

"REVENGE"

Written by

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"REVENGE"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

1

A BLOOD RED HARVEST MOON rises high above the dark waters of the North Atlantic. Bands of crimson moonlight cradle deep rolling swells as they push their way towards the flickering lights of a distant shoreline. THE STEADY VOICE of a determined young woman draws us in to hear her story.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
REVENGE. The Oxford English dictionary defines it as the infliction of punishment in retaliation for an injury, harm, or wrongdoing done to oneself or another.

THE CAMERA GATHERS SPEED as it glides across the open sea towards specks of light growing larger on the horizon.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
Sunday school proverbs package it inside morality slogans like "an eye for an eye," and "two wrongs don't make a right." But two wrongs can never make a right because two wrongs can never equal each other.

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT from somewhere on shore-- where a small spate of East Coast mansions rests nobly beyond cresting whitecaps and cascading sand dunes. ANOTHER GUNSHOT pierces the night, followed by an EXPLOSION of RED AND WHITE FIREWORKS...

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hamlet, Medea, Captain Ahab, Charles Bronson. The icons of vengeance teach us that for the truly wronged, real satisfaction can only be found in one of two places: absolute forgiveness or mortal vindication.

A CRASHING WAVE stretches inland, POOLING FOAMY WATER around the feet of A YOUNG MAN in a white tuxedo, face down in the wet sand.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
This is not a story about forgiveness.

LEGEND: **LABOR DAY WEEKEND, 2011, SOUTHAMPTON, NY**

2

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - NIGHT

2

A WALTZING STEADICAM SPINS us through a HIGH-ENERGY HAMPTONS AFFAIR set inside a spectacular PHILIP JOHNSON MODERN. The theme of the party is "FIRE AND ICE." The female guests are all dressed in red, the men, formal white. From the lighting to the floral arrangements, the "Fire and Ice" motif is ubiquitous, executed throughout the home with tasteful flair. On the ocean side courtyard we find an expertly crafted ICE SCULPTURE of a woman's hand. The icy ring finger sports a brilliant sparkling engagement diamond. White vanilla icing on an oversized red velvet cake reads: "**Congratulations Daniel and Emily!!!**" Projected on the patio wall beneath a second floor terrace is a photo montage of the handsome young couple (on the bow of a yacht, playing doubles tennis, enjoying a sunset, etc.) The bride to be is EMILY THORNE, 26, a brown-eyed, auburn haired beauty. Her dashing fiance is DANIEL GRAYSON, young 20s, all American, son of privilege. We catch a lovely heirloom engagement ring on the hand of the living, breathing EMILY THORNE as she steps into frame wearing a graceful red cocktail dress. THE SKY BEHIND HER LIGHTS UP with brilliant RED AND WHITE FIREWORKS. The crowd looks up with "oohs" and "ahhs..." Emily pauses to appreciate the frozen ring sculpture, trails a thoughtful finger along the twinkling ice. Notices a light dusting of sand on the back of her hand. Subtly brushes it away...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Emily, where have you been? I've been looking everywhere for you.

Emily turns to a beautiful young AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN-- ASHLEY DAVENPORT, mid-20s, stylish and confident. She's wearing a small radio device in her ear.

EMILY

Walking the beach.

ASHLEY

Where's Daniel?

EMILY

Still walking. We're having a... thing.

ASHLEY

Same thing or different thing?

EMILY

Stupid, small thing, it's fine.

ASHLEY

(a true friend)
You sure?

EMILY

He's right behind me, don't worry.

ASHLEY

It's my job to worry. Your job is to enjoy yourself. Don't make me fire you.

Emily manages a smile. Ashley squeezes her hand and angles off, calling orders into her lapel mic for champagne to be passed around. Ashley CROSSES BY a fresh-faced coquette, CHARLOTTE GRAYSON, 17, and DECLAN PORTER, also 17, a rough and tumble kid from town in a rented white tuxedo.

DECLAN PORTER

I feel like a dick in this tux.

CHARLOTTE GRAYSON

Stop acting like one and you'll stop feeling like one. Trust me, if your friends could see you now--

DECLAN

They'd probably kick my ass.

Declan smirks, pulls a pair of yellow pills out of his pocket.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Open up.

She does. He pops one pill into Charlotte's mouth, the other in his. Charlotte grins.

CHARLOTTE

How bad you want out of that tux?

Charlotte bites her lip seductively, takes Declan's hand, leads him through the crowd. CAMERA CRANES UP to take in the scope of the extravagant party. As we rise above, we hear:

MAN'S AGITATED VOICE (PRE-LAP)

That case is twenty years old, they can't just rifle through private business records whenever they want...

CAMERA LANDS on a second floor terrace off the master suite, pushes in on the window where we find...

3

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

3

CONRAD GRAYSON, 50s, a virile alpha fox in his prime, barking into the phone in his bedroom-adjacent office. He's wearing a slick white tuxedo, shirt open, black bow tie undone.

CONRAD GRAYSON

Screw the subpoena. Get your ass
down there and do what you have to
do to protect me--

He slams the phone down. After a beat, WE HEAR a KNOCK--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Conrad, what's keeping you?

THE OFFICE DOORS leading to the bedroom open and in steps VICTORIA GRAYSON, a spectacular woman in her mid 40s, dressed in a sophisticated scarlet gown. She quickly assesses her husband.

VICTORIA

People are beginning to ask
questions I don't have answers for.

CONRAD

Do they work for Homeland Security?
(off her)
Federal authorities just confiscated
my Madison Avenue archives.

VICTORIA

(beat, then, unrattled)
Looking for what?

CONRAD

What do you think?

VICTORIA

Did you call Judge Barnes?

CONRAD

He's not answering.

VICTORIA

What can I do?

CONRAD

You've done enough. I need to think.

Victoria turns, cool as they come, exits by way of the terrace, shuts the glass doors behind her. Conrad SHOVES his computer and files OFF his desk. They SLAM into the wall beside him. Victoria doesn't turn back.

4

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - 2ND FLOOR TERRACE - NIGHT

4

Victoria, a subtle look of satisfaction on her face, steps away from Conrad's office to survey the party below.

The photo montage of Daniel and Emily projected beneath her makes for an intriguing composition.

ANGLE ON THE PATIO, where Emily endures a surface conversation with two random guests. She glances up, meets Victoria's gaze. Holds it for a loaded beat. On the wall below flashes a photo of Victoria standing between Emily and Daniel with a cool smile, her arm draped over her son's shoulder...

5

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

5

TWO HANDS DIVE INTO FRAME, grabbing the man in the water by the arms, pulling him from the clawing surf. With tremendous effort, a breathless BEN PORTER, 26, blue collar townie in jeans and a dark blue hoodie, drags the body to dry land.

Distraught, Ben collapses on the sand next to the body, head in his hands. Away from the immediate shore, the sound of rolling surf is now joined by the distant din of music and laughter coming from the engagement party a few hundred yards away. Ben turns his head to the majestic summer home at the tip of the cape, but the driftwood fence and long stretch of pristine white sand are not the only things separating Ben from the people at this party.

TWO FIGURES appear at the top of the hill, chasing each other towards the beach. Ben ducks down, watching the shadows of a TIPSY young couple weaving their way through the low rising sand dunes, laughing. As they get closer we recognize the two teenagers as Charlotte and Declan. Charlotte races ahead, pulling her red mini-dress over her head, tossing it in the sand as she scampers into the surf. Declan stops at the shoreline. Neither notices Ben and the body, hidden just beyond the driftwood fence and hill of sand.

CHARLOTTE

Come on bad boy, lets see what you got--

Declan grins, starts pulling off his tuxedo...

BACK WITH BEN, considering his options. A CELLPHONE STARTS RINGING LOUDLY next to his ear. It's coming from the dead man's tuxedo pocket. Ben quickly rifles through the jacket, locates the phone-- there's a picture of EMILY on the ID screen. He tears the battery out, yanks the hoodie tight over his head and staggers to his feet, stuffing the cell phone into his jeans.

DECLAN (O.S.)

Yo, Eight-mile, private party here.

Just over Ben's shoulder, less than 40 yards away, Declan stands, stripped down to his boxers, posturing. Charlotte comes out of the water, hiding herself behind Declan.

CHARLOTTE

That guy better not be taking pictures.

Declan wraps Charlotte in his suit jacket. Ben stands there, frozen, his back to the young couple.

DECLAN

We got a problem?

Declan obviously doesn't recognize the man in the hoodie. Which is all Ben needs to know before racing inland, stumbling in the sand as he goes...

CHARLOTTE

Creep.

Charlotte grabs for her dress, finds a discarded handgun in the sand next to it. Picks up the gun, looks to Declan: "WTF?"

6

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - COURTYARD PATIO - NIGHT

6

Emily stands away from the guests, phone to her ear: "The party you are trying to reach is unavailable, please leave your message at the tone..." "Beep." Emily's about to say something-- but we'll never know exactly what...

NOLAN ROSS (O.S.)

Nice night for it.

Hanging up, Emily turns to see NOLAN ROSS, 34, a Howard Hughes/Mark Zuckerberg-ian tech genius cum social misfit. He's wearing a thrift-store 70s style white tuxedo, a RED SOX BASEBALL CAP, and red KEDS All-Stars. Emily and Nolan have an understanding of one another, but not much affection.

EMILY

Nice night for what?

Nolan grabs a champagne from a passing server, toasts her.

NOLAN ROSS

Celebrating.

EMILY

You aren't supposed to be here, Nolan.

NOLAN ROSS

That makes two of us.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
Fire and Ice...

