

WRECKONING

Written by

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TEASER

OVER BLACK:

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

"A lie told often enough becomes truth." Vladimir Lenin said that about propaganda. Joseph Goebbels (may he rest in hell) said that about Jews. For some reason it always makes me think of weddings.

SOUND UP: String instruments being tuned.

OPEN ON: A bow running across strings. A STRING QUARTET in BLACK TIE warms up. We are:

INT. WEDDING HALL. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

-DINING AREA- WAITERS lay finishing touches on lavish tables.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The average American wedding costs thirty five *thousand* dollars and takes over a year to plan.

-RECEPTION- BARTENDERS make elaborate drinks.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

That's over half the average American salary, and way too many days spent fixating on venues, and seating arrangements and chicken versus steak. But we're not supposed to see all that cost and effort.

Guests mingle, dressed to the nines.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

We're not supposed to think about all the dessert the bride didn't eat to fit into her dress. All the people that were cut from the guest list because so and so was a jerk that one time at a dinner party. All we're suppose to see is this perfect celebration of love.

-CEREMONY AREA- GREETERS usher guests to their seats.

Find the **GROOM** (30s), up by the altar, talking in hushed tones to his groomsmen.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The bride wears white because she's supposed to be a virgin, when in reality she popped her cherry at the tender age of fourteen to a guy on the Lacrosse team who then told the entire school about it. She didn't have sex again 'til college, by the way. Fuck you, Dan Hutchison.

Move through the now-seated guests, towards the back of the room where BRIDESMAIDS in MATCHING DRESSES wait in the wings, nervously whispering to each other.

BRIDESMAID 1

What's going on? Where is she?

Find a WEDDING PLANNER, all business, behind them. Her hand goes to her headset.

WEDDING PLANNER (INTO HEADSET)

Copy, I'm on it.

She spins on her heels and we follow her back through the now emptying reception. The wedding planner moves into...

INT. WEDDING HALL. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where she almost collides with an outgoing WAITER. He sidesteps and bumps into a sous-chef with a boiling pot.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

It all looks perfect, sure, but behind the scenes there's a whole bunch of stressed out, under paid, probably hung over people slaving away to make someone's special day happen.

The sous-chef drops the pot, scalding herself. People gather around. We stay with the wedding planner, still moving.

WEDDING PLANNER (INTO HEADSET)

Medic to the kitchen. And does anyone have eyes on the bride?

She's out into...

INT. WEDDING HALL. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A few steps then she opens the door to...

INT. WEDDING HALL. BRIDE'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Where she stops abruptly. Looks around. It's empty. Remnants of wedding prep festivities adorn the room- curling irons, make up, half drunk champagne.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The whole tradition is an exercise in fantasy. A lie told over and over again in the hopes that everyone believes the happy couple is really that fucking happy.

The wedding planner exhales, brows furrowed. *Where is she?*

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Themselves included.

O.S. The sound of a toilet flushing. The **BRIDE** (20s) exits in a stunning gown. She's glamorous like a movie star and she's clearly been crying.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The thing I've realized about weddings is that nobody actually cares if the whole thing is fantasy.

The bride notices the wedding planner, wipes her eyes, caught. A beat as they take each other in.

WEDDING PLANNER

Is everything--

BRIDE

I was practicing my vows and got emotional.

A *lie*. She gives a demure smile to seal the deal though.

BRIDE (CONT'D)

Is it time?

INT. WEDDING HALL. CEREMONY AREA - NIGHT

The bride steps into the wings.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Which, if you follow that logic,
means that nobody cares about the
truth-- that they're 20k over their
budget, that she's been subsisting
on broth, that he's just a
litttttttle bit stoned. Whatever it
is, it doesn't matter. And herein
lies my point.

Bridesmaids gather around, concerned. The bride ignores them, flattens her dress. The string quartet begins to play the bridal chorus. All the guests turn to stare at the back of the room. The bride squares her shoulders, plasters on a smile.

BRIDE

Let's do this.

As she starts off down the aisle towards her awaiting groom, we pull back, taking in the full breadth of the ceremony. It's pretty spectacular.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Gloria Steinem once said, "The
truth will set you free... but
first it will piss you off."

Pull back further, through a back door, into--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Where we finally find the source of our V.O.-- **JUDE CALLAHAN** (late 20s), stumbles out of the venue's back door carrying a bottle of champagne she's clearly swiped from the bar.

On a good day, Jude's acerbic and self-deprecating. On a day like today- shell shocked, tear smeared makeup, shivering in her BRIDESMAID'S DRESS- she radiates self-loathing.

Jude finds her way to a nearby door frame. Lights a cigarette. Slides down to a seated position. Ragged inhales as she tries to calm herself down.

JUDE (V.O.)

But that hasn't been my experience
at all. If anything...

Unable to chill out, she reaches into her clutch and pulls out a bottle of pills. Hands shaking, opens it. DUMPS it back into her mouth. Chases with bubbly. Finally, some relief. Her breathing slows, her shoulders drop from her ears. The pills start to hit. *It's all going to be okay.*

JUDE (V.O.)
The truth doesn't set you free.

Suddenly Jude's eyes glaze over. She drops the champagne as her body slumps over unconscious.

