

SEARCH PARTY

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Teleplay by  
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PRESENT DAY, NEW YORK....

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A wide tableau of search volunteers traipsing through a field in the morning. A mix of Baby boomers, their kids, and a couple of dogs not bred for this purpose.

They call out, "Chantal!", "Chantal!", "Chantal!"

The sounds of the search party begin to blend with the swelling sound of a subway train approaching...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

DORY (27) fragile, frustrated and a life-long doormat, swipes her metro-card but she can't fucking make it work.

A line of ANGRY NEW YORKERS begin to pile up behind her as she repeatedly swipes and slams herself into the rotating door turnstile.

DORY

Ow!

The Angry New Yorkers grow impatient with her as they hear the train screeching to a halt.

Finally, she gets through but misses the train by a hair, as do the people who were trapped behind her.

WALL STREET ASSHOLE (35) throws his hands up in exasperation.

WALL STREET ASSHOLE

You gotta be *fuckin'* kidding me!

He throws his water bottle against the wall.

DORY

Sorry... Whoops.

As she puts her wallet away she discovers she dropped her metro card on the other side of the jail-like bars.

She sweetly asks the people she just fucked over for help.

DORY (CONT'D)

Excuse me - I'm so sorry. I - uh -  
I dropped my - it's new.

They ignore her as they go through the turnstile with ease. \*

DORY (CONT'D) \*

Could you? I'd go out but I swiped  
already... \*

Once everyone has filed in, she exits the turnstile and picks  
up her bent and dirty-with-footprints metrocard. \*

When she stands, *something* catches her attention. \*

A MISSING PERSONS' FLYER taped on to a subway column: *Chantal  
Witherbottom, Endangered Missing Adult.*

Camera pushes into the sign as Dory's POV. All sound goes  
quiet as Dory takes in this moment. She knows this woman. \*

TITLE SEQUENCE: SEARCH PARTY

INT. YWCA CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dory sits in a small, cramped conference space filled with  
women around her age.

A power point projects: *"LEADING WOMEN TO LEAD: A Mentor  
Program"*

They are listening to PAULETTE CAPUZZI (50s) short and  
overweight, wearing a cheap power-suit with her hair held  
tightly back in a tiny, mismanaged bun. She is mid-  
presentation and speaks with a Staten Island accent...

PAULETTE

And now I'd like to introduce you  
to someone very special. When  
Camilla Martinez first came to me,  
she was living on the streets and  
was socializing with - forgive me -  
the wrong crowd.

Polite laughter. Dory obliges and fake laughs along.

She fiddles with her phone and we see her Facebook status  
superimposed on the screen as she updates.

*"Posting about this feels so strange. Just learned that my  
dear friend from college Chantal Witherbottom has gone  
missing. So scary."* She attaches a link with Chantal's  
missing person's profile. \*

RIGHTEOUS WOMAN (25) seethes with anger over Dory's phone.

RIGHTEOUS WOMAN

(Whispers)

I'm sorry... *Please* put that away.  
So bright.

Dory puts the phone away and mouths "sorry".

PAULETTE

But I looked at Camilla and I could see a girl with *potential*. A girl who was much more willing to grow than she ever wanted to let on. Cut to six years later. Camilla graduated Magna Cum Laude from Princeton University and among many other accomplishments, recently began a prestigious internship with the one and only Ted Kennedy.

The audience clutches themselves and "Wow"s.

PAULETTE (CONT'D)

(Playing the crowd)

I know. How did this happen?  
Camilla, I invite you to share your story. Ladies and ladies, Miss Camilla Martinez. Hey sweetie...

Applause! CAMILLA (22) all smiles, beautiful and poised approaches the podium with a speech in hand. \*

INT. YWCA CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Post-presentation. Dory stands with a group of uptight women drinking wine. \*

DORY

Gah, three times a week and in the *evenings*? Yikes - I'd love to be a mentor, but easier said than done. You know?

PAIGE (30) a no-nonsense goodie-two-shoes.

PAIGE

Well, (*Looks at her name tag*) Dory, it's a commitment. \*

DORY

I know, and I wanna make it work but my *boyfriend* and *work* and *obligations*... It's just a lot.

