

THE CATCH

"Pilot"

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# THE CATCH

## CAST

Alice Vaughan  
Kieran Booth  
James Mclaughlin  
Maria Duke  
Agent Emil Abena  
Zoe Taylor  
David Morrison  
Joel Fischer  
Evan Davis  
Andie Davis  
Johnny Bay  
Dahlia Bay  
Nomi  
Javier Nuñez  
Lucienne Vian  
Olive Peters  
Odessa  
Rhonda (Escrow Officer)  
Bartender  
Jenine (Hospice Nurse)  
Mr. Sorenson

Mireille Enos  
Damon Dayoub  
Jay Hayden  
Elvy Yost  
Jacky Ido  
Joy Lenz  
Nestor Serrano  
Blake Hood  
Alimi Ballard  
Rose Rollins  
Rick Peters  
Stephanie Drapeau  
Kenneisha Thompson  
Abel Becerra  
Janine Venable  
Denise Lee  
Annalee Jefferies  
Gigi Erneta  
Eddie Davenport  
Nicky Mondellini  
Gary Clarke

# THE CATCH

## SETS/LOCATIONS

### INTERIORS

ALICE'S APARTMENT

- ENTRY
- KITCHEN
- MASTER BEDROOM
- WALK-IN CLOSET

ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING

- CORRIDOR

ALICE'S CAR

BAR

BOEING 777

DAVIS HOUSE

HARPER ESCROW

KIERAN'S HOUSE

- BATHROOM
- DINING ROOM
- GARAGE
- KITCHEN

KIERAN'S OFFICE

LAW OFFICE

MALIBU ESTATE

- DEN

MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE

- ALICE'S OFFICE
- BULLPEN
- CONFERENCE ROOM
- JAMES' OFFICE
- LOBBY

NARITA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

PARKING GARAGE

RUNDOWN RESIDENCE

WINTON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

- HALLWAY
- PATIENT ROOM

# THE CATCH

## SETS/LOCATIONS

### EXTERIORS

ALICE'S APARTMENT

BEACH

BRIDGE

CITY STREET / DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES

DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES / FINANCIAL DISTRICT

FINANCIAL DISTRICT

INDIAN RESTAURANT

KIERAN'S OFFICE

LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

MALIBU ESTATE

ROOFTOP BAR

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

SUBURBAN STREET

TOKYO, JAPAN

ACT ONE

1 EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 1

An AERIAL VIEW of the sprawling complex, its runways a tangled web...

2 INT. BOEING 777 - DAY 2

CLOSE ON a woman's hands expertly tapping figures into a spreadsheet. Classic pale pink manicure. Stunning engagement ring. A delicate china tea cup is set next to her laptop.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Thank you.

REVEAL we are in a First Class cabin preparing for takeoff. The woman is ALICE VAUGHAN (mid-30s), sheath dress and heels, hair twisted into a conservative knot. An unimaginative look that can't completely cover up her feisty, nervy spirit. She notices the attractive MAN (30s) sliding out of his expensive suit jacket and settling into the seat next to her.

MAN

I could use a drink myself.  
(re: Alice's tea)  
None of that hard stuff though.

ALICE

It's not for everyone.

The man gets the attention of the STEWARDESS.

MAN

Dewar's on the rocks?  
(to Alice, a grin)  
Joel Fischer. 2A.

Alice nods, a shy smile as she surreptitiously slides her engagement ring off her finger.

3 INT. BOEING 777 - LATER 3

Lunchtime somewhere over the Pacific. Alice has taken her hair down and flirts with Fischer over udon and fresh sashimi. She now has a cocktail in front of her as well.

FISCHER

You travel to Tokyo often?

ALICE

Once a quarter or so.

(CONTINUED)

FISCHER

Do you speak Japanese?

ALICE

I speak spreadsheets. Numbers are numbers wherever you go. What kind of work do you do?

FISCHER

Oh, I'm not here on business. This is a much-needed vacation.

Alice, unconvinced, motions to the other travelers in First.

ALICE

Come on, everyone here serves at the pleasure of their corporate expense accounts.

FISCHER

Tokyo's always been a dream of mine, so I've spared no expense. Anything I must do while I'm here?

ALICE

I rarely have time to enjoy myself in the city. Always too much work.

Fischer raises an eyebrow, mischievous.

FISCHER

Perhaps we can find a way for you to have a little fun, too, Alice.

Alice holds his gaze. Perhaps...

Night has fallen. We glide up the aisle, most passengers reclined and sleeping. Alice and Fischer's seats are empty. We find them cozied up to the walk-up bar behind First Class.

FISCHER

Is it that you don't love him? Or is it the commitment that scares you? Because I get that.

ALICE

Both? Neither? I don't know. The wedding's two weeks away and I just keep hoping I'll get a sign whether I should marry the guy or not.

Joel slowly reaches out and takes Alice's left hand in his. He runs his thumb over her bare ring finger.

FISCHER

I would say this is a sign.

A charged moment.

FISCHER (CONT'D)

It'll be dinnertime when we land.  
Let me take you out for an insanely  
expensive Japanese steak.

Alice considers. Reconsiders. Reconsiders again.

ALICE

I have to work very early in the  
morning.

FISCHER

Probably for the best. At least  
allow me to show you to your seat.

As Alice takes his proffered arm --

EXT. TOKYO, JAPAN - NIGHT

Another AERIAL VIEW, this time of the dazzling lights of a city built with no discernible grid or system. Streets and skyscrapers form their own tangled web...

INT. NARITA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Alice rolls her luggage toward a line of CHAUFFEURS waiting to ferry VIPs into the city. She spots Fischer awkwardly trading bows with his driver. Alice, amused, calls out --

ALICE

Joel, wait.

He turns, grins.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I can't do dinner, but maybe I could  
meet you at your hotel for a drink?

FISCHER

I'm at the Peninsula until Sunday.

With a seductive look --

ALICE

The Peninsula. I like the way you think, Joel Fischer. I'll find you.

Eyes glinting, Alice strides off, dialing her cell. When someone picks up --

ALICE (CONT'D)

Quick question: what man makes sixty-one thousand dollars a year and spends over half that on a four-day trip to Tokyo?

Alice stops in front of a giant departures board. She slides her engagement ring back on as she finds the next flight departing for LAX within minutes. It matches the info on the boarding pass in her hand.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(smiles into the phone)

Exactly. We've got him, James.

She hangs up and with a glance at her chic, vintage watch, she dashes for the nearest escalator...

MAIN TITLES

PRE-LAP: Elvis Presley warbles the first lines of "Can't Help Falling In Love."

ELVIS PRESLEY (V.O.)

*Wise men say only fools rush in...*

INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT

Late. Alice steers home from the airport, an iTunes mix of love songs playing.

ELVIS PRESLEY

*...but I can't help falling in --*

Wrinkling her nose, Alice presses skip. Next up, that sweet, effortless voice of Sam Cooke.

SAM COOKE

*Darling, you send me --*

Skip. Not a classic romantic, this one. Next, the synth opening to Boyz II Men's "I'll Make Love To You."

BOYZ II MEN

*Close your eyes, make a wish, and blow out the candlelight...*

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

About to press skip, Alice hesitates. She grooves along for a moment, starts to sing. With feeling.

ALICE / BOYZ II MEN  
*Pour the wine, light the fire...*  
*Girl, your wish is my command...*

As Alice continues, we STAY BACK to watch her drive on through the virtually empty streets, the lights of L.A.'s sprawl twinkle in front of us as far as the eye can see.

8

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

Ambient light from the city filters across the floors. Alice enters, humming Boyz II Men. She drops her bag, steps out of her heels, and heads straight for the bedroom.

9

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

9

It's dark. We can just make out the shape of Alice's fiancé, KIERAN BOOTH (30s), asleep in bed. Unzipping her dress, Alice leans over to kiss him hello.

ALICE  
Hey, baby.

KIERAN  
You're home?

ALICE  
I'm home. I'll be in in a sec.

Alice starts for the bathroom when Kieran pulls her back, his mouth quickly finding hers. He kisses her, his hands on the curves of her body in the dark. As he moves on top of her, Alice reaches to turn on the bedside lamp. Kieran stops her.

KIERAN  
Not tonight.

ALICE  
I like to be able to see you.

Kieran gently places his hand over Alice's eyes and begins kissing her again.

KIERAN  
I'll stop, but only if you say so.

Alice gives in, letting her other senses take over. As the couple picks up steam, our gaze rises to land on a large, abstract PAINTING hanging above their bed, all shadow and dusk in the moonlight.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

TIME LAPSE: We hold on the painting as the sun rises, bringing its vivid color and form to life.

10 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING 10

Again, we find Kieran lying together in bed, awake but holding off the day as long as possible. Disheveled hair and morning stubble, it's our first good look at Kieran and he's very good to look at.

KIERAN

How was your trip? Or do I not want to know?