JUDE (V.O.)
It only pisses you off. So if
nobody cares-- why even bother?

As her head lands with a THUD on the pavement, we--

CUT TO BLACK.

- WRECKONING -

ACT ONE

STILL BLACK. Then, slowly, subtly, the dark screen morphs until we realize we are UNDER WATER looking up at an expansive, churning surface.

Above, a FIGURE crashes into the water, sinking, sinking, until we can make out that it's JUDE. She's fully clothed-- jeans, T-shirt-- and awake, alert, surprised, as she continues down, down.

Jude begins to panic, taking in water. She starts to SWIM, kicking as hard as she can. We stay with her as she moves towards the light at the surface. Closer, closer, until:

EXT. JUDE'S CHILDHOOD HOME. BACKYARD - DAY

YOUNG JUDE (8) surfaces in the middle of a pool. It's summer. Quiet, except for the cicadas. Young Jude dives again, swimming to the edge of the pool, rests her arms on the side, catching her breath. Then, **YOUNG CALLIE** (8) paddles up beside her.

YOUNG JUDE
Beat you.

YOUNG CALLIE
You cheated.

YOUNG JUDE
Did not!

Young Jude splashes Young Callie. Young Callie splashes back. They break into a splash fight. Suddenly, O.S. GLASS SHATTERS inside the house.

The girls freeze, turn to look.

ANGLE ON THE HOUSE- The silhouettes of a MAN and a WOMAN, Jude's parents, come into view through a large bay window. They're fighting, drinks in hand. Her mother's retreating, her father's got his finger pointed at her as he yells.

Young Jude shrinks back into the pool. Young Callie takes this in.

YOUNG CALLIE

Let's sleep over at my house tonight. One more race, then we'll go.

She begins to swim to the other side. Young Jude's frozen, watching her parents' silhouettes. The sound of cicadas crescendos.

YOUNG CALLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come on, Jude. I'm gonna win!

Young Jude gives one more glance towards her house, sucks in a deep breath and goes back under. As she submerges we--

MATCH CUT TO:

Jude's head bobbing on the surface of water. Hair billowing, eyes closed.

INT. JUDE/CALLIE'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

REVEAL Jude asleep in the bath.

At first glance the space is nice- femme towels, copious products organized in bins, a scented candle. But upon closer examination- finger prints on the mirror, empty wine bottle on the ground, an overflowing garbage bin.

In the middle of the room, a chair with a computer on it. On the screen Netflix asks, "Are you still watching Tidying Up with Marie Kondo?"

Jude's head finally dunks under water. She startles awake, accidentally splashes her computer.

JUDE

Shit.

Notices her pruney hands.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Bashes her knee trying to get out of the tub.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Shit!

She wraps her computer in a towel and hustles, naked and dripping, out of the room.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS-

-CLOSE on Jude baptizing a joint.

-Flick, flick, fire. Jude slowly applies flame from a lighter to the joint until the cherry burns evenly.

-Puff, puff, hold. Jude deftly smokes a joint. **WE ARE:**

INT. JUDE/CALLIE'S APARTMENT. JUDE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jude, now wrapped in her towel, sits on the edge of her unmade bed. The room is a mess- piles of clothes, dishes, books. After a beat, she exhales like a pro.

Looks around, unsure what to do with herself. Lost in a cloud of smoke.

JUDE (V.O.)

Look, I know I sound nihilistic or whatever with this whole truth tirade, but the irony is I'm just being honest. Preferring to live in a fantasy means preferring to live in a lie. And hey, I'm not judging. People lie constantly, in big in small ways.

Jude picks up her phone.

ON THE PHONE- Sends a flurry of texts: "Drinks? In like 30?"; "Yo! Let's go out?"; "Hiiiiii what are you doing? Want to hang out?"

Jude turns on loud music, begins to dance, gets dressed.

INT. JUDE/CALLIE'S APARTMENT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS

-KITCHEN- Jude opens the fridge. It's empty, save for rotting food and some beer. Her phone dings. She checks it.

JUDE (V.O.)

And the sad thing is it's mostly out of convenience.

(MORE)

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's easier to lie, or blow someone
 off, than to tell them the truth.

ON THE PHONE- A flurry of texts back: "Parents in town! Can't
 tonight!"; "Not going out, sorry"; "New phone, who is this?"

JUDE (V.O.)
 When it comes down to it, most
 interactions, and most
 relationships, are built on these
 small, meaningless lies.

Off Jude's dejected face--

-FRONT DOOR- Jude, swigging a beer, opens the door to a
 DELIVERY MAN. He hands her a giant bag of take out and a
 handful of chopsticks.

DELIVERY MAN
 Have a fun party!

Jude scowls, palms the chopsticks, shuts the door.

-LIVING ROOM- Food spread out around her, Jude watches
 "Tidying Up" and shovels food into her mouth. Eating the
 equivalent of food for five. Pauses, mid-bite. Ow, so full.

JUDE (V.O.)
 It's just the way our culture is
 now. We're lazy cowards. We don't
 want to do the work of being
 emotionally honest or vulnerable in
 any way when an emoji will suffice.

-COUCH- Jude sprawled like a zombie, watching people's
 stories on Instagram. Everyone seems to be out and about
 except her. She clocks one particular story.

