

APPLES NEVER FALL

PILOT

Written by  
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Based on the novel, APPLES NEVER FALL  
By Liane Moriarty

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OVER BLACK:

SELF-HELP PODCAST  
...and then you have to face the  
question so many of us have been  
ducking for years, which is...

FADE IN:

INT. PRODUCE SECTION - UPSCALE MARKET - PALM BEACH - DAY

POV of a GROCERY CART as it clatters past flawless produce--

SELF-HELP PODCAST  
...why am I so angry?

As we pass impossibly vibrant fruits...

SELF-HELP PODCAST (CONT'D)  
Not a crime, by the way.

At a MOUND OF RED APPLES as a HAND grabs one, examines it,  
spinning it like a tennis ball. This move belongs to--

JOY DELANEY (early 60s). Keen, bright eyes. Tan face framed  
by a WHITE HOODIE with a DELANEY TENNIS ACADEMY LOGO on it.  
She's lean, fit, moves with the agility of an athlete and  
radiates can-do energy. She's selecting apples, deeply  
absorbed in the PODCAST on her EARBUDS--

SELF-HELP PODCAST (CONT'D)  
It's a *logical* reaction to the  
denial of our own needs, that  
results in the obliteration of the--

Joy JUMPS as a MAN'S HAND touches her arm. She pops out her  
earbuds, turns to see-- JACOB AZINOVIC (late 20s) with his  
mom, CARO (50s). Joy's neighbors. Caro is spry, kind, nosy.  
Jacob is rumped, warm, devoted to Caro.

JACOB  
Didn't mean to scare you, Mrs. D.!

CARO  
You didn't hear us?

JOY  
No! I was just--  
(indicates her earbuds)  
Should probably pay more attention.

CARO  
Jacob's always telling me that.

Jacob nods, moves to the berries. Caro leans close, concerned-

CARO (CONT'D)  
So... Everything okay?

JOY  
Of course! Why?

CARO  
A few nights ago I was in the  
backyard and--I wasn't *listening*  
but sound travels--and I heard you  
and Stan arguing. It got pretty--

JOY  
Things are fine, Caro. Great! I'm  
making a crumble for Stan. I'll  
bring you some later, okay?

Joy smiles brightly. But as Caro moves on, we stay with  
Joy...and see something darker in her eyes.

EXT. A1A - INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY - PALM BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Shimmering beauty everywhere we look on this island made of  
money. Palm trees sway against the perfect sky. Mansions line  
the road--Neoclassical, Beaux Arts, Italian Renaissance. On  
display...but out of reach. Into this pedals--

Joy. Earbuds in. On her bike. Apples in her basket. As she  
rides, she passes the TOO-TAN MEN driving cars that cost more  
than a Midwestern mortgage... The TOO-THIN WOMEN with their  
jewels and feline facelifts... As she takes this all in--

SELF-HELP PODCAST (V.O.)  
Maybe you think you don't have  
enough *reason* to feel this way...

EXT. FLAGLER BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Joy bikes over the LAGOON, leaving Palm Beach behind...

SELF-HELP PODCAST (V.O.)  
But that is just your psyche trying  
to invalidate your truth...

EXT. VARIOUS SIDE STREETS - WEST PALM BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Joy rides along the *much* more humble streets of WEST PALM.  
Past the strip malls, middle class homes...

SELF-HELP PODCAST (V.O.)  
Let's say maybe life let you down.

She slows down as she passes the MICHAEL GARCES TENNIS ACADEMY, with its giant SMILING TENNIS BALL SIGN...

SELF-HELP PODCAST (V.O.)  
Or loved ones disappointed you...

A CAR HORN gets Joy's attention. A CONVERTIBLE filled with TEENAGERS in tennis whites passes by. They wave, shout--

TEENAGERS  
Mrs. D! Hey Mrs. D! Hi!

ON the car as it grows smaller and smaller in the distance--

SELF-HELP PODCAST (V.O.)  
But if there's anything evolution teaches us, it's that our survival depends upon our ability to--

The podcast suddenly STOPS. We WHIP AROUND to find Joy but--

She's GONE. Just her bike crumpled on the side of the road. Wheels spinning. Deep drops of BLOOD smeared on the pavement.

ONE APPLE plops out of the basket, rolls through the blood, into the middle of the road...where a CAR CRUSHES it.

AMY (V.O.)  
(upset, urgent)  
I can feel it. Something bad has happened to her...

EXT. TABLE - BENNY'S ON THE BEACH - LAKE WORTH PIER - DAY

The DELANEY KIDS--all of them with the physical presence and power of people raised to be athletes--in a tense confab about their mom, Joy. Coffees going cold in front of them.

There's AMY (late mid 30s). Tattooed, with blue streaks in her hair. New Age-y camouflage for a woman who needs to deflect expectation. The access she has to *all* her emotions makes her very different from her sibs--

AMY  
And I don't want you saying--

Now LOGAN (early 30s), a scruffy-hot yoga teacher whose main job is helping run a marina...functions as a peace-keeper in this family. All the balance and control he attempts is really about his *deep need* to feel a peace that eludes him.

LOGAN

You're over-reacting, Amy.

AMY

*That.* Because you always say that when I'm upset. No word from mom for two days. I've left five messages, gobs of texts. We all have. No response. We all should be upset.

TROY (mid 30s) leans in. An expensively charismatic VC guy in the tech field, he uses his confidence as armor while looking for approval he'll never get. As he checks bio data on his PHONE from his HEALTH-MONITORING RING--

TROY

I'm with you, Ame--look, my heart rate's crazy--but I'm not *panicking* yet. Maybe she's just busy?

AMY

But she *hasn't* been busy! That's the problem--

Finally...BROOKE (late 20s), sporting the khaki-and-polo shirt uniform of Brooke Delaney Physical Therapy. The contained energy of a woman who always has a plan, even when she shouldn't. It's how she hides her vulnerability.

BROOKE

I think we should take a breath--

AMY

You take a breath. I went by the house. Dad wasn't there, but I checked. Her meds were there. Her purse...

(a shiver)

I started calling local hospitals--

LOGAN

(kidding)

Maybe you want to file a missing persons report while you're at it.

(off Amy's look)

Oh no. You *didn't*.

AMY

According to the Sheriff's office she's an adult. No law against going off on her own, blah-blah.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

So they'd need more concrete info before saying she's *officially* missing.

(a beat)

We all know if she's not answering our calls or texts...it's because she *can't*.

BROOKE

Or because she doesn't want to.

AMY

Why wouldn't she want to?!

BROOKE

Because we're assholes?

Amy rolls her eyes.

TROY

Okay. What about dad? Anyone talk to him?

LOGAN

(not worried at all)

I was supposed to help with the lawn yesterday, but he called, said not to bother. His knee felt better so he was going to do it himself.

AMY

Did you ask him about *mom*?

LOGAN

Yeah. Said she was out running errands and he didn't know when she'd be back. Sounded fine to me.

BROOKE

Look-- Look-- This is ridiculous-- Just call him. Right now--

TROY

You call. He actually likes you.

She whips her PHONE out, quickly dials a number...

BROOKE

Fine. Let's get to the bottom--

Her call (on SPEAKER) is warmly answered by--

STAN (ON PHONE)

Hey, honey. What's up?

BROOKE

(brightly)

Hey, dad. Listen, I've been trying to get a hold of mom. Is she there? Can you put her on?

STAN (ON PHONE)

Sorry. She's at the mall again. Why don't you try her cell?

BROOKE

I have. But she isn't returning calls or texts or--

STAN (ON PHONE)

Wouldn't take it personally. Maybe her phone's on the fritz. I'll let her know you called. Listen, gotta run. Court time with Higgins. Love you.

BROOKE

Love you t--

He hangs up. A moment as everyone's unsettled by this call.

AMY

Well?

TROY

(as it hits him...)

Wow. I-- I think...he's lying.

LOGAN

Why would he--

TROY

Because maybe...he finally snapped? You know how he could be with mom.

BROOKE

You're wrong. They have a good marriage.

Her siblings look at her skeptically--

BROOKE (CONT'D)

They just hit a bumpy patch!

TROY

It wasn't a bump, Brooke.

(a beat)

It was an epic betrayal.

