

DREW

“Gotcha Day”

by

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PRODUCTIONS

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TEASER

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

A sky blue Mini Cooper speeds through Manhattan. The driver, NANCY DREW (30), sings along to blaring music. Beside her on the passenger seat is a half-eaten bagel, a water bottle, and enough apples, candy bars and breath mints to make it through the day. She pulls up in front of a mid-level hotel in a not so fancy neighborhood and sees a woman, TRACY (mid 20's). Nancy cleans up the seat next to her and honks her horn, motioning to the waiting woman, who tentatively walks toward the car.

TRACY

Are you ... Nancy? My Uber driver?

NANCY

(smiles)

That's me. Nancy Drew.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - DAY

Café music plays quietly as Nancy drives and checks Tracy out in the rearview mirror. She SEES (in a visually interesting, "detective-y" way) POPS of -- perfect HAIR, fresh MANICURE, the sole of a SHOE, a CELL PHONE, a worried LOOK, a COFFEE STAIN on a blouse.

At a stoplight, Nancy scrolls through her phone and looks again in the rearview mirror: the worried look; the coffee stain. Nancy does a U-turn and pulls up in front of a clothing store. She turns to face a confused Tracy.

TRACY

This isn't the address...

NANCY

You're in town for a job interview. At first I thought maybe you were here for work, but then you'd have an expense account and would've stayed at a nicer hotel. You want the job badly -- your shoes have no scuff marks so they're brand new, probably bought the whole outfit for this interview, got a manicure, did your hair, your make-up, you look perfect, and then you went and spilled coffee on your blouse. You're nervous. Who can blame you? Jobs in this economy are competitive.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

Especially when you're up against Ivy League grads and you went to a State school -- your cell phone case has your school insignia. Anyway, why do I care? Because your Uber ratings are great: you're always punctual, you tip well and say "thank you." You're not an asshole, and I want the good guys to win. So go into that store and buy a new blouse, because the coffee stain is distracting you and you're gonna be worried about it and not be at your best and an asshole who isn't punctual and has no manners is gonna get the job and then the bad guys win. Let's not let them. Okay?

Tracy is shocked and speechless, but also a little amazed because Nancy is dead on.

TRACY

Um ... okay.

As Tracy gets out of the car, she turns back and smiles ...

TRACY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Off Nancy, happy to help --

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

People trudge home from work in a not so great neighborhood.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Nancy stares intently at the bus stop on the corner. Her phone rings -- "Dad." Nancy hits the "ignore call" button and sees a man, DAN BENNETT (late 40's), get off a bus, dressed in a Subway sandwich shop uniform.

She scootches down in her seat and watches him walk up the steps of his apartment building and let himself in. She gets out of her car and nervously walks up the stoop -- sees the buzzer for BENNETT. Does she ring it? A woman comes up the steps, opens the door and holds it for Nancy.

WOMAN

You coming in?

NANCY

Yes. I mean no. I mean, I'm not sure.

The woman looks at Nancy like she's a crazy person and lets the door close. Nancy looks back at the BENNETT buzzer. She's lost her nerve. She heads back toward her car.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nancy enters her apartment -- and finds her best friend GEORGIA "GEORGE" FAYNE (30) sitting on the couch scrolling through Nancy's TiVo.

NANCY

George?! You scared me.

GEORGE

You have two beers and a furry tomato in your fridge. You know what that tells me?

NANCY

I need to go to the store?

GEORGE

You're miserable.

NANCY

I'm not miserable.

GEORGE

Oh yeah? You walked away from your dream job at the NYPD for a job where you sit in traffic.

NANCY

How'd you get in here? You don't have my spare key. Bess does.

(beat)

Did.

GEORGE

Along with her stupid cat, I inherited your spare. I'm worried about you. So's your dad. He says you're not returning his calls.

NANCY

My dad called you?!

GEORGE

I've been giving you space but then today I thought, what would Bess do? And I realized she wouldn't let you isolate yourself.

(gently)

Bess died six months ago, Nance. You gotta find a way to move on.

NANCY

I don't know how.

Nancy heads to the refrigerator. She opens the door and stands there staring, into the nearly empty fridge. We stay on her face and see QUICK POPS of seemingly random images from the night Bess died --

Bess's DEAD BODY on pavement wet from a recent rain

The coroner's SHOE SPLASHING in a puddle as he pulls a white sheet over the body

A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS watching Bess's body being carried away past

A BICYCLE SEAT WET FROM THE RAIN

Nancy grabs two beers and hands one to George.

NANCY (CONT'D)

It doesn't make sense.

GEORGE

Can we not do this again --

NANCY

She called me two days before and she sounded happy.

GEORGE

She wrote a suicide note.

NANCY

Let me play you the message again, she wanted us all to have dinner --

GEORGE

No. Listen to me. Bess was depressed and she jumped off the roof of her factory and died. It's horrible. We'll never get over it. And we'll never understand it. But we have to accept it.

Nancy sits on the couch. She can't accept it. George sits next to her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

By the way, you still haven't RSVP'd to the wedding.

NANCY

Of course I'm coming.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

Although I still don't know what
Stephanie sees in you.

GEORGE

Right?

NANCY

It's gonna be so weird. Without
Bess there. Making everyone do the
electric slide.

GEORGE

Even the old people.

George's phone rings, she picks it up and listens, then --

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay.

(hangs up)

My new partner, Marcus. Constantly
updates me even when there's nothing
new. You know what he just said?
"Prints aren't back yet."

NANCY

Be nice. He just sounds eager.

George rolls her eyes.

GEORGE

(tempting her)

We could really use your help on
this one. Two dead bodies, no murder
weapon, and the only witness is blind.

NANCY

The city is safer now that I don't
have access to a firearm.

GEORGE

I heard Dan Bennett's not gonna sue
the Department. I guess he just
wants to put all this behind him.
He got an apartment and is working
again. Making sandwiches at a Subway.

NANCY

(feigning ignorance)

Really? Good for him.

GEORGE

So stop beating yourself up. Even
he's moving on with his life.

Nancy nods. George leaves. Off Nancy, knowing George is right.

INT. BAGEL SHOP - MORNING

Nancy heads into her favorite bagel shop and finds NED NICKERSON (30's), her ex-boyfriend, waiting for her.

NED
I need to talk to you.

NANCY
I have nothing to say to you.

She turns around and walks out, Ned follows.

NED
How long is this gonna go on?

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Nancy stops.

NANCY
How long's it gonna take for me to get over being publicly humiliated by the man I thought I was gonna spend the rest of my life with? I don't know, Ned. You're the Pulitzer Prize winning journalist, you figure it out.

NED
Nance --

NANCY
You let me believe you were writing an exposé on the killer I put away.

NED
I was. And then I started looking at the facts and --

NANCY
Decided to write about how I botched the Bennett investigation --

NED
I should have pushed harder not to use that quote --

NANCY
"Lieutenant Ford acknowledged that Nancy Drew, the lead investigator on
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
the case, got too emotionally involved
and lost her objectivity." That
quote?

NED
My editor insisted on using it.

NANCY
Is that what you tell yourself so
you can sleep at night?

NED
Ana Finch's murder was so brutal. I
wanted to try to get into the mind
of the man who would do something
like that. Instead I ...

NANCY
Slept next to me for six weeks without
telling me you were getting Dan
Bennett a new trial. I know. I was
there.

NED
You shouldn't have quit the force.

NANCY
I don't want to talk about this
anymore. I have to get to work.

She heads towards her car. Ned calls after her.

NED
Bess wanted a baby.

Nancy stops. Turns around. What?

NED (CONT'D)
A couple months before the suicide,
Bess asked me to be a sperm donor.
She was sick of waiting around for
the right guy, so she was gonna do
it on her own. She wanted to see if
I was open to the idea before she
approached you about it. I said no,
because you and I were in a good
place and it didn't feel right. And
then she died. So I never told you.