PAIGE

What do you do?

DORY

Um. I work for the wife of a...  
man.

Oops, that didn't come out right.

PAIGE

And those are long hours?

DORY

Uhhh - na - yah - As long as I keep  
my phone on....

They stare blankly at Dory. Are you fucking kidding me?

DORY (CONT'D)

Whoa - I just realized I'm  
*exhausted* - Good luck to us all.  
And - yeah...

Dory gathers her things, ready to get the fuck out of there.

But then she looks over to Camilla and watches her  
entertaining a crowd. She's so confident. Her smile is  
illuminating. Dory picks up a few sound bites...

CAMILLA

Growth happens at that edge that  
you think are your limits. But then  
you just push one inch. There.  
You're *that* much stronger than you  
thought. Most important thing I  
learned through this program.

Inspiring. Dory picks up an application on her way out. \*

INT. CAFE MOGADOR - DAY

Dory has brunch with her friend ELLIOTT (27) gay, energetic  
and a self-diagnosed narcissist and PORTIA (27) an emotional,  
opinionated actress with a major victim complex. \*

ELLIOTT

So Kristine runs over to us with  
shards of glass still in her hair  
and is all like "help me flip my  
car back over!" And we were like...  
No, call the police! \*

PORTIA \*  
Aww, I would have helped Kristine! \*

DORY \*  
Do you guys remember that girl \*  
Chantal Witherbottom? \*

Both Elliott and Portia cringe. \*

ELLIOTT \*  
Yeah, she sucked. \*

DORY \*  
Why'd she *suck*? \*

ELLIOTT \*  
She was just so like - didn't have \*  
anything to offer. She was always \*  
like brushing her hair in public - \*  
it's like... Brush it at *home*. \*

PORTIA \*  
And I always got the feeling she \*  
was jealous of me... I was getting \*  
cast as a Freshman and she was \*  
clearly like *not okay* with that. \*

DORY \*  
Well, she's gone missing. \*

PORTIA \*  
What do you *mean*? \*

DORY \*  
There are flyers all over the \*  
subway! \*

She shows him her phone with a photo of the flyer. \*

ELLIOTT \*  
Oh my god. I'm like about to cry! \*

Elliott takes out his phone and posts, "*In shock. Always* \*  
*admired this girl. Keep an eye out, people.*" \*

DORY \*  
It's crazy. We were *friends*, you \*  
know? \*

ELLIOTT \*  
*Friends!*? I'm sorry, no. You just \*  
referred to her as "That girl, \*  
Chantal Witherbottom" \*

Over their dialogue we see flashbacks of Dory's memory of Chantal. Only visuals, all audio is the restaurant.

DORY (V.O.)

Right but there was a period of  
time when we were close. She was my  
R.A. and she was really nice to me!

\*  
\*

- INT. DORM COMMON ROOM. Dory sits in a circle of people. Chantal passes out welcome folders. Dory asks a quick question. Chantal gives an approving response. Dory smiles.

PORTIA (V.O.)

Right but... it was kinda like her  
job to be nice to you.

\*  
\*  
\*

DORY (V.O.)

No! It was more than that. I was  
struggling Freshman year and she  
would go out of her way to make me  
feel welcome and I haven't  
forgotten that, you know?

- INT. DORM STAIRWAY. Dory carries a heavy box up the stairs and drops a beanie baby as Chantal passes. Chantal picks it up and puts it back in her box.

DORY (V.O.)

And inevitably we went different  
ways but I still have a place for  
her in my heart.

- INT. DORM COMMON ROOM. College students watch a movie. Chantal notices Dory looking for a seat. Chantal scoots over so Dory can squeeze in. Dory is appreciative.

END FLASHBACK

\*

Portia and Elliott are unmoved.

\*

DORY

What!?

\*  
\*

ELLIOTT

You weren't friends.

\*  
\*

PORTIA

I'm sure she was nice I just always  
had to deal with her feeling  
threatened by me so my impression  
of her is a little more  
complicated. This is so sad though.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Elliott answers his phone.

