

PILOT

GYPSY

“Pilot”

Written by

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Working Title

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EXT/INT. GRAND CENTRAL - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

A SEA of SUBURBAN COMMUTERS pour out onto the platform like clockwork. Depressed faces showing signs of the Monday blues. Routine. Robotic. Rush hour.

As the crowd thins, JEAN HOLLOWAY, too pretty to be considered middle-aged, but undoubtedly guilty of 39 year old wrinkles, makes her way off the train. She's dressed in a pencil skirt and a white button-down. Professionally plain.

Unlike the others, Jean is not in a rush, and instead takes a moment to put on her coat, scarf, and hat, before entering the vibrant heart of-

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UNION SQUARE - LATER

A SWARM of people. The same expressions on different faces. Jean content, strolls, holding the NEW YORK TIMES-

When she reaches a SMALL NEIGHBORHOOD CAFE, she stops. Considers. Then walks down a flight of stairs into the-

INT. RABBIT HOLE BAR/CAFE - WEST VILLAGE, NYC - LATER

The air is nicer in here. Well, it smells like cigarettes and the remnants of weed from the night before. But it's alive.

Jean stands in line, waiting to order. She fidgets, removing her hat, unwrapping her scarf. Suddenly over heating. Her eyes zeroing in on something behind the counter...

MALE BARISTA

We decaf the assholes.

CUSTOMER

What does that mean?

MALE BARISTA

If a customer's a dick, we give them decaf beans instead of caf.

CUSTOMER

Shit, man. How do you determine who's a dick?

But, Jean's attention is fixed beyond the hipster barista with the undercut, and focuses instead on the WOMAN who makes lattes, her face obstructed by a baseball hat and the large espresso machine, who finally glances her way-

FEMALE BARISTA

What can I get you?

Jean looks down, avoiding eye contact.

JEAN

Americano. Thanks.

The female barista pushes her hair out of her eyes, shoving the espresso into the machine.

MALE BARISTA

...No no, worse, they're like the regulars who never tip. Or fuck, pretend they tip, letting their hand linger by the tip jar, but nothing ever goes in. It's like they think we're oblivious.

Jean moves past the conversation, her gaze remaining on the FEMALE BARISTA. A toughness about her, a feeling she's lived despite her earnest 26 year old eyes.

Finally, the customer moves. The male barista rings her up.

MALE BARISTA (CONT'D)

How's your morning going?

JEAN

Good, thanks.

The female barista carries herAmericano to the bar. Jean smiles politely, but the barista doesn't notice. She heads towards the speakers.

FLEETWOOD MAC'S GYPSY begins to play.

As Jean adds a drop of sugar to her drink, she stares at the girl dancing freely, flirtatiously touching the male barista. Jean watches, her eyes glued. A carefree smile.

Jean's phone RINGS. She silences it. She grabs her coffee and walks out, her expression returning to its serious state.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - LATER

ON JEAN who sits, staring into space. Her coffee beside her.

CLAIRE

She's still not dating. And I know it was a traumatic break-up, but I'm nervous.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I read children of divorce are much more likely to get divorced, you know. It was in the Sunday times.
 (off her blank look)
 Have you heard that?

Reveal CLAIRE RODGERS, 63, teased hair, overweight.

JEAN

Claire, you can't blame yourself for your daughter's break-up. Rebecca's relationship is her responsibility. Her choice.

CLAIRE

I thought about signing her up for OkCupid. That's what it's called, right? Anyway, Shannon's son met this wonderful girl... I mean, Rebecca's not as young anymore, though she's not a bad catch. She went to Cornell, she's a successful tax attorney-

JEAN

But it's not your decision. For all you know, Rebecca might already be on OkCupid or dating.

Claire, neurotically, about to open her mouth-

JEAN (CONT'D)

If you keep trying to control her, she's going to keep pushing you away. You know what I'm gonna say-

Claire shifts, trying to make light.

CLAIRE

Boundaries. I know, I know. But I'm worried. I can't help it. She works all the time and doesn't date. And soon, she'll be old and then...
 (a dramatic sigh)
 With Danny, he didn't get promoted and they have the house now-

JEAN

Your kids are successful, strong, and self-sufficient.

Claire sits up, always appreciative of validation.

JEAN (CONT'D)

But our goal in this room is to focus on YOU. For now, you need to carve out time for your own life and figure out what you need to be happy, while your *grown* children are off making their own decisions.

Claire leans forward.

CLAIRE

Can I ask you something Jean, friend to friend?

JEAN

Claire, I'm not your friend. I'm your therapist.

Claire nods, sincere.

CLAIRE

Yeah, but you know this is... you're more... well, I just wanted to say that I like to please you, but it's hard for me to let go. I'll try, okay?

Jean smiles, somewhat touched.

JEAN

Claire, don't apologize. It's a process.

Jean casually scribbles something down on the page...

We can just make out the word: **Boundaries**. In fact, **boundaries** is listed multiple times on the page.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - LATER

It's modern, sterile. No photos. No art. Jean finishes a blueberry yogurt. She takes a pill out of her bag and swallows. Turns the page to a NAME, SAM DUFFY.

Looks at the clock, which reads 10:59. Waits until it hits 11:00. Then, she gets up. Precise.

EXT. JEAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jean pops her head out. SAM DUFFY, 31, sits in the waiting room, playing Angry Birds on his iPhone. A corporate type hidden beneath the beard and disheveled clothing.

JEAN
Hey Sam. Come on in.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Jean crosses her legs. Uncrosses them. Crosses them again, as Sam continues talking.

SAM
It's not just that. I don't know, I
keep hearing her voice in my head.
I wish it would stop, but-

He looks down, nervous.

JEAN
Sam, it's okay to be emotional.

SAM
It's been eight months. You must
think I'm such a loser.

JEAN
You know I don't judge. And who
cares what I think, anyway?

He looks at her. He clearly does.

JEAN (CONT'D)
It's natural. She got under your
skin. It's supposed to be painful.

SAM
She sounded like a different person
on the phone. Or like she was
happy, which made it worse.

JEAN
So she just called about Stevie?

SAM
Yea, which is bullshit since it's
the one thing I have and I spent
all that money on his flea meds-

JEAN
That's not- you have a very
supportive family and-

SAM
Josh showed me her instagram feed.
She's already dating some guy.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

She always complained I wasn't social enough. If I had just gone to see that stupid band in Portland-

JEAN

Sam, you can't change who you are for anyone. You know that. How was your friend's party?

SAM

It was fine, but just kept thinking how much better it would be if she were there. I can't even go to a fucking bar in peace anymore.

JEAN

Don't you think you're idolizing her? We tend to remember the good-

SAM

She made things exciting. Whatever we were doing, she made it feel like you were part of the best thing in the world. It could be buying groceries. Didn't matter.

She listens, leaning forward.

SAM (CONT'D)

I never was adventurous. But she made me feel like I was.

He reflects, on the verge of tears. Jean letting him process.

SAM (CONT'D)

And now, it's like this thing was taken from me and I feel worthless.

JEAN

Sam, this is just one day out of many. You need to give yourself time. You guys were in a serious codependent relationship. Makes sense that now you feel like you can't survive without her. But I promise you that you can.

Sam nods.

JEAN (CONT'D)

But first, you need to go through all her stuff and put it in a box. Everything, get rid of it. It's preventing you from moving on.

(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)

And resist the urge to stalk her.
No... instagram or facebooking.

SAM

As long as I have this, it's
fucking impossible to keep her out
of my mind.

He motions to a TATTOO on his arm. It's of a VENN DIAGRAM.
Different bright colored circles overlapping.

SAM (CONT'D)

I see it and just remember how she
convinced me of all people to do
it, when I've always been
completely opposed to tats.

JEAN

How'd she convince you?

Jean pushes her hair in front of her face, intent.

SAM

She made it into a story. Something
worthwhile. It's like we're all
searching for a larger meaning and
she was it for me. Maybe I've
always been searching for a reason,
with all the crazy shit happening
in the world. I don't know. I don't
mean to be all existential or
anything. I just remember her
explaining how each overlapping
circle was suggesting our similar
and different interests. Something
philosophical that convinced me. It
made sense. She was persuasive.

