

THE NANNY (WORKING TITLE)

Pilot

by

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Revised Network Draft
6/18/21

TEASER

EXT. WILDERNESS - WINTER NIGHT

It's the middle of the night in the middle of the woods-- cold, dark and spooky...

And we're not alone.

We hear someone's feet CRUNCHING down on the hard snow. And the sound of labored, steady BREATHING as they come closer.

A series of QUICK CUTS:

A tangle of low branches snapping under a boot.

A FIGURE moving between the trees.

The figure emerges into a clearing. We see they're wearing a bulky, hooded BLACK PARKA. [WE NEVER SEE THEIR FACE]

They cross a field of deep-packed powder.

At the end of the field is a low stone wall...

The wall leads us to a path...

And the path takes us straight into the heart of...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - MOMENTS LATER

Civilization. The entrance to Central Park at West 86th Street to be exact.

A graveyard shift snowplow barrels by, oozing black slush.

"Black Parka" sits on a park bench, blending into the shadows. They exhale a stream of breath. Waiting. Watching the other side of the street.

EXT. THE ARLINGTON - SAME TIME

THEIR POV: A majestic apartment building with a gated inner courtyard (a la The Dakota or The Apthorp). The awning over the ornate entrance proclaims this "THE ARLINGTON". Despite all the twinkle lights and Christmas wreaths, the building remains forbidding and otherworldly. A Gothic castle in midtown Manhattan.

Below the awning a plump uniformed doorman, HECTOR MALO, dances around to keep warm.

He SINGS a little "Good King Wenceslas", but then-- screw it, no one's around and it's freakin' cold. He sneaks inside, lighting a cigarette as he goes.

We PAN UP the dark windows of the sleeping tenants (visions of hedge funds dancing in their heads)...

Till we reach the tenth floor. The lights are all on and curtains flutter in the freezing wind.

INT. MASON APARTMENT - SAME TIME

We ENTER to find ALLIE MASON sitting at an antique writing desk. She's beautiful, late 30s. Grace Kelly in Jason Wu. But her eyes are red from crying and her hands shake as she finishes writing a note on monogrammed robin's egg blue stationery.

EXT. MASON APARTMENT WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Allie teeters out onto the window ledge in freshly pedicured bare feet.

There's a moment of hesitation. We see her terror as she looks down at the ten stories below.

She turns back. Pleading with SOMEONE O.S.--

ALLIE

Please. Don't make me do this.

No response, or at least none we hear. She turns back to the window. Shuts her eyes.

Like a prayer--

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Keep him safe.

EXT. THE ARLINGTON - MOMENTS LATER

We follow Allie as she arcs out the window...

Crashes into the awning...

And lands on the sidewalk with a sickening thud.

CLOSE ON: Allie's lifeless face.

We PULL OUT to see "Black Parka" reaching towards her. Ever so gently, their gloved hand closes Allie's eyes.

Moments later, Hector the doorman returns to his post.
"Black Parka" is gone.

Hector takes in the broken awning, the crumpled body.

We pull out on his scream.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. THE ARLINGTON - SUMMER MORNING

Hot town, summer in the city. A woman walks right over the spot where Allie's body landed, now shaded by a new awning and well-scrubbed of blood.

This is ELENA VIDAL, early 20s, wide-eyed and pretty even in the dowdiest interview blazer.

She goes up to the doorman. It's Hector, but a shadow of his former self-- gaunt, jittery, haunted.

ELENA

Hi, I'm Elena Vidal. I'm here to see the Masons.

He pales.

INT. THE ARLINGTON ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Hector stares straight ahead as Elena tries to make friendly conversation.

ELENA

Isn't that a little dangerous?

HECTOR

(turning)

Hmm?

She motions toward the two nicotine patches on his neck.

ELENA

Doubling up like that.

HECTOR

Oh. Yeah. Probably.

The elevator doors open. She steps out. Nervously straightens her clothes.

ELENA

Welp, wish me luck!

He just stares at her till the doors shut between them.

INT. MASON APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Elena looks very small seated in the Masons' massive, Architectural Digest-ready living room.

A middle-aged housekeeper, CANDACE ULRICH, places a crystal tumbler and a coaster on the table in front of her.

CANDACE
Here you are, dear.

ELENA
Thank you so much.

Candace discreetly coughs into her elbow.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Nothing worse than a summer cold,
right?

Candace smiles politely and exits.

Elena takes in everything-- the luxurious but understated furnishings, the priceless modern art, the four indentations in the carpet where Allie's desk used to be.

Her eyes stop on a large framed photo of Allie and a LITTLE BOY in happier times.

And then a woman enters looking eerily like Allie.

TORY GOODMAN has the same expensively toned body, the same expensive blonde hair, but she lacks her younger sister's effortless grace. Tory's a striver. And she seems to take an instant dislike to eager, fresh-faced Elena.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Mrs. Mason?

Tory hides how pleased she is by that mistake as she sits.

TORY
No, I'm Mrs. Goodman. I'm-- I was
Mrs. Mason's sister. She passed
away this past winter.

ELENA
Oh. I'm so sorry for your loss.

Nodding, Tory crisply pulls a resume out from a folder, reading Elena's name with a pronounced accent.

TORY

Elena Vidal. Jasper's studying Mandarin, but I suppose it'd be nice for him to pick up Spanish as well.

ELENA

(apologetic)

I don't speak Spanish.

TORY

It says here you were born in El Salvador.

ELENA

We moved back here when I was three. I grew up in Pennsylvania. Mechanicsburg? Near Harrisburg? I did take German in high school. Our teacher was super into baking so I know like two hundred words for cake.

Tory tries to blink all that away before reading on:

TORY

B.A. from Boston College in English and Art History. Hmm, that's interesting.

(re: the room's paintings)

As you can see, art was a great passion for my sister.

ELENA

(re: the painting over the fireplace)

Wow. I've never seen a Picasso in somebody's house before.

TORY

You still haven't. That's a De Kooning.

ELENA

(blushing, mortified)

Yikes. Of course it is.

TORY

And you're a writer?

ELENA

Trying to be. But New York is so crazy expensive. Not that I see this as just a job. I love kids.

(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)

I practically raised my little brother.

TORY

I hope you don't mind me asking...
Do you have a boyfriend?

ELENA

Nope. Hundred percent single.
Happy to work nights, holidays.
Anything you need, I'm your gal.

Wrong answer.

TORY

Elena, you seem very enthusiastic.
But, my nephew's been through a lot.
Someone with a degree in child development or... more life experience might be a better fit.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Gee, I don't know Tory--

ANGLE ON: a man leaning against the doorway. This is MATTHEW MASON--late 30s, wry, self-contained and strikingly handsome.

As he enters and takes a seat next to Tory, opposite Elena:

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

It might be okay for a seven year-old's nanny just to be a kind, responsible person who knows their way around a Lego.

TORY

(pulled up short)
I didn't think you'd be joining us.
Elena, this is my brother-in-law,
Mr.--

MATTHEW

Matthew. Hi. I'm Jasper's dad.

He reaches out to shake Elena's hand and she sees he's not just handsome. He also has the oldest, saddest eyes in the world. A deadly combo.

ELENA

Nice to meet you.

