept with his wife, too?

Gillian laughs. Heartily and unexpectedly.

GILLIAN
God, I haven't been pleasantly surprised in over a decade.

They share a smile.

GILLIAN
So tell me something no one knows.

Gillian sits on a lounge, relaxed.

MARGO
Collateral wasn't part of the deal.

GILLIAN

Come on. We're getting to know each other. Lawyer-client confidentiality.

MARGO

I wanted to be you once. I wanted to move mountains.

GILLIAN

So what happened?

Margo sits down on the lounge beside her.

MARGO

I honestly have no idea.

(beat)

I followed Christian to New York. Watched him sky-rocket. Told myself next year I'll finish my MBA, join a firm, carve out a place for myself... But life was easy. Time was sand. And twelve years later I have a Roth IRA I can't contribute to and ten credit cards with my husband's name on them.

The heavy truth hangs there with the stars. Suddenly, FIREWORKS explode in the sky.

GILLIAN

Look at that.

They watch the fireworks a moment.

MARGO

Your turn. Something no one else knows. Hooker-John confidentiality.

Gillian grins. She thinks a moment, and then looks directly into Margo's eyes.

GILLIAN

I wasn't expecting you to be you.

Margo takes that in, flattered despite herself.

GILLIAN

Let's go inside.

Gillian stands.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - STAIRCASE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gillian leads Margo up a wide staircase. Margo follows her into the hallway, noticing the suite at the very end. Except Gillian stops at the second bedroom.

GILLIAN

How's this?

Margo peeks into the room. It's a beautiful GUEST ROOM with a large bed.

MARGO

It's... nice.

GILLIAN

Good. I'm going to shower.

Gillian disappears to the PRIMARY SUITE down the hall.

MARGO

Okay.

(beat)

Cool, so I'll just be -- I'll be in here then.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - GUEST BEDROOM/BATH - NIGHT

Margo isn't sure what to do. She sits on the edge of the bed. After a few moments, that doesn't feel sexy.

She checks her makeup in the bathroom mirror. Still gorgeous. She checks the vanity, finds a new toothbrush and new tube of toothpaste. She brushes her teeth.

She returns to the bedroom. She considers herself in the full length mirror. She takes off her shirt. She pulls off her pants. She dims the lights. She sits in bed in her bra and underwear. She checks the clock: 10:25.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - GUEST BEDROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Now it's 10:45. Still no sign of Gillian. Margo moves to the door, peeks down the hallway -- Gillian's bedroom door is closed. Where the fuck is she?

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Margo sits up in bed, staring at 11:20 on the clock. She's cold. She pulls the covers up over her, choosing comfort over sexiness. As she waits...

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Margo wakes to sunshine hitting her face. The clock now reads 7:15. She's alone. She's been alone. Gillian never came in last night. Margo eases out of the comforter.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - HALLWAY - DAY

Margo walks to the PRIMARY SUITE where the door is ajar. She pushes it open to discover the room is empty. The bed is made. Gillian is gone.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Margo pulls on the clothes she shed last night, then suddenly becomes convinced she's being watched. She looks around, then spots it -- a CAMERA on the book shelf.

She moves to it, grabbing it when she realizes its JACK dangles out of the socket. It's not plugged in. No one is watching.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - STAIRCASE/FOYER - DAY

Margo descends the staircase into the quiet. It feels empty. Gillian has left.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - DAY

Beside a croissant and fruit, Margo finds the CLYDE'S CREEK WHISKEY and a NOTE: "Enjoy your new place. Went to bed -- wasn't feeling it. GT"

Margo rereads the note ten times -- *wasn't feeling it* -- struck suddenly by a confusing pang of shame.

INT. LIMO - DAY - DRIVING

Patrick drives. Margo stares out the window. The city is awake. People walk the streets with coffee, with conviction -- like they know where they're supposed to go. Like their lives make sense. Margo can't relate. She looks at the whiskey beside her.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Margo closes the door, locking it. She leans on it for support, takes a long breath, and enters with energy --

MARGO

Turns out Gillian Town is full of surprises...

She cuts herself off when she notices BEER BOTTLES on island and the coffee table. THREE VIDEO GAME CONTROLLERS and four bowls that once held SNACKS. Not the homecoming she expected.

Disturbed, Margo sets the whiskey on the island.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Christian is still sleeping when Margo enters.

MARGO

Did you have people over last night?

Christian groggily wakes.

CHRISTIAN

You're home? What time is it?

MARGO

Who was here?

CHRISTIAN

Derek and Matt. How are you? How was it?

Margo disappears into the bathroom.

CHRISTIAN

Babe?

MARGO (O.S.)

I need a bath.

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Margo soaks in a bubble bath. Christian enters with a tray of breakfast pastries and fruit.

CHRISTIAN

You beat the delivery guy.

Margo doesn't take the washcloth off her eyes.

CHRISTIAN

Breakfast?

MARGO

I'm not hungry.

CHRISTIAN

What happened?

MARGO

What do you think happened?

CHRISTIAN

I think you rocked her world.

Margo pulls the washcloth off her eyes to look at him.
She decides not to tell him the truth.

MARGO

Did you beat your video game?

CHRISTIAN

It's not really a game you beat --

MARGO

I don't actually care. I'm just pointing out that while you were drinking Pabst and playing *God of War* with your bros, I was getting you your dream house.

CHRISTIAN

I wasn't not thinking about you --

MARGO

Do you have any idea how hard that was for me?

CHRISTIAN

How hard it was for you? You willingly slept with a woman you admittedly found attractive while your husband cheered you on.

The sentence hangs in the air. Maybe the most fucked up thing anyone has ever said to her.

CHRISTIAN

Am I wrong?

MARGO

I don't want to talk about last night again. Ever. Okay?

He stares at her.

CHRISTIAN
Did something happen?

MARGO
Whatever you're imagining
happened, happened.

CHRISTIAN
Mmmmm, probably not --

MARGO
Can I be alone now please?

CHRISTIAN
Are you okay? For real? She wasn't
weird?

MARGO
She wasn't weird.

CHRISTIAN
Okay. Good. I'm leaving.

He moves to the door, then stops.

CHRISTIAN
For what it's worth, thank you.

He leaves.

Margo closes her eyes. She tries to relax. She listens to the sound of the soap bubbles popping. She feels the water's warmth on her skin. Suddenly, sadness overtakes every sensation. And she cries quietly into her hand.

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Danielle stands at a dry-erase board, leading a staff meeting for SIX LAWYERS and Gillian.

DANIELLE
On June 10th, the city shuts down
8-year old Alejandro Ramirez's hot
dog stand after competitors claim
he was stealing their customers
while operating without a permit.

Danielle sticks a PHOTO to the timeline -- it's
ALEJANDRO, 8, an innocent and hopeful child.

DANIELLE

The story gets media attention, and on June 22nd, Children's Bright Beginnings Foundation comes to the rescue, providing the required health permits for Alejandro. They milk the moment for good publicity and the stand reopens.

Danielle adds a PHOTO of Alejandro standing under a banner with the Bright Beginnings EXECs.

Gillian stares out the window, thoughts are still on last night. On Margo.

DANIELLE

On June 25th, our client's husband, Romeo DiAmaro consumes a hot dog from the vending cart. On June 26, he experiences symptoms of what would be a salmonella-related bacterial infection. He dies of organ-failure on June 30th.

A MALE LAWYER, 55, shifts in his seat.

LAWYER

Can we go back? I get going after the non-profit -- evidence of backroom payouts, fine. But how do we detach the 8-year-old kid from this?

DANIELLE

The suit never names him as a defendant.

LAWYER

Sure, but his face is all over this. If he's not already traumatized for life, a trial will put him over the edge. Gillian?

Gillian breaks from her private thoughts. She turns to him. All eyes await her response.

GILLIAN

You're right. Let's drop it.

DANIELLE

Gillian, are you serious? This is an easy win --

GILLIAN

How about you stop acting like a
fucking cunt for one day?

The room freezes for a second. What. The. Hell. Finally:

GILLIAN

What else do we have? Penelope?

INT. CHRISTIAN & MARGO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Wrapped in a towel, Margo stares at her reflection in a full-length mirror, inspecting her body for flaws.

Christian KNOCKS.

CHRISTIAN

Can I come in now?

Margo doesn't answer. Christian enters cautiously. He's post-work out in a sweaty "Yale Beats Harvard" t-shirt.

CHRISTIAN

What's the bottle on the counter?

MARGO

A parting gift. That was my
granddad's distillery.

CHRISTIAN

She just happened to have a bottle
of some obscure Kentucky
moonshine?

MARGO

I guess.

CHRISTIAN

That's not strange to you?

MARGO

She had everything.

Margo drops her towel. She walks to him and kisses him, commandingly. She pushes him onto the bed.

She strips off his shirt, straddling him. He kisses her mouth, but she pushes his face away and rides him.

MINUTES LATER -- Margo and Christian loudly orgasm together. Margo collapses into a pillow, having successfully exerted the sexual prowess she was terrified she'd lost.

CHRISTIAN

Jesus.

Christian catches his breath, euphoria-dazed.

CHRISTIAN

Someone saved some in the tank.

MARGO

(muffled)

I don't wanna talk about it.

CHRISTIAN

What?

Margo faces him. Serious.

MARGO

We're not talking about it. Ever.

CHRISTIAN

Never. Promise.

She kisses him. As they seem to find a renewed harmony --

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ELEVATOR/FOYER - DAY

The elevator door opens. Christian romantically sweeps Margo off her feet and into his arms, crossing the elevator threshold like newlyweds.

It's fun and playful as he stumbles over MOVING BOXES.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - WINE CELLAR - DAY

Christian supervises MOVERS carrying BOXES OF WINE.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - STAIRS - DAY

Margo beams as the canvas of ABSTRACT STREET ART she envisioned over her staircase actually lands there. The INSTALLERS look to her for approval.

MARGO

It's perfect.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PRIMARY SUITE - DAY

Margo opens the lid of a MOVING BOX to find a Kentucky Blue GATTON HOODIE. She touches it like a warm memory. MOVERS enters with a DRESSER, shifting her attention.