ALICE

I had to sleep with the guy, but I've pinpointed Johnny Bay's thief.

KIERAN

Another day at the office.

Alice smiles.

ALICE

Honestly, it'd be more interesting if you straight men even required that much. A giggle and some vulnerability and I get the information I came for.

KIERAN

You realize that only works for beautiful women.

ALICE

Which means you have no idea how easy you are to play.

Kieran grins as Alice gets up to head into the bathroom. As he reaches for his tablet on the bedside table --

KIERAN

You'd think a guy like Bay would have the resources to weed out crooks when it came to his charity.

Alice motions to the *L.A. Times* homepage on his tablet.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

I bet there's a mention of Bay in at least three different sections of the *Times* this morning. He's a busy man, and if your eye isn't on the ball at all times, someone's going to take advantage of you.

KIERAN

Hey, did you listen to the first dance mix I made? I want to get our choice over to the restaurant so they can play it after dinner.

Alice re-emerges from the bathroom.

ALICE

It's so few of us in the private room. Will it seem silly if we have a first dance?

KIERAN

Up to you, but I'd love to hold my new bride close for a few minutes.

Heading back for the bed, for Kieran --

ALICE

Fine, then I choose Boyz II Men.

KIERAN

I had to throw something in there to cut the sincerity.

ALICE

I hate how well you know me.

KIERAN

No, you don't.

Mock exasperated, Alice falls back on the bed, looks up at the painting on the wall.

ALICE

(re: the painting)

Think we'll find a different place for this in the new house?

KIERAN

Maybe. I like it in the bedroom, though. In here, it's just for us.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

And what do you think about a dog?

KIERAN

A dog? You can't fly to Tokyo on a moment's notice when you have a dog.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

We're about to have a yard for the first time. I'll go running on San Vicente with it. It'll be perfect.

KIERAN

And you're not going to like taking care of it alone when I'm off brokering an art deal in Amsterdam or somewhere.

ALICE

A German Shepherd puppy. All ears and legs and fur...

Kieran's face suddenly turns serious.

KIERAN

Look, you agree we should know exactly who we're getting in this whole marriage deal, right?

ALICE

Of course.

KIERAN

Then I need to tell you something.

Alice watches Kieran gather himself and her mind starts to race. What's this all about? Finally --

KIERAN (CONT'D)

I am not and never will be a dog person.

ALICE

(playful)  
I'm gonna get that dog.

KIERAN

Hey, Al? I love you very much. You know that, right?

Alice smiles, absolutely head over heels for this man.

ALICE

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

11 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY 11

Cell to her ear, Alice strides down the sidewalk framed by sleek business towers all around her.

ALICE

Yes, we both signed the damned  
prenup in front of the notary. I  
just need to messenger it over.  
(beat, smiles)  
Anything for you, Olive.

She pushes open the doors of a shimmering downtown high-rise.

12 INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - DAY 12

Light-filled offices of a boutique FORENSIC ACCOUNTING FIRM.  
Alice steps off the elevator, still on the phone.

ALICE

How long did the bank say the hold  
up will be?

NOMI (early 20s), the receptionist, points to a sublime flower  
arrangement on the front desk --

NOMI

(loud whisper)  
Alice, these are for you.

Alice sweeps them up as she crosses the lobby.

NOMI (CONT'D)

And Alice? There's --

No use. Alice is too distracted. As she makes her way to her  
office, she finds JAMES MCLAUGHLIN (30s), her right-hand and  
left-brained man at work, waiting in her doorway.

JAMES

Did Nomi tell you --

Alice holds up a finger -- one sec -- as she walks past. He  
follows her into

ALICE'S OFFICE

Clean and minimalist. The only personal touches are a few  
pieces of curated art and a small photo of her and Kieran.  
Alice sets the flowers on her desk, brow furrowed.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

ALICE  
(into phone)  
Have you called Kieran?

James reaches for the card on the flowers. Alice slaps at his hand, pushes him to the door, and shuts it behind him.

13 INT. LAW OFFICE - SAME TIME 13

Alice's lawyer, OLIVE PETERS (50s), a sterling reputation that keeps her consistently overworked, talks to Alice from her desk overflowing with paperwork.

PETERS  
I left a message but this can't wait.

INTERCUT ALICE/PETERS

ALICE  
Can we extend escrow?

The phone on Alice's desk starts ringing.

PETERS  
We can make the request but it's unlikely the seller will agree.

Alice does a few calculations in her head, makes a decision.

ALICE  
I can cover it. I'm not going to let some red tape get in the way of our dream home.

PETERS  
Great. Let me confirm the escrow account number Kieran gave me.

Peters rummages her desk, searching for Alice's file.

ALICE  
You have the number, Olive.

PETERS  
I like to be thorough.

ALICE  
Which is why I keep you on retainer.  
Call me if there's anything else.

Alice hangs up, grabs her hard line. Dial tone. Missed it. James re-enters the moment Alice sets down the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Joel Fischer. Base-model Altima, one-bedroom in Culver City, Netflix - no cable -- and no more than a six-hundred-dollar revolving balance on his AmEx at any time.

ALICE

The very picture of a man who lives within his means.

JAMES

Well, until you got him to admit he paid out-of-pocket for a 13,000-dollar plane ticket last week. And according to Maria's inquiries in Tokyo, he's been throwing cash around like it's his birthright.

Again, James reaches for the card on the flowers. Alice checks her email, not paying attention.

ALICE

Well, he's only taken 55,000. This little spree can't last long.

JAMES

(reading the card)  
Try fifty-five thousand a month for the past two years.

Alice looks up, shocked.

ALICE

One-point-three million?

JAMES

(also surprised)  
Michael McKey?

Alice snatches the card back from James, reads.

ALICE

(amused)  
Huh.

JAMES

That penny-pincher shelled out for flowers like these? And where's my thank you?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

If Fischer is siphoning it off, do you know how he's doing it?

JAMES

Not yet. We've searched each of Bay Foundation's chapters -- national and international -- but the numbers aren't going anywhere.

ALICE

I want to set a meeting with the Johnny Bay Foundation to talk about Fischer.

JAMES

How does today at now sound?

Alice looks at him, confused. He points to her desk phone.

JAMES (CONT'D)

That was Nomi calling to tell you. Bay is in the conference room with Morrison as we speak.

Off this --

14 INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 14

DAVID MORRISON (50s), the 'Morrison' in the firm's masthead and notoriously difficult to impress, leans back, utterly taken with the man across the table -- ex-NFL-quarterback-turned-Los Angeles-philanthropist, JOHNNY BAY (50s).

MORRISON

...and I caught the 'SC game last weekend. Quite a game your son had.

BAY

No one knows where he gets it.

Alice and James enter to laughter.

ALICE

Good morning, gentlemen.

BAY

Sorry to show up unannounced. I don't do anxiety well.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

If my father could see this... He took me to many a game at Anaheim Stadium to watch you play. At least he didn't live long enough to see the Rams go.

BAY

Thank heaven for small mercies.

Alice smiles, nods.

MORRISON

Mr. Bay is hoping we have answers for him.

And by "we," Morrison means Alice and James. James sits up straighter, eager to impress his boss.

ALICE

Well, I spent the day yesterday with your financial manager, Joel Fischer. We enjoyed a lovely flight to Tokyo together.

BAY

That seems above and beyond the call of duty.

ALICE

When you hire a forensic accounting firm like this, you get a team that can play auditor, private investigator, psychologist, lawyer, IT specialist -- whatever it takes to get to the truth. In this case, it seems your suspicions about Fischer have merit.

Keyed-up, James speaks, his voice a bit too loud.

JAMES

To the tune of stealing a million-plus from your foundation over the past two years.

Bay looks like he's been punched in the gut.

BAY

I can't tell you how much I've been hoping I was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

You have every right to feel betrayed, Mr. Bay, but you also need to protect --

JAMES

-- Fischer must be put on immediate leave so he no longer has access to your foundation's accounts.

Bay shakes his head, trying to make sense of it all.

BAY

That kid came to me all kinds of messed up. I got him into our program and it turned his head around. After college, I was the first person to offer him a job. He knows he could've come to me if he needed money.

ALICE

Let me talk to him, Mr. Bay. My job is to look for the fraud triangle: pressure, opportunity --

JAMES

-- and rationalization. Rationalization is the third piece.

He pauses, no idea where Alice was going with her thought.

ALICE

Yes. And when these factors come together, ordinary people are motivated to commit fraud. Fischer's job gives him 'opportunity,' so we go after the remaining two to make our case.

James opens his mouth again but with a glance from Alice, he stands down.

BAY

My wife is going to be devastated. We both love Joel.

ALICE

And he hid right in that blind spot. It's why it took a temp bookkeeper to uncover the loss. Some advice, Mr. Bay?