JUDE
 (to herself)
 "I'm not going out tonight!" Yeah
 right.

INT. JUDE/CALLIE'S APARTMENT. CALLIE'S ROOM - LATER

A mopey Jude enters, looks around the impeccably organized
 space and stylish space (think: modern boho Pinterest board).

JUDE (V.O.)
 So if you can find that one person
 you can be honest with and who's
 honest with you...

Her shoulders slump. She climbs into Callie's bed. Fakes a smile, takes a selfie.

JUDE

... who won't blow you off, who's
got your back, hold on to 'em.
They're worth their weight in gold.

ON THE PHONE- Jude texts Callie the picture with the caption,
"Help! Drowning in your pillows. Might die, come home now!"

Jude drops her phone, sighs.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS-

-A PILL BOTTLE being shaken. Prescription for ADDERALL for
Jude Callahan.

-A pill being placed on a tongue.

-Duh-dup. Duh-dup. Duh-dup duh-dup duh-dup duh-dup. A bloody
heart inside a chest, speeding up.

-Jude's pupils contracting.

INT. TEMP AGENCY - DAY

Jude seated in a bland office. Her leg bouncing aggressively.

Across from her is **TOM** (40s), white collar paper pusher.
Tom's busy on his desktop computer. Jude's leg rattles the
pens on his desk. He looks over at her. She stops.

TOM

Okay! Well, I wish I had better
news. It looks like the Lexicon
headquarters has filled the front-
desk position permanently, so they
won't be needing your... our help
with temps anymore.

JUDE

Really? Because last week--

TOM

I'm going to level with you, Jude.
You were fired. They said you were,
quote, "jittery and weird." And
late all the time. And you slept at
your desk. And that you ate
someone's lunch out of the fridge.

Jude balks. Her leg starts bouncing again and gets more and more violent over the course of the following exchange:

JUDE
That is ridiculous. I was
incredibly prompt every
single--

TOM (CONT'D)
You were late coming here
today--

JUDE
That wasn't my fault. The
subway broke down.

TOM (CONT'D)
Look, we pride ourselves on
providing vetted, trustworthy
temps--

JUDE
And claiming that I slept at
my desk? Please. I asked for
more work. I was like filing?
Done. What's next. Give me
more. If anything, I was too
engaged--

TOM (CONT'D)
I don't have time to argue
with you--

JUDE
Also I would never eat
someone's lunch. I'm vegan,
and Celiac, so it's very
difficult for me to eat
anything, let alone some
random sandwich from the
fridge.

TOM (CONT'D)
So you're aware it was a
sandwich that went missing?

JUDE
I mean, it could have been a
sandwich, it could have been
something else, I was just
using an example--

TOM (CONT'D)
Would you PLEASE stop
bouncing your leg!?

Jude grabs her leg. It starts to move again. She holds it
down. Then, earnest:

JUDE
Please, Tom? Is there anything
else? I really need to find
something permanent. I promise I'll
do better next time.

A beat. Tom sighs, checks his computer.

TOM
Okay. There's an admin assistant
position opening up. It's an hour
outside the city. It's yours if you
can get there.

Jude squeals, jumps up, throws herself across Tom's desk to hug him. Tom remains stiff.

TOM (CONT'D)

This is inappropriate. Please do not do this at your next placement.

On her way out the door:

JUDE

Thank you! I won't! I promise!

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS - NIGHT

Jude waits in a crowd of people at the gate. She's holding a giant heart balloon, craning her neck. She spots-- **CALLIE MCDOWELL** (20s), rolling a suitcase behind her. Good-hearted and hard on herself, Callie's outwardly polished appearance masks a deep well of anxiety. We recognize her as the **BRIDE** from earlier.

Jude screams, ducks under the guard rail, tackles Callie. Callie laughs, hugs her back. Jude jumps up and down.

JUDE

Yay! You're back!

CALLIE

Jude, ow. You're hurting me. Ow.

INT. JUDE/CALLIE'S APARTMENT. CALLIE'S ROOM- LATER

Jude and Callie sit on the floor eating pizza.

CALLIE

I missed American food. Is that bad to say? It feels vaguely racist but I'm not sure why.

JUDE

Technically this is Italian so I think you're fine. Here, try the pesto.

Jude offers Callie a bite of her slice. Callie obliges. Moans it's so good.

JUDE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you still like pizza.

CALLIE

I was in Japan for three weeks.

JUDE

I half expected you to come home
with a bowl cut and a tiny dog
accessory.

CALLIE

Oh my god, remember when I got
bangs? My face looked--

Callie blows up her cheeks. Jude grabs Callie's face.

JUDE

But what's not to love about those
cheeks?

Callie swats her away.

CALLIE

Can you not touch my face with your
greasy pizza hand? Also- it kinda
smells weird.

JUDE

Really?

Jude self-consciously sniffs her hand. Then shoves her hand
under Callie's nose.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Smells great to me.

CALLIE

Ew, stop!

JUDE

Stop, what? This? You don't like
this?

The two girls tussle like siblings as Jude tries to get her
hand under Callie's nose. Callie jumps up, and Jude follows.
They tumble onto the bed, laughing.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Quit fighting it and smell my hand!

In the tussle, Jude notices something. She grabs Callie's
hand, holds it out. Callie's wearing a FAT DIAMOND RING.

JUDE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. What is that? Did
you...?

Jude looks to Callie, who nods, eyes beginning to brim with
happy tears. Now Jude begins to tear up.

JUDE (CONT'D)
You're engaged?!

CALLIE
I'm engaged!

They're both crying. They hug.

JUDE
(softly)
Holy shit, dude.

CALLIE
I know. Don't tell anyone, ok? I
haven't even told my parents yet. I
wanted it to be mine for a bit.

Jude nods. They both roll back, stare at the ceiling, tears
subsiding. A pregnant beat.

JUDE
How do you feel?

CALLIE
It feels the same. But not the
same. It's kind of magical. And
kind of terrifying.
(beat)
Will you be one of my bridesmaids?
You don't have to do any dumb
wedding stuff if you don't want to,
I swear. I don't think I can do it
all alone.

JUDE
Are you kidding? Yes. Yes I will be
your bridesmaid. I'll do whatever
you need me to do.

Callie exhales, relieved.

CALLIE
Okay. Thank you. Phew! One thing
checked off my to-do list. I'm
trying to just... stay in the
moment, and not think about all the
things I have to do to plan a
frickin' wedding. My brain is just
list after list.

Jude grabs Callie's hand across the bed, examines the ring.
On Jude, processing, as Callie continues:

CALLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We've got to choose a date, lock
 down a venue. A caterer, a band.
 Carter's contract in Japan isn't up
 for another six months. Once he's
 back we'll have to find a place to
 live--

This lands hard on Jude.

JUDE
 Whoa. Yeah. You're moving out.

Stay with Jude, sound fading out, as Callie continuing to
 list wedding prep activities. Jude closes her eyes, trying to
 calm her suddenly agitated nerves. Duh-dup. Duh-dup. Duh-dup
 duh-dup duh-dup. Her heartbeat crescendos. We CLOSE IN on her
 face, then--

MATCH CUT TO:

Jude's eyes flicking open.

INT. REHAB. JUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Jude sits up in bed in a blank room.

Blinks her eyes against the blinding whiteness of it all. She
 winces, head throbbing. Places a hand on her pounding heart.
 She's breathing heavy, hair matted, pale, sweating. She
 looks around, confused.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. REHAB. JUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Back with Jude. Slowly, carefully, she gets up. She's in a
 grey sweat suit. Looks out a small window- OUTSIDE, trees.
 Heads to the doorway, pokes her head out. Wanders out into--

INT. REHAB. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Bright, colorful, art on the walls. Jude passes an open door.

NURSE RHONDA (O.S.)
 Ah, she's awake.

Jude doubles back, stands in the door frame. INSIDE is NURSE RHONDA (40s), calming, maternal presence. She's doing paper work at a desk.

NURSE RHONDA (CONT'D)
How're you feeling?

JUDE
I've felt better.

NURSE RHONDA
Any vomiting? Chest tightness,
difficulty breathing? Heart
palpitations?

JUDE
Sorry, which hospital is this?

Nurse Rhonda pauses.

NURSE
Oh sweetie. Come on, sit down.

Jude moves into...

INT. REHAB. NURSE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Takes a seat across from the nurse, who reaches out her hand.

NURSE RHONDA
I'm Rhonda.

JUDE
Jude.

They shake.

NURSE RHONDA
It's nice to properly meet you,
Jude. Here.

She slides a brochure across the desk to Jude.

NURSE RHONDA (CONT'D)
This isn't a hospital. You're in a
rehab facility.

Jude examines the brochure. It's for HARMONY POINT
REHABILITATION CENTER.

NURSE RHONDA (CONT'D)
Do you remember how you got here?

Off Jude's confused face we--

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS-

- A hand shakes a XANAX bottle.
- Places a pill on a tongue.
- Duh-dup duh-dup duh-dup duh-dup. Duh-dup. Duh-dup. Duh-dup. A bloody heart inside a chest slows down.
- CLOSE on Jude's eyes. Her pupils dilate.

CUT TO:

Hands part clothes on a rack.

EXT. VINTAGE STORE - DAY

Callie paws through vintage dresses. Noticeably, there's NO ENGAGEMENT RING on her hand yet. Jude approaches, dressed in an oversized FUR JACKET.

JUDE
(re: the coat)
Do you like this?

CALLIE
Kind of impractical, no?

JUDE
But it's soooo soft.

Jude rubs the coat on Callie.

CALLIE
Are you high?

JUDE
I had a headache so I took a Xanax.

CALLIE
(under her breath)
That's exactly how Xanax is suppose to be used.

They move through the store, browsing. Callie silently fumes.

JUDE
Are you mad?

CALLIE
 (sort of mad)
 Why would I be mad?

JUDE
 I dunno. You seem mad.

CALLIE
 'Kay, well. I'm not.

Jude's phone DINGS. She checks it.

JUDE
 It's Justin. He wants to go for
 drinks tonight.

CALLIE
 Which one's Justin again? The solo
 guy in your pilates class?

JUDE
 Nah, that's Ben. Justin's the
 Yogurt Land guy I text when I want
 free fro yo. Sorry Justin, can't,
 Saturday's are for my boo.