MARGO

There, please.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - DAY

Margo taps the built-in COFFEE MAKER for a cup of coffee. But nothing comes out. A few more taps, then STEAM. A few more taps, then WATER. This shit's complicated --

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - NIGHT

Christian pops a bottle of champagne. He pours two glasses, handing one to Margo. They enjoy their drinks as Christian cradles Margo from behind.

CHRISTIAN

Feels like home.

Christian begins kissing Margo's neck. His hands run down the side of her dress. He unbuckles his belt.

MARGO

Babe. People can still see us.

CHRISTIAN

No one can see us.

Kissing her, he pulls up the fabric of her dress, reaching underneath and pulling down her underwear.

MARGO

Christian, I mean it --

She tries to pull it back up --

MARGO

Stop.

But he shoves her hand to the ledge.

CHRISTIAN

We're fine. I promise.

Margo slowly stops fighting him, holding the ledge. Her gaze drops to the floor -- to the PIECE OF BROKEN ITALIAN TILE. As she focuses on that, waiting it out --

MARGO (PRE-LAP)
It's like anything in life -- the
more you do it, the less daunting
it becomes.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PRIMARY SUITE - DAY

CAMERA ROTATES BEHIND MARGO perched at a mirror light --
hair up, in a towel -- armed with an EYELINER PENCIL.

MARGO
But applying eyeliner is
definitely a skill that takes
practice.

Margo is crafting a TikTok makeup tutorial.

MARGO
Notice how I'm not trying to
change the shape of my eyes? I'm
bracing my pinky against my cheek
for stability, and I want to
create the illusion of definition
by deepening and darkening the
root of the lashes.

CAMERA ARRIVES AT MARGO'S FRONT -- shocking us with "**WENT
TO BED -- WASN'T FEELING IT. GT**" scrawled across her
forehead and chest. Off the uncanny image --

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - DAY

Margo startles awake on a lounge, book on her lap. She
orients, realizing she dozed off. As she reels from her
unnerving nightmare --

VAUGHN (ON PHONE)
*Does the name Ava Dailey mean
anything to you?*

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Christian takes a call from Vaughn on SPEAKER as he digs
through the fridge for dinner.

CHRISTIAN
Don't think so. Should it?

Christian grabs supplies for a sandwich.

VAUGHN (ON PHONE)

She's been poking around some Bridgewater swaps. Ray called to give me a heads-up. I said we were clean but I'd check with you.

CHRISTIAN

Antiseptic.

Christian sees Margo's laptop on the counter.

CHRISTIAN

Dailey with an "e" or without?

VAUGHN (ON PHONE)

E. Ava Dailey. SEC.

Christian Googles her. AVA DAILEY'S SEC PROFILE IMAGE pops up of a pretty, no bullshit agent in her forties.

CHRISTIAN

We're fine. I'd remember a hot chick with a badge.

VAUGHN (ON PHONE)

There ya go. Just had to check.

CHRISTIAN

Can I get back to my sandwich now?

VAUGHN (ON PHONE)

Waste of a fucking kitchen.

Christian hangs up. He studies Ava Dailey's PROFILE PHOTO. She doesn't mean a thing. He closes out of the Chrome web browser to find a TAB with a photograph of GILLIAN TOWN walking into a courthouse.

Unnerved, Christian sends the pointer to the HISTORY menu, which prompts a RECENTLY VIEWED HISTORY filled with GILLIAN TOWN searches: "Gillian Town Legal," "Gillian Town Girlfriend," "Gillian Town Partner," "Gillian Town bio," "Gillian Town interviews."

Christian stares at it. He hears Margo coming and restores the WEB TAB he used to hide being there.

CHRISTIAN

There you are. Sandwich?

Margo enters wearing gym clothes.

MARGO

No thanks. I have a class in ten minutes.

CHRISTIAN

You ditched me for the gym yesterday.

MARGO

Well maybe we should've bought a place with one in the building.

He stares at her. Stoney.

MARGO

Oh my God. I'm kidding.

Margo puts his arms around him.

MARGO

Babe, I'm kidding. Obviously.

CHRISTIAN

I know.

(beat)

You wear perfume to work out?

MARGO

It's lotion.

(in his ear)

And I wanna fuck the NordicTrack.

He half-smiles, relenting. She kisses him.

MARGO

Gotta go.

Margo's gone. And Christian suddenly feels very small in his very large apartment.

INT. BIRCH COFFEE - DAY

Margo waits in line at a bustling cafe. BARISTAS wear HALLOWEEN COSTUMES.

It's crowded, but Margo is struck by a WOMAN across the room in conversation with a MAN. She could be Gillian. But with her back to Margo, it's impossible to tell.

NIA

You on line?

Margo looks away from the mystery woman to face the arriving patron -- NIA, 33, striking and sophisticated.

MARGO

Oh my God, Nia.

Nia can't quite place her.

MARGO

Margo Pretty -- Forrester.

NIA

Margo Forrester, oh my God. Hi!
Blast from the past. I have not
seen you since Gatton.

MARGO

How are you doing? You look
fantastic.

NIA

Please, it may be designer but
it's still bubble gum and duct
tape. I'm an MD for Deutsche. Debt
for oil and gas.

MARGO

Jesus. Wow. Good for you.

NIA

And you, still flawless a decade
later. Where'd you end up landing?

MARGO

I haven't yet.

Beanie finds Margo in line.

BEANIE

Got eyes on a guy packing up his
laptop.

MARGO

Beanie Perez, this is Nia...
sorry, do you go by a married name
now?

NIA

(waves hand)

Please. Nia Danvers. Born and
bred.

Nia and Beanie shake hands.

MARGO

Nia and I were Wildcats together before I met Christian.

NIA

Never met the man and owe him my career. Had he not stolen this woman's heart, I wouldn't have been valedictorian.

BEANIE

(to Margo)

I had no idea you were valedictorian material.

NIA

Don't let that face fool you -- girl dreamed in Excel.

Beanie notices a table open up.

BEANIE

Excuse me, I'm gonna grab this table. Nice meeting you, Nia --

Beanie leaves. Margo and Nia arrive at a CASHIER wearing a witch's hat.

CASHIER

What can I get you?

MARGO

I will have a small hot non-fat matcha latte, a large black drip, and whatever my friend's having.

Margo motions for Nia to order on her tab.

NIA

Americano. Thanks, babe.

Margo puts her credit card in the machine.

MARGO

We should get lunch. I know a cute place in Columbus Circle.

NIA

I'd love that -- I'll have my assistant set something up in the new year.

MARGO

Oh. Okay. Next year's fairly open.

The card reader beeps "Declined."

MARGO

Shit.

Margo tries again. Declined.

MARGO

Weird. Sorry, I don't know what's going on --

Margo digs through her purse for a backup as Nia watches with sympathy.

NIA

Let me.

MARGO

No, I have another one. Beanie --

NIA

I insist.

MARGO

Thank you. I don't know what's going on.

NIA

Happens to the best of us.

Margo watches Nia pay the bill, mortified. She glances across the room again, where the WOMAN IN QUESTION reveals her profile -- it's not Gillian.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Margo gets home to find Christian, dressed in a Knicks jersey. He's looking for something.

CHRISTIAN

Have you seen my tickets?

MARGO

Did you leave them at work?

CHRISTIAN

I left them right here, before my kitchen island became a homeless encampment. This house is a dump --

MARGO

Babe, relax. It's a few days of mail.

She picks up the mail and finds the TICKETS.

MARGO

Here.

CHRISTIAN

Thank you.

MARGO

None of my credit cards are working. Are yours?

CHRISTIAN

No idea, I've had every meal at the office this week.

MARGO

I was trying to buy a friend coffee today and she ended up having to pay for me --

CHRISTIAN

Colin probably screwed up a payment. I'll call him tomorrow -- I don't wanna miss tip-off.

MARGO

It's Colin's only job -- make sure the bills are paid.

CHRISTIAN

I can tell you're upset. Here --

He pulls out his wallet and sets down TWO TWENTIES.

CHRISTIAN

Will this get you through tomorrow?

Margo stares at the money, inexplicably insulted. Off her silence, he puts down another twenty.

CHRISTIAN

How's this? This good?

MARGO

That's not my point.

CHRISTIAN

Okay, well, I gotta go. We'll figure it out. Don't wait up.

He kisses her and heads out. Margo feels sick.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ELEVATOR/FOYER - DAY

Margo steps off the elevator with a bag of groceries. She's on the phone with AZON KIM, a young female voice we can only hear.

AZON (ON PHONE)
*Hi, Margo. It's Azon Kim from
Image Influencers.*

MARGO
Hi, thanks for getting back to me.

AZON (ON PHONE)
*Of course. So anyway, I ran your
TikToks by the broader team who,
by the way, think your editing
skills are super elevated.*

Margo's ABSTRACT STREET ART CANVAS leans against the wall in the corridor. Confused, Margo moves to the STAIRCASE --

MARGO
Okay...

AZON (ON PHONE)
*Anyway, while we do think New York
City is having a social media
moment, we feel like your take
ultimately has no there-there.*

A NEW PAINTING hangs over the staircase depicting a VIOLENT BLOODY CLASH: HERNÁN CORTÉS amidst a conquest. It's heinous.

MARGO
There's no there-there.

AZON (ON PHONE)
*Right. That being said, one of our
strategists recognized your
building and thought it could be a
great setting for a true crime
TikTok, like a non-fictional "Only
Murders" thing with you as the
lead -- if there were ever a
murder there, obviously.*

MARGO
Sounds good. I will reach out if
there's ever a murder.

AZON (OVER PHONE)
*Perfect. Okay, well good luck,
Margo and maybe we'll be in touch!*

Margo hangs up the phone. The painting towers over her.

CHRISTIAN (PRE-LAP)
What do you think?

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A Bleeker Street Pizza sits between Christian and Margo.

CHRISTIAN
Thanksgiving at Derek and Misty's?

MARGO
Sure. Maybe we can do a wine tour
of the Finger Lakes while we're up
there.