(off his nod)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3) 14

ALICE (CONT'D)

Be suspicious of everyone. That way, you'll never be surprised.

Deeply saddened, Bay rises to leave.

BAY

Go easy on Joel, will you?

MORRISON

I'll walk you out.

Morrison exits with Bay. Once Alice and James are alone --

JAMES

I know. Don't say it.

ALICE

(gently)

I know how much making partner means to you but that is not the way to go about it. Morrison knows you have a real gift for hard data. Let that speak for itself.

James nods. Point taken.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Now, let's get Fischer back from Tokyo.

PRE-LAP:

WOMAN (V.O.)

(in Japanese)

*I'm looking to speak to one of your distinguished guests...*

15 INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - BULLPEN - DAY 15

MARIA DUKE (20s), new associate at the firm, speaks into the phone in PERFECT JAPANESE. This girl has everything it takes except the knowledge that she has everything it takes.

MARIA

(in Japanese, subtitled)

*An American. Mr. Joel Fischer.  
Yes, I'll hold.*

James stands at Maria's cubicle. He thumbs through her Certified Fraud Examiners test prep manual as he listens in.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA (CONT'D)

And I thought I was done with textbooks once I got my law degree.

JAMES

At least you can skim these chapters on rules of evidence, expert witness testimony... Those haunted me.

Maria's cell buzzes. She scrambles to silence it.

MARIA

Sorry. My mom is driving me nuts. She doesn't understand what I'm doing here and she keeps sending me job posts for Big Law firms. How do you explain this job to people?

JAMES

We solve crime with numbers.

MARIA

Oh. That's good.

She honks a laugh at the exact moment someone comes back on her line. She straightens and shifts back into Japanese.

MARIA (CONT'D)

*Room 2310? Yes, put me through.*

As she gives James an enthusiastic thumbs-up --

INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Alice enters, absorbed by a stack of documents in hand. She's halfway to her desk when --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(accented Russian)

Hello, Miss Alice.

Alice nearly jumps out of her skin. She turns to see ODESSA (60s), a tiny Russian seamstress, hanging a simple but impeccable ivory bias-cut silk dress on the back of her door.

ALICE

Oh, no, Odessa. We said today?

ODESSA

I don't want to hear any 'busy bride' nonsense. Ten minutes.

Alice looks at her watch, sighs.

17 INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - ALICE'S OFFICE - LATER 17

CLOSE ON pages of Fischer's most recent TAX RETURN. Alice, now in her wedding dress, makes notes. Odessa futzes.

ODESSA  
And... I'm done.

Alice looks up. She is absolutely breathtaking.

ALICE  
It looks okay?

A rare moment of vulnerability from Alice. As Odessa unceremoniously tugs Alice from her dress --

ODESSA  
You'll pick it up on Friday.

PRE-LAP: The BEEP of voicemail...

18 INT. ALICE'S CAR - EVENING 18

Alice drives north on the 101 through downtown, office lights inside skyscrapers becoming visible as the sun dips low.

ALICE  
(into phone)  
Hey, hon, did you get the message from my lawyer? We can talk about it at the escrow office. I forgot to remind you our closing docs are ready. Hope you remember. Love you. See you there at five.

As she speeds on --

19 INT. HARPER ESCROW - EVENING 19

A wall clock. 5:20PM. Alice sits across from RHONDA (40s), her escrow officer, both out of small talk. Finally --

RHONDA  
How about we get started? I can catch Kieran up when he arrives.

ALICE  
I'm sure he'll be here any minute.

Alice picks up her pen and turns to the first page of a mountain of documents. Off her elegant, looped signature...

PRE-LAP: That familiar BEEP of voicemail...

19 CONTINUED:

19

ALICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(irritated)  
Kieran, where are you?

20 EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

20

Alice stands outside a modern Indian gastropub and leaves yet another message for Kieran.

ALICE  
Are you not checking your messages?  
I'm getting takeout and heading  
home. I'll see you there, okay?

Alice hangs up and heads inside.

21 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

21

Containers of barely-touched Indian food spread across the counter. Cell to Alice's ear, it rings and rings as she opens a UPS box delivered earlier. From inside, Alice unfolds a sublime, silk tulle bridal veil. Finally, someone picks up --

ALICE  
(into phone)  
Andie? It's Alice.

22 INT. DAVIS HOUSE - SAME TIME

22

A lovely Eagle Rock craftsman. A CHILD (6) in pajamas helps Alice's friend, ANDIE DAVIS (40s), make brownies in the kitchen while her husband, EVAN (also 40s), wrangles their YOUNGER CHILD (4) in the living room.

ANDIE  
Hey, Al. Almost didn't hear my  
phone. It's mutiny at bedtime, as  
usual. What are you guys up to?  
Want to come over for a drink?

INTERCUT ALICE/ANDIE

ALICE  
Kieran's not over there?

ANDIE  
No, why? Did we have plans?  
(to her husband)  
Evan, did we have plans with Kieran?

\*

Evan shrugs, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

It's just that I haven't heard from him all day. It's not like him to be out of touch like this.

ANDIE

Want Evan to give him a try?

ALICE

I've called him a dozen times. I've emailed and texted. He's not responding to anything.

A look of concern crosses Andie's face.

ANDIE

I'm sure everything's fine... Hey, he had that trip to Lisbon coming up. Any chance he's on a plane and you got the dates wrong?

Alice sparks to this suggestion.

ALICE

Good thought. I'll let you know.

They hang up. We stay with Alice as she puts the gauzy veil aside and moves into the

GUEST BEDROOM

where she opens the closet and counts each piece of luggage. All there.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 23

Alice hurries into her CLOSET where she runs her hand along Kieran's racks of suits, dress shirts, ties. She flips open the leather box that houses his impressive watch collection. All there but one. Worry growing, Alice brushes past the tuxedo Kieran just had pressed for the wedding as she re-enters the

BEDROOM

where, suddenly, she freezes. We follow her eyeline to the empty space above the bed. THE PAINTING IS MISSING. After a beat, confusion turns to panic.

Adrenaline pumping, Alice races back through her apartment. She fumbles with the front door and backs out into the

HALLWAY

where, breathing hard, she dials her cell. When Andie's husband, Evan, picks up --

EVAN (FILTER)  
Alice?

ALICE  
Evan, I -- I think something terrible has happened to Kieran.

Off this frightening claim, we --

END ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

ACT TWO

24 EXT. KIERAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

24

Just off a romantic dinner, Alice and Kieran step out of his SUV in front of a small gallery space he rents as an office.

KIERAN

You really don't mind if I stop in for a minute? I had no idea it would arrive so soon.

ALICE

Not at all. I'd love to see what has you so excited.

Kieran unlocks the door to the shrill beep of a security system. He enters his code, leads Alice inside.

25 INT. KIERAN'S OFFICE - LATER (FLASHBACK)

25

Kieran's office is filled with beautiful things -- art pieces from around the world in transit from seller to buyer, deals Kieran has brokered. On the back wall, the painting from Alice's apartment hangs. Alice and Kieran take it in.

KIERAN

...and all of it together creates such complexity. A depth that is only revealed to someone with the deepest appreciation.

ALICE

It's beautiful.

KIERAN

It's you. And it's yours.

ALICE

You mean this isn't for a client?

Kieran starts to reach into his jacket pocket. Realizing he's about to propose, Alice goes pale.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Kieran --

But instead of a ring, he produces a folded piece of paper.

KIERAN

These are vows I've written. You should know what I'm promising before we ever get to an altar.

(CONTINUED)

As he goes to read, the paper trembles a bit. He's nervous.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Alice... You are unlike any woman I've ever met. You are sexy, brilliant, and challenging in the best possible ways.

He glances up to see Alice about to be sick.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

(whispers, as an aside)  
It's going to be okay.

This gets a tiny smile. With a deep, steadying breath --

KIERAN (CONT'D)

I promise to never try to change you. I promise to never push and I promise never to hold you back. I will love you and cherish you, and I will let you have the life you want, exactly the way you want it.

Kieran tucks the paper away and takes Alice's hands in his.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

I know neither of us ever saw ourselves getting married, but I'm asking. Not pushing, asking.

As Alice searches his face and her heart for the answer --

PRE-LAP:

ALICE (V.O.)

You know how much that painting meant to him, Evan...

26 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 26

Alice follows behind Evan as he checks the lock on the front door, checks windows, other possible entry points.

ALICE

...If someone was trying to steal it, he wouldn't have let it go easily.

EVAN

Did you notice any sign of forced entry when you came home?

(CONTINUED)

Alice thinks back, shakes her head.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Signs of a struggle?

Another shake of her head.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Is there anyone you can think of  
who'd want to hurt you or Kieran?

ALICE  
You've helped me put plenty of angry  
felons behind bars.

EVAN  
Yes, but I'm not a detective, Alice.  
I'm a sergeant who supervises other  
cops. I'm going to recommend you  
get a detective here to do this with  
you.