ELLIOTT

Sorry - I have to take this. *(He answers)* What's wrong? No, you need to tell them to enter through the back! *(Pause)* Because the models are skiddish and they can't know. *(Pause)* I'm in the middle of something, figure it out.

He hangs up.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

The people working for me are IDIOTS. And of course they're not paying me cause that's not the way it works...

DORY

Do you want help? I'm around, I'd love to be involved!

ELLIOTT

Mmmmm.... Noooooooo. You kinda need to know the ins and outs.

DORY

I could -

ELLIOTT

No no - I've got it.

INT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS BROWNSTONE - DAY

Dory helps GAIL (50s) a gossipy and flamboyant but poised housewife/philanthropist/author of some bullshit, sort through clothes in her closet.

GAIL

Good will. Good will. Oh this I've been saving for you! How cool is this, you wanna keep it?

She pulls out a sequined 20's gala mini-dress.

DORY

Oh wowwww. Yeah, I'll take it...

GAIL

I thought "Dory would love this" - Oh my god how on earth are you going to carry this ten blocks?

\*

\*

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DORY

I think the best way would be to  
take an Uber.

\*  
\*  
\*

GAIL

That's *perfect*! Thank god for you.  
Why does everything have to be so  
hard?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DORY

I know.

\*  
\*

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Dory rides in a rush-hour crammed subway car. She notices a  
DUFFLE BAG with the name "Chantal" embroidered on it.

Her curiosity is sparked. She tries to see who's shoulder it  
hangs from, but the train is too packed to tell. She pushes  
through the crowd until she discovers the owner of the bag.

It's not Chantal. It's a chubby GAY MAN (45) with a huffy  
attitude who runs his hand through his hair like Uncle Jesse. \*

INT. DORY AND DREW'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dory and her boyfriend DREW (27) neurotic, particular and a  
spoon-fed wise-ass, sit on opposite sides of their apartment.

Dory browses the internet while Drew sits on the couch with  
business text books splayed open on the coffee table.

Dory clicks on a headline titled *Surveillance Footage Shows  
Missing Brooklyn Poet Chantal Witherbottom*. A news anchor  
REBECCA CHOW (36) covers the story over a montage of photos  
of Chantal at her sister's bridal shower. She's happy but  
somehow out of place; always on the far right of the group  
pictures, obviously uncomfortable.

REBECCA CHOW

Friends and family of Chantal  
Witherbottom say she had so much to  
look forward to. While pursuing an  
MFA in poetry at Brooklyn College,  
she finally achieved her goal of  
self-publishing her collection of  
poems - *and then* - she disappeared  
under mysterious circumstances.

Drew looks up from his books and tries to get Dory's  
attention, but Dory is immersed in her clip.

\*  
\*

DREW

Babe? Hey, babe? Babe? Baby? Babe?

\*  
\*

The clip shows the search party from the first scene: Passing out waters to volunteers, dogs sniffing wooded areas, people handing out flyers.

REBECCA CHOW

She was last seen at her sister's bridal shower at their family home in Chappaqua, New York. Witherbottom's sister, Elizabeth, told officials she had sent Chantal on an errand to pick up cupcakes but she never returned. Days later, Witherbottom's car was found in the woods bordering city limits, but no trace of this young grad student could be found.

\*  
\*

DREW

Babe! I need to eat!

\*

Finally she slowly turns to look at him, annoyed.

\*

INT. DORY AND DREW'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dory and Drew stand idly on either side of the microwave waiting for their shitty, sad dinner to finish cooking.

Drew strums his ukulele singing some dumb fucking song he made up.

DREW

*She tastes like heat and rain.*

He repeats this lyric even as Dory tries to confide in him.

DORY

(Speaking over him)

You know what? I think I'm gonna do the Leading Women to Lead thing. I realized I'm actually really excited about it. I want to change someone's life.

Drew finally stops playing, abruptly.

DREW

You don't really want to go to that party tomorrow, right? I'm pretty behind on my Risk Management homework.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)  
I guess this is just my way of  
saying I don't want to go. Know  
what I mean?