Margo squeezes a dollop of HIDDEN VALLEY RANCH onto her
next bite of pizza.

CHRISTIAN
You know if you didn't eat so much
shit, you wouldn't have to spend
so much time in the gym.

Margo pauses.

CHRISTIAN
I'm not food-shaming. If anything,
I'm time management-shaming.

Margo sets down the pizza.

MARGO
Did I do something wrong?

CHRISTIAN
I'm just a guy who wants to spend
more time with his wife.

MARGO
Why did you replace my painting
with that monstrosity of Cortés?

CHRISTIAN
Doug's been my family's designer
forever, I had to throw him a
bone. We'll take it down after the
Christmas party.

MARGO

What about the credit cards
mysteriously not working?

CHRISTIAN

Colin fixed it.

MARGO

Am I spending too much? Do you
resent me for not working? What?

CHRISTIAN

Let me get this straight -- I
casually mention it's disgusting
you put ranch on your pizza and
somehow that translates to me
resenting you for not working?
Help me out here --

MARGO

You've been different since we
moved here.

CHRISTIAN

Different.

MARGO

Needy. This apartment was supposed
to be your dream come true.

CHRISTIAN

This apartment was for you, Margo.

MARGO

I didn't ask for this.

CHRISTIAN

I know. You remind me all the time
-- two floors of Central Park West
wasn't enough -- you need a gym,
you need your art. Should we knock
out that wall and put in a
swimming pool while we're at it?

MARGO

What are you talking about?

CHRISTIAN

Is anything good enough for you?
Seriously. I bring home the best
pizza in the city and you're still
gonna dump shit all over it.

Christian gets up to get a beer. Margo considers the pizza before her, suddenly grappling with an onslaught of unexpected guilt. She joins him at the fridge.

MARGO

I am grateful for everything I have.

CHRISTIAN

You're allowed to show it every once and awhile.

MARGO

I'm sorry. I will.

Margo hugs him. As he holds her --

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A white blanket of snow makes Central Park sparkle.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

Jovial spirits of a Christmas holiday party. FIFTY GUESTS in formal clothes mill about, murmuring about the furnishings, the layout, the view.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BEDROOM - DAY

Margo wears a tight RED DRESS, finishing her lips in the full-length mirror. She adjusts her cleavage. Checks all the angles.

GILLIAN (O.S.)

Wasn't feeling it.

Margo spins. No one's there. Unnerved, she returns to her reflection.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

The HERNÁN CORTÉS looms over the party.

Margo floats through, all smiles, having changed into a gorgeous stellar green one-shoulder top dress. Saying her hellos. Comfortable being the center of attention.

A FEMALE GUEST (YANA, 50s) grabs Margo as she passes.

YANA
(at the Cortés)
Margo! What is happening here?

MARGO
It's Christian's family's
designer. Long story.

YANA
I'm so sorry.

MARGO
Marriage, am I right? Hot toddy's
on the balcony.

Margo kisses Yana's cheek and continues along. VAUGHN'S
WIFE (ADDISON, late 40s), steps away from a conversation
with Vaughn and others to grab her.

ADDISON
You bitch. Your place is
phenomenal. I haven't seen Vaughn
this jealous since my firstborn
started breast-feeding.

MARGO
I'm flattered.

ADDISON
I counted four empty bedrooms.
Tick-tock, beautiful.

She pokes Margo's stomach.

ADDISON
They dry up, ya know.

MARGO
Thank you. I was totally unaware.

BEANIE
Margo!

Beanie pulls Margo into a conversation with a cute,
hipster bartender named WES, 30s.

BEANIE
So how weird is this? Wes had a
bird growing up named --

WES
Hammer.

BEANIE

And I had a bird named Spike.

WES

Spike and Hammer are brothers in the Nintendo game Double Dragon.

MARGO

So you both somehow figured out that you each had childhood birds in the fifteen minutes you've known each other? That feels significant.

WES

Miss Pretty, several guests have asked for espresso martinis. I saw your built-in but couldn't find any beans.

MARGO

They're buried in the bread drawer. I couldn't figure out how to use the machine so I hid them as an act of defiance.

BEANIE

See? Told you she was a bad ass.

MARGO

Did Beanie mention she's a very important writer for *The Times*?

Margo mouths at Beanie "Go for him." She leaves them.

WES

No shit.

BEANIE

I write about important people. Minor difference.

WES

Do you know the Wordler?

BEANIE

I do know the Wordler. What's your start word?

Beanie pulls out her phone.

WES

Woman.

BEANIE

Did I just fall in love with you?

ACROSS THE ROOM

Margo makes her way to Christian standing with college friends DEREK and PHIL, 40, handsome finance guys.

CHRISTIAN

My wife will know. Baby, settle a bet for us.

Margo notices Christian is wearing a tux with FLUFFY FLEECE GREEN AND YELLOW TEDDY SANDALS as house shoes.

MARGO

Why are you wearing those?

CHRISTIAN

They're Bottega Venta.

MARGO

You look like Kermit the Frog. Is this the bet? Did you already lose?

PHIL

Margo, you're not gonna tell me how good I look?

MARGO

Oh my God, Phil, I didn't recognize you. You look fantastic.

CHRISTIAN

You were fat, though. So we know it's still in you.

PHIL

Thanks, pal.

(to Margo)

He's buzzed and thinks you're hitting on me, which is adorable.

CHRISTIAN

Trust me, you're not her type.

PHIL

Rich and handsome?

CHRISTIAN

Diabolical bottom-feeder.

All eyes turn to Christian.

PHIL

Is that a type? Because I can
bottom-feed like the rest of them.

Margo pulls Christian aside.

MARGO

Where did that come from?

CHRISTIAN

Huh? Dumb joke. Whatever.

Margo studies him. There's anger behind his smile that
she doesn't understand. Or maybe he's just drunk.

CHRISTIAN

Come outside with me.

As he leads her outside --

BACK AT THE BAR

AUGUST PECK, 40, sets down his empty. August is
noticeably tan, with a boyish face and heavy frame.

AUGUST

Julio 42, por favor.

Wes refills his drink, adds a lime.

AUGUST

(to Beanie)
Happy holidays.

BEANIE

Rockin' a nice tan there.

AUGUST

Courtesy of the Caymans.

BEANIE

Never been.

AUGUST

Highly recommend.

Wes passes him his drink. August leans in.

AUGUST

Hey, you don't have anything
stronger back there by chance?

WES
I don't. Sorry, man.

AUGUST
All good in the hood. Cheers.

August wanders off. Beanie mimics him.

BEANIE
Just, like, a little Fentanyl
maybe?

WES
Wall street bros.

Beanie watches August gaze at some art on the wall.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - NIGHT

It's cold. The female HOT TODDY BARTENDER wears a parka.
Christian leads Margo outside.

MARGO
It's freezing out here.
(to the Bartender)
You can warm up inside, you know.

FEMALE BARTENDER
I'm good.

Christian presents a small CARTIER BOX.

CHRISTIAN
Merry Christmas.

Margo opens it to reveal DIAMOND DANGLE EARRINGS.

CHRISTIAN
Your bracelet seemed lonely.

MARGO
Wow. These are gorgeous.

She goes to kiss him but he pushes her back, playful.

CHRISTIAN
Put them on.

MARGO
I'll wear them tomorrow --

CHRISTIAN

Come on, I want to see how they look.

MARGO

Babe, I have earrings in already.

CHRISTIAN

Take them out.

Christian's playfulness sharpens. Margo glances awkwardly at the Bartender, who pretends she's not watching.

MARGO

Babe. I love them. Thank you. I will wear them tomorrow.

CHRISTIAN

Here. I'll do it --

Christian digs an earring from the box, then reaches for Margo's ear with the new diamond. She pulls away, but he grabs the back of her head, bracing her neck as he rips out the hook from her left earring. He lances the new one at her ear, missing. Margo grabs his wrist, overpowered as he pokes the diamond's finding at the tiny hole --

MARGO

Stop. I'll do it --

As Margo resists, he stabs the finding into her skin.

MARGO

You're hurting me --

Margo freezes as Christian fumbles to hook it. Finally --

CHRISTIAN

There.

BLOOD BEADS down her earlobe, drawing all the attention from the sparkle. Christian sees it and doesn't care.

CHRISTIAN

My beautiful wife.

He walks away, having made his point. Full of shame, and wearing two different earrings, Margo locks eyes with the Bartender. The Bartender looks down, uncomfortable.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Margo runs downstairs, upset, catching her breath. At the sink, she rips out the diamond earring and dampens a towel. She wipes the blood from her ear.

AUGUST (O.S.)

Uh, hello?

Margo turns off the sink, wiping tears as August enters.

AUGUST

Damn. My boy really does have it all.

MARGO

Hi. I don't think I know you.

AUGUST

August Peck. Yale buddy of your husband's, just creepily giving myself a tour of your place.

Margo pads her cheeks with the towel to hide the puff.

MARGO

Football or fraternity?

AUGUST

Football. I was his Center. Your man's touched me in places that should make you jealous.

MARGO

Thank you for letting him get that out of his system.

August laughs.

AUGUST

My unique pleasure.

MARGO

I thought I'd met all the football buddies.

AUGUST

We went radio silent for awhile, over a girl. Shocker, he got her.

August sways. He's hammered.

AUGUST

But he made up for it with the whole QuantumHealth disaster.

MARGO

QuantumHealth? Like Big Pharma QuantumHealth?

AUGUST

Because they fired me? For failing their bullshit drug test?

He speaks as if he's reminding her of something she should already know.

MARGO

Let's call you a ride.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - STREET - NIGHT

Margo watches as August collapses into the backseat of an Uber Black.

MARGO

(to the Driver)

He's at The Mercer.

(to August)

Drink some water, okay?

AUGUST

You're sweet, too. No fair.

MARGO

Have a great holiday, August.

Margo closes the door for him but he stops her.

AUGUST

You've really never heard of me, Margo Pretty?

MARGO

Sorry.

AUGUST

Brutal. Alright. Well tell your dickhead husband we're square.