ALICE  
It's okay. I trust you.

EVAN  
I know a great guy. Detective Bri --

ALICE  
-- No.

Evan startles.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I just -- I just want to make sure  
I'm not being the hysterical woman  
who hasn't considered the most  
obvious explanation. A man doesn't  
come home one night a few weeks  
before his wedding...?

EVAN  
Cold feet? Impossible.

ALICE  
It happens.

EVAN  
That still doesn't explain the  
missing painting.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

I don't know... Maybe he took it to be appraised?

EVAN

You spend every day with people trying to hide the truth from you. If Kieran was having doubts, you would've seen it.

ALICE

Unless I didn't.

(then)

I should give it the night and if I haven't heard from Kieran by tomorrow, I'll call your guy.

EVAN

You sure?

Alice leads Evan to the door.

ALICE

Thanks for coming over so quickly. I'm a little embarrassed, but I love that I can always count on you.

EVAN

Call me in the morning, will you?

\*

With a nod and a kiss on the cheek, Alice shuts the door behind him. As the latch clicks, we --

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - NEXT MORNING

Early. James arrives, surprised to see a light on down the hall. He approaches and steps into

ALICE'S OFFICE

to find her at her desk, hold music on her speakerphone.

JAMES

Hey, early bird. Nice press.

Confused, Alice looks up from a legal pad covered in notes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You didn't see? The *Times* did a piece on the McKey case. You'll wish they ran a better photo but --

(CONTINUED)

ALICE  
-- There's a photo?

JAMES  
The one of all the partners where  
you're snuggled up behind Rose.  
(re: the hold music)  
Who's on hold?

ALICE  
Oh. The airline. About Fischer.

JAMES  
Let me grab some caffeine and we can  
dive in together.

He starts out when a HOSPITAL REP comes back on Alice's line.

HOSPITAL REP (FILTER)  
I'm sorry, ma'am. No one matching  
the name 'Kieran' or his description  
has been admitted to the E.R. --

Alice scrambles to pick up the receiver, but it's too late.  
James stops in the doorway, his back to Alice.

ALICE  
(low)  
You're sure?

Alice listens for a beat and then, frustrated, hangs up.

JAMES  
(his back still to Alice)  
I know you don't like people in your  
business, but I'm not just 'people.'  
That's all I'll say.

He takes another step out the door when --

ALICE  
Kieran didn't come home last night.  
I haven't been able to reach him  
since yesterday morning.

JAMES  
What? Have you called the police?  
Or Evan? Have you checked his cell  
phone? His credit cards? Did you  
run a --

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

-- Fischer will be here in forty minutes for his interview, I've been on hold with hospitals since four AM, and -- and I'm not even sure how I meant to finish this sentence.

Alice buries her face in her hands. This is a tough, competent woman who overrun by worry and exhaustion.

JAMES

Details like this? It's data. Someone once told me I had a gift for hard data. Let me help.

Alice nods, grateful.

INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joel Fischer sits alone, knee bouncing with anxiety. His eyes go wide when Alice enters.

FISCHER

Alice? From the plane?

ALICE

I'm sorry I wasn't completely candid about who I was on our flight, but I hope you understand. Can we discuss some inconsistencies on Johnny Bay Foundation's balance sheet?

FISCHER

Is this about the missing fifty-five thousand? We'll find that money.

ALICE

Is that your understanding? That it's only fifty-five thousand?

Fischer stares at Alice for a long beat.

FISCHER

Should I have a lawyer here?

ALICE

This isn't a police interrogation, Joel. It's not even a legal deposition. We're just talking.

FISCHER

And I'm supposed to trust you? A 'professional' who pretends she's willing to spread her legs to get what she wants?

ALICE

I'll admit, it's not my most progressive tactic --  
(pointed)  
-- but it's very effective.  
(then, softly)  
I think you're in trouble, Joel.

Fischer remains silent but he doesn't deny it.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I think I can help, but you have to tell me what kind of trouble it is.

Finally, Fischer's shoulders slump.

FISCHER

The horse track. There was a big loss a few years ago and I was convinced I could win it back.

ALICE

Except the more you lose, the more money you need to try to win.  
(off Fisher's nod)  
Can you tell me how Tokyo fits in? Extravagant flights and hotels? That doesn't seem like your style.

FISCHER

An international betting group was looking for another partner. If I could convince them I was a high-roller and buy in, my odds of winning would go up exponentially.

ALICE

Another gamble.

FISCHER

Does Johnny know I'm here?

Alice nods. Fischer hangs his head.

FISCHER (CONT'D)

He's been so good to me.

(CONTINUED)

Alice writes the date and time at the top of her legal pad, slides it over to Fischer.

ALICE

So, let's make it right. We'll just get it all down on paper to make sure there are no misunderstandings.

Fischer picks up a pen. Off Alice getting exactly what she needs to nail the guy...

29 INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - JAMES' OFFICE - LATER 29

James looks up as Alice enters, her calm veneer gone.

ALICE

Anything on Kieran?

JAMES

I haven't been able to --

He stops short at the sight of Maria poking her head in.

MARIA

(instantly nervous)

Oh, am I interrupting? I wanted to hear how the Fischer interview went.

Shifting seamlessly back into work mode, Alice holds up the pad with Fischer's signed statement on it.

ALICE

But I don't have the whole story. Fischer claims he's a gambler but --

At that moment, Alice's cell vibrates. Caller ID: Harper Escrow. James gives her a searching look -- Kieran?

ALICE (CONT'D)

My escrow company. Probably calling to say we've closed.

MARIA

Amazing! Congrats.

Alice fakes a smile. She isn't in the mood to celebrate.

ALICE

Anyway, Fischer says he's a gambling addict but he's never claimed a single winning on his tax returns.

JAMES

It's possible, if every win was under the \$600 reporting requirement.

ALICE

When you're playing with half a million dollars a year? Either you're the worst gambler ever or... you're not a gambler at all.

MARIA

So what do we do?

ALICE

We follow the money. Fischer is stealing, we just don't know what he's doing with the funds. And since his online accounts haven't been fruitful, I suggest we dig the old fashioned way.

James sighs. He knows exactly what this means.

JAMES

Maria, get your coat.

Maria nods, hurries off. Alice turns to James, expectant. He lowers his voice as if to soften the blow.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Alice, Kieran hasn't made a call, sent an email, or spent a single dime since yesterday morning.

Silence as the possibilities swirl in Alice's mind. Then, without warning, she turns on her heel and exits.

PRE-LAP: Alice leaving a voicemail.

ALICE (V.O.)

Evan, I'm heading down to the station.

Alice hurries to gather her things.

ALICE

(into phone)

If you're not around when I get there, I'll wait.

She hangs up, sees the voicemail message from Harper Escrow. She presses play on her way out the door.

RHONDA (FILTER)  
Rhonda from Harper Escrow here. I'm calling to let you know your account has yet to fund.

Alice stops in her tracks. That's odd.

RHONDA (FILTER) (CONT'D)  
If I don't have the wire within the hour, it'll be a failure to close --

Alice hangs up, heads back to her desk, immediately dials her lawyer. While it rings, she pulls up her bank account on her cell. ON SCREEN: Confirmation of a transfer of \$2.3 million.

PETERS (FILTER)  
Olive Peters.

ALICE  
Olive, why am I getting a call that our escrow account hasn't funded when I'm showing the transfer right here?

PETERS (FILTER)  
Must be on their end. I'll call Rhonda. Number's here somewhere.

Alice continues on, relieved, when, again, she pauses. Something about the account number of the receiving bank doesn't look right. She runs her finger over it.

ALICE  
Four-six-two-four-nine-nine-two...

She trails off, squinting at the last two digits: EIGHT-SIX.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Six-eight. It should be six-eight.

Alice pulls up another window. Then another.

PETERS (FILTER)  
Alice?

Growing more frantic, Alice uses her know-how to track the account number until she finds exactly where the money was routed: a checking account at a bank in nearby Riverside. Alice clicks on the account to get its balance. \$143. ALICE'S LIFE SAVINGS ARE GONE.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

ALICE

Oh God, Kieran. What have you done?

SMASH TO:

31 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

31

A picturesque street. A town car turns onto the block and stops in front of a beautiful home. The rear door opens and -- KIERAN STEPS OUT. He walks to the front door and enters.

32 INT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

32

He flips through a stack of mail addressed to a BEN TAYLOR. (NOTE: This is his real name but he will continue to be referred to as 'Kieran' for clarity.) He continues into the

KITCHEN

where he finds a WOMAN (30s), a beauty, pouring exquisite tequila into two glasses. She smiles, hands a glass to Kieran, and raises her own for a toast.

WOMAN

To Alice Vaughan...

She and Kieran clink before he promptly sets their glasses down, grabs her, and pulls her to him. Zoe, pleasantly surprised, as he kisses her roughly. As our minds reel, we --

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

OVER BLACK:

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP...

