

TIMESHARE

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OVER BLACK

SOUND of SOMEONE RUNNING. CRUNCHING gravel. Heavy BREATHS.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A **JOGGER** (30s). She has all the gear. Earbuds, music. Jogging up a path through trees. Emerges to --

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Where she picks up the pace to catch a light. Running across the street. Just making it. Slowing now. To a walk.

Passing by a **CENTRAL PARK HOTEL**. Five star. Modern luxury. Wealthy elite. Views no doubt incredible.

A **FRIENDLY VALET** gives her a nod. She nods back. Continues.

WE STILL SEE THE HOTEL BEHIND HER, as a car pulls up.

Meanwhile, our Jogger reaches another light. Has to wait. Which she doesn't mind. Deep breaths.

BEHIND HER, Friendly Valet opens the door for the driver.

Our Jogger checks her phone. Kills the music. Skims emails.

BEHIND HER, we *barely catch a glimpse of it* --

WHOOSH!

A BODY PLUMMETING FROM UP HIGH

BAM!!!

LANDS ON THE CAR ROOF -- OBLITERATING IT -- WINDOWS EXPLODE --
VALET AND DRIVER KNOCKED TO THE GROUND --

Jogger STARTLES -- spins. Horrified, frozen in shock.

Can't see much beyond BLOOD, WARPED METAL, GLASS. Body made such an impact it caved in the roof.

Someone SCREAMS! As our Jogger runs over to try and help -- she passes something on the ground --

A GOLD GEOMETRIC BRACELET

Thin. Artful design. Broken and stained with BLOOD.

We PUSH IN TIGHT on it, HARD CUT TO --

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE. NEW HAMPSHIRE - DAY

We're now watching a polished, high end COMMERCIAL.

GRANDMA (70s) on the phone. Snow falling outside.

GRANDMA (INTO PHONE)
I'm so lonely here. I wish I could
see you and the little ones more.

Her daughter, an **ASPIRATIONAL WOMAN** (40s), on the other end --

ASPIRATIONAL WOMAN (OVER PHONE)
Mom, come for dinner. Tonight.

GRANDMA (INTO PHONE)
And how am I supposed to do that??

INT. KITCHEN. HOUSE. LOS ANGELES HILLS - DAY

Aspirational Woman is 3,000 miles away. Blue skies, sun.

ASPIRATIONAL WOMAN (INTO PHONE)
Have you heard of Timeshare?

INT. LIVING ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

YOUNG GIRL and **BOY** playing. Aspirational Woman breezes in --

ASPIRATIONAL WOMAN
Kids, guess who's dropping by for
dinner...? Grandma!

YOUNG GIRL
All the way from New Hampshire??

The doorbell RINGS. Kids GASP, run for the door, opening to --

A **HIPSTER WOMAN** (20s). Youthful, vibrant. Beaming.

For a moment, the kids stare blankly, not recognizing her.

HIPSTER WOMAN
Ahhh, my beautiful bobbies!

Kids seem to recognize her now, thrilled, this is in fact --

YOUNG BOY/YOUNG GIRL
Grandma!

As they all go in for hugs we see --

CIRCULAR SILVER DEVICES BEHIND EACH OF HIPSTER WOMAN'S EARS.
ABOUT THE SIZE OF A DIME. They almost look like piercings.

These are called SWITCHES (more on them later).

INT. "FLIP" ROOM. TIMESHARE HUB IN NEW HAMPSHIRE - DAY

Upscale, tech-influenced spa vibe. Wintery trees outside windows. Grandma sits in a hi-tech, plush, reclining chair, surrounded by state-of-the-art medical equipment and screens.

GRANDMA (TO CAMERA)
 Whatever your reason for wanting to
 rent someone's body...

INT. "FLIP" ROOM. TIMESHARE HUB IN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Sunny skyline outside. Hipster Woman sits in a similar chair.

HIPSTER WOMAN (TO CAMERA)
 Or rent out your body...

Her eyes close, drifting to sleep.

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

GRANDMA (TO CAMERA)
 Timeshare will find the right share
 for you.

Her eyes close too, falling asleep.

IN LOS ANGELES

Hipster Woman's eyes OPEN. She sits up. Checks her body. Sees herself in a mirror. Thrilled. Looks at a **TIMESHARE EMPLOYEE**.

HIPSTER WOMAN
 Young man, I might just keep this
 body a spell longer. What's her
 availability like the whole week?

As they laugh, the company logo comes in --

TIMESHARE
 TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE
 LIVING SOMEONE ELSE'S.

The image PAUSES and we GO WIDE TO --

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND A RESTAURANT. BROOKLYN - DAY

Door open to a BUSY KITCHEN, deep in prep, about to open.

Where **JODIE CARLISLE** (30s) was watching that on a phone.

Jodie has a hopeful spirit. A dreamer. But life always moving the goal posts can dampen all that, has led to frustration and feeling stuck. She's wearing an all black SERVER UNIFORM.

JODIE

Yeah, *sounds* great. But who knows
what weird shit someone gets up to
in your body?

Hands the phone back to **KELLY** (30s), her vivacious friend and line cook. Tattoo sleeves. CHEF WHITES.

KELLY

They got all kinds'a rules for
that. Up to you what you allow. You
never done it, either way?

JODIE

Uh-uh.

KELLY

Hear you can make bank. Hundreds a
day, I heard. Maybe thousands.
Depending who wants to rent you...
(with a grin)
And what they wanna do.

JODIE

(laughs)
You're gross.
(seeing the time)
And we should head in.

KELLY

Maybe I'll do it. Put my body up,
be a timesharee.

JODIE

Great. Can you do it after the
dinner rush?

Kelly laughs, heading inside.

Jodie follows, taking up a smile, a positive facade. But her phone RINGS. She stops. Checks. RANDOM NY NUMBER CALLING.

JODIE (ANSWERS/INTO PHONE)

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Jodie?

JODIE (INTO PHONE)
Yeah... who's this?

MAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)
It's Sean. Devereaux.

She freezes. Her heart skips a beat. A voice she hasn't heard in a long time. And thought she'd never hear again.

INT. SMALL MODERN OFFICE IN A CONVERTED WAREHOUSE - DAY

A stylish logo on the wall: ONE BODY

MIKE CARLISLE (30s) at his desk pressing fingers to his closed eyes, lets out a heavy sigh and --

MIKE
Fuuuuuuck.

Mike likes the world to see him as a nice, enlightened guy. But he's also frustrated, insecure, and desperately wants to "matter". And sometimes those things get the better of him.

Fingers rub his temples now, as he looks across his desk at --

JACOB (40s), more of a buttoned-up type, sitting across from him. Behind Jacob, a glass wall looks down on --

A HYBRID GYM/PHYSICAL THERAPY/YOGA/MEDITATION SPACE

State-of-the-art workout equipment. Yoga mats, stretching apparatus. Meditative areas. **STAFF** in **ONE BODY** tees sitting around chatting. Looks like no customers.

JACOB
The back *income* tax isn't really the major problem, it's all the overdue *payroll* taxes we also owe that they care more about. That's the issue they're threatening to seize the business over.
(then)
And taxes are not the *only* thing. There's the rent.

MIKE
How far behind are we?

JACOB
Five months. Six and they'll evict.

Mike sighs.

JACOB
If the IRS does seize the business,
they can also seize *personal* assets.
Your bank accounts. Jodie's too.

MIKE
Things'll pick up.

JACOB
If you'd cut back on payroll--

MIKE
Dude. Our people putting food on
tables is more important than the
government, or some millionaire
real estate douche, getting their
pocket change.

JACOB
The other option is filing Chapter
11. For that, we should consult a
bankruptcy attorney.

MIKE
No. Things'll pick up.

JACOB
What about your folks?

MIKE
You kidding?

JACOB
Third mortgage?

MIKE
I still owe them the second.
(then)
Just see if you can buy me more
time. Things'll pick up.

INT. HIGH-END BROOKLYN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Modern, rustic, hip. Bar, dining room. Busy dinner service.

Jodie glides through with plates. Closes in on a two-top, a
MAN and **WOMAN** (both 20s). Both VERY ATTRACTIVE.

MAN
C'mon, what d'you *really* look like?

WOMAN

Hey! We said that was off limits.

MAN

I'm too curious. Gimme a hint?

WOMAN

Once we know each other better.

As Jodie reaches the table -- she notices the SWITCHES, those silver, dime-sized devices behind the Man's ears.

JODIE

We have the maitake cavatelli.

Which she places in front of the Woman.

JODIE

And smash burger with tallow fries.
Both excellent choices. Two of my
favorites.

As she puts the burger in front of the Man, we see --

The GOLD GEOMETRIC BRACELET from our opening, on Jodie's left wrist. Something she always wears.

JODIE

Enjoy.

And as Jodie leaves, with a smile -- she notices switches
behind the Woman's ears too.

Then -- she pauses. Surveys the room. The unofficial head server. Checks in with a **YOUNGER SERVER**, offers pointers. Finds a **ANOTHER BUSSER**, asks them to clear a table.

Spots Mike coming in. He waves. She hurries over --

MIKE

Hey!

JODIE

Hi!

He goes to kiss her -- she pulls back --

JODIE

Not on the floor.

MIKE

(eek face)
Right! Sorry!
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
(then)
Just figured I'd grab dinner to-go.

JODIE
Order at the bar. Tom'll hook you
up with friends and family.

MIKE
Thanks.

JODIE
Oh! Get the steelhead. Really good
today.

MIKE
Want something for later?

JODIE
I'm good.

MIKE
Time you think you'll be home?

JODIE
Late.

MIKE
I'll wait up.

JODIE
You don't have to.

MIKE
I want to.

JODIE
'Kay. I should get back.

MIKE
Sure, go, go.
(hushed, calling after her)
Love you!

She discretely blows him a kiss. He kisses the air to accept.

AT THE BAR

Mike sidles up. As he does, he glances back across at Jodie.

Sees her LAUGHING with a table of **FOUR GUYS**. Seems especially
chatty with **ONE GUY**. Eye contact. Smiles. *Is she flirting?*

LATER

Closed. Some servers and cooks, including Kelly, at the bar, chatting as -- Jodie comes out of the kitchen, coat on, bag.

KELLY

Jodie! Going for drinks at Magoo's.

Jodie considers it, feels the pull to join, but hesitates.

KELLY

Come on, dawg. When was the last time we hung out??

Jodie glances at her phone. A TEXT from Mike: **Almost done?**

JODIE

Maybe next time.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A nice one bedroom. Artfully decorated. But small, open-plan.

Mike's on the couch, on his laptop. At the bottom of a bottle of red and looks exhausted. Fighting to keep his eyes open.

Jodie arrives home. Kicks off shoes, sheds coat and bag.

JODIE

Hey.

MIKE

Hey. Late.

JODIE

Yeah, sorry. I did say.

MIKE

Fine. Just later than I thought.

He comes over. Gives her a kiss. Tidies her coat, bag, shoes.

MIKE

Wanna go to bed?

JODIE

Can't yet, I'm buzzing. Need a drink--

MIKE

I'll get it, I'll get it.

She's going to the fridge, but he cuts her off, getting there first. She steps back. Notices an OPEN LETTER on the counter.

JODIE
What's this?

MIKE
Ugh. "Time to renew your apartment lease". Assholes are bumping the rent.

He pours her a glass of wine. She scans the letter, blanches.

JODIE
Assholes.

MIKE
Yep.

JODIE
I guess... I can pick up more shifts. Brunch on the weekends.

MIKE
(half joking)
Always my parents' basement.

She glares at him, *not funny*.

MIKE
I mean, it's an option, right?
Maybe. 'Til we get back on track. I could at least ask them?

She considers that and him. Exhales.

JODIE
If you think so.

He nods. She sips her wine.

JODIE
I, uhh... I spoke to Sean earlier.

MIKE
(not sure who she means)
Sean? Sean. Sean. Your ex Sean??

JODIE
My ex Sean. He called.

MIKE
What for?

JODIE
Invite us to dinner.

MIKE

What?

JODIE

Yeah.

MIKE

Huh. When d'you last speak to him?

JODIE

Maybe nine, ten years ago.

MIKE

And he just calls you, out of the blue, asks you to dinner?

JODIE

Us. With him, his wife. Shelby.

MIKE

What for?

JODIE

I dunno. To eat.

He makes a face at her: *ha ha very funny.*

MIKE

What d'you tell him?

JODIE

I'd check with you. You think it'd be weird? Awkward?

MIKE

Why, you think he's still carrying a torch for you?

JODIE

No, but...

MIKE

You still carrying one for him?

JODIE

Don't be ridiculous.

MIKE

Why *did* you guys break up anyway? I don't know if you ever really said.

JODIE

Yeah I did. After college we just... grew apart. Wanted different things.

MIKE
That's it?

JODIE
Mmm-hmm.

MIKE
Hmmm. Then it won't be awkward,
right? *Plus*, all that money, I bet
it's somewhere sick and he's paying.

He smiles at her now, coy. Steps closer. Kisses her.

MIKE
Still buzzing?

JODIE
A little.

He goes to kiss her again -- but he pulls back, teasing.

Slowly puts his hand down the front of her pants, deeper,
deeper. She MOANS, eyes closed. He watches her expressions.

Her hand goes down his pants -- but he stops her, takes her
hand out, holds onto it as his other hand continues, making
her MOAN louder and --

He sits her up on the counter. Pulls her pants off, her
underwear. About to go down on her -- she stops him.

JODIE
I've been on my feet all day.

MIKE
(grins)
I don't care.