Margo takes that in, confused. August closes the door. As the Uber pulls away, off Margo --

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dark in bed, Margo reads an article in *Business Insider*: "*QuantumHealth Solutions CFO Resigns*." Her eyes clock the article's date: May 1, 2024. Her next search prompts: "*Reed Capital Reaps Massive Windfall with QuantumHealth Short*," dated June 28, 2024.

MARGO

Oh my God...

The SCUFFLE of Christian's SLIPPERS announce his presence. Margo puts her phone under her pillow and pretends to be asleep.

Christian enters, collapsing in bed, still in his tux.

CHRISTIAN

That killed.

Margo is silent.

CHRISTIAN

You up?

Margo waits, then hears his breathing change. He's out.

In the dark, she stares at the ceiling where a SMOKE DETECTOR flashes a BLUE LIGHT. Thoughts race. Fear creeps in. There is a stranger in her bed.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Margo runs on the treadmill. Focussed. Listening to earbuds. She flips through TV CHANNELS on the screen, stopping when --

ON TV: GILLIAN TOWN engages in a sit-down interview in her OFFICE LOBBY. CHYRON: EX-CONGRESSMAN GUILTY IN SEX TRAFFICKING SCANDAL.

GILLIAN (ON TV)

We're obviously pleased the jury agrees no one in America is above the law. I will add that using Venmo to sell and buy sex certainly did not help the congressman's case. We can now file this one under Dumbest Criminals in America.

Suddenly, Margo smacks the treadmill's STOP BUTTON. The belt stops.

Margo steadies herself, searching the TV to be sure she's not seeing things. She's not: Gillian sits before a LARGE CANVAS of a dramatic OIL PAINTING.

MARGO

No fucking way.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

CHERRY, 22, a stripper, collects tips from Christian's friends (Phil and Derek from the Christmas party), focusing her attention on Derek's wad of singles. Derek dons a SASH that says "BACHELOR."

Christian reads a TEXT from Margo: "Gonna meet Beanie for drinks. Prob back late." Christian types: "Have fun. Working to get Phil laid."

Cherry touches Christian's wrist.

CHERRY

No phones, darlin'.

CHRISTIAN

Sorry, my wife...

CHERRY

You walk through those doors, you don't have a wife. Isn't that what you said last time?

(bopping his nose)

Christian Pretty-boy.

He stuffs a twenty into her cleavage. She moves on as Christian walks over to Phil at the bar.

CHRISTIAN

Wanna go in on a room for Derek?

Phil hands him a beer.

PHIL

Not really.

They watch the dancers for a moment.

CHRISTIAN

You ever date a chick who was into chicks?

Phil motions to his body.

PHIL

This is the best I've looked in my life. What do you think?

CHRISTIAN

Margo's web history was all about some fucking woman.

PHIL

Porn?

CHRISTIAN

No, like a real person.

PHIL

Who?

CHRISTIAN

That's not the point. Point is it's shady.

Christian resorts to his beer. Phil eyes him.

PHIL

Do you tell Margo every time you slip a bill into Cherry's thong?

Phil slaps Christian on the back and heads back to Derek.

A woman in a blazer, AVA DAILEY, 40s, sidles up to the bar next to Christian. There's a glimmer of recognition.

AVA

First strip club. Is it obvious?

CHRISTIAN

You're doing great. Helps to fan out your cash -- make sure everyone knows you're a whale.

They share a smile. Christian offers his hand.

CHRISTIAN

Christian.

AVA

Ava.

CHRISTIAN

I swear this isn't a line -- you look really familiar.

AVA

Can't tell if that's a good thing
or a bad thing.

CHRISTIAN

If you're Alpha Chi Omega, it's
definitely a bad thing. Yale?

AVA

West Point.

Ava presents a BADGE and SEC ID.

AVA

Ava Dailey, I work for the US
Securities and Exchange
investigations task force.

He tenses as he places her instantly: her online profile.

AVA

This isn't a bad time, is it?

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - ELEVATOR/LOBBY - NIGHT

The ELEVATOR OPENS and Margo steps out in an attention-commanding outfit. Wide-leg pants, Prada pumps, and the silk top with plunging neckline to her navel. Margo approaches the front desk where the RECEPTIONIST (PAM, 25) is mid-email. She looks up, thrown.

PAM

Wow. Hi. How can I help you?

MARGO

Is Gillian still in?

PAM

Um, okay, do you, um, do you have
an appointment?

MARGO

I don't. Tell her it's Margo
Pretty.

As Pam picks up the phone, Margo moves to the seating area to examine the LARGE PAINTING she saw in Gillian's interview.

It's an eight-foot canvas of an OIL PAINTING starkly contrasting dark and light featuring the predominant SHADOW of a BUILDING, off-frame, projecting its shadow onto a street, BLACKING-OUT a nearly indecipherable *SOMETHING*. She notes the signature. "Camden Cryer."

MARGO

When did you get this?

PAM

A few weeks ago. It's a Camden Cryer. It was a whole thing on TikTok.

Pam hands Margo a water.

PAM

I'm Pam, by the way.

MARGO

You're pan?

PAM

Pam. My name. Not Pan. I'm straight. I think. I was. I love that top.

MARGO

Thank you.

Gillian's SECRETARY comes out.

SECRETARY

Ms. Pretty? I can take you back.

The Secretary leads Margo through the office. Along the walls, Margo notes the framed articles of famous wins: ACCUSED KILLER ACQUITTED; LEGAL HOUDINI GETS KIDNAPPING CHARGES DROPPED; MASTER OF MANIPULATION: DEFENSE STUNS IN DRINKING WATER SCANDAL. They arrive at the corner office.

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Secretary knocks.

SECRETARY

Ms. Pretty is here.

Gillian reviews her TO-DO list.

GILLIAN

Fine. And you can call it a night.

SECRETARY

Thank you. Good night.

The Secretary exits, closing the door behind her. Gillian crumples the TO DO LIST and tosses it into the garbage can on the other side of her desk. She makes the basket.

MARGO

Nice shot.

Gillian flips the page of her notebook, busying herself.

GILLIAN

Don't tell me the pipes leak.

MARGO

The pipes are fine.

(beat)

I like your new painting. Looked particularly good on the six o'clock news.

Gillian finally looks up, struck by Margo's effort. Her eyes naturally drop to her shirt. She quickly shifts them back to her notepad.

GILLIAN

Fancy plans this evening?

MARGO

I'm not sure yet.

Margo moves to the bookshelf: LEGAL TOMES, A DIPLOMA FROM COLUMBIA. ENCASED, SIGNED TENNIS BALLS, SIGNED BEATS HEADPHONES, a PHOTO OF HER WIFE, (the woman from the opening scene), staring stoically at a cocktail party.

MARGO

Do you usually work this late?

GILLIAN

I'm waiting on a phone meeting with a client overseas.

MARGO

Mussolini?

GILLIAN

What can I say, he pays me on time.

Margo looks at the photo. The woman's gaze inscrutable.

MARGO

Your wife was beautiful.

GILLIAN

Billie was my everything. Not that cancer cared.

Margo turns and realizes Gillian is only inches away.

GILLIAN

How can I help you?

MARGO

What was the point of all of this? You want me. You ghost me. You pose with the painting...

GILLIAN

I had no idea you'd see that interview.

MARGO

A newspaper called you a "master of manipulation" and you framed it. I don't want to be part of some fucked up mind game.

GILLIAN

Is changing my mind a mind game?

MARGO

It is when you leave five million dollars on the table without any explanation.

Their eyes connect for a heated moment.

GILLIAN

When you came to view the apartment, I watched you on my cameras. You wanted a bottle of water but there was only one, so you left it for Christian. I assumed it was because you were kind and doting. But I realized, after getting to know you, it was because you value him more than you value yourself. I started feeling like I was taking advantage of a situation you didn't want to be in.

MARGO

That's a noble take. Now how about the truth?

GILLIAN

That is the truth, Margo. I wasn't feeling it.

Margo grabs Gillian's face and kisses her. Fearlessly calling her bluff. But Gillian doesn't engage, nor does she recoil. Margo pulls back, inches away. Awaiting some human reaction. Finally:

GILLIAN

I should take this call now.

Gillian returns to her desk, indicating Margo is excused.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE/INT. CHRISTIAN'S LIMO - NIGHT

Stuck in theater traffic, Christian MUTES a call from Vaughn. He gulps down a bottle of water, stress-crushing the empty. Vaughn TEXTS: "We need to talk ASAP. CALL ME."

Christian pockets his phone. He spots Beanie enter a bar.

CHRISTIAN

Hey -- pull over.

DRIVER

Yes, sir.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE BODEGA - NIGHT

Christian jumps out and finds a bouquet amongst flowers in the sidewalk produce.

INT. TIMES SQUARE BAR - NIGHT

Christian enters a packed, loud bar. He finds Beanie.

CHRISTIAN

Beans, hey.

BEANIE

Christian. Hi. You remember Wes.

Christian realizes Beanie is there with Wes.

WES

Hey, man.

CHRISTIAN
Yeah, hey. Where's Margo?

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Margo rides uptown, staring at her reflection in the subway's black window. A MALE RIDER shuffles by, peering down Margo's top. She shifts her body, covering herself.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - NIGHT

Margo emerges from her subway stop, checking her phone. She finds a text from Beanie.

Beanie: *"Just ran into Christian, who thinks I'm with you?? You ok?"*

MARGO
Shit.

Margo types quickly.

Margo: *"What did you tell him?"*

Beanie: *"That we didn't have plans. Did I fuck up?"*

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Margo lies in bed. The room is dark except for the FLASHING BLUE LIGHT in the smoke detector. The silence surrenders to the ELEVATOR PING, and then the SHUFFLE of Christian's slippers as he gets closer. His SILHOUETTE fills the doorway. He's checking to see if she's awake. Eyes closed, Margo lies perfectly still.

His slippers SHUFFLE until he's STANDING OVER HER.

CHRISTIAN
(a drunk whisper)
Beanie sends her regards.

Margo sits up. She turns on the light.