Emily, Nolan, and the rest of the guests turn to look up at Victoria, standing on the balcony above, holding a wireless microphone and a glass of champagne.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
When we first sat down to discuss tonight's theme, I was immediately taken by the idea of an evening inspired by two primal bookends. Fire and ice, beginnings and endings, the elements in harmony.

As Victoria descends the stairs to the patio, she nods to Ashley, the architect of the event. ASHLEY smiles back, but there's worry behind it. She turns to Emily as a small circle of guests are now clearing a space around her friend, whose fiance, Daniel, is now conspicuously absent.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Tonight not only marks the final weekend of a truly remarkable summer in the Hamptons, it is also a celebration of my son Daniel's engagement to the lovely and beguiling, Miss Emily Thorne.

Applause. Emily manages a smile, trying to maintain composure through the unwanted attention.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Though it's only been a few short months since Memorial Day, Emily already feels like a piece of the family puzzle we had no idea was even missing. In a nutshell, I approve. And as anyone here will attest, approval isn't something I give away freely.

As the crowd laughs, Victoria leans in to Emily, sotto voce...

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Where the hell is my son?

7

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

7

CU on Charlotte, stumbling up the slope of a steep sand berm, soaking wet in her red dress and Declan's white jacket-- She twists her ankle, collapses on the dune. Lifts her head towards the house, and SCREAMS at the top of her lungs...

GIRL'S VOICE

MOM!!!

8 INT. GRAYSON MANOR - PARTY - NIGHT

8

Charlotte's distant cry filters into the party. At first, no one is quite sure what to make of it. Emily glances over at Nolan, who subtly tips his glass to her, downs his champagne. Something terrible has clearly happened, though it's not clear if Emily knows exactly what that something is. Victoria moves towards the sound of Charlotte's cries, a wave of maternal dread washing over her as she begins to run for the beach path. OFF Emily as chaos begins to rain down around her...

9 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT/DAY

9

FROM HIGH ABOVE, THE CAMERA PEERS DOWN at the dead man in the white tuxedo, face down in the sand. Declan is kneeling beside the body. Guests begin to gather at the scene, and we hold on the tableau as Victoria enters frame, pushing her way through the crowd towards the body... GRADUALLY, VICTORIA, HER GUESTS AND THE BODY DISSOLVE AWAY and **NIGHT TURNS TO DAY--**

THE BEACH BELOW is now barren and cold on a stark Spring afternoon. THE CAMERA PANS UP to reveal a charming New England summer home 50 yards inland. LEGEND: **SIX MONTHS EARLIER.** WE HEAR a woman's voice with a thick Long Island accent:

REALTOR'S VOICE (O.C.)

I can't tell you what a rare opportunity you have here, Miss Thorne.

10 INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

10

CU ON Emily staring out at the spectacular ocean vista, lost in thought.

REALTOR

Beach front property entering the rental market this late is unheard of, never mind an address like this.

A WIDE ANGLE reveals we're inside the New England summer home we saw from shore. The furniture is covered for winter in white linen. Emily pauses to regard a **A FAMILY PHOTO** on the bookshelf: A handsome husband, wife, and kids pose on Adirondack chairs around the deck. They look like a Ralph Lauren ad.

REALTOR (o.c.) (CONT'D)

The current owners live in the city, of course.

(MORE)

REALTOR (o.c.) (CONT'D)

But they've been loyal Hamptonites
for years.

(a little dirt)

Perhaps if Mr. Evans were a bit
more loyal to his wife, we might
not be having this conversation.
The scuttle is Mrs. Evans walked
right in on him with a girl half
his age. Men...

Emily ignores this, already knows this particular rumor to be
true... She opens a glass door that leads to the deck, steps
outside. A brisk March wind whips across the empty beach.
Emily pulls the lapels of her Pea coat tight around her neck.

REALTOR (CONT'D)

Now you have to imagine it's
Memorial Day weekend, 75 and sunny,
all those handsome boys of summer
wondering who the new girl is...

(still no response)

Or perhaps you'd like to see
something in a lower price range.

EMILY

I'll take it.

(turns, smiles disarmingly)

It's perfect.

REALTOR

Oh... Wonderful! I'll get the
contract.

After the realtor disappears inside, Emily steps to a specific
spot on the deck where the stairs lead to the beach. She
brushes a small drift of sand off the railing to reveal **TWIN
INFINITY SYMBOLS** carved beside one another in a secret place.
The carvings are weathered and worn, at least a decade old.
She touches them reverently. And as she does, her hand turns,
and we notice **TWO SMALL INFINITY SYMBOLS**, identical to the
carvings, **TATTOOED ON THE INSIDE EMILY'S WRIST**. After a beat,
Emily turns South to the tip of the cape, where we see what
she sees: **GRAYSON MANOR**, shuttered for winter. Her expression
goes cold. And **OFF** Emily, considering the plans she has for
her neighbors this summer...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 **INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY**

11

LEGEND: **MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND, 2011.** Fresh flowers are on the counter, art books and paperbacks pour out of moving boxes. **The Ting-Tings** bounce out of the kitchen i-pod dock as Emily, dressed in jeans and vintage tee, hair pulled back, walks into the room carrying a box of personal possessions. WE HEAR A GENTLE KNOCK on the open door that leads to the deck.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Hello hello?

Emily looks over, happy to see Ashley entering from the deck, dressed to impress, holding a bottle of champagne.

EMILY

Ashley, what are you doing here?

ASHLEY

I was in the neighborhood... working.

Emily jumps up, gives Ashley a warm hug "hello." Ashley sets the champagne on the counter, taking the home in.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

My God, girl, you weren't kidding about this place. Ugh, I want your life...

EMILY

You love your life.

ASHLEY

You're right, I just want your money.

EMILY

What's mine is yours.
(the champagne)
Ash, you shouldn't have.

ASHLEY

I didn't; it's for Victoria Grayson.

EMILY

Who?

ASHLEY

Your new next door neighbor and reigning queen of the Hamptons.

EMILY

Queen Victoria?

ASHLEY

Believe me, she's earned the title.
She just summoned me to finalize the
details for her Memorial Day party.
If I screw this up, I might as well
spend the summer in Branson.

EMILY

I hear Branson's lovely.

ASHLEY

Try growing up there, you might
feel differently.

Ashley notices a framed photograph peeking out of the box-- it's
a **PICTURE OF EMILY AND ASHLEY** at THE WEINGART BENEFIT at THE MET.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Can you believe this was only six
months ago? Feels like we've been
besties for a hundred years.

EMILY

Ditto. Wanna get drunk on cheap
margaritas later?

ASHLEY

With or without you.

Ashley high-fives Emily as she heads back out to the deck.

EMILY

(calling after her)
Good luck...

Ashley waves, makes her way up the beach path. Out on the
deck, Emily **FINDS THE CARVING OF THE TWIN INFINITY SYMBOLS ON
THE RAILING**, shuts her eyes and breathes in the salty air.
As she does, a memory is jogged loose... **TLC'S "Waterfalls"**
blends together with the seagulls and surf. When Emily opens
her eyes, we are in **FULL FLASHBACK--** the deck is now filled
with a family's summer possessions: inner tubes, scuba
flippers, sand buckets, beach coolers, and a 90's style
BOOMBOX, where the radio deejay lets us know that TLC's
summer singalong is on top of the charts for this, the first
week of June, 1995. A FIT AND HANDSOME 35-YEAR-OLD MAN in a
gray **"OHIO STATE"** t-shirt and Vaurnet sunglasses sits on a
deck chair, working on his brand new 1995 IBM THINKPAD. His
name is KEVIN CLARKE. He looks just past where Emily was
standing, removes his glasses, smiles paternally.

KEVIN CLARKE

Hey kiddo, you and Jake having fun exploring?

THE CAMERA COMES AROUND AND WE SEE that in place of Emily is an excited nine year-old blonde girl, AMANDA, who comes racing up from the beach with "JAKE," a yellow Labrador puppy, clutching an oversized piece of driftwood in his mouth. Amanda, we will learn, is actually Emily as a young child.

AMANDA CLARKE

We really get to spend the whole summer here?

KEVIN CLARKE

(folding his laptop)
And every summer after that. What do you think, Amanda?

AMANDA CLARKE

I think you're the greatest dad in the world.

KEVIN CLARKE

Easy for you to say.

AMANDA CLARKE

Huh?

KEVIN CLARKE

What?

Kevin grabs her in a tickle hug.

KEVIN CLARKE (CONT'D)

Know how much I love you?

Kevin draws twin infinity signs in some wet sand with a stick.

AMANDA CLARKE

Infinity?

KEVIN CLARKE

Infinity times infinity.
(then)
Race you to the waves?

Amanda grins, takes off for the shoreline. Jake begins to bark playfully as Kevin chases after his little girl. OFF the warm father-daughter scene we **DISSOLVE BACK TO PRESENT DAY.**

The deck is empty once again, the beach deserted, the music gone along with Emily's warm recollection of her childhood.

Emily winces slightly, touches the twin infinity carving on the railing. Then directs her gaze towards Grayson manor where she can make out the figure of a woman on a balcony overlooking her property.

ANOTHER ANGLE, LONG LENS-- The birds eye view from...

12

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - MASTER SUITE TERRACE - DAY

12

Victoria's bedroom terrace. Victoria stands at the balcony, face to the morning sun, her attention focused on the house next door. She watches Emily, who seems to be staring up at her, challenging. After a beat, Emily surprises Victoria with a small, friendly wave, then heads inside, shuts the sliding door.

VICTORIA

Looks like Robert and Dianne's
renter is settling in.

