

**Title TK**  
Pilot Episode

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WRITER'S 2ND DRAFT - 05/07/19

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Title card:

\*

DAY TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

\*

A twelve-year old boy's bedroom. **HUNT** and **RACHEL** -- husband and wife -- are struggling to move a big wooden armoire from the corner of the room...

\*

\*

RACHEL

Hang on. It's snagged on the rug.  
Hang the eff on!

HUNT

Just lift your end higher.

RACHEL

Lift your end higher. Stop pushing  
so effing hard!

Hunt and Rachel are trying to ease the armoire into place right in front of the window, which faces the street. Like people trying to fortify a farmhouse in a zombie movie. **NANCY**, their Grenadan nanny, is sitting on the bed scrolling through her phone.

\*

\*

\*

NANCY

He's always too impatient.

\*

\*

RACHEL

I know, right?

\*

\*

HUNT

(to Nancy)  
You want to help or are you just  
here to supervise?

\*

\*

\*

\*

NANCY

Why'm I gonna try helping someone  
so impatient?

\*

\*

\*

RACHEL

Okay, now.

HUNT

Now?

**TED**, their twelve year-old son enters, eating a sandwich.

\*

TED

What the F?

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

NANCY \*  
(scolding Ted re language) Ay! \*  
Watch that talk. And help your \*  
impatient father before he blows a \*  
gasket. \*

RACHEL \*  
Push now, dip-ess. \*

HUNT \*  
If you're going to call me a \*  
dipshit, just call me a dipshit. No \*  
one knows what "dip-ess" means. \*

NANCY \*  
See? And you wonder where this one \*  
gets the toilet language from. \*

TED \*  
Again, what are we doing here? \*

Hunt and Rachel exchange a silent look re how to explain all \*  
this. \*

HUNT \*  
Alright, family meeting. \*

Rachel, Nancy, and Ted all groan. \*

HUNT (CONT'D) \*  
Guys? This is some serious S going \*  
on, okay? So until things get back \*  
to normal, Nancy is going to stay \*  
here instead of going home. \*

TED \*  
And where am I supposed to sleep? \*

RACHEL \* NANCY \*  
You can sleep on the trundle. You can sleep with mommy and \*  
daddy. \*

TED \*  
What am I -- seven? And I'm not \*  
sleeping on the trundle. \*

RACHEL \*  
You used to love the trundle. \*

HUNT \*  
I swear to god I'm going to scream \*  
if I hear the word "trundle" one \*  
more time. \*

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Pull it together. It's just a word.  
Everything's going to be okay.

HUNT

I know everything's going to be  
okay! Alright? That's what I'm  
trying to tell you guys.

Hunt takes a deep breath to recover from losing it a little.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Okay, so what was I saying?

NANCY

"Trundle."

Ted stifles a laugh. From outside on the street, an argument  
has built to a yelling match.

RACHEL

What Dad is trying to say is that  
we're all safe here. But things are  
just a little weird out there right  
now, and... um... Hunt?

HUNT

These things always seem worse than  
they are.

TED

How bad are they?

HUNT

It's like... when I was around your  
age, a guy named Ronald Reagan got  
elected and everyone thought, "Oh  
my goodness, this is the end of the  
world," but--

Hunt's reassurances are interrupted by the WHOOP of a police  
car outside. Apparently breaking up the yelling match. Then  
the sound of a SHATTERING WINDSHIELD, which was probably the  
police car's, because its SIREN stops immediately.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Screw it. Come on...

**INT. RACHEL & HUNT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

FROM ABOVE: Nancy is sleeping in a sleeping bag on the floor.  
Ted is sleeping crossways on the foot of the bed. Hunt and  
Rachel are both wide awake.

(CONTINUED)

And illuminated by the glow of their iPads and the bedroom TV, which they're watching on MUTE.

RACHEL

Maybe it's just a... temporary paradigm shift.

HUNT

Says the woman who's sleeping with a Louisville Slugger within arm's reach.

And we see that indeed, Rachel does have a baseball bat leaning against her nightstand.

RACHEL

What do you want me to do -- get a gun?

HUNT

In principle? No.

Ted stirs, so they both quiet down for a moment -- neither of them taking their eyes off the TV screen. \*

RACHEL

The ticker thing at the bottom is just repeating the same stuff.

HUNT

I know. You want me to switch over to FOX?

RACHEL

In principle? No.

Hunt reaches for the clicker and changes the channel. Hunt and Rachel both lie there, neither of them anywhere near sleep, watching the FOX News ticker scroll past.

Title card:

### DAY ONE

#### INT. HUNT'S LAW FIRM OFFICE - DAY

Hunt is a lawyer, one of many in a big Midtown firm. Through the glass wall of his office, we can see paralegals and assistants working in a main bullpen. Hunt is on the phone, but we only hear his side of the call. \*

(CONTINUED)

HUNT (ON PHONE)  
(businesslike)  
But before we get to the issue  
that's dispositive to the matter at  
hand, let me reiterate my earlier --  
and as-yet unheeded advice -- which  
is  
(yelling)  
HOW ABOUT NOT TAKING THEIR FUCKING  
BAIT AND SENDING THEM THREATENING  
EMAILS?!

One or two JUNIOR STAFFERS in the bullpen react to Hunt's sudden YELLING, but then go back to their work. They've heard this many times before. But one paralegal -- RONNIE -- a younger guy of Pakistani descent enters Hunt's office.

HUNT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
(to Ronnie, but also for  
the benefit of the person  
on the other end of the  
call)  
Sorry, Ronnie. Just trying to talk  
some sense into my nephew the  
FILTHY DIRTY PORNOGRAPHER who LIKES  
TO SUE and also to GET SUED.

RONNIE  
Wild. Can I listen in?

HUNT  
That would be titillating but  
unethical, so no. Beat it.

Ronnie exits.

HUNT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
You've picked a legal fight with  
one of your compadres in the  
purveyance of filth, because he...  
what? What did he do that's so  
different from what you do? I'm  
asking Socratically.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. INTERNET COMPANY - STAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

On the other end of the phone is STAN, Hunt's 20s/30s nephew. In the Soho offices of WhamBam.com. Stan is looking out his window while he talks on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

Behind Stan, and slightly out-of-focus, there are three monitors on his desk -- one showing the thumbnail teasers of all the hard-core internet pornography his company purveys, and the other two showing the real-time metrics of who's watching that pornography and where, and what the ad sales volume is. Stan is younger than Hunt, and -- either due to ignorance, youth, or his emotionless temperament -- not phased by Hunt's threats.

STAN (ON PHONE)

We had every right to start a subchannel called "Boys-R-Us"--

HUNT (ON PHONE)

You had no such right, as the title comes perilously close to infringing on the trademark of the famous and beloved children's toy store--

STAN (ON PHONE)

And then Herm Stalton over at FinishingTouches.com starts their own subchannel--

HUNT

"FinishingTouches.com"?

STAN

Yeah.

HUNT

Jesus. You're a real bunch of wordsmiths, you filthy pornographers...

STAN

... their own subchannel called "Boys-Are-Us," which is a direct rip-off even though he claims it's not because he spelled "R" like "A-R-E." And he knows--

HUNT (ON PHONE)

Hang on. I can't believe I actually have to ask this, but when you say "Boys-R-Us," you don't mean...

\*  
\*

STAN (ON PHONE)

(boilerplate)

"All performers and artists are above the legal age of consent, the records of which are--"

(CONTINUED)

HUNT (ON PHONE)  
"Artists."

STAN (ON PHONE)  
Shrug.

END INTERCUT.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel is the head of HR at a global conglomerate. Across the desk from Rachel is **SHELLEY**, a twenty-something lower-level employee. Rachel is listening to Shelley talk, and taking notes on a legal pad. \*

RACHEL  
So it seems like this might be  
mainly about a feeling you have?  
Right? \*

SHELLEY  
When you say it that way, it makes  
me feel "less-than."

RACHEL  
Which is the last thing I want to  
do. I'm sorry if I did that. I just  
want to understand your concerns as  
well as you understand them. Has he  
actually verbally said anything to  
you along these lines?

SHELLEY  
Not really. But does he need to  
actually say it out loud? The way  
he looks at me says it all.

RACHEL  
(consulting notes)  
Right. And that look is a look that  
says -- to you...?

SHELLEY  
Some days it's like "I want to do  
very aggressive and inappropriate  
sexual things with you." \*

RACHEL  
Okay. So that's what you feel like  
his look is saying. \*

(CONTINUED)



SHELLEY

And then other days it's like, "I don't care if you live or die, bitch." Which is also problematic.

RACHEL

Mixed messages. Right. And very problematic language.

SHELLEY

Yeah. But again, he hasn't actually said that out loud. That's just...

RACHEL

What his look said.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

What his look said, right.

INT. HUNT'S LAW FIRM OFFICE - DAY

Hunt is still on his phone call.

HUNT

(still hot)

They're trying to rile you up, and it's fucking working, which is ridiculous. Okay, dummy?

Outside in the the bullpen -- but unnoticed by Hunt -- EMPLOYEES seem to be reacting all at once to some surprising news on their computers. Employees get up and head towards the conference room in the office. Hunt is oblivious to this, as he's still on a tear with Stan.

HUNT (CONT'D)

So don't send them any more angry emails or texts or DMs or whatever. Anything that could be "Exhibit A" as far as proving that YOU are the unreasonable one or threatening one or unbalanced one!

(back to business-like)

Which you are, by the way. Not because you're a filthy dirty pornographer, but because you're a dummy.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

RACHEL

So he's never said anything--

SHELLEY

Not out loud--

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Not out loud, right. But are there any emails or texts or anything inappropriate along these lines?

\*  
\*  
\*

SHELLEY

He's too smart for that.

A CO-WORKER -- ANNE -- knocks and then opens the door and pokes her head in.

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

Are you watching this?

\*

RACHEL

We're in a meeting, Anne.

SHELLEY

Watching what?

RACHEL

Not germane to the topic at hand.

\*

Shelley immediately goes to the internet on her phone. But Rachel gives her a look that makes her put it back in her pocket.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Thank you. Okay. Well. The bad news is: these situations happen every day. All too often. And they are absolutely unacceptable, according to company policy and our employee conduct guidelines.

Rachel's desk phone starts RINGING. She pushes a button to silence it.

\*

SHELLEY

So what's the good news?

RACHEL

The good news is: I can have Kevin come in for a little talk with me and--

SHELLEY

No, no, no.

RACHEL

I will in no way whatsoever implicate you or reveal any of the details of our private conversations--

(CONTINUED)

SHELLEY

He's going to know it was me who complained. Because I'm the only one he does it to.

Rachel's desk phone starts RINGING again. She pushes the button to silence it, but then another ring tone lets her know that the second line is RINGING too, which she also silences.

RACHEL

Okay then. Maybe we look at switching one or both of you to different departments--

SHELLEY

It should be him who has to switch departments, because I'm killing it in my department.

RACHEL

Okay, maybe so. And you've gone on the record, so that's good. So let me talk it over with my team...

Shelley is less interested now in this conversation than the hubbub out in the main office...

SHELLEY

Okay, but if your team says I'm the one who has to switch departments, forget the whole thing. Maybe I was just imagining it.

RACHEL

No, it's important to trust your instincts. And if you have a not-so-good feeling, that's something we--

SHELLEY

Alright, keep me updated.

Rachel stands and shakes hands with Shelley.

RACHEL

(boilerplate)

Most importantly, thank you for bringing this to my attention and giving us all the opportunity to come to a just and equitable solution.

Co-Worker Anne pokes her head in again.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE THE CO-WORKER \*  
Sorry. But I think this might be  
kind of important.

INT. HUNT'S LAW FIRM OFFICE - DAY \*

HUNT (ON PHONE) \*  
To summarize: don't do anything. \*  
Okay? Business done. Now personal. \*  
You coming to Ted's piano recital \*  
on the 15th? \*  
(listens) \*  
Am I watching what?

But Stan has already hung up. Hunt goes to his office door and pokes his head out. The entire bullpen is empty. Hunt sees that everyone is gathered in the conference room, watching TV. The TV's back is to us, so all we can see are their faces, watching as if a disaster has happened. Hunt calls out to Ronnie, who is at his computer.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
Ronnie? What's going on?

Ronnie doesn't look up for his computer.

RONNIE  
Shit's wild. Come check this out.

HUNT  
Check what out? \*

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Co-Worker Anne is standing across from Rachel, trying to explain what's going on, but she would obviously rather be in the main bullpen where the TV is -- watching every latest development on CNN with everyone else. \*

[NOTE: IN THE FOLLOWING SCENES, we cut back and forth quickly between Anne and Ronnie's explanations to Hunt and Rachel.] \*

ANNE THE CO-WORKER \*  
So it's like all these emails got  
hacked--

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

(unconcerned)

So I've go to write another memo reminding people not to use company email to circulate photos of another former Disney star's hoo-ha...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

RONNIE

No, it's not just famous people. It's like... everyone.

HUNT

Everyone?

RONNIE

Well, everyone whose name starts with the letter G, H, T, Y, or Z.

HUNT

Who did this?

CUT TO:

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

No one knows who did it. Does that even matter?

RACHEL

I don't think that could really happen. Everyone whose name starts with G, H, T, Y, or Z?

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

RONNIE

Everyone.

HUNT

First name or last name?

RONNIE

I don't know. Because I'm in here talking to you.

HUNT

How would this even be technically possible?

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE

It wouldn't. But it's happening.  
And this goes all the way back to  
like 1992. So if your email address  
was... like...  
"Greg69@geocities.com" every single  
email you've ever sent or received  
is now out there.

HUNT

But is it first name or last name?  
You said "Greg," which starts with  
a G. But what if it was... like...  
"huntburson@aol.com"?

RONNIE

I don't know. There's so much data  
I don't think it's really even  
searchable. Unless you're the  
government or really rich or  
whatever.

CUT TO:

RACHEL

Can't they just shut it all down?

Simultaneously in split screen:

RONNIE

It's seeded peer-to-peer so  
like no one has it but  
everyone has it.

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

It's all redundantly-  
distributed by a series of  
offshore sites.

\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL

I don't know what that means.

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

Me neither. But apparently that  
means they're all out there--

\*

CUT TO:

RONNIE

...and if your email name begins  
with a G, H, T, Y, or Z, every  
email you have ever written is now  
in the public domain.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HUNT

That has nothing to do with the  
actual definition of public domain.  
(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

HUNT (CONT'D)

The information in those emails still belongs solely to the sender and the receiver. Even if someone found a way to steal them, that doesn't make the fruits of that theft public property.

\*  
\*  
\*

RONNIE

Does it matter? It's all out there now. And some people are going to get screwed.

CUT TO:

RACHEL

Go through the employee list, and make me a sublist of everyone whose first or last name starts with a G, H, T, Y, or Z.

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

When do you need it by?

RACHEL

Now.

END QUICK CUTS.

\*

**INT. HUNT'S LAW FIRM OFFICE - DAY**

HUNT

Go through our client list and find me everyone whose name -- first or last -- begins with an G, an H, a--

RONNIE

T, a Y, or a Z. Got it. What are we gonna do?

HUNT

We're gonna make some money, Ronnie.

An OLDER ASSISTANT, **JANICE**, pokes her head in Hunt's office.

JANICE

Mr. Ryan would like to see you upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

HUNT

Tell him I'm still gathering information on this, and if he'll just give me an hour I'll be able to give him a fully-informed and comprehensive report.

JANICE

Mr. Ryan would like to see you upstairs. Now.

INT. MR. RYAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hunt enters Mr. Ryan's office, with a legal pad and pen in hand. There are way too many people crammed into Mr. Ryan's office; some are standing, some are sitting. Crisis mode. Hunt looks for a place to sit, and finally finds the only untaken chair -- which is across the desk from **MR. RYAN**. As Hunt sits down...

HUNT

So obviously, this is a rapidly-evolving situation. And I haven't yet had time to prepare a fully-informed and comprehensive report, but...

Hunt tries to write the date at the top of his empty legal pad page, but his pen doesn't work. As he struggles with this...

HUNT (CONT'D)

What I do know is that whoever is behind this dastardly and nefarious deed needs to be brought to justice.

Hunt shakes his pen and scribbles. It's just not working.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Anyone have an extra pen?

A PARTNER hands a pen to Hunt.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Thank you. A terrible invasion of privacy, and on a massive scale. But it has opened a Pandora's box of legal issues that will result in a virtual explosion of civil cases.

\*

MR. RYAN

Mr. Burson.

(CONTINUED)



HUNT

One moment, sir. I just want to further point out that this in no way resembles "ambulance-chasing." This is a public service. A public service with a highly-billable upside? Yes. But a public service nonetheless.

MR. RYAN

Mr. Burson.

HUNT

Yes, sir.

MR. RYAN

I'm going to turn this over to Ms. Cooper, from Cohen-Oakley, an outside firm we've retained for... what is it?

WOMAN #1

Digital communications breaches and social media threat assessment.

Hunt has to semi-awkwardly turn around to see her, as she's behind him in a darker corner of the room.

HUNT

Okay. Nice to meet you Ms. Cooper.

WOMAN #1

I'm not Ms. Cooper. Ms. Cooper is over there.

HUNT

Okay. So you're like her hype-man. Hype-woman.

(hype-man voice)

"Are y'all ready for Ms. Cooper, put your hands together..."

Hunt trails off as the joke is met with stony silence. Which puzzles him. We can see that jokes not landing is a rare occurrence for Hunt, who is fun and beloved at the firm.

MS. COOPER

(opening file folder)

Mr. Burson, does the email account "huntburson@aol.com" belong to you?

HUNT

I'm not even sure that one still works anymore.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HUNT (CONT'D)

I got that way back when AOL first came out, and everyone said you should snag your own name so you wouldn't have to end up with... like... "burson-underscore-hunt97561@aol.com" But--

MS. COOPER

But the account belonged to you?

HUNT

It might still. Once it started filling up with spam, I got a different one. And then, of course, I have my work account here. About which I am fastidious.

MS. COOPER

Mr. Burson, do you recall sending an email in 1995 in which you wrote the phrase, "Look at my nigga go"?

A very long silent beat.

HUNT

I absolutely, positively, one-hundred percent do not recall sending such an email, using such a phrase.

MS. COOPER

On June 14, 1995, you did not write -- in an email to "templeofthedizawg@aol.com" -- in reply to his email stating--

HUNT

(remembering, relieved)  
Oh, okay. I know what this was. These were emails between me and my college roommate Arthur. Regarding the NBA Finals of that year. And specifically, a wager we had made in which I supported the Houston Rockets and their player Hakeem Olajuwon who--

MS. COOPER

But you did write the phrase "Look at my nigga go"?

Another pause. But Hunt recovers...

(CONTINUED)

HUNT

Well, when you hit the hard "R" at the end of that particular -- and undeniably indefensible -- slang phrase, it makes it sound so much worse than the "N-I-G-G-A" version. Which I will stipulate, is still "problematic." But--

MS. COOPER

And did you also send an email in December of 1997--

HUNT

I'd also like to point out that my college roommate and email correspondee Arthur was himself a person of color who--

MS. COOPER

Did you also send an email in Decem-

HUNT

Who, being an "African-American" -- which was the approved term of the time -- had repeatedly sent me braggadocios and even taunting emails in which he referred to former NBA player Shaquille O'Neal of the opposing team, as -- and I quote only from memory -- as "my seven foot one retarded-ass-looking... n-word." \*

(beat)

Again, the version of the word with an "A" at the end. And not the hard "R." Which establishes a specific tenor to the conversation which I think is being lost in the readback. \*

A long beat.

MS. COOPER

Did you also send an email in December of 1997 in which you used the phrase, "Don't be a homo"?

Hunt thinks, then delivers...

HUNT

The year 1997, as I'm sure we all can recall, was a very different time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HUNT (CONT'D)

While social mores and attitudes towards what we -- back then -- called "alternative lifestyles" had already been adopted by progressive thinkers like myself, the language of the schoolyard had not yet caught up with--

**INT. HUNT'S LAW FIRM OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Hunt is walking down the hallway with a file box full of his personal effects. **JEFF**, a Black Security Guard, is escorting him out of the building.

JEFF

You can't use the word "retarded" about Shaq.

HUNT

I didn't, Jeff. My friend did.

JEFF

I mean, you can think it. And it can be true. But you just can't say it.

HUNT

Were you in the room?

JEFF

Yeah. They asked me to come in and stand in the back just in case you went crazy and tried to strangle that bitch or something.

HUNT

Oh.

(then)

Sorry about the "homo" thing.

JEFF

Yeah, whatever, whatever. Just don't lose my address when it comes to settling up after the Celtics lose.

**EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREET - DAY**

Hunt has one iPhone earbud in as he tries to catch a cab while balancing his office file box of personal effects and talking to Rachel on the phone. \*

(CONTINUED)

[While Hunt talks, behind him we see -- but he doesn't -- the news ticker outside the FOX building, which scrolls past reading, "DUMB FOX I.T. EMPLOYEE PUTS NEWS TICKER RESET PASSWORD IN EMAIL; GETS PWNED BABABOOEY BABABOOEY BABABOOEY..."]

HUNT (INTO PHONE)

What do you want, honey? A full  
disquisition on the expectation of  
personal privacy vis-a-vis  
termination quote "with cause"  
unquote--

\*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STAIRWELL OF RACHEL'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Rachel is talking to Hunt on her cellphone, and smoking a cigarette. Semi-furtively. Trying to blow the smoke out into a big vent in the stairwell, which seems to be working.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

Alright, calm down.

HUNT (ON PHONE)

But I'll be happy to walk you  
through the ins and outs of the  
massive lawsuit I'm going to file  
against these motherfuckers--

\*

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

Enough! I'm sorry you got fired,  
dipshit.

\*

HUNT (ON PHONE)

Thanks. So supportive.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

But it's not like I don't have my  
hands full over here with all the  
ramifications of this.

HUNT (ON PHONE)

Meaning you're going to be working  
late again tonight?

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

Probably! And seeing as I am as of  
a half-hour ago the sole  
breadwinner in this family--

HUNT (ON PHONE)

Nice. So sympathetic...

(CONTINUED)

Two SECURITY GUARDS in blue blazers push through the stairwell door and start running down towards Rachel. Rachel immediately drops her cigarette and tries to stamp it out.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
Sorry! Sorry, guys! I know I'm supposed to walk downstairs and then at least thirty feet from the portico, but...

The TWO SECURITY GUARDS rush right past Rachel and continue down the stairs. Smoking in the building is obviously no longer the biggest of their worries.

HUNT (ON PHONE)  
Are you smoking again?

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
Aren't you?

END INTERCUT:

**EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREET - DAY**

HUNT (ON PHONE)  
No. But I can't find a fucking cab and...

Hunt trails off as he notices: the Midtown sidewalk around him is full of PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE carrying file boxes full of their personal effects, all trying to hail cabs. Men, women. All ages, all colors. All upset. They're everywhere.

HUNT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Wow.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
What?

HUNT (ON PHONE)  
I'll tell you when you get home. Is Nancy there?

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
Yes, she's picking up Ted from basketball. Then get her an Uber. Text me when you're home.

\*  
\*

Hunt looks around, seeing more and more PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE -- in various states of shock and distress -- carrying office file boxes full of their personal effects up and down the sidewalk. Some are crying.

(CONTINUED)

Peripherally, we notice a whole city block's worth of bus stop/newsstand video kiosks suddenly switch from advertising posters to big drawings of Pepe The Frog.

**INT. RACHEL & HUNT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Hunt enters the apartment and sets down his office file box, looking like a man who's not accustomed to taking the subway home. Hunt enters the kitchen, where Ted is wolfing down chicken at the kitchen counter, and Nancy is tidying up. \*

TED  
(re: file box)  
What'd you get me? \*

HUNT  
A brand new stapler. Enjoy. \*

NANCY  
(re: Ted)  
Tell this one to sit down and eat his food. \*

HUNT  
(to Ted)  
Sit down and eat your food. \*

NANCY  
What's happening out there today?  
Something about the internet?

HUNT  
Yes. I got fired.

NANCY  
Oh shit! Get out!

HUNT  
Thank you for the kind words of support. \*

As Nancy microwaves some chicken for Hunt... \*

NANCY  
My brother's boy -- Ike's boy -- he texts me today, he says, "Do not use email anymore." And I text him, "I don't never use email and I'm not about to start, bwah."

HUNT  
Word.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

That's how they get you.

HUNT

That's how they got me.

NANCY

(shaking her head)  
White people...

HUNT

White people is crazy, Nancy.

\*

Nancy laughs.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits at the head of the table, as the whole HR team -- and others -- open their take-out food bags.

RACHEL

...So obviously this is uncharted territory. But we need to come up with an at least *pro tem* policy for-

People are still unpacking the food bags and trying to get their orders right.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

... a *pro tem* policy for addressing whatever issues might arise from--

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

(whispering to another employee)

I think I got your pho. They mixed up the numbers. Do you have my banh mi?

RACHEL

Everyone? Stop crinkling your food bags and pay attention. We are about to embark on a journey that will make Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe look like an afternoon splish-splash in a fucking baby pool. Okay?

\*

This silences the room.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I mean, fine. Get your meals sorted out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



RACHEL (CONT'D)

And please accept my apologies for my use of frank and frankly profane language. But this isn't just another night at the office.

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

Sorry.

RACHEL

It's fine, Anne. Do you have your banh mi all squared away?

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

Yes. Sorry.

RACHEL

Good. So again: Legal is still drafting our policy. The headline of which is: we're not going to start invading people's privacies and sifting through their old emails on some kind of witch hunt.

RICK

(blurting out)

In June 2014 I emailed a photo of my semi-erect penis to a girl I was IM'ing with and then I never heard from her again.

RACHEL

Okay. An unsolicited but illustrative point. Getting out in front of the story. \*

RICK

Also, this was before #metoo, so I thought it was just fun and flirty. \*

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

One hundred percent, that girl was actually a 50-year old dude.

RICK

I know.

RACHEL

Not helpful. \*

**INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** \*

Hunt is sitting in a chair, scrolling through his iPhone messages. While Ted is completing twenty push-ups before going to bed.

(CONTINUED)

Hunt's spending time in Ted's room before bedtime is obviously a remnant from when Ted was closer to 9 than to 12. \*  
Ted stops his push-ups, and works up the courage to say something important. \*

TED

I need to tell you something.

HUNT

Okay.

TED

Last year I emailed Kevin a picture of this Senior girl playing field hockey and she got hit so hard her boob sort of plopped out.

Hunt nods and considers this seriously.

HUNT

Which one?

TED

The left one.

HUNT

I don't think you have anything to worry about.

TED

You wanna see the picture?

HUNT

Yes. No. I'll take your word for it.

TED

Is that going to screw me now on college applications?

HUNT

No, Ted. I don't think so. There's a legal concept known as "fruit of the poisoned tree" which--

TED

Does everything have to be a... a... what do you call it?

HUNT

A "disquisition"? No. But this is now relevant to your own life, so maybe stop rolling your eyes and listen up.

\*

(CONTINUED)

TED

Okay.

HUNT

Information acquired illegally is generally not admissible in the court of law. Even if that information happens to be true.

TED

So why did you get fired?

HUNT

The court of public opinion and the court of law are two separate entities.

TED

What did you say? In the emails? \*

HUNT

Nothing I'm proud of. But also? When you're joking around with your friends, you obviously use language you would never use in public.

TED

Like what kind of language?

HUNT

What do you want from me, Ted? Just run-of-the-mill bad language. What Nancy might call "toilet talk." \*

TED

Like what kind of bad language? \*

HUNT

Christ. In a different time -- long, long ago, before you were even born -- and with different associations and social baggage attached...

(thinks)

Have you ever been joking around and you were going to call a friend a "pussy" or whatever but instead you said, "Don't be a homo"?

A beat. Ted stares at Hunt.

TED

Oh my God. You are screwed.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

It's hour two -- or three -- of a lot of debate without much progress.

RACHEL

So...

(reading from legal pad)

"While we expect all employees to adhere--"

JENNIFER THE LAWYER

Define "adhere."

RACHEL

"...to the company's code of conduct, we understand--"

JENNIFER THE LAWYER

Define "we," in this particular case.

RACHEL

"...that recent events may give rise to challenging interpersonal situations."

JENNIFER THE LAWYER

Define "challenging," in this partic--

RACHEL

Jennifer? If you'll just let me get through the broad strokes, maybe then we can pick it apart and dissect the legal gray areas?

JENNIFER THE LAWYER

(with a tinge of panic)

Fine! Then let the notes reflect that I raised numerous and repeated red flags re the--

RACHEL

No one's keeping notes here, Jennifer!

RICK

I am.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

(continuing)

"And we also expect all employees to respect all other employees's rights to privacy in all their communications, whether electronic or otherwise."

**BEN**, an older employee -- obviously stalled-out in a middle management position -- notes...

BEN

All I'm saying is: we never had to worry about this kind of stuff when we just stuck to the fax machines. I'm just saying...

Rachel notices Shelley from her morning meeting tapping on the glass window of the conference room. Urgently. Even though it's at least 9pm.

RACHEL

(re Shelley)

Anne, can you...? Never mind. I'll handle it. Five minute break. Everyone go pee and get this smelly food out of here.

Rachel crosses to the conference room door and opens it.

SHELLEY

Can I talk to you for just a second?

**INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

As Shelley talks, Rachel changes out of her sweat-soaked work blouse into a clean t-shirt from her gym bag.

SHELLEY

And I did not look this up. A friend -- a concerned party -- found it and forwarded it to me.

RACHEL

Found it where?

SHELLEY

He's involved in the gamer's rights community, but he's a friend. So he knows how to find stuff.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Okay. But if this "stuff" he found was something none of us have a right to be reading--

SHELLEY

No, this is not from Kevin's email. I wouldn't do that.

RACHEL

Good.

SHELLEY

This is from Kevin's friend's Nathan's email, and Nathan wrote and I quote, "Is 'S'" -- just the letter S, but that's obviously me -- "the one with..."

(enunciating)

"dem big ol' tittays who's gunning for your job?" And obviously I'm not quote-unquote "gunning for his job." But I do want to feel secure and de-sexualized in the workplace, so you can see how this would...

Shelley looks behind her and realizes that Rachel has left the room.

**INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT**

Rachel re-enters the conference room and takes her seat at the head of the table, exhausted and dazed. She lets the current debate continue for a moment while she gathers her thoughts.

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

Okay, so when Employee X comes to us with an email in which Employee Y wrote, "I want to murder Employee X--"

JENNIFER THE LAWYER

Define "murder."

ENTIRE ROOM

Shut up, Jennifer!/Okay!/We get it!/Jesus Christ...

(CONTINUED)

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

Then what? We just throw our hands up and tell Employee X they shouldn't have "violated the privacy" of Employee Y...?

RACHEL

Guys?

ANNE THE CO-WORKER

...who plans on murdering them?

RACHEL

(louder)

Guys? Enough. We're not going to solve this tonight. It's all gray areas.

JENNIFER THE LAWYER

(finally!)

Thank you.

RACHEL

Shut up, Jennifer. Everyone go home. Back here tomorrow at 8am.

Groans from all around.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. The world is falling apart but 8am is too early to come to work and try to save it? 8am sharp.

Rachel stands and exits.

**INT. RACHEL & HUNT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

\*

Rachel enters, on her cellphone. Hunt and Nancy are on the living room couch, their eyes glued to the TV screen.

\*

\*

HUNT

(not looking up)

Nancy left some of her chicken in the toaster-oven for you.

NANCY

\*

Shh!

\*

Rachel cups her cellphone.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

It's Stan. He says he needs to talk to you.

HUNT

Tell him I got fired so he's someone else's problem now.

RACHEL

He knows. Still wants to talk to you.

HUNT

Tell him I'll call him tomorrow.

Rachel relays the message to Stan, hangs up, brings her plate of chicken over to the coffee table in front of the TV, and starts watching along with Hunt.

RACHEL

They have any idea who did it yet?

HUNT

The 64,000 dollar question.

RACHEL

I don't think it even matters anymore.

HUNT

How does it not matter? This is the biggest invasion-of-privacy case on the most massive level since... ever.

NANCY

This is why I don't ever use email.

\*  
\*

A beat of silence while they watch the TV.

RACHEL

Anything else in your emails I need to know about?

HUNT

No, I stopped using that old AOL account before we even met.

RACHEL

Uh-huh. Anything else in any of your other email accounts I need to know about?

(CONTINUED)



NANCY

Oh snap. Skeletons in the closet.

\*  
\*

HUNT

Hey, I just got fired, okay? I'll do a forensic deep dive at a later date.

(then)

I might have referred to you as a bitch on more than one occasion.

RACHEL

Stop the presses.

NANCY

(to Rachel)

Leave him. Not acceptable.

\*  
\*  
\*

HUNT

Specifically when you were pregnant with Ted and you were screaming at me about putting the crib together a full five months before he was due.

RACHEL

Hormones. But PS -- you never did put that crib together.

HUNT

I was going to get to it. Anything in any of your emails I need to know about?

\*  
\*

NANCY

He's got a point. It goes both ways.

\*  
\*  
\*

HUNT

Can we discuss this later?

\*  
\*

After a silent beat...

\*

RACHEL

"Homo"?

HUNT

Touche.

RACHEL

Dipshit.

HUNT

Like you never said it.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY  
It's very hurtful.

\*  
\*

RACHEL  
Well, I never wrote it in an email.

\*

HUNT  
Good for you, Mrs. Gandhi. Enjoy  
your Nobel Peace Prize.

\*

The home phone RINGS. Hunt looks at the Caller ID and sighs.  
Then answers.

HUNT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Stan? Maybe it the filthy dirty  
pornography business "tomorrow"  
means "in five minutes," but--

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. INTERNET COMPANY - STAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Stan is looking at a massive whiteboard that takes up one whole wall of his office. And it's filled with intricate notes and arrows connecting them, as if from the mind of a lunatic. A CLEANING WOMAN comes in, and Stan quickly draws a curtain across his whiteboards as if she gives a shit.

STAN (ON PHONE)  
I'm about to make a lot of money.

HUNT (ON PHONE)  
Legally?

STAN (ON PHONE)  
Eh.

HUNT (ON PHONE)  
"Eh"?

STAN (ON PHONE)  
Not sure. That's why I need you.  
You will make a lot of money too.  
You in or out?

HUNT (ON PHONE)  
Out.

STAN (ON PHONE)  
Sleep on it.

Hunt hangs up.

END INTERCUT.

INT. RACHEL & HUNT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

RACHEL

Oh boy...

HUNT

What?

RACHEL

(re TV)

Now it's B and R and S too.

HUNT

Someone's gonna pay for this.

**END.**