(he smiles, remembering)

Truth is, all I wanted was to be
connected to her. And we did it
together. Of course hers is on her
neck and looks amazing and sexy,
while on me, it just looks
retarded.

JEAN

She clearly had power over you.

SAM

You say it like it's a bad thing.

JEAN

No, it's just codependent
relationships can be... dangerous.

SAM

I know it's unhealthy, but I would do anything for that again. But she got bored. Always knew she would.

Jean looks at him, nodding.

SAM (CONT'D)

I don't feel like myself anymore.

Jean sits up.

JEAN

Work will help. Have you decided-

SAM

I still need a few more weeks.

JEAN

Are you sure?

He shifts.

JEAN (CONT'D)

We need structure and a purpose in our lives, Sam. Being a lawyer might not be the most adventurous profession to certain people, but you're living in the real world. I know personally, I respect that.

He smiles. She smiles back, brushing her hair behind her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SUPERVISION - LATER

A group of MIDDLE-AGED THERAPISTS sit around a large table. Jean scribbles in her notebook, while LARIN, early 40s, a hippie-ish redhead with bracelets up her arm, lounges.

HUNTER, 33, the youngest of the group, has the floor.

HUNTER

So he planned the proposal, but is nervous because he still thinks about cheating all the time.

JEAN

How long have they been together now?

HUNTER

Three years.

JEAN

God. He shouldn't marry her.

GARY LEVINE, early 50s, collared shirt, bad haircut, sits up.

GARY

That's not for us to decide. We're here to address his issues. Not make his decisions.

Jean's posture changes. She sits up, matching Gary's stature.

JEAN

Sorry, I just feel like we've been hearing about his rampant cheating fantasies for the last two years straight. Isn't it frustrating? Now he's going to marry this girl? Maybe it's the wrong relationship.

Eyeing Jean,

GARY

As long as he seeks therapy and wants to work on his relationship, we have to assist him in that.

JEAN

I'm not questioning that we support our patients, but once there's no real sign of improvement, maybe we need to change tactics.

Gary shoots her a look, agitated.

JEAN (CONT'D)

It's a scary thing to see someone struggling and yet not really be allowed to offer them the right help even if it's clear, you know?

Jean looks around the room at the mostly indifferent faces.

GARY

Jean, I understand it can be frustrating. We have to trust that with time comes clarity. And at the end of the night, we go home to our lives and they lead theirs.

Jean looks down, somewhat defeated. She catches Larin's eye who mouths, "FUCKING STARVING" to Jean, across the table. Jean smiles, but turns her attention back to the group, not wanting to get caught.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MURRAY HILL - LATER

Jean and Larin stroll, talking over the chaos.

LARIN

You know I used to think Daryl was cheating on me. We'd have sex and he'd close his eyes and I would just try to imagine who he was picturing the whole time. How fucked up is that? And then it would actually turn me on...

JEAN

You're crazy. And cynical.

LARIN

You're telling me you've never thought about cheating?

JEAN

I don't have time, even if I wanted to.

Larin rolls her eyes.

LARIN

My point is I could be the best therapist in the world but I still can't cure someone's issues with monogamy. Just get them to acknowledge it, which might be even worse. Ignorance, man - it's underrated.

They turn onto Park Avenue, arriving at a GREEK FOOD TRUCK.

JEAN

I don't know. If I were Hunter, I'd want to tell that poor girl to run for the hills... and tell my patient to find someone who satisfies him.

LARIN

Yeah but then Hunter would be fucking fired. And he's the only eye candy in that office, so no thank you.

At the front of the line,

LARIN (CONT'D)

The combo with lamb.

JEAN

I'll have the Greek salad? Dressing on the side. Thanks.

They move over, waiting for their order.

LARIN

So Friday, I'm having people over. Gotta christen that view.

JEAN

Can't believe you moved back here.

LARIN

Can't believe you left.

Jean shields her eyes from the sun.

JEAN

Friday's tough. We have dinner at the Faitelsons.

LARIN

Are you serious? I thought you hated that crew.

JEAN

I mean they're not my favorite people in the world, but they're amusing. And convenient.

LARIN

You know if I was your therapist, I'd tell you that you need to let go a little. I can't remember the last time we did something real.

JEAN

That's not true...

LARIN

I don't bullshit you, my dear.

They grab their food-

LARIN (CONT'D)

My next patient's not til 4 and I need a Brazilian. Want to come uptown?

JEAN

Cause that's so fun? I have a 2 o'clock. I should head back.

LARIN

Okay, good girl. See you later.

Larin smiles, turning the corner, leaving Jean standing alone. A TAXI cutting really close to her on the sidewalk.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - LATER

A TEENAGER, 19, sits in the roomy chair, her leg shaking. Eyes close together, straggly hair. This is ALLISON.

ALLISON

Your office is so corporate.

JEAN

Thank you?

ALLISON

I would think you'd want to make it feel warm or something.

JEAN

On the phone you said it was urgent-

ALLISON

Well, my friend Drew said her mom came to you. And you were like a miracle worker.

Jean nods, keeping her tone serious.

JEAN

I'm not a miracle worker. Therapy is a serious commitment, which begins with communication. So let's start with, why are you here?

ALLISON

It's kind of a brutal story. Are you sure you can take it?

Jean sits up, concealing any discomfort.

JEAN

I'm listening.

ALLISON

I don't want to offend you. You seem quite... conservative.

JEAN

This is a safe space, Allison.

ALLISON

Well, listen, I'm not like a druggie or anything. I'm a smart kid. Okay?

JEAN

Allison... I'm not judging-

ALLISON

So I got into Fordham, okay? And I'm studying like history, and I met this guy, Alistair from Berlin. Anyway, long story but I got into pills. Just for work or whatever, but then it kinda got out of hand.

Her leg still shakes. Jean notices, on edge.

JEAN

What kind of pills?

ALLISON

First, adderall. Just shit to help me concentrate. And it worked like magic. But then other stuff. Anyway, problem was that shit is expensive. Real pricey. And my mom works really hard to make tuition. She's a receptionist at this healthcare company. I don't qualify for financial aid because my dad has issues with the IRS, another dysfunctional story from a fucked up girl, but anyway point is, I took the check and used it for drugs.

Jean tries to hide her judgement, keeping a straight face.

JEAN

And what happened?

ALLISON

What do you think?

Jean slides forward, waiting-

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I had to drop out, and now I don't know what to do.

JEAN

Have you told your mom?

ALLISON
That's the thing. No.

JEAN
But you want to-

ALLISON
That's why I'm here.

Jean considers.

JEAN
We can work on it. It takes time.

ALLISON
No. It can't. Cause if this all
isn't a fucking nightmare already,
she just got the results of a CT
scan and turns out she has lung
cancer.

(breaking down)
So now I'm just the biggest
disappointment in the world and
that's how she'll remember me.

Allison looks down, turning her eyes to conceal her tears.

JEAN
I'm really sorry to hear that.

ALLISON
Why? You just met me.

JEAN
No one should suffer. If you'd let
me, I'd like to help.

ALLISON
Well I'm not exactly rolling in it
so can't shell out therapy dollars.

JEAN
I have a sliding scale. We'll work
something out.

Allison stares out the window at the small patch of sunlight.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Can I ask, what made you keep
going... with the drugs?

ALLISON
The fucking high, man. That
feeling. Without it, shit's gray.
(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter. You know what I mean? It's like you've never felt a single thing walking around this fucking place til it goes through your body. I'd probably do it all again, knowing everything too. It was beyond my control. Have you ever felt that?

ON Jean, fascinated, the wheels turning.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - GRAND CENTRAL- LATER

The sun sets behind the skyscrapers. Jean's cell phone pressed tightly to her ear.

JEAN

Can you see if he'll be home in time for dinner? No, don't bother him. Tell him I'll pick something up and grab Dolly. Thanks, Candace.

At the crosswalk, the light turns yellow. Jean runs across.