MARGO
You smell like a strip club.

CHRISTIAN
Where were you?

MARGO

I went to see Gillian Town at her office in Gramercy.

CHRISTIAN

Fuck you. FUCK YOU. I knew it.

MARGO

You knew what?

CHRISTIAN

The diabolical bottom-feeder! You have feelings for her.

MARGO

For Gillian? Are you insane?

CHRISTIAN

Google-fucking Gillian Town is not normal behavior for a straight married woman.

Margo takes a second to digest.

MARGO

So this is why you've been an asshole -- you're jealous of the woman you asked me to sleep with. Because of course you are. Because it's not about you anymore --

CHRISTIAN

It's not about me? My wife's obsessed with some one-night stand. What's the appropriate reaction --

MARGO

I don't know, Christian -- what's the appropriate reaction when my husband asks me to fuck my way into our new apartment --

CHRISTIAN

You say no.

MARGO

What??

CHRISTIAN

I wanted you to say no.

Margo stares at him, speechless.

CHRISTIAN

What? What's that smirk?

MARGO

This woman who terrifies you? She didn't touch me.

CHRISTIAN

What does that even mean?

MARGO

We had a few drinks, we talked, she dropped me off at a bedroom and said she was going to shower and she never came back. She was gone when I woke up.

CHRISTIAN

That makes no sense. She paid five million dollars for you --

MARGO

Why do you think I went to see her again? To understand why.

CHRISTIAN

And??

MARGO

She said you treat me like a thing. She wanted to sleep with a person, not an object.

CHRISTIAN

"She" said that?

MARGO

Yep.

CHRISTIAN

Why didn't you tell me nothing happened?

MARGO

Because you didn't give a shit. I whored myself out and come home to find you sleeping like a baby.

Christian absorbs that.

CHRISTIAN

So nothing happened.

MARGO

Nothing happened.

Christian exhales a calming breath. He disappears into the closet to undress. Margo sighs and climbs into bed.

CHRISTIAN

What the fuck is this?

He's found her TOP with the plunging neckline.

MARGO

A top.

CHRISTIAN

Is this what you wore when you lied about where you were tonight?

He smells the perfume on it.

MARGO

It's a top.

CHRISTIAN

It's certainly half a top.

MARGO

We're not doing this, Christian.

CHRISTIAN

First time in your life someone wasn't interested -- had to rearrange the window display?

MARGO

So when you're getting something out of it, I can fuck her, but if it's about what I want --

CHRISTIAN

It's cheating, Margo. Obviously. Did you fuck her tonight?

MARGO

No.

CHRISTIAN

But you wanted to, right? Say it. You wanted to. Say it.

He grabs her cheeks and moves her mouth --

CHRISTIAN

I wanted to.

She pushes his hand away.

MARGO

I wanted her to want to. There's a difference.

CHRISTIAN

And did she?

MARGO

So bad.

Christian BACKHANDS Margo across the face. Time stops. Margo touches her face, swallowing her pain with pride.

MARGO

Careful. This face is your best asset.

She walks away, leaving him to unravel alone...

INT. REED CAPITAL - ELEVATOR - DAY

Christian ascends wearing an Armani suit, gripping his Berluti briefcase, checking his Rolex. A mess on the inside, but a diamond-plated facade.

INT. REED CAPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

Christian steps off the elevator, then slows, his confidence waning as he notices THREE SEC AGENTS inside his office, digging through his cabinets, searching his computer... He walks into Vaughn's office.

INT. REED CAPITAL - VAUGHN'S OFFICE - DAY

Christian finds Vaughn stress-typing at his computer.

CHRISTIAN

They can do that?

VAUGHN

The SEC can take a shit in your mouth and say you stole it.

CHRISTIAN

Go for it. I have nothing to hide.

VAUGHN

If that were actually the case,
you wouldn't need a secret account
in the Caymans.

That lands on Christian. He takes a moment to think
before he replies.

CHRISTIAN

I was lending an old buddy 300K
and didn't need the feds to know
about it --

VAUGHN

Damn it, Christian. It's my name
on the company.

CHRISTIAN

August Peck's a pillhead who
needed help. I helped him.

VAUGHN

They won't find emails between you
two discussing QHS or Annopin?

CHRISTIAN

Nope.

VAUGHN

Texts?

CHRISTIAN

I'm not a fucking moron, Vaughn.

VAUGHN

What's that supposed to mean?

CHRISTIAN

It means that as shocking as this
may sound, I'm actually good at my
job.

VAUGHN

You should've told me about your
relationship with the guy.

Vaughn leaves, disappointed.

CHRISTIAN

I was too busy making you money.

INT. NY TIMES - LOBBY - DAY

Beanie walks up to Margo, who has make-up covering her bruise. Whatever Beanie is about to say is not good news.

BEANIE

The SEC assigned an investigator
to look into Reed's Annopin short.

Margo takes that in.

BEANIE

Before you freak out, the guy I
talked to wasn't ready to go to
story. The whole thing hinges on
some citizen tip.

MARGO

Meaning what? Someone ratted out
Christian?

BEANIE

A lot of times these things blow
over, okay? Lack of evidence, no
resources... What happened?

Margo touches her eyebrow, ignoring the question.

MARGO

Are they saying it was insider
trading?

BEANIE

There are rumors that Christian --

TWO *TIMES* EMPLOYEES walk by. Beanie lowers her voice.

BEANIE

-- Christian shorted QuantumHealth
on a tip about Annopin and the FDA
from their disgruntled former CFO
August Peck.

Margo exhales a nervous breath.

BEANIE

Do you know anything about August
getting a kickback for his tip?

MARGO

No.

BEANIE

Margo --

MARGO

I swear to God, I met August at our Christmas party. He seemed surprised I'd never heard of him. He was drunk. I put him in a cab.

BEANIE

Fuck.

MARGO

What? What's wrong?

BEANIE

He was surprised you hadn't heard of him because his kickback came out of an account in your name.

Margo pales. As the screws turn --

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillian notes a document. CNBC "CLOSING BELL: OVERTIME" is MUTED on the TV, but Gillian notices the CHYRON "REED CAPITAL SEC INVESTIGATION" and UNMUTES.

JON FORTT (ON TV)

*... Reed Capital manager Christian
Pretty shorted QuantumHealth
Solutions two days before the FDA
recalled their popular ED
pharmaceutical Annopin.*

Gillian grabs her phone and types a careful TEXT, choosing her words. She rereads it. Then clicks send.

INT. REED CAPITAL - BULLPEN - DAY

Christian sits at a computer at his makeshift station, trying to concentrate on his portfolio, but he can't keep his eyes off the WINDOW REFLECTING THE THREE SEC AGENTS diligently working in his office to expose him.

Christian checks a TEXT CHAIN with his DAD containing several unanswered messages: "Have a few minutes to chat?" Then, "Could use some advice." The next day, "Can I call you?" Then, "Dad, please take my calls." Christian considers his next text, types, "Fuck you," then drops his phone and tries to focus on work.

Moments later, it DINGS with a TEXT -- but it's from "Seller/50 Central Park West".

Christian sits up and reads the message. "Saw the news. Let me know if you need legal counsel. GT"

Christian throws his phone against the monitor. His COLLEAGUES look up from their work.

CHRISTIAN
The fuck you looking at?

EXT. GILLIAN'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Gillian emerges from the front door, on the phone --

GILLIAN
(into phone)
Hey, I got done sooner than I thought. I'll be outside --

CHRISTIAN
I don't need your legal counsel, bitch.

From across the street, Christian comes at her hot.

CHRISTIAN
You dare text me with everything I know about you?

GILLIAN
Here's what we know about each other: you're loud and messy, I'm patient and tidy. Let me clean up your loose ends. It's what I do --

CHRISTIAN
I don't need some power dyke hitman, okay? Stick with your rapists and your pedophiles and leave me the fuck alone.

Gillian is relieved to see her SUV pull up.

GILLIAN
You're right. I shouldn't have reached out. You're a lost cause.

CHRISTIAN
Maybe you tipped off the SEC. Can't be the rich white guy so you gotta find one to hurt?

GILLIAN

If I wanted to hurt you, Mr.
Pretty, I wouldn't call the SEC. I
would call your wife.

Christian charges her, his HAND making it to her THROAT --

As PATRICK jumps out of his car and pulls Christian to
the ground, overpowering him.

Gillian disappears into her car as the men wrestle.

INT. GILLIAN'S SUV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Through the tinted glass, Gillian watches as Patrick
holds Christian back.

CHRISTIAN

Leave my family alone, you
psychopath. You hear me? LEAVE US
THE FUCK ALONE --

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SHOTS of a small filet sizzling; a knife trimming green
beans; béarnaise bubbling; red wine filling a glass.

MOMENTS LATER, Margot sits at the counter island,
scrolling YELP on her phone, eating her homemade meal.

Christian enters. He notices the pan on the stove. Scraps
on the cutting board. And her dinner-for-one.

CHRISTIAN

What's all this?

MARGO

I made myself dinner.

CHRISTIAN

All of a sudden you can cook?

MARGO

I can follow a recipe.

He stands across the counter and watches her eat while
she pretends he's not there.

His focus locks in on her STEAK KNIFE. Carving into the
meat. Slicing through the asparagus. Waiting patiently in
her fingers as she chews. He's still not there.

Margo empties a serving boat of BÉARNAISE SAUCE onto her filet. Smothering it. Drowning it. Knowingly enraging him. Christian leaves.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Margo sits with Beanie, surrounded by bad art. She's anxious. Beanie grabs her hand, comforting her. A FEMALE RECEPTIONIST approaches.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Zimmerman will see you now.

BEANIE

I'll be right here.

Beanie squeezes Margo's hand. Margo follows the Receptionist past a plaque: ZIMMERMAN & ASSOCIATES DIVORCE ATTORNEYS.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

PAUL ZIMMERMAN, 50, greets Margo as she enters.

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Mrs. Pretty. Paul Zimmerman. Nice to meet you in person.

MARGO

Thanks for arranging this so quickly --

Margo reaches for his hand when she freezes. Eugene Pretty, and his oxygen tank, are seated on the couch.

MARGO

(to Paul)
Why is he here?

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Why don't you sit down? Have some water.

MARGO

You told my father-in-law I wanted to divorce his son?

EUGENE

Margo, honey, relax. Paul doesn't want you doing something you'll regret.

MARGO

Fuck off.

(to Paul)

Are you going to tell Christian I was here?

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

No, because you weren't here.

Margo stares helplessly at her lawyer.

EUGENE

Margo, if you leave Christian now, amidst this public SEC mess, it makes him look guilty.

MARGO

Then maybe he shouldn't have shorted QuantumHealth off a tip from a blabbering drunk ex-CFO two days before Annopin blew up.

Impressed, Eugene laughs.

EUGENE

Listen to you. Why aren't you working for me? What a waste.

Eugene motions for Paul to get on with it.

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

In exchange for your cooperation, Eugene has prepared an attractive compensation package.

Paul hands Margo a DOCUMENT.

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

The account becomes accessible to you in five years when we revisit this conversation in earnest. Until then, you stand by Christian's side.

MARGO

My marriage is not a joint venture.

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

That's actually your problem -- it's not a joint venture. In fact, your marriage lacks all financial assurances in the event of its dissolution. This protects you --

MARGO

Stop pretending anyone in this room actually cares about me --

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

You care about you. Take the deal.

MARGO

Get me a fucking divorce, Paul --

EUGENE

Enough.

Eugene strains to his feet. He walks to Margo.

EUGENE

That beautiful brain isn't grasping this. If you divorce my son, we own the roof over your head and the silicone in your tits.

Eugene walks out, dragging his oxygen with him.

INT. BEANIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beanie makes tea in a cramped kitchen. A passing SUBWAY rattles the dinnerware, causing Beanie's CAT to leap onto Margo, who sits on the couch in a cluttered living room/dining room/office.

MARGO

Five million dollars for five years, or he makes my life hell.

BEANIE

What piece of shit thinks his daughter-in-law is for sale?

Margo strokes the cat, defeated.

MARGO

A piece of shit who knows she'd actually consider it.

BEANIE

No. You're not wasting the next five years of your life so Eugene Pretty's asshole son can dodge jail time.

MARGO

I appreciate that, but it's a little intimidating when the alternative is a cardboard box.

BEANIE

That's not the alternative. You have me and you have that couch as long as you need it.

Beanie brings Margo a cup of tea.

MARGO

Thank you.

BEANIE

The irony is that if Eugene Pretty were such a brilliant business man, he would've warned Christian to stay clear of The Caymans. Everyone knows they're not the Wild West anymore.

Margo sips her tea. But as Beanie finds sheets and a pillow in the cabinets, Margo realizes something:

MARGO

How do you know about The Caymans?

BEANIE

That's where Christian funneled the money, right?

MARGO

That hasn't come out yet.

BEANIE

Really? I swear it was reported. Wasn't it? Why else would I know that?

MARGO

I have no idea.

Margo feels the ground shifting beneath her.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Margo sits at a corner table. She searches "The New York Times" + "Christian Pretty". She clicks the first RESULT.

The article breaks Reed Capital SEC investigation. But when Margo searches for "Cayman Islands," a prompt informs that nothing was found.

She retrieves the SECOND RESULT. Searches again for "Cayman Islands." No findings.

A INSTANT MESSAGE BUBBLE pops up from Beanie: *"Hey? You okay? Where'd ya go? Wes is making us dinner."*

Margo considers the Instant Message from Beanie. She types: *"Was a good story really worth our friendship?"* But she deletes it. Instead she types: *"At the gym. Start without me. XX"*

Margo closes her laptop, unsure who to trust anymore.

EXT. GRAMERCY PARK - DAY

On a walk, Gillian checks her phone. When she glances up, Margo is standing in the path. Their eyes meet.

MARGO

I need you to tell me it was you.

GILLIAN

Probably. What are we talking about?

MARGO

The citizen tip to the SEC about Christian. Did you call it in?

GILLIAN

I had the same conversation with your husband right before he tried to strangle me to death. Careful with that one. Excuse me.

Gillian walks past Margo, continuing on her way.

MARGO

If it wasn't you, it was someone I care about. So -- I just need it to be you.

Gillian turns to her.

GILLIAN

You sound like you could use a drink.

INT. DEAD POET BAR - NIGHT

Gillian and Margo share a window seat at a cozy dive on the Upper West Side.

MARGO

I didn't know Christian came to see you.

GILLIAN

I saw the SEC thing on the news and texted him thinking I could help. Turns out he was not interested in the services of a diabolical bottom-feeder.

Margo glances up, tweaked by *diabolical bottom-feeder*.

GILLIAN

You said, "If it's not you, it's someone I care about." Who's the someone?

MARGO

My best friend Beanie.

GILLIAN

You think she would betray you?

MARGO

No. But I never thought Christian would lay a hand on me either.

Margo motions to her bruised eyebrow.

GILLIAN

Saw that. I was hoping you hit your head applying to business schools.

Margo's eyes connect with Gillian's. Silence hangs between them a moment. Margo turns to the window.

MARGO

Who knows? Maybe she did me a favor.

Gillian sets her hand atop Margo's.

GILLIAN

I have a confession to make.

Margo looks at Gillian's hand atop hers.

GILLIAN

I never actually changed my mind.

Suddenly, Margo's PHONE VIBRATES LOUDLY on the table, interrupting Margo's response to Gillian's confession. Margo checks it --

MARGO

Holy shit.

INT. REED CAPITAL - BULLPEN - NIGHT

TWO DOZEN SEC and FBI AGENTS have raided the offices as EMPLOYEES can only watch in horror from the sidelines. Monitors disconnect from computers. Laptops go into boxes. Paper files are collected and scattered.

Vaughn appears in the mess, on the phone --

VAUGHN

Damn it, Christian, I need you to answer your FUCKING PHONE --

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ELEVATOR/FOYER - NIGHT

Margo steps out to the same barrage of SEC and FBI JACKETS searching the place. Two AGENTS carry BOXES past Margo to enter the elevator.

MARGO

Oh my God.

Ava Dailey approaches.

AVA

Margo, I'm Agent Ava Dailey with the SEC.

MARGO

What is all this?

AVA

We have a search warrant for your husband's ESDs.

MARGO

His what?

AVA

Electronic storage devices. You're welcome to stay but if you touch anything, you'll be arrested.

MARGO

Jesus Christ.

Christian appears from DOWN THE HALL.

CHRISTIAN

Where have you been?

MARGO

Out trying to figure out how all this happened.

Christian follows Margo into the KITCHEN.

CHRISTIAN

We know how it happened -- Gillian Town entered our lives.

MARGO

It wasn't Gillian.

CHRISTIAN

Of course it was Gillian. You two are obsessed with each other and I'm the guy standing in the way.

MARGO

(quietly)

I think it was Beanie. I don't know for sure. But she knew about--

Christian puts his hand over her mouth to silence her.

CHRISTIAN

Doesn't matter.

He drops his hand. Exhausted. At a loss.

CHRISTIAN

What happened, Margo? A year ago we had everything.

MARGO

You had everything. I had you. And it wasn't enough.

Christian takes that in, crushed.

TWO FBI AGENTS approach him.

FBI AGENT

Mr. Pretty, we need to take you for questioning now.

CHRISTIAN
Keep your mouth shut.

FBI AGENT
Sir --

Christian grabs Margo and leans into her ear.

CHRISTIAN
Your name's all over this. Got it?
I go down, you go down.

The other AGENT grabs his arm. Christian shirks him off.

CHRISTIAN
I'm coming.

As Christian leaves Margo reeling...

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - NIGHT

Margo stands under the twinkle of urban night lights.
Brisk. Cloudless. The perfect night for clarity.

Margo's phone VIBRATES in her hand. It's Beanie. Margo
stares at it. It finally stops. The screen indicates FIVE
MISSED CALLS from her.

Gillian comes out with a BLANKET.

MARGO
They're gone?

GILLIAN
As far as an SEC raid goes, they
were shockingly tidy.

Gillian puts the blanket around Margo's shoulders.

MARGO
Now what?

GILLIAN
They'll hold Christian in
questioning while they frantically
scan the data they collected in
hopes of finding more evidence.
Then they'll invite you in to
corroborate his story. You'll tell
them everything you know about his
QuantumHealth trade and his
relationship to August Peck. And
he will go to jail.

MARGO

I can't tell them what I know.

GILLIAN

Lying to the FBI is a federal offense.

MARGO

Austin's payout came from an account in my name. If I turn on Christian, he'll say I was in on it. It'll be my word against his.

Gillian adjusts the blanket around Margo's shoulders.

GILLIAN

Let me protect you from him.

Margo considers the offer, then falls into Gillian's body. It catches Gillian off guard, but she puts her arms around her, holding her, allowing Margo to bury her face in her neck. The embrace lingers. Gillian closes her eyes, pressing her cheek into Margo's head.

Margo steadies her breath. Her hands move down Gillian's back to her waist. Gillian opens her eyes. The world becomes still. She's suddenly keenly aware of Margo's touch. Her breathing. Her own heartbeat. Margo's hands slide onto her ass, grabbing it, pulling Gillian against her. Gillian's mouth opens as Margo runs her hand between her legs, pressing as she whispers into Gillian's ear.

MARGO

You're so wet.

Margo pulls away, eyes locked on Gillian as she takes Gillian's hand and guides it into her pants. Margo inhales, pressing Gillian against her skin. As Margo takes Gillian's face with both hands, kissing her --

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PRIMARY SUITE - NIGHT

Gillian lies naked atop Margo, legs entwined under the sheets. Their kisses linger.

Margo reaches up and kisses her. Gillian's fingers glide down Margo's chest, past her navel, and disappear under the sheets. Margo indulges in the pleasure then stops it, pushing Gillian onto her back.

Margo kisses Gillian's neck. Gillian tries to regain the control, but Margo presses Gillian's hands above her head, into the mattress. She's stronger.

Gillian relents, melting into her seduction. Margo kisses her chest, her stomach, and disappears from sight as she goes down on her. As Gillian closes her eyes...

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PRIMARY SUITE - DAY

Morning. Gillian stares at Margo, watching as she sleeps soundly. The two lie entangled in a bubble of bliss, shielded from their encroaching reality.

Gillian moves a strand of hair from Margo's face. She touches the BRUISE on Margo's eyebrow. She kisses it.

Margo's eyes open. She watches Gillian kiss her.

MARGO

Can I just stay here forever?

GILLIAN

You could. But mountains don't move themselves.

Gillian squeezes Margo's hand, feelings charged. A TEXT interrupts. Gillian reaches for phone and reads it.

GILLIAN

Christian's still in holding.
They're waiting on his attorney.

Gillian tosses her phone aside.

GILLIAN

So what do you want with me? I can make you breakfast or I can leave.

MARGO

Do you know how to use your coffee maker?

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - DAY

Gillian looks around her former kitchen. Out of habit she opens the cabinet above the COFFEE MAKER, but the coffee isn't kept there. She considers the array of cabinets, but instead of opening any, she moves to a BREAD DRAWER on the opposite side of the kitchen. She opens it to find a BAG OF COFFEE.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - PRIMARY SUITE - DAY

Margo pulls on her bra, fishes her underwear off the floor when Gillian's phone buzzes with an alert. Margo instinctively glances. Its a message from INVALUABLE.COM. *"Leave feedback for Clyde's Creek Whiskey."*

Margo glances at the door. Margo taps the alert. The phone is still unlocked from Gillian's last text, and prompts "INVALUABLE.COM ORDER DETAILS" with a photo of Clyde's Creek Whiskey. Margo sees the date -- *"Delivered July 3, 2024."* The day before their night together.

Margo's heart sinks into her stomach.

She hears Gillian and quickly closes out of the app and tosses the phone back onto the bed.

Gillian enters with a tray of COFFEE. Margo rises.

MARGO

So you should probably get to the office and rally the team. Christian isn't gonna go down without a fight.

GILLIAN

The fight's the fun part.

MARGO

Call me when there's a plan.

Margo hands Gillian her blazer. Gillian takes the hint.

GILLIAN

Will do. Don't talk to anyone without me.

Margo nods. Gillian turns for the door, but --

MARGO

How'd you find the coffee?

GILLIAN

Hm?

MARGO

We keep it in the bread drawer because we never use it.

GILLIAN

Lucky guess.

Margo offers a smile, watching her leave, PRE-LAP a VIBRATING PHONE. *BZZ BZZ. BZZ BZZ.*

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - STAIRWELL - DAY

BZZ BZZ. Margo sits at the top of the stairs -- *DING!* -- the CORTÉS OIL PAINTING looms above her. *BLOOP!* Somewhere, a cacophony of *DINGS* and *PINGS* and *BLOOPS* tell us reality has entered with a barrage of worried and frantic *TEXTS* and *CALLS* and *NOTIFICATIONS*.

With her palm, Margo rolls the BOTTLE OF CLYDE'S CREEK WHISKEY away from her body, then back. Away and then back. Working something out in her mind, each time threatening to roll the bottle down the stairs.

A FLASH OF A MEMORY **FROM THE CHRISTMAS PARTY:**

WES

Miss Pretty, several guests have asked for espresso martinis. I saw your built-in but couldn't find any beans.

MARGO

They're buried in the bread drawer. I couldn't figure out how to use the machine so I hid them as an act of defiance.

BACK ON MARGO, rolling the bottle. A FLASH OF ANOTHER MEMORY. **IN THE BEDROOM, as Christian confronts Margo about seeing Gillian:**

CHRISTIAN

Fuck you. FUCK YOU. I knew it.

MARGO

You knew what?

CHRISTIAN

Diabolical bottom-feeder! You have feelings for her.

Then, A FLASH OF GILLIAN AT **DEAD POET BAR** --

GILLIAN

... Turns out he was not interested in the services of a diabolical bottom-feeder.

BACK ON MARGO, who pauses the bottle. A BONE-CHILLING COLD washes over her.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BEDROOM - DAY

Margo stands in her bedroom. QUICK SHOTS AS: she examines the chandelier. It's clean. She unscrews a wall socket, looks inside. Nothing. She drags in a LADDER, pulls off the ceiling vent. She inspects the duct with a flashlight. Empty. She glances around -- convinced, but losing hope. Then she notices the SMOKE DETECTOR.

She pulls the smoke detector off its mount. And there it is. A MICRO-CAMERA with a FLASHING BLUE LIGHT. At the same time --

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillian stares at her computer monitor. The screen displays a LIVE FEED of Margo inspecting the camera lens.

Their eyes connect like they're in the same room. Hearts pound against the stillness.

Gillian FLIPS OFF THE MONITOR.

Gillian feels an unfamiliar sensation creeping in: fear. Her Secretary KNOCKS.

SECRETARY

Danielle's on one.

Gillian presses her face against her hands.

SECRETARY

Ms. Town? Danielle's on one?

GILLIAN

Leave.

Gillian walks out.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry?

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Gillian enters, sharp.

GILLIAN

Everybody go home. Half day.

She's confused her STAFF.

GILLIAN
 Seriously, go home. Now. You're
 welcome.

As her team starts to gather their things --

INT. GILLIAN'S LAW OFFICE - GILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gillian returns to her office. She shuts the door and leans against it, fighting every urge to collapse.

She finds a steadying breath. Regains her focus, opens her computer hard-drive and quickly starts deleting ARCHIVED files. At the same time, she dials Patrick, frantically sending .MOV BINS into TRASH, permanently DELETING TRASH...

PATRICK (OVER PHONE)
 Hey, boss.

GILLIAN
 I need your brother here
 immediately.

PATRICK (OVER PHONE)
 Sure thing. A/V running okay?

GILLIAN
 It never existed. Am I clear?

PATRICK (OVER PHONE)
 Yes, ma'am.

She hangs up when a TEXT appears from MARGO. Gillian hesitates, bracing herself for what it says. She's surprised to find a simple message:

"Watch me."

Gillian stares at her phone. Terrified. But intrigued. She gives in, turning on her monitor, which still displays the BEDROOM CAMERA FEED. Margo is no longer in the room. Gillian toggles through a KITCHEN FEED. A ROOFTOP FEED. She lands on --

THE BASEMENT WINE CELLAR FEED: *Where Margo sits on the bar, extending her middle finger to a camera hidden in the ceiling vent.*

Gillian dials Margo --

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - WINE CELLAR - DAY - INTERCUT

Margo answers her phone.

MARGO
Hoping I'd be naked?

GILLIAN
(playful)
Are you naked?

MARGO
Are we really doing this?

Gillian remains deceptively oblivious.

GILLIAN
Doing what? You're being coy. Is this a TikTok thing? What does "watch me" mean?

MARGO
So this is how you win -- you play an entirely different game.

GILLIAN
Margo, what is going on --

MARGO
How many times did you watch me fucking you?

Margo is looking directly into the lens.

MARGO
You can tell me or you can tell the FBI.

GILLIAN
If you actually believe someone is spying on you, you do need to call the FBI.

MARGO
But I called you, didn't I?
Probably because I wanted you to gaslight me -- exactly like you're doing now -- until I actually believed you. Because there's no way in hell I just developed feelings for a monster all over again.

Gillian hears Margo's pain, fighting her own emotion.

GILLIAN

I watched it twice.

The air leaves Margo's lungs. She tears up as any hope that she was wrong gets obliterated.

MARGO

(sarcastic)

Is that all?

GILLIAN

The first, I think to convince myself it actually happened...

MARGO

And the second?

Gillian searches for her answer.

MARGO

You watched it a second time because... You can say it. It will help you if you say it --

Tears well in Gillian's eyes. As fucked up as this is, she's feeling genuine heartbreak.

GILLIAN

This was never supposed to be about you, Margo --

MARGO

Because you're a monster.

Gillian gets a text from a SCRAMBLED NUMBER: *"Heard you need a quick off-load. There in 15."*

Gillian wipes her eyes, grateful Margo can't see her.

GILLIAN

I take it we're done here?

Margo and Gillian's eyes connect. As the question lingers, we sense they're not done yet.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ELEVATOR/FOYER - DAY

The elevator doors open. Christian emerges. He walks through the hallway. Under his expensive art. Through his massive kitchen. Past his floor-to-ceiling windows. He sees Margo on his balcony, watching the sunset.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - DAY

Christian steps outside. Margo turns to him.

MARGO

Dick move putting my name on the
Cayman account.

Christian crosses to her. He finds her phone. He turns it
off. She takes it back from him.

MARGO

You're being paranoid.

CHRISTIAN

I'm being smart. I've been smart.
They're not gonna find the digital
evidence they're looking for, so
they're gonna press you.

MARGO

What do you want me to say?

CHRISTIAN

Exactly what I told them -- you've
always had a soft spot for August.
He needed help. I refused. So you
opened an account in your name to
hide it from me.

MARGO

None of that is true and you know
it --

CHRISTIAN

YOU ARE MY WIFE.

He's in her face. But Margo doesn't back down.

MARGO

Who's Wilhelmina Underwood?

CHRISTIAN

Why?

MARGO

You recognize the name?

CHRISTIAN

Why?

MARGO

Answer the question.

CHRISTIAN

She was one of my first clients at Reed. I was desperate to prove myself. I made a bunch of risky trades, got in the hole, and used her life savings to dig myself out. Didn't work.

MARGO

You lost all of her money.

Christian shrugs.

MARGO

You lost all her money and she threw herself off this balcony!

CHRISTIAN

What??

MARGO

Wilhelmina Underwood is Billie Town -- Gillian Town's wife. Gillian told everyone it was cancer, but in reality, she killed herself. Because of you. You never made the connection.

(beat)

Funny how a silly little name change can actually change everything.

CHRISTIAN

What does that even mean? Gillian was targeting me?

MARGO

The moment you scheduled our apartment tour she saw the opportunity to take everything you took from her -- your money, your future... and your wife.

Margo shrugs, mimicking his. Christian unravels.

CHRISTIAN

If our clients killed themselves every time they lost money in the market...

(scoffs)

It wasn't even that much! And who gives a shit if she's married to a multi-millionaire?? A few hundred grand's not the end of the world --

MARGO

It is when it's your only way out.

The assertion leaves Margo's lips with such conviction it's as if Margo knows Billie in her bones.

MARGO

You tell the FBI I had nothing to do with the Cayman Islands account, or I will tell them August tipped you off --

CHRISTIAN

I admit anything, and all this goes away. Do you understand that? You will have nothing. This apartment? Gone. Your wardrobe, your gym, your Botox, your three-hour lunches -- poof! And where are you gonna go, huh? Beanie's? In Brooklyn? Live on a couch and TikTok while she fucks that pencil-dick hipster through the wall? You need me, Margo. YOU FUCKING NEED ME.

Margo stares at him with fear, as if his words have broken her. She weakens, falling into his arms.

MARGO

You're right. I need you.

As they hold each other, sun setting on them...

INT. REED CAPITAL - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Everyone is gone. Paper litters the floor. Chairs are parted from desks. Drawers hang out. The elevator opens.

INT. REED CAPITAL - VAUGHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vaughn kneels on the floor sorting documents into piles. Futile but purposeful. He hears someone -- Christian.

CHRISTIAN

We're good. She'll help.

Vaughn eyes him with disgust, then returns to sifting papers. Christian looks around, then lowers to the ground to make himself useful. Vaughn watches Christian working a moment, then relents, letting him help.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Margo descends, watching the numbers tick down. She exhales. The elevator doors open in THE LOBBY where --

Gillian waits. Poised. Inscrutable. Margo steps to the elevator's threshold, but not a step further.

GILLIAN

You're alone?

MARGO

He's smoothing things over with Vaughn.

Gillian presents a large capacity THUMB DRIVE.

GILLIAN

Picture glitches a few times but the audio's perfect. You got him.

MARGO

Couldn't have done it without you.

Her words practically freeze the air. Margo takes the drive, but before they part, Gillian squeezes her hand.

GILLIAN

The second time was to see what I looked like in love.

It's heartfelt remorse. Margo lets it hang there.

MARGO

Gillian, honey, I don't think you're capable of love.

Margo pulls her hand away and steps into the elevator.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Margo uses her THUMB on a digital reader. It BEEPS. She presses PH. The button illuminates and the doors close on Gillian, when --

PATRICK slips through the gap, pressing his gloved hand to Margo's mouth, MUTING HER TERROR as the DOORS CLOSE. Margo's eyes SCREAM for help -- but Gillian just stands there coldly as --

The doors seal. And now Margo is trapped. She BITES the glove smothering her, clawing at Patrick's face.

He recoils and she slips free, dropping the DRIVE and throwing both hands against the panel, swatting for the FIRE BUTTON, but she's YANKED BACK by her hair. Patrick SMASHES her head against the wall to meet SUDDEN BLACK.

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - FOYER - NIGHT

DING! The elevator doors open to the penthouse. Margo's unconscious body dangles over Patrick's shoulder. He lowers to pick up the DRIVE. He puts it in his pocket.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - NIGHT

Patrick dumps Margo onto a lounge. He returns inside --

INT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Patrick finds a bottle of WHITE WINE in the fridge. He dumps most of it into the sink, saving a few last drops for a dirty WINE GLASS he finds in the dishwasher. He sets the glass on the counter next to the empty BOTTLE, Margo's cell phone, and a NOTE he pulls from his pocket.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - BALCONY - NIGHT

Margo's eyes flutter. Consciousness fighting concussion -- blurry skyline, traffic noises, throbbing head, blood running down her cheek. *Holy fuck* --

ON PATRICK, stepping outside. He moves to the lounge. But stops in his tracks. Margo is not there. Suddenly --

Margo lurches up from behind with the GARDEN HOSE, twisting it around his neck. He writhes, wheezing, blood rushing his cheeks. He GRUNTS, hinges forward, pulling Margo OVER HIS BACK and flipping her onto the tile.

Margo scrambles for her life.

Patrick staggers, catching his breath, looming above her.

Margo SPIES THE SHARD OF BROKEN TILE feet away -- she lunges, reaching with bloody fingernails, GRASPING IT as Patrick GRABS her ankle. GROWLING WITH RAGE, HE YANKS --

INT. GILLIAN'S SUV/ EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

Gillian sits in the backseat, using the quiet moment to stare at MARGO'S CONTACT INFORMATION on her phone. As if it's the easiest thing in the world, she DELETES IT as --

The SUV LURCHES from a VIOLENT IMPACT CRUNCHING THE WINDSHIELD. Jolted, Gillian pales. Patrick's DEAD EYES stare at her through the spiderwebbed glass. Dread washes over her --

OUTSIDE THE SUV, a JOGGER slows. A DELIVERY GUY jumps off his bike, running over with horrified concern.

JOGGER

What the hell was that?

DELIVERY GUY

Jumper, yo. He frickin' jumped.

The morbid scene stops traffic as MORE BYSTANDERS GATHER.

INSIDE THE SUV, Gillian's thumb trembles, dialing 911 --

911 OPERATOR

911, what's your emergency?

GILLIAN

I need police at 50 Central Park West. The woman in the penthouse apartment was just attacked by my driver. I don't know what happened, he just snapped --

DELIVERY GUY

The fuck's in his neck, bro?

The Jogger winces as he examines the TILE SHIV impaling Patrick's carotid artery.

GILLIAN

Jesus Christ...

911 OPERATOR

Ma'am? Hello? You still with me?

GILLIAN

I'm here. Are you sending someone?

911 OPERATOR

*I have officers en route, ma'am.
Are you safe?*

GILLIAN
I'm fine, I'm just terrified for
the woman in that apartment --

Gillian SMASHES HER PHONE against the seat.

GILLIAN
Oh my God.

911 OPERATOR
Ma'am?

GILLIAN
Someone just landed on my -- oh my
God, it's him. He's dead --

Gillian cuts herself off at the sight of MARGO emerging
from the lobby doors, tussled and dazed.

GILLIAN
Please hurry.

She hangs up.

EXT. 50 CENTRAL PARK WEST - STREET - NIGHT

Margo approaches the crowd gathered around the mangled
SUV. She extends her PHONE, addressing a LIVE TIKTOK.

MARGO
Join me for a day-in-the-life of a
Hedge Fund wife. Today we're
unpacking the anatomy of a murder
attempt.

JOGGER
Miss, are you okay?

DELIVERY GUY
This is a crime scene, lady.
Respect the dead --

MARGO
This man attacked me and tried to
throw me off my balcony.

DELIVERY GUY
Uh... what?

Horrificed TIKTOK VIEWER REACTIONS explode on Margo's
phone. Gillian rushes to Margo --

GILLIAN

Margo. Thank God you're okay. I couldn't get up to your place --

MARGO

He works for her. Gillian Town.

Margo moves to Patrick's body. She digs into his coat pocket for the DRIVE. She finds it.

GILLIAN

I don't know what Patrick was thinking -- I'm so sorry. I didn't even see him come in.

Margo stares at her.

MARGO

You can stop now. It's over. You lost.

Two POLICE CRUISERS pull up. FOUR POLICE OFFICERS run up to Patrick's BODY.

GILLIAN

You're bleeding. We should get you to a hospital.

MARGO

I'll be fine. But you'll wanna get yourself a good lawyer.

Margo ends the recording and disappears inside, leaving Gillian with the DOZEN UNEASY BYSTANDERS staring at her.

Gillian collects herself. She pushes past them as if they don't exist. She approaches the OFFICERS.

GILLIAN

I'm the one who called it in. He works for me. Patrick Brady. I'm not sure what happened, he just snapped and lunged at the poor girl in the elevator.

POLICE OFFICER

And you are?

GILLIAN

Gillian Town. T-O-W-N. He's my driver. The woman he was targeting lives there. She's alive but visibly in shock. She's not making a lick of sense.

As Gillian spins a new web...

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

CHYRON: One Year Later

A gaggle of PRESS arrive for the big media event.

REPORTER

Sex, lies, and video tape. Jurors are in the house for the highly anticipated day one of New York State versus Gillian Town. I'm outside the New York Supreme Court where Gillian Town will represent herself to a packed courtroom. She has denied hiring her bodyguard to kill Margo Forrester, who The DA claims was a pawn in Town's near-fatal obsession with revenge.

A PRISON VAN pulls up. TWO PRISON OFFICIALS step out, one opens the door for Christian. He emerges in a suit wearing front handcuffs, ignoring the press.

REPORTER

Behind me, Christian Pretty has just arrived. Pretty, of course, serving an 18-month sentence for his widely publicized insider trading scandal.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

VISITORS shuffle through SECURITY lines. CAMERAMEN rush equipment into a packed courtroom. Tense LAWYERS huddle.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Critics of Town are calling this trial the death knell for the litigator's career while Town has stated with confidence that she will lead this jury to an irrefutable "not guilty" verdict.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Margo walks with TWO LAWYERS, flanked by Beanie and Wes. She releases Beanie's hand when she spots a bathroom.

MARGO

Sorry, I have to pee again.

BEANIE

Want me to come?

MARGO

Grab us seats up front.

INT. COURTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Margo enters the bathroom alone, then abruptly stops. Gillian is at the sink washing her hands. Relaxed. Just another Monday. As she dispenses a handful of paper towel, she spots Margo in the mirror --

Their eyes lock. Time seems to freeze. Neither expected this moment. And then --

GILLIAN

Sexy top.

Margo wears her sexy plunge top, chosen with intention.

MARGO

I know.

Gillian smirks, balling the paper towel in her hands. She tosses it in the trash. But misses. Margo notices out of the corner of her eye. Gillian retrieves the towel from the floor and places it in the trash before walking out.

Margo's eyes return to the mirror. Her lip turns up in a smile, braced for victory, and we --

FADE OUT.