Dory sighs. He's not listening. He continues to sing. \*

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dory and Drew have their version of sex. It's terrible. They lie next to each other while Drew furiously jerks himself off until he's "ready" while Dory feigns patience.

DORY  
Do you want me to -

DREW  
(heavy breathing)  
No - Just let me get...

He's finally "ready" and sticks it in at the last minute. He thrusts once and comes. Wonderful.

DREW (CONT'D)  
I love you. \*

DORY  
Love you...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dory and Drew get ready for bed. Dory BLOW DRIES her hair while Drew brushes his teeth.

When Dory turns off the blow dryer they hear A COUPLE in the middle of a vicious fight. They hear muffled yells like "GET OUT!" And "DON'T TOUCH ME!!!!"

They freeze and look at each other, listening to the fight.

DORY  
Should we do something?

DREW  
There's no point.

DORY  
What if something really bad is  
happening?

DREW  
Something really bad is happening  
somewhere, all the time.

The fight escalates.

DORY  
This is *horrible*.

DREW  
If we hear a glass break or something, I'll go over there, okay?

A GLASS BREAKS. The yelling gets louder and angrier.

DORY  
Oh my god!

DREW  
What? That was nothing. Look, if you want to go over there and get entangled in that toxic story, that's on you.

DORY  
I don't know what to do.

Drew exits and turns off the light, leaving Dory in the dark.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Drew and Dory bicker; they've been here for a while.

DREW  
No Dory, the thing is... bourbon is *always* whiskey, right? *But* whiskey isn't always necessarily bourbon.

DORY  
Okay well, I give up. Do you want to get this or not?

DREW  
Do you *not* want to know?

Dory spots *someone* shopping for wine.

DORY  
(Whispers)  
Oh my god! Drew! That's *Chantal!*

Drew looks over.

DREW  
Who?

DORY  
Over there, by the reds!

DREW  
No it's not!

DORY  
Uh - yeah it is!

Dory walks over to her, confident.

DORY (CONT'D)  
(Like it's a secret)  
Chantal! Are you okay? \*

BITCHY BITCH (25) turns around and looks Dory up and down.

BITCHY BITCH  
*What?...* \*

DORY  
Oh I'm so sorry - You look *so much*  
like a friend of mine.

BITCHY BITCH  
No. Not your friend.

She laughs like a *bitch* with her friends.

Dory looks to Drew who gives her an "I told you so" look.

EXT. ROOF PARTY - DAY

Young, hip, vapid social butterflies talk over each other.

Dory and Drew arrive together and see Elliott. They wave from across the crowd but he's immersed in conversation.

"Scenelets" of the party; snippets of conversations.

- Drew pours himself the whiskey they bought. \*

DREW  
Is there any place you think we can  
stash this? I don't want anyone  
drinking it.

DORY  
... But I want them to know that we  
brought it.

DREW  
Who cares - these people are rich.

DORY

They're not *rich*. They're just confident.

\*

- Elliott talks at a small group.

\*

ELLIOTT

... and THEN I get a call saying that Chelsea Clinton got locked in the meat freezer and I'm like hiding under my bed.

\*

\*

CORINNE

But so what's your job title?

\*

\*

ELLIOTT

Well I wear a lot of hats so I'm kinda a multi-hyphenate. Right now I'm producing a show for an artist, can't tell you who it is yet, but she's huge. I'm a stylist, I'm a designer, I can act if I need to, I *could* curate. I just like projects.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

CORINNE

I should introduce you to Martine...

\*

\*

\*

- Portia shows KENDRA (25) pictures on her phone.

\*

PORTIA

That's me getting make-up for the scene after my head gets bashed in. Doesn't that look so real? My parents are so cute and excited - they're huge fans of *Surviving Essex* so they *get it* finally, you know? Like, I'm *doing* it.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

KENDRA

I don't really watch TV.

\*

\*

- Drew notices that Dory's phone makes a noise.

\*

DORY

Ugh.

\*

\*

DREW

I know, ugh. Do you wanna go?

\*

\*

DORY

What? No... I set a google alert  
for Chantal but it keeps updating  
me on this woman with the same name  
who just turned 116 in Miami.

DREW

Oh my god, let me see... I wonder  
what she eats...