REVEAL CONRAD at a patio table behind his wife. He's wearing a golf hat, reading the **WSJ**. Victoria does not turn back.

CONRAD

Lucky girl, scoring that property.

VICTORIA

Pretty one, too, even from up here.

CONRAD

Guess that makes her doubly lucky.

He approaches Victoria at the balcony, hands her her coffee.

VICTORIA

I don't believe in luck.

CONRAD

Could have been a heavy metal band.

Touche. He goes in for a kiss. She allows it.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.C.)

Ew, get a room you guys--

They look down to see Charlotte enter the courtyard, holding a pair of heels, looking like she just stumbled out of a club.

CONRAD

(waves over the balcony)
Sorry, Charlie, didn't hear you
sneaking up.

VICTORIA

Didn't hear you sneaking out last night, either, Charlotte.

Conrad steps back to the coffee table.

CHARLOTTE

I went over to Tracey's. I told you I was going to before you went to bed.

VICTORIA

No, you didn't.

CHARLOTTE

Mom, you're too young and too pretty to be this senile.

On that, Charlotte slips inside the door. Conversation over.

VICTORIA

Remind me to buy her a cat bell.

CONRAD

Aahh, let it slide. Charlotte got straight A's this year.

VICTORIA

No one's accusing her of being stupid.

As Conrad disappears into the bedroom, Victoria returns her attention to Emily's rental, but no one is there. OFF Victoria's intuitive curiosity--

13

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

13

CU ON the name "*Amanda*" painted on the aft of a painstakingly restored three sail vintage schooner. AN OLD TIMER OF A YELLOW LAB rests happily on deck, chewing on an oversized piece of driftwood. A palette of food, water, gas cans, etc., is being loaded off the dock and into the boat by Declan Porter, the 17 year old bad boy we remember from the opening sequence. Ben Porter, who we also remember from the opening as the young man on the beach in the blue hoodie, leans against the captain's wheel kissing a pretty girl named MELISSA CONWAY, 25, sweet as they come. Declan uses his brother's romantic distraction to set aside a case of beer. When Melissa pulls out of Ben's kiss we see that she's crying.

MELISSA

(her smudged eye make up)

Great. The customers are going to think I'm a basket case.

We notice she's holding a green server's apron.

BEN

Why should today be any different?

MELISSA

Jerk.

She appreciates his humor, pulls herself together and kisses him one more time, steps off the boat and heads towards shore. Ben watches her go with a smile. Turns his attention to Declan.

BEN

Don't think I didn't see you eyeballing that case of beer, Dec.

DECLAN

Our parents own a bar, dumb ass, I can get as much beer as I want.

BEN

That case, I'll make sure dad double checks inventory while I'm gone.

CARL PORTER (O.S.)

What's this about inventory?

The two boys look to see their kind but tough father, CARL PORTER, approaching. Ben grins.

BEN

Dec was just telling me how he's gonna pick up the slack for me at the "Stowaway" this summer, keep himself out of trouble.

CARL

Mmm hm. He can start by hosing down the garbage bins out back.

DECLAN

Beats uploading this future shipwreck.

Declan hops down, angles off towards the nautical themed bar nestled just beyond the docks. The Captain's wheel out front reads: "**PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN.**" Carl shakes his head...

CARL

Pretty sure that one got switched at the hospital.

BEN

I wasn't so different; he'll even out.

CARL

Mmm hm. Weather service's tracking a low pressure system, maybe you oughta wait'll it runs its course before setting sail.

BEN

Actually I was thinking about taking off a day early and avoiding it entirely... Unless you and mom need me to stick around and help out.

CARL

Haitian's need your help a hell of a lot more than we do. Already kept 'em waiting a year since that quake.

BEN

Going on two, actually. Don't worry, still a lot that needs doing.

Carl smiles at his son with fatherly pride. Jake starts barking. Ben and Carl turn to see what's bugging him. It's Nolan Ross in nautical pants and GREEN KEDS, walking up the dock.

BEN (CONT'D)

Looks like tourist season's officially started...

Carl just grumbles, heads for shore. Nolan arrives, tips his ever present Red Sox hat to Ben.

NOLAN

Ahoy, Cap'n Porter.

BEN

Welcome back, Nolan. What can I do for you?

NOLAN

Need a boat for the summer, this one will do.

BEN

Not for rent.

NOLAN

Who said anything about renting? How much you want for it?

BEN

Not for sale, either.
(stowing supplies)
Thought you hated the ocean.

NOLAN

No, I'm terrified of the ocean. Big difference. Spent a lot of time and money working through that this year, among other things. So, I'm buying a boat.

BEN

Just not this one.

NOLAN

You don't like me, do you?

BEN

Something else for you to work through, I guess.
(Jake growls at Nolan)
Good boy, Jake.

With that, Ben heads into the hull with an armful of supplies. Off Jake, growling...

ASHLEY'S VOICE

The response to your "In With The New" Memorial Day party has been overwhelming, Mrs. Grayson.

14

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - DAY

14

Victoria sits on a couch off the bright and welcoming kitchen. On the table in front of her, floral samples and a tasting menu. Gathered around her as a COURT TO THE QUEEN are seven or eight SOCIETY WOMEN. The champagne bottle is popped and on ice. Sitting beside Victoria is her lady in waiting, a sly 50ish redhead named LYDIA STOCKWELL, in "Juicy Couture" running sweats. Ashley is presenting the party plans on her i-pad.

ASHLEY

The website's already collected nearly fifty thousand dollars for everything from cancer awareness to domestic violence prevention.

Ashley smiles with pride, but the response from the ladies is decidedly muted. A little thrown, Ashley forges on.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Your guests are being encouraged to coordinate their outfits to match the charity ribbons of their choice. I'll be wearing pink in honor of my grandmother.

LYDIA

(toasting)

I'll be wearing champagne in honor
of my favorite drink.

Victoria picks up a copy of the guest list.

VICTORIA

Some of these guests wouldn't wipe
their nose with fifty thousand
dollars, dear. We can do better.

Ashley takes a deep breath. Fuck.

ASHLEY

Give me the afternoon to brainstorm--

LYDIA

I'm pretty sure Victoria's already
stormed her brain. This ain't her
first time at the rodeo, as they say.

The ladies all chortle, lean in, hanging on Victoria's response.

VICTORIA

What this party needs is a moment.
If we're going to set the tone for
the summer, I want to do something
provocative... So, in keeping with
the theme of Spring cleaning, I've
decided to auction off a piece of
our art collection.

Ashley glances at the expensive and important paintings and
sculptures positioned around the house. Featured prominently
on the wall closest to them is an original **Picasso etching** of
a seductive woman.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

The guest with the highest bid on
any single work of art gets to go
home with it.

The ladies "ooh" at the dramatic gesture, not to mention the
possibility of taking home a piece of Victoria... One woman
in particular, KARRIE THURGOOD can't resist chiming in.

KARRIE

What a wild idea, Victoria, I'd say
you've found your moment.

The ladies all clink glasses in agreement. Lydia takes the
opportunity to reassert herself in the pecking order.

LYDIA

Well I don't care how good the cause is, if you put up the Picasso Michael and I gave you, I'll kill myself.

The ladies are all impressed with Lydia's "donation" to Victoria's collection, but Karrie can't help but take a swipe.

KARRIE

Lydia, we were all so sorry to hear about you and Michael. You were one of those couples everyone roots for.

LYDIA

I have no doubt.

Lydia is stung. Victoria doesn't like seeing her favorite friend knocked down, offers her a rare bit of comfort.

VICTORIA

The Picasso is off the table, for sentimental reasons. Karrie, why don't you and the girls head out to the patio where Ashley will walk us through the staging plans...

On command, they all head out to the patio. Victoria puts a kind hand on Lydia, indicating for her to stay behind. Lydia appreciates the special attention. Karrie, not so much.

OUT THE WINDOW, Lydia notices Emily making her way down to the beach from the neighboring home.

LYDIA

Is that Robert and Dianne's renter?

VICTORIA

It would appear so.

LYDIA

Hmm.

VICTORIA

Hmm indeed...

(then, sincerely)

How are you holding up through everything, Lydia?

LYDIA

It's officially ugly. Michael just threatened to put the beach house on the market if I don't release my claim on the Westside walk up.

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Please don't tell anyone, I can't bear the idea of losing my lone sanctuary to one of the wolves.

VICTORIA

The more you allow Michael or anyone else to push you around, the harder they will. Don't ever reveal your weakness, it's the first thing your enemies use against you.

Victoria puts a hand on Lydia's shoulder. And as Lydia considers Victoria's razor sharp advice...

15

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - DAY - LATER

15

Emily stands ankle deep in the chilly water, watches as the wave recedes and sinks into the sand... WE HEAR THE LAUGHTER OF A LITTLE GIRL and CUT INTO A **FLASHBACK...**

YOUNG AMANDA AND HER FATHER CHASE WAVES WITH JAKE, THE PUPPY.

AMANDA

Eeeee! These waves are freezing!

KEVIN

There's a trick, you know. If you plant your feet and stand still for a whole wave, the next one will feel warmer, then the next one after, and the next one... until you barely notice the cold at all. Want to try?

Amanda nods, tentatively. Kevin takes her hand as a wave rolls towards them. The cold water nips at their ankles. She squeals, squeezes his hand, but holds her ground...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Must come from a family of polar bears.

AND LIKE THAT, WE SNAP BACK TO PRESENT DAY, WHERE Emily turns to see Lydia Stockwell approaching from behind her.

LYDIA

That water's ice cold.

EMILY

Only at first. After a while you can't feel anything.