MATTHEW

I'm kind of a student of German desserts myself. Ever had Bienenstich?

ELENA

Oh man, with the custard?

MATTHEW

I got a Fulbright to study architecture for a year in Stuttgart. Gained twenty pounds.

ELENA

Impressive. I mean the twenty pounds obviously, not the Fulbright.

Matthew smiles.

MATTHEW

I assume the agency filled you in on the job details. Hours, money--

ELENA

Uh huh, and it's a live-in position, I'd be living here?

TORY

Not here. There are apartments on the top floor for staff, and the nanny would live there.

ELENA

That'd be amazing. I have five roommates. Four of them are in a band.

MATTHEW

I think calling them apartments is a bit of a stretch. They're the original servants' quarters. Only a few buildings still have them. Kind of cool historically but pretty bare bones.

ELENA

No, it sounds awesome. It'd be like living at Downton Abbey in New York City!

TORY

Yes, well, we have a few other people to meet--

Tory stands and starts ushering Elena out. Matthew follows.

TORY (CONT'D)
But we'll be deciding soon.

ELENA
Oh, um, don't you want me to meet
Jasper? See if we click?

Matthew likes that.

TORY
He's at gymnastics class.

MATTHEW
Look, my son's a really funny,
sweet, smart little boy but since
his mom's accident... It's hard
for him to trust new people and--

Matthew can't hide the catch in his voice.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
I just need someone to help me help
him enjoy being a kid again.

This seems to resonate with Elena.

ELENA
I know I'm young and I don't have a
ton of experience, but I'm a fast
learner. And I would do everything
in my power to help you and your
son. Thank you for your time,
Matthew. Mrs. Goodman.

TORY
Bye bye.

Elena exits and Tory shuts the door.

TORY (CONT'D)
She's a bit--

Tory shrugs dismissively. Matthew subtly tips the scales:

MATTHEW
I don't know. Seemed nice. A
little dorky maybe. I'd be fine
with her or the pretty Danish girl.
You decide.

Matthew leaves Tory to stew on that.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A typically small New York one bedroom, furnished from a big box store without a lot of thought.

Elena enters, puts her keys in a bowl, and pulls a phone from her knock-off purse to check messages. Then she puts the phone down, and surprisingly pulls out a SECOND PHONE. As she scrolls through texts, she walks into the bedroom.

Where she's suddenly grabbed by--

SCOTTIE NIEMITH. Early 30s, sexy, a little unpolished but very sharp and always playing the long game. Though right now with his shirt off, he's all abs and tattoos.

NOTE: When Elena is alone with Scottie, she speaks differently-- tougher and with a slight NY accent.

Taken by surprise, Elena rears back and punches him-- really hard-- in the chest.

SCOTTIE

Ow!

ELENA

What the hell, Scottie! Why would you do that?

SCOTTIE

I wanted to surprise you.

ELENA

Since when do I like surprises?

Contrite, he moves in close but she's still annoyed.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Nah, I'm all sweaty. I need a shower.

SCOTTIE

Come on, don't be mad. How about I show you how sorry I am and then we both take a shower?

She makes a show of considering for a moment. Then she sprawls out on the bed-- a confident, playful challenge.

ELENA

Alright. Let's see just how sorry you are.

Answering her challenge with his own playful smirk, Scottie joins her on the bed. As he helps take off her blazer--

SCOTTIE

So?

ELENA

So, I don't know.

SCOTTIE

I bet you were adorable.

ELENA

I don't think the sister-in-law wants adorable anywhere near him. By the way, the painting over the fireplace isn't a Picasso. It's a "Dekonig" or something.

SCOTTIE

Huh. Maybe he wanted the Picasso in the kid's room.

A pang of guilt crosses her face.

ELENA

You should have heard him talking about the little boy.

SCOTTIE

(mocking voice)

Oh no, was the pretty zillionaire sad? Well maybe if you get the job, you can bang that out of him.

She sits up, hitting him again.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Ow! So violent.

ELENA

You're an asshole.

SCOTTIE

And you're a heartless bitch.
(as he pulls her in close)
Heartless and very, very sexy.

As Scottie leisurely kisses his way up Elena's body, we see her face-- she looks agitated, her mind racing.

ELENA

I have a bad feeling about this. Even if they hire me, sounds like the kid's really messed up. And that woman's going to be up my ass every minute. She lives right upstairs. There's gotta be another way.

SCOTTIE

There isn't.

ELENA

I can't do it.

He pulls back to look at her. Suddenly ice cold. Scary.

SCOTTIE

See that's the thing, "Elena". I know you. I know what you're capable of. And I say you can.

The tension only breaks when they hear one of her phones RINGING in the living room.

Elena rushes out of the bedroom to grab it.

Switching to her sunny, wholesome interview persona for the call:

ELENA

(into the phone)

Hello?

(then)

Seriously?

(then)

Oh my gosh, thank you so much Mrs. Goodman!

(then)

Great, see you then! Bye.

She hangs up. Pensive.

But when she gets back into the bedroom, she's all smiles.

ELENA (CONT'D)

I got it. We're in.

Scottie wraps her in his arms, holding her tight--

SCOTTIE

What'd I tell you? You got skills, baby. We are going to be so rich!

Unaware of the troubled look on Elena's face.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. THE ARLINGTON - EARLY EVENING

Move-in day. Elena exits a cab as THE CABBIE pops the trunk.

INT. THE ARLINGTON LOBBY - A SHORT TIME LATER

Elena carries a duffle bag and a cardboard box. Gallantly struggling with the rest of her stuff is another doorman. Very formal, South African, 60s -- CECIL MAPHALA.

ELENA

You sure you don't mind? I can
make two trips.

CECIL

It's no problem Miss.
(irritation slipping out)
Hector should be here to cover the
lobby.

They pass by MRS. IVEY, an imperious woman in her late 70s wearing perfect, vintage Chanel.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Good evening Mrs. Ivey.

She looks personally affronted by Elena's belongings.

CECIL (CONT'D)

I'm afraid the freight elevator
isn't working at the moment, ma'am.

MRS. IVEY

How unfortunate.

A tall, thin man wearing glasses and too tight running shorts rushes toward the door with a black Lab (we'll learn later this is Tory's husband-- DR. DICK GOODMAN). He's so focussed on his running app he bumps into Cecil.

CECIL

(as though it's his fault)
Pardon me, Doctor.

He barely acknowledges him, but stops when he notices Elena.

DICK

You must be the new nanny. I'm
Dick. And you're Diana, right?

ELENA

Elena. Guess news travels fast.

DICK

Certainly good news.

He's too busy perving to notice his dog going to town on her crotch.

ELENA

(get your dog off me)
Cute dog!

DICK

Aristotle down! Bad boy!

His watch BEEPS.

DICK (CONT'D)

Better get going if I'm going to
get my 5K in. I'm training for an
Ironman.

ELENA

Cool.

DICK

I'll see you around, Ellen.
Welcome to The Arlington.

She gives a polite little smile as he trots off.

ELENA

(to herself)
It's Elena, Dick.

INT. SERVANTS' FLOOR/ELENA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cecil and Elena exit the elevator and it's like they've stepped into the 19th Century-- a poky hallway with uneven, old wood floors and a very small dormer window at one end. Six shiny black doors on each side. A far cry from the opulence down below. Out of earshot of Cecil:

ELENA

Holy shit. It is Downton Abbey.

He leads her to her new "apartment"-- a dreary little room with a slanted ceiling and barely enough room for a single bed, desk and chair, and a small dresser.

Elena puts her box on the bed. She spies a microwave on top of a dorm fridge in the corner.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Ah, I see there's a gourmet kitchen.

She opens the closet-- it's actually a minuscule bathroom.

ELENA (CONT'D)

And a spa bathroom? A girl could get spoiled.

CECIL

You're lucky, there are only three up here.

ELENA

People are living here without indoor plumbing?

CECIL

(shrugging)

These days, most tenants use the rooms for storage.

ELENA

Wait, so am I like the only person up here?

CECIL

Candace, the Goodmans' housekeeper, sometimes stays overnight. The Ramseys' nanny will be back soon. They're in Nantucket for the summer. Mr. Dietricks's son says he wants an office to start an athleisure line--

ELENA

But, for now, I'm all alone?

CECIL

I believe so.

She can't tell if that's good or bad.

INT. ELENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Elena's done some unpacking. The room's slightly less depressing. She's looking for a place to hang a mirror while talking on the phone.

ELENA

(into the phone)

There is a view of the park, but I think the last person who slept here had whatever killed that sister in Little Women.

(then, laughing)

I don't know. Cause rich people are the worst?

(then)

No. But I think it's just me and the kid tomorrow, so I can poke around, check the place out.

She stops. Were those FOOTSTEPS out in the hall?

It's silent now, but she's still unsure.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Gotta call you back.

She drops the phone and opens her door.

She turns on the one bare bulb in the hallway.

It's eerie but empty. All the doors are still closed.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Hello?

She's about to head back into her room when she hears the sound of something BEING DRAGGED across the floor nearby.

And then she SMELLS something curious.

INT. SERVANTS' FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

She tiptoes down the hallway, sniffing around each door.

Finally her nose leads her to the right one. She creaks it open to find--

ELLIOTT ROSENBLUM. He's made a little nest between a pile of storage boxes and an old Nordic Track. Elliott's a mixed race teen with an Afro, thick black glasses and an anachronistic tweed suit. Malcolm Gladwell if he were fifteen and dressed like J.R.R. Tolkien.

Totally nonchalant, Elliott finishes a long, leisurely toke off a joint as he offers Elena a hit.

ELLIOTT

Want some?

ELENA

No thanks.

ELLIOTT

You sure? Friend of mine grows it at his parents' place in Pawling. Totally organic and not one penny goes to perpetuate the hegemony of the Mexican drug cartels.

He puts the joint in a lumpy 6th grade ashtray so he can shake her hand.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Elliott Rosenblum.

ELENA

Elena. How old are you Elliott?

ELLIOTT

Age is but a construct.

ELENA

It really isn't. Your parents know you're up here?

ELLIOTT

Tory Goodman know you like snooping and hate rich people?

Elena cringes.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

It's cool. I'm not going to rat you out. Power to the people, man. We got to stick together.

ELENA

Let me guess, you go to Dalton and your dad's a stockbroker?

ELLIOTT

St. Anne's. Partner at Paul, Weiss. And not that you asked, but Mom's an Endocrinologist at Mount Sinai. Sexist.

She smiles. It's hard not to like this kid.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

At least I'm chagrined by my entitlement. I only wear vintage. And I'm a good person to have on your side.

(MORE)

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

I've lived here my whole life. I know where all the bodies are buried.

ELENA

(playing it off)

That's okay, I'm not big on gossip.

ELLIOTT

I'm not talking about Tory Goodman wanting to bone her brother-in-law. I mean all the heavy shit that goes down here. Did you know this place is haunted? The robber baron who built it "accidentally" drowned in the fountain. People have felt a "malevolent presence" in the basement at night.

ELENA

Probably because they're in a basement at night.

ELLIOTT

There've been at least two murders and three suicides, including Allie Mason's, which is a lot for this tax bracket.

ELENA

(genuinely surprised)

Wait, she killed herself?

He demonstrates with a descending whistle and his hand flopping down on the ground.

ELLIOTT

Straight out the window.

ELENA

Jesus.

ELLIOTT

It was bad. They told everyone it was an accident, and it was all--
 (rubbing his fingers to indicate money)
 Hushed up. But she practically fell on Hector. More like zombie Hector now. Have you met Jasper yet?

She shakes her head.

ELENA

Tomorrow morning. I'm making him
breakfast.

ELLIOTT

Tory's little trial by fire.
That's how she got rid of the last
nanny. She gave him a glass of
Tropicana.

ELENA

And?

He shakes his head, tutting.

ELLIOTT

Don't worry. I got your back.
Actually, this'll be fun. I can be
your very own de Tocqueville,
guiding you as you traverse the
strange new land of the one
percent.

ELENA

You know I'm not going to sleep
with you or show you my underwear
or anything, right?

ELLIOTT

You have trust issues with all men
or just me?

She rolls her eyes.

ELENA

Okay wise one, what do I need to
know?

INT. MASONS' KITCHEN - MONDAY (THE NEXT MORNING)

Elena takes a carton of almond milk out of a Whole Foods bag
as Tory watches closely. She starts to add the milk to a
blender when Tory pounces.

TORY

Is that almond milk? What if
Jasper were allergic to nuts?

ELENA

I'm sorry, I just assumed since you
asked me to get those cashew bars
he isn't.

(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)

And don't worry, the smoothie's packed with antioxidants. It's practically a green juice in disguise. I got the recipe from Vogue.com. Charlize Theron says her kids love it.

There's a beat while Tory considers her in a new light.

TORY

(begrudging)

I guess I'll leave you to it then.

With that, Tory turns on her heel. Elena starts up the blender, smiling like "I can't believe that shit worked!"

INT. MASONS' KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Elena carries the smoothie and a little plate of eggs and turkey bacon (arranged like a smiley face) to the table.

She looks up to see JASPER MASON, a shy, sleepy seven year-old, clinging to Matthew.

MATTHEW

Morning.

ELENA

Morning. Hey Jasper, I'm Elena. It's really nice to meet you.

He buries his face in Matthew's leg.

MATTHEW

Go on, Jas.
(to Elena)
Looks great.

Jasper reluctantly sits while Matthew goes to make coffee.

JASPER

Daddy, she made it a smile.

MATTHEW

I see that. Why don't you say thank you?

JASPER

(very quiet, not looking)
Thank you.

ELENA

You're welcome.

Elena feels pretty good till she sees Jasper move the bacon around to make a frown.

EXT. 92ND STREET Y - LATER

Elena, Jasper and Matthew exit a chauffer-driven SUV and walk towards the entrance.

INT. 92ND STREET Y - MOMENTS LATER

The three of them walk down the hallway amid other PARENTS, NANNIES and KIDS doing drop-off.

MATTHEW

--Pick up's at two, just outside the classroom.

ELENA

Got it.

JASPER

Daddy, can we go to the zoo this week?

Matthew bends down to adjust a strap on Jasper's backpack.