- Elliott introduces Dory to a small group of people.

ELLIOTT

Dory, do you know Kendra?

DORY

I don't think so, hi!

ELLIOTT

Kendra is a chef at Glasserie.  
And this is Corinne, she's a  
designer for Vogue.

DORY

Wow!

ELLIOTT

This is Dory, she's my friend from  
college.

Elliott strokes her hair. Dory smiles, but that hurt...

MARC (27) gay, attractive but broken, approaches and gives  
Elliott an angry look.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

What's up?

MARC

... Can I talk to you for a moment.

ELLIOTT

... Scuse me...

- Marc has cornered Elliott who enjoys eating a bowl of chili  
throughout this conversation.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

(mouth full of chili)

Marc, people expect me to flirt!  
It's part of my work, you have to  
be comfortable with that!

MARC

But as your boyfriend...

ELLIOTT

Ah that *word!*

MARC

I swallow your cum and I take your mom to lunch every Sunday. To me, that says, "boyfriend".

ELLIOTT

Look, I think what we have is so so *special* and the term 'boyfriend' does a disservice to our philosophy. I can't not be me and if that upsets you, you should go home.

MARC

But we're in *love!*

ELLIOTT

I think we're saying the same thing.

Marc smacks the bowl of chili out of Elliott's hands. Elliott shakes his head "you baby". \*  
\*

MARC

If this is what you want, *this is what you get!* \*  
\*

Marc storms off in a huff.

- Dory stands with Portia.

PORTIA

It's weird - I feel like I should feel something but I kind of don't? I'm sure she'll turn up. \*  
\*

DORY

*Why* are you sure of that? \*

PORTIA

First of all, calm down. And just like, I don't know she's probably just like. I don't know. I just have a feeling she's fine.

DORY

I hope you're right. \*

Portia *gasps*. \*

DORY (CONT'D) \*

What? \*

Dory turns and sees EIRICK (30) a confident bohemian alpha with dirty fingernails and strong arms entering the roof. \*

DORY (CONT'D) \*

Shit. Do I say hi to him or does he say hi to me? \*

PORTIA \*

You have to cause you're the one with a boyfriend. \*

Eirick makes eye contact with Dory, she walks over. \*

EIRICK \*

Hey. \*

DORY \*

Hi. \*

They hug awkwardly. \*

EIRICK \*

Well, I'm gonna head out. \*

DORY \*

Seriously? You just got here... \*

EIRICK \*

I just realized I'm not up for this. \*

He looks out at this insufferable crowd... \*

DORY \*

We should get coffee or dinner or something. \*

EIRICK \*

I thought you said spending time with me was confusing. \*

DORY \*

Right... \*

Drew watches Eirick and Dory from across the roof, jealous. \*

Eirick makes eye contact with Drew. Drew smiles big and waves, like everything is super cool between them. \*

Eirick leaves and Dory returns to Drew. Drew hands her the drink he just made for her. \*

DORY (CONT'D) \*

Thanks. \*

They quietly sip their drinks and don't bring it up... \*

INT. PAULETTE'S LEADING WOMEN TO LEAD OFFICE - DAY

The office is a decrepit space with fluorescent lighting, junk snacks, dying plants, and mismatched furniture.

Dressed to impress, Dory patiently waits for feedback as she sits across from Paulette who reviews Dory's application.

The silence is deafening, till finally...

PAULETTE

Okay. So. Okay. Look, these girls are a special breed. They're very smart, driven, passionate, focused, skillful, multi-faceted, future-minded leaders. You know some of these girls, with the right direction, have the potential to take over the world. They need to be challenged, and with you, I'm sorry to say, they'd be bored out of their minds!

Ouch.

PAULETTE (CONT'D)

Your personal statement paints a portrait of someone who is immobile. I read all four pages and you've accomplished *nothing*. I could barely glean a single thing that you even *like* in life. Sweetheart, do you have a passion? One passion?

DORY

I guess I didn't understand what you were looking for in the personal statement. \*

PAULETTE

No, no, no, no. We have plenty of candidates who perfectly understood the question.

(MORE)

PAULETTE (CONT'D)

I mean, not to sound crass but  
you're not equipped to teach  
Connect Four.

\*

DORY

I'm sorry, I guess what I was  
trying to express um - was that -  
uh I'm sorry... (*Nervous laughter*)  
I'm having trouble finding my  
words, sorry. Um I'm sorry. I'm  
sorry. I'm so sorry.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

PAULETTE

Jesus. It's just not a good match.

\*

\*

Dory is holding back tears. Paulette notices this.

\*

PAULETTE (CONT'D)

Are you okay, sweetheart?

\*

\*

Dory bursts into tears.

\*

DORY

I guess I'm just feeling kinda  
lost. I didn't even really want to  
do this program but it would have  
felt nice. It's like everybody can  
tell me what I *can't* do but nobody  
can tell me what I *can* do.

\*

EXT. NYC MID TOWN STREETS - DAY

Drew waits outside the office building. Dory exits, unhappy.

DREW

How'd it go?

They begin to walk.

DORY

I didn't get it.

DREW

What? That's *crazy*! Do you think  
they mixed up your application?

DORY

No, they just hated me.

DREW

Hey... (*consoling*) Let's get ice  
cream. We can get moose tracks...

DORY  
Drew, I obviously don't want ice  
cream right now!

DREW  
Well what do you want? \*

DORY  
Just walk ten steps behind me. \*

She speed walks ahead of Drew. \*

DREW  
Hey! Just slow down, breathe, and  
it will all be okay! This isn't the  
end of the world. \*

DORY  
I *know* that. \*

DREW  
When I get overwhelmed I find that  
it's helpful to think about  
everything I'm grateful for... \*

DORY  
Please stop it. Please stop  
talking. \*

DREW  
Well, hey here - C'mon, give me a  
hug. \*

DORY  
I said please stop! I don't want a  
hug right now. I don't want to  
count my blessings. I don't want  
ice cream. I just want you to shut.  
The fuck. Up. Please do that for  
me. \*

DREW  
But, babe I - \*

Dory loses it. This becomes a public fight. \*

DORY  
I SAID SHUT THE FUCK UP. SO WHY  
DON'T YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP? SHUT  
THE FUCK UP, SHUT THE FUCK UP, SHUT  
THE FUCK UP!!! \*

She runs off. Drew is left stunned. \*

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Elliott enters the classroom and grabs yoga blocks. He spots Marc who is flirting with some guy LUKE (23). They are clearly there "together." Elliott bravely marches over.

ELLIOTT

Hi, Marc.

MARC

Oh my god, hi! Luke, this is my friend Elliott.

ELLIOTT

Hi. You guys friends?

LUKE

We met last nigh -

Elliott interrupts, shushing him.

ELLIOTT

Right right right. It's just funny cause like, this has been my yoga class for the past three years and so it *seems* like this guest appearance is such a fun coincidence when clearly it's a very calculated move.

MARC

It's a good class.

ELLIOTT

Yeah, I love Danielle.

Elliott marches back to his mat. He eyes them, like a psycho.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Drew enters the building and passes APRIL (30), a pretty but hardened woman. She has a swollen, busted lip. Drew notices but walks past her and up the stairs. April stops him.

APRIL

2A?

DREW

Um. Yeah...?

APRIL

This ended up in my mail box.

She hands him a letter. Drew takes it, visibly uncomfortable.

DREW  
Oh! Thanks.

They smile at each other sweetly.

APRIL  
You owe me.

DREW  
*(Taking it to heart)*  
Okay...

INT. DOVER REAL ESTATE OFFICES - DAY

Portia enters and walks up to the reception area.

PORTIA  
Hiiii, is my mom in?

RECEPTIONIST  
She is, go on in. And  
congratulations!

Portia stops, touched.

PORTIA  
Thank you!

INT. MARIEL DOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Portia enters her mother's fancy office. She's clearly one of the owners of "Dover Real Estate"

MARIEL (60), professional and cold, sits at her desk eating a sandwich.

PORTIA  
Mom! Why are you eating, we're  
having lunch!

MARIEL  
I'll be ready in two.