LYDIA

Sounds like my marriage.
(indicating the house)
(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

So you're Robert and Diane's new renter.

EMILY

Emily. Word sure gets around fast.

LYDIA

Like lightning. Always assume someone's watching and listening. Something most newcomers learn the hard way.

(a hand out)

I'm Lydia Stockwell. We'll probably be seeing a lot of each other, I walk this beach nearly every day. Not that it does my ass much good.

EMILY

(playing along)

I think your ass looks great.

LYDIA

(smiling gamely)

I do believe you're going to fit right in around here, Emily. Welcome to the Hamptons.

With that, Lydia starts her power-walk along the shoreline. As Emily watches her go, her smile drops. After a beat, she drops her robe as well, DIVES into the frigid ocean... As she swims out, WE HEAR:

TELEVISION REPORTER (O.S.)

All eyes were on Lydia Thomas this afternoon as the federal government called its most damning witness yet against disgraced wall street exec, Kevin Clarke.

16

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY

16

ON A COMPUTER MONITOR we see archival news footage dated March 23, 1997. We're inside a federal courtroom, focused on Kevin Clarke at the defendant's table as a red haired woman takes her oath at the stand. She may be 15 years younger, and a hell of a lot less confident than the woman we've just come to know, but there's no mistaking who it is: LYDIA STOCKWELL.

TELEVISION REPORTER (V.O.)

Mr. Clarke's former secretary testified to shredding thousands of potentially incriminating documents under Clarke's orders in the Spring of 1995...

THE SCENE JUMPS TO THE COURT HOUSE STEPS-- where Lydia stands in front of a dozen reporters, giving her statement. We hear a reporter shout out his question: **"Miss Thomas, was it difficult giving testimony against your former boss today?"**

LYDIA

Kevin Clarke had everyone he ever met fooled, including me. If I have any regrets, it's that I didn't see through his act earlier. Now I have to live with the likely fact that I helped launder money for a terrorist organization that's killed hundreds of innocent Americans... I hope he gets the chair.

THE IMAGE FREEZES, and we come around to find EMILY, sitting on her bed staring at her laptop, hair slicked back, still wet from her swim. She takes her eyes off the computer, and WE HEAR KEVIN'S VOICE:

KEVIN (O.S.)

I need you to promise me something, Amanda.

17

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - 1996 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

17

10 year old Amanda sits behind a plexi-glass window that divides convicts from visitors. Her face is flush and streaked with tears. On the other side of the window is Amanda's father, Kevin, wearing an orange jump suit. He's got a black eye and a busted nose.

KEVIN

No matter what you hear, or read, or see on TV about me... I need you to promise that you'll grow up believing your father did not do what they say I did.

AMANDA

(through tears)
I promise.

Kevin glances at a Social Service lady behind Amanda.

KEVIN

See that lady there? She's going to take you to live with a real nice family for a little while. And since you made a promise to me, I'll make one to you.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I swear that I'm going to find out who did this to us. And that if you can be patient, one day I'll send for you, and you'll come to know the whole truth. But until that day, I need you to be strong for daddy. Can you do that?

Amanda nods bravely. Kevin smiles reassuringly for her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Know how much I love you?

AMANDA

(through her tears)
Infinity times infinity.

KEVIN

That's my girl.

QUICK CUT away from a tortured Kevin, and we're--

BACK IN EMILY'S BEDROOM, Emily clicks a button on her computer. A photograph of present-day Lydia pops up. She's on the balcony of a hotel suite, and she's not alone. In quick shutter series, a man can be seen stepping onto the balcony to join her. He puts his arms around her. And as he does we see his face, clear as day: Victoria's husband, Conrad Grayson. Lydia turns to kiss him. And off Emily, her first target selected...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 **INT. GRAYSON MANOR - PATIO - DAY**

18

Workers check the sound system on the patio, set up tables, rig the lighting, etc. Ashley walks through, on the phone.

ASHLEY

Jeremy, it's Ashley, the acoustics on the patio still need help. Is there any way I can get you to drive out from the city to supervise?...
Fantastic, see you at three.

Ashley hangs up, stops a confused looking assistant carrying an armful of pastel satin rolls.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I want these ribbons draped over the balcony in an overlapping pattern.
(her phone rings again)
Find Darryl, he has the drawings.
(answers her phone)
Ems, please don't kill me.

19 **EXT. MONTAUK HOTEL - RESTAURANT - DAY - INTERCUT**

19

Emily sips coffee in the lobby-adjacent restaurant, her eyes trained on A MAN checking in at the front desk.

EMILY

That depends. What am I not killing you for?

ASHLEY

The fact that I have to stand you up this afternoon. It's been one fire after the next over here, I'm so sorry.

EMILY

You're working, I'm sight seeing. Hardly a capital offense. Want me to pick your dress up for you?

ASHLEY

You're a life saver.
(her other line again)
That's the cater calling, I have to go.

EMILY

Absolutely, go, go...

THE MAN Emily's been watching receives his key, turns around-- it's CONRAD. He makes a phone call as he waits for the elevator. When the doors open, he steps in. A BEAT later, LYDIA enters the lobby from outside, on her phone. As she slips into the elevator behind Conrad, OFF EMILY...

20

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - KITCHEN - DAY

20

Victoria pours herself a cup of coffee, watching Ashley manage the mayhem through the open patio doors. A sea of flower arrangements whose colors mimic the satin rolls on the patio surround Victoria. She almost looks pleased.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Think I'm tan enough for my first day on the beach or do I need another spray?

Victoria turns to see Charlotte in a bikini.

VICTORIA

What you need is another bathing suit.

CHARLOTTE

Compared to what the rest of my friends are wearing, this is practically a burka.

Victoria hands Charlotte a cotton beach shirt for a cover.

VICTORIA

Unlike the rest of your friends, it's important to me that you're not featured on Page Six at one of Diddy's hot tub parties. Or maybe you'd like to spend your senior year at boarding school?

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Really Mom? Still with the boarding school threats?

They turn to see Daniel walking in the front door, looking very ivy league, luggage in hand.

CHARLOTTE

Danny!!

Charlotte rushes her brother, jumps up on him like the kid sister that she really is.

DANIEL

Mom's been taunting me with
boarding school since eighth grade,
don't worry, it's a bluff.

TYLER CHANNING, a swarthy Hugh Grant style Brit in a HARVARD cap, steps in behind Daniel with his bags, raises a charming eyebrow "hello" to Charlotte. As Charlotte climbs off her brother, Daniel walks over to greet Victoria. With every step her son takes, Victoria's veneer cracks a little more. By the time he reaches her, she's practically beaming.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom.

They embrace. It's the warmest we've seen her.

VICTORIA

Welcome home, honey.
(then, not quite so warm)
Who's your friend?

DANIEL

Mom, Charlotte, Tyler Channing, one
of my crew mates from Harvard. Ty
didn't have plans for the summer,
thought he might spend a few weeks
with us.

TYLER

Unless of course I'm imposing in
your impossibly fantastic home.

VICTORIA

(a cool, irritated smile)
A little notice would've been nice,
but that's what it's for.

TYLER

Much appreciated. Be nice to see
what actual sunshine feels like for
a change.

DANIEL

Ty's from London.

CHARLOTTE

(flirty)
Cool. You guys should come down to
the beach later, plenty of sun there.

Charlotte plants a big kiss on her brother's cheek, whispers:

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you're home.

DANIEL
(to Tyler, as she exits)
C'mon, I'll show you around.

As they gather their bags, Ashley catches Tyler's eye on the patio. Daniel seems to take note, raises his eyebrows to Tyler in appreciation of Ashley. Victoria observes it all.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Dad golfing?

VICTORIA
Where else?

Where else, indeed. OFF Victoria, as Daniel leads Tyler into the house...

CONRAD'S VOICE (O.S.) (PRE-LAP)
Lunch for two delivered to the
room, please...

21 **INT. MONTAUK YACHT CLUB RESORT - DAY**

21

CAMERA PANS a stately hotel suite with a balcony view of an historic lighthouse and the ocean harbor beyond.

CONRAD'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's good today?

REVEAL Conrad on a balcony chair off the main room, speaking into a cordless hotel phone.

CONRAD
Terrific, send up one of each.

Reveal Lydia, stepping onto the veranda. She drapes her arms around his neck. He looks to her with a smile.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
Champagne?

LYDIA
You have to ask?

CONRAD
And a bottle of champagne. Best
you got.

He hangs up the phone. Lydia squeezes him tight, with just a twinge of guilt over Victoria's betrayal.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Now it feels like summer.

Conrad reaches up and touches her arm, sweetly. They both take a moment to appreciate the view and each other.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Want to work up an appetite?

Lydia blinks her pretty eyelashes. Conrad grins, takes her by the hand, leads her inside...

22

INT. PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN - DAY

22

Small lunch crowd. A few barfly's and an older couple. Ben is behind the bar trying to teach Declan how to cash out credit cards. Melissa, the girl Ben was kissing on his boat, waits tables. Jake, the dog, sits patiently with a piece of driftwood in his mouth, staring at Ben, wagging his tail.

BEN

First thing you do is enter the code. Then swipe the card. Then the amount.

But Declan's attention is focused on Charlotte and her two girlfriends, TRACEY and TIFFANY, who enter the bar dressed in beach clothes, sitting themselves down at a bar table.

BEN (CONT'D)

Dec.

DECLAN

Got it. Code, swipe, amount.

Ben notices the table of girls. So does Melissa.

MELISSA

Can you deal with the "mean girls" table? Too early in the season for me to start making enemies.