OPERATOR (FILTER)

I'm sorry. That number has been disconnected or is no longer in service.

UP ON --

CLOSE UP of a car's wheel flying down the road.

33 EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - EVENING 33

Alice speeds through downtown city streets, mind racing even faster. She darts around other cars on the road, knowing her window of time to catch up to Kieran closes by the second.

34 INT. ALICE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 34

A BANK MANAGER'S VOICE comes through the Bluetooth in her car.

BANK MANAGER (FILTER)

Sorry for the hold. I was able to track down that account number, but I'm afraid I can't give you any information on the account holder without a subpoena.

ALICE

I can get that. But since I have you on the phone, can you tell me if it belongs to a 'Kieran Booth?'

BANK MANAGER

Who?

CLICK. Alice hangs up. She now knows Kieran used an alias. She yanks her car to the curb, the towers of downtown making her seem very small in the big world. She tosses her phone aside and turns to her iPad, typing, scrolling, focused. Numbers, emails, social media pages fly by. Photos of Alice and Kieran. As she swipes through --

ALICE

(under her breath)  
You're never looking at the camera... Look at the camera...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

She's right. In each and every one, Kieran has his head turned in varying degrees. He's hiding right there in plain sight. She stops on a selfie taken the night they got engaged, the painting on the wall in his office behind them. Kieran smiles at Alice adoringly... in profile. As she puts the car in gear again and takes off --

SMASH TO:

A35 EXT. CITY STREET - LATER A35

Turning down a familiar street, we realize Alice is driving toward Kieran's office. Suddenly, she slows. Kieran's SUV is parked in his spot out front. A light is on inside.

Alice pulls her car into the nearest open space and stares at the light. Hands trembling a bit, she picks up her cell phone, dials a number. It rings. And rings. Finally --

KIERAN'S VOICE (FILTER)

Hello, you've reached the office of  
Kieran Booth. Please leave your --

CLICK. The number is still in service.

35 EXT. KIERAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 35

Alice peers in the windows of Kieran's SUV. Nothing unusual. She creeps toward the entrance to Kieran's office. Not wanting to alert him if he's inside, she ever-so-slowly tries the door handle. Unlocked.

With shaky breath, Alice quickly turns the handle and pushes inside in a rush. What she sees stops her short. The office is completely empty. The only thing left is a phone sitting on the floor, it's red light flashing with unheard messages.

Suddenly, Alice realizes the warning beep of the security system has been sounding since she entered. The alarm starts to shriek. Unfazed, Alice strides over to the phone, rips it out of the wall, and carries it with her as she exits.

36 EXT. KIERAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 36

Alice heads straight for Kieran's SUV, takes the phone and bashes it into the passenger window until it shatters. The car alarm now starts wailing. She unlocks the door to rummage through Kieran's glove compartment. Owner's manual, an extra pair of sunglasses, lint roller, scraps of meaningless paper -- nothing to help identify him.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

Alice slams the door shut, glass tinkling on the pavement. She walks back to her car, gets in, and pulls away, alarms howling in her wake.

37 INT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 37

Kieran steps out of the shower, clean shaven. The woman we saw him with earlier enters. This is ZOE TAYLOR, his wife.

ZOE  
Dinner's ready.

KIERAN  
(distracted)  
Great.

ZOE  
It can keep if we want to go another round real quick...

Kieran continues drying off, lost in thought.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Baby? Where are you at?

He looks up, caught. He kisses her gently.

KIERAN  
I'm right here. I'm just tired.

ZOE  
Okay. Dinner, then straight to bed.

She smiles, heads out. Kieran fishes his wedding ring out of a drawer. A long beat before... he slides it on.

38 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 38

A row of dumpsters in an empty garage. Over this, we hear --

MARIA (O.S.)  
I'm just completely intimidated by her, you know?

REVEAL James and Maria inside a recycling dumpster, diving for clues in the Joel Fischer case.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
She's amazing at her job, she has this incredible fiancé... There are so few women in our field and I'm, like, great, this is who I have to measure up to?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Alice is a freak of nature because her entire life has been work. It wasn't until Kieran came along that she found any kind of balance.

MARIA

Come on. I guarantee men fall all over her.

JAMES

You'll see. The longer you do this work, the harder it is to trust anyone. You become convinced everyone is out to get you.

Holding up a piece of paper stuck to her hand with gum --

MARIA

This is gross.

JAMES

This is helpful.

They continue to dig for a moment before --

MARIA

So, is that why you got divorced? The whole 'trust' thing?

JAMES

Turns out, I was the fraud in that relationship.

MARIA

How so?

JAMES

I'm gay.

Maria stops sifting, surprised.

MARIA

That's cool.

JAMES

(laughs)

I hope so. I've been living as a straight man my entire adult life, so I'm entering a brave new world.

Maria holds up a yellow carbon copy invoice.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

Are you getting a bunch of invoices from some nonprofit consultant in Mexico? A lot of them are for the exact same services.

Maria hands the invoices to James. He places them next to each other. They are nearly identical. James runs his thumb over one where the ink on the company's logo has smeared. The logo on the second invoice is perfect but the invoice number is at a slight angle.

JAMES

I think these might be forgery attempts.

MARIA

Really?

James turns over a theory in his mind.

JAMES

When we combed through Johnny Bay Foundation's records, there was evidence they're exploring opening an outreach center near Cabo San Lucas. What if none of that research is really happening?

MARIA

Oh my god, James, that's how Fischer's doing it! He's funneling Bay's money into a fake consulting company and withdrawing it on the other side.

The two share an excited look. Then --

MARIA (CONT'D)

Does this mean we can get out of the trash now?

Andie and Evan, still not fully changed out of his LAPD uniform, sit across from Alice, both rattled.

ANDIE

I -- I'm going to open some wine.

She heads into the kitchen, leaving Evan and Alice alone.

EVAN

How much money did he take?

ALICE

I don't want to say. It's too awful. Most of it was from the wrongful death lawsuit after my parents' accident. It always felt like blood money somehow. And what does it matter? It's gone. The house, our future, all of it...

Evan sits back, the truth about Kieran hitting him hard. Andie re-enters with a very full glass of wine.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Look, I need to know everything Kieran ever told you about his life.

ANDIE

But you knew him better than anyone.

Alice shuts her eyes a moment, waits for the pain to pass.

ALICE

I didn't. But this is how I get to know him. I listen for where his story differed, when it came easy and when it didn't. Honesty is a human default and working against it always creates cracks. If I find enough of them, I'll be able to see the real Kieran underneath.

EVAN

Call my detective, Alice. You shouldn't be doing this yourself.

ALICE

This is my life, Evan. My career could be over if this gets out. A woman who uncovers fraud for a living gets taken for all she's worth? How does that look?

(then)

And what Kieran and I had was between us. Even if it wasn't real, it's not for public consumption.

\*

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

Only seven percent of con victims ever report. That's how these guys keep getting away with it.

ALICE

I'll try to find him myself and if I can't, I'll just move on.

ANDIE

It's never going to be that simple, Alice. If you don't pursue this all the way, I worry you'll never get closure.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALICE

I'll think about it.

ANDIE

And think about the next woman. You have to do it for her, too.

\*  
\*

Alice flushes. This is not the kind of support she needs. As she quickly gathers her things --

\*  
\*

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Wait, Al, I'm sorr --

ALICE

-- It's okay. I get it. Really.

And she's gone before Andie or Evan can say another word.

INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - JAMES' OFFICE - NIGHT

James sits amidst dozens of file boxes turned over by the Johnny Bay Foundation. He makes a pile of Fischer's forged invoices from the past two years. Maria enters with her laptop, an odd look on her face.

JAMES

(without looking up)

Did you get the bank statements from Mexico? Please tell me Fischer's name is all over them.

MARIA

I did get the statements but there's only one signatory on the account and it's not Joel Fischer.

JAMES

No?

MARIA  
Javier Nuñez.

James giver her a questioning look.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA (CONT'D)

I searched his name in a twenty-mile radius of the bank and...

She turns her laptop around to show James a newspaper article entirely in Spanish with two photos attached. One, the face of a gorgeous HISPANIC WOMAN (25) smiling out. The other, an obvious crime scene on a pristine beach.

JAMES

What does it say?

MARIA

Javier Nuñez is the father of a young woman who washed up on a beach in Cabo three days before Fischer began sending money down to Mexico. And I can assure you there's no nonprofit experience in his background.

A long silence.

JAMES

I don't want to say it.

MARIA

What? That Joel Fischer might have killed a girl and is paying off her family to cover it up?

JAMES

Yes. That.

41	OMITTED	41
42	OMITTED	42
43	INT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT	43

Zoe sits alone, a gorgeous meal on the table growing cold. Eventually, Kieran enters.