PORTIA  
That receptionist is so sweet to  
congratulate me. I'm so embarrassed  
you told everyone!

MARIEL  
Congratulate you on what?

PORTIA  
Surviving Essex!

MARIEL  
(Truly confused)  
*What?*

ERIC (35) peeks into the office and sees Portia.

ERIC  
Alexa! Congratulations - Senior  
Policy Advisor! That's something  
incredible!

PORTIA  
Oh. No. Alexa's my sister. I'm just  
Portia.

ERIC  
Oh! Right!

He leaves. That was awkward.

Portia looks around her mom's office.

PORTIA  
Mom, you have zero photos of me.

MARIEL  
Not true!

She points to one of the babies in a large family photo.

MARIEL (CONT'D)  
That's you! (*Realizing her mistake*)  
I mean *that* one... That one is you.

EXT. FLUSHING 7 TRAIN STOP - NIGHT

Dory exits the train in Flushing, Queens. She walks with  
determination.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dory knocks on the door of an apartment. Eirick answers.

EIRICK  
Whoa. Hey!

DORY  
Sorry... Is this weird?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EIRICK  
Yeah. Come in.

\*  
\*

INT. DORY AND DREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

\*

Drew looks out of this peep hole listening to the couple fighting.

\*  
\*

APRIL (O.S.)  
GET OUT!!!! YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE!!!

\*  
\*

Drew sees April's boyfriend VINCE (30s) exit in a huff. They continue to scream at each other as Vince leaves.

\*  
\*

INT. EIRICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eirick and Dory eat.

\*

DORY  
Eirick... Can I ask you an annoying question?

EIRICK  
Here it comes...

\*

DORY  
What?

\*  
\*

EIRICK  
No. Sorry - what were you going to say?

\*  
\*  
\*

DORY  
Well I was just gonna ask... What did you like about me when we were together?

\*

EIRICK  
(Patronizing, sarcastic)  
So much. There are so many great aspects to Dory.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DORY  
I'm serious!

\*  
\*

EIRICK  
What do you want me to say?

\*  
\*

DORY \*  
Something nice! I'm just having a \*  
really bad day and forgive me for \*  
thinking you could offer me some \*  
comfort. \*

EIRICK \*  
What happened? \*

DORY \*  
No, I feel weird now, you don't \*  
care. \*

EIRICK \*  
I care. Tell me about your bad day. \*

DORY \*  
Well that interview lady was a \*  
bitch to me. I don't respect Drew \*  
right now. And the whole Chantal \*  
thing just makes me feel *sick*. \*

EIRICK \*  
Wait... what does Chantal have to \*  
do with you? \*

DORY \*  
Why does *no one* care about this?! \*

EIRICK \*  
I mean you barely know her. Imagine \*  
if I opened up a newspaper and \*  
pointed at an obituary and said, "I \*  
want this to make me feel sick \*  
today." That's you! \*

DORY \*  
Fine. You don't get it. \*

EIRICK \*  
You're right, I don't get it. \*

DORY \*  
This is like... Devastating. Like \*  
where is she!? What happened? \*

EIRICK \*  
She either ran away or she's dead. \*  
That's what happened. \*

DORY \*  
And that's so sad! \*

EIRICK \*  
Sad for her, not sad for you. \*

DORY \*  
You know what. I don't know what \*  
I'm doing here, this was stupid and \*  
weird. I'll leave you alone now. \*

EIRICK \*  
I just feel like you and your \*  
friends are using this for cool \*  
points. \*

DORY \*  
I CARE ABOUT HER! \*

EIRICK \*  
I don't think you do... \*

DORY \*  
Well think what you want. \*

EIRICK \*  
Okay. (*Referring to the meal*) Do \*  
you wanna take any of this home? \*

She slams the door and exits. \*

INT. DORY AND DREW'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT \*

Drew knocks gently on April's door. She answers. \*

APRIL  
Hi.

DREW  
Hey, uh. How's it going?

APRIL  
Fine. What's up?