As she heads into the kitchen with an arm load of dishes, Ben claps Declan on the shoulder-

BEN

Next lesson, how to politely ask underage patrons to relocate from the bar to a restaurant table. Think you can handle it?

Declan grins, heads over to the girls. A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN carrying a briefcase steps up to Ben at the bar. Jake growls.

BEN (CONT'D)

Help you?

YOUNG BUSINESS MAN

You the owner?

BEN

Hopefully not for another thirty years or so. You're looking for my dad. You are?...

YOUNG BUSINESS MAN

Doug Reid from First Federal.

CARL (O.S.)

Mr. Reid.

Carl steps out of the kitchen, shakes the man's hand.

CARL (CONT'D)

Carl Porter, thanks for coming down. Why don't you follow me back to my office.

As they head in back, Ben watches after them, curiously. Jake whimpers at Ben's feet with his stick, wagging his tail.

OVER BY THE TABLE OF GIRLS

Declan approaches. Charlotte is clearly the leader of her pack.

CHARLOTTE

We'll take three rum and cokes.

DECLAN

Gonna need IDs.

CHARLOTTE

Um, we left our ID's at the beach. But we have plenty of money.

Charlotte pulls out a wad of cash, starts peeling off 20's. Ben calls to Declan as he heads to the door with Jake.

BEN

Dec, I'm taking Jake for a walk. Watch the bar a minute.

Declan nods to his brother as he exits. Declan looks back to Charlotte, who's holding out a bunch of twenties...

DECLAN

Sorry, not interested in your money.

CHARLOTTE

Are you interested in my phone number?

Declan stands there a beat, unreadable, then...

DECLAN

Bacardi or Meyers?

CHARLOTTE

Malibu.

And OFF Declan's killer grin...

23

EXT. MONTAUK YACHT CLUB RESORT - DAY

23

Paramedics rush a gurney out of the hotel lobby towards a waiting ambulance. The man they're tending to is CONRAD, who's clutching his chest in great pain as a PARAMEDIC squeezes an oxygen bag above his mouth. Rushing along side, holding his hand is Lydia, practically hysterical.

LYDIA

One minute he was fine, the next he couldn't breathe.

PARAMEDIC

Is he taking any medications?

LYDIA

I'm not sure--

PARAMEDIC

Pulse is 100 over 60 and dropping.

LYDIA

Is that bad? Is he going to be okay?

PARAMEDIC

(loading him in)

Ma'am, I need you to step back.

LYDIA

Where are you taking him?

PARAMEDIC

Southampton hospital.

On that, he shuts the doors and the ambulance takes off.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Lydia?

Lydia turns to see Emily step out of the crowd that's gathered.

EMILY

It's Emily Thorne. Was that your husband? Do you need a ride to the hospital?

ALL EYES ON LYDIA. She suddenly realizes how vulnerable and conspicuous she is.

LYDIA

No, I don't. I... I have a car.

And on that, Lydia turns ankle and motors for the hotel parking lot. Emily watches as Lydia's brisk pace turns into an all out run. As the crowd begins to whisper, OFF Emily...

24

EXT. HARBOR PARK - DAY

24

Emily walks along the bike path with a pink dress in a dry cleaning bag slung over her shoulder. Jake the dog jogs past, chasing after a piece of driftwood. By the time he gets there, he's tuckered out. Sits down and starts chewing on it.

BEN (O.C.)

Whole point of fetch is to bring the stick back when I throw it, Jake. I really gotta explain this again?

Emily turns to see Ben, about thirty yards away.

INSIDE EMILY'S MEMORY-- FLASHBACK NINE YEAR OLD AMANDA and her father, Kevin, play in the same spot with Jake, now just a puppy. Kevin hands Amanda a ball.

KEVIN

Go ahead, throw it.

Amanda heaves the ball.

KEVIN/YOUNG AMANDA

Go get it, Jake! Fetch!

The puppy races off, but not towards the ball. Instead, he runs up to BEN, now a NINE YEAR OLD BOY, dredging a mud puddle with a stick. Next to the boy is a fishing pole and a Folger's can full of worms. Jake splashes into the puddle, starts a tug of war for the stick.

KEVIN

No, Jake! The ball-- get the ball!

Young Ben slips in the puddle as Jake zips off with the stick. Amanda and Kevin run over. As Kevin helps the boy up...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You okay, sport?

YOUNG BEN

Yeah...

Kevin chases after the puppy. Amanda smiles apologetically to Ben as he flicks off the mud.

AMANDA

Sorry.

YOUNG BEN

S'okay.

AMANDA

I'm Amanda.

YOUNG BEN

Ben. Looks like your dad could use some help catching your dog.

Amanda smiles. And as the two kids run after Kevin, calling for Jake... **WE SNAP OUT OF EMILY'S FLASHBACK--**

EMILY

(softly)

Jake?

Old Jake immediately turns to Emily's voice. Comes bounding over, barking playfully, jumping up on her like he's reuniting with a long lost friend. Because he is.

BEN

Jake, get down. What are you doing?

Ben arrives, pulls Jake off of her. But not before Jake's knocked the pretty pink dress onto the muddy path.

BEN (CONT'D)

Jake!

Ben bends down to help Emily with the dress. Jake kisses her face, spins around in a circle. It's an adorable mess.

BEN (CONT'D)

I don't know what's gotten into him, he's not usually so... friendly. Kind of an old grump, actually.

EMILY

Don't worry about it, it's fine.

Emily looks up, Ben's eyes are like tractor beams. He smiles, taken back by her beauty and... something he can't put his finger on... He notices a tear in the garment bag and a stain on the hem.

BEN

He got mud on your dress.

Their hands touch. The sensation is electric.

EMILY

It's not my dress... I was picking it up for a friend.

BEN

Even worse, huh? There's Sam and Emma's dry cleaners around the corner, I'll walk you over.

EMILY

(this is now dangerous)
That's okay, I'll find it.

She starts to march towards town. Ben keeps up with her.

BEN

Take it you're not a local.
(she shakes her head "no")
First timer?

Emily is now very aware of their chemistry, and her secret. She stops, takes control, tries her best to put a stop to it.

EMILY

(firmly)
I'm sorry, I really have to go.

BEN

Oh, okay. Well, make sure you tell Sam and Emma you're a friend of Ben Porter's. My family owns "The Stowaway" tavern by the docks. What's your name? I'll put you on the official comp list.

EMILY

You don't have to do that.

BEN

I'm not picking up the tab, Jake is. He feels terrible. Don't you, Jake.

Jake barks happily.

EMILY

Thanks anyway.

BEN

All righty, then. Well, you have a great summer.

But Emily is already hustling off, leaving Ben to watch and wonder what might have been. As she disappears around a corner, OFF Jake whimpering...

25

EXT. CHARMING STREET - SAME

25

Emily rounds the corner, shaken by the unexpected run in with Ben. She leans against a wall, takes a deep breath...

26

INT. SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL - DAY

26

VICTORIA BURSTS THROUGH the double doors of the cardiac ward, beelines for A NURSE at the admissions desk.

VICTORIA

Where's Conrad Grayson? I'm his wife.

NURSE

Room 316. The doctor's with him now, if you'd like to have a--

But Victoria's already on the move, marching into the ward. Finds room 316. Opens the door to see--

CONRAD - SITTING UP ON THE HOSPITAL BED, buttoning his shirt as the doctor makes a note in his chart.

VICTORIA

My God, Conrad, I thought I was going to find you dead. What happened?

DOCTOR

Acute upper abdominal dyspepsia.
(off her)
The remorse of a guilty stomach.

VICTORIA

Your staff made it sound like he was having a heart attack.

DOCTOR

Depending on the severity, the symptoms can be identical.

CONRAD

Hope you're not too disappointed.

DOCTOR

Far as I can tell, your husband is healthy as a thoroughbred. But I do suggest he stays away from The Montauk's spicy bisque for a while.

VICTORIA

The Montauk? You said you were golfing.

CONRAD

I was... earlier.

VICTORIA

Montauk is thirty miles in the opposite direction.

The doctor realizes he's stepped in it. Closes his chart.

DOCTOR

If you two will excuse me...

CONRAD

You know I just get in the way when you're setting up one of your parties, so I thought I'd go for a drive and stay out of your hair. I'm sorry if I scared you.

He means it. Almost as much as she means her ice cold response:

VICTORIA

Don't ever do it again.

Victoria's double entendre is not lost on Conrad. And on that, she turns heel and exits the room, leaving Conrad to contemplate both of today's narrow escapes--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - EVENING

27

Daniel, in a yellow seersucker jacket, fixes a matching pastel bow tie in the mirror. Tyler walks in, fresh from a shower. The vibe is macho frat boy locker room.

TYLER

You know we were actually graded on bow ties back in prep school. Had to stand up and do it in front of the whole class without a mirror.

DANIEL

How'd you score?

TYLER

Miserably. If my father hadn't paid off the headmaster, I'd probably still be standing there in a puddle of my own pee.

DANIEL

Not as difficult as it looks.

TYLER

Not for you, maybe. Don't suppose you have an extra suit I could snag, left all my seersuckers across the pond.

DANIEL

Closet's full of 'em, take your pick.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Go with powder blue if you're looking to blend.

They turn to see Victoria in the doorway, all glammed up in a blood orange dress and diamonds, hair up.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

It's the unofficial color of the Hamptons. Mind if I have a word with my son?

TYLER

Of course. If you want to find me, I'll be at the bar. Blending.
(passing Victoria)
You look smashing, by the way.

As Tyler exits, Victoria shuts the door. Smiles at her son.