NANCY
You're telling me now because ...?

He's standing there looking tortured.

NED

I miss her. And I wish I'd said yes. Maybe then Bess wouldn't be dead. There's a lot I wish I'd done differently, and I ... I don't know. I probably should have told you about Bess when it happened. I probably should have been more open with you about a lot of stuff.

NANCY

Yeah, well, if that's it, I really have to go ...

NED

There's one more thing.

Nancy stops again.

NED (CONT'D)

In the spirit of being more open and honest, I thought I should let you know that I'm bringing a date to George's wedding.

And with that, Ned walks away. Off Nancy, realizing that Ned has really moved on --

INT. GEORGE AND STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nancy enters George's apartment, where her fiancée STEPHANIE LLOYD (late 20's) is making breakfast. Stephanie is dressed in scrubs.

NANCY

Hey Steph!

STEPHANIE

You're just in time for pancakes.

NANCY

Thanks, but I'm not hungry. Is George here?

STEPHANIE

She's sleeping.

NANCY

George!

STEPHANIE

Was sleeping.

NANCY

Maybe just one pancake.

Stephanie gives her a pancake.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Or three.

Stephanie gives her a few more. George enters, pulling on a robe.

GEORGE

Nancy, what ...?

NANCY

I saw Ned.

George looks instantly guilty.

GEORGE

It was Stephanie. She made me give him a plus one.

NANCY

George --

GEORGE

Her name's Lindsey. She requested a vegetarian meal. I've never met her but I hate her and will ignore her at the wedding --

NANCY

I don't care about Kelsey.

GEORGE

Lindsey.

NANCY

Did the medical examiner test Bess's body to see if she was pregnant?

GEORGE

I doubt it. A pregnancy test isn't SOP.

STEPHANIE

You did it again.

GEORGE

Damn it. Standard operating procedure.

(explaining to Nancy)

Marcus abbreviates everything. He's a walking, talking police manual.

NANCY

George! Can you check? On the pregnancy test?

GEORGE

Why?

NANCY

Because Bess asked Ned for his sperm and he said no but maybe somebody else said yes and I promise after this I'll drop it and move on with my life and RSVP to your wedding but I just need to know this one thing.

George picks up her telephone. Looks at the screen and smiles at Nancy.

GEORGE

Today's the 21st!

Nancy looks confused, so what?

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's your Gotcha Day, right?

STEPHANIE

What's a Gotcha Day?

INT. DREW AND ASSOCIATES - DAY

Nancy's father CARSON DREW (55) is a lawyer in private practice. Nancy sheepishly enters her father's office carrying two cupcakes. He's happily surprised to see her.

CARSON

I thought you forgot.

NANCY

Are you kidding me? It's my favorite holiday. We eat cupcakes and you tell me that my adoption day was the best day of your life.

Carson and Nancy "cheers" their cupcakes.

CARSON

Happy Gotcha Day!

Nancy picks up a framed photo from her father's desk. It's a younger Carson, his wife, Katherine, and an eight month old baby Nancy --

CARSON (CONT'D)

That was right after the social worker put you in Mom's arms. Kate was so happy. We both were. Best day of our lives.

A beat as they both look at the picture, then ...

CARSON (CONT'D)
You've been avoiding me.

NANCY
No, I haven't.

CARSON
You really gonna bullshit a trial attorney?

NANCY
I've been busy.

CARSON
Wow, you really are gonna bullshit a trial attorney, so let me jump start this conversation. You feel like you've let me down. You haven't.

Fine. She didn't want to get into it, but --

NANCY
Everything Ned said in that article was true, Dad. I wasn't objective. Bess had just died and I was grieving. I should have taken time off. Instead, Ana Finch was murdered and I threw myself into the case --

CARSON
It was a brutal murder, of course you were emotional --

NANCY
It was more than that. I was obsessed. I didn't sleep, I barely ate. The image of Ana's body cut in two ... I had to find the guy who did it and I did. Except I was wrong.

CARSON
You made a mistake. You don't run away from a job you love, that you were born to do --

NANCY
Being a teenage detective was cute, I was like a party trick, but now ... Dan Bennett lost his teaching job, his wife left him ... the consequences of my mistakes ...

CARSON
Are real. I know.
(MORE)

CARSON (CONT'D)

You've been humbled. It'll make you a better detective.

NANCY

I don't want to be a detective. I want to drive strangers places. It's fun. I listen to music, I meet cool people ...

CARSON

I'm worried about you. We all are. Hannah and Isabel ...

NANCY

So ... Isabel? That's still a thing?

CARSON

Yeah. It's still a thing. Is that ... okay?

NANCY

(no)
Yes.

CARSON

Cause I understand if it's weird for you. It was just you and me for a long time ...

NANCY

Mom died when I was three. You've been alone a long time. I'm really glad you found Isabel.

CARSON

She wants to get to know you better.

NANCY

Please tell her I'm not always so horrible. It's just been a really weird year.

CARSON

She gets it. She's really great, honey. And I've been calling you because ...

Nancy gets a text. From George. "Meet me at your house. Bring more beer."

NANCY

It's not even noon.

CARSON

What?

NANCY
George wants me to bring beer and
it's not even noon.

CARSON
She okay?

NANCY
I don't think so. I have to go.

A beat, then --

NANCY (CONT'D)
What were you gonna tell me?
He pauses. And decides now is not the time.

CARSON
Just that I love you.
She gives him a kiss and is gone. Off Carson, worried ...

EXT. NANCY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Nancy approaches George, who's sitting on the stoop. She takes a beer and hands it to her.

GEORGE
She was seven weeks pregnant.
(hopefully)
Maybe she didn't know.

NANCY
Bess? She had an app that tracked
her period. She knew.
(a beat)
If she was pregnant, there's no way
she killed herself.

GEORGE
I know.

Another beat. They both know what this means, but neither wants to say it out loud. It's too horrible ...

NANCY
Which means someone murdered her.

Nancy takes a beer for herself. Cracks it open. Off the two of them, shell shocked, we --

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. BESS'S FICKLE PICKLE FACTORY - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

Nancy and George talk with MARLEY LANGMACK (30's) and ALEX HILL (30's), co-owners of Bess's Fickle Pickles, an artisanal pickle company. They stand in front of a giant display shelf filled with pickle jars with Bess's smiling face on them.

MARLEY

I was barely functional for the first couple of months after Bess died. Luckily her pickles are so good they sell themselves.

NANCY

I hear you finalized the deal with Whole Foods.

ALEX

It helps that we're all natural and organic -- from the ingredients we put into the pickles to the baking soda we use to clean the vats to the camphor oil we use to polish the floors ...

Alex motions to the supply room where we see large vats of CAMPHOR OIL as Nancy looks down at the SCUFFED FLOORS and suddenly Alex stops, faces Nancy --

ALEX (CONT'D)

Okay, so I'm rambling here because the last time we saw each other was at Bess's funeral, and I hit on you. In my defense, I was drunk and sad and I'm mortified.

NANCY

I was drunk and sad too, Alex, and it's really okay.

GEORGE

This might be the most awkward moment I've ever experienced, so I'm just gonna pile on and make it even worse. We have reason to believe that Bess didn't commit suicide. We think she was killed.

MARLEY

But there was a suicide note.

GEORGE

We're having it analyzed by a handwriting expert.

ALEX
What makes you think ...?

NANCY
She was pregnant.

They're both stunned.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You didn't know?

MARLEY
No. Do you know who ...?

GEORGE
We thought she might be using donor sperm but so far we haven't found a record of her at any fertility clinic in the city.

MARLEY
She was online dating like crazy.

NANCY
Did she mention anyone to you?

MARLEY
No.

ALEX
So, you think whoever got her pregnant killed her?

GEORGE
We don't know. Police report says a guy walking his dog saw her fall but doesn't remember seeing anyone leave the factory --

NANCY
You guys were both at the scene pretty fast, do you remember seeing anyone suspicious?