PRELAP: CELEBRATORY MUSIC rises up and we--

CUT TO:

**TITLE SEQUENCE**

The MUSIC CONTINUES as we watch--

A VIDEO TRIBUTE honoring the career and life of JOY AND STAN DELANEY. The CLIPS are emotional, exuberant, intimate. Spanning *decades*. We see...

Joy and Stan proudly in front of their academy... Stan's discipline as a coach... Students as they strive to please him... Their own children on the courts... Students winning matches, Joy and Stan winning... All of it capturing their love for their sport, students, children...

PRELAP: A BURST OF LAUGHTER FROM A CROWD takes us to--

**THEN.**

INT. WEST PALM BEACH TENNIS CLUB - EVENING

We now realize that we've been watching a video at--

Joy and Stan's RETIREMENT PARTY. The room decorated, packed with friends, students. All enjoying...the final CLIP playing on the LARGE SCREEN. Of Troy, Brooke, Logan, Amy--

TROY (ON VIDEO)

We know the Academy was your life.  
And we grew up on those courts.

BROOKE (ON VIDEO)

But here's to a new chapter. You earned it. We know it's gonna be hard...

LOGAN (ON VIDEO)

But your only job now is to relax, okay?

AMY (ON VIDEO)

Happy retirement, mom and dad!

TROY, BROOKE, AMY, LOGAN (ON VIDEO)

We love you!

Joy beams as the room CHEERS. She leans into STAN (mid 60s) as he puts his arm around her. Gorgeous couple. He's broad-shouldered, tan, with a face made more handsome by the lines etched in it. A lion of a man, moved by this tribute.



Amy blows her nose. Logan's comforted by his partner, INDIRA DESAI (mid 30s, South Indian). Headed into post-doc work in geology, she combines a sharp curiosity with emotional clarity.

Brooke, teary, leans on her fiancé GINA SOLIS (late 30s, LatinX). A restaurateur with contagious energy, not too sensitive. Troy is...stoic.

COMMISSIONER SOSA (PRELAP)  
Tireless. Kind. Devoted. Brilliant.

INT. WEST PALM BEACH TENNIS CLUB - LATER

City Commissioner CLAUDIA SOSA (40s, LatinX) at the front of the room. Joy and Stan stand near her.

COMMISSIONER SOSA  
Ask people in West Palm Beach about Stan and Joy Delaney, and those words come up again and again...

Joy fans her face, trying to contain her emotions--

COMMISSIONER SOSA (CONT'D)  
After all you've done for all of us, here's something from the City Commissioners' Office, honoring the decades you've given to our local tennis community. And what you've given the world! Can't forget that you even had a former student-- Harry Haddad--win a Grand Slam! Amazing!

The crowd APPLAUDS. But we see the expressions of the entire Delaney family tighten. Joy inhales. Stan's jaw clenches. Siblings shoot glances at each other.

COMMISSIONER SOSA (CONT'D)  
Joy and Stan, there are better backhands, better groundstrokes-- better people--all around this city, and beyond, thanks to you.

She presents Joy and Stan with a PLAQUE.

NOTE: We'll see in the diverse crowd the friends who'll be important as our mystery unfolds. CARO AZINOVIC (met her earlier); tennis pals SULIN and ROGER HO (50s, Chinese); friend DEBBIE CHRISTOS (50s, White); cleaning person BARB MCMAHON (40s, White); hair stylist NARELLE GARRETT (30s, Black); irritating dentist MARK HIGGINS (40s, Korean).

JOY

Thank you, Commissioner Sosa. It's just...wow. Friends, students who became friends... You made the Delaney Tennis Academy a real success. We always said it was an honor to coach you, to watch you grow and succeed. As people, as players. Also, Mike? Mike Garces?

MICHAEL GARCES (40s, tan, taut) waves.

JOY (CONT'D)

Thanks for buying it! Phew!

ON Logan as he winces at that comment (for reasons we will discover later...)

JOY (CONT'D)

(growing emotional)

To Amy, Logan, Brooke, Troy... You had to share us with hundreds of kids--our Academy family. But now I get to make up for that lost time! Brooke, Gina? Guess who's available full-time to help with the wedding? Seriously. Let's get this done.

Gina pulls Brooke close--

BROOKE

We've got this, mom!

JOY

(moving on)

Logan, Indira...? There you are. Somebody put a ring on it, okay?

Logan and Indira smile, uncomfortable in the spotlight.

STAN

Joy Delaney, people! Never not coaching!

LAUGHTER rises up. Stan kisses Joy as he takes the mic--

STAN (CONT'D)

I'm not as eloquent as my wife. Which means I'll actually be able to keep this brief...

She playfully slaps his arm--

STAN (CONT'D)

I know I was a tough coach. But I always saw the best in my students. Wasn't going to stop till I brought it out. Till you reached your potential. And you did. I'm proud of you.

FORMER STUDENT

We love you, Stan!

He gets emotional, tries to step away, but Joy nabs him--

JOY

One last thing... Stan, I have a little surprise. Something we always hoped would happen for us-- either as young players, or later as coaches... But the years flew by and well... Honey, it's finally our time. We are going to...

(she pauses for effect)

...Wimbledon!

The crowd CHEERS! The kids CHEER! This is *huge* for them. Joy and Stan hug. Joy gestures to their kids--

JOY (CONT'D)

C'mon! Come up here!

Joy pulls her kids close for a PHOTO. The image of them is stunning. Tan arms around broad shoulders. Leaning easily into each other. So connected, so strong. This family looks *perfect* together--everyone can see it. Everyone envies it.

Joy glows at the center of them, so proud. OFF her shining optimism and the CAMERA'S FLASH--

EXT. DELANEY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

A middle-class house in a middle-class neighborhood that had aspirations when it was built in the '80s. We PUSH INTO--

INT. KITCHEN - DELANEY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

The room is dark. A LIGHT turns ON. Joy in her PJs. Can't sleep. Pours a glass of water. Sees the PLAQUE from earlier. Picks it up. It reads: "*Stan and Joy Delaney. In recognition of 35 years of outstanding coaching and...*"

She SIGHS. She then picks up her PHONE, checks a family TEXT CHAIN in which she texted to all her kids earlier in the night: **BRUNCH TOMORROW I'LL COOK?** The responses are disappointing. Troy: **WORKING**. Brooke: **CAN'T**. Logan: **RAIN CHECK**. Amy: **MANATEES**.

Joy looks out to the YARD. At the TENNIS COURT that dominates it. Then--

*FLASH: 20 years ago. This SAME ROOM. Exploding with light and life as YOUNG AMY, TROY, LOGAN, BROOKE burst through the door from the court. All noise and sweat and chaos, rushing around her like water as she happily shouts after them. Then--*

We're back in the moment...with its deafening, lonely SILENCE. Joy turns OFF the light.

CUT TO:

**NOW. MISSING 2 DAYS.**

INT. LIVING ROOM - TROY'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

In spite of being surrounded by the finest comforts money can buy... Troy is *not* relaxed. He's on his COMPUTER, ZOOMING with Amy, in the funky KITCHEN of her RENTAL HOUSE... Brooke, in her COZY DEN... And Logan, doing paperwork in the OFFICE at the SMALL MARINA he manages--

TROY

Thanks for hopping on.  
(noticing)  
What are you doing, Loge?

LOGAN

Reviewing new dock leases.

TROY

Scintillating. But stop.

Logan rolls his eyes, but stops.

TROY (CONT'D)

Since I didn't buy dad's whole "she's out shopping" bit today, I did some digging. Checked on mom's credit and debit cards, withdrawals...

BROOKE

Wait. You have access to that stuff?

TROY

Not the point, Brooke.

(focusing)

No activity for two days. Not since the grocery store. Nothing at the mall. So the guy is, at the very least, lying. Maybe even covering something up.

This ripples through the group. Amy's shaken--

AMY

Maybe we should take *this* to the police?

BROOKE

Or maybe there's a sensible explanation before we launch into some sort of crazy--

Just then... Amy's very handsome, very young housemate, SIMON BARRINGTON (24, half accountant/half Abercrombie ad) walks by, deliberately on camera. Subtly crushing on Amy.

TROY

Who's that? Who the fuck are you?

SIMON

(leaning in)

I'm Amy's housemate, Simon Barrington. Nice to meet--

AMY

Private family business, Simon.

SIMON

(ducking out)

Right. Sorry, sorry...

BROOKE

Ame. He tried to smell your *hair*. Time to get your own place.

AMY

You gonna pay for it?