DREW  
I wanted to thank you for handling  
that mail switch up and say that  
hey... If you feel like you just  
need a safe place to hang out,  
we're right next door and we've got  
a really comfy couch and a hot  
shower and we'd like to help you  
out. Listen, I know what it's like \*  
when things get bad and that guy's \*  
a *total jerk* and I know that it's \*  
not your fault...

APRIL

What's the matter with you? You got like some little dick or something?

DREW

Uh...

APRIL

You need to come over here and pretend to be a man? (*Mocks him*)  
 "We got a really comfy couch - wanna help you out" Fuck you! Get the fuck out of my business, you baby cock bitch.

DREW

I just wanted to -

APRIL

You don't know what I want. You don't know *anything*.

DREW

I'm sorr -

APRIL

GET OUT OF HERE! Does baby speak English?! Tuck your skinny dick between your little Chihuahua legs and crawl on home!

She slams the door in his face. Drew yelps. What a bad day. \*

EXT. STREETS OF FLUSHING - NIGHT \*

Dory strolls through Flushing. The Asian Markets are neat.

She stops in front of a bakery and considers going in.

THEN, she spots a woman. Is that *Chantal*!? This time, it *really* looks like it. Dory squints.

EXT. CHAPPAQUA WOODS - NIGHT \*

NANCY (60) directs her flashlight around the woods but spots *something*. This is new. She squints and walks toward it, cautiously. She takes a stick and tries to lift it up. She gasps. \*

NANCY \*

RIIICH! RICHAAARD! RIIIIICH! \*

EXT. STREETS OF FLUSHING - NIGHT \*

Dory's POV through the window - CHANTAL (27) sits restlessly, slumped over in a hoodie, pretending to read a book. \*

TEENAGER (15) shoves past Dory to get through the door. \*

Dory watches as he sits across from Chantal. He gives her an envelope which she pockets immediately. They have a short but intense exchange. He grabs her arm. She yanks it away. \*

Dory watches Teenager exit and walk away. She turns back to Chantal, who gathers herself and gets up, leaving the book on the table.

Dory runs into the bakery to catch her...

EXT. CHAPPAQUA WOODS - NIGHT \*

RICHARD (60), REBECCA (60) and DOUG's (60) ears perk up and listen to Nancy's screams from the distance. \*

NANCY (O.S.)  
Richaaarrd! \*

DOUG  
Is that Nancy? \*

RICHARD  
NAAAANCE? \*

NANCY (O.S.)  
COME HERE! QUICK! \*

RICHARD  
YOU GOT SOMETHING? \*

They pick up the pace and walk toward her voice. \*

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Dory picks up the book Chantal left and b-lines toward her.

DORY  
Chantal!

Just as Chantal is about to go into the bathroom...

DORY (CONT'D)  
Chantal! It's Dory!

Chantal stops and looks at Dory. They lock eyes. Chantal shakes her head "no".

CHANTAL

Sorry...

She escapes into the bathroom and slams the door shut. Something is really off... Dory knocks on the door. \*

DORY

Chantal, are you okay?!

She tries to open the door but it's locked. She pushes the door an inch, as far as the latch lock allows.

DORY (CONT'D)

Chantal! Is something wrong?!  
(*Trying something new*) You left  
your book! \*

EXT. CHAPPAQUA WOODS - NIGHT \*

Richard, Doug, and Rebecca catch up with Nancy. \*

NANCY \*

Look! Look, look, look! \*

Rebecca shines a flashlight in its direction. She covers her face. It's upsetting. \*

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT \*

Dory yells through the bathroom door. \*

DORY

I'm coming in, okay?

She pushes through the door, breaking the lock.

Everyone is looking at this crazy white bitch.

BAKER

NO! \*

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dory bursts through the door, but no one is there. It's just a tiny, empty bathroom. And one window, open just enough that Chantal could have slipped through it.

Dory looks out through the window.

EXT. CHAPPAQUA WOODS - NIGHT

\*

A young woman's dirtied blouse lies on the forest floor. It's stained with an alarming amount of blood.

\*

\*

NANCY (O.S.)

\*

That's her blouse... That's

\*

Chantal's blouse...

\*

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

We pull back as Dory peers out the window into an alleyway, in shock.

\*

Chantal is nowhere in sight.

END PILOT

\*