VICTORIA

You've grown into such a handsome young man, Daniel.

DANIEL

What can I say? Good genes.

She crosses to him, helps him finish tying his bow tie.

VICTORIA

Meet anyone new at school this year? Besides Tyler, of course.

DANIEL

I take it we're talking girls?

VICTORIA

Yes.

DANIEL

I met lots of girls, Mom.

VICTORIA

But no one special.

DANIEL

Lots of special girls.

VICTORIA

I'm not sure our ideas of what makes a girl special are in sync.

DANIEL

Can't help it if I'm a romantic.

VICTORIA

Don't be cute. I won't tolerate a repeat of last summer's indiscretions.

DANIEL

Don't worry, I learned my lesson.

VICTORIA

Good. You're an important young man with an important future ahead of you. Which is why your father and I have decided to restrict access to your trust fund until you marry, assuming we all agree on the girl.

DANIEL

Are you serious?

(of course she is)

That's ridiculous-- I'm not going to marry someone just to satisfy your ideas about how I should live my life, I don't care how much money's at stake.

VICTORIA

Now who's being ridiculous? No one says you can't have it all, Daniel. I want you to be happy.

DANIEL

What, like you and dad?

VICTORIA

(staring him down cold)

It's for your own protection.

(then kisses his cheek)

See you down there.

And with a loving smile, Victoria exits, leaving Daniel to absorb his mother's non-negotiable mandate...

28

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - NIGHT

28

CU ON EMILY as she steps into the party, wearing a virgin white summer dress. The place is packed with excited guests, reuniting for another season in the Hamptons around the champagne ice sculpture, oyster bar, and giant salt water tank filled with Maine Lobsters. Ashley, making a statement in her hot pink dress, steps up to Emily.

ASHLEY

Emily, you look amazing.

EMILY

I look amazing, look at you. Look at this house-- you did all this?

ASHLEY

It took an army.

EMILY

I'm speechless. Congratulations.

ASHLEY

Too early for that. Come with me.

EMILY

Where are we going?

ASHLEY

Birds eye tutorial of everything and everyone you need to know in the Hamptons. You'll thank me later.

Ashley takes Emily by the hand, leads her past the art work on display for auction. The Picasso remains firmly on the wall.

29

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - PATIO - NIGHT

29

Cross-fading pastel lights dance off the billowing satin ribbons draped above the hip and sophisticated looking patio. Subtle ambient club music creates a feeling of instant cool.

ANGLE ON EMILY AND ASHLEY about halfway up the terrace stairs on the first landing. Ashley is pointing out various guests.

ASHLEY

See that girl in the one of a kind Jimmy Choos? That's Ellen Bloomberg, Mayor Bloomberg's niece. The woman she's talking to? Now this one's important, Megan Foster, shoe buyer for Barney's New York.

EMILY

What's with the mafia looking guy at the oyster bar?

ASHLEY

Actual mafia, steer clear...

EMILY

Any regular people?

ASHLEY

Just us. And hopefully that cutie I may or may not be crushing on.

Ashley points out Tyler, by the bar. Tyler spies Ashley spying him, play acts being struck in the heart by cupid's arrow.

EMILY

Looks like it may or may not be mutual. Who is he?

ASHLEY

One of Daniel Grayson's Harvard pals. Which should be a red flag.

Daniel steps up to Tyler at the bar.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Daniel wrapped his Mercedes around a tree on his way home from The Pink Elephant last summer.

EMILY

Looks like he walked away okay.

ASHLEY

Much better than the waitress in his passenger seat. Rumor is his father paid off everyone and their mother to keep him out of jail.

(then, spotting someone)

And the plot thickens...

EMILY

What?

ASHLEY

Redsox cap with the flip cam.

ANGLE ON NOLAN ROSS, taking a video of the party...

EMILY

Who is he?

ASHLEY

Nolan Ross, former tech boom whiz kid and perennial pain in the ass. If you emptied the bank accounts of everyone at this party, it wouldn't add up to the interest he makes in a week. Thinks the rules don't apply to him, and he's right.

As Emily watches Nolan, we enter one of Emily's **FLASHBACKS--**

30 **INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - 2003 - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 30

A TOUGH AND FERAL, CORN-ROWED, DISH WATER BLONDE 18-YEAR-OLD GIRL is removed from her juvie cell, wearing prison clothes. As a GUARD leads her into the hall...

30 **EXT. JUVENILE DETENTION - 2003 - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 30

The blonde girl exits the holding area, now in street clothes, carrying the only possessions she entered with: her sketch book and art supplies.

MAN'S VOICE

Amanda?

Amanda turns to see a geeky version of Nolan (now mid 20s).

NOLAN

Not exactly how your father
described you.

AMANDA

My father hasn't seen me in eight
years. Who are you?

NOLAN

The only friend either one of you
seem to have. Happy birthday.

Nolan hands her a sealed envelope that reads: **"FOR AMANDA ON
HER 18th BIRTHDAY"** underscored by **TWIN INFINITY SIGNS**. OFF
AMANDA, looking at this stranger in disbelief... **CUT BACK TO
PRESENT DAY--**

31 **EMILY AND ASHLEY ON THE STAIRS...**

31

As Emily watches Nolan disappear into the crowd, **VICTORIA
APPEARS** at the edge of the patio.

ASHLEY

And that... is Queen Victoria.

EMILY'S WORLD GOES INTO SLOW MOTION. She watches Victoria
weave through the party like a snake through an overgrown
garden. Greeting and moving on, greeting and moving on. Her
eye finds the girls. Cocks her head curiously at Emily.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Oh damn, we've been spotted.
(off Emily)

Technically, I never got you added
to the official guest list.

EMILY

I'm a crasher?

ASHLEY

Trust me, this is worse for me than
it is for you.

EMILY

Not if you don't panic.

ASHLEY

What else can I do?

EMILY

Introduce us.

And Off Emily...

32 **ANGLE ON LYDIA, APPROACHING CONRAD, SPEAKING WITH GUESTS.** 32

LYDIA

Conrad, may I steal you a moment?

Conrad excuses himself and they step to a private area.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Today was just too... awful. I wanted to go with you to the hospital, but--

CONRAD

Trust me, it's a good thing you didn't. Besides, I'm fine.

LYDIA

I don't think I can do this anymore. It's not fair to any one of us, least of all, Victoria--

Karrie Thurgood, Lydia's frienemy from the planning session notes the hushed voices, can't help but satisfy her curiosity.

KARRIE

What are you two doing hiding in the corner?

CONRAD

No one's hiding from anyone, Karrie.

KARRIE

Rumor has it you really dodged a bullet today. Victoria must have been beside herself.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

I'm happy to report that rumors of my husband's demise have been greatly exaggerated.

They turn to see Victoria stepping up. Lydia bristles.

KARRIE

Well I'm thrilled to hear it. I'll make sure to spread the word.

VICTORIA

I'm sure you will. Looks like you could use another drink. Would you show Karrie to the bar, darling?

CONRAD

Can't think of anything I'd rather do.

Conrad nods to Lydia, takes Karrie's empty glass and leads her off. Victoria gives Lydia the "hate her" eyebrows, but Lydia isn't her usual playfully snarky self.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

I had no idea you were even here,
why didn't you come find me?

LYDIA

Sorry, I was just about to...

VICTORIA

(sensing something's up)
Are you all right? You don't seem
yourself.

Lydia is torn. Hates that she's deceiving her best friend, but can't see a way out. Before she can respond, they hear:

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Mrs. Grayson?
(Victoria turns to see Ashley)
Forgive me for interrupting, I
wanted to introduce you to your new
neighbor, Emily Thorne.

Ashley steps aside to reveal Emily.

EMILY

Hello, Mrs. Grayson. I'm
embarrassed to say I showed up
uninvited, but Ashley put so much
effort into your party, I just had
to see it first hand.

VICTORIA

You two know each other?

ASHLEY

We volunteered together at the met
this winter.

VICTORIA

(good natured)
Well, you got yourself one hell of
a rental on a volunteer's salary.

EMILY

Volunteering is more of a hobby for
me. I try to make a point of
giving back whenever I can.

VICTORIA

Then please stay for a drink, and
give generously.

Ashley squeezes Emily's elbow with a smile, exits.

EMILY

I will. Thank you.
(to Lydia)
Hello, Lydia.

VICTORIA

(to Lydia)
Don't tell me, you've taken up
volunteering at the Met as well?

LYDIA

Emily and I met on the beach. Briefly.

EMILY

And then this afternoon in Montauk.
I hope your husband's feeling better.

And there it is. Victoria looks to Lydia, who is looking over at Conrad at the bar. All at once, Victoria understands the magnitude of her betrayal. Turns to Emily, the messenger...

VICTORIA

Excuse me.

LYDIA

Victoria, wait...

But Victoria has no interest in hearing Lydia's explanation. Victoria disappears into the party, grabs Conrad and leads him up the terrace stairs. Lydia simultaneously splits off in the other direction, panic-stricken. OFF EMILY and her plan...

33

INT. PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN - NIGHT

33

The hard working Hamptons' whiskey and beer crowd has gathered to send Ben off on his adventure. A hand painted sign draped across the bar reads: "**BON VOYAGE, BEN!**" Roadhouse music blares from the jukebox, quite a contrast to Victoria's highbrow fandango. An earsplitting siren pierces the crowd. Everyone turns to the bar to see Carl, holding a megaphone. Next to him, his wife of 30 years, ABBY PORTER.

CARL (O.S.)

Listen up, everyone! I have a few
words to say about my son before you
all get too drunk to remember why
you came tonight.