He lowers, pulls her legs over his shoulders, his face
between her thighs. She shudders, head back.

EXT. OUTSIDE JODIE & MIKE'S APARTMENT - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

A CAR eases up to the curb.

INT. BEDROOM. JODIE & MIKE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jodie getting ready. Killer dress. Her phone BUZZES. She
checks it, heading through to --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JODIE
Car's here.

Mike's on his phone, distracted, ruminating.

JODIE
How do I look?

MIKE
Mmm-hmm. Good.

She's a bit disappointed by that response.

SEAN (PRE-LAP)
You look *amazing*! Wow.

INT. THREE MICHELIN STAR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SEAN DEVEREAUX (30s) gives Jodie a big hug.

JODIE
Come on, stop!

Sean is effortlessly charismatic, winning smile, exudes a mix of zen Japandi and Wall Street. Someone who's come from money and made even more. But behind it all, he looks tired, pale.

SHELBY DEVEREAUX (30s) steps in. She's bright and breezy. Artistic and cosmopolitan. Sweet and shrewd.

SHELBY
He's serious. You're gorgeous.

Gives Jodie a full body once-over. For longer than feels *normal*. Then a double-cheek kiss. Which Jodie almost fumbles.

JODIE
Ha! Well, you too! Love your dress!

SHELBY
Oh, please!

SEAN
Mike! Bro! Nice to meet you!

MIKE
Same, dude. Same.

As they sit at a table in the center of the room, Jodie and Mike now realize there are no other customers.

JODIE
Did you... buy the place out for
the night?

SEAN
(grins and shrugs)
Chef Bruzo's a pal.

LATER

As they're practically orgasming over one exquisite course --

SHELBY
Jodie, Sean said--

JODIE
Oh God, what did he say?

SHELBY
You always wanted to own a
restaurant one day.

JODIE
Ahhh. One day.

SEAN
I hoped you'd have it by now. What
are you waiting for??

JODIE
Well!

She glances quick at Mike, then makes a "money" gesture,
rubbing thumb and fingers.

JODIE
After college, loans, the debt I
was in, am *still* in! They don't
tell you that do they?
(to Sean, jokingly)
Not that some of us ever had to
worry.

He makes an apologetic eek face.

JODIE
Anyway. Out of college, I started
working in restaurants, mostly to
pay the rent. Suddenly it's been
ten years.

SHELBY
What kind of place do you want?

JODIE

Modern American, with Italian influences. Small. Inventive. Rotating menu, fresh and local.

SHELBY

Would you cook?

JODIE

No, I'm a terrible cook! I *tried*. My dad, he was a cook.

She smiles, nostalgic. Sean, watching her, smiles too, knows this story. Mike watches Sean watching her.

JODIE

He and my mom, they had a breakfast place. Worked there most of my childhood. Free labor, right?

(laughs)

The place was *mom's* idea. *Her* dream really. She ran it, he cooked. He wanted me in the kitchen, but I was all thumbs. And I was way more interested in helping mom.

SHELBY

Being the boss.

JODIE

Mmm-hmm. So yeah, no, cooking? Not for me. But I know what *tastes* good. What *looks* good. *Feels* good.

SHELBY

Like your mom.

JODIE

Yeah.

She smiles, proud. Shows Shelby her GOLD GEOMETRIC BRACELET.

JODIE

This was hers actually.

SHELBY

Oh, beautiful! Where's it from?

JODIE

I have no idea. But when I was a kid, I always loved how it looked on her.

SEAN
(thinking her mom died)
Oh, Jodie, I'm sorry, did she...?

JODIE
Oh, no! Ha! They retired early,
went off traveling.

SEAN
Did you ever make it to Naples?

JODIE
Ahhh. Sadly no.

Mike is quiet, but feels a certain kinda way about this. Some guilt. And a tinge of jealousy that Sean knows her so well.

SHELBY
What's in Naples?

JODIE
It's just been number one on the
bucket list, long as I can
remember. My dad's family's
actually from there, like way, way,
way back. *He's* never even been. He
always said we were gonna go, but
there was never the chance. So!
It's always been a dream to visit.
Eat the best pizza, *real* pizza.
Pasta, cheese, gelato, straight
from the source. Just immerse
myself in it, and bring that back
to my eventual restaurant. Alas...

SHELBY
Well. I think you'd make a great
restauranteur.

JODIE
Well, thanks. But doubt it's ever
gonna happen.

SHELBY
I get it. Debt, not having money,
can really trap you. Make you feel
like you don't... have a say, in
your own life. I've been there.

JODIE
It's like, inertia, right? Like,
just feeling stuck. In neutral.

Mike bristles slightly at that. Seems to take it personally.

SHELBY

Truth is, Sean's helped me a lot with that. He gave me back *control*, of who I am, my life.

JODIE

And you have a fashion brand! Which is amazing by the way.

Shelby nods, beams.

SEAN

And Mike, you have a gym?

MIKE

No, no, it's more than that. It's whole body *wellness*. I actually trained as a physical therapist--
(off Jodie, with a smile)
It's actually how we met.

JODIE

(off her left hand, grins)
Yep! Slipped on black ice and broke my wrist.

MIKE

But I've always been super into yoga, meditation. So I wanted a place that could be more than just physical therapy. A place to *reset*. Sync your mind *and* body. Be at one with who you are.

JODIE

And he has it. His own business. Which is amazing.

She says it positively, but Mike wonder if it's a subtle dig.

SEAN

Nice, bro!

MIKE

Yeah, it's going pretty awesome--
(half joking)
Hey, we're always looking for new investors, if you're interested?

JODIE

Mike.

MIKE

What?

She gives him a look: *please, don't.*

MIKE

Chill. We're talking business here.

JODIE

(redirecting, to Sean)

And how's *your* business?

SEAN

Ehhh. Finance. Hedge funds. I love money. Blah blah blah.

JODIE

(joking)

I still don't *really* know how a hedge fund works. Like, I *do*, but not really.

They all laugh at that. Then --

SEAN

Well. Super boring, but basically I gamble with other people's wealth and take a sweet percentage.

MIKE

So you *use* people? For money?

Sean stares at him, stone-faced, acts offended.

SEAN

How dare you...

Table quiet, awkward. Jodie's squirming, embarrassed, as --

SEAN

I use people for a *lot* of money.
Like a *fuck* lot.

Sean grins, was pretending to be offended. Mike grins too, was ribbing him. The whole table laughs.

LATER STILL

Dessert and coffee.

JODIE

My God. Literally *the* best meal I ever had. Thank you!

SEAN

Don't thank me yet, you might still
want to punch me...

Mike and Jodie are confused. Sean grins, sheepish. Leans in.

SEAN

Truth is, I didn't just invite you
for dinner. I had an ulterior motive.

SHELBY

That makes it sound so sinister!

SEAN

Right, right. Sorry. It's an *offer*.
An *opportunity*.

(then)

No easy way to say it... I'm dying.

JODIE

What?!

SEAN

Cancer. Stage four. Terminal. Maybe
got six months left.

(grins)

I know, I know, I look pretty good.
I'm pumped full of all kinds of
drugs, keeping me upright. But none
of it, and I've tried all of it,
can change the inevitable.

JODIE

Fuck... Sean... I'm so sorry.

Mike nods in agreement. But Sean puts his hands up.

SEAN

I don't want pity. I made my peace.

SHELBY

We both have.

SEAN

(nods, to Jodie)

What I do want is... your body.

JODIE

Say again?

SEAN

Your body. Not for me, for Shelby.
To timeshare.

MIKE

What?

SEAN

The body renting thing. Have you guys done it? We do it all the time--

MIKE

Dude, wait, are you for real?

JODIE

I don't understand.

SEAN

I'm asking... if Shelby can rent Jodie's body... so we can spend one night together. Before I die.

JODIE

Is this-- are you being *serious*??

SEAN

And for the rental, that one night, you'll get five million dollars.

Jodie and Mike are stunned. Speechless for a sec.

JODIE

One night... as in... *sex*? Have sex? With *my* body? *Shelby* in my body?

SHELBY

I know. It sounds strange. But... I want him to be happy before...

SEAN

Yes. Have sex. Well, not *just* sex. Spend the night together.

JODIE

Why??

SEAN

When we found out, about the cancer, Shelby wanted me to make a list of dying wishes. She asked me to be honest. I gave it a lot of thought and one of the wishes... was to spend one more night with you.

Mike looks at Jodie. She's in a mix of shock, embarrassment.

SHELBY

But *I* said, the only way I'd let that happen, is if it was *me*. As you. That way, nobody's really cheating. In either marriage.

MIKE

And... you're gonna pay us-- *Jodie*, five million dollars?

SEAN

Right. But... I don't just want Jodie to agree, I want you to be cool with it too, Mike. That's important. No ill will. Everyone on the same page.

Mike looks at Jodie again. *What do you think?*

SEAN

That's why we'd make it all legal. If you were to agree, we'd draw up paperwork. A deal. An NDA. Part of it would be that the exact details, of what Shelby and I do together that night, remain between us. For our privacy. And yours.

MIKE

But... timeshares are logged, recorded, right?

SEAN

Yes and no. I talked this through with a Timeshare rep. Whenever a rental takes place at one of their facilities, the *time* and *identity* of the sharer and sharee are logged. And the entire share *is* recorded, for legal compliance, but *that* data's stored in a black box, only accessible under subpoena. If someone ends up breaking set rules, or the law or something.

Mike nods. Thinking. Jodie's finding it all a bit much.

JODIE

I... I don't...

SEAN

I know it's a lot. But do me a favor, if it's the last you ever do me... don't answer now. Discuss it.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)
And *think*, about what you could do
with five million dollars.

She absorbs that. Glances at Mike. Then back to Sean.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Silence. Jodie looks at Mike. He's deep in thought, blinks.
Looks at her. She doesn't know what to say. Looks away.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

As they arrive home. Neither knows what to say until --

MIKE
So. He *is* still carrying a torch.

She says nothing.

MIKE
I mean, it's insane, right? And
weird and gross and...

JODIE
Five million dollars.

MIKE
You wanna do it?

JODIE
No. I don't *want* to do it.

MIKE
No. I don't *want* you to do it.

JODIE
But...

MIKE
Yeah...

JODIE
It'd solve all our problems. Like,
I can pay off my loans. Maybe I can
actually *open* a restaurant! You can
settle the business debts. Expand.
Do whatever you want. We can move!
Actually think about starting a
family...

MIKE
But...

JODIE

Yeah...

MIKE

I mean... it's *your* body.

JODIE

It's *our* decision. And yeah... it *is* just my body, I guess. I'm not experiencing it. I wouldn't have any *memory* of it. That's how timeshare works, right? It wouldn't be *me*. It's physical, not emotional--

She stops as she says that. Realizing. Those words hit a nerve. Something in the past (we'll find out details later).

JODIE

Sorry. Fuck. I didn't even think--

MIKE

It's fine.

JODIE

But this is... would you be okay?? After what... I did? Last time was--

MIKE

This is different.

JODIE

Is it? Or... or *is* it cheating? Again. Jesus... this time with my...

She looks at him, feels sick.

MIKE

I forgave you.

JODIE

I know.

The way she says that suggests she hasn't forgiven herself.

MIKE

The money would, yeah, be life changing. But it *is* your body. So... whatever you decide... I support.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Both in bed. Both wide awake. Jodie is facing away from Mike, staring at the wall. He's facing her, staring at her back.

She looks over at him -- he closes his eyes, pretending he's asleep. She slides out. When she's gone, he opens his eyes.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She studies herself in the mirror. Slips off her pajamas. Examines her body. Skin. Curves. Shapes. Freckles. Hair.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A BIT LATER

She's on her laptop. STUDENT LOAN WEBSITE. We glimpse: **Total owed: \$127,675.98**. Sighs. Feels sick looking at it.

She Googles **Timeshare**. Another COMMERCIAL. Hits play --

Errol Morris-esque interviews against a white background, beautifully lit. TIMESHARE logo in the corner of frame. INTERCUT SINGLE SHOTS of people talking to camera.

EARNEST WOMAN

I'm not who I wanna be.

MIDDLE-AGED BUSINESSMAN

I'm jealous of others.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

My body feels tired.

OLDER BALD MAN

My body feels *old*.

OUTDOORSY WOMAN

I used to love hiking. Until I broke my hip.

YOUNG MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR

Wish I knew what it was like to run.

A MOM

Wish I knew what it was like to be my daughter's age.

YOUNG INFLUENCER

I put my body up to share because I'm trying to get out of debt.

Jodie plays another video. A PROFILE INTERVIEW PIECE with Timeshare founder **FREDERIK ÖSTERLUND** (40s). Steve Jobs-esque.

ÖSTERLUND

When I was a boy, my brother was paralyzed. Neck down.

(MORE)

ÖSTERLUND (CONT'D)
 His body unusable. I became
 determined to find a way to help
 him, other people like him, use
another--

She stops it. Browses to another. A MORNING TALK SHOW.

ÖSTERLUND
 And I was seeing this boom of the
 sharing economy. With Uber, AirBnB,
 Turo, co-working, etcetera. And I
 thought, if we can we do this with
 homes, and cars, and offices, what
 about our *bodies*? And people
 laughed, called me crazy--

Stops. Another. A HARD-HITTING STUDIO NEWS INTERVIEW --

INTERVIEWER
 Joining me is Frederik Österlund,
 CEO of Timeshare. I'd like to cut
 straight to a pressing issue: black
 market, illegal versions of
 Timeshare technology--

ÖSTERLUND
 Let me interject there--

She clicks off that, onto another.

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Jodie pours coffee from a fresh pot. Thinking. Mike returns
 home, with a small bag breakfast sandwiches.

MIKE
 Egg and cheese. Hash brown.
 Horseradish aioli. On a potato roll.

She smiles, *thanks*. Pours him a coffee. They eat in silence.

JODIE
 God, they get such a good crisp on
 the hash brown.

MIKE
 Mmm-hmm.

JODIE
 And the aioli. Mmmm.
 (exhales, then)
 I don't want to do it. Far from it.

MIKE

No, I know.

JODIE

It would be... a means to an end. A choice I'd be willing to make. Not for me. For *us*. But you have to be okay with it.

MIKE

Are you okay with it?

JODIE

I... think so? At first, I was like, does this make me a... some kind of sex worker?

MIKE

No, Jodie--

JODIE

No, no, it's fine, that's the thing. Like you said, it's *my* body. And *I'm* okay with it. If you're okay with it?

He considers that. Then --

MIKE

Let's see if he'll come up to seven.

JODIE

What?

MIKE

He opened at five. Means he's probably willing to go higher. If you're gonna do it, see if we can get seven.

JODIE

Okay. If you think so.

He nods. She eats, ruminating. He sips coffee, watching her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - A WEEK LATER

Mike's on his phone, his mind elsewhere. Quietly anxious.

Jodie comes in from the bedroom, wearing a stunning, fitted, glittery BLACK DRESS. Heels. Checking her phone.

JODIE

Car's here.

Mike stands. Takes her in. But says nothing.

JODIE

How they asked me to dress.

Mike nods, doesn't respond to that. Just --

MIKE

See you in the morning.

JODIE

The morning. Right.

She kisses him goodbye. And Mike watches her leave.

Goes to the window. Looks at the car. Thinking. And then -- a flash of fear, regret. *Is this a mistake? Is he okay with it?*

QUICK CUT TO:

Jodie and Sean kissing. Pulling clothes off. Fast, frantic.

BACK TO NOW:

Mike fights to eject that IMAGINED VISUAL from his brain. Then -- an idea. Grabs his phone and opens UBER as --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THEIR APARTMENT - SAME

Jodie looks up at their window -- Mike's not there. Which disappoints her. She gets in the car. And as it pulls away --

An Uber arrives. Mike hurries out of the building, jumps in.

EXT. TIMESHARE HUB. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Jodie's car pulls up to a modern, architectural building, shaped like a honeycomb. Soft warm lighting.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - SAME

Mike's Uber stops. He watches Jodie enter the Hub.

INT. LOBBY. TIMESHARE HUB - MOMENTS LATER

Modern, spa-like. Very quiet. Jodie's greeted with a smile by **LEO** (40s), a Timeshare procedure specialist.

LEO
Hi, Jodie. I'm Leo. I'll be taking
care of you.

JODIE
Where is everyone?

LEO
Mr Devereaux bought out the entire
hub for the night.

INT. ELEVATOR (GOING UP) - MOMENTS LATER

LEO
First time?

JODIE
That obvious?

LEO
(a smile that says "yes")
Trust me, no need to be nervous.

JODIE
I watched some videos, online...
everyone says it really doesn't
hurt. Is that true?

LEO
Most you feel is a small pinch when
we insert the switches. Don't
worry, I'll walk you through
everything. And when the flip
happens, you won't even know.

Which is meant to be comforting, but is oddly disconcerting.

She notices that right behind his ear, there's a SMALL
DEPRESSED AREA WITH A TINY HOLE IN THE CENTER.

INT. "FLIP" ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Where the procedure takes place. Similar to what we saw in
that commercial. Spa vibe with a sleek tech influence.

Soft lighting. Decor is modern, luxury, minimalist.
Computers, screens, data readouts. State-of-the-art ECG and
EEG machines. All streamlined and connected to --

A RECLINING CHAIR. Stylish, hi-tech. Winged headrest.

LEO

This is what we call a "Flip" room.

Jodie stares at the chair. Then notices ONE WALL of the room is FROSTED GLASS, with a door. Through the frost, she can make out the SHAPE of another chair with SOMEONE in it.

JODIE

Is that... Shelby?

LEO

Mrs Devereaux is all prepped and ready for the share.

He motions to a SMALL LOCKER.

LEO

Here you can store any personal items you don't want your timesharer to have access to.

Jodie puts her purse and phone in the locker. Lingers over her WEDDING RING a moment -- then takes it off and stores it.

Leo gestures to the reclining chair. As Jodie sits --

MULTIPLE SCREENS come alive, monitoring her VITALS --

An ECG readout ZIGZAGS to life in a single line, with a SOFT, RHYTHMIC BEEP. Multiple lines of an EEG readout also ZIGZAG. BLOOD PRESSURE, OXYGEN, RESPIRATION, TEMP, all on screens.

Jodie marvels at how sitting in the chair produced all that.

LEO

Wonderful, isn't it? No need for pads, needles. Anything invasive.

He wheels over a small cart with two SWITCHES -- the SMALL CIRCULAR DEVICES. They're individually wrapped, sanitized.

JODIE

(off the switches)

Except those?

He smiles again as he picks one up. Unwraps, holds it by the edges. It's about a quarter of an inch in thickness.

LEO

Minimally invasive. The pinch I mentioned. One switch goes just behind each ear, of both the timesharee and timesharer.

He DOUBLE-TAPS the top flat side of the switch -- from the underside a SMALL NEEDLE pops out, about half an inch long.

LEO

A tiny transmitter that accesses a region, between the cerebellum and the temporal lobe. Enabling us to cast one person's consciousness into another's body.

JODIE

And it doesn't leave any kind of lasting scar, right?

LEO

Not at all. After the rental period ends, switches are removed and you'll have residual markings there that fully heal--

JODIE

How long?

LEO

It depends. The more you timeshare, more permanent it becomes...

Shows her the little depressed area and hole behind his ear.

JODIE

You do it a lot?

LEO

Perk of the job. But if you're one and done, be gone in a few weeks.

(off her pierced ears)

Think of it like a piercing. Less painful even. If you were to no longer wear your earrings, the piercings would eventually close and heal.

He DOUBLE-TAPS the switch again -- the needle RETRACTS.

LEO

May I?

She nods. Lifts her hair. He gently presses the switch to her skin, behind her ear. DOUBLE-TAPS it --

She WINCES, then feels nothing. He releases, switch stays.

LEO

Okay?

JODIE

Yeah, fine.

Leo looks over at the EEG readout -- two of the lines in the middle are now slightly more ACTIVE than the others.

He circles. Applies the second switch behind her other ear.

Again, she WINCES slightly, but even less so this time.

He retrieves a tablet. Checks readings. Keys commands -- the chair SOFTLY RECLINES until she's almost horizontal.

LEO

Now, we transmit delta waves via the switches to invoke a deep sleep, without the need for any aesthetic.

JODIE

And then Shelby's in my body? And her body...

(gestures to the other room)

Just stays in there? Unconscious?

LEO

Until she returns in yours.

(then)

Are you ready to "flip the switch", Jodie? Or do you have any other questions or concerns beforehand?

JODIE

No. No, I guess not. I guess I'll...
uhhh, see you in the morning?

Leo nods and drags his finger across the tablet --

Jodie's eyelids fall, as she drifts off to sleep.

EXT. ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE TIMESHARE HUB - NIGHT

Mike is hovering. Keenly and anxiously watching the building. Suddenly -- his stomach DROPS as he sees --

Jodie and Sean come out. Holding hands. Chatting. Of course, it's Shelby in Jodie's body. So let's call her JODIE-SHELBY.

But all Mike sees is Jodie. His mind and gut somersaulting as he watches them kiss. Which quickly becomes deep, passionate.

They stop as a car arrives to pick them up --

Shit. Mike grabs his phone. Opening Uber -- glances up --

Jodie-Shelby is in the car, Sean about to get in, but he stops, glances in Mike's direction.

Fuck. Mike jumps back into the shadows of the alley. Watches Sean get in the car. Mike's frozen. *Did Sean see him?*

Before he realizes what's happening, the car is gone.

Mike hurries from the alley. But it's disappeared in traffic.

ANOTHER UBER arrives. Although Mike's lost track of Sean and Jodie-Shelby now. Has no idea where they went.

INT. "FLIP" ROOM. TIMESHARE HUB - NEXT MORNING

Jodie's eyes slowly blink open, as if coming out of a deep sleep. She's back in her body.

Leo beside her with a smile, as the chair raises.

LEO
Morning, Jodie. Welcome back.

She gathers herself, groggy. Seeing DAYLIGHT as BLINDS OPEN.

JODIE
Hmmm? It's... it's over? Already?

LEO
Yes, it was a very successful flip.
(offers a cup of liquid)
Sip slowly. It's an electrolyte blend
that helps rebalance your nerves,
muscles, hydrates the body.

JODIE
Hmmm... I feel like... I just...

LEO
Had a very deep and relaxing sleep?

She nods. Sips the drink. He smiles.

LEO
Sit still for one more moment.

He circles around -- DOUBLE-TAPS and removes each switch.

She feels back there -- a small depressed area, a tiny hole.

He hands her an ENVELOPE.

LEO
Mr Devereaux left this for you.
(then, leaving)
Please take your time.

Jodie opens the envelope. A THANK YOU card. Written inside:

Check your account. Thank you. I really mean that. S.

She drags herself up. To the locker. To her phone. Logs into a BANKING APP -- and GASPS as she glimpses:

DIRECT DEPOSIT RECEIVED: 7,000,000.00

INT. CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

Heading home. Jodie still in shock. Not sure what to think, how to *be*. Glances out the window. At the city. People.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

She comes in to silence.

JODIE
Hello? Mike?

No response. She looks for him. Not here. Odd. *Disappointing.*

She sends him a TEXT: **Hey I'm home. Where are you?** No immediate reply comes back.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She checks herself over. All seems to be fine. Examines the markings, "piercings", where the switches were.

IN THE SHOWER

Letting the hot water wash over her. Checks her body again. Everything is... *in order*. The same. Slowly, she smiles.

Then hears the FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jodie comes through in a robe, finding Mike home --

JODIE
Hey, where were you?

His eyes go to her robe -- which is open, a naked sliver of her damp chest drawing his eyes.

He shows her a paper bag of sandwiches, take-out coffee too.

MIKE

I went for breakfast. Coffee. When
d'you get home?

JODIE

Um, not long ago.

He nods. Then, hesitant, awkward --

MIKE

D'you... get the money?

She nods. He tries not to exhale with relief *too* heavily. She watches as he unwraps and plates the sandwiches.

JODIE

(smiles, tries to be funny)
So? What did you do last night?

He thinks. *Did Sean tell her what he saw? Did Sean see him?*

MIKE

Just... hung out here.

They eat in silence. Neither sure what to say. Until --

JODIE

Let's make a deal, to never discuss
last night again. Okay? That's it.
Over. What's done is done. Deal?

MIKE

Okay. Deal. Yeah.

JODIE

Good. 'Cause it's time to celebrate!

INT. A VERY EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A mill turned into a restaurant that looks like a modern art gallery. Jodie and Mike dressed up, excited. To a **SERVER** --

MIKE

(jokey English accent)
A bottle of your finest champagne.

JODIE
 (copying his accent)
 And a bottle of your finest red.

Server nods and heads off.

MIKE
 Always wanted to say that.

JODIE
 Why in an English accent?

MIKE
 (jokey English accent)
 I have no idea.

They laugh.

MIKE
 Okay. This is it, right? Tonight.
 One big splurge. Then, sensible.

JODIE
 Right.
 (looking at the menu)
 My God. Hudson Valley trout with
 Vietnamese chimichurri. Coal-
 roasted dayboat scallops with green
 garlic butter. Ramps. Agretti!
 (gasps)
 Warm mochi donuts with coffee
 cream! Oh, oh, carrot cake with
malted cream cheese! Daaaaamn. I
 want one of everything.

MIKE
 (jokey English accent)
 One of everything!

And off they laughing --

INT. LAVISH HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

They tumble in, drunk, kissing. She starts to remove her
 clothes -- but he stops her, looks at her --

QUICK CUT TO:

Jodie and Sean naked. Having very sensual sex.

BACK TO NOW:

Mike tries to shut that out. Kisses her. Pushes her onto the bed. Quickly hikes up her skirt, pulls off her underwear, unzips his pants and --

QUICK CUT TO:

Jodie and Sean having even more incredible, passionate sex. Faces very close. Eyes locked.

BACK TO NOW:

Mike pauses, thinking. He flips her over --

JODIE

Oh, um...

She doesn't like it as much, but doesn't want to stop him.

He thrusts from behind and she MOANS, he THRUSTS faster and harder -- too hard for her, too aggressive. She wants to say something, almost does -- but goes with it.

NEXT MORNING

Sprawled in the hotel bed. Jodie still asleep, as Mike stirs, groggy. He stares at her. She's on her side, back to him.

He carefully pulls away the sheet. She's only wearing underwear. His eyes scour her otherwise naked body.

His jaw tightens. Reaches out a hand, hovers over her skin --

QUICK CUT TO:

Jodie, naked. On her front. Looking over her shoulder, coy, playful -- at Sean, as he places a hand on her naked back. Runs it down and around, between her legs. Jodie MOANS and --

BACK TO NOW:

He fights to shut it out. Clenches his hand into a fist -- tight, trembling, just hovering above her skin.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Jodie on her laptop. Hits RETURN with some grandeur.

JODIE

Boom! Thank you very much, student loans, goodbye!

She beams. Feeling good. Looks at Mike, who's staring at her, mind elsewhere. Then he realizes, smiles back.

INT. HIGH END BROOKLYN RESTAURANT - DAY

Jodie hands in her uniform to the **MANAGER**.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE RESTAURANT - DAY

With her friend Kelly, the line cook.

KELLY

So?! How's it feel?!

JODIE

Good. A bit weird. Not physically, or because of that. I'm actually fine with the physical, the sex of it. But... I guess it's just made me think about... *me*, who *I* am, my life. Is that weird?

KELLY

(stares at her, then --)
I meant how does the *money* feel!

JODIE

Oh! Ha. Yeah, amazing!

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE. ONE BODY - DAY

MIKE

(to Jacob)
Settle up everything, dude. Taxes, rent. Right the ship.

A BIT LATER

Mike alone now. Chewing something over. A nagging thought pulling his brain somewhere. He tries to dismiss it.

But can't. Turns to his laptop. Googles: **Sean Devereaux**

A slew of results come up. Mike digests them one by one.

LATER

Somewhere deep in the recess of the internet he's found a PHOTO OF JODIE AND SEAN. 15 or so years ago. Happy, at a bar.

He studies every facet of it, their faces, body language.
She's biting his ear. His hand is gripping her thigh.

His stomach twists and turns a bit at the sight of them.

EXT. STEPS OF A NICE BROWNSTONE - DAY

Mike watches Jodie talking. So focused on her movements, her body, her face -- he's startled as she taps him.

JODIE

Hey? You okay?

Before he can answer, a **PUNK ROCK DUDE** (50s, but trying to cling to his youth) comes bustling up, with a folder, keys --

PUNK ROCK DUDE

Hihi, so sorry I'm late...

But they don't recognize him.

JODIE

Um... hello?

PUNK ROCK DUDE

(realizing, off "his" face)

Oh! Yes! Jodie, it's me!

JODIE

Victoria??

PUNK ROCK DUDE

Yes! I'm in a timeshare. This all happened so last minute I forgot to tell you! I'm in Denver. My son's touring DU. My wife had a work thing, couldn't take him. Company expenses timeshare for emergencies.

(off the body)

I know. This was all they had.

Anyway, shall we?

INT. BROWNSTONE - A BIT LATER

Being given the tour by **PUNK ROCK DUDE-REALTOR**.

JODIE

My God, it's perfect!

PUNK ROCK DUDE-REALTOR
 The owners's open to rent-to-buy. I
 can get you a great deal *and* get you
 in asap.

Mike's hanging back, distracted. Staring at the switches Punk Rock Dude-Realtor is wearing behind his ears.

JODIE
 Mike?

He looks at her. She's smiling, questioning nod: *should we do it?* Off his blank reaction, her smile fades, disheartened.

JODIE
 Or if you don't love it, we can
 keep looking...

He surveys the place. Almost like he's keeping her guessing on purpose. Finally, he smiles, nods. Jodie's thrilled.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S APARTMENT - A FEW DAYS LATER

Moving boxes everywhere. Some packed. Most still empty.

Mike's on a yoga mat amongst it all. Trying to focus. Down dog, to plank, to high cobra. Holding it when --

He spots a box in the corner labelled: **JODIE COLLEGE**

Tries to ignore it. Breathes. Side plank. Holding. Eyes land on the box again. Distracts him and he falls. Curses.

MOMENTS LATER

He has the box on the table. It's taped closed. FRESH TAPE.

He carefully tugs at the tape, delicately peels it back and off, FREEING THE BOX. About to open it when --

His phone RINGS. **JODIE CALLING**. He pauses. *Shit*. Ignores it.

Opens the box. Peers inside. There are papers, fliers, a ribbon. And buried deep... an envelope. Not sealed.

He opens it and -- his stomach drops.

PHOTOS. Couple dozen. JODIE AND SEAN. 15 or so years younger.

First one is them at a lake. Selfie taken by Sean. He's GRINNING. Jodie's KISSING his cheek. Vibrant. In love.

Second one, Jodie and Sean at a HOUSE PARTY. Drinking.

Third, just Sean. Shirtless. Flexing comedically.

Mike's stomach drops further. Jaw clenching.

Fourth, Sean again. Fully naked. Standing on a bed. Looking down at Jodie taking the pic.

Fifth, Jodie. Kinky black lingerie and leather strap heels.

Mike breathes. Flicks through the rest -- which we don't see. But now he's sickened and completely unravelling.

His phone RINGS again. **JODIE CALLING**. He stares at it.

INT. VACANT RESTAURANT SPACE - DAY

FOR RENT sign in the window. Space is small, needs work.

Jodie's excited. Here with her **REALTOR** (50s), back in her body. A bold, exuberant woman. Heavy jewelry and flair.

The door JANGLES open and Mike hurries in, out of breath. Seems to avoid any eye contact with Jodie.

JODIE
There you are!

MIKE
Sorry. Subway.

JODIE
(excited, off the space)
Well? What d'you think??

He looks at her now and --

QUICK CUT TO:

She's on a bed, in the lingerie from that photo. With Sean.

BACK TO NOW:

MIKE
Uhhh... huh... uhhh, huh. I dunno, look, I think we need to chill on the restaurant.

JODIE
What?

MIKE

Yeah. Just for now. Let's focus on moving, get settled. This could hemorrhage a lot of money. I mean, you're trying to run before you can walk here. Don't you think?

She regards him. He can tell she's upset, but says nothing.

JODIE

Right. Yeah. If you think so, yeah.

He smiles, nods. And she smiles back, while withering inside.

INT. BEDROOM. JODIE & MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Jodie's sleeping. Mike's awake. Peers over at her. Then at her LAPTOP on her bedside table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In the dark, surrounded by boxes. Mike opens her laptop. Snooping. Digging through her files. Photos. Email.

And then -- BROWSER HISTORY. The first dozen seem innocent. Bank. Real estate. Etc. He clicks SHOW ALL HISTORY. Scrolls through the last couple weeks, the last month --

Stops. Sees a bunch of listings related to **Sean Devereaux**.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Jodie's actually awake. Staring at the ceiling. Feeling a bit lost, dejected. Has an idea. Gets her phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Mike finds about twenty browser listings, all related to **Timeshare**. He clicks on one --

The same STUDIO NEWS INTERVIEW that Jodie watched earlier.

INTERVIEWER

Joining me is Frederik Österlund, CEO of Timeshare. I'd like to cut straight to a pressing issue: black market, illegal versions of Timeshare technology--

ÖSTERLUND

Let me interject, if I may. Nothing on the black market is *Timeshare* technology. Timeshare flips, using our proprietary tech, only happen *inside* our licensed and regulated facilities. Anything *outside* our facilities is unlicensed, not associated with us--

INTERVIEWER

But there has been a recent surge of unlicensed technology that used yours as a stepping stone. Which people can acquire, albeit illegally, and use to share bodies *outside* any kind of facility, *without* regulation. As the company that pioneered the technology, isn't there some culpability?

ÖSTERLUND

Whenever there's any kind of big technological step forward, crime isn't far behind, right? History shows us that. Which, of course, I'm not condoning, and fully support stringent policing of, but should that prevent us from innovating? Do we hold inventors of the Internet responsible for every cyber crime?

Mike chews this over.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Jodie's on a **TIMESHARE APP**. Curious. Scrolling through HEADSHOTS of WOMEN. Profiles of **AVAILABLE TIMESHARES**. She lands on one in particular and lets out a quiet gasp --

An **ITALIAN WOMAN** (50s). Bold, confident, vibrant. In her profile, it states her location: **Naples, Italy**

Jodie's eyes light up. Heart beats fast. Thinking. Dreaming.

EXT. TIMESHARE HUB. BROOKLYN - MORNING

Different one than before. Same vibe. Jodie going inside.

EXT. RESTAURANT IN A PIAZZA. NAPLES, ITALY - DAY

Jodie is in Italian Woman's body. So, ITALIAN WOMAN-JODIE.

She's alone at an outdoor table. Sipping wine. Enjoying the warm sun. The beautiful location. People around her. Couple on a date. Parents with kids. Older couple having lunch.

A **SERVER** brings her an exquisite pizza. Gooey, cheesy, charred bubble crust. She smiles "thanks".

Admires the pizza. Takes a bite and moans. In absolute heaven. Savors another bite and the world around her.

She looks at the ITALIAN WOMAN'S REFLECTION in the restaurant window. Smiles. Uplifted, happy.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S NEW BROWNSTONE - DAY

They're moving in. Boxes everywhere. Mike shows **MOVERS** out.

Jodie (back in her body) **POPS** open a bottle of champagne.

JODIE

Heyyyyyyy!

Pours into the two tumblers. Raises hers --

JODIE

To us. A new home. New start. I know... how we got here was a bit... *unexpected*. But what's important is, we got here. And I love you. More than anything. I hope you know that.

Seeing her (happy) teary eyes, his heart is heavy with love and guilt. Tries to shake off his insecurities.

MIKE

I love you too. And... shit, I'm sorry. I know I've been *off* lately.
(exhales)
You're right. This is it, you and me.

She smiles and they clink. Sip.

JODIE

So... wanna try out the bedroom?

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hot and heavy. Mike kissing her neck, her chest, shuts his eyes -- pauses. Looks down, annoyed.

JODIE
Everything okay?

MIKE
Mmm-hmm.

JODIE
Maybe I can help?

Her hand goes to his groin. Massaging him. Kissing heavier. Hand moving faster. Faster. She stops.

JODIE
Sure everything's okay?

MIKE
Yeah.

He tries with *his* hand. Moving faster, harder, aggressive. Looks her in the eyes -- and it's over. He pulls away.

JODIE
Okay, it's okay.

MIKE
Sorry.

JODIE
(trying to be funny)
Not like it hasn't happened before.

But the joke doesn't land.

MIKE
Yep.

He's up -- pulling clothes on --

JODIE
Sorry, that was...

MIKE
It's fine.

JODIE
Hey, come on.

MIKE
 (snaps)
It's fine. Gonna go unpack.

And he's out. Leaving Jodie there, despondent, pensive.

INT. BATHROOM - A BIT LATER

She's sitting in here, on her phone. On the Timeshare App. That same Italian Woman's profile. Checking her availability.

EXT. STREETS. NAPLES, ITALY - DAY

Italian Woman-Jodie strolls the eclectic city. Breathing it all in. Arrives at a small hole in the wall restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - A BIT LATER

Tiny, humble. A few tables. Italian Woman-Jodie is the only customer, sitting at a bar that's open to the kitchen.

The **YOUNG CHEF** (and owner) serves her a bowl of pasta that looks like it belongs in a fine dining place. She tastes it and is blown away.

ITALIAN WOMAN-JODIE
 That's... mmmm. My God...
 (another bite)
 I've never had anything like it.
 The delicacy of the pasta, salt of
 the cheese, earthiness of the
 mushrooms. The vibrancy of the
 sauce brings it all together.

She looks around at the empty restaurant. Back at him.

ITALIAN WOMAN-JODIE
 If... soon hopefully, I get a
 restaurant together in New York,
 would you consider coming and being
 my head chef?

EXT. TIMESHARE HUB. BROOKLYN - DAY

Jodie (back in her body) leaving, as her phone DINGS --

A TEXT from Sean: **Hey. Can I buy you lunch this week?**

Huh. She's surprised. Curious. Starts to type a reply.

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE. ONE BODY - DAY

Mike looks a little disheveled, wild eyed. Like he hasn't slept. He's alone. Lost in thought. Blinks. Surveys the office. Goes to the glass wall. Stares down at the studio.

Jacob comes in. Regards him for a long moment, concerned.

JACOB

Mike. You okay?

Mike looks at him, contemplative.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Jodie comes home and finds Mike on the couch, playing video games, on a huge TV and gaming system.

JODIE

Hey... what's this?

MIKE

Cool, right? Always wanted one.

JODIE

You're not... at work?

MIKE

I sold it. To Jacob.

She's taken aback. Wondering if she heard that correctly.

JODIE

Sorry, what?

MIKE

The business. I sold it.

JODIE

What? You *sold* it??

MIKE

To Jacob.

JODIE

(annoyed re: the loud game)
Mike, please...?

He grunts. Pauses the game. Looks at her.

JODIE

You didn't wanna discuss it first??

MIKE

You said, when we had the money I could do whatever I wanted.

JODIE

I thought *One Body* was what you wanted. I thought you loved it.

MIKE

Not really. Not anymore.

JODIE

Your parents took out a second mortgage to help keep it going.

Which he takes as a dig. Snaps at her.

MIKE

And I paid them back. *With* interest.

JODIE

Every spare dollar we've had, for years, went to keeping it going.

MIKE

Oh. So my fault, *again*, you don't have your restaurant?

JODIE

I didn't say that...

MIKE

(*you didn't have to*)
No...

He returns to playing the game.

JODIE

So... what are you gonna do?

MIKE

This for right now. Think I'm owed a little chill time, don't you?

JODIE

Okay... I guess... if you think so.

She quietly leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - A BIT LATER

Mike slinks in. Peers through an AJAR DOOR to the EN-SUITE. Where Jodie's showering. He watches her under the water.

Finds her phone. Snoops in RECENT CALLS. Then MESSAGES --

And his STOMACH DROPS -- he's found the Sean thread...

Sean: Hey. Can I buy you lunch this week?

Jodie: Sure would love that. Mike and Shelby?

Sean: Just you and me. Free Thurs? Balthazar at noon?

Jodie: Yeah Thurs works!

Mike simmers. Looks back to Jodie in the shower and --

QUICK CUT TO:

Jodie and Sean in a shower, kissing, groping. Sean presses her against the wall. He's aggressive, she likes it.

BACK TO NOW:

Mike watching her. Quietly seething. Then, glancing back at her phone he notices: the Timeshare App. Weird.

He opens it, but it wants a username and password, which he doesn't know. But this gives him an idea.

EXT. TIMESHARE HUB. BROOKLYN - DAY

The same one Jodie went to.

INT. LOBBY. TIMESHARE HUB - SAME

Mike on his phone. Flicking through HEADSHOTS of MEN and their PROFILES. AVAILABLE TIMESHARES. Lands on one he likes --

A **BEARDED MAN** (30s). Handsome, hip, facial hair short and trim. Basically a better looking version of Mike.

INT. BALTHAZAR - DAY

Hip French bistro. Jodie coming in, spots Sean at a TABLE. He stands, waves. She smiles. Makes her way over, passing --

ANOTHER TABLE

Where **BEARDED MAN** sits alone. Switches behind ears. Mike is in his body. So, BEARDED MAN-MIKE. He spies them greet each other. Hugging. But *shit*, can't hear what they're saying.

JODIE & SEAN'S TABLE

JODIE
How are you?

SEAN
Good as can be.

BEARDED MAN-MIKE'S TABLE

Subtly watching them. A **BUSSER** clears the next table. Bearded Man-Mike is annoyed, cranes his neck to see --

JODIE & SEAN'S TABLE

JODIE
Right. Sorry, dumb question.

SEAN
(waves it off)
How are you?

She pauses, a breath, thinking -- as she does, Bearded Man-Mike catches her eye, looking right at her.

BEARDED MAN-MIKE'S TABLE

Shit. He feigns like he's looking for someone else.

JODIE & SEAN'S TABLE

SEAN
Jodie?

JODIE
Hmm. Good. *Really* good.

But he knows her well enough, even now, to know she's lying.

JODIE
Always loved this place. The
macaroni au gratin's to die for.

He nods and smiles, remembering.

BEARDED MAN-MIKE'S TABLE

The **HOST** sits a **COUPLE** at the next table, in his line of sight, blocking his view of Jodie and Sean.

He stands -- straining to see -- it makes him MORE VISIBLE --

As Sean glances up -- Bearded Man-Mike ducks down -- *was he seen?* -- then remembers: *they don't know it's him.*

He continues trying to see, but can't. Spots the RESTROOM, near their table. He can walk right past them on the way.

JODIE & SEAN'S TABLE

JODIE

So, what's this for? This lunch?

She spots Bearded Man-Mike again. Coming by, on his way to the restroom. Their eyes meet. Jodie gives a polite smile.

He doesn't. His heart POUNDS. *Does she know it's him? No, not possible.* He looks away, continuing past, hearing --

SEAN

Something I wanna talk to you about.

That's all Bearded Man-Mike can hear without being obvious.

INT. RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bearded Man-Mike at the sink. Staring at this strange face in the mirror. He's mentally spiraling.

INT. JODIE & SEAN'S TABLE IN THE DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jodie is absorbing something. Turning it over in her mind.

Bearded Man-Mike comes from behind, heading back to his table, passing by as slowly as he can to hear --

JODIE

I don't know how Mike would feel.

SEAN

Does that really matter? It's *your* life, Jodie.

And that's all Bearded Man-Mike gets, but it's enough to cause him to spiral even further as --

BEARDED MAN-MIKE'S TABLE

He sits. Silently cursing the Couple blocking his view.

JODIE & SEAN'S TABLE

JODIE

It's just, I don't think he's taken this whole thing well. He says he's fine... but I can tell...

(then)

Couple years ago, I... we weren't in a great place, Mike and I. There was this guy, at work, a different place than I'm at now. One night, after our shift, we went for drinks, I drank too much and...

SEAN

You cheated?

JODIE

Mmm-hmm.

BEARDED MAN-MIKE'S TABLE

He's had enough of not being able to see. Scans the room. Sees the BAR. An empty stool. Would give him line of sight.

JODIE & SEAN'S TABLE

JODIE

I'm not proud of it. It was... a drunken fumble that turned into a quick... I don't know, a quick need for *something*. Only happened once. And I felt sick about it. I told Mike right away. It was totally just physical. But I think that maybe bothered him more.

(then)

For months he like, went inward. Spiraled about it. Dwelled on it. I quit that job. Got another. Offered to go to therapy. He said no. Offered to move out. He said no. I even offered to tell him everything that happened. The details. He got mad. I walked on eggshells. Until one day, we got into it and I told him. Every detail. A few days later, he was sort of... okay. Said he was over it. But... I don't know if he ever really has been.

SEAN
Let me ask you this...

AT THE BAR

Bearded Man-Mike sitting here now. Line of sight back.

JODIE & SEAN'S TABLE

SEAN
Are you *still* walking on eggshells?
She looks at him. Doesn't answer. Which *is* an answer.

SEAN
Because that's not fair. That's
living your life for someone else.
Jodie ponders that.

SEAN
Okay. If it'll help, help you, him,
help *us*, move forward... I'll tell
you. What we did that night. With
your body. Every detail.

JODIE
I'm not sure if I *wanna* know.

SEAN
(grins)
Like our drunk weekend in Chicago?

JODIE
(laughs)
Ahh! My God! So embarrassing. Those
photos!

Sean joins in laughing at the shared memory.

AT THE BAR

Bearded Man-Mike's sees them laughing. His stomach churns.
What are they laughing about? Are they laughing at him?

Then, Sean seems to become serious, leans in. Jodie listens.

Bearded Man-Mike is desperately trying to read their lips,
but can't. And it's killing him.

EXT. STREET. SOHO - LATER

SEAN
 (climbing into a car)
 Sure I can't give you a ride?

JODIE
 I wanna walk awhile. Think about it.
 About everything.

SEAN
 Please do.

As the car whisks him away --

Jodie turns, walks. Deep in thought. Catches her REFLECTION
 in a STORE FRONT -- stops. Steps closer. Staring at herself.

Takes out her phone. Opens the Timeshare App, when --

The phone RINGS. **MIKE CALLING**. Her face darkens. She
 considers it a moment. Then --

EXT. AT THE RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - SAME

Bearded Man-Mike on his phone, watching Jodie put hers away.

JODIE (VOICEMAIL GREETING/OVER PHONE)
 Hey, it's Jodie. Leave a message.

He hangs up. Angry. Spirals even further.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Mike (back in his body) is drinking. Playing a HAND-TO-HAND
 COMBAT VIDEO GAME. PUMMELS his opponent into submission as --

The FRONT DOOR OPENS, Jodie arriving home --

JODIE
 Oh. Hey.

MIKE
Hey.

She feels tension, not sure why, about to go when he makes a
 show of pausing the game.

MIKE
 So? How was lunch?

JODIE
What?

MIKE
Lunch. With Sean.

She reels. Caught. And also *confused*.

JODIE
How d'you know about that?

MIKE
Why didn't you *tell* me about that?

JODIE
(realizing)
Did you... go through my phone??

MIKE
I wouldn't have to if you didn't
lie to me.

JODIE
I didn't *lie* to you.

MIKE
Like last time?

A gut punch. She's hurt. Angry.

JODIE
I didn't *lie*!

MIKE
Okay, you need to chill it back.
We're just talking, you're starting
to get how you get.

Which infuriates her. She wants to explode, but doesn't.

MIKE
And maybe you didn't *lie* lie, but
you *cheated*.

JODIE
And you'll never let me forget it,
will you? Even though you say we're
past it.

MIKE
How can I? Look at what you're
doing.

JODIE
What I'm *doing*?

MIKE
What you did.

JODIE
(losing it now)
You mean saved you from fucking
bankruptcy?!

MIKE
Hey--

JODIE
Got us this fucking house! *And* we
had a deal, remember? To never
bring it up again!

MIKE
That went out the window when
you're running off having secret
lunches. Giggling at every fucking
thing he says.

A realization dawns on her.

JODIE
Were you... *there??* *Spying* on me??

Grabs him -- sees markings from recent timeshare switches.

JODIE
(putting it together)
The guy! With the beard!

MIKE
Who you *smiled* at.

JODIE
Are you fucking serious?

She stares at him. Really hurt now. And furious.

JODIE
Sean offered to invest. In the
restaurant.

MIKE
What??

JODIE
Yeah. So I don't have to "hemorrhage"
all the fucking money *I* earned.

That stings Mike. Angers him.

MIKE

And?? What d'you say?

JODIE

That I had to talk to you.

MIKE

And when were you gonna do that?

She's livid. Starts to go.

MIKE

Did he tell you?

JODIE

(stops)

Tell me what??

MIKE

What happened. That night. Exactly.
The details.

JODIE

(glares at him, then lies)

No, he didn't tell me.

MIKE

Well, you can take the investment
only if he tells. What he *did*.

She's never been so angry. But is it at him or herself?

JODIE

D'you wanna know the *real* reason we
broke up?

MIKE

Ah! So you *lied*. It wasn't "we just
grew apart".

JODIE

He was *controlling*. Yeah. He loved
to act like the *nice* guy. The *caring*
guy. But it was there. In the looks.
Things he said. Way he treated me,
when people weren't watching. Veiled
threats and fucking ultimatums.

He simmers. Hating the comparison she's trying to make.

MIKE

Then you're more pathetic than I thought.

She stops, can't look at him.

MIKE

Letting him *use* you. *Control* you. *Again*.

Tears in her eyes now. She goes to say something -- stops. Wondering if maybe he's right. *What is she doing??* And she's sickened by that thought. She leaves, getting away.

Mike alone now. Seething. Processing. An idea forming.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jodie getting ready for bed. Stops. Regards her gold geometric bracelet. Very emotional, spinning out.

Then she becomes ANGRY. She's shaking with fury. Takes a breath. Grabs her phone. Opens the Timeshare App. Pulls up the Italian Woman's profile -- pauses, tears in her eyes now.

She EXPLODES with rage -- hurls the phone across the room.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Shelby at a table, typing on her phone, busy and engrossed.

MIKE (O.S.)

Shelby?

She sees him, with a coffee.

SHELBY

Mike. Hi.

MIKE

Funny running into you. Mind if I join?

(sits)

How are you? How's Sean?

SHELBY

Good.

(off her phone)

Sorry, I'm...

MIKE

What Jodie did helped?

She smiles, doesn't want to go there. He smiles back.

MIKE

Right!

He makes a "lips sealed" motion, drawing thumb and forefinger from one side of his mouth to the other.

SHELBY

(regards him)

Does it bother you? It does,
doesn't it? More than it does her.
Which bothers you even more.

MIKE

I mean, hey, for all I know it was
total bullshit, right?

SHELBY

Meaning?

MIKE

A bullshit excuse for some kinda
threesome.

Which disturbs her. He laughs it off. She stands to go and he quickly stands, blocking her --

MIKE

That wasn't a no.

SHELBY

Excuse me.

MIKE

I just wanna know. The details.

SHELBY

This is disgusting. What you're
doing. You know that, right?

He's taken aback, stares at her, absorbing that.

SHELBY

If you can't get past it, have
Jodie take it up with Sean.

MIKE

She won't.

SHELBY

Then you need to respect that and
learn to live with it. Or don't.

She moves past, heading out. He watches her go. Contemplating her words. *Maybe she's right.*

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jodie is staring across what seems like a gaping void between her and the VACANT RESTAURANT she toured. She's watching **ANOTHER REALTOR** show a **YOUNG COUPLE** the space.

It's causing her to simmer with anger, sadness, resentment.

She gets a TEXT from Mike: **I'm sorry. Can you come home so we can talk? I love you.**

After pondering it, she walks away from the restaurant.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - EVENING

Jodie arrives home. Hears soft music.

INT. DINING ROOM, OPEN TO THE KITCHEN - NEXT MOMENT

Mike setting the table for two. A romantic dinner. Candles. Music. He sees her. Swallows. Face heavy with contrition.

MIKE

I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry.
I'm an asshole. I said horrible things. Really shitty things. I just... love you so much. *Too much*, I think sometimes. And... this thing got in my head. What I said, about Sean, you letting him use and control you. That wasn't right, I was wrong.

Jodie wonders. *Was he right? Or not?* She's so turned around.

MIKE

I don't expect you to forgive me yet. You have every right to be pissed as long as you want. But I'm hoping...
(off the table)

I made pasta. Truffles. The lot. I got a couple nice bottles of vino. I thought we could try a reset? Right here and now. Make that deal again. And tomorrow, everything's different. We move on with our lives. In a positive way. What d'you think?

She's conflicted. He offers a pleading half smile.

JODIE

This is it. From this point on...

MIKE

Things'll be different, I promise.

She considers that. A half smile. A nod. *Okay.* He smiles.

MIKE

(jokey English accent)

Allow me to bring you an aperitif,
madam.

As she sits, he bustles off to the kitchen.

MIKE (O.S.)

I got a little chilled orange to
start. Then onto the reds.

She listens to him CLANKING in the fridge. In the cupboard.
Pouring wine. She's thinking. Torn. *Is she making a mistake?*
Looks at the FRONT DOOR. *Should she go, walk out right now?*

But he comes back with wine. Hands her one, raises to toast.

MIKE

To putting the past behind us?

She nods, contemplating those words. They clink and she
drinks her wine, ruminating.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Jodie staring in the mirror. Pensive. Anxious. Takes a heavy
swig from a glass of wine. Nods to herself.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jodie looks at Mike's face. He's sound asleep.

On her phone, screen cracked from throwing it the other day,
she writes a TEXT to Sean: **Can we meet? Tonight?**

EXT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Luxury, modern. Five star. Wealthy elite. Views no doubt
incredible. Car pulls up. A **FRIENDLY VALET** opens the door --

Jodie steps out, wearing the same BLACK DRESS from the timeshare night. She's nervous, but determined.

INT. LOBBY - NEXT MOMENT

Jodie crosses to the elevators.

INT. PENTHOUSE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator opens and Jodie steps into a small foyer. One door to the PENTHOUSE SUITE. She knocks. Waits. Anxious.

Sean opens the door. Smiles when he sees her.

EXT. BALCONY OFF THE PENTHOUSE SUITE - NEXT MOMENT

An outdoor oasis. Gas fire. Couches. Overlooking the park.

Jodie steps to the waist-high iron railing. Peers down at Manhattan, 36 stories below. Sean brings wine.

JODIE

Thanks.

SEAN

You're welcome.

He smiles at her. She smiles back.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL - NIGHT

The Friendly Valet nods to a passing Jogger. And now we realize, this is the same Valet and Jogger from our opening. We've seen this before.

This time, we stay with Friendly Valet, as a car pulls up.

Valet opens the door for the driver, who steps out as --

BAM!!!

THE BODY LANDS ON THE CAR ROOF -- OBLITERATING IT -- WINDOWS EXPLODE -- VALET AND DRIVER KNOCKED TO THE GROUND --

Valet's dazed. Can't see much beyond BLOOD, WARPED METAL, SHATTERED GLASS. Someone SCREAMS! Jogger running to help.

On the ground nearby --

JODIE'S GOLD GEOMETRIC BRACELET

Broken and stained with blood.

INT. KITCHEN. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - NEXT MORNING

Mike is scrambling eggs. Pours coffee from the pot.

MIKE
(calling upstairs)
Breakfast!

No response. He's confused, a little worried.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Jodie is in bed. Staring at the ceiling. Eyes raw, tired.

MIKE (O.S.)
Jodie?

Drags herself up. Body heavy. Head pounding. Rubs it as --

MIKE
(coming in)
Hey. You okay?

JODIE
Mmm-hmm.

MIKE
Hungry?

JODIE
Uh-uh. Need coffee.

MIKE
Want me to bring it?

JODIE
No, I'm up, I'm up.

Mike nods, leaving her. She staggers up. Ruminates.

INT. EN-SUITE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She rinses her face. Exhales. Stares in the mirror. At her eyes. Her body. Pajamas. Then at her hands.

And only now does she realize -- her gold geometric bracelet is gone. Shit.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jodie comes in, tentative. Eases onto a breakfast bar stool.

MIKE
Sure you're okay?

JODIE
Mmm-hmm.

He brings her a coffee. Regards her, concerned.

MIKE
Hangover seems worse than usual?

JODIE
Yeah.

MIKE
I guess we drank a fair amount in the end. And mixed stuff. Jeez. Wine before liquor, never been sicker. That's the saying, right?
(chuckles)
I mean, yeah, I just remember going to bed at some point, my head hitting the pillow and I was gone.
(then)
D'you remember going to bed?

JODIE
Uh-uh. How are you so chipper?

MIKE
Ugh, I felt like shit when I woke up. You were out still. So I hit the mat, burned it off.
(then)
Sure you don't want eggs?

JODIE
Hmmm. Maybe.

He serves up eggs, toast. Brings over two plates.

They sit and eat in silence. Jodie's staring into space, processing. Mike watches her, curious what she's thinking.

Doorbell *DINGS*. Then quickly *DING-DING-DING-DINGS*.

MIKE
Whoa.

JODIE
Who's that??

MIKE
Dunno. I'll see.

As he goes to answer the door --

She stares at her left wrist. Where the bracelet should be.

INT. AT THE FRONT DOOR - SAME

Mike opens it and reels. Stunned. Confused.

COPS ON THEIR DOORSTEP.

Detectives **HELEN GRAVES** (40s), looks like she slept in her jeans and shirt, gives no fucks. And **STUART VOSS** (30s), a number cruncher, suit and tie. And two **UNIFORM OFFICERS**.

GRAVES
(badging him)
Jodie Carlisle?

MIKE
(off the kitchen)
She's ummm...

Graves and Voss push past him into --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

GRAVES
Jodie Carlisle?

JODIE
Yes, what--

GRAVES
You're under arrest. For the murder
of Sean Devereaux.

Jodie stares at them. Looks at Mike. He's frozen, stunned.

Voss is already moving in -- pulling cuffs --

JODIE
No, no, no, wait--

Before she knows what's happening -- *CLICK-CLICK* -- Jodie's hands are cuffed behind her back.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1. NYPD PRECINCT - DAY

Small. No windows. Cameras up in two corners of the room.

Jodie sits at a table. Rubbing sore (now free) wrists.

Graves comes in, Voss behind her with file folders.

Jodie watches them as they sit opposite. As Voss carefully and methodically arranges three folders in front of them.

GRAVES

So, we know. About the arrangement.

Voss TAPS the first folder on her behalf.

GRAVES

The timeshare. The money. Figure... you thought everything would be fine, at first. But then... you couldn't live with it, could you? Couldn't let it go. Drove you to want some kind of revenge. For what he did. Recently... and *back then*.

(off Jodie's reaction)

Yes. We know about that too.

Voss TAPS the second folder.

GRAVES

So... you were sick, with regret, anger. You let this person back into your life. Into your *body*. I don't think you meant to do it. I think it all just got too much and you snapped. Did what you maybe wished you'd done years ago. That's what happened? See, you tell us everything, the truth, now, it goes a long way.

Jodie ponders all that. Then, leaning in --

JODIE

Lawyer.

Graves shrugs. Expected as much, but you can always hope.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - DAY

Mike in for questioning. No lawyer.

MIKE
We were both home.

GRAVES
When? What time?

MIKE
Um, well I was there all afternoon.

GRAVES
What time did Jodie get home?

MIKE
Around four or five-ish.

GRAVES
Which?

MIKE
Five. Five-thirty.

GRAVES
Do you know where she'd been?

MIKE
She didn't say.

GRAVES
You didn't ask?

MIKE
I... look, I fucked up, said some things. I was in the dog house. I was making dinner.

GRAVES
So you ate the dinner?

MIKE
Yeah. And... we had a lot to drink.

GRAVES
You both did?

MIKE
Well... I know *I* did.

GRAVES
You don't remember how much she drank?

MIKE
No, not exactly. I mean...

GRAVES

And then what?

MIKE

Like I said, I drank a bit. My memory's a little fuzzy. We ate. Talked. Then... I just remember us going to bed.

GRAVES

What time?

MIKE

Hard to say.

GRAVES

Try.

MIKE

Early. Ish. Maybe nine. Yeah nine-- actually no wait, I plugged my phone in... it was nine twenty-three.

Voss opens a folder. Consults some papers.

GRAVES

And you both went to bed then?

MIKE

Yeah.

GRAVES

You fell asleep right away?

MIKE

I think. My head hit the pillow and I was out. I was drunk... I'm a heavy sleeper anyway...

GRAVES

A heavy sleeper?

MIKE

Yeah.

GRAVES

So you don't wake easily?

MIKE

No.

GRAVES

So you can't say with one hundred percent certainty that she was with you, in the house, *all* night long?

MIKE

No... but I'm sure she was.

GRAVES

But you don't know.

MIKE

No.

GRAVES

It's possible she could've left?

MIKE

I guess... it's *possible*... but...

GRAVES

And the arrangement. The timeshare. How did she feel? Did she express any regrets?

MIKE

Not really.

GRAVES

Not *really*? So she *did*?

MIKE

No--

GRAVES

She said *something*.

MIKE

I mean... maybe.

GRAVES

What exactly did she say and when?

MIKE

I don't remember the exact words. Just...

GRAVES

What?

MIKE

How when they dated, Sean was very controlling.

GRAVES
What else?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - MOMENTS LATER

As Graves and Voss step out --

VOSS
His timeline matches phone records.
She texted Devereaux at twenty two
sixteen. Fifty three minutes for
him to fall asleep, her to leave.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

Jodie, tired and anxious, now has a lawyer with her. **RICK
BERENSON** (50s), suit, no tie, quiet confidence.

BERENSON
Detectives, I've advised my client
not to cooperate any further,
unless you produce actual evidence
as basis for these charges. And if
you can't produce evidence then I
insist she be released immediately.

GRAVES
A confession would go a long way.
I'm trying to help your client.

BERENSON
This is absurd. I'll be taking it
up with D.A.--

Voss opens a file folder --

Spreads PRINTED PHOTOS across the table. They're taken from
SECURITY CAMERAS at the CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. ALL OF JODIE.

She stares at them.

GRAVES
This is you, arriving at the hotel.
Approximately thirty minutes before
Mr Devereaux's death...

Voss points to a shot of Jodie crossing the lobby.

GRAVES
This is you arriving at Mr
Devereaux's suite...

Voss points to a shot of Jodie exiting the elevator. Another of Sean opening the door, letting her in.

GRAVES

This is you leaving...

Another one of Jodie coming out alone.

GRAVES

After you stabbed him in the throat
and pushed him off the roof...

Voss points to a horrific shot of SEAN'S BLOODY, MANGLED, LIFELESS BODY enmeshed with the warped car roof.

Jodie grimaces, looks away.

GRAVES

Prints on the knife...

Voss shows a photo of the knife. A sheet with FINGERPRINTS.

GRAVES

An exact match for yours...

And JODIE'S BOOKING FORM with her prints.

GRAVES

So... a confession, a remorseful
confession, will go a long with the
D.A., the judge. But really, it
doesn't matter to us.

Jodie's world comes apart. Head spinning. Heart racing.

She SLAMS a finger on the PHOTO OF HER ARRIVING AT THE HOTEL.

JODIE

That's not me.

GRAVES

Excuse me??

JODIE

It's not me! I never went there. I
didn't see Sean last night. I
didn't fucking do this!

BERENSON

Jodie--

JODIE

Someone's done this, with *my* body!

GRAVES

Why? How?

JODIE

How do you think?? Timeshare!

VOSS

(pulling paper)

We already checked all Timeshare facility logs. Logs of other companies.

GRAVES

There's no record of anyone sharing your body. We do have records of all the times you've rented a body recently.

BERENSON

That's not a crime, detective.

GRAVES

And besides... if someone used your body, you'd have to know they did. Making you an accomplice.

JODIE

No, no, that's not true! I saw... there's illegal versions of it. You know that! It's on the news.

BERENSON

Jodie...

GRAVES

So someone acquired illegal body sharing technology and used it to frame you for your ex-lover's murder?

JODIE

Ex-lover?? It was fucking years ago!

GRAVES

The night he used your body wasn't--

Jodie EXPLODES now -- RAGE coming out, on full display --

JODIE

This is bullshit! Fucking bullshit!! I DIDN'T KILL HIM!!

BERENSON

Jodie. I advise you to stop
talking. Right now.

Graves and Voss observe her temper. Smug.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - MOMENTS LATER

Graves and Voss stepping out, walking.

VOSS

Think there's anything in it? Her
claims?

GRAVES

I think she's full of shit.
Scrambling, reaching. Thinks she
can sell some bullshit story to
cover up a crime of passion.

(shrugs)

Doesn't matter. They want, they can
try and prove it in court.

INT. JAIL CELL. TEMPORARY CORRECTIONS FACILITY - DAY

Jodie sits on a hard bed in this tiny room. Sick with stress,
fear. Her whole world come apart. Head in her hands.

CLUNK! The door is unlocked, opened, by a **GUARD**.

INT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jodie sits across from Berenson.

BERENSON

D.A.'s offered a deal. Reduced
sentence. On the table only *if* you
plead guilty.

That thought sickens Jodie.

BERENSON

Fifteen years. You could be out in
ten with good behavior.

She wants to vomit.

BERENSON

Better than life, if you plead
innocent and a jury finds you
guilty.

JODIE
I'm not guilty.

BERENSON
I'll level with you, Jodie. That's going to be near impossible to prove.

JODIE
Did you speak with Mike? Someone came into our house. They must have. Took my body. Sean must've had *enemies*, right?

BERENSON
I did speak to Mike. He's readying finances for the bond. Which, if the court allows, given who the victim was, the severity of the crime, it's likely to be high.
(then)
And he doesn't know anything. He was sleeping. Same as you.
(hesitant to say this)
But... he *did* tell the police about your issues with Sean.

JODIE
What? What issues?

BERENSON
He told them you regretted the timeshare arrangement. That you felt sick and angry at how Sean had used you. Like an object. That you couldn't get over it. You wished you could get some kind of payback.

JODIE
What?! I never said that. I don't *feel* that--

Realization washes over her. *Did... did Mike do this??*

Processing. Putting the pieces together. At first, she feels sick. But then, angry, determined.

JODIE
There must've been other cases, where this tech was used? In some way like this?

BERENSON
There have been. Claims at least, yes.

(MORE)

BERENSON (CONT'D)
Problem is, the use of *unregistered* technology is damn near impossible to prove, because by design it doesn't *register* anything. The only way would be--

JODIE
(a flicker of hope)
What? Would be what?

BERENSON
(gestures behind the ear)
Insertion points. The markings switches leave behind.

Her heart sinks because she knows where this is going.

BERENSON
If you'd never timeshared before, or if--

JODIE
I hadn't timeshared so much recently.

BERENSON
Correct. Or if it was just the one share with Shelby Devereaux, those insertion points would be near healed by now. It would be easier to prove--

JODIE
Okay, okay, I get it.

She's deflated, realizing in some way her doing those other timeshares has worked against her now.

BERENSON
This is a good deal.

JODIE
Fifteen years?

BERENSON
Ten. And you could be free. Your life would be yours again.

Jodie, considering the options. Where she is. How she got here. Worst of all, who she thinks put her here.

Then -- resolved, driven.

JODIE
I want it to be mine now.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Mike chugs back a glass of whiskey. His mind a mess. Trying to numb with alcohol. Glances at --

The TV. No sound. NEWS. Footage of Jodie, cuffed, being brought into the station by Graves and Voss.

Main ticker: **EX-LOVER ARRESTED IN HEDGE FUND CEO MURDER**

Underneath, a smaller ticker: **SUSPECT CLAIMS INNOCENCE - WILL POLICE WIDEN INVESTIGATION?**

Mike's eyes glaze over as that sinks in. Concern and fear stacking up -- he thinks, plotting --

Looks at the coffee table, at --

A SMALL ZIP-UP POUCH.

AND OFF THAT, WE GO BACK TO --

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - YESTERDAY

Mike and Shelby. We saw part of this earlier.

SHELBY
 If you can't get past it, have
 Jodie take it up with Sean.

MIKE
 She won't.

SHELBY
 Then you need to respect that and
 learn to live with it. Or don't.

She moves past, heading out. He watches her go. Contemplating her words. *Maybe she's right.*

But then -- no. He's angry. Going after her for more info --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

But she's already across the street, jumping in a cab. As it leaves, his eyes land on a BILLBOARD on a nearby building --

A TIMESHARE billboard. A MAN and a WOMAN'S faces OVERLAPPING.

A thought creeps into his mind. An idea. An idea that sets his mind and heart racing. That could solve everything.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Mike on his laptop. Googles: **illegal timeshare**

Reads the results. Clicks. Scans. Absorbs. Searches something else: **where to buy illegal timeshare tech**

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Mike standing outside a TRENDY FAST FOOD VEGAN BURGER JOINT. Checks his phone. Confused. *Is this the right place?*

INT. VEGAN BURGER JOINT - MOMENTS LATER

He comes up to a **SERVER** at the COUNTER.

MIKE

Hey, umm... looking for "Arlo"?

Server points to the KITCHEN --

INT. WALK-IN PANTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Surrounded by fresh fruits and veg, Mike hands a THICK ENVELOPE OF CASH to a weasel techie college kid. **ARLO** (20s). More Zuckerberg than Scarface. Quickly counts the cash.

MIKE

It's all there.

Arlo ignores him, counting until -- done, satisfied.

Takes out that same **SMALL ZIP-UP POUCH**. Unzips it. Opens it.

Inside -- **a MINI TIMESHARE KIT**. FOUR SWITCHES, more burnished metal than polished silver. And a SMALL, THIN TABLET.

ARLO

Know how it works?

MIKE

I mean, I did it. Once. Legally.
But never like this.

ARLO

'K, you get a two minute tutorial.
One time. Need another, it's extra.

MIKE

It's... untraceable, right? Doesn't
log anything, *record* anything?

ARLO

(grins)

Works exactly the same as Timeshare
tech. *Except*, no data, no tracking.
Only way to know someone's used it
is the insertion points.

He taps right behind his ear.

MIKE

What if you already have those?
From a recent share?

ARLO

Then nobody never gonna know the
difference.

Mike absorbs that.

INT. DINING ROOM. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - EVENING

We saw the following, but now we see different pieces.

Mike setting the table for two. A romantic dinner. Candles.
Music. He sees her. Swallows. Face heavy with contrition.

MIKE

I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

MIKE

I got a little chilled orange wine
to start. Then onto the reds.

Grabs a bottle of orange from the fridge. Two wine glasses.

Pulls an **ENVELOPE OF WHITE POWDER** from his pocket. **CRUSHED**
SLEEPING PILLS. Tips into one glass. Pours wine. Stirs.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Glasses raised to toast.

MIKE

To putting the past behind us?

She nods. They clink and he watches her drink.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jodie is passed out hard, still clothed. Mike SNAPS his fingers a couple times right in front of her face.

Unzips the POUCH. Takes the first SWITCH. Finds her previous insertion point. Places the switch over it. DOUBLE-TAPS.

MOMENTS LATER

He puts both switches on himself.

MOMENTS LATER

Lying beside her. Head on a pillow. Tablet in hand. He taps. Swipes. Drags --

NEXT MOMENT

Mike is now in Jodie's body. So, **JODIE-MIKE**. Sits up. Glances over at the unconscious "Mike" body.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Staring into the mirror. At "her" reflection. Taking this in. Heavy swig from a glass of wine. Nods. Then smiles. Makes sure "her" hair covers the switches.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

"She" glances at "Mike"'s face. He's laid on the bed, head on a pillow. Just seems like he's sleeping.

On Jodie's phone, Jodie-Mike sends a TEXT to Sean: **Can we meet? Tonight?**

INT. JODIE'S WALK-IN CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Jodie-Mike surveys the options. Eyes land on the BLACK DRESS Jodie wore to the timeshare that night.

MOMENTS LATER

Jodie-Mike struggling to squeeze into the dress. Not easy.

MOMENTS LATER

Finally in the dress. A bit wobbly though. Looking down at heels on "her" feet. Takes a step and --

WHAM! TUMBLES, WIPES OUT, hitting the floor.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK HOTEL. UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Valet opens the car door -- Jodie-Mike steps out in flats.

And now we know all these scenes were Jodie-Mike, not Jodie.

INT. LOBBY - NEXT MOMENT

Jodie-Mike crosses to the elevators.

INT. PENTHOUSE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

"She" knocks on the door. Waits a moment. Anxious. Sean opens. Smiles when he sees "her".

EXT. BALCONY OFF THE PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Jodie-Mike takes in the view, as Sean brings wine.

JODIE-MIKE

Thanks.

SEAN

You're welcome.

He smiles at "her". "She" smiles.

SEAN

They do an amazing filet mignon here.
Hickory grilled. Truffle sauce. If
you've never had it, you must.

Gestures to a ROOM SERVICE CART with several plates, cloches.

SEAN

Also! I know it's not Naples, but
they have a killer pizza. Although
now you can go to Naples anytime
you want.

Jodie-Mike moves to it. Looking over the food. "Her" lack of enthusiasm surprises Sean, makes him a bit suspicious.

SEAN
So. What's up?

Jodie-Mike turns back to him, a little nervous now.

SEAN
Are you okay? You seem...

JODIE-MIKE
What?

SEAN
Not yourself. Everything good?

"She" steps close. Sensual, seductive.

JODIE-MIKE
Truth is... I can't stop thinking
about you. About... *us*. I mean,
since that night, I... I need to
know. Exactly what happened. What
you did. Every detail.

Sean's confused. Because he already told Jodie the details.
Then -- he realizes this isn't Jodie. But he plays it out.

SEAN
Hmm. That's not what we agreed.

"She" thinks. Steps closer, seductive now --

JODIE-MIKE
I'd be grateful. Very grateful.

"She" puts a hand on his chest. Through his shirt.

SEAN
Yeah?

JODIE-MIKE
Mmm-hmm.

"She" runs "her" hand down to his waist, grips his belt
buckle. Suddenly -- Seans GRABS "her" wrist tight --

SEAN
Well... why *tell* you...

He leans in, runs a hand through "her" hair, like he's going
to kiss "her" neck --

SEAN
When I can *show* you... Mike.

He YANKS "her" hair, pulling it aside -- sees the SWITCHES behind the ears as -- Jodie-Mike quickly SHOVES him away --

SEAN
Motherfucker, I knew it!

JODIE-MIKE
What?? What are you talking about?!

SEAN
(realizing)
Ohhh, she doesn't know, does she?

Jodie-Mike stammers, confirming Sean's theory.

SEAN
You *took* her body? *Without* consent?
Oh, bro...

JODIE-MIKE
No...

SEAN
Wowwww, you're fucked, bro. So
fucked. You're done for! When she
finds out. And I'm gonna tell her.

JODIE-MIKE
(breaking down)
I just need to know what you did.
With her... her body--

SEAN
She'll never fucking forgive you!
(laughs)
Your marriage'll be done! And you
know what? I'll make sure she has
all the lawyers she needs, so you
never see a cent of *her* money.
(then)
Now get the fuck out before I call
security.

Jodie-Mike just stares, speechless, mind racing.

SEAN
(smirks, shrugs)
Security it is...

JODIE-MIKE
No, no, please--

Sean goes to his pocket for his phone -- takes it out --
looks up at Jodie-Mike with a smug grin just as --

WHAM!

Jodie-Mike STABS him in the throat! With a STEAK KNIFE from the room service cart!

Sean's eyes go WIDE with SHOCK -- drops the phone as --

Jodie-Mike is in SHOCK too, can't believe what "she" did.

Sean STAGGERS back, whimpering -- clangs into the iron railing -- clamors at his bloody neck -- knife still there.

JODIE-MIKE

Oh fuck, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

Sean glares at "her". GARGLING, CHOKING, BLOOD flooding out of his mouth now. And through GRITTED TEETH --

SEAN

Fuck... you!

Now Jodie-Mike's eyes light up with anger, fury --

"She" EXPLODES with rage -- CHARGES and SHOVES Sean back with all "her" strength --

He GRABS at "her" -- GRASPS the gold geometric bracelet on "her" wrist -- it SNAPS as --

Sean goes flying OVER THE RAILING -- taking the bracelet with him -- and just like that, he's GONE.

Jodie-Mike stands there. Chest rising and falling with heavy breaths. Panic rising.

AND OFF "HER", WE GO BACK TO --

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - PRESENT

Mike. Looking at the ZIP-UP POUCH.

INT. SEAN & SHELBY'S LOFT - DAY

Luxury penthouse. Big windows. Japandi vibe.

VIDEO INTERCOM is BUZZING. Shelby, tired and raw with grief, answers it. On screen, sees Mike at the main door downstairs.

MIKE (OVER INTERCOM)

Shelby, hey!

SHELBY (INTO INTERCOM)
What are you doing here?

MIKE (OVER INTERCOM)
I need to talk to you. Can I come in?

SHELBY (OVER INTERCOM)
No, I...

MIKE (OVER INTERCOM)
I know, I know... please... I don't
know what to do... the thought that
Jodie did this?! I... I...

He's choked up. Almost hyperventilating. She feels bad.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike is inside now, hyperventilating --

SHELBY
Breathe, breathe... what do you
need, how can I...?

MIKE
Water? Please...

She hurries off to the kitchen and as soon as she's gone --
Mike's fine. He quickly puts on a PAIR OF GLOVES --

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Shelby pulls a glass from a cupboard while --

MIKE

takes out the ZIP-UP POUCH --

SHELBY

fills the glass with water --

MIKE

looking around -- for a place to hide the pouch. Hears
Shelby's FOOTSTEPS coming back --

MIKE
Actually maybe something stronger?

SHELBY

stops. Frustrated. Grabs a tumbler. A bottle of bourbon.

MIKE

is frantically searching for the best spot. Checking the couch. Frames on the wall. Art. Photos. Bookshelves.

Hears Shelby FOOTSTEPS -- gotta pick somewhere quick as --

SHELBY

comes in with the glass of bourbon. Sees Mike at the bookshelf, his back to her. Something in his hands?

SHELBY
Hey.

He whips around -- nothing in his hands. Gloves off.

MIKE
Oh. Thanks.

Takes the bourbon. Sips it. Breathes.

MIKE
Thanks.

She nods. He sips again.

SHELBY
What did you need to talk about?

MIKE
Huh?

SHELBY
You said you needed to talk to me.

MIKE
Right. Yes. I uhhh... I... I wanted
to say...
(swallows)
I'm sorry. About Sean.
(then)
Jodie didn't do it. I... I just
can't believe she did. And...
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'll do whatever it takes to make
sure she's not to blame.

He drinks the last of the bourbon. Shelby watching, perturbed
by him. He hands the glass back.

MIKE
Y'know, you're right, I shouldn't
be here. I'm sorry. I really am.

And with that he hurries out, leaving her confused.

INT. COURT - DAY

A **JUDGE** looks down at Jodie sitting with Berenson.

JUDGE
How does the defendant plead?

Jodie rises. Glances at Berenson, who gives her a look: *I've
said my piece, choice is yours.*

Her eyes go back to the Judge, determined.

JODIE
Not guilty, your honor.

MOMENTS LATER

The brash **DISTRICT ATTORNEY** and Berenson going back and
forth, via the Judge. Rising each time they speak.

Jodie holding it together. Glances at Mike in the gallery.

BERENSON
Your honor, my client is *not* a
flight risk. She's willing to
surrender her passport to the court.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Your honor. The charges here are
murder in the first degree.
Anyone's a flight risk.

BERENSON
Your honor, my client is
cooperative and determined to clear
her name. She's not looking to run
and hide. She wants to prove her
innocence at trial.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Your honor--

Judge raises his hand. Stop. Enough. District Attorney obliges. Sits.

Judge thinks for a long moment. Studies Jodie.

JUDGE
Based on the facts of the case, the
defendant's character standing,
I've decided to grant bail.

District Attorney is up in arms. Jodie relieved.

JUDGE
Set at one point five million
dollars.

He BANGS his gavel. Jodie looks back at Mike. Who nods.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

A flurry of **JOURNALISTS** and **PHOTOGRAPHER** flock around Jodie and Mike, yelling her name, shouting questions, as they try to fight their way to a car.

Berenson tries to distract them, to let Jodie escape.

BERENSON
I will make a brief statement on
behalf of my client...

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

They arrive home. She's disheveled, tired, stressed. Mike treating her with kid gloves.

MIKE
I can run you a bath. Make you
something to eat.
(no response)
Jodie?

JODIE
A bath?? I need to figure this out.
Who used my body. How. When.

MIKE
Of course. But maybe after--

JODIE
What do you know?

MIKE
What?

JODIE
You must know *something*? Remember
something? That night, you never
woke up, not once?

As she asks these questions, she studies him intently.

MIKE
No, no, I was out. Drank a shit ton
and passed out. Same as you.

JODIE
You were up before me. What time?

MIKE
Six, six thirty, I think. Didn't
wanna wake you. I did yoga. Made
breakfast.
(then)
But Shelby...

JODIE
What?

MIKE
I think Berenson should talk to the
cops, have them look at her.

JODIE
Why?

MIKE
Have them search her place. Maybe
they'll find something.

JODIE
What makes you think that?

MIKE
I never told you this, not for any
reason, it never came up before...
I ran into her.

JODIE
What? When?

MIKE

At a coffee shop. The other day.
Totally random. But y'know we
chatted a minute and... some of the
things she said, they were... kinda
weird. A bit suspicious. Especially
now, after...

JODIE

Suspicious how?

MIKE

I mean, she was just saying that
she was worried.

JODIE

Worried?

MIKE

About you and Sean. Maybe rekindling
something. And I told her that was
ridiculous. We'd had that fight and
I felt bad. But she got angry. Let
slip she was secretly really fucking
pissed at Sean, for wanting... what
he wanted, y'know. So... that sounds
like motive to me, don't you think?

JODIE

I should go talk to her.

MIKE

Just have the cops do it. Have them
search her place.

JODIE

I don't trust them.

MIKE

I doubt she'll even let you in. And
I don't think you're supposed to
have contact with her--

JODIE

I'm not. But I could timeshare.

MIKE

I don't think that's a good idea,
if the cops find out--

JODIE

What else can they do? I'm already
going to trial for murder.

MIKE

Okay, I'll come with you.

JODIE

No. That might make things worse.
Just her. And me.

INT. SEAN & SHELBY'S LOFT - DAY

Intercom BUZZING. Shelby answers. On screen -- a **HIPSTER GUY** (20s) holding a package.

HIPSTER GUY (OVER INTERCOM)

Yeah, I got a delivery for Shelby
Devereaux? Needs a signature.

She buzzes him in.

MOMENTS LATER

Shelby opens the door to Hipster Guy, who's nervous now.

HIPSTER GUY

Shelby... it's me. Jodie.

Shelby's confused, then realizes it's Jodie in Hipster Guy's body -- so **HIPSTER GUY-JODIE**. And now Shelby's mad.

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE

I need to talk--

Shelby's already closing the door -- Hipster Guy-Jodie tries to stop her, they're struggling with it --

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE

Please!

SHELBY

I got nothing to say to you!

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE

I didn't do this--

SHELBY

Leave or I'm calling the cops!

Shelby manages to RAM the door shut in "his" face.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Jodie comes home (back in her own body), defeated.

Mike stands, sways. He's a bit drunk, half a bottle of whiskey in.

MIKE

Hey... what happened?

JODIE

She slammed the door in my face.
Won't even talk to me.

MIKE

I'm telling you, you gotta have
Berenson have the cops check out
her place. Search it.

JODIE

(nods)

If you think so. I will. Tomorrow.

She starts to go upstairs, stops. Hesitant.

JODIE

Actually... can we talk a minute?

MIKE

Uhhh, yeah. Yeah, of course.

They sit. He's wondering what she's going to say.

JODIE

I have something... to confess.

His mind is racing. *What??*

JODIE

I'm sorry, I should've told you
this before but... I was angry.
With you. Sean told me... at that
lunch. Where you were...

(then)

Anyway. He did tell me. The
details. The timeshare. Him and
Shelby. My body.

Mike swallows. Eyes wide. Leans in.

JODIE

Nothing happened.

MIKE

(confused)

What?

JODIE

Yeah. I was surprised too. Nothing happened. Obviously the plan was to have sex but... I guess he said once it came to it, he felt bad, guilty. Couldn't go through with it.

Mike reels. Trying not to let her see that the whole world as just been pulled out from under him.

JODIE

And I don't have any reason to not believe him. So... yeah. Anyway. I thought you should know.

(exhales)

I'm gonna get some rest. Try to figure things out in the morning.

She heads up to the bedroom. Leaving Mike alone with everything she just said. Everything he did.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jodie sitting on the bed, deep in thought.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike's coming undone. Unravelling. Crawling out of his skin. Chugs whiskey from the bottle. Stares into space.

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Sun up. Jodie lying there, awake. Looks like she barely slept. And Mike never came to bed. She checks the time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Coming downstairs, she sees it -- and stops.

Mike. Splayed out on the floor. Empty pill bottles. Empty booze bottles. Vomit. He looks dead.

She hurries over. Checks his pulse. Breathes with relief.

Grabs her phone and quickly dials 911 --

911 OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

911, what's your emergency?

JODIE (INTO PHONE)
I think my husband tried to kill
himself!

INT. HALLWAY. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jodie, wrecked and disheveled. Anxiously waiting as --
Graves arrives. Jodie looks up at her, angry now.

JODIE
What are you doing here?

GRAVES
I heard--

JODIE
Come to accuse me of *this* too?!

GRAVES
Mrs Carlisle, please--

A **NURSE** comes out to them, something in her hand --

JODIE
What's going on? How is he?

NURSE
Stable.

JODIE
Can I see him?

NURSE
Not yet, but...
(turning to Graves)
Are you...?

GRAVES
(badging her)
Detective Graves.

NURSE
Oh, good...

She shows Graves what's in her hand -- A THUMB DRIVE. A small
note around it with an elastic band.

NURSE
It was in Mr Carlisle's pocket.

Graves takes it. Unwraps the note, which says: **FOR THE POLICE**

Turns to Jodie, who's stunned. *What?!*

INT. OFFICE. POLICE STATION - DAY

Graves waits as Voss plugs the drive into a laptop. A window pops up. One video file. He double-clicks and it OPENS on --

MIKE'S FACE

Staring back at them. Wrecked, teary, drunk. Looks like he recorded this on a laptop, last night, in their living room.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

Jodie waits. No idea what's happening as --

Graves comes in. With the laptop, thumb drive still in it. Contrition in her face. Which she hates to show but --

GRAVES

You need to see this.

Jodie: *what??*

Graves sits. PLAYS the video for her --

MIKE (VIDEO RECORDING)

My name is Mike Carlisle. And this is... my confession to... the murder of Sean Devereaux.

Jodie GASPS. Swallows. Tears in her eyes now.

MIKE (VIDEO RECORDING)

It was me. I did it.

(then, sickened)

I... took my wife, Jodie's, body, *without* her consent... with this...

He shows the ZIP-UP POUCH.

Jodie clenches her jaw. Fighting the tears, and anger now.

MIKE (VIDEO RECORDING)

I arranged a meeting with Sean... I... stabbed him in the throat. I pushed him... I didn't mean to, it just... it happened... I did it.

(then)

I was gonna let Jodie take the blame, to punish her for... how she's made me feel...

Jodie absorbs that. Reeling. Stomach churning. Sick.

MIKE (VIDEO RECORDING)

But I got nervous... she'd find out so... I was gonna try to put it on Shelby Devereaux, but I couldn't in the end... and... I just found out... I killed him for *nothing*. And... I can't live with it... with Jodie or anyone else taking the blame...

(then)

Jodie... I'm so sorry. I guess... I ended up being no different than him. You deserve better. By the time you find this... I'll be dead... and you'll have that.

The video ENDS. Jodie sits there. Silent. A confused mix of emotions. Tears run down her cheeks.

GRAVES

What does he mean "killed him for nothing"?

Jodie looks at her.

INT. PATIENT ROOM. HOSPITAL - DAY

Here's Mike. Tubes and wires. Slowly stirring, waking. Eyes blinking open, confused. Moving and --

CLINK! One wrist is cuffed to the bed. WHAT THE FUCK?!

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK! Tugs at the cuffs, freaking out. *Where is he?? What's going on??* And then he sees --

JODIE

sitting there, watching him. Stone-faced.

MIKE

What... what's happening?? Jodie--

JODIE

How could you?

MIKE

What??

JODIE

How could you do it? *Kill* him.

Mike's face pales.

JODIE

Then *lie*. Try to *frame me*. Let me go through this??

His heart sinks, but he tries to hide it.

MIKE

What?! What are you talking about?!

And then -- Graves comes in, trailed by Voss.

MIKE

What the fuck's going on--

GRAVES

We got it.

MIKE

Got what?!

She holds up an EVIDENCE BAG WITH THE THUMB DRIVE.

GRAVES

Your confession. Along with this...

Another EVIDENCE BAG WITH THE ZIP-UP POUCH.

MIKE

My *confession*?!?

He genuinely has no idea what she's talking about. Looks at Jodie and -- in her face, her eyes, *something* --

His stomach DROPS. Because now he realizes...

AND WE GO BACK TO --

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SEAN & SHELBY'S LOFT - DAY - YESTERDAY

Seen from Hipster Guy-Jodie's side this time.

SHELBY

I got nothing to say to you!

They're both struggling with the door now --

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE

I didn't do this--

SHELBY

Leave or I'm calling the cops!

Shelby manages to RAM the door shut in "his" face.

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE
Mike did it!

There's a long pause. Then Shelby opens the door, confused.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bookshelf where she found Mike has been stripped. Place turned upside down. Hipster Guy-Jodie and Shelby at a loss.

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE
 Sure he didn't go anywhere else?

SHELBY
 No, he didn't have time.

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE
 Doesn't make sense. He'd hide it
 somewhere not too obvious, but
 where the cops could find it.

And then, beside the bookshelves "he" sees --

A FRAMED ARTISTIC PORTRAIT OF SEAN

on the wall. Stylish, but grossly self-indulgent.

SHELBY
 Always hated that thing.

Hipster Guy-Jodie notices that it's slightly askew.

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE
 And Mike hated Sean.

"He" pulls the bottom corners of it away from the wall --

The ZIP-UP POUCH drops out from behind.

Hipster Guy-Jodie opens it -- Mike's illegal timeshare tech.

They both stare at it. Hipster Guy-Jodie realizing now her suspicion was true.

SHELBY
 We should take it to the cops. They
 can bring him in, question him.

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE
 That won't work. This isn't proof
 enough. It's not traceable. In
 fact, just having it is actually
 more proof against *me*.

SHELBY
So they can interrogate him. Get
him to confess.

HIPSTER GUY-JODIE
He's gone this far, he won't
confess...
(then, an idea)
But *I* can. *For* him.

INT. JODIE & MIKE'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Jodie comes home (back in her body). Mike stands, sways.

MIKE
Hey... what happened?

JODIE
She slammed the door in my face.
Won't even talk to me.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jodie on the bed. Thinking. Looks at -- the ZIP-UP POUCH.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike chugs whiskey from the bottle.

A WHILE LATER

He's passed out. Jodie comes in, checking he's unconscious.

MOMENTS LATER

She puts switches on him. Then on herself.

MOMENTS LATER

Jodie is now in Mike's body. So, **MIKE-JODIE**. Looks at the
unconscious "Jodie" body on the couch by "him".

MOMENTS LATER

With a laptop open. Thumb drive plugged in. Recording the
VIDEO -- with Jodie's body just out of frame the whole time.

MIKE-JODIE (RECORDING ON LAPTOP)
My name is Mike Carlisle. And this
is... my confession to... the
murder of Sean Devereaux. It was
me. I did it.

MOMENTS LATER

Mike-Jodie swallowing pills. Washing them down with booze.

MOMENTS LATER

Mike's body splayed out on the floor in a pool of vomit.

Jodie (back in her body). With gloves on, she wipes clean the
switches, the tablet, the pouch. Then gets Mike's prints all
over them.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sun up. Jodie lying there, awake. Checks the time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Coming downstairs, she stops. Mike's body as she left it. On
the floor. Empty pill, booze bottles. Vomit. He looks dead.

Now she's concerned. Did she kill him for real?? That wasn't
the plan. She hurries over. Checks his pulse.

Breathes with relief. Grabs her phone and quickly dials 911 --

911 OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
911, what's your emergency?

JODIE (INTO PHONE)
I think my husband tried to kill
himself!

AND OFF THAT, WE GO BACK TO --

INT. PATIENT ROOM. HOSPITAL - PRESENT

Mike staring at Jodie. Sick. Can't believe this.

GRAVES
Mike Carlisle, you're under arrest
for the murder of Sean Devereaux.

MIKE

No!

Jodie stands, leaving, as --

VOSS

You have the right to remain silent--

MIKE

NO!!!! Jodie, come back!!

She stops, looks at him. And nonchalantly, with a shrug and the *tiniest* hint of a smirk --

JODIE

I don't think so.

And walks out, WE MOVE WITH her to --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jodie walking away, while in the background --

VOSS (O.S.)

You have the right to an attorney--

MIKE (O.S.)

NO, NO! This wasn't me! I didn't confess! I never confessed to it! She did this! She took my body! She fucking did this to me!

But Jodie's done. Not looking back.

INT. VACANT RESTAURANT SPACE - DAY

The place she wanted. That Mike denied. FOR RENT sign gone.

Jodie stands here.

Alone. In the quiet. Taking it in.

Determined. Renewed.

WE SLOWLY PUSH IN ON HER FACE --

And as a SMILE appears --

BLACK.