Jean looks into the supermarket. MOTHERS obsessing over avocados. A CRYING TODDLER. She stands for a moment, NEW YORKERS rushing by her, reeking of routine. Her face changes, resolve building. On second thought she turns around-

EXT. RABBIT HOLE CAFE - WEST VILLAGE, NEW YORK CITY - LATER

Jean peers in through the window, spying a different FEMALE BARISTA at the coffee machine. Her eyes scan the space, expectantly. Full of anticipation, she steps inside-

INT. RABBIT HOLE BAR/CAFE - WEST VILLAGE, NYC - MOMENTS LATER

Rowdier hip-hop music. The lap-tops have been replaced by happy hour. Yuppies and hipsters chatting after work.

Jean waits in line, looking behind the bar. In the back, a male barista shovels in a falafel. Disappointed, she looks down, fidgeting with her wallet.

As she looks up, the barista in the baseball hat appears, carrying coffee beans out of the back. Jean shifts, watching as she takes her position at the register.

The MAN in front of Jean orders a beer. Puts some change in the tip jar. Takes a FLYER for some band.

The female barista eyes Jean-

FEMALE BARISTA
What can I get you?

Jean looks down. Then up. Hyper aware.

JEAN
Americano. Decaf.

Jean shifts, watching her, a closer look.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Actually, what kind of wine do you
have?

FEMALE BARISTA
(cracking a smile)
Living on the edge, huh?

Jean smiles politely, trying to maintain composure.

FEMALE BARISTA (CONT'D)
Chardonnay or pinot grigio. Or a
house red that's pretty shit.

JEAN
Uh, chardonnay. Thanks.

Jean clears her throat.

FEMALE BARISTA?
Name? For the order?

Jean pauses.

JEAN
Diane.

Jean turns flushed, her heart racing. The barista doesn't seem to notice, as she makes the music even louder.

She pours a shot of bourbon, pushing it in front of Jean.

JEAN (CONT'D)
This isn't-

FEMALE BARISTA
It's better. Trust me.

Jean, hesitant, accepts. She puts it to her lips, unable to conceal her grimace.

FEMALE BARISTA (CONT'D)
You look familiar-

JEAN
I was in here this morning.

Jean takes one of the FLYERS nervously, avoiding the barista's piercing stare.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Is this your band?

FEMALE BARISTA
Yah. We play a show Fridays.

JEAN
Oh, cool.

FEMALE BARISTA
You into music?

JEAN
Yeah. I mean, who isn't?

FEMALE BARISTA
You don't strike me as the type.

Jean crosses her arms, uncomfortable.

JEAN
And what type am I?

FEMALE BARISTA
Conservative?

JEAN
You're judgemental.

FEMALE BARISTA
I prefer perceptive.

She shrugs, her lips upturned, cleaning the espresso machine. The steam hitting her face. Jean thinks...

JEAN
I actually used to go to a ton of concerts. Way before your time.

FEMALE BARISTA
Yeah? Why'd you stop?

JEAN
Life? Responsibilities?

FEMALE BARISTA
You mean distractions.

Jean looks at her, standing with such attitude.

JEAN
Don't you have responsibilities?

FEMALE BARISTA
Not really. And I like it that way.

The barista pulls away. Jean stares at the empty shot glass in front of her, considering...

JEAN
You know what, I'll take another.

FEMALE BARISTA
Told you, I know my shit.

She pours another, gracefully. Jean holds out her credit card. On second thought, she takes out cash, fumbling-

JEAN
So, have you always been into coffee?

FEMALE BARISTA
(uh, no.)
It's a job.

JEAN
Right. Of course. Makes sense.

Jean, turning redder now.

FEMALE BARISTA
But you. You must have some kind of serious job, huh?

Jean pauses.

JEAN
I'm a writer.

FEMALE BARISTA
(re: skirt/blouse)
You wear that to write?

Jean blushes.

JEAN
Well, I'm more like a journalist.
It's kinda corporate.

She looks at her, sideways.

FEMALE BARISTA
Anything I would have read?

JEAN
Probably not. I do mostly free-
lance. Op-ed pieces...

FEMALE BARISTA
I used to think I could write. But
really, we're all just pulling from
our unconscious. Right?

Jean looks at her.

JEAN
Well actually writing is related to
introspection, self-awareness. The
unconscious relates to motivation,
things we're barely aware of-

The barista smiles.

JEAN (CONT'D)
What?

FEMALE BARISTA
It's just, you're not exactly our
typical customer.

Jean looks around. It's true.

FEMALE BARISTA (CONT'D)
It's not a bad thing. I'm sick of
hipsters and I like contradictions.

JEAN
What makes you think...?

FEMALE BARISTA
I told you, I know how to read
people. Or at least interpret what
they choose to put out into the
world.

JEAN
And what do I put out into the
world? Because I think you
shouldn't be so quick to judge-

A GROUP of HIPSTER GUYS enter, talking loudly.

FEMALE BARISTA
I'll tell you Friday.

JEAN
I'm not sure I'll make it-

She places the flyer in Jean's hand, her palm grazing Jean's.

FEMALE BARISTA
Why? Life, again?
(she smiles mysteriously)
I'm Sidney, by the way.

JEAN
Sidney, hi. And I'm-

SIDNEY
Diane. You said.

Sidney moves over to the group of guys, flirtatiously.

Jean takes the shot, quickly. As she walks past Sidney,

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
See ya Friday... Diane.

Jean glances at her one last time, her cheeks flushed.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONNECTICUT - LATER

A RANGE ROVER pulls into a spot crooked. Jean jumps out.

INT. KARATE CLASS - CONNECTICUT - LATER

KIDS in karate uniform chop wood. PARENTS watch proudly. Jean makes her way to the front, trying to blend in. A FEW MOTHERS say hello to her. Jean politely nods, until she spots DOLLY-

An adorable seven year old, her short blond hair pulled back tight, her uniform baggy on her. She's one of two girls in the class. A real tomboy.

Jean waves to the child. The GIRL shakes her head, focusing only on the wood in front of her.

She chops it perfectly.

EXT. KARATE CLASS - CONNECTICUT- MOMENTS LATER

Jean holds Dolly's hand as they walk to the car. In Dolly's other hand is A LIGHT SABER.

DOLLY
It's Dylan, Jack, and Holden.

JEAN
Ella's not going?

DOLLY
She doesn't want to camp.

JEAN
I'm not sure I want you hanging out
with just the boys, honey.

DOLLY
Why? They're more fun.

JEAN
I'll talk to Dylan's mom. Maybe you
can camp but not sleep over.

Dolly removes her hand from her mother's grip.

DOLLY
That's not fair!

JEAN
No sulking Dol. What did I teach
you about that?

Dolly huffs loudly, like a drama queen.

DOLLY
It's not for grown-ups.

JEAN
And you want to be a grown-up
right?

DOLLY
(still upset)
Yes.

JEAN
How was school?

Dolly audibly huffs.

DOLLY
Boring.

Dolly jumps in the backseat, dramatically. Jean looks in the rearview mirror at her daughter, sulking. The GPS repeats HOME. She pulls out of the parking lot, clouded by darkness.

EXT. JEAN'S HOUSE - SUBURBAN CT - LATER

The RANGE ROVER pulls up to the two-story colonial house. Red brick and perfectly suburban. An American flag out front.

Dolly jumps out of the car.

JEAN
(yelling after her)
Homework, pajamas, then dinner!

Jean walks in, grabbing a ton of mail under her arms - bills, catalogues, magazines. An ENGLISH COCKER SPANIEL comes running through the house, which looks like a WAR ZONE.

Jean notices dog piss on the floor, under her heels.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Perfect.

INT. KITCHEN - JEAN'S HOUSE - LATER

A mess. The sink overloaded with dishes. Jean pushes a frozen pizza in the oven, still in her work clothes. Bare feet. Her hands graze the oven in the process. Ow. Fuck.

The DOOR opens.

MICHAEL, 41, distinguished in a suit and tie, enters. He undoes his tie. He's tall and lean with a full head of hair. He seems to only get more attractive with age.

MICHAEL
Smells good! What are you making?

JEAN
Don't get too excited. Just put a pizza in the oven.