TROY

Can we please stay on task?

LOGAN

Excuse me, but why aren't we talking about *her*.

(a potent beat)

Savannah.

That name lands like a bomb. Brooke is triggered, angry--

BROOKE

Because I never ever want to talk  
about her, to her, or see her ever--

TROY

She did enough damage.

LOGAN

Yeah. And maybe she's not done.

CUT TO:

**THEN**

INT. FRONT DOOR/LIVING ROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Joy welcomes Amy, Troy and Logan (all *sort of* dressed for tennis). Their voices and bodies fill the room. Joy *loves* it.

(NOTE: On walls and shelves we see scores of TROPHIES and PHOTOS, a lifetime of tennis. The vast majority belong to the kids and Joy. Stan keeps *his* trophies in his office.)

AMY, TROY, LOGAN

Welcome home! How was London? You  
look great!

JOY

C'mere, c'mere... Oh Logan, that  
shirt... Amy, sweetie, *sunscreen*...  
(bear hug from Troy)  
Stop it! Stop it!

Logan notices a slew of PAINT TEST SWATCHES on a wall--

LOGAN

Whoa. That's a lot.

Stan enters (no hugs)--

STAN

The woman can't stop. Now that  
she's home all day, she thinks we  
need to paint--

JOY

And get a new rug, clean the  
garage, re-grout the bathroom--

STAN

You kids see? Garces took down the sign.

TROY

Kinda how it works.

STAN

Feels *abrupt*, is all I'm saying.

TROY

Six weeks is not abrupt--

STAN (CONT'D)

After more than three *decades*?

JOY

Where's Brooke?

INT./EXT. BROOKE'S CAR - DELANEY HOUSE - SAME

Brooke FACETIMES with her accountant BENNETT (60s, patient, kind, droll around the edges). She's distraught.

BROOKE

It's a lull. Businesses have lulls.

BENNETT

But it's not just this quarter. It's the two quarters before this one. And the one before--

BROOKE

Stop. I get it.

BENNETT

As your friend, I know this sucks. But as your accountant... I have to propose some changes.

She sees Joy peering out the window at her, waving her in. It only increases the pressure Brooke feels right now--

BROOKE

Can I hold on till winter? Those snowbirds are always a mess. Could be a *windfall*.

BENNETT

It's the next few months I'm worried about. Could be make or break for--

It's too much for her. She ends the call.

INT. DINING ROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - LATER

Joy in her element with her kids around the table. She feeds and wrangles them as they eat. Chewing, talking, chaos. Gatherings like this mean *everything* to her.

JOY

Logan. The body needs protein.

LOGAN

I get protein. Just not from animal products. Plus I'm doing more teacher training and it just feels cleaner to not eat meat.

STAN

I don't get it. Yoga is not a sport. And those outfits are emasculating.

JOY

Not always.

TROY

How much do you make teaching?

LOGAN

Don't worry. Keeping my day job.

JOY

I was thinking... Remember how much you kids loved s'mores when you were little? I thought later tonight it'd be fun to make--

TROY, BROOKE, AMY, LOGAN

Can't. Not tonight. Next time...

JOY

Fine, fine, another time...

Brooke maneuvers the conversation--

BROOKE

Hey. Did you do those exercises so you wouldn't get blood clots?

JOY

Of course!

STAN

Nope.

JOY (CONT'D)

Free wifi on the flight was nice. Used the time to do some sleuthing.

(MORE)



JOY (CONT'D)  
 (to Troy)  
 Claire is *still* seeing that guy.

TROY  
 I think it's great. We are divorced.

JOY  
 (under her breath)  
 Not yet.

TROY  
 I'm seeing someone...

*Oooohs* from the siblings around the table--

TROY (CONT'D)  
 Yeah. She's incredible. Insanely smart, successful, very attractive--

STAN  
 She play tennis?

TROY  
 Not really.

STAN  
 Claire loved tennis. She was perfect.

Everyone groans.

STAN (CONT'D)	JOY
Not <i>her</i> fault she's not at this table.	(cautioning) Can you not...?

Troy tenses at Stan's dig, focuses on his food.

AMY  
 (changing the subject)  
 In case anyone's wondering, I'm loving my job at Manatee Village. And we're solvent again. Say what you want about Jimmy Buffett, but the man can write a check.

STAN	AMY (CONT'D)
You know, anytime you wanna finally get your degree--	Da-ad.

TROY  
 Maybe she doesn't want a degree--

STAN  
Okay, Mr. Stanford.

AMY  
(getting overwhelmed)  
Anyone need another drink?

JOY  
Good idea, honey.

The kids all gesture for more booze. Amy heads to the bar...

BROOKE  
I have some news--

JOY  
You're pregnant?!

STAN  
Jesus Christ, Joy.

BROOKE  
Mom, I've had three drinks--

JOY  
I drank all through my pregnancies.  
We were just heartier then.

BROOKE  
Anyway. I *am* writing a weekly  
fitness column for The Post. Really  
getting Delaney PT out there.

STAN  
Business good?

BROOKE  
(a moment, then--)  
Really good, yeah.

Stan squeezes her hand. We see how much his approval means to her. And how the other kids clock it.

STAN  
See, Ame? Brooke did it. Set her  
sights and made it happen.

Brooke brightens with pride. Amy sags. Joy tries to help--

JOY  
Everyone has their own journey...

LOGAN

Shouldn't we be talking about your trip? How was it?

AMY, BROOKE, TROY

Yeah. Please. Details!

JOY

Oh Wimbledon was just...*wonderful*. You feel the history, the talent--

STAN

I was less crazy about it. All about money now. Too flashy.  
(pointedly to Troy)  
You'd love it.

Troy puffs his cheeks.

JOY

Why d'you have such a *bug* up your--

A sudden argument flares between Joy and Stan--

STAN

I'm just talking! They asked, I answered! And it did feel more like Troy's--

JOY (CONT'D)

You're so critical, Stan! Keep it on the court! Not at the table--

Just then... Troy's phone RINGS. Stopping the fight like a bell in a boxing match. He hits IGNORE then-- SILENCE. The kids look at each other: *What was that all about?*

JOY (CONT'D)

(brightly)

Okay. How 'bout we grab our rackets?

EXT. TENNIS COURT - BACK YARD - DELANEY HOUSE - LATER

Joy watches as Stan and Brooke play Logan and Amy. The kids are terrific, but Stan critiques every swing. Troy sidles up--

TROY

Why's dad in such a mood? You tell him I paid for the trip? Because that'd really piss him off.

JOY

No. We'll keep that a secret.

TROY  
 (carefully wading deeper)  
 Something happen when you guys were  
 gone? 'Cause that fight was...

JOY  
 You know dad...

TROY  
 That's what I'm worried about.  
 (a beat)  
 Is it happening again?

He's touching a painful family truth. It makes Joy emotional.  
 She hesitates, then opens up--

JOY  
 I just thought everything would be  
 better by now. But--

Before she can go any further, an OUTBURST from the court--

STAN  
 Amy! Coulda handled that when you  
 were twelve!

AMY  
 Maybe I'm not twelve anymore! God!

She storms off the court, upset, past Joy and Troy.

LOGAN  
 Well, I'm out.

He walks off the court. Brooke shouts to her siblings--

BROOKE  
 You guys suck.

She walks off, leaving Stan, alone--

STAN  
 Our children are getting soft, Joy.  
 (a challenge to Troy)  
 How about you, hot shot?

JOY  
 Maybe it's time for some pie?

TROY  
 (meeting the challenge)  
 Racket's in my car...

OFF Joy, dreading this--

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DELANEY HOUSE - LATER

Late in the game between Troy and Stan. It's brutal. Both are exhausted, sweating, both have something to prove. Stan is a great player. But Troy has youth on his side and uses it.

TROY  
Getting pretty wobbly, old man.

A hard volley back to Stan--

TROY (CONT'D)  
Just say when...

STAN  
You call that a backhand?

He smashes a shot at Troy--

STAN (CONT'D)  
What? Afraid of wrecking your  
manicure?

Their trash talk continues in the background as... A worried Joy watches with Logan, Brooke and Amy--

JOY  
(under her breath)  
And this is why I can't have  
anything nice...

Stan starts to favor his knee. Troy sees this, slices a shot to Stan's weak side. Stan misses it, stops, panting, holding his knee. Troy gets ready to move in for the kill. Then--

JOY (CONT'D)  
That's enough! Both of you.