ALEX
I was at a dinner but got here ...

GEORGE
Right after me. Then Marley --

MARLEY
I was at home when you called and got on my bike right away. I was probably here in ten minutes but it was so crazy, I don't remember seeing anything except ...

NANCY

Bess. Lying there on the pavement.
Yeah. Me too.

A beat as they all remember that horrible night --

GEORGE

Mind if we go up to the roof?

EXT. THE FICKLE PICKLE FACTORY - ROOFTOP - DAY

There are tables and chairs, this is an after work hang out.
Nancy and George stand at the spot where Bess jumped.

NANCY

Based on where her body landed, she
fell from right about here.

GEORGE

She never told me she was online
dating.

NANCY

Me neither.

GEORGE

And you never told me about Alex
asking you out at her funeral.

NANCY

Because it was weird and I was still
with Ned.

GEORGE

We used to tell each other everything.

NANCY

Maybe whoever got her pregnant freaked
out when she told him and pushed
her.

GEORGE

Yeah, cause if I'm gonna tell some
random guy he's my baby daddy, I'm
gonna do it on the roof of a pickle
factory.

NANCY

Do you have any better theories?
(beat)
You need to call the dating sites
she was using and request Bess's
records.

GEORGE

No I don't.

NANCY

We talked about this. I'm not a cop anymore so you have to do all the official --

GEORGE

No I don't.

NANCY

George --

GEORGE

I don't because I have Bess's computer. It's in her apartment which I've been paying rent on since she died.

Off Nancy, what?!

INT. BESS'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - DAY

Nancy and George enter Bess's apartment. It's frozen in time: clothes tried on and discarded are still on the bed, cookbooks still open in the kitchen.

GEORGE

I came over one day to pack it up and I just couldn't.

NANCY

I know it's rent controlled but still, how can you afford to keep it?

GEORGE

You know how my parents gave Steph and me \$30,000 for the wedding?

NANCY

George ...

GEORGE

I haven't used all of it. There just won't be any hors d'oeuvres at the reception.

Nancy sits at Bess's kitchen table. Her laptop is there. Nancy turns it on, opens to her browser history and finds the Dating Site.

NANCY

What's her password?

GEORGE

I don't know. What'd they teach us
at the Academy?

NANCY

Most common passwords are the names
of people's pets.

NANCY/GEORGE

Chief! / Chiefy!

GEORGE

He was the best dog.

NANCY

Ruined dogs for me. No dog will
ever be as good so what's the point?

GEORGE

Remember when we'd sleep over at
Bess's and Chief would sleep on top
of us?

NANCY

And his paws smelled like Fritos.

GEORGE

I miss his paws. I miss Chief. I
miss Bess.

They sit there a beat, then Nancy snaps them out of it.

NANCY

We can't get emotional or we're
useless to Bess.

Nancy starts typing in passwords.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I need numbers too. What was the
address of her house on Larkin?

GEORGE

458.

As Nancy works, George looks around the kitchen, opening
cupboards and drawers, evidence of Bess everywhere. In a
cabinet something catches her eye -- a PRESCRIPTION bottle
for ANTI DEPRESSANTS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Check this out. Anti depressants.
She was seeing a therapist.

NANCY

You can subpoena the records, probably
a treasure trove of information.

(beat)

I got it! Chief 115.

GEORGE

115?

NANCY

Her goal weight.

GEORGE

Boom. Nancy Drew is back!

NANCY

No, I'm not. I'm just doing this
and then I'm going back to --

GEORGE

Sitting in traffic.

NANCY

Yes. So don't think this is how
you're going to lure me back to the
department.

GEORGE

I'm not thinking that.

NANCY

Based on the M.E.'s report, she got
pregnant sometime between March 7th
and March 10th so let's focus on the
guys she went out with during that
period of time.

George is staring at Nancy like a proud mama.

GEORGE

But you're such a good detective.

NANCY

George! Go get the subpoena. I'll
find the baby daddy.

As Nancy starts to scroll through the site --

INT. HOSPITAL - E.R. - DAY

George finds Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

What are you doing here? This is a
hospital full of sick people and
we're getting married soon. Don't
breathe or touch anything.

GEORGE
You breathe and touch things.

STEPHANIE
I'm tough. You're not.

George pulls out the pill bottle she found earlier.

GEORGE
Bess was taking anti depressants.
And the doctor who prescribed them
works here.

Stephanie looks at the pills.

STEPHANIE
Yep. Nina Klebanoff. I've met her.

GEORGE
Could you talk to her? Ask her what
she and Bess talked about?

STEPHANIE
Their conversations were private.

GEORGE
Bess is dead.

STEPHANIE
Doesn't matter. In New York State,
death doesn't break confidentiality.

GEORGE
I know, but ...

STEPHANIE
Just get a subpoena. Make her talk.

She looks at George, gets it.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
You haven't told Lieutenant Ford
you're investigating Bess's death,
have you?

GEORGE
Re-opening an investigation is a big
deal. You need evidence. Not
hunches. If I go to him and say my
friend wouldn't kill herself knowing
she was pregnant, it makes me sound
like ...

STEPHANIE
Nancy.

GEORGE

He was always on her case. Even before the Bennett thing. She refused to follow orders, did things her own way. He likes me. And I like being liked. And also I like having a job.

STEPHANIE

I get that.

GEORGE

Really?

STEPHANIE

I'm sure Bess would too.

GEORGE

Thank you.

STEPHANIE

And the person who killed Bess will be so psyched you dropped the ball.

GEORGE

Wow. Not where I thought you were going with that.

Stephanie looks at her pager.

STEPHANIE

Gotta go. Sick people need me. I love you.

Stephanie takes off, leaving George feeling miserable --

GEORGE

Why?

INT. BROOKLYN BAR - NIGHT

Nancy sits at a bar with a guy -- RYAN (30's). He's charming, suave, confident. They're both leaning in, sipping cocktails. Nancy smiles flirtatiously.

RYAN

Your picture was amazing, but you're even better looking in person.

Nancy pulls out a photo of Bess, slides it toward him.

NANCY

What'd you think of her? In person?

RYAN

I don't ... what's going on?

NANCY

You went bowling with her on April 21st. She messaged you the next day, you didn't answer.

RYAN

Whoa! Are you like a cop or something?

NANCY

Or something. So tell me, what'd you think of Bess?

And we're back on the guy, only it's not Ryan anymore. It's another guy Bess dated -- JOSEPH (20's). Hipster. He's freaked out.

JOSEPH

Dude. I don't remember her.

NANCY

How could you not remember her? Look at that face! She could make you laugh even when all you wanted to do was yell at her because she was always late but you knew she'd show up because that's what she did. She showed up. She was dependable and lovable and she made everything better just by being there. But you wouldn't know that, would you? Because you never texted her back! And then she died.

As Joseph looks at Nancy like she's a crazy person, the woman sitting on the stool next to Nancy turns to face them. It's George. She's been there the whole time.

GEORGE

Nance? I don't think it's him. And we don't have time to berate men for not being into Bess.

NANCY

Why not?? She's great, and Joe -- sorry, "Joseph" -- would be lucky to be her boyfriend!

She turns back to Joseph, but he's gone. Nancy looks at George, dejected.

NANCY (CONT'D)
This is pointless, isn't it?

GEORGE
I don't know, that rant sounded
cathartic.

NANCY
George.

GEORGE
It's not over yet. Doglover764 just
walked in.

Nancy turns and sees Doglover764, otherwise known as NOAH
(30) approaching. He's cute in a nervous, earnest kind of
way. George blends into the background again.

NOAH
Nancy?

NANCY
Hi.

NOAH
Noah. I know I'm early, just nervous
I guess. Haven't done one of these
date things in awhile.

NANCY
This isn't a date.

NOAH
Wow. You're quick. Am I really
that bad in person?

GEORGE
No. That's not what she meant.

NOAH
Who are you?

GEORGE
Nancy's friend. Also, a cop.

NOAH
And things just got weirder.

Nancy pulls out the picture of Bess.

NANCY
Do you know her?

NOAH
Bess? Yeah. Why?

NANCY
You went on a date with her?

NOAH
Is something wrong? Is she okay?

NANCY
No. She died six months ago.

NOAH
Oh my God. How?

GEORGE
That's what we're trying to figure out.

A beat as he gets his thoughts together.

NOAH
Bess is actually the reason I stopped dating. I really liked her. And I thought she liked me. Our coffee date ended up lasting a weekend.

NANCY
The weekend of March 7-10?

NOAH
I don't know. Sounds about right. I had to go overseas for a couple of months right afterwards, my startup just got bought by a company in Shanghai, anyway I texted her when I got back, but she never answered. Figured she ghosted on me, or she'd met someone else. Do you mind if I ... I think I need some air.

NANCY
Of course.

Noah walks out. Nancy turns to George. They sit with this for a beat.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I like him.

GEORGE
Yeah.

NANCY
And he liked her.

GEORGE
Yeah.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Probably shouldn't tell him that she
may have been pregnant with his baby.

NANCY
Yeah. He's had enough of a shock
for one night.

As the two of them sip their drinks, we --

INT. BESS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

George gets off the phone.

GEORGE
Noah's alibi checks out. He was out
of the country the night Bess died.

NANCY
There goes the baby daddy theory.

Back to square one.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Where are we with the therapist?

GEORGE
Working on it.

NANCY
So, who would have motive?

GEORGE
Her partners?

NANCY
Bess was the public face of the
company. And the chef. No Bess.
No new recipes.

GEORGE
Her employees ...

NANCY
Loved her.

GEORGE
Competitors?

NANCY
Loved her even more.

GEORGE
Could have been a robbery gone bad.

NANCY

What are they gonna steal? Pickles?
Besides, nothing was reported missing.

GEORGE

I don't know. This is where you do
your thing. Your instincts go into
overdrive and your eyes twitch and
you start spewing random details and
make sense of them.

NANCY

Last time I trusted my instincts was
Dan Bennett and clearly they were
wrong. This time we're doing things
the way we were taught at the Academy.
We write down what we KNOW.

Nancy goes to Bess's refrigerator where there's a whiteboard
and writes -- "Bess goes to see therapist, Bess sleeps with
Noah, pregnant?" And finally, "Bess dies." She steps back
and they both look.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Not much to go on.

GEORGE

You forgot one thing.

George writes -- "called Nancy and George to get together."

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We were so busy at work. She reached
out. Maybe she was gonna tell us
about the baby and the fact that we
never called back made her feel like
she was really alone and she got
overwhelmed with the thought of having
a baby. I'm just saying, if we're
really being objective here, that's
what this pattern of facts tells us.

Nancy ignores George and points to a piece of paper tacked
to the refrigerator right above the white board. It's an
address -- 385 Spring Street. Underlined and circled as
though it's important. Nancy takes the paper off the
refrigerator.

NANCY

This could be something.

GEORGE

A random address stuck to her fridge?
We're grasping at straws --

NANCY

So, let's keep grasping. Yeah, we were shitty friends there for awhile. But now we have to be not shitty friends and find out what happened --

Just then, there's a banging on the door. It's the police.

OFFICER

NYPD. Open up.

George and Nancy open the door and find two officers.

GEORGE

(flashing her badge)
What's the problem, guys?

OFFICER

Oh. Sorry, Detective. We got a call about a break in.

We see the NEIGHBOR across the hall peeking out her door.

NEIGHBOR

Oh thank God, it's just you two.

OFFICER

You know each other?

NEIGHBOR

Oh yeah. They're okay. I just thought all the trouble was starting up again.

NANCY

What trouble, Mrs. Gable?

NEIGHBOR

People were always coming by when Bess was alive. All times of the day or night. It stopped when she passed, but then just last week, a young man came looking for her.

NANCY

Why would people be looking for Bess?

NEIGHBOR

I assumed you knew. Bess was dealing drugs.

Off this bombshell, we --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. GEORGE'S CAR - DAY**

George drives slowly, focused on the addresses of the buildings on Spring Street she's driving past -- 326, 332, 347, 350 ... and then the addresses stop because she's reached the Hudson River. She checks to confirm the address and sure enough, it says 385 Spring Street, an address that doesn't exist. Another dead end. George dials a number --

GEORGE
385 Spring Street doesn't exist.
How about you? Any luck?

EXT. FORDHAM UNIVERSITY - BENCHES OUTSIDE DORM - DAY

NANCY
Not yet. Have you gotten the subpoena
for the therapist yet?

GEORGE (O.S.)
Still working on it.

NANCY
Ok. Call you later.

She hangs up. She's sitting on a bench outside a busy dorm watching students coming and going to class. Looks like she's been there awhile. She scrolls through her saved voicemails. There's one from Bess. Nancy hits play and listens.

BESS (V.O.)
Hey, it's me. I haven't seen you in
forever. Call me. Maybe you, me
and George can get dinner. I'm
obsessed with the burritos at this
place near me. Oh, also --

Nancy turns it off.

We see the quick RANDOM POPS --

Bess's DEAD BODY on the ground

The coroner's SHOE SPLASHING in a puddle as he pulls a white sheet over the body

A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS watching Bess's body being carried away past

A BICYCLE SEAT WET FROM THE RAIN

Suddenly, Nancy is pulled back into the present when she sees a student, PHIL (20), walking toward the dorm. She pulls up a grainy-looking surveillance picture of the street outside Bess's apartment on her phone. Yep. That could be him.

NANCY
(calling out)
You looking for Bess Marvin?

Phil pauses, looks around, then cautiously approaches Nancy.

PHIL
Are you Bess?

NANCY
I'm a friend.

PHIL
How did you ...?

NANCY
Surveillance cameras on the street showed you coming by Bess's about a week ago. You had a Fordham baseball cap on and a backpack so I figured you were a current student. I showed your picture to a couple people in the Student Union and a girl in your dorm told me where to find you. She has a thing for you by the way and wants you to know if you ever break up with your girlfriend, Chelsea in 2301 is available.

PHIL
I'm sorry, but who are you?

NANCY
I told you. A friend. Of Bess.
(beat)
Anyway, she died. She was killed.
And I'm trying to find out who killed her.

PHIL
(nervous)
I never even met her ...

NANCY
I'm not here to make trouble. I know my friend was dealing. I'm worried she got involved with bad people, I just want to know anything that might help me.

Phil looks at Nancy and starts to laugh.

PHIL
She wasn't dealing drugs! She was
paying for people to go to rehab.

Off Nancy's look --

INT. NYPD - LOWER MANHATTAN PRECINCT - DAY

George mid argument with her boss, LIEUTENANT EDWARD FORD
(40's).

FORD
You go to the D.A. behind my back
and get a subpoena --

GEORGE
I was at her office for something
else and I just figured --

FORD
Don't lie to me, Detective. You
went to Wendy because you guys are
buddies and you thought she wouldn't
say anything to me.

GEORGE
Sir --

FORD
But what you don't know is that I've
asked for all subpoenas to be reported
to me ever since your friend Nancy
Drew made such a spectacle of the
department --

Ford sits. Rubs his temple -- the beginnings of the migraine
that's always lurking right behind his eyes.

FORD (CONT'D)
You're looking into Bess Marvin's
death. Why?

GEORGE
There are new *facts*. She was pregnant.
And I know she wouldn't kill herself.

FORD
That's not a fact --

GEORGE
If I could just talk to her therapist
maybe she could confirm --

FORD

What? You need to give me a suspect, a motive. Tell me something that says I should okay this subpoena and allow one of my best detectives to take time out of her busy schedule to make a well respected psychiatrist take time out of her busy schedule?

George doesn't have the kind of facts he means. And she knows it.

GEORGE

I don't want to say no to finding justice for Bess.

FORD

You sure that's you talking?

(beat)

Detective Drew had a lot of potential. She did. And so do you. But she imploded. I'm not interested in watching you do the same. Rip up that subpoena and get back to work.

He goes and opens his door, George follows him out.

FORD (CONT'D)

And here's the thing about losing someone you love: there's never any justice in it.

Off this we --

INT. TWO BOOTS PIZZA - DAY

Phil and Nancy split a pizza.

PHIL

I row crew and a few months ago I tore my rotator cuff. I've been an athlete all my life, never even had a drink and suddenly I'm like, no two-a-days? Cool, let's party! Someone gave me a hit of molly at a party and it was just ... I love this stuff, what else you got, you know? Go big or go home. Within a few months I was shooting heroin. My girlfriend got freaked out and called my folks who got me into detox, which is all their insurance would cover. Now I'm twelve days sober and I'm basically white knuckling it. All I'm thinking about is getting high. I'm going to N.A. and my sponsor's like, you need a ninety day program.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

And she told me about this woman she heard about who used to pay for people to go to Bright Horizons on the Upper East Side which is where rich people send their kids. It's a great program.

NANCY

My friend Bess is the woman your sponsor was talking about? It doesn't make sense. She was just starting a new business, she had no money.

PHIL

According to my sponsor, she had plenty of money and was looking to spend it. All you had to do was go plead your case. So, I did. Or I tried to. Cause I'm kinda out of options. Yesterday, a kid I used to party with gave me some X.

He pulls a pill out of his pocket --

PHIL (CONT'D)

I haven't taken it, but I haven't thrown it away either. I know it's just a matter of time before I have a needle in my arm again.

Nancy looks at the pill, it's got a UNIQUE INSIGNIA on it.

NANCY

You ready to go into treatment right now?

INT. BRIGHT HORIZONS TREATMENT FACILITY - WAITING ROOM - DAY

This place looks more like a fancy spa than a drug treatment facility. Nancy is met by PATRICK HOLLANDER (50's), one of the people who run the program.

HOLLANDER

Patrick Hollander. I run the rehab program here.

NANCY

Thanks for taking Phil.

HOLLANDER

No, thank you. You might have just saved a young man's life.

NANCY

Well, technically it's my dad. He's footing the bill.

HOLLANDER
Your father's a generous man.

NANCY
Bess was like another daughter.
When I told him she was helping people
with recovery, he agreed it was a
great way to honor her memory.

HOLLANDER
We were so sorry to hear about her
death.

NANCY
Did you know Bess?

HOLLANDER
Well, I knew her but ... she was
kind of a mystery. She appeared at
our door one day and wrote a big
check to set up sort of a scholarship
fund. It's not unusual for ex-addicts
to want to give back, but Bess claimed
she'd never even tried any substances.
She just said that she had some extra
money and wanted to do some good. I
was hoping as her friend, you'd be
able to shed some light on her
generosity.

NANCY
Um ... do you mind if I ask ... just
how generous was she?

HOLLANDER
Over an eighteen month period she
paid for ten people at roughly \$30,000
a person. So, three hundred grand.

EXT. NYPD - LOWER MANHATTAN PRECINCT - NIGHT

Nancy stares up at the building. She looks a little
terrified, but resolved as she strides toward the door --

INT. NYPD - LOWER MANHATTAN PRECINCT - NIGHT

Nancy walks into the bustling office and is greeted by fellow
cops.

COPS
Well, look who's here! / Drew! / Are
you back?

NANCY
Just back to see this loser.

Nancy heads to George's cubicle. George is surprised to see
her.

GEORGE

Hey!

NANCY

Any luck with the subpoena?

GEORGE

Yeah. Not gonna happen.

NANCY

What?

GEORGE

You meet Marcus? My idiot partner?
Marcus!

A tall, handsome guy, MARCUS (20's), approaches.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This is Nancy. Nancy, Marcus.

MARCUS

Nice to meet you.

(to George)

Bolo the VS, I emailed it to you.

Marcus walks away.

GEORGE

"Be on the lookout for the victim
statement." Please come back.

NANCY

What do you mean it's not gonna
happen?

GEORGE

Ford said no.

NANCY

Damn it.

GEORGE

I know. It sucks. We're just gonna
have to get more evidence.

NANCY

Did you access Bess's bank account?

George looks over Nancy's shoulder and sees Lieutenant Ford
watching her from his office.

GEORGE

I haven't had a chance, but I'm telling you, I went over it right after she died and if she'd withdrawn \$300,000 I would have noticed.

NANCY

There must be another account. We need to get back on her computer.

Nancy starts to leave, turns and sees George still sitting there.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Now. I meant, we need to get back on her computer now.

GEORGE

I can't just leave. I'm working.

NANCY

Let Marcus bolo the VS.

GEORGE

I can't, Nancy. I have cases, I have responsibilities.

NANCY

What about your responsibility to Bess?

George explodes.

GEORGE

Don't you dare suggest I don't care about her. You want to know what responsibility looks like? Try sitting with Bess's 75-year-old mother while she goes through Bess's baby books. That's what I've been doing while you've been driving around the city.

NANCY

I had to get a job ...

GEORGE

You had a job.

NANCY

I couldn't stay.

GEORGE

Because you made a mistake? You're not perfect? Now you know how the rest of the world feels.

NANCY
That's not fair.

GEORGE
We were partners. What's not fair
is when stuff got really hard and I
needed you, you weren't there.

George stops herself because she sees the look on Nancy's face. It's like she's been punched in the gut. But George doesn't get a chance to take back what she said, because Nancy is walking out of the precinct. Again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's right. Just walk away.

Off George feeling terrible --

INT. NANCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Nancy is back outside Dan Bennett's apartment. Watching. Waiting. For what, she's not sure. She sees someone approach the building, but it's not Dan. It's Ned. And before she can scootch down in her seat, he sees her. He approaches her car.

NED
What are you doing here?

NANCY
I could ask you the same thing.

Ned gestures to a bag he's carrying.

NED
Drawings made by Dan's kids. He
asked me to get them since his ex
won't return his calls.

NANCY
So, now you're friends with Bennett?

NED
When a guy misses his kids and asks
if I can help out, I do what I can.
(beat)
You can't be here, Nancy.

NANCY
I know.

She looks at him and drops her guard. She's as vulnerable as we've seen her.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I keep thinking that I'm going to find something to say to him that will make this right. That maybe if I explain everything in detail, without sounding defensive or desperate he'll be able to see through all the hurt and pain I caused and realize that I had good intentions. I was just doing my job and trying to get to the truth.

NED

I keep thinking the same thing.
With you.

Nancy looks at him and for the first time sees the pain on Ned's face. Maybe there's a way to forgiveness? But then Dan Bennett approaches Ned.

DAN

Hey, man. Thanks for meeting me.

And then, Bennett turns and looks to see who Ned's talking to. He sees Nancy. And stops cold.

DAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

NANCY

I ...

DAN

Haven't you done enough?

Dan grabs the bag from Ned and walks back into his apartment. Ned watches him go, torn between Nancy and Dan.

NED

I should probably ...

NANCY

Yeah ... go.

NED

You okay?

NANCY

Yeah. I'm fine.

And although both of them know that that's not true, Ned follows after Dan, leaving Nancy utterly alone.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Nancy, barely awake, stumbles into the kitchen and finds George there, making coffee. There's also a plate of donuts.

GEORGE

Apology donuts.

NANCY

I'm not hungry.

Nancy walks right by George and pours herself a cup of coffee.

GEORGE

Just like we learned at the Academy, there are facts and then there's the truth. I know what the truth is, I know you couldn't stay.

(beat)

Steph says I relied on you too much. That I still acted like when we were kids. I'd wait around and let you figure stuff out. She says I've gotten to be a better cop since you've left. I've had to think for myself.

George stands up and takes a piece of paper out of her pocket.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The subpoena for the shrink. I can't serve it. Ford won't let me. And you can't either because, well, you're not a cop anymore. So, whatever you do, don't take this subpoena and serve it to the shrink because she probably wouldn't notice and she'd talk to you.

And George lays the subpoena down on the counter.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And that would be wrong.

George leaves. Nancy picks up a donut and the subpoena.

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY

NINA KLEBANOFF, (60's) is reluctant to talk.

NINA

I hate to divulge private conversations.

NANCY
I understand, Dr. Klebanoff.

NINA
But I suppose I have to.

NANCY
This is a subpoena.

Which is true.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Were you surprised when you heard
Bess had killed herself?

NINA
I was devastated. I only saw her a
couple of times, but with suicide,
you always ask yourself, is there
something I missed? But after some
soul searching I'm at peace. The
woman who came to me gave no hints
of suicidal ideation.

NANCY
What did you guys talk about?

NINA
I have my notes here. I'll be honest,
I'm not sure there's much here that
will be useful to you. She came in
saying she was depressed. Work was
stressful. I wrote, "Pickles. Whole
Foods. Pressure." I gave her a
prescription for Lexapro but
recommended she stop taking it after
she told me she was pregnant.

NANCY
Was she happy about being pregnant?

NINA
Yeah. Also nervous, which frankly I
found appropriate. I worry about
the patients who think it's going to
be a fairy tale.

NANCY
Did she mention anyone she was
fighting with?

NINA
Nope. Some friends she was growing
apart from. Childhood friends. She
was sad about that.

On Nancy's face, this is hard to hear.

NINA (CONT'D)

She liked talking about her childhood.
She grew up in River Heights which
she characterized as an idyllic,
sleepy little town with a charming
main street that hasn't been destroyed
by chain stores.

We see a look of dawning realization on Nancy's face as she
digs in her bag and retrieves the scrap of paper that Bess
had stuck on her refrigerator -- 385 Spring Street.

NANCY

Spring Street.

EXT. HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY - DAY

Nancy's car speeds up the highway --

INT. NANCY'S CAR - DAY

Music blares as Nancy leaves the city behind her.

EXT. RIVER HEIGHTS - DAY

Nancy drives through River Heights, a quaint town along the
Hudson River. She passes charming diners, ice cream shops,
even a local brewery and pulls up in front of an empty
storefront -- 385 Spring Street. She gets out of her car
and peers through the open window. A man, DENNIS (70's)
spies her from the cafe next door.

DENNIS

You want to see the place?

NANCY

Oh! Are you the owner?

DENNIS

My brother is. I can call him. He
doesn't live too far.

NANCY

I think my friend was interested in
this place.

DENNIS

She won't be once she finds out the
rent. I keep telling him he needs
to lower it but he doesn't listen to
me.

NANCY

When I was growing up this was a shoe store.

DENNIS

That's right. Hecker's Shoes. There was one woman who came close to closing a deal. She was gonna sell something weird. I can't remember.

NANCY

Pickles?

DENNIS

Yeah. That's it! Is that your friend?

NANCY

That's her.

DENNIS

What happened? She lose her nerve?

NANCY

I'm not sure.

Off Nancy --

EXT. CARSON DREW'S HOUSE - DAY

Nancy heads up the walkway of a big beautiful Victorian, her childhood home. She opens the door and enters --

INT. CARSON DREW'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is light, airy and beautiful.

NANCY

Hannah?

HANNAH GRUEN (60) emerges from the kitchen, on the phone.

HANNAH

Arnie, I scheduled Mr. Drew's deposition for the 4th, not the 3rd. I'm sorry about that, but ...

Hannah sweeps Nancy into her arms.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You hungry?

Nancy opens the fridge and forages for food.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

He can't do the 3rd so you're just going to have rearrange your schedule. Figure it out and call me back.

Hannah hangs up.

NANCY

When the other lawyers heard Dad was making the housekeeper his paralegal, they probably thought they'd be dealing with a sweet little old lady. Not Hannah Gruen the ballbuster.

HANNAH

Sit your ass down and let me make you a grilled cheese.

As Hannah bustles around --

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Your dad know you're here?

NANCY

Did you know Bess was thinking about moving back?

HANNAH

Here? Why would she do that?

NANCY

I don't know but ... maybe it's not a bad idea. River Heights is becoming a destination for people leaving the city.

Hannah raises an eyebrow, dubious.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying ... maybe I did the city thing and now I'm ready for a change. That's what you did.

HANNAH

My husband left and I was lost so yeah, I came home. Working for your parents was gonna be temporary, but then your mom died and I was needed. You go where you're needed Nancy. You don't run away and hide.

NANCY

That's not what ...

HANNAH

I've been biting my tongue while you've been going through this crisis of faith, but I can't do it anymore. Yes, you got knocked down. But if your sweet mother were here right now she'd tell you to pick yourself up and get back to the city and be who you were meant to be.

Just then, Carson enters and is surprised to see Nancy.

CARSON

Nancy! This is a surprise!

NANCY

Hey Dad.

HANNAH

And I've had it with you, too. You need to tell her.

CARSON

Hannah ...

HANNAH

Your father has news. He's been trying to tell you, but he keeps chickening out.

NANCY

Isabel's pregnant.

Stunned silence ...

CARSON

How did you ...?

NANCY

You've been trying to tell me something for weeks but you're nervous about it. So it's something big, and you're clearly in good health so you're not dying, and I wanted a turkey sandwich and you guys don't have any turkey, in fact you don't have any lunch meat at all, which makes sense because lunch meat has nitrates, which a pregnant person can't have.

HANNAH

She's still got it. I just got goosebumps.

NANCY

But mostly I figured it out because
Isabel's walking up the path.

And sure enough, they turn and see ISABEL TOPHAM (late 30's, stunning), Carson's girlfriend, looking visibly pregnant, walking in the front door.

INT. WHOLE FOODS - MANHATTAN - DAY

Marley and Alex are standing behind a table filled with jars of Fickle Pickles -- Bess's face smiling out from each jar. A small crowd has gathered.

WHOLE FOODS REP

We could not be more thrilled to
carry the full line of Bess's Fickle
Pickle products here at Whole Foods.
Marley?

MARLEY

I met my partner, Bess Marvin, in
cooking school and she had this tiny
apartment with a postage stamp
backyard. And one year she decided
to plant cucumbers. I thought she
was crazy but pretty soon she had
more cucumbers than she knew what to
do with, so she started pickling
them. And the rest is history.
Bess ... um ... isn't with us today
and honestly, she'd probably hate
this event, she didn't like public
speaking. But I know she'd love
sharing her pickles with you, so
let's start the tasting.

FIND Nancy and George standing at the back of the crowd.

NANCY

My dad's having a baby. Like the
kind of baby that'll share his DNA
and have his eyes and skin color and
will look like him when he laughs.

GEORGE

Wow. How do you feel?

NANCY

Like you're right. Everyone's right.
I need to get over myself. I need
to move on with my life.

George looks at Nancy, hates to break it to her.

GEORGE
Handwriting analysis came back.
Bess wrote the suicide note.

Beat. Nancy takes it in, then --

NANCY
Do you think she did it? In your
gut? In your heart? Do you think
Bess killed herself?

GEORGE
I don't know.

NANCY
This is where we need Bess. She'd
tell us what to do next.

GEORGE
She'd say we need a distraction.
Get our minds off the problem so we
can come back fresh.

By now, Nancy and George are standing in front of Alex and
Marley, who are handing out samples of the pickles.

MARLEY
Thanks for coming, guys.

GEORGE
Of course. We wouldn't have missed
it.

Nancy smiles at Alex.

NANCY
Congratulations.

ALEX
Thanks.

GEORGE
(whispers to Nancy)
Distraction.

Nancy looks at Alex, smiles.

INT. BROOKLYN BAR - NIGHT

Nancy and Alex, a couple beers in --

NANCY
I mean, when we were kids we were
like, solving crimes in between, you
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

know, volleyball practice and biology labs. It was fun, like a hobby and I guess, you know, you have to have fun doing it or else ... I mean not that finding murderers is fun. Although it is. But not like fun fun. Wow, I am rambling. Make me stop. Your turn. Why pickles?

ALEX

Well ... I was studying engineering at Penn and senior year I was getting all these job offers but my heart wasn't really in it. I had a trust fund from my grandmother so I didn't have to work and whatever I did I wanted to feel passionate about it, you know? Anyway, I was in the city for a final interview and I ran into Marley at the Farmer's Market.

NANCY

And you knew her from home?

ALEX

Yeah. High school. Anyway, she was like, you have to try my friend Bess's pickles, and I did. I ate one of the bread and butter pickles and right away I knew I was going to cancel the interview. I wasn't going to be an engineer, I was gonna help these guys sell their pickles.

NANCY

Like ... on the spot?

ALEX

I know I sound like a crazy person.

NANCY

No, you sound like a person who has good instincts and you listen to them.

The two are looking at one another in an awesome flirty way.

ALEX

Right now my instincts are telling me we should go back to my apartment.

And we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Nancy and Alex are making out in that super hot-against-the-door kind of way. The kind of way Nancy hasn't really had since Ned. It's sexy. Maybe too sexy -- Nancy needs a second. She pulls away.

NANCY

Oh look! There's a whole apartment behind you.

It's true. There is. It's gray and cool and sleek like the "contemporary" option in a home-furnishing magazine.

ALEX

Yeah I had them throw it in with the front door and that hallway outside.

NANCY

Good deal.

He goes to kiss her. She stops him.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Does the apartment also come with wine?

ALEX

If you'd like to follow me to the kitchen, I might even have some glasses.

They're in the kitchen, and while Alex gets two wine glasses from the cabinet, Nancy plops herself up onto the counter. Alex turns to her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Oh man.

NANCY

What?

ALEX

You can't sit there like that and not expect me to come over to you like this.

He's kissing her again. Still hot. Still heavy. Nancy indulges for a second but really wouldn't mind a little help from some --

NANCY

Wine.

ALEX

Right.

Alex crosses the kitchen to the wine rack.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Wanna grab the opener? It's in the drawer under you.

Nancy hops down and is confronted by three drawers. She opens the first: napkins. The second is a junk drawer: pens, post-its, the odd screwdriver, and a scratch pad. With doodles on it. Curlicues and swirls -- as if the artist was designing a logo or insignia ... And suddenly Nancy sees POPS -- Phil's ecstasy pill with its distinctive INSIGNIA, the scratchpad with a similar INSIGNIA, the SCUFFED WOODEN FLOORS OF THE FACTORY --

Nancy hurriedly closes the second drawer, then immediately opens the third, grabs the corkscrew, and closes it back again. She turns to Alex, who has a bottle of wine.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I picked a red, which, if you're not into, I have another red. Basically I just have ...

NANCY

Wait. Tell me again what kind of engineering it was you studied in college?

ALEX

Chemical, why?

Nancy smiles at Alex. It's important that he doesn't suspect that something's changed for her. She hands over the opener.

NANCY

It's just cool. I think I'll go with the red.

INT. THE FICKLE PICKLE FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

George enters and finds Nancy standing in the middle of the factory floor.

GEORGE

What the hell is going on? How did you get in here?

NANCY

I told Alex I had a latex allergy and asked for his keys in case he fell asleep while I was out buying sheepskin condoms.

GEORGE

There's so much that's wrong with that sentence, I don't even know where to start. You slept with Alex?

NANCY

No! I almost did. But then I remembered the floors. They're scuffed up.

GEORGE

I'm having trouble following ...

NANCY

How do you make ecstasy, George?

GEORGE

Are you actually asking me this or is this one of those things where you already know and you're just asking for dramatic effect?

NANCY

That one! We learned this at the Academy, in one of the seminars. You make ecstasy with camphor oil. Camphor oil that they have in large quantities in their stock room that they claim is for the floors but the floors are scuffed, are you following me now?

GEORGE

I'm gonna be honest, not 100 percent --

NANCY

Alex is making ecstasy, George. And I think Bess found out and he killed her.

GEORGE

You got this from the scuffed floors?

NANCY

Please George, I know my instincts have failed me in the past but just listen -- he's a chemical engineer. He knew the factory would be the perfect front. You need the same materials for ecstasy as you do for pickles -- water, vinegar, giant vats, heating equipment.

GEORGE

So Bess and Marley

NANCY

They just wanted to make their pickles and suddenly Alex is offering them money. But I think Bess found out what was really going on. She went to the therapist just a few months before she died saying work was stressful. That's also when she started giving money to Bright Horizons. And then when she got pregnant ... maybe she couldn't take it anymore, she needed to get her life in order so she tried to quit. And maybe Alex was afraid she'd talk, so

GEORGE

So he killed her.

(they sit with that a second)

Okay, so where is he making the drugs?
All I see is pickles.

Nancy is looking around the factory, and now she's staring at a wall with a shelf full of pickle jars. And she knows.

NANCY

What did the suicide note say?

GEORGE

I don't remember.

NANCY

Bullshit. You know it by heart. Like I do. "Every day I look at myself and I see my smiling face, but I know that what is behind that smile is ugly and horrible and a lie. I can't do it anymore."

By now she's standing by the display case, Bess's likeness smiling down at her --

NANCY (CONT'D)

It wasn't a suicide note. She was explaining to Alex why she wanted out.

And then she pushes on the case and it opens, slowly, now with the help of a dumfounded George, revealing a HIDDEN STAIRCASE (a little shout out to all those Nancy Drew fans) with stairs leading down. Off the two of them, holy crap.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. THE FICKLE PICKLE FACTORY - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Nancy and George stand in a massive basement, stretching the length of the factory floor, with vats and jars and all the equipment you'd need to make ecstasy. A drug lab. Nancy picks up one of the pills with the same UNIQUE INSIGNIA as the pill Phil had.

GEORGE

Remind me never to doubt you again.

NANCY

You need to get a warrant.

GEORGE

I need probable cause.

NANCY

This is your probable cause.

GEORGE

We broke in here.

NANCY

A confidential informant tipped you off.

GEORGE

Who?

NANCY

Me.

GEORGE

Fine. But from here on out we need to do everything by the book. I'm gonna go get a warrant. Don't touch anything.

George heads out, turns back to Nancy.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We're gonna do this, Nancy. We're gonna get justice for Bess.

Off Nancy, this feels good.

EXT. THE FICKLE PICKLE FACTORY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Nancy stands at the spot where Bess was last alive. It's an emotional moment for her. She takes her phone out, scrolls to Bess's voicemail and hits play.

BESS (V.O.)

Hey, it's me. I haven't seen you in forever. Call me. Maybe you, me and George can get dinner. I'm obsessed with the burritos at this place near me.

Nancy's about to hit stop, like she usually does, but this time she let's the message continue to play.

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

Oh, also, I have an Uber-y question. I'm with Alex and Marley and we're trying to get from Queens to the Bronx without going over the Whitestone Bridge. Alex is terrified of heights.

Nancy gasps. A realization. Apparently horrible. Just then --

MARLEY (O.S.)

Nancy. What are you doing here?

Nancy turns and sees Marley. Who doesn't look happy.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

There are motion detectors all over this place. I thought someone had broken in.

NANCY

Alex was afraid of heights. He'd never come up here. It was you.

Off Marley --

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

George and a couple of officers enter and wake the sleeping Alex.

ALEX

(confused)

George? what's going on?

GEORGE

(taking out handcuffs)

Turns out Nancy doesn't actually have a latex allergy. We have a warrant to search the factory and your apartment. Oh, and you're under arrest for the murder of Bess Marvin.

ALEX

No, you got it wrong. It wasn't me. And it was an accident. She didn't mean to kill her.

She?! Off George --

EXT. THE FICKLE PICKLE FACTORY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Nancy stands on the edge of the roof, facing Marley.

NANCY

Bess was writing that note to you.
But you came up here and caught her
before she could finish. And I think
you guys argued and you pushed her.

MARLEY

Do you know how insane you sound?

Marley starts to head back inside.

NANCY

Your bike seat was wet.

And once more we see the POPS --

Bess's DEAD BODY on the ground

The coroner's SHOE SPLASHING in a puddle as he pulls a white
sheet over the body

A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS watching Bess's body being carried away
past

A BICYCLE SEAT WET FROM THE RAIN --

We're back in the present.

NANCY (CONT'D)

It had stopped raining. If you'd
ridden your bike from your apartment
to the factory, your bike seat would
have been dry. But you didn't ride
over here that night. Instead, you
killed Bess, came downstairs, got
your bike, and pretended like you
just arrived, when in fact you'd
been here the whole time.

Marley starts walking slowly towards Nancy.

MARLEY

Alex and I just needed enough money
to get the business off the ground.
And if we didn't make this stuff,
someone else would. Ecstasy is out
there. Everywhere. As soon as the
Whole Foods deal closed we were gonna
stop. I told that to Bess, but she
freaked out.

Now Marley is next to Nancy. On the edge of the roof. And we see the menace and fury that Bess must have seen that night.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

Don't make the same mistake Bess did. You and I can make a deal, or...I can make this look like you were so bereft having lost your job and your boyfriend and your best friend that you returned to the scene of her suicide and...

GEORGE (O.S.)

I love smart phones.

Marley and Nancy turn and see George standing there, videotaping Marley's confession, her other hand on her gun. Nancy runs at Marley, tackling her to the ground, swinging punches.

NANCY

All she wanted to do was start a new life away from all this and you killed her.

GEORGE

Nancy!

Nancy lands several blows -- but Marley is strong, and bigger than Nancy, and as the two women struggle, they get perilously close to the edge. Nancy has Marley right at the edge of the roof.

NANCY

Maybe I should just let you fall.
Maybe that's justice for Bess ...

GEORGE

Nancy!

And there's a moment when we're not sure what Nancy's gonna do. But then she pulls Marley back onto the roof and hands her over to George who cuffs her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(to Nancy)

I can't leave you alone for an hour.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - DAY

Nancy waits outside Dan Bennett's apartment. She sees him approaching and gets out of the car and walks toward him.

DAN

I told you to leave me alone.

He walks past her up the steps to his building.

NANCY

My friend died six months ago. She was thirty-two. I felt so helpless. Young women with their whole lives ahead of them shouldn't die. And then two weeks later, Ana's case landed on my desk. She was only twenty-six ... My instincts are good, and I've learned to listen to them. That first day I questioned you, I looked into your eyes and I knew it was you. I just knew it.

And Nancy looks deep into Dan's eyes again. A look of fear crosses his face, but he holds her gaze.

NANCY (CONT'D)

But I was wrong. I see that now. And I'm sorry for all the pain I've caused you. I know I can never make it right, but I hope you'll let me try.

An apology. Not easy to say or to accept. The two of them look at one another, then --

DAN

What was her name? Your friend?

NANCY

Bess.

Dan nods just a little. It's not forgiveness, but it's something. Nancy walks back to her car. Moving on.

INT. BESS'S APARTMENT - DAY

As George and Nancy survey the now empty apartment.

NANCY

Now you can afford hors d'oeuvres at the wedding.

GEORGE

I don't want hors d'oeuvres.

NANCY

Bess would want you to have them.

GEORGE

Yeah.

They turn the lights off. It's momentous and ordinary all at the same time. Like all of life's Big Moments. The women stand in the darkened apartment, almost afraid to leave --

GEORGE (CONT'D)
God I miss her.

NANCY
Me too.

INT. WEDDING HALL - NIGHT

It's a few weeks later, and we're at Stephanie and George's wedding reception. Nancy stands before the gathered crowd and gives a toast.

NANCY
Every year, my family celebrates my adoption day, which we call Gotcha Day.

ON CARSON standing with Isabel --

NANCY (CONT'D)
My dad always insisted that DNA doesn't make a family, love does. And forgiveness. And being there for each other.

ON HANNAH --

NANCY (CONT'D)
So I'd like us all to raise a glass and toast Stephanie and George -- this is your Gotcha Day.

ON STEPHANIE AND GEORGE as Nancy raises her champagne --

INT. WEDDING HALL - LATER

Nancy watches Stephanie and George dance their first dance. Ned approaches.

NANCY
What happened to Kelsey?

NED
Lindsey. She couldn't make it.

The two of them stand there silently for a bit.

NED (CONT'D)
I put my career first. If I could go back and do it again, I'd --

NANCY

Bess wanted to have dinner and I was gonna call her back but I got busy. I keep thinking ... if we'd had dinner, would she have told us about the baby, about the drugs?

(she looks at him,
sadly)

I wish we did, but we don't get do overs.

They both go back to watching people dance. Then --

NED

Can we start over, then? Can I pretend that I saw a beautiful woman standing alone at a wedding and came over to ask her to dance?

Nancy closes her eyes.

NANCY

Starting over. I'm just not there yet, Ned.

NED

Yet. Okay. I'm a journalist. Words matter to me. And yet isn't never. I can live with yet.

Nancy sees Lieutenant Ford head out to the balcony.

NANCY

Excuse me.

She excuses herself and follows Ford.

EXT. RECEPTION - BALCONY - NIGHT

Nancy finds Ford.

NANCY

Hi Lieutenant.

FORD

Beautiful wedding, huh?

NANCY

Beautiful.

A beat as she figures out how to say what she needs to say.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Although the truth is, I never really enjoy parties.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

(she points)

Broadway and 81st. Two years ago, college kid, found in a hotel room, he'd been stabbed. Todd Herman. We never found out who killed him. I have a hard time enjoying myself when I know that Todd Herman's parents aren't. Or Ana Finch's family.

Ford looks at her, where's she going with this?

NANCY (CONT'D)

I want to come back, sir. I want to start over. Ana's killer is still out there.

FORD

No.

NANCY

No one knows that case as well as I do, just let me --

FORD

No! I'm still doing damage control from the first time you worked on the case.

So, that's it. It's really over. Wow.

NANCY

Okay.

She starts to walk away. Ford stops her.

FORD

You solved your friend's murder. Helped shut down a drug operation in the process. I could probably convince people that it'd be worth giving you another shot.

NANCY

I thought you just said --

FORD

I said you would need to stay away from Ana's case. Far away.

NANCY

But, sir ...

FORD

This how it's gonna be? Cause I'm already regretting it.

NANCY
No sir, I'll stay away from Ana's case.

FORD
Okay. Now leave me alone. Let me have a little peace.

Nancy smiles.

NANCY
Yes sir. And thank you sir.

Off Nancy, grateful. Back to catching the bad guys.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

A beautiful YOUNG GIRL walks down a familiar street and up the stoop to Dan Bennett's apartment and rings the buzzer. She waits, then --

DAN (O.S.)
Hello?

GIRL
I'm Jenna. I answered the ad for the artist's assistant?

DAN (O.S.)
Ok, come on up.

He buzzes her in, as we see --

INT. DAN BENNETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dan Bennett looking at grisly pictures of Ana's severed torso. Pictures that he took. He puts them into the back of a child's framed drawing and puts the picture back on the wall. Just as there's a knock on the door.

DAN
(yelling)
Be right there!

As Dan goes to open the door and we realize that Nancy was right. And Dan is a murderer. And we hope that Nancy figures it out before this girl dies, we go to --

INT. WEDDING HALL - LATER

Nancy and George are doing the electric slide and we see that everyone has joined in. Nancy, George, Stephanie, Carson, Isabel, Hannah, even Lieutenant Ford. And we see joy. Finally. After a year of loss, a little bit of joy.

END OF PILOT