MICHAEL
Candy said you were cooking.

JEAN
Oh, is that what "Candy said?"

MICHAEL
Stop it.

He plants a kiss on her cheek.

JEAN
I was going to do a whole shop, but figured I'd go with the car.

MICHAEL
Is Dol upstairs?

JEAN
Yup. How did it go?

MICHAEL
Bill's taking over the case.

JEAN
That's good. Right?

MICHAEL
I guess, though it means more to do
for the Procter and Gamble suit.

JEAN
But you're still okay for the trip?
I really think we need to book soon-

He flips through the mail, throwing out a bunch.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I spoke to Mrs. Finnigan. Even with
the extra time, her scores haven't
improved. And she's not focusing.

MICHAEL
Have you made an appointment yet?

JEAN
We're not giving her ritalin. All
these doctors overly prescribe it.

MICHAEL
I didn't say anything about drugs.
But if she has ADHD-

JEAN
That's what they do! I don't want
our seven year old on drugs. How is
it I along with everyone else I
knew was fine without drugs?

UPSTAIRS, sounds of DOLLY playing. Michael rushes up the
stairs, like a grown-up child.

MICHAEL
Is that my favorite ninja?

JEAN
Dinner's ready in a minute!

Michael finds Dolly at the top of the stairs, attacking her with kisses. Jean watches the timer on the pizza count down the last minute. Her eyes heavy. Her teeth clenched.

INT. JEAN'S HOUSE - SUBURBAN CT - LATER

The three of them sit around the table, sharing the pizza. Dolly in her Star Wars pajamas. Jean flips through the mail, casually. Michael has tomato sauce on his chin.

DOLLY
This pizza's sexy.

Michael and Jean look at each other.

JEAN
Honey, where did you learn that word?

DOLLY
From Holden. His sister taught him.

JEAN
Do you know what it means?

DOLLY
Yes. MMMM... cool. Like Star Wars. Star Wars is soooo sexy.

JEAN
Actually honey, it's an adult word that's used to describe a person if they are uh... pretty.

DOLLY
Are you sexy, daddy?

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL
Eh. I'm mediocre. But do you know who's very sexy?

DOLLY
Who?

MICHAEL
Your mom.

He shoots Jean a playful look. She rolls her eyes, but clearly enjoys his attention.

DOLLY
Am I sexy?

Jean jumps in-

JEAN
One day you will be, sweetie. But
not for a very very very long time.

This seems to work...

DOLLY
When does Auntie Brookie come?

JEAN
Three more weekends, Dol.
(turning to Michael)
Did you make a decision on the
hotel?

MICHAEL
Candace is looking into it.

JEAN
I'm surprised she's not joining us.

He smiles at Jean, playfully.

MICHAEL
Don't you try to help the women who
come to you with jealousy issues?

JEAN
I just know her type. Young and
eager to please...

MICHAEL
(grabbing his phone)
You know... maybe it's not a bad
idea? Should I text her now... see
if she can make it?

She pulls his phone away, laughing.

JEAN
Shut up...

Michael jumps up from dinner. Dolly follows-

DOLLY
Daddy, can I watch iPad?

MICHAEL
No, honey. Time for bed.

DOLLY

Please! Just one show!

JEAN

You deal with Ms. Sexy. I'll clean.

Michael plants a kiss on Jean's head, stroking her back lovingly. He turns off the living room light, leaving Jean in darkness, faced with the MESS. She stares at it, overwhelmed.

INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - LATER

Michael sits up in bed, sending e-mails on his iPad. He's freshly showered and in boxers. Jean undresses.

JEAN

It's crazy that someone can have that kind of power over your life.

MICHAEL

You're not getting emotionally involved, are you?

JEAN

Of course not. I draw very clear lines. You know that.

She looks down.

JEAN (CONT'D)

It kinda reminds me of before we got serious. I was a total mess. Feel like I broke up with you every other day.

MICHAEL

You were fine.

JEAN

No, you were fine. You threw yourself into your work. I think that's how you made partner.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure that's a good thing-

JEAN

Sometimes I miss that feeling-

MICHAEL

I don't miss that. Every day was a fucking roller-coaster.

JEAN

I know...

Jean stands in just her bra and underwear. Michael's iPad CHIMES with a new e-mail. She glances over.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Actually, you know, Larin invited me to a drinks thing Friday.

MICHAEL

We have dinner. At the Faitelsons.

JEAN

I know. It's just I haven't really done anything fun in a while...

MICHAEL

I'll pretend you didn't just say that.

JEAN

You know what I mean.

Jean pulls on a silk nightgown. Michael's iPad CHIMES again.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Shouldn't Candace be out on a date as opposed to e-mailing you?

Michael looks up, seriously.

MICHAEL

She's not my type, for the record.

Jean's eyes relax. She smiles, walking towards the bed.

JEAN

Good... cause I know you're very much my type...

Michael moves the iPad over. Jean gets on top of him. He kisses her neck and pulls up her nightgown. It's clear they've done this a million times.

He reaches inside her nightgown, grabbing her breasts in his hands, while she pushes him inside of her. She moans softly, her face in his neck. His eyes closed.

Jean tries to push him inside harder. But he seems focused, content. She runs her hand down her leg and starts to pleasure herself, wanting.

INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jean applies moisturizer to her skin. She notices a red scaly patch on her chest. Tries to rub it off, but it's permanent.

She takes out the FLYER for the band. Buries it in her medicine cabinet. A secretive smile. She turns off the light.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A HAND taps a bedside lamp on.

Sam sits up. He's sweating.

He gets up, walking through the simple space, his feet bare. Hooks line the walls, but no photos or art remain. He rips open a large box. Digs something out. An old blue vintage tee shirt. Too small to be his.

He carries it back into his bedroom, holding it close to him, breathing in the smell. Content.

EXT. CAR - DOLLY'S SCHOOL, CONNECTICUT - MORNING

Jean adjusts a pin on Dolly's shirt that reads: "I DRESS MYSELF." She tries to kiss her, but the seven year old squirms out of her grip.

JEAN
Bye, sweetie!

She watches Dolly run freely ahead, joining a few seven year old boys, her baggy jeans riding low, a backwards hat on her head. She doesn't look back.

INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Jean slowly moves through the aisles, looking at her shopping list. She stops in front of the various cans of TOMATOES. Crushed. Diced. Whole. She inspects each one. She chooses diced. On second thought, crushed. She just stands, debating.

A HISPANIC MALE EMPLOYEE, 20s, walks by.

EMPLOYEE
Can I help you, miss?

Jean considers.

JEAN
It doesn't matter.

She throws one in the shopping cart, carelessly.

INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jean digs through her clothing. Preppy sweaters, wraps, slacks. Business casual. She casts them aside, displeased.

INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Tucked deep in the back, Jean pulls out clothing. Colorful dresses, cool vintage looking pieces, short sequin mini skirts. She removes a pair of skin tight black pants. A sexy silky tank-top. She uncovers a pack of CIGARETTES.

She stares at the outfit, a mischievous look.

INT. BLOOMINGDALES - MALL - LATER

Jean stops at a PERFUME COUNTER, sorting through the various Chanel bottles. She holds a CLUB MONACO BAG.

Her phone rings. She silences it.

Jean clears her throat, interrupting an AFFECTED FEMALE EMPLOYEE, 40s, who does her make-up.

JEAN

Hi, I was wondering if you carry
Chance by Chanel?

EMPLOYEE

That's a line from like 2003.

JEAN

Has it been discontinued?

EMPLOYEE

You could try our newer, more
popular options. Chanel No. 5 or
our new, Coco by-

JEAN

I'm just looking for that one.

The woman types away, annoyed. Jean catches her reflection in a small magnifying mirror, smoothing out her wrinkles.

EXT. MALL - CONNECTICUT - LATER

Jean carries a bunch of bags, as she looks for her car.

On her phone, a NOTIFICATION from FACEBOOK. A friend request. The overweight face of CLAIRE ROGERS staring back at her. She hits IGNORE.

Her phone rings. MICHAEL's photo comes up - a sweet photo of him and Dolly as a baby in a swimming pool.

JEAN

Hey - I just got you the cutest-

CANDACE (V.O)

It's Candace.

JEAN

Oh, Candace. Sorry, I was just shopping for ties. You know...

CANDACE (V.O)

Dolly's school called-

JEAN

Is everything alright?

CANDACE (V.O)

Yes, yes.

JEAN

You should start with that.

CANDACE (V.O)

They need you to go down there. Nothing serious, but something happened with a girl in her class.

JEAN

Where's Michael? Can I-

CANDACE (V.O)

He just stepped into a meeting. They tried calling you, but said your phone was off.

JEAN

I was just - I'm on my way.

Jean hangs up, racing to the car.

INT. DOLLY'S SCHOOL - CONNECTICUT - LATER

Jean trips over herself, rushing through the elementary school. Children's art featuring rainbow-colored reindeers hang along the walls. Small colorful cubbies.

Jean heads into a DOOR labeled...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DOLLY'S SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

PRINCIPAL KRAPPEL, 50s, bald, a cheap suit, speaks.

Jean listens, taking it in. Role reversal.

PRINCIPAL KRAPPEL

It's great you let her express herself, but we can't have this in the classroom. I've already spoken to Michelle's mother. We've never had a situation quite like this.

JEAN

Can I ask, if Dolly kissed a boy, would that be grounds for this conversation? Sorry, I have to ask-

PRINCIPAL KRAPPEL

Jean, we teach this to be a safe space for our children. Which means no hitting or touching, and that includes affection. Gender has little to do with it. Or... rather, nothing to do with it.

JEAN

I get it. But, I remember many girls in first grade kissing boys in class. And it wasn't grounds for such seriousness... I mean they're kids. It doesn't mean much-

PRINCIPAL KRAPPEL

Dolly is a spirited kid. But, it wasn't just the kiss, she also told Michelle she wasn't really a girl, and when Michelle told her she was, she kept insisting.

JEAN

Michael and I are on it.

PRINCIPAL KRAPPEL

(He tries to make light)
Not like when we were young, huh?
This sexuality stuff starts early.

Jean nods, trying to conceal her fear.

INT. CAR - GREENWICH CT - NIGHT

Michael drives, tired and worn out. Jean fiddles with the bottle of wine in the passenger seat.

JEAN

He was basically implying she's either trans or a lesbian.

MICHAEL

Let's not jump to conclusions. This could be a phase. For now, we have to just support her.

JEAN

Obviously. I'm not going to send her to aversion therapy. Jesus.

Jean's phone CHIMES. A text from Larin: *You still on with the real housewives tonight?* Jean laughs aloud.

MICHAEL

Who's texting you?

JEAN

Larin. About her thing tonight.

JEAN responds: *Yes... But will try to duck out if I can.*

The BMW pulls up to an ULTRA MODERN MANSION. Jean trudges out of the car, eyeing the house.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Ugh, I'm not in the mood for this.

MICHAEL

You were the one who suggested it-

JEAN

At the time, I thought it was a good idea.

They arrive at the front door. Jean rings the DOORBELL.

MICHAEL

Are you okay? You seem-

The door swings open...

KAREN FAITELSON, 40s, bubbly, well-dressed, warmly hugs them.

KAREN FAITELSON

Jean! Michael!

Jean, all smiles.

JEAN

Karen, hi!

Michael shakes his head at Jean, as she follows after.

INT. THE FAITELSONS HOUSE - GREENWICH CT - LATER

Ornate and overly grand. Fancy art intermixed with photos of their two dorky sons, ages thirteen and seven.

Jean and Michael sit at the pristine dining table, across from Karen and Dennis. Dennis, 48, overweight and red-faced, drinks scotch. Bottles of wine already open.

Another preppy couple, BLAIR and ADRIAN SALTZ, early 40s, pass around Karen's slide-show of PHOTOS from their Turkish vacation. They are both skinny brunettes.

Karen flips through the iPad. Jean sips her wine, fiddling with the glass, not particularly engaged.

KAREN

Best decision not to bring them.
They were fine with Julie and this way, we could go out at night, eat dinner on the Bosphorus... This was the main pool. It was a slice of heaven. Literally.

BLAIR

All I keep hearing about is Istanbul. I feel like it's the new Greece.

Michael tries unsuccessfully to make eye contact with Jean across the table.

ADRIAN

(to Michael)

Aren't you guys going somewhere tropical?

MICHAEL

Belize. Soon, actually.

BLAIR

It's so hard with the kids.

KAREN

You know, I'm always happy to watch Dolly or Ella.

BLAIR
That's so sweet.

DENNIS
Where are you guys staying?

MICHAEL
I think a lodge, like the Victoria
or something. Is that right, babe?

Jean looks over, her mind elsewhere.

KAREN
You need to stay at Blancaneux.
It's in the middle of this jungle.
Francis Ford Coppola owns it. The
wine, the view. It's where you stay
that makes your trip.

DENNIS
It's incredible.

JEAN
We just have a few days. Michael's
sister Brooke is watching Dolly...

KAREN
It's life changing. You can't miss
it.

A moment.

MICHAEL
Well, alright, send us the info. I
mean, we're not opposed to
incredible, right darling?

Jean shoots Michael a look, but smiles politely at the group.

JEAN
We all aspire to incredible.

INT. FAITELSONS HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Jean stands back while Karen and Blair prepare the souffle.
She drinks her wine, picking at lovely looking crudites.

BLAIR
Apparently they're getting
divorced. Ed was always a flirt.
And very touchy. Kept saying how
"fit" I was. Remember?

Jean laughs, amused.

KAREN

Was he having an affair?

BLAIR

I'm convinced it was their nanny.
They have that young Australian au
pair who lives with them. Remember?

JEAN

Always a wild card.

KAREN

Do you know if it's true?

BLAIR

It's just my personal theory.

JEAN

You guys have way too much time on
your hands.

KAREN

You're lucky you get the benefit of
the gossip without having to show
up at every school event.

JEAN

(smiling)

Touche.

Jean finishes her glass of wine, her cheeks already flushed.

BLAIR

By the way, Eleanor already put
down she was making brownies for
the bake sale.

JEAN

But I make them every year.

BLAIR

Sorry, she called it. We do need a
pie, though.

JEAN

Can't we just have two things of
brownies? It's easy and-

Jean works to uncork another bottle of wine. No success.

KAREN

Remember Maggie's mother bought that cherry pie last year from Waldbaums? I know she works, but-

BLAIR

She *is* a single mother-

KAREN

I can give you this beautiful recipe for a pear cardamom pie.

JEAN

That sounds complicated-

KAREN

Oh, it's simple.

BLAIR

Apple or pumpkin would be fine.

KAREN

Apple's boring. Maybe pecan?

BLAIR

With the kids' allergies, we should hold off on pecan.

As Jean pulls the cork out with all of her might,

JEAN

Does it really fucking matter? It's an elementary school bake sale. They won't know the difference.

She lunges the bottle towards Karen.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Can you open this?

Karen pulls open the cork. An awkward silence.

BLAIR

Is everything okay?

JEAN

Sorry. Nothing. Just... tired. And I'm really not in the mood to bake a pie.

Jean grabs the wine, turning away.

INT. FAITELSONS HOUSE - LATER

They are just finishing dinner. It's a lighter, more festive mood. Jean picks up a bottle of wine, but it's empty.

DENNIS
I'll get some more-

JEAN
Actually, do you guys have any
bourbon?

Michael looks at her, curiously.

DENNIS
Since when are you into bourbon,
Jeannie?

JEAN
I don't know, feel like a change.

KAREN
Adventurous.

DENNIS
I have Makers, Woodford reserve. Do
you drink it straight?

JEAN
On the rocks?

DENNIS
Your wife is a tiger, Michael.

MICHAEL
That's why I married her.

He smiles at her, adoringly.

INT. BATHROOM - FAITELSON'S HOUSE - LATER

A pristine marble bathroom. Candles arranged next to roses on the back of the toilet seat.

As she flushes, Jean's phone vibrates. A TEXT from LARIN: *Has the gossip killed you yet? We'll be here late so no excuses. Bring Michael, of course.* A few enthusiastic EMOJIS follow.

EXT/INT. STUDY- FAITELSONS HOUSE - LATER

As Jean passes the study, she notices the door still open. The laughter of Karen, Dennis, and Michael audible from the other room. She creeps inside.

At the desk, she tears a few sheets from Dennis' prescription pad. Stuffs them in her pocket.

EXT. FAITELSON'S HOUSE - LATER

Michael walks with Jean down the lit walkway.

MICHAEL

On a scale of one to ten, how painful tonight?

JEAN

I don't know why we need the info on those hotels. You're far too accommodating.

MICHAEL

No, I'm strategic. It's easier sometimes to just appease someone.

Jean shrugs.

JEAN

Well, that souffle was to die for. Definitely a ten.

MICHAEL

I know. Should have married Karen.

JEAN

Go for it! I'd love to see that.

MICHAEL

I'd rather eat frozen pizza the rest of my life than live with that woman.

Jean laughs, hobbling into the car.

JEAN

So I think I can make it.

MICHAEL

Where?

JEAN

To Larin's. Remember? She's having
a small thing at her new place.

Michael looks at her, slightly confused.

MICHAEL

You're going now?

JEAN

Just for a few hours. She said
they'll be hanging til late.

She flips her hair back. Her eyes flitting nervously.

MICHAEL

You're drunk.

JEAN

No I'm not.

MICHAEL

You don't think I know you by now?

JEAN

Well, you say it like I'm breaking
the law. I'm of age, you know.

She stares at Michael until he looks away, surrendering.

MICHAEL

You really want me to take you to
the train station now? Like this?

JEAN

Like what?

She gives him a harsh look, then turns her attention out the window. Her reflection blurred by the streetlights, half bathed in lightness, half in darkness.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

From a distance, we watch as Jean walks out of the bathroom to her seat. She now wears the black skinny pants and the tight yellow shirt. She holds her large pocket book, pushing her clothes from earlier inside.

She sits. Using her iPhone camera, Jean applies lipstick. A dark shade of red. She opens her purse and pulls out the Chanel Chance perfume. She sprays herself, breathing in.

She unwraps a few new necklaces. Drapes them on, carefully.

On her phone, she texts Larin back: *So sorry to bail but we ended up getting stuck... Have so much fun!*

EXT/INT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - NEW YORK CITY - LATER

Dark. Sexy. Loud rock music comes from the speakers. A large crowd surrounds the stage.

Jean walks in to her surroundings, out of place. The rest of the crowd younger, revealing far more skin. Jean unbuttons one of her top buttons, but she's still far too elegant.

Jean pushes through the crowd to a small opening at the bar.

The BARTENDER, an arm of tattoos and a fedora, finally looks in her direction-

JEAN
(yelling)
Hi, excuse me-

He stares, expectantly.

JEAN (CONT'D)
An old-fashioned?

BARTENDER
What kind of bourbon?

JEAN
Uh, Makers.

He nods, a slight smile as he notices her unease.

BARTENDER
You live 'round here?

JEAN
No... just visiting.

Jean scans the crowd. No familiar faces. No sign of Sidney. She notices a few MUSICIANS off in the back and tries to get a better look. Takes out her phone. Pretends to be on it.

TWO DOUCHY SWEATY GUYS move over near Jean...

DOUCHY GUY
I swear if you objectify them,
you're an asshole and if you don't
notice them, you're equally fucked.

DOUCHY GUY 2
 She just keeps telling me that I'm
 misogynistic and I'm like, just
 'cause I like Game of Thrones-

As the douchy guy leans over her to grab an olive off the bar, he spills his gin and tonic on Jean's new shirt.

JEAN
 Oh god!

DOUCHY GUY 1
 Shit, I'm so sorry.

DOUCHY GUY 2
 Man, you're an idiot.

DOUCHY GUY 1
 (to Jean)
 Let me get you another drink.

JEAN
 It's fine, I'm fine-

Douchy guy number two grabs some napkins off the bar. The bartender looks on, amused.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 Really funny. Thanks.
 (the guy starts to touch
 her neckline)
 I'll do that.

DOUCHY GUY 2
 Dude, offer to pay for her dry
 cleaning.

JEAN
 It's fine. I'm leaving. I don't
 know what I was thinking.

Jean puts down the napkins and her drink. She turns and suddenly, the lights dim. The crowd goes wild.

Jean turns and there's a SPOTLIGHT on SIDNEY. Center stage.

There she stands, in tight leggings and a tank-top with a gold tiger, that highlights her black bra. Her reddish brown hair hangs down. A sparkle in her eye. She holds a guitar. Touches a loose strand of hair. And begins to sing.

The crowd goes quiet.

SIDNEY

Wait a minute baby,
Stay with me awhile,
Said, you'd give me light-
But you never told me about the
fire.

Jean, completely still, watches Sidney. The power of her playing. The band joins in, but Jean doesn't seem to notice.

As Sidney continues to sing, Jean moves towards the front, pushing through the people, spellbound by her power. Completely entranced.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

He said, "Sara, you're the poet in
my heart,
Never change, never stop"
But now it's gone, it doesn't
matter what for-
But when you build your house, then
call me, call me-

As Jean nears the front, Sidney locks eyes with her, almost singing directly to her. Jean holds her eye contact, wearing her very own sly smile.

INT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - NYC - LATER

Now sweaty, Jean moves to the music, along with the crowd. The band finishes their final song. Applause. Wildness.

Sidney runs off the stage with the other musicians. The doors open. The groups of friends dispersing.

Jean takes out her phone. A text from MICHAEL: *Goodnight! Hope you're having fun tonight with your friends, tiger. :).*

She looks at the text, back to reality, a bit guilty.

EXT. ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL - LOWER EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Jean checks GOOGLE MAPS, frazzled. She squints, trying to make out the street sign on the far corner.

Suddenly, a familiar voice:

SIDNEY

You lost?

Jean turns, caught off guard. Sidney leans against a brick wall, smoking a cigarette with the skinny bassist, early 30s.

JEAN

Hi...

SIDNEY

You came, after all.

Jean smiles, nervously.

JEAN

You were great. All you guys.

SIDNEY

Yeah?

Sidney twirls her hair, flirtatiously.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

This is Frances. This is... Diane.

FRANCES

Yea, hey. Nice to meet ya.

JEAN

You too. Great job.

FRANCES

Thanks, man. Miss...

He looks at the two of them.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Alright dude, I'm gonna go find
Paige. Have fun, ladies.

Sidney plants a slight kiss on his lips. Jean, aware. She breathes in the cool night air, trying to seem casual.

SIDNEY

(offering a cigarette)
You want?

JEAN

I shouldn't.

SIDNEY

I won't tell anyone...

Jean takes the cigarette.

JEAN

You are persuasive.

Sidney lights it for her, moving closer.

SIDNEY
So you liked the show?

JEAN
You have real presence. It's rare.

Sidney smiles, clearly flattered.

SIDNEY
It's hard to tell who's for real these days. I meet a ton of people living off their parents' money, pretending to be starving artists.

JEAN
And that annoys you?

SIDNEY
Uh, yeah. It's like, own your circumstances. Don't lie about it.

Jean inhales, enjoying the rush. But tries to focus.

JEAN
Maybe it's hard for people to admit the truth, sometimes.

SIDNEY
That's not really an excuse.

JEAN
It really seems to bother you when people aren't as overt as you...

SIDNEY
I didn't say that. Now who's making generalizations?

Sidney playfully raises her eyebrows at Jean, who turns slightly, but turns back, gaining courage.

JEAN
So is he your boyfriend?

SIDNEY
Frances? No... I don't really do that anymore.

JEAN
Do what?

SIDNEY
Relationships. Well, serious ones.

Jean moves closer, on edge.

JEAN

You must have really gotten burned-

SIDNEY

No, actually. It's not that. I was in a messy situation that taught me that's not what I need.

Jean tries to seem casual, taking a drag.

JEAN

What was the situation?

SIDNEY

It's really not worth getting into.