MATTHEW

I'd love to buddy, but I have that deadline, remember? But maybe Elena could take you?

ELENA

I've never been to the zoo. Think you could show me around?

JASPER

(tiny)
Maybe when I know you better.

He gives Jasper a kiss on the top of his head and the boy runs inside his classroom.

Matthew watches him go, then pulls up his iPhone calendar.

MATTHEW

Here, let me give you the schedule for the week.

She takes out a little notebook and a pen.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
(amused, re: her notebook)
Old school, huh?

ELENA
Old laptop. Fried my calendar.

MATTHEW
Okay, there's another art class here on Thursday. Tomorrow and Friday is gymnastics at Elite, then the Mandarin tutor at home at four. Jas is usually pretty good at practicing with his flashcards, but let me know if he gives you a hard time. Wednesday's Stadium Tennis in the Bronx. A car will pick you up for that, and for Piper R.'s birthday party downtown on Thursday. You can call my assistant if you need help with the present. I'd say don't go crazy, try to stay under 200 dollars.

She's so out of her element, but hides it.

ELENA
Under 200. Got it.

When she finishes writing, she sees Matthew looks pained by something behind her.

She turns to see A GAGGLE OF STYLISH MOMS clearly gossiping about him.

He gives them a little wave. One of the moms waves back, but most continue to stare daggers.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Friendly bunch.

MATTHEW
Allie's friends. They still blame me for what happened to her.

ELENA
(carefully digging)
How could they? It was an accident.

He sighs sadly. Decides to tell the truth.

MATTHEW

It wasn't an accident. My parents wanted to see Jasper for Christmas, and Allie kept pushing for me to go. She seemed like she was doing really well. Going to therapy, taking her pills. I should have known she was planning something. I understand why they blame me. I do too.

He realizes he's revealed too much when he looks up and sees the pity on Elena's face.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

Sorry. That was a lot. And wildly inappropriate.

ELENA

No, not at all.

MATTHEW

Uh yeah, so pick up at two.

ELENA

I'll be here.

As he walks away, Elena stares after him. And maybe not just out of pity.

Then she notices the moms are now all gossiping about her.

EXT. 92ND STREET Y - MOMENTS LATER

Elena quickly exits the building and hails a cab.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

SOMEONE'S POV FROM INSIDE A CAR: Elena getting into the cab.

EXT. 92ND STREET Y - MOMENTS LATER

A black sedan starts to follow Elena's cab at a discreet distance.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Elena and Jasper are walking up to the small petting zoo enclosure eating Italian ices. He's wearing a little tennis outfit and she carries his racquet. They're still tentative with each other, but starting to have a rapport.

ELENA

Okay, which would you rather be?
Giraffe or tiger?

JASPER

Tiger.

ELENA

How come?

JASPER

Cause tigers have really, really sharp teeth and they're really, really fast. Eel or octopus?

ELENA

That's a no-brainer. Octopus. Then I could eat eight Italian ices at the same time.

JASPER

(laughing)
But they only have one mouth.

ELENA

Hmm, good point. It's possible I didn't think it through.

A text PINGS. It's from Scottie saying "CALL ME. NOW."

ELENA (CONT'D)

(motioning toward the enclosure)

Hey, why don't you go on in? I'll keep an eye on you out here while I call my friend back real quick.

He considers.

JASPER

Where are you going to be?
Exactly?

ELENA
 Exactly on this bench.
 (sitting)
 I'll be watching you the whole
 time.

He begrudgingly heads towards the enclosure.

JASPER
 They better have lizards in there.

Elena keeps an eye on him while she dials.

ELENA
 (into the phone)
 I can't talk now.
 (then)
 Well, I can't get away during the
 day, and you're working nights.
 (then)
 Okay. Friday at six.
 (then, rolling her eyes)
 The basement, yeah I know. I will.

She hangs up.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)
 Is he yours?

Startled, she turns to see KIMBERLY JAMES-- deadpan, not a
 people person and GRETCHEN KIM-- a midwestern-friendly over-
 sharer sitting on a bench. "The Kims", as they'll be called,
 are both early 20s and are each pushing a sleeping TWIN back
 and forth in an identical, ridiculously fancy British pram.

ELENA
 Oh, no. I'm the nanny.

KIMBERLY
 (dry, re: the prams)
 What do you know, us too.

GRETCHEN
 She's Kimberly, I'm Gretchen.

ELENA
 Elena.

KIMBERLY
 Who do you work for?

ELENA
 Matthew Mason.

Elena clocks the two women sharing a look.

GRETCHEN

So, you're in The Arlington.
There's a really nice live-in
there.

(turning to Kimberly)

What's her name? Jilly? Janey?
You know who I'm talking about.
With the red hair? Kind of emo?

Kimberly shrugs.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

She might still be away for the
summer.

ELENA

I just started.

KIMBERLY

What do you think of your boss?

ELENA

(careful)

He's super nice. Seems like a
really good dad.

KIMBERLY

He better be. That kid's his
little cash cow. Till he turns
eighteen.

That piques Elena's interest.

GRETCHEN

Would you stop? That man's too hot
to be greedy.

(to Elena)

I saw him running in the park a few
weeks ago? I'm still having sex
dreams about it... Though lately,
we're in a giant nest and he's a
bird. Still hot, though.

KIMBERLY

You've got to stop talking about
the bird dreams.

Elena smiles good-naturedly, but is clearly dying to hear
what else these two know.

ELENA

Wow, you both seem to have this whole nanny thing down. I'd love to hear more about--

JASPER (O.S.)

Elena! There aren't any lizards!

KIMBERLY

Uh oh. Sounds like you better go.

Thwarted, Elena reluctantly gets up. As she rushes off--

ELENA

Great meeting you. See ya.

GRETCHEN

You too! Hey, we're here most Wednesdays if you ever want to hang! That's a super cute top! Byeee!

Once she's gone, Gretchen turns to Kimberly.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

We should have told her.

KIMBERLY

She'll figure it out.

INT. MASONS' APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Matthew sits on Jasper's bed, reading to him.

MATTHEW

"And Max, the king of all wild things, was lonely and wanted to be where someone loved him best of all..."

Matthew looks up and sees Jasper's conked out. He kisses his forehead and quietly sneaks towards the door.

As he turns on the night light, he sees some of Jasper's drawings.

The top one is of a tiger and an octopus. Jasper's drawn a big smile on both their faces. Matthew smiles too.

He flips through earlier drawings. These are darker, sadder. The eyes on the people all strangely large.

He looks gutted by one in particular-- a spooky blonde figure floating above a little boy.

INT. MASONS' APARTMENT - FRIDAY EARLY EVENING

Elena and Jasper sit on the floor playing with Legos.

Matthew comes in, dropping off his work bag and takeout food on the counter.

MATTHEW

Hey folks. How's the construction biz?

JASPER

Daddy! Can Elena stay for dinner?

He comes over, kissing Jasper on his head. To Elena:

MATTHEW

Uh, you're welcome to. If you--

ELENA

I'm meeting a friend at six, so--

JASPER

No! Make her stay!

MATTHEW

Buddy, you'll see Elena tomorrow. Why don't you go get washed up?

Jasper trudges off with a theatrical sigh.

JASPER

It's not fair.

ELENA

Bye Jasper.

Once he's gone--

ELENA (CONT'D)

I would if I could.

MATTHEW

Please. I'm glad he likes you so much. So, good job. Yay, tantrum.

ELENA

He wants me to meet "his" whale at The Natural History Museum tomorrow if that's okay.

MATTHEW

Whoa, he really likes you. By the way, have you seen the Rothko show?

ELENA

Uh no. I wasn't sure if Jasper was allowed to watch TV.

He smiles. Then realizes she's not joking.

MATTHEW

I thought since you were such an art aficionado, you might want my tickets for the Mark Rothko exhibit at MOMA.

ELENA

(covering, with a self-deprecating laugh)

Oh, that Rothko. The world's most famous abstract expressionist. Sorry, long day. I'd love that, thank you.

(motioning to the door)

Um, do you mind if I--

MATTHEW

Right. Have a good dinner.

ELENA

See you tomorrow.

Elena exits. Leaving Matthew sitting there, thinking.

INT. ARLINGTON ELEVATOR - SHORT TIME LATER

Elena is heading down from the top floor with her jacket and purse. She presses the button for the lobby a million times.

ELENA

Come on already! Are bougie people never in a hurry?

Speaking of bougie people-- the elevator stops and Tory steps in, giving Elena an oddly friendly smile. Elena pastes on her own sweet smile.

TORY

Just the person I wanted to see.

ELENA

(uh oh)

Me?

TORY

Candace has the flu or something,
and I'm having people over tonight.
I'd pay you of course. Twenty
bucks an hour? Just to set up and
clean a few glasses.

ELENA

Shoot--
(re: her purse)
I'm just on my way out.

TORY

I'd consider it a huge, personal
favor. And I do remember you
saying, "anything you need".

ELENA

(defeated)
Sure. I'd love to help.

TORY

Terrific. Do you have an LBD?
(off Elena's blank look)
Little black dress?
(looking her up and down)
Never mind, I'll find you
something.

Off Elena's dubious face, we cut to--

INT. TORY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Elena stationed at the front door of Tory's decorated-within-an-inch-of-its-life apartment with a tray of drinks. She's wearing a black dress (very Belle De Jour) and looks amazing.

Matthew comes in, shocked to see her.

ELENA

(shrugging)
Candace is sick and Mrs. Goodman
asked if I could help.

He looks pissed.

MATTHEW

You don't work for her, she
shouldn't be asking you--

ELENA

I don't mind. Really. Would you
like a "Tory-tini"?

(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)
 (whispering, between us)
 I might of made them crazy strong.

He takes one of the drinks and lingers. About to say something, till MORE GUESTS arrive and he moves off.

INT. TORY'S APARTMENT - LATER

The party's in full swing. Elena passes around a tray of food. Among the small crowd, we CUT AROUND to see:

-Mrs. Ivey, the Chanel-clad snoot from the lobby...

-Elliott, in a 1970s-style ruffled shirt TUXEDO, standing with his stunning Haitian mother (DR. HELEN LAFLEUR) and nebbishy father (CRAIG ROSENBLUM)...

-Tory introducing A GUEST to her college-aged stepdaughters-- DARCY AND BENNET GOODMAN. There isn't any love lost between Tory and the girls, who both look bored to tears.

INT. TORY'S APARTMENT - LATER

A frustrated Matthew is looking at a set of blueprints with NED CROWE, a pushy neighbor.

NED
 But think how much this place could be worth with a little reno.

MATTHEW
 I'm not recommending we tear apart a whole floor in a landmark building, just so you can have a gym.

Elena's intently eavesdropping when Elliott sidles up to her.

ELLIOTT
 Hanging on his every word already? That's so Jane Eyre of you.

ELENA
 (playing it off)
 Jealous?

ELLIOTT
 Hardly. I'd introduce you to my parents, but they might think we're getting too serious too fast.

Elena smiles.

Then she notices Dr. Dick Goodman, the perv from the lobby, having an intense conversation with Mrs. Ivey. Evidently, he's quite messy when he drinks.

ELENA
(motioning)
What's going on over there with
Grandma Chanel and Dr. Perv?

ELLIOTT
You mean Mrs. Ivey and Dr. Goodman.

ELENA
Dr. Goodman? As in--

ELLIOTT
Tory Goodman's husband.

Elena has a momentary bout of empathy for Tory.

ELENA
Okay, wow. That explains a lot.

ELLIOTT
He better watch it. Mrs. Ivey is
scary as shit. She made the
building ban trick or treating.
Who does that?

ELENA
A monster. Why do they do what she
says?

ELLIOTT
She runs the co-op board. And
everything else around here. Her
father was Alistair Arlington.

ELENA
The guy who built this place?

ELLIOTT
(nodding)
She's lived in the same apartment
her whole life. How freaky is
that?

ELENA
Guess she knows where all the
bodies are buried just like you.

The crowd quiets and we hear a snippet of Dr. Goodman's rant:

DICK
 I'm her husband. I'm sick and
 tired of getting an allowance like
 I'm a goddamned child!

While Tory looks frozen in fury and embarrassment, Bennet and Darcy rush over to pull their dad away. Quietly, as they go:

DARCY
 Come on, Dad. Tory's gonna freak.

BENNET
 Why were you yelling? Everyone
 could hear.

Mrs. Ivey catches Elena watching the whole scene go down. And Elliott's right, she is scary.

INT. TORY'S APARTMENT - LATER

All the guests have gone home. Elena's gathering up plates and glasses from the still fairly immaculate living room.

Tory pads in from the back of the apartment; make-up free, in yoga pants and looking wrung out.

TORY
 Ugh. This place is a disaster.

She notices the glasses in Elena's hands.

TORY (CONT'D)
 Oh don't worry about all that,
 Candace can deal with it tomorrow.

ELENA
 I don't know if she'll be back at
 work if she has the flu. I don't
 mind staying.

Tory surprises Elena with an affectionate pat on her arm.

TORY
 That's very nice of you, Elena.
 Alright then, guess I'm off to bed.

She leaves, subtly grabbing a bottle of wine on her way out.

The second Tory disappears, Elena goes over to the blueprints still unrolled on a table-- methodically snapping pictures of each one with her phone.

Then, she cases the room. She opens a cabinet drawer and is starting to dig through it, when she sees Matthew coming through the front door. She stops on a dime.

ELENA
(cool as a cucumber)
Hey, you're back.

He points to the blueprints.

MATTHEW
Forgot these.

He starts rolling them up. She helps, "casually noticing" the blueprints:

ELENA
Are you doing something to the basement?

MATTHEW
Not me. I was roped into being a liaison between the architect and the board. I don't really do this kind of high-end stuff.

ELENA
What kind of stuff do you do?

MATTHEW
Low-income housing, community centers, that kind of thing.

ELENA
That's really admirable.

MATTHEW
I don't know about that. But I know what it's like not to have a decent place to live, and I can do something about it, so...

ELENA
You didn't grow up with all this?

MATTHEW
God no. I still can't believe I'm anywhere near "all this" now.

He goes to leave and then stops. Turns around.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Why'd you lie?

ELENA

What?

MATTHEW

It's a pretty easy thing to find out. You didn't go to Boston College. And you definitely didn't major in Art History. Why lie about it?

Elena looks almost happy that's the lie he discovered.

ELENA

Honestly? I was broke and I needed a job. The nanny agency said people want college grads. I knew this girl from home who went there and studied that, so I said I did. I did get into Penn State, but I never went.

MATTHEW

Why not?

ELENA

(intense, real)
 Couldn't afford it. Had to work. Like I said, I raised my brother. I don't regret it or anything. I'm glad I could be there for him.

Matthew looks torn.

MATTHEW

I can't have someone around my son I can't trust.

ELENA

I know. I'm just sorry I let you and Jasper down.

She walks past him towards the door.

MATTHEW

Were you lying about knowing two hundred German words for cake?

She turns to see he's almost smiling. Has she been forgiven?

ELENA

(I don't lie about
 dessert)
 Ich lüge nicht beim dessert.

He comes towards her.

MATTHEW

Jasper really likes you. More than he's liked anyone in a long time. I don't want him to have to start over with someone new. But you can't lie to me again, okay?

ELENA

I won't. I swear.

They're standing so close. And there's a flash of heat between them.

But before anything happens, Matthew takes a quick step back as if regaining his balance.

MATTHEW

Whoa, I think somebody made those drinks too strong.

ELENA

(brushing it off too)
I warned you.

MATTHEW

I'd better go sleep it off. See you tomorrow.

ELENA

Good night. And thank you for giving me a second chance.

He leaves. Elena exhales a deep breath-- reacting to what just happened, and almost happened, now that she's alone.

Only she's not alone.

We PAN OVER to the other side of the room to see Tory hidden in the hallway, strangling the corkscrew in her hand. If looks could kill.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ELENA'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Elena runs in and shuts the door. Still on edge.

Then she notices her "Scottie" phone on the bed.

She scrolls through a series of progressively angrier texts--

INSERT: WHERE R U? TEXT ME BACK!! GOING TO BED, COFFEE SHOP
TOMORROW 9 A.M., NO EXCUSES!!!!

She sighs, taking in all the ways she just screwed up.

ELENA

Shit.

INT. SERVANTS' FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

She marches down the hall and opens the door to Elliott's room. Happy to see a fresh, new joint by the ashtray.

INT. ELENA'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Elena is laying on her bed with the ashtray on her stomach. She takes a long toke, already feeling it.

INT. ELENA'S ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Elena wakes up on her bed, still in her clothes. Still high. She pats the bed, feeling around for the joint.

JOCELYN (O.S.)

(Irish accent, raspy)

On the floor, love. You're lucky
you didn't burn the place down.

She startles to find JOCELYN MUNDY-- a pretty 20-something REDHEAD sitting at her desk. She wears a vintage thrift store dress and a scarf around her neck. An eccentric outfit for summer in New York.

Elena thinks. Everything's a bit fuzzy.

ELENA

Are you Jilly or Janey?

JOCELYN

Jocelyn.

ELENA

(nodding)

Right. I've heard about you. I'm Elena. The new nanny. For the moment.

JOCELYN

That bad?

ELENA

Hasn't been great.

Elena reaches over and snags the joint and the lighter from the floor. Before she lights up--

ELENA (CONT'D)

Want some? It's organic you'll be happy to know.

Jocelyn shakes her head with a wry smile.

JOCELYN

It was tough for me too in the beginning. I was so homesick.

ELENA

(a sore subject)

Yeah, that's never been my problem. I think you have to have an actual home to be homesick.

JOCELYN

Then what is the problem?

ELENA

I don't know. It's hard being here. Even harder than I thought.

JOCELYN

It's a strange job. You're part of their lives, till you're not. Just remember, you can't trust any of them. No matter what he tells you.

ELENA

(stifling a yawn)

Who's he? You mean Matthew?

JOCELYN

It's late. I should go.

Jocelyn opens the door to leave, appraising the room.

JOCEYN

If I were you, I'd put the mirror
across from the bed. And hang some
curtains. This room gets so much
sun in the morning.

Jocelyn turns off the light--

JOCELYN

Sweet dreams.

And closes the door.

Elena shuts her eyes, enjoying the cool breeze from the
window. In a moment, she's fast asleep. But from her face,
it doesn't seem like a sweet dream at all.

INT. ELENA'S ROOM - SATURDAY MORNING

Elena sputters awake. Feeling like crap. She squints from
the sun in her eyes. Checks the time on her phone. Uh oh.

INT. ELENA'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Elena rushes from her room with bedhead and thrown on jeans.
As she exits, she hears a woman quietly talking (O.S.).

ELENA

Jocelyn?

She peeks into one of the rooms where the door is ajar.

Her POV: Candace, the Goodmans' housekeeper, all wrapped up
in bed, coughing and feverish. Next to her is Cecil, the
dignified doorman, wearing only his boxer shorts and black
socks. He affectionately checks her forehead temperature.

On Elena's surprised face, we cut to--

INT. GREEK DINER - SHORT TIME LATER

Scottie, looking very different in a suit and tie, sits in a
booth with two cups of coffee. He checks his watch.

Elena rushes in. She gives him a peck, sits down across from
him, grabbing one of the coffees.

ELENA

Sorry, I know I'm late.

SCOTTIE
Only by about 15 hours.

ELENA
(on the defensive)
The party took longer than I thought. It was good, though. I think this witchy old lady, Mrs. Ivey, could be helpful. I got pics of some blueprints, may be more recent than the ones we have.

At that, some of the tension dissipates.

SCOTTIE
That's promising. What about the basement?

ELENA
I've been busy.

SCOTTIE
Not at night.

ELENA
Maybe I don't want to wander around some creepy old basement at night.

He gives her an curious, appraising look.

SCOTTIE
What's up with you? You've been weird ever since you got there.
(looking closer)
Are you hungover?

ELENA
(covering with indignance)
No. I didn't have a single drink last night.

She sees he's not going to be put off.

ELENA (CONT'D)
It's only been a few days. I've gotta be careful. Everyone's in everyone's business over there. Seriously, there is no privacy. And I have to run around to all these lessons and do these dumb flashcards. And then Matthew--

SCOTTIE
Oh, it's Matthew is it?

ELENA
(blowing past that)
He knows I didn't go to that
college.

SCOTTIE
What? The woman at the agency was
supposed to warn me if--

ELENA
I handled it. We're good.

SCOTTIE
(pointed)
Are we?

They study each other. After a beat...

ELENA
Did you know Allie Mason killed
herself, that she literally jumped
out a window?

SCOTTIE
Does it matter? We didn't know
her.

ELENA
Anything else you forget to tell
me?

SCOTTIE
(poker face)
You know everything I know.

She doesn't look convinced, but doesn't press further.
Instead, she grabs his watch to check the time.

ELENA
I have to get back. I have to take
the kid somewhere.

She gets up to go, but he pulls her in for a long kiss.

That's when we see underneath his jacket-- A HOLSTERED GUN
AND AN NYPD DETECTIVE BADGE.

SCOTTIE
I hate worrying about you. Take
care of yourself, okay?

ELENA
I always do.

INT. AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - LATER

Elena and Jasper are looking up at the famous fiberglass blue whale hanging from the ceiling.

ELENA
That's a whale, alright.

JASPER
Guess how much she weighs?

ELENA
100 million pounds?

JASPER
That's a terrible guess.

ELENA
1000 pounds?

JASPER
Are you even trying?

ELENA
Just tell me, smarty pants.

JASPER
21,000 pounds. And she's not a
that, she's a she.

ELENA
Jeez, I'm so glad we're standing
under her.

JASPER
You don't have to be scared. She's
been up there a long time. My mom
used to come see her when she was a
kid. This was her favorite place
too. We have that in common.

Elena looks at him, her heart breaking a little for the boy.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Come on, we do the dioramas next.

ELENA
Then what?

JASPER
(obviously)
Then we get ice cream.

Elena smiles as he leads the way.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - LATER

Elena and Jasper are walking home. He seems amped up from the ice cream he's holding-- barely able to walk and not run.

While they wait for the light to change, Elena bends down to quickly tie her shoe. When she stands back up, Jasper's no longer by her side.

She sees he's darted ahead and is crossing the street.

ELENA
Jasper, wait for me!

JASPER
I know the way from here.

He runs ahead on the park side of the street.

ELENA
Jasper! Stop!

As Elena wades through strolling PEDESTRIANS, she loses sight of him completely.

Then she spots him again. He's now running back across traffic towards The Arlington.

She hurries to catch up, just as a black sedan comes racing towards him (THE SAME KIND OF BLACK SEDAN THAT FOLLOWED ELENA OUTSIDE THE Y).

It's just about to hit him when Elena dives in and hurls them both to the safety of the curb.

She holds him in her arms, as the sedan screeches off.

Jasper buries his head in her neck.

ELENA (CONT'D)
You're okay, it's okay. I'm here.

INT. JASPER'S ROOM - LATER

Jasper is tucked in bed asleep. His arm's in a sling and he has a scrape on his chin.

INT. THE MASONS' LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Dr. Goodman is on the phone, while Matthew, Elena and Tory stand watching.

DICK
 Alright. Thanks again.

He hangs up.

DICK (CONT'D)
 Pete said the resident was quite thorough. Slight dislocation of the shoulder, minor abrasions. Very lucky considering.

ELENA
 (to Matthew)
 I am so sorry.

TORY
 You're fired. Fire her Matthew.

ELENA
 (genuinely emotional)
 I tried to stop him from running ahead. And that driver must have seen him. But he didn't slow down at all. He just kept coming closer and closer--

TORY
 Oh, it's the driver's fault that a little boy was running in traffic? I don't care what podunk burg you grew up in, this is New York. You have any idea how many lunatics we have here? It's your job to watch him every single moment.

Matthew sighs, heavy with worry.

MATTHEW
 I'm going to go check on Jasper.

But the doorbell RINGS.

TORY
 I'll get it.

She goes to answer, but Matthew pushes past her.

MATTHEW
I'll get it.

He opens the door. It's Mrs. Ivey.

MRS. IVEY
 How's he doing?

MATTHEW

Pretty shaken up. His arm's--

DICK

Slight dislocation of the shoulder, minor abrasions.

MRS. IVEY

Hmm, and to think how much worse it could have been if it hadn't been for Elena.

TORY

What?

Mrs. Ivey comes closer.

MRS. IVEY

Oh, I saw the whole, terrible thing from my kitchen window. I was making my matcha as I do after my morning floor exercises, and there was Jasper bolting out into the street, right in front of a car. But then Elena rushed out and saved him. I tell you, the woman's a hero.

All eyes turn to Elena, who looks at Mrs. Ivey in amazement.

INT. HALLWAY/MRS. IVEY'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Mrs. Ivey answers the door, imperious even in a leotard and carrying tiny free weights, to find Elena shyly holding a plate of homemade cookies.

ELENA

Mrs. Ivey, hi. Just wanted to drop these off for you.

MRS. IVEY

A platter of ill-formed sweets. The perfect gift for a diabetic who lives alone.

ELENA

Uh, well, it's to thank you for yesterday. Your kind words and for sharing what you saw.

MRS. IVEY
I wasn't being kind. And I
certainly didn't see any of that.
What am I, an eagle?

ELENA
Then why'd you stick up for me?

MRS. IVEY
So you'd owe me, of course.

With that, she turns on her heel, leaving the door ajar.

MRS. IVEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Well? Are you coming or not?

Elena, now at a total loss, tentatively enters.

INT. MRS. IVEY'S APARTMENT - A SHORT TIME LATER

Mrs. Ivey and a cautious Elena are seated in Mrs. Ivey's living room which is decorated in chic but eccentric fashion-- Diana Vreeland-esque red lacquered walls, A Warhol silkscreen of her in wilder, younger days, tons of silver-framed photos of family and friends over the years.

MRS. IVEY
Did you know Jasper's mother was my
grand niece?

Elena shakes her head.

MRS. IVEY (CONT'D)
Tory and that libidinous goon of a
husband I could do without, but I
was very fond of Allie. She was
lovely. Certainly deserved more
than she got.

ELENA
I'm so sorry for your loss.

MRS. IVEY
I didn't lose her, she was taken.

ELENA
Oh?

MRS. IVEY
You can drop the doe eyes, Bambi.
I'm not buying it.

ELENA

I'm not sure I understand.

MRS. IVEY

Really? At Tory's party you struck me as such a curious, observant girl.

They stare at each other for a beat, sizing each other up.

ELENA

(more herself)

What do you want?

MRS. IVEY

There she is. Not much. Just keep an eye on Matthew for me.

ELENA

Why?

MRS. IVEY

I don't like him. I don't trust him. And I think he killed his wife.

Elena takes that in. Treading lightly, as though Mrs. Ivey might not be all there:

ELENA

I don't mean to be insensitive but, I thought she... you know... Are you saying he pushed her?

MRS. IVEY

Someone forced her out on that ledge, physically or psychologically.

Seeing Elena isn't convinced--

MRS. IVEY (CONT'D)

Allie was devoted to Jasper, she wouldn't leave him like that. And he may play the grieving widower, but that man never struck me as a particularly loving husband.

ELENA

What do you mean?

MRS. IVEY

Suffice to say, a third of The Arlington Trust is a lot of money.

(MORE)

MRS. IVEY (CONT'D)

From what I know of Matthew Mason,
I'm not surprised he'd marry, or
kill, to get it.

Off Elena, eyes wide, taking that in...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - EARLY EVENING

Elena is running. She flinches when she passes by the spot where Jasper was almost hit by the car.

INT. ARLINGTON LOBBY - LATER

Elena comes in out of breath. Waves to Cecil as she walks toward the elevator. She can't help but eavesdrop as he complains to someone on the phone:

CECIL

(into the phone, angry)
I don't care what he's been
through, it isn't fair. No more
cigarette breaks, and no more
covering for him.

INT. HALLWAY/ELENA'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Elena knocks on a couple of doors, looking for Jocelyn or Elliott, but no one's around.

She goes to open her door, only to find it's ajar.

She enters to find a brand new MacBook Air wrapped with a big red bow on her desk. She opens the attached card.

INSERT CARD: I can never thank you enough for what you did for Jasper. But I thank you anyway. Happy writing. Best, Matthew

Off Elena, looking both wary and a little creeped out...

EXT. ARLINGTON COURTYARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Elena walks by the courtyard fountain.

Checking to see the coast is clear, she expertly picks the padlock on a fence. And slips down the steep concrete steps leading to the basement.

INT. ARLINGTON BASEMENT - LATER

Elena is walking around in the dark, using her phone as a flashlight and following a blueprint on the screen.

At first she passes through the industrial "bowels" of the building-- wires, pipes, rough hewn cement blocks, the requisite roach and rat traps...

Before coming to a little dead end hallway/room "finished" in cheap, water-damaged dry wall and chipping lead paint.

Using a small crowbar, she pulls back a section of dry wall, revealing a hidden door.

She pushes and pushes until it finally gives, only to find it's just a closet full of old cleaning supplies, mops. And even older roach and rat traps.

She's about to leave when she notices a flicker of light behind one of the wooden slats at the back of the closet.

She carefully removes some of the supplies, and the shelves to find another door.

Elena opens it and enters what must have once been a grand banquet or meeting hall when The Arlington was first built.

On the wall is a painting of a stern-looking bearded man. Elena wipes away the dust on the bottom of the frame to read the nameplate-- it's a portrait of ALISTAIR ARLINGTON.

She takes in the faded beauty of the original hardwood wainscoting, the crystal chandeliers and the William Morris-style flowered wallpaper.

Only when she looks closer, does she realize the wallpaper isn't covered in flowers at all, but rather it's an intricate pattern of hundreds and hundreds of EYES.

She gasps. That's when Elena notices for the first time that she can see her breath. When did the room become so cold?

Now officially freaked out, she rushes back to where she came in. But the door she left open has somehow closed.

Trying not to panic, she smooths her hand along the wallpaper, looking for the outline of the door.

When she does find a door, it doesn't lead to the back of a closet, but to a hallway.

And in the hallway is an old La-Z-Boy recliner next to an ashtray full of cigarette butts. ONE CIGARETTE STILL SMOKING.

Elena bolts out of there as fast as she can.

She runs towards the steps leading to the outside, phone shaking in her hand.

She's almost there when she trips and drops it.

She scrabbles around on the floor, in the dark, till she manages to find the phone and light her way again.

And that's when she sees something at the bottom of the stairs...

The body of Hector, the doorman. Eyes open, head at an unnatural tilt. Dead in a pool of blood.

EXT. THE ARLINGTON COURTYARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

As Hector's covered body is taken out on a stretcher by EMTS, we see PEOPLE FROM THE BUILDING gathered in various states of shock and grief:

-A teary-eyed Cecil, standing alone, wracked with guilt...

-Elliott's parents, Dr. Helen Lafleur and Craig Rosenblum, holding each other for emotional support as they talk to an unaffected Ned Crowe (all three last seen at Tory's party).

HELEN

Evidently that's where he was sneaking off to go smoke. And he was trying so hard to quit.

CRAIG

That poor man. It's just so terrible.

NED

Something should be done about those steps, it's a liability issue.

A UNIFORMED COP hands some papers to the DETECTIVE taking a statement from Elena. As the cop moves off, we see the Detective she's talking to is none other than Scottie.

SCOTTIE

(telling, not asking)
So you're saying, you came back from your run. Heard a noise. Saw the fence was open. You went down to check and found the deceased? Is that correct?

ELENA
 (still shaken, by rote)
 Yes, that's what happened.

SCOTTIE
 Then I think I have everything I
 need from you. Looks like he
 simply fell down the stairs, but
 we'll have to cordon off the
 basement until it's cleared as a
 possible crime scene.

ELENA
 I understand.

He takes her hand in his.

SCOTTIE
 Here's my card. Don't hesitate to
 call day or night. And try to get
 some rest, Ms. Vidal, you've had a
 rough night.

With a nod, Elena leaves to go upstairs.

INT. THE GOODMANS' BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tory and Dick in bed. He's snoring away, she's up watching
 TV and drinking wine, too agitated to sleep.

INT. MRS. IVEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Mrs. Ivey is alone, doing her nightly sit-ups.

Across from her is Allie's old writing desk. Covered with
 more family photos. Including a faded black and white of
 stern-looking, bearded Alistair Arlington holding a BABY in
 his arms by The Arlington fountain. In the background, we
 might notice the blur of a WOMAN in a long scarf.

INT. MASONS' APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Matthew looks at his wife's impressive walk-in closet. All
 her clothes, bags, rows and rows of shoes organized by color
 and season. Neat as a pin. As though she were still alive.

Suddenly he starts throwing the bags to the floor, kicking
 shoes off the shelves, ripping dresses off hangers.

He stops when he sees a hidden stash of letters written on
 Allie's signature robin's egg blue stationery.

For the first time his eyes aren't sad, they're full of anger.

INT. ELENA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Elena stands on her bed, putting up her new curtains, when GINNY ANGELI-- a cool, stylish twenty-something woman with dyed magenta hair-- knocks on her open door.

GINNY

Hey, you must be Elena.

ELENA

(curious)

Hello.

GINNY

I'm Ginny. I've heard good things about you from Elliott Rosenblum.

(bemused)

Though I should be mad. Sounds like you stole him away while I was in Nantucket.

ELENA

(catching on)

Oh, so you work with Jocelyn?

GINNY

Who's Jocelyn?

ELENA

(how can you not know)

Irish accent, raspy voice? She was here the other night.

GINNY

You mean Candace? Grey hair, kind of older...

ELENA

No, I know who Candace is. Jocelyn's our age, she's a nanny.

GINNY

I didn't hear about anyone new, besides you. You could ask around, but I'm pretty sure we're the only ones up here.

Off Elena's puzzled face...

INT. ELENA'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Elena is Googling on her new computer. Not expecting much, she types in "Jocelyn nanny The Arlington". Clicks on a link.

And there's a picture of Jocelyn Mundy, the pretty redhead Elena met the other night.

Only it's attached to an article in "The New York Times" from almost 80 years ago. The headline reads: ARLINGTON NANNY LEAPS TO HER DEATH. As Elena reads on, we see the words "WINDOW", "TOP FLOOR" and "SERVANTS' QUARTERS".

Elena gasps.

Slowly, she turns to her new curtains fluttering in the open window. The same window Jocelyn jumped/was pushed out of?!

Repelled but also somehow drawn towards it, Elena walks to the window... parting the curtains and carefully peering down at all the floors below.

Which is when she clocks something barely visible in the shadows on the park side of the street: A FIGURE IN A BLACK HOODED JACKET sitting on a bench. Elena squints-- is it a man? Is it a woman? It's impossible to tell much of anything as their hood hides their face. But then the figure turns their head, suddenly looking straight up at Elena... Now all she sees is their eerie smile below the hood.

Elena quickly shuts the windows and draws the curtains.

We leave her standing alone in her room-- confused, shaken and afraid.

EXT. ARLINGTON - LATER

P.O.V. from the park bench-- One by one, the lights in The Arlington turn off for the night.

Only the lights at the very top, in Elena's room, stay on.

And there "we" sit. Waiting. Watching.

END OF EPISODE