She throws an arm around Callie.

CALLIE
 You should go.

JUDE
 No way! We're having a Jude/Callie
 day. Which then transitions into a
 Jude and Callie night. Obviously.

Callie shrugs off Jude's arm, sheepish.

CALLIE
 I have dinner plans.

JUDE
 With who?

CALLIE
 It's my three month anniversary
 with Carter.

Jude reacts, hurt. Then tries to hide it:

JUDE
 Who celebrates a three month
 anniversary?
 (MORE)

JUDE (CONT'D)

Plus, isn't he like, moving to Japan soon for an entire year to be a capitalist spy--

CALLIE

Financial consultant. Very normal job to have. And yeah, he is. But it's only a year. And I like him. I think it's sweet he wants to celebrate three months of being together. He said "our first quarter performance is off the charts."

Jude mimes like she's about to hurl.

JUDE

Okay, wow. That's just all kinds of terrible.

CALLIE

Are you mad?

JUDE

(def annoyed)
Nope.

CALLIE

'Cause you seem mad.

Jude fingers an old TENNIS RACQUET at a vintage stand. Grips it, feeling it's weight.

JUDE

I'm fine. Go out with this Wall Street bro. Whatever.

OFF Jude turning the tennis racquet in her hand a few times--

MATCH CUT TO:

An eight year old's hand rotating a tennis racquet. As it goes to serve, we find--

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Young Jude practicing her serve by herself. She's smashing it over and over again, her power and concentration impressive for someone so small.

BOB CALLAHAN (O.S.)

Judith! Come here a minute.

Young Jude trots to the edge of the court where BOB CALLAHAN (50s), Jude's father, stately, intimidating, smug, stands.

YOUNG JUDE

Yes, dad?

BOB CALLAHAN

I want you to meet someone.

Beside Bob Callahan, the silhouette of YOUNG MAN. He's backlit so Jude has to squint against his glow.

BOB CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

This is your cousin Richard. Your aunt Ellen's son, from London.

RICH CALLAHAN (15)- preppy, handsome and disarming, with a London accent and sharp eyes that betray a cunning mind-comes into view.

BOB CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Richard will be staying with us for the summer while he's an intern at my firm.

RICH CALLAHAN

(to Jude)

I saw you practicing. You're good. Do you work with a coach?

Bob Callahan snorts.

BOB CALLAHAN

Please. No use wasting money on pipe dreams. You can tell young if someone's got what it takes. Jude's no pro.

Young Jude flinches. Rich kneels down so he's at her height. Lays a hand on Jude's shoulder.

RICH CALLAHAN

We should volley sometime. Maybe you can show me a thing or two.

YOUNG JUDE

Okay.

BOB CALLAHAN

Go on then, Serena Williams. Show us what you've got.

Young Jude runs back to the court. She starts to serve. Pauses, looks over.

Notices Rich watching her from the side of the court. Young Jude shifts, uneasy. But then Rich smiles his big, broad, charming smile. And Young Jude smiles back. Serves.

INT. JUDE/CALLIE'S APARTMENT. CALLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Jude's standing in the doorway of Callie's bedroom, impatient. Callie's lying on her stomach, FaceTiming.

JUDE
Dude, let's go.

CALLIE
I'm on with Carter.

JUDE
How long are you going to be?

Callie
We just got on!

JUDE
I thought we were hanging out today?

CALLIE
Okay well, with the time difference, this is the only time that works. I'll meet you later.

Jude spins, stomps down the hall. As she slams the door to her bedroom we--

MATCH CUT TO:

Bob Callahan slamming a door.

INT. JUDE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Find Young Jude seated on a couch in the middle of the room. Staring hard at the floor, legs dangling off the couch. Trying to make herself as small as possible.

Bob paces the length of the room.

BOB CALLAHAN
I don't believe it.

Leaning on the edge of the couch as if to steady herself is **TIBBY CALLAHAN** (late 30s), Jude's mother. Tibby's slender, with that familiar plastic surgery tightness to her face. And yet beneath her smooth exterior is sensitivity and pain.

TIBBY CALLAHAN
Bob, please.

Bob stops pacing.

BOB CALLAHAN
No. I won't accept it.

He storms out of the room. Tibby crosses after him. Young Jude looks up, pleading:

YOUNG JUDE
Mom? Do you believe me?

TIBBY CALLAHAN
Jude, just... forget this. Please?
For me?

Tibby exits in search of her husband, leaving Young Jude alone in the room.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS-

- A pile of cocaine being dumped out of a baggie onto the side of a sink. Hands use JUDE CALLAHAN'S DRIVERS LICENSE, shaping it into identical straight lines.
- CLOSE on Jude's nose as she hooovers a line of cocaine.
- FOLLOW her FINGER as she cleans up the left over cocaine, gums the rest.
- CLOSE on her jaw gnashing. **WE ARE:**

INT. CALLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jude stares at herself in the mirror, blinking. Wipes her nose to make sure there's no coke visible. She's dressed up. Outside, the sounds of a party. Rinses her hands and opens the door to find--

A small girl (5). She stares up at Jude.

SMALL GIRL
What were you doing?

JUDE
I was in the bathroom. What do you do when you're in the bathroom?