OFF Troy, looking at his limping dad. No satisfaction in this victory.

INT. BATHROOM - BROOKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooke bobs in the tub, drinking wine. She drains her glass...grabs the bottle and refills. The FRONT DOOR opens--

GINA (O.S.)  
Hello? You home?

BROOKE  
In here.

Gina enters. Sees the wine and Brooke's flushed face--

GINA

Wow. Guess the party's started.

Gina kisses her. The warmth between them is real, intimate--

BROOKE

How's work?

GINA

Great. The new menu is about done and my parents are getting used to me being in charge. Progress.

Brooke smiles, but Gina sees that she's upset--

GINA (CONT'D)

So. How'd it go with your folks?

Brooke drains her wine glass--

GINA (CONT'D)

You didn't tell him, did you?

Brooke grabs the wine bottle, fills her glass--

BROOKE

This is what normal people never get about competitive athletes. And how they raise their kids... Winners stay in the sun. Losers wind up...

Gina kneels down, looks Brooke in the eye--

GINA

You know that's fucked up and that I love you. No matter what.

Brooke struggles to keep her emotions under control. Finally--

BROOKE

Thank you. For being normal.

GINA

*Ish.*

Gina grabs the washcloth, washes Brooke's back--

GINA (CONT'D)

Did I miss any good drama?

BROOKE

Troy almost killed dad on the court. Literally.

GINA

Not surprised. Remember what I said? After I met everyone for the first time?

BROOKE

That we all had great legs?

GINA

And the violence. I said there was a violence in all of you...

PRELAP: A SHARP METALLIC SCRAPING takes us to--

INT. KITCHEN - LIVING ROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a LARGE KNIFE as Joy uses it to scrape a plate into the trash while she listens to a PODCAST on her earbuds--

RADICAL RETIREE PODCAST (PRELAP)

...but what the *radical* retiree knows is that if you made it this far...you are *winning*.

As she picks up the dirty glasses on the table that's filled with dishes. The counters are also covered. So much work ahead of her...

RADICAL RETIREE PODCAST (CONT'D)

...you can look at your entire life and be *inspired* by it...

As she glances at the shelf of TROPHIES...

RADICAL RETIREE PODCAST (CONT'D)

Remember: your accomplishments do not disappear when you stop working...they are your *legacy*...

She sees Stan rifling through drawers, searching...

RADICAL RETIREE PODCAST (CONT'D)

Part of this legacy is the *people*--

Stan is gesturing to her--she pops out her earbuds.

STAN

Where's my iPad? Did you move it?

JOY

Maybe you moved it and forgot--

Just before this escalates-- A POUNDING on the FRONT DOOR.

STAN

The hell?

More POUNDING. Joy and Stan SNAP INTO ACTION. They RUSH to the DOOR as the POUNDING continues. FLING it open and--

A YOUNG WOMAN falls into Stan's arms. Trembling, crying, terrified. No shoes on her feet. A DEEP CUT on her right temple. Blood and tears streaked down her face--

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh my god, thank you, thank you--

Stan and Joy look at each other, stunned.

INT. KITCHEN - DINING ROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The Young Woman dabs a cloth on her bleeding face. Her hands shake. Her body tight with fear, adrenaline. We see she's older than we thought. (33 years old...but easily passes for 25.) A tiny gem in her pierced nose. A few delicate tattoos. A fragile beauty to her. Joy and Stan hover--

STAN

You're *sure* we don't know you?  
Because you look--

She shakes her head. Stan looks at Joy. They're wary.

JOY

How-- How did this happen to you?

YOUNG WOMAN

My boyfriend. He's-- It happened so fast. We got into an argument and he just-- God, I never thought--

She stops, overcome.

STAN

He hit you?

YOUNG WOMAN

No. Not really.

STAN

Not really?

JOY

*Stan.*



YOUNG WOMAN

It's okay. We got into a stupid fight and-- I had to get away. I never-- God, I'm so sorry.

JOY

It's okay. Is there anyone we can call for you? Family? Friends?

YOUNG WOMAN

No. No one.

STAN

We should call the police--

YOUNG WOMAN

No! Please don't! I just need to catch my breath.

She looks up at Joy and Stan, her eyes earnest, vulnerable--

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please.

INT. KITCHEN - DELANEY HOUSE - LATER

The Young Woman sits at the table, still shaken, but eating like she hasn't eaten in *days*. Joy sits near her as Stan looks out the window, making sure no one's out there...

YOUNG WOMAN

So there was *nothing* in Atlanta for us any more. No reason to stay. I mean, once his job at that dealership just disappeared...like things do now. And the restaurant I worked at... furloughed everyone. So we thought "Why not start over?" American Dream, right?

Joy scoops more food onto Savannah's plate...

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. So we moved here and it was great--until he lost his *new* job. I think it was the last straw. Because he just...changed.

Stan stays on track, tries to make sense of things--

STAN

Sorry. I need to back up. You two were driving when he got angry--

YOUNG WOMAN

It happened so fast. One minute we were talking, then I guess I pushed him about applying for other jobs, and then he started yelling at me and punching the steering wheel--

JOY

So he got physical--

YOUNG WOMAN

--and when I tried to calm him down he started grabbing at me--

STAN

(gestures to his face)  
And that's how all this--

YOUNG WOMAN

No. I jumped. When he slowed down at a light, I just-- jumped out of the car and I guess I fell. But then I ran. Left my purse, my phone--

JOY

Did he chase you?

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't know. I just kept running. Until I got to this street. And...you had the most lights on.  
(a beat)

That's it. I'm afraid the story isn't very interesting. Just sort of crazy. I mean, you can think you're too smart or too in love for this kind of thing to happen. But--

She can't help it--she starts to cry.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. God, what a mess.

Joy is moved as she watches her.

JOY

You're a strong girl, I can tell. It's okay. You're gonna be okay.

A small smile between her and Joy. Then Joy remembers--

JOY (CONT'D)

Oh, we didn't even-- I'm Joy. This guy is Stan.

YOUNG WOMAN

Thank you for opening your door,  
Joy and Stan.

(a beat)

I'm Savannah.

CUT TO:

**NOW. MISSING 3 DAYS.**

EXT. PARKING LOT - BROOKE DELANEY PHYSICAL THERAPY - MORNING

Logan hops out of his car, on his phone. His expression tense--

LOGAN (ON PHONE)

Nothing? Are you *sure*, because--  
Got it. Thank you.

Hurries into--

INT. BROOKE DELANEY PHYSICAL THERAPY - CONTINUOUS

Logan enters to find Brooke impatiently waiting for him. Only one other client there--a RETIREEE in a neck brace--exercising with another THERAPIST.

BROOKE

Just because the session's free  
doesn't mean you don't need to be  
on time--

LOGAN

Sorry. I was--  
(lowers his voice)  
I've been trying to find Savannah.

BROOKE

(dreading this)  
Oh. Okay...

LOGAN

Yeah. Called the number we had for  
her. Disconnected. Looked for other  
numbers, addresses. Nothing.

BROOKE

So she's disappeared too?

LOGAN  
 Brooke-- It's like she never  
 existed.

CUT TO:

THEN.

INT. BATHROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - LATER

Joy runs a cloth under the tap, washing the blood from it. As the red washes over her fingers and swirls down the drain...

SAVANNAH (O.S.)  
 You have a healing touch...

Joy sits next to Savannah on the edge of the tub, using the cloth to clean the cut on Savannah's face.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
 Are you a nurse?

JOY  
 No! Tennis. We ran a tennis  
 academy.

SAVANNAH  
 You're an athlete?

JOY  
 Used to be. Then a coach. And a  
 mom. Raised kids who played hard,  
 fought hard. So. Lots of practice  
 with cuts, bumps, broken bones...

Joy reaches for the hydrogen peroxide, dabs it on the cut...

SAVANNAH  
 How many kids?

JOY  
 Four. Two boys, two girls.

SAVANNAH  
 Nice. Can I ask-- What're their  
 names? What do they do? Do they--  
 (stops herself)  
 Sorry. I don't mean to be nosy. It  
 just keeps my mind off of--

She gestures to her cut with a still-shaky hand. Joy understands and is happy to talk, happy someone is *listening*--

JOY

Well...

(proudly)

There's Troy, he's a venture capitalist, whatever that is. He's my rock... And Brooke. She has her own business--physical therapy. Now she has a healing touch.

(doubting herself)

Oh you don't want to hear me brag. It's boring!

SAVANNAH

It's not! It's nice to hear about a normal family. Troy, Brooke *and*...

JOY

Logan. He threw us a curveball...

(philosophically)

Thought he'd take over the academy. But he prefers boats and yoga.

SAVANNAH

That sounds peaceful.

JOY

Then there's Amy...

(hiding disappointment)

She's our searcher.

SAVANNAH

They're lucky to have you as a mom. You're good at it. I can tell.

JOY

Being a mom is something you never feel very good at. Never feel like you're getting it right. You're always disappointing *someone*.

Joy reaches for the box of band-aides...

SAVANNAH

I *know* my mom felt that. She wasn't ready to be a mom. I wasn't a great daughter. She's been gone a few years, so...

JOY

I'm sorry to hear that.

A moment then--

SAVANNAH

It's so late. I should really-- You probably have to work in the morning--

JOY

Nope. We're retired.

SAVANNAH

Doesn't mean you don't have a busy day planned.

Joy *isn't* busy. That's the problem.

JOY

Honestly, we're still trying to figure out the whole retirement thing. Having so much free time, what to do with it... And the kids... I was hoping to see them a lot more, but they're busy...

Savannah nods. We STAY ON JOY'S FACE as Savannah speaks. Seeing the emotion in Joy's eyes as Savannah expresses exactly how Joy feels about her *own* life--

SAVANNAH

People don't understand how easy it is to feel ignored. We all want to feel appreciated.

(embarrassed)

Ugh. I did it again. Talk talk talk. I'm sorry.

JOY

No need to apologize.

As she puts the bandage on Savannah's cut--

JOY (CONT'D)

There you go.

Their eyes meet. Something kindred sparking between them...

SAVANNAH

You've been amazing. Thank you.

Joy nods. Then--

JOY

Where will you go?

SAVANNAH

I'll figure it out. It'll be okay.

Then Savannah hugs her, holds onto her--

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
You saved my life tonight.

These words move Joy. She feels *seen* and *appreciated* by Savannah. It's what she doesn't get from her own family. The hug lasts for a long breath. Then Joy gets an idea--

JOY  
Stay. Stay the night.

CUT TO:

**NOW. MISSING 3 DAYS.**

INT. HALLWAY - CAFE - WEST PALM BEACH TENNIS CLUB - DAY

Brooke, in her work uniform, posts a FLYER for BROOKE DELANEY PHYSICAL THERAPY on the Club's bulletin board. On second thought, posts *two*.

As she heads out, she passes the CAFE. Spots... DEBBIE CHRISTOS and SULIN HO having lunch, fresh from a game. (We recognize them from the retirement party.) They're partners in a small real estate agency--both trim, vital, accessorized. They don't miss a thing. Brooke beelines--

BROOKE  
Debbie! Sulin! Hey!

SULIN  
Look at you! All official in your outfit. Very sharp!

But Brooke's on a sleuthing mission. Tries to sound casual--

BROOKE  
Have you guys talked to my mom?  
Seen her around here or anything?

DEBBIE  
No. Not for a few days--

SULIN  
We have our usual match on Tuesdays. But she was under the weather this week.

BROOKE  
You *talked* to her?

SULIN  
No. Your dad called.

Oh oh.

BROOKE  
He did?

SULIN  
Yeah. It was sweet of him.

DEBBIE  
Hope she's better. No pressure, but  
we need her for Ladies' Day next  
week. She's our ace.

BROOKE  
Yeah. Yes. She's...I'm sure she'll  
be back by then.

Brooke, her mind spinning, hurries away--

CUT TO:

**THEN**

INT. JOY AND STAN'S BEDROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - LATER

Joy emerges from the en suite to find Stan stacking their  
phones, laptops and his iPad on the dresser.

JOY  
Are you serious?

STAN  
Wanna get cleaned out--or worse--  
while we sleep?

JOY  
I don't think--

STAN  
You sure didn't think tonight! You--  
(sotto)  
--you just tucked her into Amy's  
room! Who does that?!

JOY  
(sotto)  
Good people do that, Stan!



STAN

Good people...right before they're murdered.

JOY

Don't be silly.

STAN (CONT'D)

You should've asked me. We should've *discussed*--

JOY (CONT'D)

Okay. Fine. It was a little impulsive. But it's not every night someone falls through the front door. And it's not like we didn't let dozens of kids stay here over the years. We've always had an open-door policy when it came to kids who needed help--

STAN

We *knew* those kids. Those kids were our students! We don't know who this one is! Could be a maniac.

As Joy climbs into bed--

JOY

We know enough.

(a beat)

She's a victim of domestic violence. Of a man who couldn't control his rage.

Joy chose those words carefully. They're pointed, carry a message for Stan and override his protests.

STAN

Okay. But I probably won't sleep much tonight.

JOY

(with some side-eye)

Well, give it a shot.

She opens a book. He gets into bed, turns ON the TV, channel surfs.

JOY (CONT'D)

I know she's here because something awful happened. But her energy, everything-- Reminds me of the kids when they'd tear through here. But she's different, too.

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)

I think she's what Amy would call  
an "old soul." We had a great talk.  
She really *listens*, you know?

She looks at Stan--who is *not* listening.

JOY (CONT'D)

Stan?

STAN

Sorry, what?

Joy sighs. Returns to her book. Stan's surfing lands him on a  
SPORTS CHANNEL. He freezes when he sees what's on it--

STAN (CONT'D)

No way, no way--

On TV...FOOTAGE of a man dominating a tennis match. It's  
HARRY HADDAD (late 20s). Every inch of him declares his  
extraordinary talent, skill and killer instinct.

SPORTS REPORTER

--the incomparable Grand Slam champ  
whose abrupt retirement three years  
ago left tennis without one of its  
brightest stars...

STAN

(suddenly tense)

I knew he wasn't done. I knew it.

SPORTS REPORTER

...and now Haddad's return promises  
to galvanize the sport again as he--

Stan groans. Joy hits MUTE. Tries to comfort him--

JOY

Stars come out of retirement all  
the time.

STAN

Not stars who stabbed me in the  
back. Jesus, whatta night.

He dives under the covers. Joy looks at Harry on the TV, and  
we now see what she didn't reveal to Stan. That Harry's  
return scares her...

INT. MAIN BEDROOM - TROY'S PENTHOUSE - SAME

An out-of-breath Troy is tangled up in D. Porthault bedding and the tan legs and arms of an equally breathless LUCIA FORTINO (early 40s). A woman with a high IQ and higher expectations. And they are a great match.

LUCIA  
You really know how to close. You know that, right?

TROY  
It's a gift.

He pulls her close, wanting to connect. She checks the time--

TROY (CONT'D)  
Don't--

LUCIA  
It's so late. I gotta--

She pries herself away from him, gets out of bed--

TROY  
Stay--

LUCIA  
Soon.  
(she kisses him)  
Soon.

She kisses him again, then disappears into the en suite. Troy watches her. He is *smitten*. A TEXT DINGS on his iPad on the nightstand. He reads it--

AMY'S TEXT  
You see the news?!

She follows this with a GIF of a WOMAN'S WIG BLOWING OFF. Troy quickly scans the news. Sees a HEADLINE: **HARRY RETURNS!** He hits the link to the VIDEO. Two SPORTS TALK SHOW HOSTS--

FEMALE HOST  
...not sure of exactly *when* he'll be back on a court, but rumor has it he's been training for the past six months at a private location.

TROY  
You sneaky--

MALE HOST

Haddad is said to have one more surprise for us: A soon-to-be released memoir.

FEMALE HOST

Apparently, he's ready to tell all...

Troy, seething, looks at Harry's shining face on TV...

TROY

We're so screwed.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DELANEY HOUSE - NIGHT

All is quiet, dark, until... A MOTION-ACTIVATED LIGHT trips ON as a neighbor's DOG trots across the lawn, on a mission, an OLD SHOE in his mouth.

INT. JOY AND STAN'S BEDROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Joy and Stan sleep soundly. Stan's pile of electronics blinking in the dark, while just down the hall...

INT. AMY'S OLD ROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - SAME

Moonlight and palms cast shadows across Savannah, motionless in bed. PUSH IN and see... Her eyes are open. She touches the bandage on her face. Winces. She kicks off the covers--

INT. HALLWAY - LIVING ROOM - KITCHEN - DELANEY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Savannah moves quietly down the hall, past Joy and Stan's bedroom door. Lingers over PHOTOS on the walls. Shots of the kids at all ages, holding rackets, trophies. Arms around shoulders of famous players when *they* were young: ANDY RODDICK, JAMES BLAKE, MARIA SHARAPOVA, MICHAEL CHANG...

She moves on, looking closely at a DISPLAY OF SHINING TROPHIES. Then onto--

The KITCHEN. Where she looks out to the tennis court--spooky in the moonlight. Then she slips out the sliding doors--

EXT. BACKYARD - TENNIS COURT - DELANEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Savannah walks onto the court, runs a hand along the net, takes it all in. Something might make us wonder...if she's actually *familiar* with this spot. Suddenly--

A NOISE at her feet. The neighbor's dog. Wagging his tail, that OLD SHOE still in his mouth. Savannah crouches down, looks him in the eye. We expect her to pet him, but instead--

SAVANNAH

Fuck. Off.

She takes the shoe from him and HURLS it into the night.

PRELAP: The sound of DISTANT LAUGHTER takes us to--

INT. JOY AND STAN'S BEDROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - MORNING

Sun cuts through the blinds. Stan feels the warmth, wakes up. Looks at the clock, surprised at how late it is. Sees the pile of devices he hauled into the room. Then--

More LAUGHTER from somewhere in the house.

INT. HALLWAY - KITCHEN - DELANEY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stan follows the laughter down the HALL and into the KITCHEN where he finds...

Joy and...Savannah. Making breakfast. Talking, laughing--

SAVANNAH

No way! You did not!

JOY

Did too! Walked right into the mall, found the security guy--

Joy notices Stan--

JOY (CONT'D)

Just telling Savannah about the time I tried to have J Lo towed for parking in the handicapped spot.

(back to Savannah)

Didn't work. But I really took a run at it.

SAVANNAH

Good for you!

(to Stan)

(MORE)

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Thought I'd make myself useful. I'm making French toast. Want some?

STAN

(processing...)

Yeah. Sure. Thanks.

Stan sits at the table. He's reserved, taking it all in.

SAVANNAH

Coffee?

STAN

Great. Black, thank you.

As Savannah puts a cup in front of Stan, she stops herself--

SAVANNAH

Gosh, I hope it's okay that I just...dove in here. I mean, I don't want to overstep--

JOY

Pfft! I love it! Never had help in the kitchen. Kids never lifted a finger. I was chief cook and bottle washer. Whether I liked it or not.

(re: Savannah)

More hands make light work. That's for sure.

Stan sips his coffee--

STAN

So what's your plan today, Savannah?

SAVANNAH

I'll help Joy clean up here. Then I guess I'll head out.

(a beat)

But I feel a lot better. Because of you two. And because it's morning. Everything looks better in the sun.

JOY

I always thought that.

SAVANNAH

Last night, though. Couldn't sleep. No surprise, I guess. So I walked around a bit--looked at all your trophies. There's so many!

STAN  
Racked up a few, I guess.

SAVANNAH  
So...are you famous? You must be.

Stan tries to ignore the fact that he's flattered--

STAN  
Oh, I don't know. Maybe a little  
successful. Back in the day.

JOY  
(from the stove)  
Modesty does not become you.

STAN  
The world changes pretty fast. No  
gain in looking back. Especially in  
sports.

SAVANNAH  
Well, shame on sports. You know, in  
other cultures, age and experience  
are revered. Respected. You should  
be treated as what you are--

She looks at him as she tops off his coffee--

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
*A champion.*

It's been a long time since anyone used that word to refer to  
Stan. It makes his heart beat faster. Makes him *proud*.

OFF Joy, seeing this...

CUT TO:

**NOW. MISSING 3 DAYS.**

EXT. STREET - FRONT DOOR - DELANEY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Troy drives his MCCLAREN as he talks to Amy on bluetooth.

TROY  
You try calling her today?

AMY (ON PHONE)  
Twice. Nothing. And he's not  
calling me back.

Troy's in front of the house now. Sees a SHAPE moving inside--

TROY  
He's here!

AMY (ON PHONE)  
*What?!*

TROY  
(intensely)  
He's fucking here.

AMY (ON PHONE)  
More flies with honey, Troy! More  
flies with hon--

Troy hangs up. Gets out of his car, marches up to the door. Braces himself then KNOCKS.

The door swings OPEN to REVEAL...Stan. With a HORRIFYING BLOODY SCRATCH down the side of his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Troy sits across from Stan. Stan is relaxed, open. Troy is focused, keeping a sharp eye on his father.

TROY  
You understand that we're worried,  
right?

STAN  
Of course! But you don't need to  
be. She's *fine*. Busy. I'm just  
staying out of her way. She's been  
on a tear lately. You know her...

TROY  
All I know is that none of us have  
heard from her--

STAN  
Maybe it's a mood. It'll pass.

TROY  
Mom doesn't have a lot of "moods."

STAN  
(a shrug)  
Things change when you get older.

Before Troy can respond to this-- A noise in the kitchen. Troy glances up to see--



BARB MCMAHON entering from the hall. We glimpsed her at the retirement party. Joy's longtime cleaning person and friend. Wispy braids, ankle bracelets, a fierce sense of justice.

TROY  
Hey, Barb.

BARB  
Heeeeey, Troy.

Barb's holding Troy's gaze, trying to convey that something's off around here. Troy gets it, returns to Stan--

TROY  
So. Wanna explain that disaster on your face?

STAN  
Don't feel the need to.

Troy doesn't blink. Stan plays ball--

STAN (CONT'D)  
I fell. I was reaching for a tennis ball through that stupid agave plant...my knee buckled and...

He shrugs. Troy isn't convinced. Neither is Barb, who shoots Troy a look as she scoots back down the hall...

TROY  
So...the agave did it.

STAN  
That's right.

A tense beat while the men regard each other. Two formidable opponents. Then, Troy delivers a blow--

TROY  
I know you're lying. She hasn't been shopping or at the mall like you've been telling us.  
(a beat)  
Now why don't you tell me the truth.

Stan's energy shifts. Gloves come off.

STAN  
You always had a great net game, kid. But you couldn't back it up for long. That was your problem.  
(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Your weakness. I tried to make you  
into a real winner. But...

Troy tries not to flinch, but Stan hit a nerve. They both  
know it.

STAN (CONT'D)

We had...a fight. It wasn't  
horrible. But I ticked her off. And  
she needed "her space." Can't say I  
blame her. I can be a real ass. But  
you don't have to worry about her.

TROY

So where is she?

STAN

She wouldn't tell me. But she's  
fine. Believe me.

TROY

Yeah. Well.  
(a beat)  
I don't.

INT. AMY'S OLD ROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Barb flicks on the light. Swiffers her way across Amy's old  
tennis trophies, photos, melted candles... Until--

A MUFFLED RINGTONE gets her attention. She follows it to... A  
NIGHTSTAND. She opens the drawer, sees next to the ancient  
bags of weed, condom packets and faded PETA brochures...

JOY'S PHONE. Brooke's name on the caller ID. She answers--

BARB

(hushed, urgent)  
*Brooke!*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BROOKE'S OFFICE - DELANEY PHYSICAL THERAPY - SAME

As Brooke enters her office, stunned that someone picked up--

BROOKE

*Who is this?!*

BARB

(whispering)  
It's me! Barb!

BROOKE  
 (confused)  
 Is my mom there?

BARB  
 She is definitely *not* here.

BROOKE  
 But why do you have her--

BARB  
 It was in a drawer in a nightstand  
 in Amy's room. Really tucked in  
 there.

Brooke is hit by a wave of emotion.

BARB (CONT'D)  
 What's going on, Brooke?

A moment, then, Brooke does her best to cover--

BROOKE  
 Nothing.

OFF Brooke, as the fear spreads across her face.

LOGAN (PRELAP)  
 Hey, mom. I'm here as promised--

CUT TO:

**THEN**

EXT. BACK YARD - DELANEY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Logan walks through the yard. On his cell, leaving a message--

LOGAN  
 Don't know where you guys are. I  
 won't be able to stick around for  
 dinner or anything...

He reaches the SHED, steps inside, grabs the LADDER...

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 Indira's got a work thing tonight  
 and I'm the arm candy. She sends  
 her love. Okay. Talk later.

He hangs up. Carries the ladder around the corner...

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Hello.

He jumps. Startled to see--

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Didn't mean to scare you!

LOGAN

Who- Who are you?

SAVANNAH

I'm Savannah. Who are *you*? Wait--  
Don't tell me. You're...

She looks him over while sipping from a TENNIS MOM mug--

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Logan? Your mom described you  
*perfectly*.

He leans the ladder against the house, looks around--

LOGAN

(concerned and confused)  
Where are my...parents?

SAVANNAH

Your dad needed to pick up his new  
prescription sunglasses. Your mom  
went with. Got stuck in traffic.  
Should be back soon, though.

LOGAN

(do I recognize you?)  
Were you a student of theirs?

SAVANNAH

Me? Tennis student? No. I'm not  
sporty at all! I'm just staying  
with them for a day or two until I  
get some things sorted out.

LOGAN

Uh huh. Those things have anything  
to do with this thing?

He indicates the bandage on her face.

SAVANNAH

Yeah. My boyfriend and I got in a  
fight--

LOGAN

Oh! Oh God!

SAVANNAH

Crazy night, long story, but if I had to pick a door to knock on, I'm glad it was theirs.

LOGAN

A lot to unpack in that sentence...

SAVANNAH

Tell me about it! You think you know someone, that you're building a life together... Then suddenly you're jumping out of a moving car. You married?

LOGAN

Nope.

SAVANNAH

You have someone, though, right? I think your mom talked about--

LOGAN

Indira. Yes.

SAVANNAH

Riiiiight. She sounds *fabulous*. Everyone says they want a doctor in the family. But I think having someone in the geosciences around is way more interesting, don't you?

His head is spinning. He points to her clothes.

LOGAN

Are those...?

SAVANNAH

Amy's. Yeah. Just till I can pick up my stuff.

(re: the ladder)

Whatcha doing with that?

LOGAN

Gutters. I'm here to clean 'em.

SAVANNAH

Well, I won't get in your way.

He nods, expecting her to leave. But she sits on a patio chair and watches him. He climbs the ladder...

JOY AND STAN (O.S.)  
We're home! HELLLOOOO!

Logan looks down to see them exiting the screen door to meet Savannah on the patio--

JOY  
We will never take I95 again...

STAN  
(re: new glasses)  
Whaddo you think of these? I wanted to look sharp...but not like some South Beach asshole.

SAVANNAH  
Those are great on you! Very Tom Cruise.

He high-fives Savannah.

JOY  
(noticing Logan)  
What are you doing up there?

He's bewildered by his parents' ease with Savannah---

LOGAN  
Gutters. Remember I--

JOY  
Riiiiiiight.  
(a beat)  
You met Savannah?

LOGAN  
I did.

His eyes meet Joy's. Is Logan going to say any more? Is Joy going to offer more? A moment where this is possible, then--

JOY  
Any chance you can join us for dinner?

LOGAN  
No. I-- I just left you a message--

JOY  
Figured you'd be busy.  
(a beat)  
Make sure you get the downspouts.  
Those get just *jammed* with leaves.

Joy heads inside, with Savannah and Stan. OFF Logan, baffled--

INT. KITCHEN - BROOKE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Brooke and Gina cook dinner. Pots simmering. Veggies being chopped. Music playing. Brooke checks a recipe--

BROOKE  
I think this whole *sous vide* thing  
is *sous* silly.

GINA  
You'll change your mind after this.

Brooke shrugs and keeps chopping.

GINA (CONT'D)  
Listen. I've been thinking. About  
what we talked about. Your  
business. Your family. All that.

BROOKE  
Uh-huh...

Gina weighs her words...

GINA  
And...I think I could help.

BROOKE  
Whaddo you mean?

GINA  
I mean I think we should sit down  
and have a real talk about how I  
could pitch in, financially. Take  
some of the pressure off you.

Brooke puts down her knife--

BROOKE  
Are you serious?

GINA  
The restaurant's *fine*. And I got  
that money from my grandpa that's  
just sitting there--

BROOKE  
But that's *yours*--

GINA

I know. I also know that a little help can make all the difference.

BROOKE

I don't even know what to say--

GINA

You don't have to say anything now. We can keep talking about it.

Brooke can't help it. She starts to sniffle/cry--

GINA (CONT'D)

Don't be upset! It's a good thing!

BROOKE

I know. It's just--

Showing vulnerability is hard for Brooke. So she reins it in.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Gina kisses her. Brooke kisses her back, lingering, grateful.

INT. EN SUITE - BEDROOM - BROOKE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke splashes water on her face. Pulls herself together after the tears. Still *very* happy.

She passes through the bedroom on her way back to the kitchen but stops when she hears the BUZZING of a TEXT. She looks around, sees Gina's PHONE on the dresser. Brooke impulsively flips it over, checks the text and sees--

A SEXY PIC of a CURVY WOMAN. Flowing hair, make-up. (The *opposite* of Brooke.) The TEXT reads: "**WISH YOU WERE HERE.**"

Brooke's stunned. She puts the phone down, sits on the bed, her mind reeling. She looks around the room. Suddenly her whole world looks different. As she struggles to process this--

Her own PHONE RINGS in her back pocket. *Fuck*. It rings. And rings. And rings. Finally, she answers.

BROOKE

(trying to sound normal)  
Hey Loge-- No... No...  
(a strange beat)  
*What weird woman?*



PRELAP: TENNIS BALLS out of a ball machine and their firm return.

CUT TO:

**NOW. MISSING 4 DAYS.**

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DELANEY HOUSE - DAY

Stan vs. the ball machine. His bad knee wrapped in an ace bandage. That scratch still angry across his cheek. But there's no denying his strength, power--

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. Delaney?

Startled, he turns to see...

A WOMAN, early 40s, in practical clothes with clear, decisive eyes and carrying the exhaustion of a new mom. She's with a younger MAN, early-30s, sporting a beautifully-made suit and an expression of open curiosity--

STAN  
Yeah. Can I help you?

The woman eyes that scratch on his face. She is--

DET. KHOURY  
Detective Christina Khoury. This is my partner--

DET. LIM  
Detective Ethan Lim. From the Palm Beach Country Sheriff's Office.

DET. KHOURY  
There's been a missing person's report filed on your wife, Joy...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DELANEY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stan sits as the detectives question him. He's being helpful, cooperative. Det. Lim is jotting notes. Det. Khoury moves around the room, thinks better that way.

DET. KHOURY  
So you can corroborate what was reported to us--that your wife has been gone for...four days...?

STAN  
That's right.

DET. KHOURY  
Has not been in touch.

STAN  
No. She left this--

He nods to the PHONE sitting on the coffee table.

STAN (CONT'D)  
--which is weird. It's usually  
glued to her hand.

DET. KHOURY  
Know why she would've left it?

STAN  
Didn't want to talk to me? Went on  
a silent retreat? Forgot it? All of  
the above?

The detectives do not smile at his attempt at levity.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. Tough crowd.

DET. KHOURY  
It was also reported--  
(checks her notebook)  
--she left after a fight? But  
didn't tell you where she was  
going?  
(looks at him)  
Do you think that's weird, too?

STAN  
Not for me and Joy. But I'm  
guessing what's important is how  
bad it sounds to you.

DET. LIM  
Can you tell us about the fight?

STAN  
Sure. Yeah. I mean, ever since we  
sold the-- We ran a tennis academy.  
Used to working almost 24/7. And  
suddenly, we're home all the time.  
Together all the time. And...  
little things get irritating.  
(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Like me not helping around here,  
and her feeling like she has to do  
everything. And when she pointed  
that out, well, I wasn't very  
understanding. And...we fought.

DET. LIM

Did the fight get physically--

STAN

No. God no. I'd never--

DET. KHOURY

If I had a dollar for every time a  
husband said "never"...

A brief flash of the anger that's inside Stan. Then he  
immediately recalibrates it to a driving focus--

STAN

Listen. If I thought--for one  
second--that she was in danger, I  
would've called you myself. I'd be  
out of my mind. I'd tear this town  
apart trying to find her. But she's  
not. She'll be back. She will come  
back.

DET. KHOURY

Do you know when?

He thinks, then admits--

STAN

When she forgives me.

This lands on the Detectives for a moment. Then--

DET. LIM

Right now, your wife is considered  
missing. But if we find something  
evidential...of course that would  
change everything.

STAN

I understand.

DET. KHOURY

I hope your wife is okay and that  
she walks through that door soon.  
In the meantime, we'll be getting  
to know each other a lot better...

They head toward the door, Stan right behind them. The Detectives clock the tennis memorabilia...

DET. LIM  
Really impressive life, by the way.  
You were a great player.

STAN  
Still do alright.

DET. LIM  
And a pretty successful coach.

They're at the door now...

DET. KHOURY  
Retirement must be hard on someone  
like you.  
(a beat)  
Where does all that energy go?

OFF Stan's unreadable face as he watches them walk away.

INT./EXT. DETECTIVES' CAR - STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Det. Lim drives. Det. Khoury rides shotgun. The Lagoon out their window. As they pass a team of hardcore CYCLISTS--

DET. KHOURY  
These athletes... All about  
control, power, strategy,  
*dominance*. Also, they tend to have  
murderous levels of testosterone.

DET. LIM  
But let's keep an open mind.  
There's no evidence of a crime--

DET. KHOURY  
Not yet. But I have a feeling about  
that guy...

DET. LIM  
The man is *loved* in the tennis  
community. No rumors of infidelity  
or shady deals...

DET. KHOURY  
That we know about.

DET. LIM  
No history of violence...

Det. Khoury contemplates this for a moment, then--

DET. KHOURY

Aloe plant, my ass. Someone'll  
blab. Something will turn up.

(a beat)

Then we'll see Stan Delaney sweat.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DELANEY HOUSE - SAME

Stan back on the court. But now, as he SLAMS the balls back across the net, we get that he's using this to process what's going on inside him. It's working until suddenly--

With a SMASH of the ball, he's hit with a FLASH of memory exposing the terrifying truth he's been hiding--

FLASH: Of Stan RUSHING through the house in pursuit of Joy--

FLASH: Of Stan and Joy furiously YELLING at each other, getting in each other's faces, not backing down--

FLASH: Of Stan RAISING A HAND as if to hit Joy--

Then back on Stan, overcome with rage, frustration, VIOLENTLY BASHING his racket on the court, until--

He's standing there, panting, shredded racket in his hand. He drops it. And covers his face in sadness, shame.

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - SIMON MUSEUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Brooke, Amy, Troy and Logan as they walk in tight formation, grateful for the privacy this garden provides--

BROOKE

Of course I'm going to stand by  
him. He's our dad.

AMY

But she's our *mom*. And apparently  
even the cops are worried enough to--

Brooke's PHONE RINGS. She checks it.

BROOKE

It's him again. I have to answer--

Troy quickly grabs the phone from her so she can't answer it. After a few rings, it stops. The silence is painful. Then--

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
 (steely)  
 You're wrong about him.

TROY  
 Jesus, Brooke. He almost killed *me*--

BROOKE  
 Oh come on...  
 TROY--  
 LOGAN

TROY  
 (getting angry)  
 Or maybe you conveniently forgot  
 our entire *childhood*--

LOGAN  
 Stop it--  
 TROY (CONT'D)  
 --and to you he's just a nice  
 guy who's passionate about  
 tennis!

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 That's enough!

A MUSEUM GUARD hears this outburst. Stops. Looks at them. The  
 kids take a breath, lower their voices--

AMY  
 I'm with Troy.

BROOKE  
 Here's to thinking for  
 yourself.  
 AMY (CONT'D)  
 Nice, Brooke, really nice.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 You all know... We let them down.  
 This happened because they needed  
 more from us. Especially mom.  
 (an emotional beat)  
 I-- I have a confession--

*What now?* The kids hold their breath as Amy quakes.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 She called me. The day she  
 disappeared. And I didn't pick up.  
 I was busy and I just...ignored  
 her. Maybe she needed help and I--  
 I really fucked up. I'm so sorry.

Amy puts a hand over her mouth, starting to cry. Then--

BROOKE  
 She called me too. That day. I was  
 with a client, so I didn't...

TROY  
Same. And I didn't.

They all turn to Logan--

LOGAN  
Yeah. Me, too. I think....we were  
too hard on her.

The shame lands on all of them...

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
No matter what happened, we need to  
stick together now.

TROY  
(a challenge)  
Right. But what do you think? About  
him. Because you've been holding  
that card pretty close.

They look at Logan, waiting for him to choose a side. Finally--

LOGAN  
I'm Team Delaney. We all need to  
be. At least publicly. We're good  
at that.

This breaks the tension a *little*--

TROY  
He's right. People *know* mom and  
dad. The news'll pick this up. But  
we need to be a united front. Leave  
everything else to the detectives.  
(to Amy)  
What did the police say when you  
called them this time?

AMY  
Me? I didn't.

BROOKE  
Then...who did?

Silence...as no one admits it. They look at each other with  
sudden suspicion. Game afoot...as they find themselves...

...in the midst of THREE SCULPTURES: TOTAL STRANGERS IV, V,  
VI. Life-size bronze figures, standing naked in a circle,  
backs to one another. A haunting vision.

PRELAP: The sharp *pok pok pok* of a tennis ball in play...

NOTE: From here on in pilot, we INTERCUT (WITHOUT CHYRONS) BETWEEN NOW AND THEN. Time shifts will be clear in execution.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DELANEY HOUSE - EARLY EVENING (THEN)

Joy and Stan on the court. The rally between them steady, strong. They're relaxed, focused, really *connected*.

STAN

You remembered to stretch?

JOY

I did. You?

STAN

Little bit.

(re: her shot)

Hey! Nice one!

As the rally continues--

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Can I ask you something

JOY

Shoot!

REVEAL Savannah, perched on a chair close to the court--

SAVANNAH

I'm worried I didn't make a good impression on Logan. I don't want to cause any trouble--

JOY

He's fine! Nothing to worry about.

SAVANNAH

(grateful)

I don't know what would've happened if you hadn't opened your door.

STAN

Neither do we. Retirement stinks.

JOY

What he means is...our lives got a bit...*slack*. Felt empty.

STAN

Not great for people like us.



Joy misses a shot. Savannah pops to her feet, runs after it--

SAVANNAH

I got it!

STAN

No excitement, no purpose. A person can't thrive without drive. That's a known fact.

As Savannah hands the ball to Joy, a moment between them--

JOY

What we're both trying to say is...  
 You, being here, has been, well,  
 you might've saved our lives.  
 (emotionally)  
 Maybe most of all, mine.  
 (a moment)  
 Stay as long as you want.

OFF Joy, hopeful, happy...

INT. HOMICIDE DEPT. - PALM BEACH CO. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY  
 (NOW)

Det. Khoury at her desk. Flipping through BLOODY MURDER SCENE PHOTOS while on her cell. Det. Lim's at his desk nearby.

DET. KHOURY

...I know, mom. But I don't want to not work. I can just pump while I'm here and breastfeed once I get home...and maybe I'll sleep next year...

She sees an INCOMING CALL light up on her desk phone--

DET. KHOURY (CONT'D)

Gotta go. Crimes. Love you.

Picks up the call--

DET. KHOURY (CONT'D)

Khoury--

As she listens, her face changes.

DET. KHOURY (CONT'D)

Be right there.

She gives Det. Lim a look and he follows her out of the room.  
 MATCH CUT from them walking to--

INT. HALLWAY - KITCHEN - DELANEY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT (THEN)

Savannah walking stealthily through the dark house. She reaches the kitchen. Noisily STUBS her toe on a chair and FREEZES--hoping she didn't wake anyone. Then--

She makes her way to the refrigerator. Her eyes roaming over all the NOTES and PHOTOS taped on it, until she sees--

A LIST of the Delaney kids' HOME and WORK PHONE NUMBERS.

She takes her phone out of her pocket and photographs the list...then looks around for more info...

Opens a cupboard, sees Joy and Stan's PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES, snaps a photo of them...

PRELAP: FOOTSTEPS on a tile floor, getting closer, closer...

INT. HALLWAY - ENTRY - PALM BEACH CO. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY (NOW)

Det. Khoury and Det. Lim walk down the corridor, then round the corner, emerging into the--

ENTRY. Where a man on a bench turns to face them. It's--

LOGAN

I'm Logan Delaney. I need to talk to you about my family...and a woman named Savannah.

**END OF PILOT**