Sidney ashes her cigarette with her heel, gracefully.

JEAN

It's interesting to me. The kind of person you would date...

Sidney studies her, her eyes narrow. Then resumes-

SIDNEY

Well, he's the opposite of anyone I'd choose now. He was this sweet guy. The sweetest. But so needy and dependent. It was sad. He kept clinging to me for his like sustenance. I was just so fucking bored. Do you know what that feels like? Like you're climbing out of your skin - completely trapped.

Jean nods in agreement, hanging on her every word.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

The worst part is he would make me feel guilty. Like tell me how he would kill himself if I left and all this bullshit.

Jean raises her eyebrows, curiously.

JEAN

Was he serious?

SIDNEY

I mean, yes. Getting out a knife, saying he'd slit his wrists. It got ugly.

(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
He had no friends, no interests.
Like do you think that makes
someone want to stay with you when
you have nothing of your own?

Jean takes this in, trying to conceal her surprise.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Let's get a drink.

JEAN
Now?

SIDNEY
Yeah? Or are you busy or something?

JEAN
Aren't you busy?

SIDNEY
Nope.

JEAN
But you must have a ton of people
who came to see you. Friends...

SIDNEY
No one I care to hang with. Unless
you're not free?

Jean looks at Sidney, so carefree, hopeful. She breathes in.

JEAN
Fine. One drink.

INT. BAR - LATER

A local dive bar. Dim lighting. Jean sips her whisky soda.

JEAN
So Frances is just a friend, and so
is Jack. Seems you have quite an
adventurous life.

SIDNEY
Are you calling me a slut?

She laughs, moving closer.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Cause I'm not.

JEAN

I prefer open-minded.

SIDNEY

What can I say? We can't all be so pure, like you.

JEAN

You think I'm so straight-laced, but I could shock you. Trust me.

SIDNEY

That's pretty tough.

(she leans forward)

My parents are divorced and I spent summers with my dad. They were the highlight of everything... would count down the days, literally, like a naive idiot. Anyway, we were driving to Florida, the 22 hours straight, and we were 42 minutes in when the police pulled us over. My dad was a fucking criminal, an embezzler, you name it, and at five years old, holding my Beauty and the Beast comforter, I was escorted by the police back to my house. I understood then the key to happiness.

JEAN

And what's that?

SIDNEY

Active denial. I looked at that incident and didn't see it as real. It was this one thing that happened and I went about my day, pretending all was cool. Set me up pretty well for all the shit in the world.

JEAN

Is your dad in jail?

SIDNEY

Supposedly. Haven't seen him in like ten years. And don't ever think about him. Which I consider my Christmas gift every year.

She sits up.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

So what about you? Tell me what you write about.

Sidney sits close. She strokes Jean's finger. Jean stutters-

JEAN

Uh, mostly about people, the psychology of relationships-

SIDNEY

What about them?

JEAN

Well, there's so much we don't understand. I try to see beneath the surface. The subtext. Like for example, in your situation-

SIDNEY

How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live-

Jean looks at her, unsure.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Thoreau.

JEAN

I like that, but I feel like I've lived. Or used to. Back in the day I was a bit... more wild. But now-

SIDNEY

Now what?

JEAN

Well... nothing.

SIDNEY

You never wanted to get married?

Jean considers. Takes a real moment. And then,

JEAN

I tried it once. I don't know, I think we change so often, how on earth can we know who we'll want to be with ten years from now?

SIDNEY

I couldn't agree more.

Sidney seductively brushes her hair back from her neck, revealing the VENN DIAGRAM TATTOO. THE SAME ONE SAM HAS. It reads as perfectly sexy on her, just as Sam described.

Jean, flustered, looks away. It's like gazing directly into the sun. Sidney notices.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

What is it?

Sidney reaches out, but Jean suddenly stands. On guard.

JEAN

Nothing... it's just so late. I stayed much longer than I intended.

Jean grabs her purse and her coat, in a hurry-

SIDNEY

So? What's the rush?

JEAN

Uh, just work... a deadline.

SIDNEY

That sucks. But listen, we should do this again. I really like talking to you.

She reaches for Jean's cell phone. Notices her HOME SCREEN.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Who's this?

A PHOTO of DOLLY.

JEAN

My niece. My sister's kid.

SIDNEY

She's adorable.

JEAN

Thanks.

She smiles, nervous. Sidney enters her number, staring at her all the while. Jean fumbles with her things, a bit drunk.

SIDNEY

You know, you smell like me.

JEAN

(blushing)
What?

SIDNEY
Chance by Chanel?

JEAN
Uh, yeah... I got a gift box.

Sidney comes even closer, seductively.

SIDNEY
I can't explain it, but there's something about you that reminds me of... me. Is that a weird thing to say? I just feel it. I don't know. I guess, what I'm trying to say rather inarticulately is, I'm really glad we met.

Sidney pulls her close, touching her hair as she hugs her.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

Jean sits on the train, staring out the window. Most of the seats empty. As the train heads into the tunnel, the lights go on and off on the train, bathing her in darkness.

Her leg shakes just slightly. An unmistakable excitement.

EXT/INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - SUBURBAN CT - LATER

Jean unlocks the door. The cab drives off. She takes off her heels by the landing, trying not to make a sound.

INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - SUBURBAN CT - LATER

Jean checks on Michael who snores loudly, curled up in the blankets. She creeps out.

INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - SUBURBAN CT - LATER

Jean peers in to Dolly's room. The little girl, arms spread, sleeping, like a free bird.

Jean walks up to her, kisses her on the head. Pulls the blanket up around her, protectively.

INT. HOLLOWAY HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Jean sits on her computer, in her pajamas.

On FACEBOOK, CLAIRE ROGERS' page is open. Jean hits DENY.

She searches for SAM DUFFY. They are not friends, but she can still see a few of his profile pictures.

She scrolls through, landing on a photo of him and Sidney, hiking on a mountain. Sidney, appears younger, less alternative. Sam, head over heels. They look incredibly happy. Jean considers, leaning forward.

Jean takes out her legal pad. Writes down SIDNEY PIERCE. An arrow connecting her to SAM DUFFY. She begins to write down key words under SIDNEY. Narcissist? Trust? Borderline?

In the center of the diagram, she writes down JEAN HOLLOWAY. Draws a huge question mark at the center. Lost in thought.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DOWNTOWN - MONDAY MORNING

Sam holds a large box, as he walks down the street, against rush hour. His hair slicked back, he looks slightly more put together. On a mission.

INT. NEW YORK CITY OFFICE - MONDAY MORNING

Michael pops out of the elevator, full of energy. He drinks a coffee, and holds a second.

As he approaches his office, a brunette, late 20s, rushes over. She's tall, striking, a knock-out.

Michael hands over the coffee, carefree.

MICHAEL
Morning, Candace.

This is CANDACE. She is by all accounts EVERYONE'S TYPE.

CANDACE
Bill called. He wants to see you.

MICHAEL
Did he say why?

CANDACE
No, but word on the street is that his daughter-in-law just gave birth and he's taking off for Florida.

Candace follows him into his office, making herself at home. She passes photos of Dolly and Jean. A pair of golf clubs in the corner. She rests her leg on the arm of the sofa.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
How was your weekend?

MICHAEL
Ate souffle, drank scotch.

CANDACE
Ah! I love souffle. Thanks for the invite.

MICHAEL
Please, Jean already thinks I spend way too much time talking to you.

Candace smiles to herself, pleased.

CANDACE
I just take my job very seriously.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WEST VILLAGE - MONDAY MORNING

Sam walks down a flight of stairs, pausing outside the RABBIT HOLE CAFE. He peers in, nervously. Takes a deep breath.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - THAT SAME MOMENT

Out of the subway, Jean emerges. A lightness to her step. A twinkle in her eye. She moves with energy, taking in her surroundings. On a high.

She rushes across the street, picking up the pace. A smile forming on her cheeks as she turns the corner heading into...

INT. RABBIT HOLE BAR/CAFE - WEST VILLAGE - MONDAY MORNING

Our gaze is fixed on Sidney who makes coffee behind the counter. Focused. Intense. She shoves the espresso into the machine. One after another. Until she looks in front of her, surprised.

SAM
Hi.

SIDNEY
Hi.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - LATER

ON Jean, restless, fiddling with her pen.

CLAIRE

I literally haven't seen her in three months. She barely answers her phone and this weekend when she cancelled, I blew up. Why do you think she's being so avoidant?

JEAN

Well, it's impossible for me to speculate on Rebecca's life. I only have access to you...

CLAIRE

I'm sure she's just busy. If she were dating, at least that would be a good reason. I used to hope she wasn't picking up because she was having sex. Like that would be fine... you know?

JEAN

You have to loosen the reins.

CLAIRE

Do you know how infuriating it is to know that your daughter won't make time for you? Work is more important. The gym is more important. Even her weekly blow-out every Monday. That she has time for. And I've been to that salon. It's not even nice!

JEAN

Claire, Rebecca loves you. Just give her time. Emotions change like the wind. It'll get better.

Jean smiles.

INT. OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Candace sits in her cubicle, her short skirt showing off her tanned legs. She's editing her OK CUPID profile. A MAN in a SUIT comes out. She opens up a BRIEF, quickly.

RING. RING. RING.

CANDACE

Michael Holloway's office.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - UPPER WEST SIDE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jean walks, on the phone.

JEAN

Hi Candace. Is Michael around?

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CANDACE

He's just finishing up a call. Can I have him return?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - UWS - CONTINUOUS

Jean runs across the street against traffic.

JEAN

It's kind of important. I wanted to see if he booked the hotel.

CANDACE

I'm just waiting for the go ahead to book it. His schedule got a bit turned around with the Procter and Gamble case since Bill-

JEAN

Can you just tell him it'll take a second? I'm worried it's going to get full.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Candance struts into Michael's office.

She mouths, JEAN, BELIZE. Michael nods.

CANDACE

Putting you through.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - UWS - CONTINUOUS

JEAN

Thanks, Candace. Have a good-

MICHAEL

Hey, honey.

JEAN
(to a cyclist)
Fucking watch it!

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael swivels around. Candace still stands in the doorway.

MICHAEL
Whoa. What-

JEAN (V.O)
Hey. I don't mean to keep nagging you, but I really want to book the hotel and the flights before they get crazy. You have no idea how much I'm looking forward to it and-

MICHAEL
Babe, we're gonna need to push.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - UWS - CONTINUOUS

Jean's face falls.

JEAN
Are you serious? Brooke's already coming. I took off my days. Can't you get someone to cover?

MICHAEL
I really can't. Bill's heading out of town and it's just terrible timing. I'm so sorry, honey. I know you were excited. So was I. I promise we'll go soon.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael plays with the tip of his ball point pen...

MICHAEL
Do you have a patient now? Why don't we meet for lunch? We can discuss when-

JEAN
No. I don't want to talk about it.

MICHAEL
Please don't be mad.

Candance looks at him, flashing him a sweet smile.

JEAN
I'm not mad. Just disappointed.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - SALON - CONTINUOUS

Jean stands in front of a SALON, pacing.

JEAN
Okay, I'm at my appointment. We'll
talk at home.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael hangs up, sullen.

CANDACE
That sounded like it sucked.

MICHAEL
It did.

CANDACE
Well, I'll take you to lunch, if
you need some cheering up.

Michael looks down, shaking his head.

MICHAEL
Not sure I'll be very good company.

CANDACE
I don't mind.

She smiles at him, encouragingly.

INT. SALON - LATER

Jean sits under a dryer, hair wet, full of dye. A WOMAN sits down beside her, late 30s, suit, typing on her blackberry.

JEAN
I thought I was the only one who
dyed my hair during lunch.

WOMAN
It's like my salvation.

Jean smiles casually, her hand shaking slightly on her lap.

EXT/INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Jean walks into her office, closing herself in. Quiet. Her lunch untouched. She removes a PILL BOTTLE from her desk drawer. We notice the label: KLONOPIN. On second thought, she returns it to its place, sitting back in her chair.

INT. JEAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Sam sits up straight. He seems quiet. In his own head. Finally,

SAM

I did it. I put her stuff in a box.
Like you said.

JEAN

Good.

Jean smiles, sitting up.

SAM

But then I didn't know if I should
ship it... It seemed formal or
something so I decided to just
bring it to her. I knew it was her
shift today at the coffee shop.

As he talks, Jean notices in his hand the white coffee cup from the rabbit hole. She shifts, nervously.

JEAN

So you just saw her? Right now?

SAM

Yeah. You should have seen her face-

Jean nods, her mouth growing dry.

SAM (CONT'D)

It was fine though. Well more fine
than I thought. We talked for a few
minutes. Caught up. She told me a
little about her show last night.

JEAN

(leaning forward)
What did she say?

SAM

Not much. Just how excited she
was... how she wished I could have
seen it.

Jean considers, surprised.

SAM (CONT'D)

I used to love seeing her perform. I always felt like even if it was a full house, I was the only in the audience. Like she was performing just for me or something.

Jean shifts, all too familiar with this exact feeling...

JEAN

I've been thinking... is it possible that you came on too strong with Sidney?

SAM

What do you mean? Today?

JEAN

No. Generally. It's just she seems so independent and free-spirited, from how you describe her. Maybe she felt claustrophobic.

SAM

No, I gave her space. A lot of it.

JEAN

You know, people make the mistake of growing dependent - not having a life outside their partner.

SAM

She was as dependent as I was-

JEAN

And people resort to all kinds of things when they're feeling out of control or emotional...

SAM

I don't understand why you're telling me this.

JEAN

It's just we've been so focused on Sidney's issues. But, we haven't really looked at your behavior inside the relationship. Our purpose here is to help you move forward and recognize your patterns so you can sustain a healthy relationship in the future. Right?

Sam nods, slowly.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You said the other day that you had nothing else except Sidney. It's never a good idea to put that kind of pressure on someone. It's not fair to them.

SAM

Yeah, I know. I didn't...

JEAN

Do you honestly feel you sustained your own identity throughout the relationship?

He looks at her, vulnerable.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You can talk to me, Sam. I'm not going to judge. I just want the truth. There's no point rewriting history for my sake.

SAM

I didn't force her to stay. We were in love.

Sam sits up, defensively.

JEAN

How do you think Sidney would describe the relationship, if she were sitting here?

SAM

Well, I'm not her, but I think she'd say it was intense and all-consuming. And really loving. And then she got scared and pulled away. And decided she needed to experience more shit. More people.

JEAN

So she's dating...

SAM

No. She actually told me she's not interested in any guys.

Jean looks at him, nervously.

JEAN

But she's interested in women?

SAM

No... What?

JEAN

Oh, I don't know, the way you said it. Anyway, it's common for young women to dally or try things...

SAM

She's straight, if that's what you're asking. She never even had that many close girlfriends.

Sam sits up.

SAM (CONT'D)

(a small laugh)

I mean, I would know, right?

JEAN

I'm sure you would.

Jean clears her throat.

SAM

Anyway, I could tell she's unhappy.

JEAN

How?

SAM

I just felt it. It was small things. But I could see it.

Jean nods, not convinced.

JEAN

Well, she sounds like she's finding her way, figuring out a lot. But, you're more grounded-

SAM

Who cares if I'm grounded? Aren't we all figuring it out? I mean, not to make it about the past, but Sid's dad died when she was eleven. It created a whole slew of issues.

Caught off guard,

JEAN

Wait, her dad. I thought-

SAM

Yea, she was at camp and her mother just came up there and told her. She didn't even get to go to the funeral. Never got closure. I think that's where her trust issues come from. I'm really the only guy she's ever trusted. And yeah, she's wild and adventurous, but mostly it's cause she's afraid of being hurt. There's nothing in the world like trusting someone with your shame, your embarrassment, your violence. So yeah I know her. Probably better than she knows herself.

ON Jean, the wheels spinning, wondering if she got played.

BLACK

THE 1969 SONG "JEAN" by OLIVER KICKS INTO GEAR OVER CREDITS.