SMALL GIRL

But you didn't flush. And the toilet's empty. Why were you in there so long?

JUDE

That's none of your business.

SMALL GIRL

Sometimes mommy cries in the bathroom.

The small girl runs off. Off Jude's "wtf" face--

INT. CALLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jude steps into the main area of the house where an ENGAGEMENT PARTY is in full swing. Servers with crostini, cocktail dresses, lots of white wine.

Jude searches the crowd for Callie and spots her across the room deep in conversation with someone. Callie notices Jude, waves her over. Jude makes her way through the throng.

JUDE

Excuse me. Pardon me. Excuse me.

She reaches Callie. They embrace.

JUDE (CONT'D)

This is crazy!

CALLIE

I know. My mom went way overboard. The other day she actually said, "the bigger the wedding, the better the marriage," which is definitely her way of justifying how much money she's spending.

JUDE

How's it going?

CALLIE

It's a lot. I haven't spent this much one-on-one time with her since grade school. When she focuses on something, she is intense. No wonder my dad works so much.

(then)

It's so good to see you! I'm sorry I've been so M.I.A.

People say hi to Callie throughout as they pass.

JUDE

No, it's totally cool. I get it. You're super busy right now with everything. How's apartment hunting with Carter?

CALLIE

It's good! We've looked at a few places, haven't found the one though. I'll obviously give you like, a month's notice. I wouldn't just move out.

JUDE

I know you wouldn't. I haven't found a new roommate either, so you're good.

An awkward beat.

CALLIE

Aw, man. I miss you. Can we hang out soon? Have a girls day? How is everything?

JUDE

I'm okay! Yeah. Kinda had a weird day. My mom called--

CALLIE

Oh my god! Did you talk to her?

JUDE

No, I let it go to voicemail. But now I just feel off.

CALLIE

Well yeah. When's the last time you saw her?

JUDE

A year?--

ANNABELLE (O.S.)

Callie?

ANNABELLE (30s), former beauty queen, interrupts.

CALLIE

Annabelle, hi!

(to Jude)

You remember my cousin Annabelle, right?

JUDE

Yeah, hey--

Annabelle cuts her off:

ANNABELLE

Minor situation. Grandma Marge got into the pinot grige and just told a group of people from the country club about the time you broke your hymen on a balance beam at gymnastics when you were seven--

JUDE

I remember that! And everyone thought you got your period waaaaay too early, so they took you to the doctor.

Jude laughs, misreading the moment. Annabelle stares blankly at her. Callie's covers her face.

CALLIE

Oh my god. I'm so embarrassed.

ANNABELLE

Maybe we can find a place for her to lie down or something?

CALLIE

Let's bring her to my parents' room.

Annabelle pulls Callie away.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

(to Jude)

We'll talk later, okay?

JUDE

Of course! Totally cool. I'll find you later!

Jude watches as Callie disappears into the party. She looks around. Unsure what to do.

INT. CALLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LATER

Everyone's a bit drunker, people are dancing, mingling.

FIND Jude- sitting on the floor in a corner, bored, visibly drunk. She slurps her martini, plays a game on her phone.

Jude notices the small girl from outside the bathroom playing alone nearby. Two OLDER GIRLS (7,9) approach her.

OLDER GIRL 1
We're playing house and you're our
nanny.

OLDER GIRL 2
You have to follow us around and
pick up after us.

The older girls giggle and throw cake on the floor.

OLDER GIRL 1
Okay now you clean it up.

The small girl looks unsure, but gets down on the floor and starts to clean. Older girl 2 throws cake in her hair.

OLDER GIRL 2
Oops.

Jude jumps up, heads over to the kids.

JUDE
Whoa, hey. Cut that out.

The older girls peel off. Jude crouches beside the small girl.

JUDE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

The small girl nods.

JUDE (CONT'D)
What's your name?

LITTLE GIRL
Emily.

JUDE
Nice to meet you, Emily. Should we
clean the cake out of your hair?

Emily nods.

JUDE (CONT'D)
Let's do it.

INT. CALLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emily sits on the counter as Jude pats her hair with a towel.

JUDE
See, all better. Hey, who were those girls?

EMILY
My cousin and my sister.

JUDE
Are they like that a lot?

Emily nods.

JUDE (CONT'D)
Do your parents help?

Emily shrugs, shakes her head 'no.' Emotions well in Jude.

JUDE (CONT'D)
Yeah. I get that. Parents suck sometimes.
(then)
You wanna go back to the party?

EMILY
Yeah.

She helps Emily off the counter and they head back into the party together.

INT. CALLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LATER

Jude, visibly drunk with wine in hand, stands by the dessert table, shoving her mouth with treats from the display. She notices older girl tug on an ELEGANT WOMAN'S dress nearby. Wobbly, Jude heads over to the woman.

JUDE
Are you Emily's mom?

The Elegant Woman turns from her conversation.

ELEGANT WOMAN
Excuse me?

Jude hiccups.

JUDE
Is she... is Emily your daughter?

ELEGANT WOMAN
Yes.

JUDE

This is kind of awkward. I witnessed your older daughter bullying Emily earlier. I thought you should know.

The elegant woman gives Jude a cold stare.

ELEGANT WOMAN

Do I know you?

JUDE

Hi, I'm Jude. Judith. It's a family name. I just figured you would want to know.

(off blank stare)

That Emily was being bullied by her sister.

(off blank stare)

So you could do something about it.

The elegant woman turns to her older daughter.

ELEGANT WOMAN

Clarissa, were you bullying Emily?

OLDER GIRL 2

No.

ELEGANT WOMAN

There you go. You must have been mistaken.

She turns away from Jude, back to her conversation. Jude taps her on the shoulder.

JUDE

Hi, still me. I just think you aren't really understanding what happened here.

ELEGANT WOMAN

My daughter said nothing happened, end of story.

JUDE

Well your daughter's a liar.

ELEGANT WOMAN

I don't know you. Do not comment on my family.

The elegant woman starts to walk away, older daughter in tow. Jude follows them, drink sloshing.

JUDE

She was treating Emily like a
slave, she threw cake in her hair.
Hello? Why don't you believe me?
Stop ignoring me! I'm telling the
truth!

Jude grabs the elegant woman's shoulder. The woman jumps,
knocks Jude's wine. It spills down the elegant woman's back.
Guests react, everyone staring at Jude.

JUDE (CONT'D)

That is not on me.

ELEGANT WOMAN

Please leave us alone.

The elegant woman and daughter peel off. Jude calls out after
them:

JUDE

I know you cry in the bathroom
sometimes!

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS-

- CLOSE on Jude slapping a pack of cigarettes against her
thigh to pack them tighter.
- A cigarette dangling from Jude's lips. Flick flick fire.
She lights it. Inhales deeply.
- Lungs inside a chest expand as black smoke fills them.
- CLOSE on Jude as she exhales, ashes the cherry.

EXT. CALLIE'S PARENTS HOUSE. PATIO - NIGHT

Jude's alone outside in the dark, surveying the bright party
through windows. An outsider looking in.

O.S. giggling. Jude looks up and sees a MAN in a SUIT a few
paces away in the shadows, talking to a FEMALE SERVER in a
uniform. They're also both smoking, drinks in hand. Talking
close. He's showing her photos on his phone, clearly
flirting.

Jude takes a few steps closer, trying to make out the man.

He turns- it's the GROOM from the opening of the pilot. This
is **CARTER BLAKE** (30s), charisma for days.

On Jude- *what the fuck?* She discretely snaps a photo, pockets her phone. Then makes her way over to where Carter and the female server stand.

JUDE
Hey. Carter right?

Carter looks up, trying to place Jude. Not at all embarrassed that he was just caught flirting.

JUDE (CONT'D)
It's Jude. Callie's friend.
Bridesmaid in your wedding.
(pointedly, to server)
We're at your engagement party.
Ringing any bells?

And now he remembers her.

CARTER
Ooooh right. We met at...

JUDE
Elsbeth's place, last summer.

CARTER
In the Hamptons, right before I
left for Japan.

He moves in for a double kiss on the cheek. Jude humors him.

CARTER (CONT'D)
So good to see you again!

FEMALE SERVER
I should get back.

Jude fakes a smile, hands off her drink as the server exits.

JUDE
Byeeee.

CARTER
Great party, huh? Callie's family
really went all out. And hey, I
know it means so much to her that
you're a part of this whole thing.
I hope I haven't been monopolizing
her too much since I've been back.

Jude stares at Carter for a beat.

JUDE
What was that?

CARTER

What was what?

JUDE

You were just flirting with that girl.

Carter's eyes narrow but his lips smile. Like a wolf.

CARTER

Her? Oh! No, crazy thing. Turns out, we're from the same town. Small world. Went to the same high school, years apart.

Even in her drunken state, Jude's not buying it. She hauls on her cigarette, focusing on Carter.

JUDE

We don't really know each other, do we? There's a lot I don't know about you, that's for sure. Where you're from, what you do for a living--

CARTER

I'm a financial consultant--

JUDE

My point is, I'm not totally sure what kind of guy my best friend is marrying. Do you even have relatives here? Has Callie met them?

CARTER

The family situation is... complicated. Look, Jude, I think we got off on the wrong foot here--

JUDE

Plus, you know almost nothing about me, which is in itself shocking, considering Callie and I have been best friends since we were kids. Let me help you out: my favorite color is black. I used to play tennis. I hate yoga. And once a psychic told me I was going to become the next President of the United States. Never say never, right? Most importantly, I love Callie McDowell. She's the best person I know.

She leans in towards Carter.

JUDE (CONT'D)
 And if you hurt her, I will ruin
 your goddamn life.

Jude spins, walks back inside the party. Off Carter, watching her walk away. Not at all upset, if anything, intrigued.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON Jude's face, a complex mix of emotions.

NURSE RHONDA (O.S.)
 Jude?

INT. REHAB. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jude and Nurse Rhonda as we left them. Jude closes the pamphlet, slides it back across the desk.

JUDE
 I... I can't do this.

NURSE RHONDA
 I understand. This is a lot to take
 in.

JUDE
 No, that's not-- I don't belong
 here, okay? There's been a mistake.

NURSE RHONDA
 That's a perfectly reasonable
 response. A lot of our patients
 feel that way in the beginning.

JUDE
 Am I in trouble or something? Is
 that what this is?

NURSE RHONDA
 Of course not. We're here to help.

JUDE
 I don't want your help. I want to
 go home. Are you keeping me here?
 Is this mandatory?

NURSE RHONDA

No one is keeping you here, Jude.
You're free to go at any time. Of
course we encourage everyone to
stay--

JUDE

So I can leave? I'm leaving.

Jude shoves her chair away from her desk and peels out of Rhonda's office.

INT. REHAB. JUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Jude paces the room distraught.

JUDE (V.O.)

Remember the story about the boy
who cried wolf? That's the first
thing most of us are taught when
we're caught in a lie as kids. A
liar won't be believed even when he
speaks the truth.

INT. WEDDING HALL. BRIDE'S SUITE - NIGHT

And we're back in the bridal suite from the opening. CALLIE,
in her wedding dress, uses a mirror to put on a NECKLACE.
Jude enters behind her. Stealing herself.

JUDE

Callie. I need to tell you
something...

Callie turns to face Jude, her face dropping once she sees
Jude's pained expression.

INT. REHAB. JUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Back with Jude still pacing, eyes welling up with tears.
THROUGH THE WINDOW she spots a dirt road snaking away from
the building, disappearing into the woods.

JUDE (V.O.)

Which is fair, I guess. But the
thing that always stuck with me is
that everyone assumed the boy was
lying for his own amusement. That's
a lot to put on a kid.

Jude can't take it anymore. She makes a decision, bolts from the room--

INT. REHAB. HALLWAY - DAY

Jude runs down the hall.

JUDE (V.O.)
 Nobody enjoys a lie that big.
 Unless you're a sociopath.

PRELAP: A child's shrieks.

Off a distraught Jude, running we--

MATCH CUT TO:

YOUNG JUDE running through her front yard, gleeful, yelping as she goes. She checks behind her at someone unseen, grins, pushes through her front door into--

INT. JUDE'S CHILDHOOD HOME. CONTINUOUS

A FOURTH OF JULY party in full swing. Young Jude weaves through the party, pauses briefly to peck her mother on the cheek. Tibby's woozy, eyelids heavy.

JUDE
 Hi mummy.

TIBBY
 Careful of the martini, sweetheart.

Young Jude notices something over her shoulder and shrieks again with glee, takes off running again. Follow her out to---

EXT. JUDE'S CHILDHOOD HOME. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

She races around the pool to a stand alone GUEST HOUSE. Through the doors--

INT. BACKYARD GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Young Jude searches for a place to hide, then slides under the bed. From there, Young Jude can see the bottom of the guest house door open. Feet enter.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Jude....

Young Jude watches the feet as they move around the room, looking for her.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jude?

Young Jude stifles a giggle. The feet stop, pivot towards the bed.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, I see.

A hand comes into view, gripping the bed frame.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Aha! Got you!

Face obscured, male arms outstretch towards Young Jude. Reaching for her, clawing at her--

EXT. REHAB - DAY

Jude bursts out of the rehab doors. The facility is surrounded by thick forest. Leading away from the building is a single road.

JUDE (V.O.)

Like I said, people lie every day for a variety of reasons but it's rarely for enjoyment. Laziness or convenience, sure. Out of fear, maybe. To control an outcome, definitely.

Jude takes off running again down the road.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dark, shadowy. Make out two figures writhing together on the bed. Move closer- it's Jude, with an UNSEEN MAN. Jude's visibly drunk and sloppy, but enjoying herself.

JUDE (V.O.)

Or to shield another person from pain.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jude winces at the memory as she runs.

JUDE (V.O.)
Sometimes it's self-preservation.

EXT. JUDE'S CHILDHOOD HOME. BACKYARD - DAY

Young Jude's huddled inside a wooden PLAYHOUSE in her backyard. Face buried in her knees. Young Callie crawls inside beside her.

YOUNG CALLIE
What's wrong? Did something happen?

YOUNG JUDE
Promise not to tell?

YOUNG CALLIE
Cross my heart.

Young Jude leans over, whispers in Young Callie's ear.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Back with Jude. Still running, beginning to cry.

JUDE (V.O.)
Here's my question then: what if
the boy who cried wolf was telling
the truth, he just didn't have the
words?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Flesh pounds together as Jude and the unidentified man continue to go at it.

JUDE (V.O.)
He wanted help, but didn't know how
to ask for it--

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Back with Jude. She runs, harder, faster, sobbing.

JUDE (V.O.)
And he tried, in his little kid
way, to let everyone know something
was wrong using the only language
he knew. A wolf! Look out! A wolf!

Around her, the forest thins out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bodies moving in tandem, sweaty, animalistic. Jude's hands clutch his back. He palms her hair. They sway, getting closer, closer. The man flips Jude over and finally we see his face--

It's CARTER, Callie's fiancé. As they climax together--

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Back with Jude running, distraught. Suddenly, she stops dead in her tracks. Surprise reads on her face.

JUDE (V.O.)

Is it his fault that nobody
believed him until it was too late?

REVEAL Jude is standing on a rocky shore. Pull back and up until Jude's just a speck on a small ISLAND, a great expanse of water reaching out in all directions.

END PILOT.