KIERAN

I'm sorr --  
(struck by the spread)  
-- Wow, Zoe.

ZOE

I thought we should celebrate.  
(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

I had Bestia do the branzino -- and everything else -- but I paired the wine. Who was that on the phone?

KIERAN

My mother.

ZOE

Let me guess.

(an impersonation)

'Please tell me you didn't get that job in London, dear. I've been just sick about it.'

KIERAN

I told her the company ended up going with someone else.

This stops Zoe cold. She stares at Kieran, stunned.

ZOE

That was not the plan, Ben.

KIERAN

I know. I should've told you --

ZOE

-- Just tell me this. How does a guy get passed over for a job he invented?

With this, Zoe pushes back in her chair and storms out.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON dress shirts being ripped off hangers, men's socks and underwear being pulled from drawers. We are --

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Fueled by humiliation and rage, Alice lets loose on the things Kieran has left behind. Everything is fair game.

Eventually spent, she stands in the middle of it all, winded. A beat before she chokes back a sob and crumples atop Kieran's things. There was so much about him that wasn't real, but the way he filled out a shirt, the way he smelled, those things can't be faked and she already misses them.

Swiping at her tears, Alice suddenly spots a BASEBALL in a far corner. Dirty and scuffed with age, she reads its faded signatures: *Steve Sax, Kirk Gibson, Franklin Stubbs...* Something truly personal of Kieran's she can hang on to.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

Alice slides a rack of blouses aside to reveal a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT. Inside, a stash of papers, including a foreign passport, and... a gun. As she sets the baseball inside, a KNOCK at the front door echoes. She shuts the compartment.

45 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - NIGHT 45

Alice opens her front door to reveal FBI AGENT EMIL ABENA (40s). Flashing a winning smile and his badge --

ABENA  
Special Agent Emil Abena.

ALICE  
Yes?

ABENA  
Calle Bank out in Riverside filed a Suspicious Activity Report with the Treasury Department based on your conversation with them today. I'll be in charge of the investigation.

ALICE  
I'm not interested in pressing charges. Sorry you had to come out.

As Alice starts to shut the door --

ABENA  
And I'm sorry, Ms. Vaughan, but when the FBI gets wind of wire fraud in the millions, you no longer have a choice whether or not we investigate.

Eager to see how Alice is going to get out of this, we --

END ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

46 EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

46

An upscale rooftop bar with sweeping views of downtown. Kieran and Alice sip cocktails on the outdoor patio. She slides off the jacket she's wearing over a silk tank top.

ALICE

It's a little loud out here. We should've taken that table inside.

KIERAN

I can hear you perfectly.

ALICE

What?

KIERAN

(laughing)

Relax. She's going to love you.

ALICE

I feel naked. Do I look naked?

KIERAN

I know what you look like naked. This is not it.

Alice starts to put her jacket on again when her watch gets caught, her arm stuck in the sleeve.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Here, let me.

He reaches over to unclasp the watch, freeing Alice's arm. As she finishes putting on the jacket --

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Adeline?

With one word, Alice's world stops. She can't move, can't breathe. Slowly, she looks to Kieran. He holds up her watch and reads an INSCRIPTION on the back --

KIERAN (CONT'D)

'To Adeline, my blossom, my bride...  
Léo.'

ALICE

It's vintage. The inscription was there when I bought it.

(CONTINUED)

KIERAN

Who do you think they were? Or I  
guess they could still be alive...

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

The world will never know.

At that moment, a woman arrives, smiling brightly. IT'S ZOE.

ZOE

Alice! So great to finally meet you.

She pulls Alice in for a warm hug before turning to kiss Kieran on the cheek.

ZOE (CONT'D)

You too, Kier. It's always too long between visits.

ALICE (V.O.)

I met his sister, Amy, once...

47

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

47

Alice and Abena, mid-interview. He's just here doing his job, nothing more, nothing less.

ALICE

...She seemed perfectly lovely.

Abena makes a note: "Amy."

ABENA

But never his mother or father? How did he explain never introducing you to them?

ALICE

They're dead. Losing our parents early was something we had in common. Like a fairy tale, right?

Alice's cell rings. James. She holds it up.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'm closing a big case at work. Can we pick this up again tomorrow?

Abena continues, undaunted.

ABENA

Did he ever talk about his childhood? Where he grew up?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE  
(masking her annoyance)  
Phoenix. It sounded happy. Normal.  
Then he went to New York to study  
Art History at Columbia.

ABENA  
Why didn't he stay in New York?  
Plenty of career opportunity there.

ALICE  
Most of his business is  
international and LAX is no  
different from JFK. He said he  
wanted to be closer to his sister.

ABENA  
And yet, you were together a year  
and you only met her once.

Alice, defensive --

ALICE  
I think we've established I was  
conned, Agent Abena. There were  
plenty of signs I didn't see.

ABENA  
I'm sorry if this is painful, but --

ALICE  
-- Are you? Because I'm sure you  
see this all the time -- victims  
betrayed by the people they trusted  
the most -- and I know from my line  
of work how hard it is to continue  
to care after a while. Another day,  
another sucker, am I right?

Abena holds Alice's gaze for a beat, amused.

ABENA  
Why do you think he took the  
painting?

ALICE  
What do you mean, why? It's  
valuable and he's a thief.

ABENA  
He didn't take that Ming bowl over  
there. Must be worth double, maybe  
more.

(CONTINUED)

This gives Alice real pause. As she stares at the bowl on a bookshelf, Abena hands over his business card.

ABENA (CONT'D)

Email me pictures of Kieran when you get a moment. I'll start with this and be in touch.

As he sees himself to the door --

ABENA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Alice. My job is going to be much easier now that I don't have to pretend to care.

He goes. The quiet in the apartment where Alice now lives alone is deafening.

INT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kieran cleans up the uneaten meal Zoe ordered when she steps in. She watches for a moment before joining him.

ZOE

You know we can't stay here, Ben. We don't get to run our longest con ever, steal two million dollars, and then just go back to life an hour out of the city. We had a perfect getaway plan and you blew it up tonight. Why?

KIERAN

I really don't have this in me right now, Zoe.

Suddenly, Zoe slips putting a knife into the block, badly slicing her finger. She gasps.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Is it bad? Let me see.

He inspects the damage. Blood. Lots of it.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Here, run it under the water so I can get a better look.

As he leads her over to the sink, sweetly tending to her wound, we read the tiniest hint of satisfaction on Zoe's face. Perhaps it wasn't an accident after all...

49 INT. MEYER, MORRISON & ROSE - LOBBY - NEXT MORNING 49

The elevator doors open. Alice steps out in a killer outfit, head high. Never let them see you sweat.

NOMI  
Morning, Alice. A courier delivered this a few minutes ago.

Nomi hands Alice an UNMARKED ENVELOPE, only her name handwritten across the front.

ALICE  
Who's it from?

Nomi shrugs, no idea. Alice starts to open it when she runs into David Morrison.

MORRISON  
Where are we with Johnny Bay Foundation? I trust it has your full attention.

ALICE  
We've had to adjust our initial thinking. After doing discovery on the suspected embezzlement --

She realizes she's speaking to Morrison's retreating back. He doesn't care about the details. Continuing on, Alice starts to open the envelope again when James approaches.

JAMES  
(low, urgent)  
Is everything okay?

ALICE  
Get Maria and bring everything in, will you?

She doesn't break stride as she turns the corner into her

OFFICE

and shuts the door behind her. She takes a deep breath, lets it out slowly. A moment later, James and Maria enter.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
(blurts)  
I'm only telling the two of you so if this gets out in any way, I will know one of you is responsible, but Kieran and I broke up last night.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE (CONT'D)

It was cold feet after all and the wedding is off.

Maria's jaw drops. James, about to speak --

ALICE (CONT'D)

I don't want to talk about it, cry about it, or feel anything about it for the time being. You two can gossip with each other about it all you want but I'm here to work and I expect you to do that with me. Yes?

James starts in, all business, respecting Alice's wishes.

JAMES

Fischer may be covering up something much darker than a gambling addiction.

MARIA

He could be paying off the family of a girl he killed in Mexico.

ALICE

Have you talked to the family? What did they say?

James holds up a VISITOR'S BADGE for Winton Memorial Hospital in San Diego.

JAMES

You want me to put this on or do you want it?

INT. KIERAN'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

The artwork from Kieran's office fills in around two expensive cars. Amongst it all rests -- THE PAINTING. Kieran's eyes keep coming back to it as he searches for something. Zoe enters, hands behind her back.

ZOE

Pick a hand, any hand.

Kieran points to her left. She holds up a dossier of sorts. A woman's Facebook profile photo smiles out.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Beatrice Wyant, divorced without children, closing in on forty, desperate for a baby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZOE (CONT'D)

I figure if we're staying put, we should get to work on our next job.

KIERAN

What are you thinking?