(MORE)

CARL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(the crowd laughs)

Anyone who ever met Ben knows he's never too busy or put out to lend a person in need a hand. In a word, there's a kindness about him. And now it's time for him to share that kindness with the world.

(to Ben)

Now I know you got your GPS and fancy navigation equipment, but just in case you ever really lose your way, I want you to have this, too.

Carl hands Ben an antique brass compass.

CARL (CONT'D)

Always got me just where I needed to be, safe and sound.

Carl puts an arm around his wife, proudly. As they all hug...

CROWD

To Ben!

With that, everyone finishes whatever drink they're drinking. Melissa tousles Ben's hair. The only one not feeling the love is Declan, "the other son." He pulls out his phone, scrolls the contacts until he finds "CHARLOTTE GRAYSON" and texts: "What's up Malibu?" A beat later a response comes through... "Parent's party. Bored." Declan considers, then texts: "Wanna get high?" As he waits for Charlotte's answer...

34

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - PARTY - NIGHT

34

ANGLE ON CHARLOTTE, leaning up against a pillar on the patio, considering her reply to Declan's most recent text: "**Wanna get high?**" She grins, texts back: "**On my way.**"

NOLAN (O.S.)

You know I invented that.

Charlotte looks up to see Nolan, leaning on the pillar opposite her. She raises an eyebrow, dubious.

CHARLOTTE

You invented texting?

NOLAN

If you want to get technical I invented the binary protocol that allows real time data transfer between cell towers. You want a vodka something?

CHARLOTTE

I'm seventeen.

NOLAN

We'll put it in a sippy cup.

ANGLE ON EMILY, watching as a creeped out Charlotte walks off. Nolan turns with a shrug, notices Emily, noticing him.

SERVER

Care for a drink, miss?

Startled, Emily turns to a SERVER, holding a silver tray full of bright red cocktails. When she looks back for Nolan, he's gone. Emily does a quick scan, but instead of Nolan, spots DANIEL, standing on the periphery, checking out girls with TYLER. She thinks a moment, then takes a drink with a smile.

35

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - PATIO - NIGHT

35

Daniel takes in the fancy crowd with Tyler.

TYLER

So, this is how they do it in the Hamptons.

DANIEL

Like clockwork. Same people, same parties...

Daniel has his eye on the second floor terrace, where he can see his mother and father arguing in Conrad's study.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Same secrets...

TYLER

Want to bump it up a level, hit the town?

Tyler reveals a glass vial of cocaine.

DANIEL

Come on man, you know I'm off that stuff...

Daniel shakes his head, turns and bumps right into-- EMILY, holding an empty glass, the bright red contents of which are now spilled on the lapel of Daniel's suit jacket.

EMILY

Oh, my God, I'm so sorry!

As he takes off his coat...

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ugh, I am such an idiot.

DANIEL

My fault, I wasn't looking where I was going.

EMILY

No, I mean for ordering that foofy red drink that just ruined your--

DANIEL

Foofy yellow jacket? Don't worry, probably God's way of telling me it's time for a costume change. I'm Daniel.

EMILY

Emily.

DANIEL

How 'bout a dry martini? Twice the alcohol, half the stain potential.

EMILY

Sure.

DANIEL

Coming right up.

With a smile, Daniel heads to the bar leaving Tyler to look Emily up and down.

TYLER

Charming...

And OFF Emily...

MELISSA (PRE-LAP)

Smile--

36

INT. PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN - NIGHT

36

FLASH! Melissa snaps a picture of herself and Ben at the bar with her cell phone. He's smiling like a goof.

MELISSA

Nice. I really hate how much I'm going to miss you.

BEN

Still plenty of time to pack a bag.

MELISSA

I wish I could. But I'm just not built like you are.

BEN

(pulls her in tight)

It'll only be a year. I'll be back before you know it.

He kisses Melissa sweetly. She breathes in deep, holding her tears at bay. Ben glances to the front door to see DOUG REID, the young banker who came in looking for his father that afternoon. Doug finds Carl and hands him an official document, then heads back out the way he came. Ben watches as his father opens the letter, then upset, disappears towards the back office. Ben looks to Melissa, who can tell all is not well...

37

INT. PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

37

Carl sits at his desk with his head in his hands, staring at the official letter from the bank.

BEN (O.S.)

Dad, what's going on? Why's that banker keep coming around?

CARL

Get in here and shut the door before your mother hears you.

(Ben does, waits a beat)

You know how bad business fell off these last few years, so I borrowed a little money against the bar, nothing to worry about.

BEN

How much?

Ben grabs the letter off the desk. Reads, staggered.

BEN (CONT'D)

Dad, this is a foreclosure notice.

CARL

I'm sure they'll give me another extension. Now get back out there with your friends. Tonight's about you and your future, not me and my problems. Go on.

Reluctantly, Ben steps back out to the bar, leans against the wall looking at all his father stands to lose. Pulls Grandpa's compass out of his pocket, considers...

VICTORIA (PRE-LAP)
Hello everyone and welcome to our "In
With the New" 2011 inaugural gala.

38

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - COURTYARD - NIGHT

38

Victoria is up on her veranda in a familiar situation, holding a microphone, addressing her loyal guests. The crowd applauds enthusiastically. Lydia looks up, helplessly.

VICTORIA
I chose tonight's theme to signify a fresh start for the summer. A new outlook on friendships and philanthropy. As difficult as these last few years have been, they've been devastating on our charities. Now as things are beginning to turn around, I'm looking forward to giving back, and I know all of you are, too.

Applause. Victoria motions for Ashley and a security guard, waiting inside Conrad's study, to join her on the terrace. The security guard is holding the framed **Picasso etching**.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
So to start things off right, I'm pleased to announce that the winner of tonight's art auction is my dear friend Lydia Stockwell, who will be taking home our treasured Picasso. As secretive as Lydia is, I can't say how much she's paid for the privilege, but I assure you it cost her dearly.

Victoria leans into Ashley, sotto.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Have security escort both the etching and Ms. Stockwell off the premises.

As Ashley nods at the confusing request--

ANGLE ON LYDIA, HORRIFIED as Karrie steps up to her, confused.

KARRIE
But I thought the Picasso was a gift from you...

Victoria returns the microphone to her lips.

VICTORIA

In a bit of related news, I must also tell you that Lydia's victory is a bittersweet one, as an offer has just been accepted on the beach house she used to share with her husband.

(surprise from the guests)

So I'm afraid this will be her final weekend in the Hampton's. Congratulations, Lydia, wherever you end up, I hope the Picasso will be a constant reminder of the friendship we shared.

The crowd applauds for Lydia as Victoria flashes an ice cold smile at her former friend.

As Karrie watches Lydia's humiliation, it becomes apparent just how expensive entree into Victoria's inner circle really is. She glances up to Victoria, who nods down, silently anointing Karrie as the new second in command...

ANGLE EMILY, watching Victoria's handiwork as the security guard escorts Lydia and the Picasso to the exit.

Daniel steps up behind Emily with a martini. In his other hand, a glass of soda on ice.

DANIEL

She's really something, isn't she?

(off Emily)

My mother.

EMILY

I'll say.

DANIEL

(toasting)

To chance meetings.

EMILY

To an unforgettable summer.

Daniel and Emily clink glasses. He smiles winningly. His genuine charm taking Emily back a little...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

39

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - NIGHT

39

The party is nearly over. Daniel and Emily sit on the bottom of the terrace stairs with their drinks.

DANIEL

How many Harvard men does it take
to screw in a light bulb?

EMILY

I don't know, how many?

DANIEL

One, and the whole world just
revolves around him.

Daniel's being charming and self effacing. Emily laughs openly.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

One more?

EMILY

Drink or joke?

DANIEL

Either. Both.

EMILY

Neither. I'm just buzzed enough to
find that last joke funny, another
drink and I might think you meant
it. But don't let me stop you.

DANIEL

No, no, I've had about all the club
soda and lime I can take.

EMILY

You don't drink?

DANIEL

Used to. Epicly. Not a whole lot of
love out there for a guy like me
trying to get a second chance. Gotta
admit, it's nice meeting someone like
you who never knew the old me.

He smiles sincerely, looks with clear eyes, right into hers.
Emily is surprised by how disarming Daniel is being.

He notices a small tatoo on the inside of Emily's wrist.
It's the twin infinity symbols.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Infinity plus infinity?

EMILY
(suddenly guarded)
Something like that.

DANIEL
That's a long time...

He touches it, she pulls back.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
Daniel.

They look up to see Victoria has stepped onto her terrace.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
It's getting late.

Emily looks to Daniel.

EMILY
She's right, I should go.
(looks up)
Thank you for a lovely party Mrs.
Grayson, it was very nice meeting you.

Victoria smiles coolly, heads into her room.

DANIEL
Don't let my mom rattle you,
intimidation is practically a sign
of endearment with her.

EMILY
Hate to be on her bad side.

DANIEL
(speaking from experience)
Yes, you would. Don't worry, I have
a feeling she's going to like you.

Daniel rises, extends a hand. As Emily takes it...

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Walk you home?

EMILY
Thanks, I'll find my way. Next time.

DANIEL

Until next time, then.

Emily walks off, leaving Daniel smiling after her. And on Emily's face, we can see she's torn. The last thing in the world she expected is to actually like this guy...

40

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

40

Nolan and Ben sit at a table on Ben's boat. Ben is holding tight to the brass compass his father gave him, practically white knuckling it as Nolan cuts a check. Jake growls. Nolan notes the party at the Stowaway.

NOLAN

Sounds like quite the local shindig. What's the occasion?

BEN

Going away party.

Nolan hands him the check. Ben pockets the compass.

NOLAN

Oh yeah? Who's getting out?

BEN

No one, anymore.

Ben signs the deed to the boat, hands it to Nolan.

NOLAN

Dog included?

BEN

Dog stays with me. I'll have my stuff cleared out by morning.

As Nolan steps off, he notes the name painted on the stern. Smiles, curiously...

NOLAN

Why'd you name her Amanda?

(Ben doesn't answer)

If I'm gonna own her, I oughta know the story.

BEN

Just a girl I knew once.

NOLAN

That's it?

BEN

That's it. Take care of her.

And as Ben and his dog head below deck, we linger with Nolan--

41

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

41

Victoria sits at her vanity removing her diamonds. Conrad steps in from the darkness of his office.

CONRAD

You didn't have to exile her. What you did was cruel.

VICTORIA

What *I* did was cruel? You could have had anyone. You knew Lydia was my closest friend.

CONRAD

It was never meant to be an affair, it just...

VICTORIA

Happened? For God's sake, is it physically impossible for you to take responsibility for your actions?

CONRAD

A problem you and I seem to share. If you'll remember, I gave up everything once to prove how much I loved you.

VICTORIA

And I returned the favor.

CONRAD

Not exactly. You did what you did to save yourself, as much as me. You may have stayed in this marriage, but your heart stayed with him.

VICTORIA

A choice I'm reminded of everyday.

CONRAD

You got plenty in the bargain.

With that, Conrad heads back to his study, shuts the doors. OFF Victoria, staring at her reflection in the mirror, contemplating her sacrifices...

42

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

42

Emily steps in through the sliding glass door, shuts it behind her. As she sets her things on the counter, she looks down the hall towards the master bedroom. Hears a MAN'S AND WOMAN'S VOICES behind the door. Emily begins to walk towards the sound of a lover's conversation as the WALLS CHANGE-- and we are once again, in **FLASHBACK**, and Emily is once again NINE-YEAR-OLD Amanda, wearing summer pajamas, walks gingerly towards the bedroom. Spying through the cracked door, she sees-- HER FATHER with a YOUNG VICTORIA. Victoria is putting on her stockings. Kevin takes her hand.

KEVIN

I love you, Victoria.

VICTORIA

Don't say that.

KEVIN

I can't help it, it's true.
(he kisses her)
Stay.

VICTORIA

(tears of love and frustration)
Please, Kevin, I can't... I'm sorry.

And as Victoria hustles out of the bedroom, into the main room and through the glass doors, young Amanda takes cover in the dark. Kevin steps out of the bedroom, stands at the sliding doors a beat, debating whether or not to go after Victoria. Decides better of it, turns and sees his young daughter.

KEVIN

Amanda...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! And suddenly we are **BACK IN REAL TIME** with Emily. Someone is pounding on the glass doors. She spins to see-- NOLAN.

NOLAN

Special delivery, Amanda.

Emily opens the door, yanks Nolan inside.

EMILY

What are you doing here?

NOLAN

Nearly didn't recognize you tonight,
but that's the whole point, isn't it?
What's it been, seven, eight years?
My how you've grown...

He circles around her, admiring. Emily stands still.

EMILY

Nolan, you have to leave, you'll ruin everything.

NOLAN

Don't worry, your secret's safe. No one wants this imperious cadre of toxic phonies to eat it more than yours truly. So, how can I be of service?

EMILY

You can't. You're not a part of this.

NOLAN

I think your father might disagree. He was the first person who ever believed in me, you know. Without his investment all those years ago, my company wouldn't exist. Without my company, you wouldn't have that fat nest egg funding whatever your wicked little plan is...

EMILY

I don't need any more of your help.

NOLAN

Don't you? Remember, I saw first hand what these people did to your father. They're hard core.

EMILY

I can handle them.

NOLAN

Suit yourself, but I can be just as powerful an enemy as any one of them. Just sayin'...

Emily opens the door, inviting him to leave. Nolan turns.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

By the way, I had a heart warming chat with Ben Porter tonight. Looks like someone's still carrying a torch for little Amanda Clarke.

EMILY

Amanda Clarke no longer exists.

And as Emily slams the door on Nolan, OFF her stony expression...

43 **INT. FEDERAL PRISON - 2003 - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 43

Amanda, the feral eighteen year old, sits on one side of the familiar plexiglass booth. Along the wall behind her stands young Nolan. In her hands she holds the letter that says **"FOR AMANDA ON HER 18TH BIRTHDAY."** They wait quietly until a BUZZER SOUNDS and the prison door opens revealing Kevin Clarke in shackles, a shell of the man we remember. He shuffles in and sits down across from Amanda.

KEVIN

You kept your promise.

AMANDA

You owe me the truth.

She notices an infinity symbol tattoo covering each of Kevin's hands. He holds them up, side by side.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Infinity times infinity...

Amanda's hard exterior cracks as the tears come...

EMILY (V.O.)

And so my father and I were reunited, the bond we forged rekindled over a loss that only the two of us could understand...

44 **INT. FEDERAL PRISON - VISITOR'S AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 44

A CLEANED UP, still blonde version of adult AMANDA steps up to the VISITORS SIGN IN, addresses the guard behind the desk.

AMANDA

Amanda Clarke to see Kevin Clarke.

She signs a log book and the door buzzes.

45 **INT. FEDERAL PRISON - PLEXI-GLASS VISITING AREA - DAY** 45

Kevin sits across from Amanda, listening as she talks.

EMILY (V.O.)

I told him about the little girl who, for eight years, was bounced from family to family, shelter to shelter. A girl who learned that the only way to survive is to trust no one.

Kevin is now talking to Amanda.

EMILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And he told me the story of an ambitious executive, loving father, and perfect patsy-- a good man framed and sentenced to death by a deep and malevolent conspiracy. The more I listened, the darker the rage grew inside of me.

46

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

46

EMILY (V.O.)

The week before my father was killed, he asked me to make him one last promise...

Amanda, early 20s, wearing black, exits the gates with her father's personal effects, including a hand made wooden box forged in prison, the twin infinity signs branded on top.

EMILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... That I would lead the life he had always wanted for me, walk away from my anger, and find a way to forgive the people who destroyed us.

She opens the box and a photograph flutters out. A picture of the two of them when she was a little girl, laughing on the beach, squeezing Jake on a warm summer day. She notices a loose panel under the lid of the box-- a secret compartment. Amanda pulls away the panel, discovers a worn, folded photograph of a large group of people on a Hawaiian vacation, posing happily in front of a banner that reads: **"GRAYSON GLOBAL EXECUTIVE RETREAT - 1995"**

EMILY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But that was a promise I couldn't keep.

OFF Amanda, her face streaked with tears of rage and loss...

47

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

47

Emily sits in the near dark, holding the wooden box with the infinity symbols. Gently removes the group photograph from the secret compartment and unfolds it... Front and center, we see a young Conrad with his arm around Victoria Grayson. Next to Victoria, a young Kevin Clarke. Behind Kevin, a young Lydia (Thomas) Stockwell. And all around them with their drinks and Hawaiian leis: The dozens of happy executives, business associates, legal counsel, and significant others responsible for bringing Kevin down.

EMILY (V.O.)

They say revenge is a dish best
served cold... but sometimes it's
as warm as a bowl of soup.

48

INT. MONTAUK YACHT CLUB HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

48

Conrad opens the hotel room door to EMILY, barely recognizable in a room service uniform, mousy wig and glasses.

CONRAD

Set it up on the patio, please.

Emily wheels the cart in, catches a glimpse of Lydia through the doors that divide the living room from the bedroom. On the cart is a bottle of Cristal champagne, a Nicoise Salade and a bowl of Lobster Bisque. She speaks with a Russian accent.

EMILY

Ground pepper for your salad?

CONRAD

Actually, I'm the bisque. And yes,
ground pepper sounds great.

Emily smiles, cranks some pepper. And when Conrad turns his back, pours a vial of clear liquid into the bisque, stirs...

EMILY (V.O.)

It's been said that to forgive is
to set a prisoner free and discover
that the prisoner was you.

49

EXT. DOCKS OUTSIDE PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN - NIGHT

49

Emily stands on the docks outside the bar, looking in the tavern windows at Ben with his family and friends. He's telling something important to Melissa. Melissa kisses him, pulls him into a supportive hug. Emily turns away, walks down the dock until she sees the name "*Amanda*" painted lovingly on the aft of a schooner. She kneels to touch it, all the gentle memories of her childhood surging forth. JAKE, THE DOG, COMES UP FROM BELOW DECK, BARKS HAPPILY at Emily. From inside the bar, Ben hears the commotion. But when he comes out to check, Emily is nowhere to be seen...

BEN

What is it boy?

But for now, that question will go unanswered. As Ben looks out towards the ocean, THE CAMERA GLIDES OUT over the dark and forbidding sea as Emily's voice over continues...

EMILY (V.O.)

My father died a true prisoner. An innocent man, reviled and unforgiven.

50 **EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - NIGHT**

50

Victoria stands on her terrace, staring down at the light from Emily's beach house, the cool ocean breeze whipping around her.

51 **INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

51

Emily sits on her bed, studying the worn photograph of the happy group of Grayson conspirators.

EMILY (V.O.)

When everything you love has been taken from you, sometimes revenge is all you have left.

With a red pen, Emily draws a "V" across Lydia's face.

EMILY (CONT'D)

As I said, this is not a story about forgiveness.

And PUSHING IN ON the pixels of A SMILING YOUNG VICTORIA, we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT