

FOX 2nd DRAFT

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SNAP

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FOX 2nd DRAFT
(12/30/19)
CannyLads Productions
Universal Television

ACT ONE

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - OFFICE - MIDNIGHT

The room bears the evidence of a struggle - TOPPLED DESK LAMP, SCATTERED PAPERS, PHONE OFF THE HOOK and BUZZING.

Suddenly, a WOMAN, 30s, rises rapidly into frame, PANTING, her HAIR A HOT MESS, her FACE AND WHITE BLOUSE STREAKED WITH BLOOD. We hold on her for a long beat as she stares at the floor (we don't see what she sees). **This is our hero, JANE.**

JANE

All right. That got... emotional.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane at the sink, trying to wash the blood off her shirt.

JANE

(urgently, to herself)

OK, OK. You did a bad thing, but you're not a bad person. And really, I mean, did you even do a bad thing? 'Cause, given the circumstances, that is debatable.

She stares at her reflection. THE BLOOD ISN'T COMING OUT.

JANE (CONT'D)

Close enough.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: SNAP

OVER BLACK:

CHYRON: ONE WEEK EARLIER.

EXT./ESTABLISHING SEA VIEW CALIFORNIA

A little gem on the central coast, all sunshine and secrets.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A smiling Jane, dressed in a pantsuit that screams "middle management", sits at a conference table with a GROUP OF EMPLOYEES. She listens attentively to...

O.S. MAN'S VOICE

Here at Southcoast Savings, we have
a motto....

The CAMERA FINDS that man: ADAM OLLERMAN, Branch Manager, 50s, golf tan, self-important.

MR. OLLERMAN

...and that motto is...

EVERYONE

"We believe in people, not
paychecks."

MR. OLLERMAN

And no one embodies that sentiment
more than our assistant manager, a
Southcoast Savings veteran of
almost 30 years, Mr. Ken O'Neill.

ANGLE ON: Ken, 60s, heavysset, florid, clearly very moved.

MR. OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

So let's all raise a glass of
sparkling cider and wish a "happy
retirement" to a real class act.

O.S. VOICE

You're a legend, Ken!

That's all it takes. Ken starts to WEEP OPENLY. A CAKE ARRIVES. People descend on it. Jane approaches Mr. Ollerman.

JANE

Mr. Ollerman, I was wondering if
you'd had any thoughts regarding
Ken's replacement?

MR. OLLERMAN

Yes, I have. And honestly, you're
the obvious candidate.

Jane beams.

MR. OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

You've got eleven years at the branch, your work is brilliant, and of course there's your famous sunny disposition.

JANE

Well, you know what they say: nothing you wear is as important as your smile.

MR. OLLERMAN

OK. Still, it's a big decision, so I'm duty-bound to consider other factors and other candidates.

Ollerman glances over to the corner where ALEX BARWICK (30s) - flashy, cocky - cuts himself a second slice of cake.

JANE

If you mean Alex Barwick, sir, he basically just arrived.

MR. OLLERMAN

True, but he's built a remarkable book of business in no time flat. And he's very charismatic.

Alex gestures with his fork, regaling a LAUGHING CROWD of employees. Ollerman turns to Jane. Clocks her dismay.

MR. OLLERMAN (CONT'D)

'Course, charisma isn't everything.

Ollerman pats Jane on the shoulder, then crosses to the cake. SARA, 40s, Melissa McCarthy in lots of purple, approaches.

SARA

Thanks for kicking in for the cake. That makes everybody - except for Ollerman's new assistant.

Sara gestures to a BEAUTIFUL, STYLISH WOMAN, 30s, talking to Ollerman. She's cool, confident and cryptic. This is BRIDGET.

SARA (CONT'D)

Do you know she actually refused to pony up a single penny? Said it was a hollow gesture directed at a person she doesn't know. Bitch.

JANE

Sara...

Ollerman eats cake as he talks to Ken, but his eyes keep drifting over to Bridget - and he's hiding it badly.

SARA

I think she "did things" to get this job. I'm not suggesting prostitution, but where do you draw the line?

Ollerman exits, beckoning Bridget. Alex reaches for the last slice of cake. Bridget glares at him. He raises his hands: "all yours." She takes the cake and follows Ollerman out.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - JANE'S OFFICE - LATER

Jane sits at her desk, working with her clients. It's a modest office, tastefully decorated with family pictures: her husband, Neil (we'll meet him later) and TWO KIDS (circa 1995). A ZEBRAFISH swims lazily in a small aquarium.

She talks to an elderly couple - MR. AND MRS. LOPEZ.

MR. LOPEZ

We just need a little more time.

JANE

Mrs. Lopez, I'd love to help, but we already gave you two extensions.

MRS. LOPEZ

I'm almost done with the chemo.

MR. LOPEZ

Isn't there something you can do?

JANE'S POV: Jane sees Alex ushering a BEARDED BUSINESSMAN out of his office. They do an ELABORATE HANDSHAKE. Alex beams.

JANE

Can you give me a minute?

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - BRIDGET'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Jane approaches Bridget, who sits, typing, the last slice of cake on her desk.

JANE

I need to see Mr. Ollerman.

BRIDGET

(dryly)
He's masturbating right now.

Jane's speechless for a beat. Bridget stops typing.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Kidding. He's on a call. He usually masturbates between three and three twenty. I know because he doesn't clear his browser history.

JANE

Wow. Um, I don't--

Bridget enjoys watching Jane wrestle with her embarrassment.

BRIDGET

(glancing at phone)

Oh. Look at that. He just got off.

Bridget gestures - "Go in" - and gives Jane a wicked smile.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - OLLERMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jane knocks and enters to find Ollerman reviewing a file.

JANE

Hey, can I have a minute?

MR. OLLERMAN

Take two. They're small.

JANE

Ha! Classic. Anyway, you remember the Lopezes. They've been clients for about twenty-eight years...

Alex barges in, catching the end of their exchange.

ALEX

Sorry. Am I interrupting?

JANE

Actually, yes.

ALEX

Yeah, OK, just, real quick...

(to Ollerman)

I got a big fish on the line. He's putting up forty thousand square feet on the west side and he was gonna go with City National, but I've been tickling his balls for a coupla weeks and I think I just turned his head around. So I need your OK.

MR. OLLERMAN

How much is he looking to borrow?

ALEX

Ten million at two points over prime.

MR. OLLERMAN

(lighting up)

Ten million? That'll put us in the black for the quarter. Loan approved. Great work, Alex.

ALEX

Hey, I'm just part of the team. And you know what they say--

JANE

There is no "I" in team?

Alex smiles at her. Jane turns to Ollerman.

JANE (CONT'D)

Anyway, the Lopezes haven't missed a mortgage payment in twenty-eight years, but now Mrs. Lopez has cancer and they need a third extension.

Ollerman nods. Draws a breath. But before he can speak:

ALEX

That's a sucker bet. If she's got cancer, they're gonna default again. If we foreclose now, we'll capture all that equity.

JANE

These aren't your clients.

ALEX

Sure they are. We're a team, remember?

JANE

(to Ollerman)

I thought we believe in people, not paychecks.

ALEX

Mottos are nice, but they don't keep the lights on.

MR. OLLERMAN
(to Jane)
He's got a point. No extension.

Jane swallows her rage. Ollerman, oblivious to the rivalry, turns his back to Jane and re-engages Alex on his new deal.

Jane stares at Alex. Alex glances over Ollerman's shoulder. His smile says "choke on that, bitch." Jane turns and exits.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - BRIDGET'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Jane closes the door to Ollerman's office, seething. She sees that last slice of cake sitting on Bridget's desk.

JANE
That yours?

BRIDGET
I was saving it for Ollerman.

A beat. Jane takes the slice and exits. Bridget smiles.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - JANE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jane sits down across from Mr. and Mrs. Lopez. They look at her hopefully. It's heartbreaking. Jane smiles.

JANE
Good news. I got you another week.

EXT. ROAD / INT. JANE'S PRIUS - LATER

Jane drives with one hand and eats a FISTFUL OF CAKE with the other. She listens to a SELF-IMPROVEMENT PODCAST.

SOOTHING NARRATOR (V.O.)
That concludes Chapter 5, "Hugging Your Porcupine". Now let's recite the Chapter 5 action prompts: I am the architect of my life.

JANE
(through cake)
I am the architect of my life.

SOOTHING NARRATOR (V.O.)
A river of compassion drowns my anger.

She tries to repeat, but there's too much cake in her mouth.

EXT./ESTABLISHING JANE'S HOUSE - LATER

A modest two-bedroom. It's quaint, but needs a "refresh".

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - FOYER - A LITTLE LATER

A weary Jane THROWS her keys on the credenza and grabs the mail.

O.S. VOICE

That you, rockstar?

JANE

Hi Hon!

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NEIL, 30s, Jane's husband, lies on the couch, watching TV. He's a shaggy endomorph in cargo shorts and a "FRANKENBERRY" T-shirt. There's a THICK CAST on his right leg. Jane enters.

NEIL

How was your day?

Jane sorts through the mail. PAST DUE comes up a lot.

JANE

Oh, you know, it was--

She comes across a PACKAGE FROM EBAY. She glances at the bookcase CRAMMED WITH VINTAGE CEREAL TOYS.

JANE (CONT'D)

Neil, is this another collectible?

NEIL

In a manner of speaking. Open it.

She does. Inside is a "GEMINI" CHARM for a charm bracelet.

NEIL (CONT'D)

It's your star sign. I wanted to thank you for all you've been doing since I've been laid up.

JANE

I love it. It's beautiful.

NEIL

And a steal at only \$400.

JANE
(beat, then)
It's just... I don't know if we can
afford that right now.

Neil, his pride wounded, reaches for his beer. Jane's trying to figure out how to apologize when her PHONE ALARM goes off.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jane PICKS UP A SYRINGE full of THICK WHITE LIQUID. She PULLS DOWN HER PANTS and positions the needle over her right cheek.

JANE
OK. 1, 2...

SHE JABS HERSELF IN THE BUTT, GASPING as needle goes deep.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Neil's on the couch. Jane enters, wearing SEXY LINGERIE.

JANE
(attempting sexy)
Hey. So... I'm ovulating.

NEIL
Really?

She takes a few steps toward him, selling seduction.

JANE
Yeah. Really. And the doctor says
we have a limited window, so maybe--

She kneels and KISSES him.

NEIL
You look really sexy... it's just,
I'm having a lot of pain right now.

She notices the open bottle of PERCOCET on the coffee table.

JANE
Yeah, no, I get it. No pressure.

He turns his attention back to the TV. She turns and leaves.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD / INT. JANE'S PRIUS - THE NEXT MORNING

Jane drives to work. She glances at her phone.

JANE
Play podcast, "New Day, New You."

SIRI
I'm sorry, can you repeat that?

JANE
Play podcast, "New Day, New You".

SIRI
I'm sorry. I didn't get that.

JANE
NEW DAY, NEW YOU!

SIRI
Playing "New Years Day," by U2.

JANE
GOD DAMMIT!

Suddenly, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASH in her rearview mirror. Jane curses and pulls to the shoulder. A HANDSOME COP wearing SUNGLASSES approaches. She rolls down the window.

HANDSOME COP
Do you know why I pulled you over?

JANE
Um... yeah: because you're a dick?

The Cop leans in, glares at her.

JANE (CONT'D)
It's true. Even mom thought so.

A beat... then they both LAUGH. He takes off his shades. REVEAL: the Handsome Cop is actually Jane's brother, SEAN (and that's what we're gonna call him, going forward).

SEAN
Sorry about the...
(indicates police lights)
I just really need your advice.

EXT. COASTAL ROADSIDE / INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jane and Sean sit in the front of the police car, eating breakfast burritos. It's messy and familiar.

SEAN

OK, before you start with all your standard criticisms, just know that Sheri really likes you. She said she sees you as a kindred spirit.

JANE

Well, Sean, that makes me nervous, because Sheri's a freaky, insecure weird-ass psycho bitch.

SEAN

Maybe that's what I love about her.

JANE

No. You love the sex. The freaky, insecure, weird-ass psycho sex.

He looks at her for a beat. Busted. Still, moving on...

SEAN

Anyway, she says I'm being selfish.

JANE

You're the least selfish person I know. Look: do you want my advice?

SEAN

That's why I pulled you over.

JANE

Call her on her shit. Don't let her set the agenda. Otherwise, you're gonna lose what little control you have.

SEAN

Wow. OK. That was very insightful.
(then)
You look tense for a Tuesday. How's Neil?

JANE

Not ideal.

SEAN

Meaning?

Before she can answer, she notices the car's digital clock.

JANE

Shit. I'm gonna be late for work.

SEAN
No you're not.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Sean gives Jane A POLICE ESCORT to the bank.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS AND LOAN - BREAK ROOM - LATER

Jane enters, carrying her bagged lunch. She opens the fridge, puts it in, then closes the door to find Alex standing there, holding two mugs. Alex flashes a 1,000 watt smile.

ALEX
Listen, there was a little tension between us yesterday and I hate to let things fester, so maybe we should get it out in the open.

Alex extends a mug. Jane eyes him warily, then takes it.

JANE
Sunlight is the best disinfectant.

ALEX
Great. So: cards on the table time. I know you want that assistant manager position, but... I think you should just let me have it.

A beat. Jane is stunned by the boldness of this request.

JANE
Why would I do that?

ALEX
Jane, you're great with the small customers, all nurturing and shit, but those are basically the loss leaders - you know, the pity fucks. And the truth is, you suck when it comes to bringing in the protein.

JANE
"The protein"?

ALEX
The high-dollar clients. The ones that the bank needs to survive. And that's where I shine.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

So if you want this branch to stay open so you can keep "helping people", you'll let me have the job.

JANE

Well, I'm not going to do that. So I guess it's let the best man win.

She takes a SIP of her coffee and then SPITS VOLCANICALLY. She looks in her mug and then THROWS IT TO THE FLOOR.

JANE'S POV: Jane's DEAD ZEBRAFISH SPILLS ONTO THE LINOLEUM.

ALEX

I wonder how that got in there.

Jane stares at the shattered mug and the Zebrafish. It TWITCHES ONCE, SPASMODICALLY. Enraged, Jane exits.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane BURSTS into the empty bathroom, seething. She turns on the tap, washes the taste of Zebrafish out of her mouth.

JANE

Motherfucker!

She stares at herself in the mirror.

JANE (CONT'D)

OK. It's gonna be OK. True, this is a problem, but a problem is just an opportunity in work clothes...

Her PHONE ALARM goes off. She sighs. Opens her purse.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Jane ENTERS A STALL, closes the door, reaches into her purse and PULLS OUT HER SYRINGE. She inches up her skirt, then DROPS THE SYRINGE. It skitters out of the stall.

JANE

Great.

A pair of GORGEOUS SHOES appears beneath the door.

O.S. VOICE

You dropped your heroin.

Jane opens the door. Bridget stands there, needle in hand.

JANE

It's not heroin. It's lutein. My husband and I are trying to get pregnant, and I've got to give myself these hormone injections, but it's hard to do it at work, because these stalls are so narrow--

Bridget smiles then GENTLY SHOVES Jane back into the stall.

BRIDGET

Sounds like a two person job.

Bridget TAPS THE NEEDLE and REMOVES THE PLASTIC SHEATH.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

How long have you been trying?

JANE

About fourteen months. But it takes two to make a baby and lately my husband hasn't really been putting his back into it.

Bridget turns her around and shoves her gently - almost seductively - between the shoulder blades. Instinctively, she bends over.

BRIDGET

Really? His loss.

Bridget GRABS Jane's skirt. HIKES IT UP HIGH. She's about to give the shot when Jane starts to monologue. Bridget pauses.

JANE

Yeah, well, he's under a lot of stress. He broke his leg at work, but, technically, he's an independent contractor so it's not covered by his employer's insurance and now we're down to one income, which, you know, impacts his self-esteem as well as our bottom line. Of course, that wasn't gonna be a problem because I was a lock for the assistant manager job until Alex - Magic Alex, the fish-killing douchebag - whipped out his big--

Fuck it. Bridget JABS THE SYRINGE HARD into JANE'S ASS.

JANE (CONT'D)

GOD DAMMIT!

BRIDGET

I thought that might shut you up.

Bridget PUSHES DOWN ON THE PLUNGER as Jane grits her teeth.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Here's the skinny. The men in the office look at you like a nuisance because they know you're not a threat - and that's your fault.

JANE

How is it my fault...

Bridget pushes harder. Jane GASPS.

BRIDGET

Ever heard the phrase "People can't make you feel inferior without your permission"?

JANE

On every single podcast ever.

BRIDGET

Good. So you're acquainted with the concept. Bottom line: powerful men, punching down on a woman, that's just crime in America. It happens everywhere, every day.

Bridget PULLS THE NEEDLE OUT. Jane WINCES.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

So if you want to stop being a doormat, you gotta get up off the floor. Show them who you are. You have the power to change this. You just have to know it.

JANE

Thank you.

Jane opens the stall door as SARA ENTERS THE BATHROOM. She sees Bridget and Jane in the stall, Jane's hiked-up skirt... and immediately exits. Jane and Bridget CRACK UP.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Jane OPENS her closet as Neil SNORES in the background.

QUICK CUTS:

Jane rifling through her outfits, trying combinations...

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - DAY

Jane enters, dressed to the nines - cashmere jacket, pencil skirt, killer shoes, awesome white blouse (the one we saw in the teaser) - and her charm bracelet, from which hangs the Gemini Charm Neil gave her. It's her version of Bridget's badass style - and it totally works on her.

SARA

Good morning.

JANE

Good morning.

Jane and Bridget share a look and a smile. The TELLERS - lead by Sara - clock their connection, judging.

EXT. SEA VIEW - CLIFF SIDE RUNNING PATH - SAME TIME

Sean runs along a scenic vista. He spots a man, 40s - let's call him DESPERATE MAN - standing very close to the railing and peering down at the 300 foot drop. Sean slows, stops.

SEAN

Excuse me, sir.

The Desperate Man doesn't turn. Instead, he starts to PRAY.

DESPERATE MAN

Our father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.

He HOISTS HIS FIRST LEG over the rail. Sean steps forward.

SEAN

Sir, can you hang on second?

DESPERATE MAN

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven...

Sean smiles. The charm doesn't work. The Desperate Man HOISTS HIS OTHER LEG OVER THE RAIL. Sean takes another step forward.

SEAN

(suddenly serious)

Wait. Wait. Hang on. My name is Sean, OK? And I'm here to listen. So let's start at the beginning: what're you doing this for?

DESPERATE MAN

All the right reasons.

The Desperate Man LEANS INTO THE DROP! In a flash, Sean GRABS him by the waist and HAULS him back over the rail.

WHOMP! They land side by side on the lawn, winded.

SEAN

Great. Now I gotta write this up.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - A LITTLE LATER

Sean, now in uniform, enters to find the sheriff, EARL, 60s, gruff but lovable, sitting behind his desk.

EARL

D.A.'s waiting for you.

SEAN

Uch. Seriously?

O.S. VOICE

Yes. Seriously.

D.A. BIRCH, 30s, gorgeous and pissed, appears in the doorway.

D.A. BIRCH

You missed our meeting.

SEAN

Sorry. I was on my run this morning and I happened across a jumper--

D.A. BIRCH

You're the arresting officer on a case that's going to trial in a week. We were scheduled to discuss pressing evidentiary issues. I'd like to speak with you. Privately.

Earl glances at Sean. His eyes say: "I did what I could."

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Sean and the D.A. enter the empty holding cell. The D.A. squares up to him. Gives him the flesh-vaporizing eye lasers.

D.A. BIRCH

Do you want out of this relationship?

REVEAL: D.A. BIRCH is actually Sean's girlfriend, SHERI.

SHERI

We were supposed to have breakfast. You left me sitting at the Waffle House like some kind of asshole.

SEAN

I was talking down a jumper.

SHERI

Yeah, well, I feel like I'm a jumper. Not physically, obviously, but emotionally. I feel like you put me on this emotional cliff...

SEAN

There's no "emotional cliff". I'm sorry about breakfast but I was saving a guy's life, so don't be crazy!

Sheri looks him, about to cry.

SHERI

Did you say "don't be crazy"?

Sean stares at her glittering eyes. This could go either way.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Because I am being a little crazy, aren't I?

A beat. Sheri STARTS TO LAUGH. It's a little disconcerting.

SEAN

Yeah. A little, maybe.

SHERI

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm the selfish one - the selfish workaholic - and I'm too close to my own shit. You're a great cop and a great boyfriend and I don't show my appreciation enough.

SEAN

No. You do. You show it.

SHERI

Well then maybe I should show it
right now.

She UNDOES HIS BELT and SINKS OUT OF FRAME.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - JANE'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jane EATS A BANANA at her desk as she plows through
paperwork. A familiar face walks through the door. It's the
BEARDED BUSINESSMAN Alex was talking to earlier.

JANE

Can I help you?

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

Yes. Have you seen Alex Barwick?

Jane glances over at Alex's office. Empty.

JANE

I'm afraid I haven't. Not lately.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

Seriously? Do you have his cell?

JANE

I'm sorry, I don't.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

Great. We're doing this deal
together and something rather
pressing has arisen, but I guess...

JANE

Is it something I can help you
with?

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

No. No thank you. I've been dealing
with Alex, and he's...

JANE

You sure? I'm a real quick study.

She FLASHES A SMILE. The Bearded Businessman smiles back, his
eyes roving over her. She leans in.

JANE (CONT'D)

You up for an early dinner?

INT. MASTRO'S OCEAN CLUB - LATER

Jane and Bearded Businessman polish off a couple of gorgeous Kobe beefsteaks and a second bottle of Barolo.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

I can't believe it was that simple.

JANE

It was that simple.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

I mean, the zoning board made it sound like the whole project was over. Done. Kaput.

JANE

Yeah, that's just Ed. He likes to catastrophize. You just had to file for the variance online.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

Why didn't Alex know about that?

JANE

Because Alex doesn't have over a decade in residential and commercial lending experience right here in Sea View.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

So maybe I should hand my account over to you.

JANE

Mr. Crosby, I wasn't trying to sandbag my colleague.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

Of course not. I'm just saying, you know this town. All the ins and outs. Nothing against Alex, but it feels like you're the better fit.

JANE

I don't know, Mr. Crosby.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

It's Rick. And yeah. You do know.

(then)

Sweetheart, ambition is not a dirty word. You deserve this. But if you want it, you gotta say you want it.

JANE

OK.

(beat, then)

I want it.

He raises his glass. She smiles, triumphant.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - BULLPEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The bank is empty. Dark. Jane enters through the back door. There's a triumphant spring in her step. In fact, she's walking on air - and a little buzzy. She crosses to--

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - JANE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She enters. Grabs her briefcase. GLANCES AT THE EMPTY AQUARIUM. Sighs. Fucking asshole.

Just then, THE OVERHEAD LIGHT GOES ON in Alex's office.

JANE'S POV: Alex sits behind his desk, staring at her, EATING KUNG PAO SHRIMP FROM A TAKE OUT CONTAINER with chopsticks. He waves her over with his finger.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - ALEX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters. Alex continues to eat shrimp.

ALEX

What're you doing here so late?

JANE

I, um, I left my bag.

ALEX

I see. I'd offer you some kung pao shrimp, but I know for a fact you already ate.

He stares at her for a beat.

JANE

Alex...

He THROWS A FILE across the desk at her.

ALEX

Rick Crosby called to tell me he was pulling his account. Said he discussed it with you over dinner.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

He made sure I knew it was nothing personal - just switching horses. Which makes sense, since I bet you're a much better mount.

JANE

Look, he came in, he said it was an emergency...

ALEX

"You didn't plan it. It just happened". Whatever your reasons are, I don't care. You stole from me and I can't let that slide. So now I gotta burn you down.

JANE

And how're you going to do that?

Alex gets up, still holding his chopsticks and shrimp.

ALEX

Well, for one thing, I know you let a couple of your piss-ant clients slide on their mortgage payments. And I also know you took out a little unreported loan of your own, probably because your husband's a worthless, broke-dick layabout and your credit's in the toilet.

Alex eats another shrimp. Smiles. Jane stares at him. Shit.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You didn't know I knew that, huh? I guess today is full of surprises.

JANE

Can we talk about this?

He puts the shrimp down on the credenza. Steps closer.

ALEX

Ollerman is going to feel so betrayed when I tell him. I mean, he trusts you. I'll bet he'll call the cops, press charges for fraud, malfeasance, the whole enchilada.

JANE

Alex, you don't have to do this.

ALEX

I wouldn't - if we were friends.
And I'd like us to be friends.
Because, after all, a friend is a
gift you give yourself.

Without warning, he GRABS HER VAGINA. INSTANTLY, SHE SLAPS HIM AS HARD AS SHE CAN! He looks like he's about to cry for a beat. Then he resurrects what passes for his dignity.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Fine. Have it your way.

He picks up the shrimp, grabs the chopsticks, starts eating.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But just know that, as your life
comes crashing down, you had it
coming. You mess with the bull...

He POKES HER IN THE CHEST WITH HIS GREASY CHOPSTICKS.

ALEX (CONT'D)

...you get the horns.

He smiles, POPS A SHRIMP INTO HIS MOUTH, and STARTS TO CHOKE!

Jane steps forward to give him the Heimlich maneuver, but SOMETHING INSIDE HER **SNAPS... AND SHE LETS HIM CHOKE!**

Alex REACHES FOR HIS CELL PHONE, but DROPS IT ON THE GROUND. He stoops to pick it up... and JANE KICKS IT AWAY!

Alex scrambles for it. He TRIPS, BASHING HIS FACE against his desk. BLOOD STREAMING FROM HIS NOSE, HE CHARGES JANE!

Jane SHOVES HIM AWAY. ALEX STUMBLES BACKWARD, his HAND CATCHING THE WINDOW BLINDS and TEARING THEM OUT OF THEIR ANCHOR AS HE FALLS, BACKWARD, TO THE CARPET... DEAD.

Silence settles over the destroyed room as a stunned Jane stares at ALEX'S BLOODY CORPSE. She takes a step forward.. and the "dead" Alex KICKS HER LEGS OUT FROM UNDER HER!

Purple from asphyxiation, ALEX STRANGLES JANE. She hits him, FISTS FLYING, until he collapses, FULLY AND FINALLY DEAD.

JANE

OK... that got... emotional.

Jane stumbles out the room, TURNS OFF THE LIGHTS and RUNS.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jane stands at the sink, urgently washing the blood off her shirt. THE BLOOD ISN'T COMING OUT.

JANE
Close enough.

She dials her phone as she BOLTS THROUGH THE DOOR.

JANE (CONT'D)
Come on, Sean. Pick up. I need to talk to you now...

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Sean and Sheri have sex. Sean's on top. Sean's cell VIBRATES on the night stand. He glances at it.

SEAN
It's Jane.

SHERI
Uh-huh.

The phone continues to VIBRATE. Sean keeps at it for a few more strokes then STOPS and reaches for the phone.

SHERI (CONT'D)
You're gonna take that now?

SEAN
It's my sister. What am I supposed to do?

Sheri GETS ON TOP - and he lets Jane ROLL OVER TO VOICEMAIL.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

Jane, wild-eyed, nose running, walks quickly to her car.

JANE
Voicemail! Are you kidding me?!

Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS FLARE ON, catching Jane like a deer in in the... you get it. She STARTLES.

Jane's eyes adjust. A WHITE 7 SERIES BMW sits about thirty feet away. ITS HIGH BEAMS FLASH, beckoning her over.

Jane hangs up the phone and walks toward the BMW, pulling her coat tight around her to hide her bloody blouse. The driver's side window rolls down. IT'S BRIDGET.

JANE (CONT'D)

Bridget? What're you doing here?

BRIDGET

I could ask you the same question.

JANE

I was working late. I mean, not in the office. I left my car here and walked to the place I was working and then came back for my car--

BRIDGET

If you're going to lie, suck less.

JANE

What do you mean?

BRIDGET

I saw what happened.

EXT. PARKING LOT/INT. BRIDGET'S BMW - FLASHBACK

Bridget sits behind the wheel, listening to the SPEED METAL on the BMW's sound system. She sighs, checks her watch, then reaches for a cigarette. Something catches her eye.

BRIDGET'S POV: Alex's hands rake the blinds, TAKING THEM DOWN. His STRICKEN, BLOODY FACE appears in the window for a second before he falls... REVEALING JANE STANDING THERE.

Bridget watches Jane stare at the floor for a beat, then DISAPPEAR FROM FRAME as she gets TAKEN DOWN by Alex.

EXT. PARKING LOT/ INT. BRIDGET'S BMW - BACK TO PRESENT

A beat. Jane stares at Bridget, wheels turning.

JANE

I don't know what you're talking about.

BRIDGET

Yes you do. Now are you gonna get
in your car and follow me, or are
you gonna stand there looking like
a terrified tampon?

Jane looks down. Her bloody blouse peeks through her jacket.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

It's sleek, immaculate and a little chilly - just like her.
Bridget enters followed by Jane. She locks the door behind
them and hustles into the kitchen.

BRIDGET

Strip.

JANE

What?

BRIDGET

Strip. We need to burn those
clothes.

Bridget produces a GARBAGE BAG. Holds it out. Jane strips.

JANE

(fighting emotion)
It was an accident.

BRIDGET

Don't explain. Every explanation is
a version of "I did it" and "I did
it" will put you behind bars.

JANE

Why were you out there?

BRIDGET

What?

JANE

In the parking lot, I mean.
Watching through the window.

BRIDGET

I was waiting for Alex.

JANE

Why?

BRIDGET

Because I was waiting for Alex.
(off Jane's confusion)
He was my partner.

JANE

Wait: "partner"? So you and Alex
were partners? Like... sexually?

BRIDGET

No. I wouldn't fuck him with your
dick. We were in business together.

JANE

At the bank.

BRIDGET

Jesus! Yes. We worked together at
the bank. But not the way you
think. Follow me.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jane showers, listening, the water running red around her
ankles. Bridget sits on the closed toilet, smoking.

BRIDGET

Alex and me had a side-line going.
He would recruit the richest,
skeeviest clients he could find...

QUICK CUTS: of Alex, working his magic on his marks.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

And I'd use their confidential
information to exploit them.

- Alex SHOOTS SKEET with a smiling MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a
business suit.

- Alex BULLSHITS with a PAIR OF WELL-HEELED DOCTORS on the
GOLF COURSE.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Jane shuts off the water and opens the shower curtain.

JANE

By "exploit" you mean--

Bridget hands her a towel.

BRIDGET

Fraud, extortion - I guess you could put it all under the umbrella of general blackmail. We'd been going from town to town, doing it for years until, tonight, when you--

Jane, wrapped in a towel, steps out of the shower.

JANE

Why are you telling me all this?

BRIDGET

Because if this looks like foul play, they'll start investigating Alex. And that's gonna lead right to me. So I told you what I told you because I need you to trust me.

Bridget gets close to her. Shower steam hangs in the air.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Jane, I've been where you are. I know you're terrified. And when you're terrified, it's easy to make a mistake. And if you make a mistake, you're gonna burn us both down. So you gotta let me help you.

Bridget gets even closer. The tension is electric.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Will you let me help you?

JANE

(beat, then)

Yes.

BRIDGET

Smart girl. Now, first off: did you leave anything in Alex's office? A pen, a file, any personal effect that can be traced back to you?

JANE

No.

BRIDGET

Great. Now I want you to go straight home to your cuddly husband with the busted leg.

CUE BRIDGET'S SODERBERGH-STYLE MONTAGE:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - FOYER - FLASH FORWARD

Jane enters and quietly puts her keys on the credenza.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

If he's asleep, you can establish your own alibi as to your time of arrival.

She glances around. CANDLES burn on every surface. ROSE PETALS create a little "treasure trail" up to the bedroom. There's a note reading "COME FIND ME."

JANE

Shit.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

If he's awake, tell him you're late 'cause you were hanging with your new pal Bridget. Then fuck him or feed him. Men lose track of everything when their lizard brains are happy.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASH FORWARD

JANE'S POV: Neil, in silk boxers, is ASLEEP next to a couple of guttering candles, rose petals leading toward his fly.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Next, you're going to have a stiff drink to help you sleep. But keep it to one.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - FOYER - FLASH FORWARD

QUICK CUTS: Jane POUNDS shot after shot of Johnny Black.

JANE (V.O.)

Why just one?

BRIDGET (V.O.)

You don't want to be hung over or smell like booze when you talk to the cops.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Jane, now back in her underwear, wriggles into one of Bridget's skirts.

JANE

Why am I'm gonna talk to the cops?

BRIDGET

There's a corpse in the office.
Everybody's gonna talk to the cops.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASH FORWARD

Jane stares at the clock. 2:00 AM. Neil SNORES next to her.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Finish your drink and go to bed.
Get as much sleep as possible.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASH FORWARD

Jane stares at the clock. 7:00 am. The ALARM BLARES. She's up in an instant.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Tomorrow, follow your normal
morning routine. Come into work on
time - not too early, not too late.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

END THE SODERBERGH-STYLE MONTAGE AND STAY IN THIS SCENE.

Bridget looks at Jane with an air of steely detachment.

BRIDGET

And when you feel that rush of
panic - and you will - resist the
urge to do something stupid, like
call me. Just tell yourself...

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Jane looks at her reflection in the mirror.

JANE

(to herself)

I'm in control. I have my feelings,
my feelings don't have me.

NEIL (O.S.)

Sweetheart! Breakfast!

She exhales, calm. She puts on her earrings and charm bracelet. Suddenly she realizes the GEMINI CHARM IS MISSING!

JANE

What?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS AND LOAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A scarlet-faced Alex THROTTLES Jane as she beats back his assault. Her BRACELET swings with each defensive blow.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Jane stares in the mirror, panic-stricken.

JANE

Oh no.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jane scours the room for the Charm.

JANE

No, no...

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

She looks on the credenza for the Charm. No luck.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jane BURSTS into the kitchen to find Neil making breakfast.

NEIL

Hey, baby, I'm sorry about last night. I guess I just got a little tuckered out. Anyway, I made French toast and maybe tonight we could--

She ignores him and keeps going. He stands at the stove, crestfallen.

EXT. ROAD / INT. JANE'S PRIUS - A LITTLE LATER

Jane's white-knuckles the wheel as we hear the PHONE TRILL through the Prius's Bluetooth. VOICEMAIL KICKS IN.

BRIDGET (O.S.)
Hi, you've reached Bridget Neff.
Leave a message after the--

Jane hangs up and POUNDS THE STEERING WHEEL.

JANE
FUCK!

EXT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS / INT. JANE'S PRIUS - A LITTLE LATER

Jane pulls up to find a POLICE CRUISER parked out front. She draws a breath. Searches for her game face. Exits the car.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jane enters to see the STAFF milling about in groups of two or three, talking quietly. Alex's office is cordoned off with POLICE TAPE. Jane approaches a shaken Ollerman.

JANE
What's going on?

MR. OLLERMAN
It's Alex. He's, he's dead.

JANE
Oh my God. What happened?

MR. OLLERMAN
No idea. Bridget found him this morning when she opened up for me.

JANE
That's horrible. Poor Bridget.

MR. OLLERMAN
I know. Everyone is really upset.

We hear an O.S. SOB.

JANE'S POV: Sara cries OPERATICALLY and is comforted... BY BRIDGET. Jane tries to catch Bridget's eye, but Bridget is hiding in Sara's drama, and that of the weeping Tellers.

SEAN (O.S.)
What a mess, right?

Jane turns around to see her brother, in uniform, standing behind her, staring at the body. She hugs him.

JANE
Yeah. Terrible. So... was it a
break-in, or--

SEAN
I doubt it. No sign of forced entry
and none of the alarms went off.
Earl's looking at the tape now.

JANE
The tape?

SEAN
Yeah, you know, the footage from
the security system.

JANE
(a beat, then, realizing)
Right. The cameras.

SEAN
When's the last time you saw him?

JANE
Huh?

SEAN
Alex Barwick. When's the last time
you saw him?

JANE
Why?

SEAN
I'm just wondering if you could
shed some light on this. You know,
maybe make my job easier.

JANE
I don't know. Yesterday morning,
maybe. I remember he was out of the
office in the afternoon...

Earl enters.

EARL
Well, that's interesting.

JANE
What's interesting?

EARL
The tape. It caught a whole lot of
nothin'.

(MORE)

EARL (CONT'D)

Most of the cameras are angled at the tellers and the vault, so the coverage isn't great.

MR. OLLERMAN

(ruefully)

And we were due for an upgrade.

CORONER (O.S.)

Boys? Some time today?

Sean crosses over to Alex's office. Jane follows.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - ALEX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Office is TAPED OFF. Sean ducks under the tape. Jane - and all other civilians from this point on - stay outside.

Alex is as Jane left him: sprawled on the floor amidst the scattered papers, eyes open, mouth agape - dead as disco. One difference: HIS PANTS ARE DOWN. This throws Jane a little.

JANE

What is, um, why are his--

The CORONER, 50s, grumpy, world-weary witness to countless crime scenes, kneels over the body.

SEAN

(re. Coroner)

He's taking the decedent's rectal temperature to determine time of death. Gross, I know.

Jane leans over the police tape and scans the carpet, looking for the Charm. Her eyes tell us she's dying to get in there.

CORONER

You may want to see this.

The Coroner REACHES INTO ALEX'S MOUTH with a pair of LONG STEEL TWEEZERS and withdraws a SHRIMP. Alex's Corpse EXHALES. With his free hand, he lifts a SMALL DICTAPHONE into frame.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Foreign body discovered lodged in decedent's airway. I'd say--

The Coroner sniffs it. Sean spots the take-out container.

SEAN

Szechuan King Kung Pao shrimp.

CORONER

(removing thermometer)

Based on current body temp, I'm putting time of death between ten and two. No secondary lividity, so the position he was found in was the position he died in.

EARL

Looks like he choked, panicked, tripped, fell...

SEAN

(re. blood on the floor)

That accounts for all the strawberry jam.

TWO CORONER'S ASSISTANTS enter with a gurney and a body bag.

CORONER

Unless you have any other penetrating insights, I'm gonna rule out foul play and go with death by misadventure - specifically, accidental suffocation.

EARL

I'm good with that.

Sean looks at the light switch. The lights are off.

SEAN

Hang on a sec.

(calling O.S.)

Who found the body this morning?

BRIDGET

I did.

EARL

(to Sean)

Bridget Neff. I already took her statement.

Sean motions Bridget over. Bridget approaches, looking simultaneously hot and solemn. She stands outside the tape.

SEAN

Miss Neff, were the lights in the office off when you found the body?

BRIDGET

Yes.

This lands on Jane.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - ALEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jane stumbles out the room, TURNS OFF THE LIGHTS and RUNS.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - ALEX'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

Sean surveys the body and the room, wheels turning.

BRIDGET

Does that matter?

SEAN

I'm just wondering: who eats Kung
Pao shrimp in the middle of the
night with all the lights off?

The Coroner looks at Sean for a beat. Jane stands very still,
as if she's willing herself to be invisible. Finally:

CORONER

I'll tell you who: some fucking
idiot who ends up choking to death.

The Two Coroners Assistants CHUCKLE GRIMLY. Tension broken.

MR. OLLERMAN

(re. Alex's body)

Can you hurry? I'd like to get all
this cleaned up. It's, um,
impacting employee morale.

CORONER

(to Sean)

Yeah, Sherlock, if you're finished,
I'd like to get this guy outta here
before he starts to, you know--

The Coroner points to his nose. Earl nods. The Assistants BAG
and LIFT Alex's body onto the gurney. Jane watches, shaken.

SEAN

You all right?

JANE

What?

SEAN

I said are you all right?

JANE

No. I'm not. My colleague is dead.

SEAN

Of course.

(kissing her forehead)

And I'm sorry I didn't pick up when you called last night. I was in the middle of-- Anyway, call me later.

Bridget clocks the kiss. Sean takes a last look around the room, then follows the body out. Jane watches him go.

MR. OLLERMAN

Obviously, we're going to close for the day so we can mourn this tragedy. And when we open tomorrow, I'd like you to start prepping to take over as assistant manager.

JANE

Really?

MR. OLLERMAN

I think this is the last straw for Ken.

ANGLE ON KEN: who VOMITS IN A TRASH CAN.

JANE

Yes. Of course. Anything to help.

MR. OLLERMAN

That's my team player.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - JANE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jane, now silently rejoicing, enters and crosses to her desk.

That's when she spots a LETTER ON HER KEYBOARD. She opens it.

Inside is **THE GEMINI CHARM**. The Letter reads: "ST. MICHAEL'S BY THE SEA. FIVE PM. NOW YOU REALLY OWE ME."

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. ST MICHAEL'S BY THE SEA/INT. JANE'S PRIUS - GOLDEN HOUR**

Jane drives down a stretch of road by the ocean. She arrives at a MAGNIFICENT CATHOLIC CHURCH.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S BY THE SEA - MOMENTS LATER

Jane enters. It's between masses, so the church is virtually empty. Sunlight streams through the stained glass. Beautiful.

Jane spots Bridget, sitting in a pew. Slides in next to her.

JANE

What are we doing in a church?

BRIDGET

You don't like it? I pegged you as a pretty spiritual person.

Bridget FLICKS the Charm now dangling from Jane's wrist.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Shall we talk about the elephant in the room?

JANE

Where did you find it?

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - ALEX'S OFFICE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Bridget enters and surveys the aftermath of the night before.

BRIDGET'S POV: The Gemini Charm lies next to Alex's head. It's speckled with blood. She picks it up. Wipes it off.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Right next to the body.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S BY THE SEA - BACK TO PRESENT

Bridget looks at Jane, bemused.

BRIDGET

You're welcome, by the way.

JANE

Yes. OK. Thank you.

BRIDGET
That's twice now.

JANE
Yes, I know.

BRIDGET
Which brings me to my next topic. I need a favor.

JANE
What kind of favor?

BRIDGET
The kind I need you to do.

JANE
OK, um... because while I appreciate all your efforts on my behalf, I'd rather not, you know, get "involved" with you.

BRIDGET
OK. One: hurtful. And two: you're already "involved" with me. I saved your ass twice. So a little less attitude and a little more gratitude.

JANE
Is that a threat? Because I've been thinking: you can rat me out, but I can do the same to you. You told me all about your criminal enterprise.

BRIDGET
Yeah, and I could've said nothing about that, weaponized what I had against you and bled you dry. But I opened the kimono. I bared my soul. Because I like you, Jane.

They lock eyes. Jane blinks.

JANE
What do you want?

BRIDGET
An address.

JANE
What address?

BRIDGET

It's in Alex's client files on his desktop. You killed him before he could give it to me.

JANE

I didn't kill him. It was an accident.

BRIDGET

Whatever. Alex and I were working this total scumbag. Lots of money, major villain, and this address is the key to taking him down. I can't get it because I don't have the necessary security clearance.

Bridget pulls out a sandwich and takes a big, sloppy bite.

JANE

You can't eat that in here.

BRIDGET

Why not? I'm hungry.

JANE

It's not allowed.

BRIDGET

Oh yeah?
(gesturing to the altar)
What about the wafer?

Jane looks at her for a beat. Bridget chews.

JANE

So one address?

BRIDGET

(mouth full)
Then we're done. Swear to--

She points at the cross.

JANE

All right. One address.

Bridget smiles. They rise and head toward the door. As Bridget stands, she TAKES THE BOOK OF HYMNS FROM HER PEW.

BRIDGET

I'll give you the client number. All you've got to do is sit down at your computer and punch a few keys.

Jane stops in her tracks, alarmed.

JANE

No. No. That would be disastrous.

BRIDGET

What do you mean?

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S BY THE SEA - MOMENTS LATER

Jane and Bridget exit the church.

JANE

Only the loan officer of record can access a client's data. If anyone but that client's loan officer attempts to log in, it's immediately reported to compliance. Compliance calls the police. And then I go to jail.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - BULLPEN - FLASH FORWARD

CUE JANE'S SODERBERGH-STYLE MONTAGE:

Ken talks to Ollerman.

JANE (V.O.)

The one exception is the assistant manager. The assistant manager oversees all the loan officers, so that person has access to all client information. And right now, the assistant manager is still Ken.

Ollerman walks away. Ken adjusts himself.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

I'm not looking to rope in Ken.

JANE (V.O.)

Nobody's looking to rope in Ken.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - KEN'S OFFICE - FLASH FORWARD

Ken eats a granola bar as he stares at an empty banker's box.

JANE (V.O.)

You just need to get him out of his office.

(MORE)

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

It's gonna be hard, because he doesn't want to leave that office. Southcoast has been his life for thirty years, and this retirement... anyway, I think he's in denial. So you gotta convince him. Give him a reason to leave.

Bridget appears in the doorway, looking predictably fabulous. Ken rises from his seat, hypnotized.

JANE (V.O.)

Take him out for goodbye drinks. Invite everybody. Create an expectation, so he can't say no.

Sara, the Tellers, Ollerman and Jane cluster behind Bridget in the doorway, coaxing Ken to come out. Ken relents.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Wait.

EXT. ST. MICHAEL'S BY THE SEA - BACK TO PRESENT

Jane stops Bridget.

BRIDGET

What if he locks his door?

JANE

He never locks his...

(then, realizing)

Uch. He has been guarding his space pretty jealously these days. Fuck. You could be right. Um...

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - BULLPEN - FLASH FORWARD

Ken exits his office... and LOCKS HIS DOOR.

JANE (V.O.)

OK. OK. If he does, you'll need to distract him.

Bridget drops her pen and bends to pick it up. Ken eagerly stoops to assist her. Jane TRIPS him. Ken goes down.

JANE (V.O.)

While we're getting him back on his feet, I'll lift his keys.

Bridget and Jane hoist the big man up. In the process, Jane slips her hand into Ken's pocket and fishes out his key ring. Then the two women fuss over him, smoothing his jacket. He loves it - and doesn't notice a thing.

EXT. PARKING LOT - FLASH FORWARD

Bridget leads Ollerman, the Tellers, Jane and Ken toward their cars.

JANE (V.O.)
Herd them toward the bar. I'll join
you, then, at the last second, say
I forgot something and double back.

Jane doubles back.

INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - KEN'S OFFICE - FLASH FORWARD

Jane, carrying her own banker's box, discretely keys the lock to Ken's door and enters.

JANE (V.O.)
I'll enter his office under the
pretense of moving in. Then I'll
log in using his password.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
How do you know his password?

JANE (V.O.)
I don't. But I do know it's gonna
be the name of one of his four show
dogs. They're his Christmas card
every year.

Jane sits at Ken's desk. We see PHOTOS OF FOUR CAVALIER KING CHARLES SPANIELS. Jane types in the word: "BRAMBLEPELT".

JANE (V.O.)
Once I'm in, I'll get the address
and meet you at the bar.

INT. LOCAL BAR - FLASH FORWARD

The bank staff crowds around a table. Bridget holds court.

JANE (V.O.)

When you get there order a lot.
They're all drinkers, but they'll
be shy to drink in front of
Ollerman. So it's up to you. You
gotta get the ball rolling.

SHOTS ARRIVE. Bridget does one. Everyone looks at Ollerman,
who, bewitched, copies Bridget. Then it's a feeding frenzy.

JANE (V.O.)

By the time I show up, they'll be
hammered enough that no one will
remember my exact time of arrival.

Jane sits down next to Bridget and WHISPERS in her ear.

JANE

(sotto)

The address is 354 Racine.

Bridget smiles. Jane discretely hands Ken's keys to Bridget,
who leans over and squeezes a hammered Ken's thigh. He's too
thrilled to notice the keys being placed back in his pocket.

JANE (V.O.)

That way, I don't leave a digital
fingerprint, you get your number,
everybody wins.

EXT. LOCAL BAR - BACK TO PRESENT

END THE SODERBERGH-STYLE MONTAGE AND STAY IN THIS SCENE.

The whole gang, pours out of the bar, seriously liquored up.

BRIDGET

Hey. Wait up!

JANE

What do you want?

BRIDGET

That was amazing. You were amazing.

JANE

OK.

BRIDGET

(then, seductively)
Nightcap?

JANE

No thanks. I'm gonna go home now.

Jane sees something that stops her in her tracks.

JANE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Bridget turns. We see what she sees. Jane's PRIUS HAS A FLAT.

JANE (CONT'D)

But first, I have to wait for
Triple A.

Bridget walks over to her.

BRIDGET

At least let me give you a ride.

EXT. ROAD/ INT. BRIDGET'S BMW - LATER

Bridget and Jane ride in silence. Bridget drives fast.

JANE

Can I ask you a question?

BRIDGET

Shoot.

JANE

What did you mean when you said,
"I've been where you are?"

BRIDGET

(long beat, then)

When I was sixteen something really
terrible happened to me. Really
terrible. And the guy who did it
got off scot free. Until a few
years later, when I ran into him.

JANE

And then what happened?

BRIDGET

I just told you. I ran into him.

They ride together in silence for a beat.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Difference is, I didn't have
somebody to help me through it.

Jane looks out the window. Notices the road signs.

JANE

Where are you going?

BRIDGET

What do you mean?

JANE

My house is the other way.

BRIDGET

I know. I have a proposition to discuss with you.

JANE

What kind of "proposition"?

BRIDGET

I'd like you to be my new partner.

JANE

Partner?! No. That wasn't the deal. You said one address...

BRIDGET

I know, but you totally crushed it. I mean, you're a natural. And tell me you didn't enjoy doing that.

JANE

That's not the issue.

BRIDGET

So you did enjoy it.

JANE

The point is we're even now. And I am done. I don't want to be involved. What you're doing is completely unethical.

BRIDGET

Actually, it's the opposite.

JANE

You're stealing from people. That's the definition of unethical.

BRIDGET

Not when it's a bunch of rich fat cats who use their power to steal from and exploit the rest of us.

JANE

What are you talking about?

BRIDGET

I'm talking about the bank's biggest clients: landlords who gouge their tenants and stiff their contractors. City councilmen who take bribes. Doctors who overcharge their vulnerable patients who really just want to start a family. You know: the protein.

Jane stares at her for a long beat, then:

JANE

Did you puncture my tire?

Bridget SPEEDS UP.

BRIDGET

Jane, Alex was an evil, selfish prick - but I needed him to get the job done. You're twice as smart as he is and you actually care about the little guy - like that cancer grandma.

JANE

You mean Mrs. Lopez?

BRIDGET

Yeah, Mrs. Lopez. You know, someone's gonna buy her loan and seize her home when she defaults.

JANE

If she defaults.

BRIDGET

When she defaults. Wanna get a look at the guy who's gonna dick her down?

A beat. Jane nods her head. Bridget smiles.

EXT. STREET / INT. BRIDGET'S BMW - A LITTLE LATER

Bridget pulls up in front of 354 RACINE. It's a SWANKY APARTMENT BUILDING.

JANE

This is the address I pulled off
Ken's computer.

BRIDGET

The building belongs to a major
developer, married man, very
corrupt. Alex spent weeks getting
close to him - getting him liquored
up, taking him to strip clubs -
'til he finally told Alex about the
one thing that could destroy him.

A LIGHT GOES ON in a third floor apartment.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

The IRS thinks he's running a
charity out of this building. His
wife doesn't even know it exists.

Bridget picks up her phone. Punches in a few numbers.
SUDDENLY, WE CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE APARTMENT
THROUGH THE BMW'S SOUND SYSTEM: laughter, music, kissing...

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I hacked into the Alexa.

O.S. WOMAN

Where you goin'? You just got here.

O.S. MAN

The wife's coming home from the
hospital tomorrow. Kidney stones.

JANE

Scumbag.

O.S. MAN

I almost forgot. I got you a little
something. Y'know: a present.

A figure appears in the window. It's the BEARDED BUSINESSMAN.

JANE

That's Rick fucking Crosby!

He's joined by his SUGARBABY, 20s. He hands her a BOX.

Bridget produces a DSLR with a TELEPHOTO LENS. Snaps PHOTOS
as Sugarbaby opens her present. REVEAL: it's a BIG VIBRATOR.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

For next time.

He moves in to kiss her... and she SLAPS HIM!

SUGARBABY

That's not how this works, and you know it. We're done when I say we're done. Now bark like the dog that you are.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

Tina...

SUGARBABY

I said BARK for me, you nasty little bitch!

Jane GASPS. Bridget smiles. Offers her the camera.

BRIDGET

Here. You take a few.

A beat, then Jane TAKES THE CAMERA and STARTS SNAPPING. The Sugarbaby TURNS THE VIBRATOR ON and FORCES IT INTO HIS MOUTH.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

(struggling, over vibrator)
Woof, woof.

SUGARBABY

Uh-huh. Now if you want it, you need to say you want it.

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

I want it.

SUGARBABY

LOUDER!

BEARDED BUSINESSMAN

I WANT IT!

JANE

(snapping pictures)
Wow. This is graphic.

SUGARBABY

Then get down on your knees.

The Bearded Businessman SINKS OUT OF FRAME. MORE BUZZING.

BRIDGET

I like this girl.

Bridget motions: "hand me the camera". As the car echoes with the CLIMAX of "Bad Dog Being Punished", we do QUICK CUTS of:

- Bridget POPPING THE SD CARD OUT OF THE DSLR.
- Bridget UPLOADING THE PHOTOS TO A BURNER PHONE.
- Bridget COMPOSING A TEXT.

The Bearded Businessman exits the building. Gets in his car.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(still composing text)
The world is full of rich bastards:
liars, cheats, cruel hypocrites -
and there are as many ways to
squeeze a sinner as there are sins.
But I can't do it alone.

We see the TEXT: "\$50,000 OR YOUR WIFE SEES THESE, ASSHOLE."

The Bearded Businessman pulls away from the curb. Drives down the street. We see Bridget hit "SEND".

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I mean, isn't it time that Jane -
brilliant, overlooked, put-upon
"Plain Jane" - got a little of what
she deserves?

Down the street, the Businessman's CAR STOPS ABRUPTLY.

JANE
I don't know.

The BURNER PHONE RINGS. Bridget plugs in a VOICE MODULATOR.

BRIDGET
Fifty-fifty split. You could do a
lot of good with that money.

The Burner Phone CONTINUES TO RING.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Are you in or are you out?

Jane grabs the phone. Answers it.

JANE
(voice modulated)
First things first: no police.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. SOUTHCOAST SAVINGS - JANE'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY**

CLOSE ON JANE'S FACE as she sits, staring forward. We hear the MUFFLED HUM of conversation. We slowly push in until:

MRS. LOPEZ (O.S.)
It's a miracle.

JANE
(snapping out of it)
I'm sorry?

REVERSE TO FIND: Mr. and Mrs. Lopez, sitting in front of a MANILA ENVELOPE BULGING WITH CASH.

MRS. LOPEZ
I said it's a miracle.

MR. LOPEZ
Someone dropped it through our mail slot. Twenty five thousand in cash.

JANE
(typing on calculator)
Well, if we apply that against your current balance, that brings your mortgage to--

She turns the calculator around to show them.

JANE (CONT'D)
Zero. With twelve hundred to spare.

A beat. The Lopezes embrace. Jane looks over at Bridget. She doesn't meet her gaze, but offers the slightest of smiles.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - FOYER - EARLY EVENING

An elated Jane enters and tosses her keys on the credenza.

JANE
(calling O.S.)
Neil?

NEIL (O.S.)
I'm in the shower!

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Neil stands under the water, his cast wrapped in plastic.

Jane enters in a robe, holding a beer.

She DROPS THE ROBE and CLIMBS IN WITH HIM.

NEIL

What's this?

JANE

(handing him the bottle)
Shower beer.

He takes it. She KISSES him.

NEIL

Yeah, hon, with my leg and everything, I'm not sure that, y'know, in here is the best idea.

She grabs a washcloth. Soaps it up.

JANE

Look, I want to apologize.

She takes the washcloth and runs it over his body.

JANE (CONT'D)

I know it's difficult for you, being out of work. And going forward, maybe I could be a little more understanding.

NEIL

(drinking his shower beer)
Thanks, babe.

JANE

But today's been a good day, and I've got an egg that's about to drop, so I'm not taking no for an answer.

She RAISES A LEG and LEANS IN. He INHALES SHARPLY.

JANE (CONT'D)

There you go. Welcome back.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

A few OFFICERS mill about. Sean enters, carrying an EVIDENCE BOX LABELED "BARWICK, ALEX - CASE 264".

He drops it on his desk. Earl enters, pulling on his coat.

EARL

What're you doin'? It's quittin' time.

SEAN

I just want to take a look at a few things first.

EARL

(looking at the box)
The shrimp choker?

SEAN

Yeah. Something doesn't feel right.

Sean's phone VIBRATES. The screen says "SHERI".

EARL

You sure you're not just trying to avoid going home?

Sean lets the call ROLL OVER TO VOICEMAIL.

SEAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

EARL

(beat, then, smiling)
Yeah. I'll OK the overtime.
You're a dog with a bone, kid. A dog with a bone.

Earl claps him on the shoulder and exits. Sean smiles after him.

Sean opens the Evidence Box. Inside are Alex's personal effects: photos, briefcase, money clip, keys, WALLET.

Sean opens the Wallet and methodically removes the contents: driver's license, credit cards and a bunch of "FREE ADMISSION COUPONS" for a half-dozen STRIP CLUBS - Spearmint Rhino, Runway 69 - the kind they hand out to regular patrons.

SEAN

(to himself)
Makes sense.

Wedged in among them is a MASS CARD - the kind distributed at Catholic funerals as an obituary remembrance keepsake. The Mass Card reads: "IN MEMORIAM EUNICE MARGARET O'MALLEY, 1920-2020 - ST. MICHAEL'S BY THE SEA."

Sean lines the centenarian's Mass Card up with the six Free Admission "Nudie Coupons" on his desk.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(singing to himself)
One of these things is not like the
other.

INT. BRIDGET'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Bridget enters, POURS A TEQUILA and LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

Then she crosses to the stereo and drops the needle on an album. The Rolling Stone's "UNDER MY THUMB" slinks through the speakers as she opens a LAPTOP and inserts a FLASH DRIVE.

With a few keystrokes she pulls up a loop of TIME-STAMPED DIGITAL VIDEO. REVEAL: it's FOOTAGE FROM THE BANK'S SECURITY CAMERA! It's dark, but we can make out **JANE SPRINTING FROM ALEX'S OFFICE AND SHUTTING OFF THE LIGHTS!**

BRIDGET
Sweetheart, you are so photogenic.
Let's just hope you behave.

As the music continues, Bridget sips her drink and reaches into her bag. She pulls out the Hymnal she stole from the church. Opens it.

REVEAL: IT'S BEEN HOLLOWED OUT - and inside is a STACK OF CASH. She flips through the money, counting rapidly.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Fucking deadbeat.

She pulls out a burner phone and SENDS A TEXT MESSAGE.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT ON A CELL PHONE: A TEXT MESSAGE arrives. The message reads: "YOU'RE SHORT AGAIN. I'M DONE WAITING."

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL: the cell phone is being held by the DESPERATE MAN (the person Sean tackled off the ledge earlier) who now wears a PRIEST'S VESTMENTS.

REVEAL: WE'RE IN THE NAVE OF THE SAME CHURCH FROM EARLIER.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S BY THE SEA - NAVE - CONTINUOUS

Father Desperation looks at the Text Message for a beat and crosses over to a CONFSSIONAL.

He sits down in the Confessional, reaches into his pocket and PULLS OUT A PISTOL. Then he DRAWS THE CURTAIN, puts the gun to his temple and **SHOOTS HIMSELF IN THE HEAD!**

END OF PILOT