ZOE

Something easy. In and out, Nancy Ford-style.

KIERAN

The old woman in San Jose?

ZOE

Single mother. Sacramento.

Zoe spots the painting, studies it with distaste.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Is that the Lipton?

Kieran nods, still rummaging. He comes across a box filled with dozens of UNFAMILIAR FILES. Curious, he flips through.

ZOE (CONT'D)

What's it worth? A hundred?  
Hundred-and-fifty? Let's unload it.

KIERAN

I'm working on it.  
(re: the files)  
What the hell are these, Zoe?

ZOE

All the jobs we've ever done.

KIERAN

I can see that. Why do you have them?

ZOE

For reference. To help me remember what's worked and what hasn't or to make sure we never operate in similar circles.

KIERAN

We have to get rid of these. This is all the evidence anyone would ever need to bury us.

ZOE

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

Well, that was easy. Except --

ZOE (CONT'D)

I've already scanned everything and tucked it safely away on a hard drive in case I need it.

Kieran searches Zoe's face. Is that a threat? She holds his gaze, the picture of benign innocence.

ZOE (CONT'D)

What are you looking for anyway?

KIERAN

My baseball.

ZOE

You left it, didn't you?

(off Kieran's silence)

First, you insist on bringing that ridiculous painting with you and then this? It's amateur, Ben.

KIERAN

What do you want? I just pulled off the con of our lives and now --

ZOE

-- Excuse me, we pulled off the con of our lives and I'm not the one that let a mark get into my head.

Kieran chuckles as if that's ridiculous.

ZOE (CONT'D)

It's okay, Ben. I knew it was a risk all along. You spent a year working to maintain a connection with that woman. It was bound to take hold at some point. We'll start another job and after a few weeks of no contact, you'll shake her loose. But first, you're going to get your baseball.

KIERAN

The police could be looking for me.

ZOE

You know how to be careful. And you can't not go back. Leave anything personal behind and it's only a matter of time.

(CONTINUED)

KIERAN

What if Alice sees me?

ZOE

(not serious)

I don't know -- kill her?

KIERAN

(disgusted nonetheless)

Zoe...

ZOE

I really don't care what it takes,  
Ben. Just get it back.

She exits. As Kieran's gaze drifts to the painting again, a troubling ache wells. He turns it to face the wall, goes.

51 INT. WINTON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 51

Alice and Maria walk down the corridor of the cancer care ward, a lovely bouquet of flowers in hand. Maria nods towards a room just ahead.

MARIA

This is it.

Alice knocks gently, enters.

A52 INT. WINTON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS A52

Alice and Maria find JAVIER NUÑEZ (mid-40s) keeping vigil at his sleeping wife's bedside, a chemotherapy port in her chest, an IV in her arm. Javier watches, curious, as Alice sets her flowers on the windowsill.

ALICE

Hello, Mr. Nuñez. I'm so sorry  
about your wife. I'm hoping these  
might cheer her up.

JAVIER

I'm sorry... Do I --?

ALICE

-- My name is Alice Vaughan and this  
is Maria. We're interested in the  
circumstances of your daughter's  
death and hope you can help us.

\*  
\*  
\*



B52 CONTINUED:

B52

JAVIER (V.O.)

She wanted the world, you know? She wanted life.

BACK TO...

C52 INT. WINTON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM

C52

JAVIER

My wife hasn't been well since Vanesa died and I'm doing everything I can to keep from losing another woman I love.

\*  
\*

ALICE

And thank goodness you can get such exceptional care here in the States. Expensive, yes, but exceptional.

\*

Javier looks to his ailing wife.

\*

ALICE (CONT'D)

But that is not justice for Vanesa. That's a door prize.

Javier looks confused. Maria steps in, translates "door prize" into a relevant colloquialism for him. He gets it.

ALICE (CONT'D)

The money won't go away, Javier. It will just come in the form of a civil suit brought against Joel Fischer for the death of your daughter. And you will get answers. Real answers. The truth.

\*  
  
\*  
\*

A long beat as Javier considers. Finally --

\*

JAVIER

Okay. I'll tell you what I know.  
But I need you to tell me  
something... Who is Joel Fischer?

As our heads jerk up at this unexpected question, we --

END ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

ACT FIVE

52 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 52

Sunglasses on, Alice sits in the back of a taxi outside a rundown residence in France. With a last look around, she steps out.

53 INT. RUNDOWN RESIDENCE - LATER (FLASHBACK) 53

Alice sits next to a WOMAN (50s) asleep on the couch. Even in rest, she looks tired. JENINE, a hospice nurse, fusses.

JENINE

(in French, subtitled)

*Lucienne never mentioned a daughter.  
You don't live around here?*

Alice shakes her head, takes the older woman's hand in hers. In beautiful French, a native speaker --

ALICE

*Her skin is like paper.*

JENINE

*That happens at the end. They quit eating and drinking, but I promise she's comfortable.*

With a sad smile --

ALICE

*Look at that, Mama. You finally stopped drinking.*

This is Alice's mother, LUCIENNE VIAN. She stirs.

ALICE (CONT'D)

*Is she aware of anything when she's awake?*

JENINE

*In and out. Don't expect too much.*

Alice takes in a cheap, faded FRAMED PRINT of the sun setting over the Pacific Ocean as Lucienne comes around. When her eyes finally open, Alice waits for a reaction. Her mother stares at her without the faintest glimmer of recognition.

ALICE

*Mama? I know you haven't been feeling well. I just want you to know I'm okay.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALICE (CONT'D)

*I have a good job, a nice place to live, and... I've met someone. Kieran. He's a good man, Mama. You'd say he's better than I deserve, but we're getting married.*

LUCIENNE

*You're already married.*

Alice startles. With a quick glance at Jenine --

ALICE

*No, I'm not, Mama. You must be thinking of someone else.*

LUCIENNE

*You're married to Léo. Where's he been? I haven't seen him in so long.*

ALICE

(to Jenine)

*I think I've confused her. I shouldn't have come.*

Lucienne suddenly grips Alice's hand, the engagement ring Kieran gave her pressing into her flesh.

LUCIENNE

*You're a dream, right? Are you really here, Adeline? Don't go. Please.*

As Jenine steps in to help release Lucienne's grasp --

54 INT. ALICE'S CAR - DAY 54

Alice drives a winding road in the hills above Malibu, hands gripping the steering wheel tightly. She steals glances at the sun just starting to set over the Pacific, exactly like the print hanging in her childhood home.

55 EXT. MALIBU ESTATE - DAY 55

Alice pulls in next to a few other cars in the drive. As she approaches the front door, it swings open. Johnny Bay stands there in his swim trunks, hair still wet from the pool.

BAY

Alice! Where's your suit?

ALICE

Some of us have to work, Mr. Bay.

(CONTINUED)

BAY

Have you been out here to Malibou  
Lake before?

ALICE

Never.

(CONTINUED)

BAY

Well, my son's home from college for the weekend. Come join us out back for margaritas.

He disappears inside. Alice follows.

EXT. MALIBU ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

A large, warm home. Bay leads Alice out to the sparkling pool where music plays and Bay's college quarterback son, NATE (20) and a TEAMMATE splash around with THREE PRETTY COEDS (20s). Alice nearly trips on a DOG TOY lying on the ground.

BAY

(over the music)

Sorry about that. Choco's around here somewhere. Don't be surprised if a big ball of fur comes rushing toward you at some point.

As Alice struggles to push down thoughts of the life she had planned with Kieran in their own dream home --

ALICE

You know, I think it's better if we talk someplace --

BAY

(calling out to his wife)

-- Dahlia, hon, this is Alice, the fraud investigator I hired.

DAHLIA BAY (late 40s), looking just as good as the young coeds in her swimsuit, approaches to say hello.

BAY (CONT'D)

We both can't thank you enough for your help with Fischer. My lawyers are working on a recovery agreement as we speak.

DAHLIA

I'm still in shock that Joel has been stealing from the foundation. Johnny told me everything.

Alice cocks her head.

ALICE

Did he tell you about Vanesa Nuñez as well?

(CONTINUED)

Dahlia looks at Bay, inquisitive. He smiles blankly down at the two women. Dahlia leans in to Alice.

DAHLIA

Too many roaring stadiums over the years. Johnny's lost some hearing.

(to Johnny)

Honey, why don't you two set up at the table over there away from the music?

BAY

You know, it's probably better if we just head inside to wrap things up. That okay with you, Alice?

Bay motions toward the den. Alice follows his lead.

57

INT. MALIBU ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

57

Bay and Alice enter. Shutting the door firmly behind them --

BAY

Now, why did you have to go and mention Vanesa in front of my wife?

Look at that. He heard her perfectly outside.

ALICE

Did you really think she was never going to find out?

BAY

I made a mistake, Alice. Plenty of men have kept their infidelities from their wives. I love Dahlia and I love my family and I don't want to hurt them.

ALICE

Did you want to hurt Vanesa?

Bay looks genuinely pained by this question.

BAY

Never. It was horrible what happened to her. But I had nothing to do with her death.

ALICE

I know that she was on the yacht you chartered that night.

Alice's voice carries us over a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS --

-- Bay helps Vanesa step aboard a sleek, sexy boat.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE (V.O.)

I know she called her mother to tell her not to expect her home that night.

-- Vanesa on her cell phone, Johnny standing behind her, kissing her neck as she speaks.

ALICE (V.O.)

And I know from cell phone records that you made a lengthy phone call to Joel Fischer at three AM that next morning.

-- Bay, ashen, hands shaking, dials his phone.

BACK TO Bay's den.

ALICE

What I don't know is what actually happened between you and Vanesa that night. I'll leave that investigation to the police. But more than anything, I can look at what people do with their money and know what it means.

Another SERIES OF CUTS --

-- Javier Nuñez across from Bay at a shack bar in Cabo as he signs a bank document to become a signatory on the Mexican consulting firm's dummy account. Bay extends his hand to shake. Javier stands up in disgust and walks away.

ALICE (V.O.)

A man that has nothing to do with a woman's death doesn't pay tens of thousands of dollars a month to her family to keep it quiet.

-- QUICK POPS of Joel and Alice smiling at one another on the plane to Tokyo... Alice interviewing Joel in the Meyer, Morrison, and Rose conference room... Joel signing his handwritten statement...

ALICE (V.O.)

And when that deal is threatened to be exposed, he certainly doesn't ask a valued employee and friend to take the fall for the cover-up.

BACK TO Bay's den, his eyes narrowed.

(CONTINUED)

BAY

What exactly are you doing here, Alice? As you pointed out, you're not the police and they're never going to prove it was anything other than an accident anyway.

ALICE

(simply)

You might be right.

This response only serves to anger Bay further.

BAY

I hired your team to give me a quick, accurate accounting of an internal theft that I could easily explain to my board of directors. You have that in Joel Fischer. He understands what's at stake here. My name brings in millions to help kids around the world better their lives. You taint that name with something like this, donations dry up and my family suffers. Why can't you just leave it there?

Just then, a police siren is heard approaching in the distance. Bay looks at Alice in shock -- "What have you done?"

ALICE

You don't realize how much you want the truth until it's the only thing you need.

58 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT DAY 58

Morning sunlight moves across the empty space where the painting used to hang. The bed beneath it is empty, one side mused, slept in, the other, untouched. The sound of the shower runs in the background.

59 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - DAY 59

Alice picks up her bag to head out to work when she notices the unmarked envelope Nomi handed her the day before. She finally peels it open to find a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING -- the article James mentioned with the photo of her firm's partners. A note across the photo: "Alice... A pretty name, though I'm not sure Léo would've liked it." She goes white.

(CONTINUED)

Looking out her windows at the endless sprawl of the city, Alice wrestles with the idea that someone is out there and they know exactly who she is...

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. Alice jumps. Through the peephole, she sees Abena and another FBI agent, LANDRY (early 30s), on her doorstep. To our surprise, she pulls off her blouse before opening the door, shielding her half-dressed torso behind it.

ALICE

This isn't a good time, gentlemen.

Abena holds up a warrant.

ABENA

Morning, Ms. Vaughan. We're here to do a search of your apartment for any clues to Kieran's whereabouts.

ALICE

I'm sorry but I'm rushing around getting ready for work and I have to leave shortly.

ABENA

We don't need you to be here. In fact, we'd prefer if you weren't.

ALICE

(beat)

Let me finish getting dressed.

She shuts the door. We stay with the FBI. Landry looks to Abena, concerned. He holds up his hand -- "Wait."

60 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - WALK-IN CLOSET - SAME TIME 60

Alice opens the door to her hidden compartment, shoveling everything into her bag except one item -- a velvet ring box.

61 EXT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 61

Abena moves to knock again when the door opens. Alice is now fully dressed and completely composed.

ALICE

The place is yours.

ABENA

Landry, you'll take the upstairs.

He nods, moves off. As Abena and Alice cross --

(CONTINUED)

ABENA (CONT'D)

We found another possible victim of Kieran's. I'm meeting her tomorrow.

ALICE

Why don't you find the son-of-a-bitch himself already?

She heads down the hall. Abena smiles. This woman is fun.

James looks up as Alice enters.

JAMES

Just got a call from Evan. Bay is being arraigned this morning. Was Morrison pleased?

ALICE

In his way, though he made it very clear he didn't appreciate that I spoiled his childhood here.

(then)

No one is ever who they seem to be, James. Remember that.

JAMES

I won't remember that, thank you.

Maria enters, document in hand.

MARIA

Here's our report on Bay for LAPD.

Alice holds out her hand, Maria passes it to her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

But I still can't wrap my head around why Fischer was willing to take the fall.

ALICE

Bay has always been a father figure to him. He believed he'd take care of him. We can all fall under someone's spell, Maria.

Alice's cell vibrates. Caller ID: Odessa's Bridal.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Oh, God, is it Friday already?

(into phone)

(MORE)

62

CONTINUED:

62

ALICE (CONT'D)

Odessa? I'm not going to be able to make it in today.

She moves the phone away, Odessa berating her over the line.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, I'll be there by six.

She hangs up, turns back to James and Maria.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Let's get through the day and then drinks around the corner?

Alice exits. Off Maria's surprise at the invitation --

JAMES

No one likes going home to an empty apartment.

63

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

63

CLOSE ON Alice's hidden compartment. A lock-picking tool enters frame and gets to work. Before long, the door swings open. Empty. Well, empty save for that velvet ring box. Abena flips it open to find Alice's engagement ring inside. But he's not interested in the sparkling jewels.

In the seam where the back wall and the floor of the compartment meet, the tiniest corner of... something... peeks out. He uses one of the lock picking tools to extract it. A PHOTO of Alice in the back of a vintage Rolls Royce. She's young, eighteen at most, and she's a BRIDE. She wears a traditional wedding dress as different as could be from the one she had planned to wear with Kieran -- along with a fear she tries to hide behind her smile for the camera...

64

INT. BAR - NIGHT

64

Alice finishes her last sip and motions to the BARTENDER (30s) for her bill. Fishing in her bag for her wallet, we see a few things she emptied from her closet compartment -- including Kieran's baseball. The bartender returns. With a wink --

BARTENDER

Your friends always stick you with the tab?

ALICE

(smiles)

Do you know much about baseball?

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

A little.

ALICE

These names mean anything to you?

The bartender reads the autographs on the ball, grins.

BARTENDER

Any kid from L.A. knows those are the starters for the Dodgers' '88 World Series team. Kirk Gibson hit a homer for the ages in that series.

Alice lays down her credit card, wheels turning...

ALICE

Any kid from L.A., huh?

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FBI agents carry a few boxes of potential evidence out of Alice's apartment. Abena pauses to lock up and nearly walks right into a passing UPS DELIVERY MAN carrying a large box.

UPS DELIVERY MAN

(mumbles)

Sorry, man.

Abena pays him no mind but we do a double take -- IT'S KIERAN! Upon seeing Abena's FBI windbreaker, he doesn't break stride. He approaches a door at the end of the hall and KNOCKS. When MR. SORENSON (80s) answers --

KIERAN

Package for you, Mr. Sorenson.

Abena hesitates. He looks at the UPS man with his back to him, the old man signing his clipboard. Nothing unusual about it. Abena shakes off the odd feeling and rounds the corner. As distance grows between hunter and hunted --

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Alice stands on an arcing bridge high above the water, staring over the side. As the water roils and eddies below, her emotions about all that's happened swirl across her face.

After a long moment, she pops the trunk of her car to reveal KIERAN'S THINGS inside. She scoops up an armful and we move

66 CONTINUED: 66

ACROSS THE RIVER

to watch as shirts, suits, socks rain down. Just as we think she's finished, there's one last thing... HER WEDDING DRESS. As it slips through the air toward the murky waters below --

67 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 67

Alice steps off the elevator, exhausted. She crosses with her elderly neighbor on his way out to take his SEEING EYE DOG for a walk -- Mr. Sorenson is blind.

ALICE

It's Alice, Mr. Sorenson. Hi, Alma.

\*

Alice gives the dog a scratch and unlocks her front door.

68 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS 68

Setting her bag down, Alice freezes when she hears strange sound inside the apartment. Suddenly, a CRASH! She scrambles when a ball of fur tumbles out of the kitchen, heading straight for her. An adorable GERMAN SHEPHERD PUPPY.

ALICE

Wha--? How did--?

She scoops the puppy up. It wiggles wildly in her arms. As Alice takes it in and all it might mean --

ALICE (CONT'D)

You want to play, Kieran? All right, let's play...

As the puppy desperately tries to lick her face, we --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE