

I AM VICTOR

"Always the Victor"

Written by

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Based on the novel

I AM VICTOR

By

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1

INT. UNIVERSAL HILTON -- MORNING

1

Tossed TOURISTY CLOTHING, a couple large suitcases and kitschy LA souvenirs dot the floor. We hear engaged, post-sex pillow talk, that's been going on for hours.

The voice is crisp, definitive and disarmingly honest.

VICTOR (O.S.)

You've got to be a meth-smoking crack addict to marry someone because you fall in love.

We track along the window overlooking Universal Studios, and reach the bed. A buoyant, optimistic young female voice responds...

LENA (O.S.)

Or, a normal person.

VICTOR PORT, late 30s, excellent physique, bad boy grin, lies nude under the sheets.

VICTOR

Come on. Marriage is a relic, a contract created so farmers could sell off their daughters for seed.

He lies next to LENA ENGLS, 30, natural, intelligent eyes, listening with fascination to Victor's musings.

LENA

So that's all marriage is to you? A contract?

VICTOR

And that idea only worked a thousand years ago when we expired young. Today, 'til death do us part' is the best argument going for assisted suicide.

LENA

That's ridiculous.

VICTOR

It's liberating. The reason everyone is so disillusioned is because we tell people to believe in fairy tales.

Victor's phone rings. He hits ignore.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
See. Another divorce.

LENA
Every time your cell rings?

VICTOR
That's what I do. Divorce law.

Of course.

LENA
I bet you're very good.

VICTOR
I'd give you my card, but if you
ask around, there's only one me.

Getting out of bed, she slips on a KING KONG T-shirt.

LENA
Well, this has been... something I
will try to but not easily forget.

VICTOR
I still remember my first time to
Universal Studios.

LENA
I admit, I haven't done anything
like this...
(bashful)
Okay, ever.

VICTOR
I'm glad to be of service.

Victor finally gets out of bed, searches for his clothes
amidst her souvenirs. He finds an ET PEN.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Adorable.

LENA
It may seem a little cheesy, but I
just moved to town and wanted to
see the sights.

She playfully pops the pen into the breast pocket of his
custom-tailored suit.

VICTOR

A memento. I'm not very sentimental.

LENA

Listen, I'm still recovering from a long term relationship. Last night was great... The rides, the shots, the mechanical bull. Really. I'm just not looking for anything more than what happened and my sense is you're not either. So...

VICTOR

So. Enjoy LA.

He's taking her in one last time before he goes. It's sexy, but she's slightly uncomfortable.

LENA

I hope one day, you find someone who changes your mind.

VICTOR

About?

LENA

Love.

She's bright and hopeful. Refreshing. She holds out her hand to shake. Victor takes it, then pulls her close for one last kiss. He lets go, leaving her with a smile as the door shuts.

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE: To a jamin' version of INXS' "What You Need", Victor steps in his BLACK RANGE ROVER, drives over the canyon and Hollywood sign. Life is perfect and he is the shit. Victor pulls into the drive-thru at an In-N-OUT. The sign says CLOSED FOR BREAKFAST. Slowly a hand comes out of the window with a bag (double-double). Victor flips back a twenty. He has it wired. He heads down Sunset Blvd. Victor pulls in to his space at a posh office building.

2

INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES - GYM -- DAY

2

TIGHT SUCCESSIVE SHOTS: A fancy overhead shower rains down. Victor washes up, shaves and towels off. He places his old suit jacket in the closet, changes into a fresh suit, checks himself in the mirror, emerges, music out --

3 **INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES -- DAY** 3

Victor heads to his office, passing CUCUMBER, 20s, Victor's tall, sharp-featured Russian secretary. Despite their professional tone, there's an implied sexual mischief.

VICTOR
Hello, Cucumber.

CUCUMBER
(Russian accent)
Hello, Victor. Your new client is waiting.

4 **INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - DAY** 4

Victor sees SAMANTHA MORGAN, 35, attractively plus sized, with a fiery Red-headed edge. She's staring at Victor's Wall of Shame -- photos with athletes, stars and politicians.

VICTOR
Celebrities make fantastic clients.
I give them volume discounts.

She turns, trying to smile. But she's anxious, sad.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
First divorce?

She's surprised by his cavalier attitude.

SAMANTHA
I never thought it would come to this.

He leans against his desk.

VICTOR
You don't look naive.

She's taken aback, but decides to continue with her story.

SAMANTHA
Ray and I... we took compatibility tests. We dated for five years, lived together for three... Then one day my husband came home and told me he's no longer in love with me. Like that, my life is over.

VICTOR
Your life is fine. Your marriage is over.

She's horrified by his insensitivity.

SAMANTHA

You have terrible bedside manner.

VICTOR

I'm not a doctor. I'm a lawyer. How was your sex life?

SAMANTHA

Excuse me?

VICTOR

You say the divorce took you by surprise. When was the last time you had sex?

It hits her.

SAMANTHA

It's been a while. We were fighting a lot.

VICTOR

It's not your fault. You had a fifty-fifty shot at winding up in my office. The good news is you're in my office and not him.

SAMANTHA

So what happens now?

VICTOR

(looking over her file)
I hate drawn out divorces. The paperwork is mind numbing... You don't have kids. Give me a week.

Samantha clears her throat.

SAMANTHA

Well. We sort of do. Have kids.
(confessing)
Before things fell apart, we tried. We tried everything. Including five rounds of in vitro fertilization.

VICTOR

I see.

SAMANTHA

We still have one frozen embryo remaining.

VICTOR
And you want it.

SAMANTHA
(nods)
It's my last chance at a child.

VICTOR
I'll work custody into the
settlement.

SAMANTHA
I think it's going to be a bigger
problem than that. He doesn't want
custody.

VICTOR
What does he want?

SAMANTHA
Not a child.

VICTOR
He wants the embryo destroyed.

SAMANTHA
(nodding)
Since it's half his, the clinic
won't let me try again until we
have this resolved.

Off Victor...

5 **INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES -- DAY**

5

Victor walks down the hall. He immediately u-turns when he spots OLAF RENNER, 50s, best described as an aging Viking. A hearty warrior with a lingering Norwegian accent. Feels like he could wear a pelt. He's intimidating.

OLAF
Victor.

Unable to dodge him, Victor turns to face Olaf.

VICTOR
Olaf. I'm with a client.

OLAF
(doesn't care)
Look at this.

An authentic 12th century NORSE BATTLE SCENE TAPESTRY hangs, framed, on the wall. Olaf is a collector of things.

OLAF (CONT'D)

From Norse mythology -- a nine-hundred year old depiction of the God, Odin, riding into battle.

(proud)

Took me two years, three hundred grand and six trips to Oslo, but I got it.

Victor smiles and nods. Olaf has paid more for less.

VICTOR

Thor was Odin's son, right? Is he on the tapestry?

OLAF

No.

VICTOR

Oh. I always thought he was the famous one. Well, I'm sure it's still worth every penny.

Olaf won't let Victor get to him. He starts walking again. Time to talk business.

OLAF

I've gotten a dozen calls from Ray Morgan.

VICTOR

Of Morgan Tires, I know.

OLAF

Naturally, both Ray and his wife Samantha want our firm to represent them.

VICTOR

Naturally.

OLAF

But only one wins. Go with the money. Ray.

Clearly Olaf isn't aware that Victor already met with Samantha. Victor decides to toy with him.

VICTOR

I like the 'out-spouse'.

OLAF

The wife?

(yawn)

(MORE)

OLAF (CONT'D)

She runs some web marketing firm. One retainer and you're done. Ray runs a tire company that makes the shoddiest tires on the market.

VICTOR

I know. I had a set. While they were still so new they had those little rubber hairs on 'em -- Boom. One of them blew out on the 405. I was stuck on the side of the freeway two and half hours. Time for payback.

Olaf couldn't care less.

OLAF

There are people out there who were really hurt by his tires. I want to defend him. Crush his wife so we can fill our litigation practice.

VICTOR

His brother handles his litigation. He's not moving.

OLAF

This isn't a request. Sign Ray Morgan.

Victor has been walking toward his conference room (adjacent to his office and decorated by and for him).

VICTOR

I just can't stop thinking about poor Samantha Morgan. Jilted, without warning. All those years of trying to give him a child, and he drops her because she's barren.

Olaf thinks Victor is joking until he sees Samantha in the conference room, filling out paperwork. Olaf is pissed.

OLAF

Is that her?!

VICTOR

Curse my sensitive side, Olaf. I had to go in a different direction.

OLAF

If you weren't married to my daughter, I would bury you.

VICTOR

Then you wouldn't get to represent
Ray or Samantha. Better to keep me
around. Much more fun.

Yes, Victor is married. Yes, Olaf is his father-in-law. As
Olaf and Victor part, we see a PHOTO on the wall of VICTOR,
HELEN (his wife), and their two children --

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6 **EXT. PORT HOME -- MORNING** 6

Gardeners and landscapers are busy beautifying this large, traditional Cape Cod home.

7 **INT. PORT HOME -- MORNING** 7

Victor grills pancakes and bacon in his high-end kitchen. GEORGE, 10, plays on his iPad nearby. HELEN, 30s, Victor's wife, beautiful, down-played under a professional wardrobe enters. She smells the pancakes and fresh strawberries.

HELEN
(delighted)
Mmm. I thought we were out of strawberries.

VICTOR
Picked 'em up this morning.

She kisses him on the back of the neck, how thoughtful. Helen's getting the plates out as Victor flips the pancakes onto them -- a routine they have down. DANA, 14, awkwardly cute, enters and takes her plate.

DANA
Thanks, Dad. Okay, so there's this guy, Lyndon.

VICTOR
Former President. Ambitious bastard, until he actually got what he wanted. Then crumbled.

HELEN
Lyndon is a boy at school.

VICTOR
I didn't think that name was still in use. Bad parenting.

Helen takes her pancake, and some fresh organic fruit.

GEORGE
Dana's in loooooovveee with him --

DANA
Shut up.

HELEN

Awe, Dana. When did this happen?

DANA

This weekend.

GEORGE

It was 'love at first sight' --

DANA

Shut. Up.

VICTOR

Whoa there, kids. No such thing.

Everyone's used to Victor pontificating.

DANA

Of course there is. Read Shakespeare.

VICTOR

Divorced.

DANA

No he wasn't.

VICTOR

Right, he just lived in another city with another woman.

Victor brings over the rest of the pancakes. He grabs one and eats it as he puts on his jacket and straightens his tie.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Your mom fell for me at first sight, and has regretted it ever since.

HELEN

That's not true. I could leave any time I want.

Victor eyes her. Dana laughs. Whatever.

DANA

He's having a party Saturday night.

VICTOR

Your mother's birthday dinner is on Saturday.

Helen smiles at her husband. He doesn't forget.

DANA

I know... I don't want to miss your birthday, Mom. But, it's Lyndon.

HELEN

We'll discuss it.

Victor flashes a smile back at her as she hands him his briefcase. He nods, a united front.

8

INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

8

Samantha sits across from Ray and his attorney, CHRIS GORDON, 40s. Victor texts on his cell while Samantha and Ray continue hashing out their differences.

RAY

I don't want a child.

VICTOR

(correcting)

It's a little boy. Didn't you always want an heir to your tire dynasty?

CHRIS

Stop it.

RAY

You can't compel me to have a kid with my ex, just because there's an embryo on ice.

SAMANTHA

Ray, you wouldn't have to be part of his life.

RAY

Of course I would. He'd be my son -- Seriously, how would you feel having a kid out there you don't even know?

VICTOR

Ever hear of Genghis Kahn? 16 million little Genghi's run around today. Man up, Ray and spread your seed.

(pussy)

Once.

RAY

There is no amount of money, no assets, nothing you can offer me to change my mind.

This is going nowhere. Seemingly bored, Victor returns to his Smartphone and checks messages.

SAMANTHA
You want out of this marriage?

RAY
Yeah --

SAMANTHA
Then give me my son --

RAY
We're getting a divorce, not having
a baby!

Samantha nearly leaps out of her seat -- Chris breaks 'em up.

CHRIS
Victor. A little help?

Victor, completely disengaged, heads to the door.

VICTOR
First aid is in the top drawer.

Victor exits, to the bafflement of Samantha, Ray and Chris.

9 **INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES - WES & MILLIE'S OFFICE -- DAY** 9

WES FINI, 20s, neurotic Italian-Catholic, and MILLIE GOLD, 20s, confident Jew, work across from each other at their desks. Millie takes her Smartphone, and holds it under her skirt facing her lap. FLASH. She texts the photo to Wes.

JWOOP. Wes looks up from his papers, and checks his text. His eyes widen, then he stares across the room. Playful, he turns back to his Smartphone and types.

We don't see Wes' sext back to Millie, but clearly she enjoys it. They hear Victor coming and straighten up as he enters.

WES
Did they reach an agreement?

VICTOR
No, Sunshine, but we did glean a
few gems from their encounter. Any
guesses?

MILLIE
That you still won't let us sit in
settlement meetings.

VICTOR

And?

(off their silence)

I'll give you a hint. His firm has two decent lawyers. One trial and one negotiator. As soon as he showed up today with the trial lawyer and not the negotiator, I knew we're headed to court.

WES

That was a hint?

VICTOR

You're slow. I had to move things along. What's our best legal case?

MILLIE

Donovan v. Klein favored the father's right not to bear a child.

VICTOR

You're so unhelpful now you're playing for the other team.

WES

It's the only ruling. And the decision stands a good chance at being overturned. Five of the appellate justices past decisions --

VICTOR

My client can't wait for a higher court. Her tubes don't have that kind of time.

MILLIE

Why does she want a kid with this jerk anyway?

VICTOR

Says the girl with no children.

MILLIE

I wouldn't want one with my ex. Every time I'd look at my sweet, precious child, I'd want to strangle the half that looks like the asshole who left me.

VICTOR

(to Wes)

You agree with her?

He hesitates.

WES

Millie has a point. Samantha might feel one way now, and --

VICTOR

This is why I don't allow office sex. You're so desperate to get in her pants you'll say our client's careening toward prolicide.

Busted.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

It means killing one's children. Get your head out of her crotch.

Millie steers the conversation back to the case.

MILLIE

What if the embryo's rights are already defined?

VICTOR

How?

MILLIE

An existing contract. When Samantha went in to the fertility clinic, she must have filled out a consent form.

WES

If the agreement assigns her the rights rather than Ray --

VICTOR

(yes this works)

Given Ray never wanted a kid, I bet she went to the clinic alone... making hers the only signature on the consent -- go get that form.

Victor's up and walking. He stops and reads off his phone:

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Millie: *I told you, you make me moist.* Wes: *Insufficient proof. Send another photo.*

Millie and Wes are horrified.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

As much as I'm eager to see more
proof, break it off, or I fire Wes.

Off Wes and Millie, concerned and embarrassed.

10 **INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES -- DAY** 10

Victor approaches Cucumber, who quietly works at her desk.

VICTOR

Hello, Cucumber.

CUCUMBER

Hello, Victor.

(then)

I tried Elliot. It went to
voicemail.

VICTOR

Let me know when you find him.

CUCUMBER

Olaf wants to see you.

Victor sighs. He starts into his office when --

OLAF

Victor.

Victor turns to see Olaf's far too warm greeting. Victor
knows Olaf is about to spring something on him.

VICTOR

How can I make you money today, Dad?

Olaf hates when Victor calls him Dad. They walk --

OLAF

Thought you'd want to say hello to
our new criminal defense counsel.

They enter --

11 **INT. OLAF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS** 11

Standing, admiring the Nordic Kingdom motif (antique oars, a
centuries old Viking helmet, antique weaponry), is -- Lena.

OLAF

This is Lena.

She slowly turns, her smile instantly frozen as she experiences a brief holy-fucking-shit-this-can't-possibly-be-happening. Lena forces a smile. Victor holds out his hand.

VICTOR
Hi. Lena. A pleasure.

It's a mirror of their romantic goodbye, except this time Victor shakes rather than pulling her in for a kiss.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Lena. There's been a misunderstanding.

LENA
Really.

VICTOR
I'll put together a severance package --

LENA
Severance package? I don't follow.

VICTOR
The criminal defense position. I already hired someone.

OLAF
I unhired him.
(recalling Victor's line)
I had to go in a different direction.

LENA
Maybe I'll just wait outside.

Lena exits.

OLAF
Is your name *Renner* or *Associates*?
I make the decisions.

VICTOR
I need a real defense attorney.
This one's still green.

OLAF
How do you know?

VICTOR
Look at her.

OLAF

Nice, huh.

(then)

Would never have guessed Harvard Law Review and four years in the Boston DA's office.

VICTOR

You sleeping with her?

OLAF

Not yet.

They're interrupted by a knock. Cucumber opens the door.

CUCUMBER

Victor, I need you.

VICTOR

(to Olaf)

This isn't over.

OLAF

It better be.

Victor exits --

12

INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES -- DAY

12

Victor walks with Cucumber.

CUCUMBER

Elliot is in trouble.

VICTOR

What's new.

CUCUMBER

There are bystanders this time. And police.

Frustrated, Victor nods. He sees Lena, awkwardly standing around, waiting to be told where to go, but trying to act like she's not lost.

VICTOR

New defense counsel. Come with me.

LENA

Where?

VICTOR

To defend your first client.

He walks briskly, and she follows.

13 INT. VICTOR'S RANGE ROVER -- DAY

13

Lena and Victor drive. He's very comfortable, she's still getting her bearings.

VICTOR

You a Dodgers fan? We have box tickets. And VIP passes to Universal --

LENA

Okay, we should talk about last night.

VICTOR

I don't sleep with co-workers, lawyers or happily married women. Last night will never happen again.

LENA

Of course it won't. Did you just say happily married women? What does that mean?

Victor's phone rings. The dash lights up: HELEN.

VICTOR

Yeah. That's my wife.

LENA

Your wife -- Oh my God!

Victor answers, putting Helen on speaker.

VICTOR

Hi, Honey.

Lena stares at him in shock. How could he pick up the phone?!

HELEN (O.S.)

Hey, Hon.

Victor glances at her. What?

HELEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They moved up my presentation to tomorrow.

VICTOR

I thought you had another week to prepare.

HELEN (O.S.)
The CEO flew in early from Paris.
The entire company's in a panic.

VICTOR
You want me to read over the
corporate liability section?

HELEN (O.S.)
Could you?

VICTOR
Of course.

HELEN (O.S.)
I'll send what I have so far.
(playful, sexual)
And tonight I will reward you --

VICTOR
I'm on my way to rescue Elliot.

HELEN (O.S.)
Again?

VICTOR
With the new defense counsel.

HELEN (O.S.)
Victor. You have to tell me when
there are other people in the car.
I'm so embarrassed.

This is torture for Lena.

VICTOR
So is she. Meet Lena.

LENA
Hi. Helen?

HELEN (O.S.)
Hi, welcome. I hope Victor's
treating you well.

LENA
Ditto.

VICTOR
Gotta go. Bye, Honey.

HELEN (O.S.)
See you tonight.

Click.

LENA

What. The. --

VICTOR

Judging by your engagement ring, I thought you were married, too.

LENA

And that makes this okay?! No. I told you, I just got out of a long-term relationship.

VICTOR

Which is code for don't call me.

LENA

I don't know any extra-marital code.
(beat)
Does your wife know? I heard her on the phone. She's not dumb.

VICTOR

It doesn't come up.

LENA

So you meant it last night, when you said marriage is just a contract.

VICTOR

Wow, you're way less fun in the daylight.

He stares ahead at the road, driving on.

14

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC -- DAY

14

Wes and Millie enter and approach the RECEPTIONIST, 30s.

MILLIE

Hi. Millie Gold.

RECEPTIONIST

Sign in, please. Is this your first appointment?

MILLIE

No, no. We're not a couple. We're lawyers. We represent a patient.

WES

Samantha Morgan. We requested a copy of her in vitro paperwork.

Wes shows her a notarized letter signed by Samantha. The Receptionist gets up and heads to the back.

WES (CONT'D)

Is it that obvious we look like a couple?

MILLIE

Yeah. Wes, look. We've only been going out a few weeks.

He looks at her with puppy dog eyes. No idea what's coming.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

It's not worth it. Victor's serious. We worked too hard to get here.

WES

What are you saying?

It's pretty clear to everyone but him. As it sinks in, Dr. Rush approaches with the letter they gave the receptionist.

DR. RUSH

Hi, I'm Dr. Rush, Mrs. Morgan's doctor. I'm sorry, we can't release any of her medical records.

MILLIE

Yes, you can. This notarized form gives us legal permission.

WES

We need to see her IVF agreement.

DR. RUSH

We don't keep those records here.

MILLIE

(bullshit)

Where is it then? We'll go get it.

DR. RUSH

Our clerk is out today. Check back with us next week.

Dr. Rush walks away. Wes and Millie exchange a look. Something's very wrong.

15

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

15

Under a bridge, Victor and Lena assess the fire trucks, Black & Whites and small crowd. ELLIOT MOTE, 40s, stands precariously at the edge of the railing.

LENA

That's your investigator?

VICTOR

And your client. I get him down.
You get him off.

LENA

This is... wow.

VICTOR

Tell me about it.
(yelling up)
Can't you just go quietly?!

ELLIOT

(seeing Victor)
What?

VICTOR

Suicide. If you're gonna do it, OD,
or drown, or lie on the train
tracks. This is ridiculous.

ELLIOT

Hey! I'm not kidding up here.

VICTOR

Elliot...

Victor leaves Lena to walk up the bridge stairs. A few feet from the rail, he cautiously approaches Elliot.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Elliot. You're drunk. I can smell
it from here.

ELLIOT

It was electric. We were so perfect
together. I fell hard, Victor. And
now... She's moving. To Canada.
Canada... Over me!

VICTOR

They do have good skiing.

ELLIOT
(meaning it)
I don't want to go on. I can't live
without her.

Victor's cell phone rings. It's Wes.

VICTOR
Hang on a sec.

Elliot's annoyed, but Victor answers his cell anyway.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Yeah, Wes... Clearly they're hiding
something... I don't care, don't
call me again until you have it.

Victor hangs up.

ELLIOT
Who was that?

VICTOR
What do you care, you're ending it.

ELLIOT
Come on. That's not fair.

VICTOR
My client's trying to get pregnant.
But Ray Morgan --

ELLIOT
Morgan Tires?

VICTOR
He's not only divorcing her, but he
may have bought off the clinic to
keep records from her so she can't
have a child.

ELLIOT
What are you going to do?

VICTOR
I need you. But, you're dead.

ELLIOT
You're completely manipulating me.

VICTOR
Doesn't make it any less true.

Elliot looks around. A lot of FLASHING LIGHTS and lookie loo's. Dread seeping in as he ponders living another day.

ELLIOT
I'm in a lot of trouble. They're gonna think I'm suicidal.

VICTOR
(waiving it off)
I brought our in-house defense.

ELLIOT
Any good?

VICTOR
If she stinks and you die in jail, you're no worse off than if you jumped.
(beat)
Come on. Time to come in.

Elliot eyes Victor, smiles. He loses his balance and FALLS --

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Elliot!

He drops out of control, and lands on an LAFD AIRBAG. TIGHT ON ELLIOT, face up on the airbag.

ELLIOT
Wohooooooo! Made it. Yeah.

Elliot shakes his fist in the air. Victor watches as Lena and LAPD assist Elliot off the airbag.

16

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

16

Victor meets up with Lena while paramedics assist Elliot.

VICTOR
I need him out and in working condition by the morning.

LENA
Where are you going?

VICTOR
Home.

LENA
To your wife and kids?

VICTOR
This doesn't have to be a thing. Relax, okay?

LENA
Do you two still sleep together?

VICTOR
(nonchalant)
Way too personal.

She stares at him. Are you kidding me?! Victor's getting annoyed that she won't lighten up.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
This is why I don't sleep with lawyers.

LENA
Well, you did. And you also said you don't sleep with happily married women, so I get to ask. Does that include your wife?

Low blow. Not funny any more. A POLICEMAN calls out.

POLICEMAN
Victor. We gotta take him in.

VICTOR
Thanks, Mike.
(to Lena, firm)
You don't talk to me about my family.

17 INT. PORT HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

17

A crackling fire lights this massive master. Helen rolls off Victor, post coital. After a moment to catch her breath --

HELEN
I don't know, Honey. I was really hoping the whole family would be together.

VICTOR
For your birthday?

Helen's up and about. No time for cuddling.

HELEN
You know how my father feels about these dinners.

VICTOR
We don't have to do everything he asks. You're not twelve anymore.

HELEN

Dana and George are that age. I want them to have the same experience. I like the get-togethers.

VICTOR

If you make Dana skip her party, she's gonna be a pain in the ass.

HELEN

It's just some boy, she'll forget about him in a week.

VICTOR

Unless you tell her she can't go. And she sneaks off.

HELEN

This one night, I want the family together.

VICTOR

Fine. For my birthday, you and I are going far away.

She notices Victor seems distracted.

HELEN

It will be fine, Victor.

(beat)

I know my dad can be difficult. He said you weren't happy he hired Lena.

VICTOR

Yeah.

HELEN

Give her a chance. She sounded like a woman of strong moral conviction.

VICTOR

That's the problem. She's supposed to be a defense attorney.

Helen laughs, then disappears into the shower. Off Victor, contemplating how big of a problem Lena will be for him...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES - VICTOR'S OFFICE -- MORNING 18

Lena enters and finds Cucumber at her desk. Lena hands her ELLIOT'S FILE.

LENA

Hi, do you mind giving these
release records to Victor?

CUCUMBER

Thank you.

Cucumber turns back to her filing. Lena hangs a moment.

LENA

I'm Lena.

CUCUMBER

Cucumber. Nice to meet you.

LENA

Is all this, normal?

CUCUMBER

We have no ordinary days.

Okay. Great.

LENA

Cucumber... Is that American?

CUCUMBER

I'm a Russian mail order bride.

LENA

Oh.

CUCUMBER

Two years, seven months and three
days left on my contract.

LENA

Contract?

CUCUMBER

Marriage. We have to stay together
for five years to get my green
card. Victor arranged it.

LENA
He's quite magnanimous.

CUCUMBER
Yes he is very large.

Lena's about to clarify the meaning of magnanimous when Victor approaches.

VICTOR
Need something, Lena?

LENA
No I was just leaving.

VICTOR
Morning, Cucumber.

CUCUMBER
Victor. Watch your six.

VICTOR
Already? Thank you, Cucumber.

LENA
The boss?

CUCUMBER
And his father-in-law. Olaf.

Lena nearly spit-takes her coffee. She signals to talk to Victor in his office --

19

INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES - VICTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

19

LENA
You're married to the boss' daughter?

Victor looks over Elliot's file.

VICTOR
Small world. Nice work with Elliot.

LENA
Thank you, but, really?

VICTOR
You did it. That was a rare compliment.

Lena's still processing.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Is there anything else? Think hard
before you ask.

Lena realizes she needs to tread lightly, but has trouble
stopping herself. She's about to respond, when Wes and Millie
knock and enter.

WES/MILLIE
Victor. We need you.

20 INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY 20

Wes, Millie and Victor enter.

VICTOR
Did you two break up yet?

MILLIE
Yes -- Victor this is important.

VICTOR
How did he take it?

WES
How do you know I didn't dump her?

Victor bursts out laughing. It goes on an uncomfortably long
time, especially since it's not funny to Wes and Millie.

WES (CONT'D)
We got a lab tech to give us the
info we needed.

VICTOR
He gave you Samantha's contract?

MILLIE
No, better. He told us why Dr. Rush
was so evasive.

WES
Samantha's embryo is missing.

This gets Victor's attention.

VICTOR
An embryo can't just get up and
walk out the door. It's 8 cells.
None of them are legs.

WES
They store thousands. It may have
been mislabeled.

VICTOR
Or destroyed. Ray could have paid
the doctor off.

WES
Do we go to the police?

Cucumber and Samantha approach the conference room.

VICTOR
Yeah. The Law & Order: Special
Fetus Unit. Please. I'm not about
to let LAPD near this until I know
what's going on.

Victor starts packing up as Cucumber and Samantha enter.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Samantha, thanks for coming in. My
associates will catch you up.

He leaves, as Wes and Millie smile awkwardly to Samantha.

21 **INT. VENICE BEACH DIVE BAR -- DAY**

21

Unlike the near-dead Elliot of yesterday, this one is alert
and sober and ready for action.

ELLIOT
I'll go in first, as a patient
under the name of Elliot Green.
(reviewing)
Records room is the second door on
the right. It'll take me about
twenty seconds to pick.

VICTOR
I can stall up to five minutes.

ELLIOT
That should work, assuming standard
medical labeling and security.

Victor nods as Elliot takes a drink of his beer.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
That reminds me. The new girl,
Lena?

VICTOR
She won't last.

ELLIOT
She should. She got me off suicide
watch with nary a Public
Intoxication.

VICTOR
So could've Cucumber.

ELLIOT
(studying his face)
You slept with her. Already!

VICTOR
Before she worked at the firm.
Before I knew she would work at the
firm.

ELLIOT
What was she like?

VICTOR
Like the women I've spent my life
avoiding.

22 **INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM -- DAY** 22

Elliot approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

ELLIOT
Hi, Elliot Green. Here for my
appointment to... make a deposit.

The Receptionist knows what he means. She opens the door so
he can enter --

23 **INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - HALLWAY -- DAY** 23

Elliot scopes out the different rooms as the receptionist
walks him through the hall.

RECEPTIONIST
Have you refrained from all sexual
activity for at least two days?

ELLIOT
Sadly.

RECEPTIONIST
Any smoking, drinking or drugs?

Elliot pauses.

ELLIOT
No.

They stop, and she opens a door.

RECEPTIONIST

This is a soundproof room. There are magazines, as well as DVDs. You'll find the sample cups on the counter.

ELLIOT

You're not coming in?

She's not amused.

RECEPTIONIST

Wash your hands and penis thoroughly with soap and water. No lubricant can be used.

Elliot sighs and nods. Down the hall, he spies Victor approaching the reception. That's his cue. Elliot enters the room, and the receptionist turns to greet Victor.

24

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM -- DAY

24

The Receptionist smiles to Victor, who holds a briefcase and a file folder.

VICTOR

Hi, I'm here to see Dr. Rush.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

VICTOR

Not exactly. I have a delivery.

Behind her, Victor sees Elliot exit his soundproof room and head toward a file room. As Elliot is about to enter, Dr. Rush sees him. Shit. This wasn't part of the plan.

DR. RUSH

Excuse me. Where are you going?

ELLIOT

Me? Oh, well this is a little awkward. But. The porn selection is kinda thin in there.

Dr. Rush motions for Elliot to follow and leads him down the hall to a nook with a shelf of PORN.

DR. RUSH

This is all we have.

ELLIOT

Hmm. Okay.

There's an awkward beat where Elliot gives Dr. Rush an uncomfortable glance before perusing.

DR. RUSH

I'm sorry. I can't leave you back here unaccompanied.

The Receptionist approaches.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me, Dr. Rush? There's an attorney asking to see you.

Dr. Rush is a little nervous. He turns to Elliot.

DR. RUSH

Stay here.

ELLIOT

What if I find what I'm looking for?

DR. RUSH

Then you can go to the room.

Dr. Rush walks with the receptionist to the front, where Victor is waiting.

VICTOR

Dr. Rush, these are for you.

Victor hands Dr. Rush a packet of DIVORCE PAPERS. The first page is a very ominous SUMMONS. While Dr. Rush flips through it, Elliot starts picking the lock on the file room door.

DR. RUSH

What is this?

VICTOR

You're being served divorce papers.

DR. RUSH

Divorce?

VICTOR

You have thirty days to respond.
I'd advise you to hire an attorney.
Fast.

Dr. Rush is utterly flabbergasted. Victor lets this sink in, because behind him, Elliot unlocks the door and slips inside.

DR. RUSH

I don't understand. I thought... I thought we were making progress in therapy.

VICTOR

Apparently not. Let's be honest. You married your secretary.
(he did)
Such a doctor move. How long did you expect this to last?

Dr. Rush collapses into a seat in the hallway.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Look, I shouldn't say anything, but she's going for the jugular. Said she knew about some secret books you were keeping.

DR. RUSH

She wouldn't do that? It'll destroy us.

VICTOR

Only if she calls the IRS.

Elliot opens the door, showing Victor a thumb drive before slipping it in his pocket.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Lucky for you, I'm here, David. We can work this out.

DR. RUSH

David? My name's Thomas.

VICTOR

Thomas. Dr. Thomas Rush?

DR. RUSH

Yeah.

VICTOR

I'm looking for Dr. David Rush.

DR. RUSH

(outraged)
That's not me.

Victor looks at his paperwork again. Whoops.

VICTOR

Oh. My mistake. The therapy must be paying off.

Elliot passes Dr. Rush, handing him a sealed cup.

ELLIOT

All done, Doc.

25

INT. VICTOR'S RANGE ROVER - FERTILITY CLINIC -- DAY

25

Victor scrolls through documents on a TABLET. He stops: WTF?

VICTOR

Ray didn't take the embryo.

ELLIOT

What do you mean?

VICTOR

It's flagged here. A7150. Looks like it was misfiled.

ELLIOT

Misfiled.

VICTOR

And then misplaced. Into another woman.

ELLIOT

No... Another woman is carrying your client's baby?

Victor types in A7150. A PHOTO and MEDICAL RECORD appears for ALLISON WELLS, 20s.

VICTOR

Allison Wells. She's in her 10th week...

Victor and Elliot look at each other. This is insane.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And she has absolutely no idea she's pregnant with someone else's child.

Off Victor, still digesting this turn of events...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. PORT HOME -- DAY

26

Victor, Helen and George are all eating breakfast on the go.

VICTOR
Come on, George. School's in ten
minutes. Where's Dana?

Dana passes by, bright and cheery.

DANA
Hi Mom. Hi Dad.

HELEN
What's gotten into her?

VICTOR
This must be phase one of her pain-
in-the-ass plan.

Dana drapes her arm around her mom, laying it on.

DANA
I was talking to Grandpa, and your
dinner starts at five. Mine starts
at eight. So... I could go to both
if I leave yours after cake.

Helen sighs.

HELEN
You need to be home by midnight.

DANA
Awesome, you guys are the best!

She hugs Victor.

HELEN
(to Dana)
Showing up is how you show you
care.

VICTOR
Speaking of, I shelled out ten
grand of your father's money to buy
us a table at the benefit.

HELEN
You're so sweet.

VICTOR
See you tonight.

27 INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES -- DAY

27

Victor walks toward his office when Olaf cuts him off, ready for battle. Undeterred, Victor continues as if he didn't see him.

OLAF
I got an angry call --

Victor hangs a quick left, but Olaf's right with him.

OLAF (CONT'D)
From Oakwood Fertility.

VICTOR
Oh? Sorry, didn't realize you were talking to me. Good morning.

OLAF
A patient named Allison Wells received an anonymous letter informing her that the child in her belly wasn't hers.

VICTOR
Somewhere out there a good samaritan just got his wings.

OLAF
The clinic found it coincidental you accidentally served Dr. Rush the same day.

VICTOR
When I make an error, feelings get hurt. When he makes an error, Allison gets implanted with my client's kid.

OLAF
They're threatening to sue.

VICTOR
Rookie cover up move.

This isn't the first time they've had this conversation.

OLAF
Listen. When a case mushrooms to this scope --

VICTOR

It means it's one of mine. Who's brought in the most income five years in a row --

OLAF

Uff da! I'm not going to tell you again. You don't risk my law firm with your Encino street cons. We do our battling in court. You hear me?

Victor nods, starting toward his office.

VICTOR

I apologize. I didn't mean for you to find out.

Victor stops. The two men size each other up. Olaf holds his stare another moment, then exits.

Victor continues, passing Cucumber. He flashes a smile. Like seeing a puppy, she always brightens his day.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Hi, Cucumber.

Cucumber still blushes when he says her name. Victor shuts the door to his office.

28

INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES - VICTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

28

Victor lies on a massage table, partially covered by a sheet. Cucumber shows Samantha in --

SAMANTHA

Oh, sorry.

VICTOR

No, it's okay. Congratulations.

Samantha's a little unsettled. Cucumber walks over to him, lotions up, and starts rubbing his shoulders.

SAMANTHA

Um, Wes and Millie filled me in. This is crazy.

VICTOR

On the bright side, you're going to have a baby. And you don't even have to carry it.

Nothing he says surprises her any more.

SAMANTHA

They said this woman hasn't agreed
to turn it over.

Cucumber digs in.

VICTOR

Not yet.

SAMANTHA

But, it's my child.

VICTOR

Biologically, yes. But we're
blazing new territory here. We're
taking her to court.

SAMANTHA

Trial?

Lena knocks and enters.

LENA

Hi, Victor. I wanted to give you...

VICTOR

Samantha Morgan, client, meet Lena
Engles, inhouse defense. And yes
Cucumber could sue me for
harassment, but she's classically
trained in the Motherland and I pay
her extra for this.

LENA

I didn't ask.

VICTOR

You're learning.

Lena backs out and shuts the door.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Samantha, we're gonna win. The
court will rule in the best
interest of the child. We're going
to prove that's being with you.

SAMANTHA

How? This divorce has gotten so
ugly.

VICTOR

Ray will sit next to you in court,
hold your hand, and tell everyone
that you're a wonderful person.

Samantha lowers her head with regret.

SAMANTHA

I don't think he's gonna cooperate.
(beat)
I was pretty upset when I thought
Ray did something to the embryo.

VICTOR

(hoping it's this)
And you fired off an
uncharacteristically stern email.

Samantha wishes she could take this back...

SAMANTHA

I slashed the tires on his Porsche.
(then)
And broke his headlights with his
golf clubs.

Victor moans. This is a HUGE problem.

CUCUMBER

Sorry.

VICTOR

Not you.
(to Samantha)
You. What were you thinking?

SAMANTHA

Can we win without Ray's help?

VICTOR

I doubt it. I need to think about
this.

Off Victor, settling in to the massage table to ponder.

29

INT. MUSEUM OF FLIGHT -- NIGHT

29

With the backdrop of the Space Shuttle and a black tie
affair, Wes and Millie mingle at the buffet.

WES

I've been reviewing the employee
handbook, and there is an option:
we get married.

Millie is completely thrown.

MILLIE
Are you proposing to me?

WES
Marriage excuses everything that otherwise isn't allowed. And there'd also be tax benefits.

MILLIE
Pass.

WES
Cucumber did it.

MILLIE
Her name's Cucumber.

WES
I want to go out with you.
(beat)
What is it? You... don't want to date anymore?

Millie sees Victor across the room.

MILLIE
No. I don't want you to get fired.
Okay?

WES
I'll take my chances.

Millie's touched. Covertly, she takes Wes' hand.

MILLIE
Then we'll have to get better at keeping secrets.

Victor shakes his head at them. No dating. He continues perusing, alone, smiling to people, but searching for someone. Helen. He straightens his bowtie, brushes lint to look his best for her.

Victor's phone buzzes. He stands at a nearby bar table and sets down his drink. The text is from Helen: HAVE TO GRAB DRINKS WITH CEO. HUGE BUMMER.

Victor stares at the screen, considering. Helen sends another text: HAVE FUN 4 ME! Victor downs the rest of his drink. Lena sees him, and approaches.

LENA

You okay?

VICTOR

Of course.

LENA

Sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

VICTOR

You're funny.

An attractive WOMAN, 30s, waves to Victor join her nearby.

LENA

Is that your wife?

VICTOR

No. Helen's working late.

LENA

Oh.

VICTOR

What do you mean, 'oh'?

LENA

Well, if a tree falls in the forest, and nobody hears it, then it never really happened.

VICTOR

Except when the tree comes to work at your firm.

LENA

(considers, lightly)

Did your parents go through a bad divorce? Do you surround yourself with divorce to prove that love can't last?

VICTOR

Yes, and yes.

LENA

And yet, deep down, secretly, I know you're hoping to find that it can.

VICTOR

Says the woman who still wears her engagement ring, yet moved across the country to forget the man who gave it to her.

LENA
That's not what happened.

Victor waits for an explanation.

LENA (CONT'D)
I did move across the country to
forget him.

The next part still hurts to say.

LENA (CONT'D)
He was in a car accident. He died.

A normal person might apologize, and give her a hug. But
Victor's never one to let events make life melancholy.

VICTOR
Consider yourself lucky.

LENA
Excuse me?

VICTOR
Had he lived, you'd have married
and found yourself ten years from
now bitter, jaded and divorced. Now
you get to live with the certainty
that your love would have lasted
forever. And believe me, it
wouldn't have.

Even Lena's momentarily stunned. A normal person might throw
their drink in Victor's face. But Lena gathers her wits.

LENA
At least I didn't start out
settling.

Before Victor responds, KEIRA, 30s, attractive, approaches.

KEIRA
Victor.

Victor has the uncanny ability to leer with charm.

KEIRA (CONT'D)
(flirtatious)
It's not polite to stare.

VICTOR
You're right. I deserve to be punished.

Keira notices Lena.

KEIRA

You haven't introduced me to your friend.

VICTOR

Colleague. Lena Engles, on the defense.

That's the answer Keira had hoped for.

KEIRA

Keira Weller.

VICTOR

Where's Olaf? I thought you were at his table.

KEIRA

I'd rather be at yours. He doesn't get me like you do.

Off Victor's smile, the lights dim and the crowd cheers as the music of Paul McCartney fills the room.

VICTOR

(re McCartney)

You know I did his divorce.

(to Lena)

Excuse us.

Keira takes his arm as they walk away. She eyes him the same way as the girls on Sunset Blvd -- admiration, desire, fun.

KEIRA

Something wrong?

VICTOR

Nope. Life is perfect.

They disappear into the crowd.

30

INT. PORT HOME - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

30

Victor enters. No Helen. He hears the shower on in the bathroom, and notices her trail of sexy undergarments leading to the open door. He sees her, barely, through the steam.

As Victor undresses, Helen's PHONE vibrates -- he sees it on the dresser. He notices she has a new text message, just waiting to be checked. Who's texting her at 1:15 AM? PUSH IN as he contemplates checking it, something he's never done before...

The water shuts off. He hears Helen coming -- Victor quickly turns away from her phone. She enters, in a robe.

HELEN

Hi. How was it?

VICTOR

The guy's a Beatle.

HELEN

So jealous.

VICTOR

What time did you get home?

HELEN

About ten.

VICTOR

You could have made it.

HELEN

Hon I was wiped. I've been running on fumes all week. But. It paid off!

VICTOR

He liked the presentation?

HELEN

"Loved" it!

VICTOR

Congrats.

She does a little dance, sexy, celebratory. Spinning around, she embraces him. They kiss. It becomes passionate, until she stops.

HELEN

It's one thirty in the morning.

VICTOR

One fifteen.

HELEN

I have to be up at six.

Helen crawls into bed, gives him another kiss and closes her eyes. Victor watches, she seems perfectly satisfied. Is she? Has a tree fallen in the forest, as Lena said? He continues to stare at her curled up in bed, unable to tell. Finally, he leans down to kiss her again, and turns out the light.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

31 INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES -- DAY

31

Chris Gordon sits next to a fuming Ray, and across from a contrite Samantha.

VICTOR

At this point, you two are going to be parents. The question is who gets to raise him. The choice is Allison Wells, a total stranger who probably won't ever let you near him. Or, your former wife and life partner, Samantha.

CHRIS

(cuts to the chase)

My client is willing to appear in court, alongside your client --

RAY

Assuming I can drive to court, since my car's in the shop.

SAMANTHA

Okay, I deserved that.

VICTOR

We have a settlement proposal on the table, which is more than fair.

RAY

That proposal doesn't work for me. I've come up with one of my own. Now I want everything.

His attorney hands their proposal to Victor and Samantha.

VICTOR

That's ridiculous.

RAY

I also want a new Porsche.

VICTOR

She slashed your tires. You own a tire company.

RAY

That's my offer. Otherwise take your chances at the hearing.

VICTOR

Ray, the mentally impaired might come to this negotiation and think, hey, I have some leverage. Let's turn the screws on my ex. But you --

Samantha finishes looking over their settlement.

SAMANTHA

Fine. Done.

VICTOR

Samantha.

SAMANTHA

If this is what it takes to get my son... I don't want to argue any more.

Chris and Ray are gloating. Victor can't help himself.

VICTOR

Give me a moment.

Samantha exits.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Here's the deal. You're going to rescind and revise your last offer.

RAY

Why?

VICTOR

Years from now, you'll realize it wasn't the best idea to take advantage of a desperate mother, the mother of your child. She's going to raise him. Do you want to force her to move to a neighborhood with a mediocre school? Do you want him to see you traveling in your private jet while he and mom take the bus? And when you suddenly find religion and want to be a presence in his life, do you really want him to flip you the finger?

Ray tries to laugh it off, but Victor's gotten to him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

She'll get you a new set of tires, headlights and golf clubs.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Everything else is as is in that eighty-five page agreement.

(beat)

You have one minute to consent. Otherwise, since my Morgan tires also blew on the freeway, I'm gonna join the class action against you. I will bankrupt you, then I will urinate into the urn containing your ashes.

Ray nods. Victor opens the door, sees Samantha.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

He reconsidered.

32 INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

32

Victor, Samantha and Ray sit at the table facing the judge. The table next to them is empty.

SAMANTHA

Shouldn't they be here by now?

VICTOR

They're probably going over discovery. I waited till the last minute to hit them with it.

Samantha tries to look calm, but she's a ball of nerves. Ray, seated next to her, can't help but notice. Without looking at her, Ray takes her hand. She relaxes. Victor spies them holding hands, then Victor checks his watch.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Your Honor, Allison Wells is now fifteen minutes late. I'd like to request a ruling.

JUDGE ELAINE FRANKLIN, 50s, finishes the last bite of her sandwich. She looks over the file in front of him, then back at Victor. The doors open and JESSICA O'DELL, 40s, enters.

JESSICA

My apologies your Honor. But there's no need for a ruling.

Victor, Samantha and Ray turn around to face her.

JUDGE FRANKLIN

And why's that?

JESSICA
My client has decided to terminate
the pregnancy.

SAMANTHA
What?! No!

Victor pulls Samantha back to her seat.

VICTOR
Your Honor --

JUDGE FRANKLIN
This is out of my hands.

Victor looks at Jessica.

JESSICA
I'm sorry.

Off Victor, as a horrified Samantha looks to him for help...

33

INT. JUDGE FRANKLIN'S CHAMBERS -- DAY

33

Victor enters to find Judge Franklin, snacking on Kale chips.

VICTOR
Elaine. You need a proper lunch.
Let me take you out.

JUDGE FRANKLIN
Tough break today. What do you
want, Victor?

VICTOR
One little T.R.O.
(off his look)
To stop Allison Wells from getting
an abortion.

JUDGE FRANKLIN
You want an injunction to stop an
adult woman from terminating her
pregnancy?

VICTOR
Yes.

JUDGE FRANKLIN
In the state of California?

VICTOR
Yes.

JUDGE FRANKLIN
Are you out of your mind?

VICTOR
The baby -- excuse me, fetus, is not Allison's to terminate. It belongs to my client. You were about to say so yourself.

JUDGE FRANKLIN
You have a precedent here?

VICTOR
I need 24 hours, one day to do the research. It's my client's last chance at having a child.

Judge Franklin shakes her head, reading on her desk, and grabbing another handful of chips.

Victor isn't giving up so easily. He nods towards a framed picture on her desk of Judge Franklin with her two children, ALLAN, 11 and RACHEL, 14.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
(re photo)
Rachel, has she started dating yet?

JUDGE FRANKLIN
Yeah, it's terrifying. Last week I went to the door in my black robe to intimidate her gentlemen caller. Didn't work.

Victor laughs.

VICTOR
We've got our families. Samantha Morgan deserves a chance at hers.
(adding)
Come on, you're smarter than the appellate court judges I'll have to argue in front of next. Let the opinion you write on this case get you that Federal seat you've long deserved.

The judge considers, happy Victor noticed. She grabs a form from her desk.

JUDGE FRANKLIN
Twenty-four hours.
(slightly flirtatious)
And a rain check on lunch.

Off Victor, a huge victory here...

34 **INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES -- DAY**

34

Victor, Millie and Wes brainstorm legal options.

WES

There are eleven known misplaced embryos in the U.S. Seven were settled out of court --

VICTOR

This isn't Trivial Pursuit. Don't give me useless information. Have any stopped an abortion?

WES

No.

MILLIE

So we can create a precedent.

VICTOR

Which, like Roe v. Wade, will be made years after Samantha's kid is gone. No good.

WES

Since the embryo was considered property in the divorce, technically, it's still property.

MILLIE

Judge Franklin's hearing was a custody case.

WES

To determine custody *after* the baby is born. Right now, it's still property.

VICTOR

So we argue Uniform Code, misplaced delivery of invaluable property.

MILLIE

Hampton v. Banner. A shipping company accidentally delivered a container of eggs to the wrong restaurant --

WES

And the restaurant had to take
'reasonable measures' to store and
return the eggs.

Cucumber appears.

CUCUMBER

Your next appointment.

Victor heads to the door, then turns to Wes and Millie.

VICTOR

Convince me it's reasonable to
inflate a football in my stomach
and pop it out my ass, then we have
a case. Until then, keep looking.

Victor exits.

35

INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES - VICTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

35

Victor enters with Elliot.

ELLIOT

Allison Wells is squeaky clean.

VICTOR

No one is squeaky clean.

ELLIOT

Okay. I don't want to find anything
on her. She's a preschool teacher.
She had ovarian cancer and froze
her embryos before chemo. Her
husband is an Iraq war veteran with
an artificial limb. He won two
purple hearts...

VICTOR

She's in full remission, young and
married. Don't worry about them.
Worry about my client, alone with a
clock on her kid.

ELLIOT

You don't have a legal case, do
you?

VICTOR

No.

ELLIOT

What are you going to do?

VICTOR

We still have a few hours. Let me know when she leaves her house.

As Elliot's leaving, Victor stops him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Elliot.

(beat)

You think Helen is happy?

ELLIOT

I don't know. Is anyone happy?

VICTOR

I forgot who I was asking.

ELLIOT

Did Helen say something?

VICTOR

No.

ELLIOT

Lena?

VICTOR

It's her birthday. I want her to be happy.

Elliot laughs.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

What?

ELLIOT

This is a woman who's lived with you for fourteen years. She's great with the kids, makes more money than she spends, is sexy, AND actually lets you be you. In every way. If you start asking questions, she might start asking a few of her own.

(beat)

If I'm you? There is much to be said for what goes unsaid.

VICTOR

I've seen it a million times, though. A guy shows up at my office.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

He thought everything was perfect,
till one morning, his wife walked
out the door and never came back.

ELLIOT

Helen's not your mom, Victor.

(beat)

But what do I know. My love life is
killing me. Literally.

Victor smiles, but his marriage doesn't feel as secure as it
did before Lena showed up.

36 **EXT. VICTOR'S RANGE ROVER - OLAF'S ESTATE -- EVENING** 36

Victor drives through a massive wrought iron gate, along a
densely tree-lined driveway to a imposing stone and wood
compound, more substantial than his own. Victor takes a last
bite of an apple, and casually tosses it out the car window.

37 **INT. OLAF'S ESTATE -- EVENING** 37

Victor enters -- Olaf, Helen, Dana, George and BERGIT, 20s
(Olaf's tall, most-recent Scandinavian conquest) greet him.
George holds a lit cake and they're singing HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

OLAF

Make a wish.

Gushing, Helen makes one, then blows out the candles. Dana is
SO READY to get out of here. Victor pulls Helen to the side.

HELEN

Hi.

VICTOR

Come with me.

Intrigued, she takes his hand and follows him into --

38 **INT. OLAF'S ESTATE - OFFICE -- EVENING** 38

Victor locks the door. In the dimly lit, Mahogany-paneled,
book-filled room steeped with priceless Viking lore and an 8
foot GRIZZLY in the corner, Victor pulls her close. It's
risque, erotic.

HELEN

What is this?

VICTOR

Your present.

She's tickled, looks into his eyes. He savors the anticipation. Victor's phone vibrates. It's Elliot. Ignore.

HELEN
(flirtatious chiding)
Hitting ignore...

VICTOR
Quiet.

He lifts her onto Olaf's desk, slides her shoes off.

HELEN
My dad's going to kill us.

VICTOR
He'll have to catch us first.

He kisses down her neck, running a hand up her thigh -- stopping abruptly. He looks at her quizzically.

HELEN
Well...?

VICTOR
That's new.

HELEN
What's better than La Perla...?
Nothing.

She's wearing nothing under her dress. Naughty.

VICTOR
What inspired this?

She laughs, puzzled why Victor is introspective rather than turned on.

HELEN
It's my birthday. And I thought it would make you happy.

He smiles, but something's on his mind.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

She pulls him toward her by the lapels on his jacket. He feels something in his breast pocket -- looks down and notices Lena's ET PEN. Another smile.

VICTOR
Nothing. Happy birthday.

Victor looks back into his wife's eyes, seeing her beauty and depth. He's back.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Brace yourself.

He kisses her sensually. She leans back, gripping the frame of the desk.

39 **INT. VICTOR'S RANGE ROVER -- NIGHT** 39

Victor pulls up in front of Lyndon's house. Excited, Dana unbuckles her seat belt and opens the door.

DANA
Bye, Dad.

Victor's about to say something cynical, but she looks at him, her face overflowing with romance and hope.

DANA (CONT'D)
What?

VICTOR
Don't break his heart.

She gives her father a squeeze. Victor holds her tightly, momentarily allowing his hardened shell to melt and play dad.

DANA
You can let go now, Dad.

He smiles, releasing. He watches her skip to the door, and checks his Smartphone. A text from Elliot gives an address...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

40

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

40

ALLISON WELLS, 20s, short hair, thin, unassuming, our cancer-surviving preschool teacher, exits the church. Victor's waiting as she turns at the bottom of the steps.

VICTOR

Allison.

Startled, she recognizes Victor immediately.

ALLISON

I know who you are. Go away.

Victor's on her heels.

VICTOR

Two minutes.

ALLISON

No.

VICTOR

You're on your way to make a decision you cannot ever change.

ALLISON

You can't ask me to carry someone else's child and then give it up --

VICTOR

Of course I can.

ALLISON

You don't know what I've been through.

VICTOR

Cancer. It sucks. Chemo must have been hell. But you made it. And you know why? I think God put Samantha's baby inside you because her body would have rejected it.

ALLISON

How dare you bring God into this --

VICTOR

(re church)

You brought us to God.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And I'm gonna use him and every other weapon in my arsenal. I got a pro-choice judge today to give the first ruling in 40 years to prevent an adult woman from aborting.

ALLISON

It's not fair.

VICTOR

No it's not. You're carrying my client's child. It's not fair. But here we are. And you, only you, can carry her last chance.

Allison is crying.

ALLISON

Don't make me feel guilty. Screw you! Screw you all! I want my own child.

VICTOR

You're still in your twenties. You have plenty of time.

She crying pretty hard, tortured.

ALLISON

Why are you doing this? Why is this so important to you?

This strikes Victor. It may be his shot at connecting.

VICTOR

You know why my client's getting a divorce? She wanted a kid. He didn't. It broke them. She was willing to give up her life for that little tyke inside you, and he's not even born. It's what you do for family. You stay with a spouse long after the thrill is gone, you commit to a person you no longer love, you divorce a person you still love, and you have a kid with someone you hate.

ALLISON

My attorney said the other couple can't stand even being in the same room together.

VICTOR

Yeah. But this kid, he's the reason my clients got along today, for the first time in years.

(beat)

Allison, don't do this for Samantha. Or because I came here tonight. Do this because you are stronger than you think. You beat cancer. You can have this child. And then, you will have a child of your own, that's your own.

She's still crying, but it seems that she's coming around.

ALLISON

You mentioned the clinic could help with expenses?

VICTOR

I've got that covered.

Allison looks at him, intrigued. Off Victor, beaming.

41

INT. RENNER & ASSOCIATES -- NIGHT

41

Triumphant, Victor enters as Lena is heading out.

LENA

Congratulations.

VICTOR

Thank you.

LENA

You broke the law, again. You met with Allison without her attorney present.

VICTOR

(off Lena's look)

She did have her attorney present. I signed her to a multi-million dollar malpractice suit against the clinic. Her kids are gonna have cancer wings at Cedars named after them.

He continues to amaze, but she doesn't want to show it.

LENA

Sounds like everyone got what they wanted. Well done.

Off Victor, as Lena exits. She knows how to kill his buzz.

42 **INT. PORT HOME -- NIGHT** 42

Dana enters, in tears. She beelines to her room. Helen sees her.

HELEN
Dana? Is that you?

No answer, as Dana makes her escape. Helen follows to --

43 **INT. PORT HOME - DANA'S ROOM -- NIGHT** 43

Helen enters. Dana is on her bed, crying.

HELEN
Honey, what happened?

DANA
Nothing. I'm just tired.

HELEN
Dana, Sweetie, you can tell me.

Helen takes a seat next to her daughter. She sniffing, trying to keep it together.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Lyndon?

Dana nods.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What did he do?

DANA
He didn't even see me there.
(beat)
But I saw him...

Helen starts to catch on.

HELEN
Was he with someone else?

Dana nods.

DANA
A total skank. Mom, what was he thinking?

HELEN

He wasn't. And trust me, any guy who can't wait for you, isn't worth it.

IRONIC BING. Dana receives a text. She checks it.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Is that from Lyndon?

DANA

Yeah. He wants to know if I'm coming to the party.

Dana stares at the text.

HELEN

Honey, if I've taught you anything, it's --

DANA

Don't ever compromise, I know.

Dana turns back to the text. She types a response, then erases it. She puts the phone aside.

HELEN

You're not going to respond?

DANA

Nah. He doesn't deserve one. Let him wonder.

Helen puts her arm around her little girl. She's enjoying the moment when Helen hears another DING.

DANA (CONT'D)

Mom, I think that was *your* phone.

She looks down and pockets her phone.

HELEN

(changing gears)

Whoever it is can wait. Now tell me something. Who gave you permission to wear my jacket tonight?

Helen eyes her jacket hanging on the bedpost. Dana, smiles, caught.

A HAND SIGNS A DOCUMENT. It's Samantha's. Her grin grows as she finishes signing. She looks at Victor. Is it done?

VICTOR
Normally I don't offer these to the
expectant mother...

Victor goes to his humidor and gets out two cigars.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
But yours is a special case.
Congratulations.

SAMANTHA
Really? Oh Victor!

She leaps to her feet and SHRIEKS with joy, giddy.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I'm going to have a baby!

VICTOR
You're going to be a Milf.

She's the happiest woman on the planet -- excited, relieved,
nervous. She wraps her arms around him. She squeezes Victor
tightly. Slowly, the embrace turns sexual.

SAMANTHA
(embarrassed)
I'm sorry. You were right. I'm a
bit out of practice.

Softly, he kisses her neck. It feels good. They make eye
contact.

VICTOR
Welcome to your new life.

Their lips meet. The intensity is overwhelming. Soon papers
are flying as Samantha and Victor knock into a bookshelf.
Samantha whips him around, pinning Victor against the wall.

Freeing one of his hands, Victor feels along the wall until
he finds the light switch -- CLICK.

FADE OUT:

END OF PILOT