



THE VILLAGE

By Mike Daniels

SECOND NETWORK DRAFT

Clean

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ACT ONE

FADE IN :

WE OPEN ON A VIEW OF EARTH FROM SPACE AT NIGHT, the sprawl of humanity painted across the dark continents by the warm glow of city lights. And then, like a dart thrown at a map...

CAMERA DESCENDS, GOOGLE EARTH-STYLE, into North America, The U.S., New York State, New York City, Brooklyn...

Finally, we land in front of a five story, post-war, brick apartment building. A sign designates it as: THE VILLAGE. Each dark window promises a life to explore, but which first?

A side window OPENS. Somebody slips out onto a fire escape.

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

The ESCAPEE is REVEALED to be a raven-haired, 16-year-old girl, KATIE, dressed in black, carrying a BACKPACK. Runaway?

She hurries down the fire escape. On the second floor, a window is lit. Katie peeks in and sees a woman, PATRICIA (60, ASIAN AMERICAN), unable to sleep, drinking tea.

Katie crouches, pushes the ladder down to the street. CREAK. She cringes, looks up. Phew. Patricia doesn't seem to notice.

ON THE GROUND, the bag drops. Katie drops after it. She stands, smiles: *fuck yeah. Freedom.* UPBEAT MUSIC kicks in --

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - NIGHT

Katie moves confidently through the Brooklyn streets, passing DRUNKEN REVELERS, WANDERING LOVERS, ARGUING CABBIES, A HOMELESS MAN... *Life.* A MAIN STREET is full of shops, ancient and gentrified, and a basement BAR: "THE CROOK & CRONEY."

Katie hurries across a street near PROSPECT PARK and lands at a CONSTRUCTION SITE with a CHAIN LINK perimeter. She pulls WIRE SNIPS and starts cutting away at the entrance gates.

IN QUICK CUTS: Katie unzips her backpack. Something RED is unfurled. Katie stretches, pulls, and weaves until finally, she steps back to admire her handiwork and we CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Katie stands in the same spot, *now dressed for school* in a t-shirt that reads "DROP BEATS, NOT BOMBS." She smiles at the small CROWD INSTAGRAMMING photos of a large CROCHETED HEART that spans the chain link entrance to the construction site.

A WORKER starts snipping off the "YARN BOMB." The crowd BOOS. Katie turns, pleased with herself, and runs into a FOREMAN.

FOREMAN

Nice work. We got you on camera.
That your school over there? How
'bout I carry your books?

Katie looks to KIDS entering a PUBLIC SCHOOL. Shit. As Katie is led off, the CROWD disperses and a MYSTERY MAN in a hoodie approaches the DUMPSTER where the heart has been tossed. He gathers it up, shoves it into a duffel and ZIPS. MATCH TO --

INT. V.A. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY - DAY

A DUFFEL zips up. From O.C. the voice of a tough older NURSE.

NURSE (O.S.)

Big day. Got somewhere to go?

WIDER: A handsome special-forces operative, NICK VASQUEZ (34, LATINO), smiles, shoulders the bag and grabs crutches.

NICK

Friend gave me a lead on a sublet in
Brooklyn.

NURSE

How's your head?

NICK

Depends - you hear that chopper
landing too?

NURSE

How's your *heart*?

NICK

Broke when I was eighteen. It's why
I enlisted.

REVEAL: He has a new carbon fiber prosthetic leg.

NURSE

Then you put it back together, you
hear me? You've done your duty. You
need to go find happy now.

NICK

Sir, yes, sir.
(she turns to leave)
Hey, Janet? *Thank you.*

INT. GABE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

ABSTRACT BODY PARTS press up against a glass shower wall in a steam-filled bathroom. Sounds of making out. A PHONE RINGS.

IN THE SHOWER: Brooklyn-Italian law school student GABE DELUCA (23) makes out with his slightly older girlfriend, ALANNA (28). He looks up, distracted by the ringing phone --

ALANNA

Ignore it.

GABE nods, dives back in. The CALL goes to VM. Alanna bites his lip, neck, chest. She's moving SOUTH as the PHONE RINGS again. GABE wipes steam from the glass to glimpse CALLER ID.

Alanna's head pops back up, an incredulous eyebrow raised.

ALANNA (CONT'D)

You *did not* just do that --

IN THE BATHROOM: Alanna steps out of the shower, towels off --

GABE

Wait. What are you doing?

ALANNA

Giving you and your phone some privacy. You make a lovely couple.

GABE

C'mon, I'll shut it off...

ALANNA

(faux cheer)

Whatever does it for you. I'm gonna go put mine on vibrate.

Alanna tosses him her towel, purposely walks out naked. The phone DINGS with a TEXT from GRANDPOPS. It reads: "MEDICINE!"

GABE

You gotta be kidding me.

INT. NURSING HOME - VELMA'S ROOM - DAY

Nurse's aid and every-woman, SARAH (35) paints the nails of an ancient resident, VELMA, while her roommate GINGER reads.

VELMA

Ginger, when have you ever known me to narc?

GINGER

Not once.

SARAH
It's not "narcising..."

VELMA
You asked how Henry and Maurice got
their hands on Viagra. It wasn't the
tooth fairy.

SARAH
Management is concerned--

VELMA
--about what? Death by erection?

GINGER
At least they'd go out happy.

SARAH
It's not just Viagra. Luis Mendoza
drank an entire bottle of cough
medicine. He almost drowned in a
pudding cup.

The women remained tight-lipped. Sarah gives in --

SARAH (CONT'D)
What's it gonna take?

Velma holds her nails up, scrutinizing the color.

VELMA
The Guggenheim.

GINGER
And a picnic in the park after.

SARAH
I would have taken you anyway. Spill.

INT. NURSING HOME - ENZO'S ROOM - DAY

SARAH
Enzo and Bernie.

Sarah steps into a different room, sees 80-year-old Brooklyn
native ENZO DELUCA sitting near his roommate and buddy, BERNIE
SILVERMAN, who lies asleep in bed.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Cough it up.

ENZO
My lung? You're too late. Hacked it
into a tissue twenty minutes ago.

SARAH
You're not sick. The pills. And
whatever else you've been hawking.

ENZO
No idea what you're talking about.

SARAH
So...there's nothing in here?

Sarah opens a dresser drawer, rifles.

ENZO
That's a violation of my rights.

SARAH
Wait'll we get to the cavity search.

ENZO
Seducing me won't work either.

Sarah closes the drawer, looks at Bernie.

SARAH
Pretending you're asleep isn't going
to save you, Bernie.

ENZO
He's not pretending. And he's not
sleeping.
(off her look)
Hasn't been long.

Sarah's face falls. She looks for a pulse. None. Sighs, sweet --

SARAH
You got away clean.

Sarah fixes Bernie's hair, straightens his lapel, sits next
to Enzo. Her PHONE RINGS in her pocket. She pushes the call.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Most people don't have a lifelong
friend.

ENZO
I guess I'm most people now.

Sarah's CELL rings again. Caller ID sees urgent. She answers --

SARAH (on phone)
This is Sarah.
(concern, *shit*)
Of course. Give me twenty minutes.

Sarah turns to Enzo, wouldn't leave unless it was urgent --

SARAH (CONT'D)
I'll have them notify his family. We
can talk later?

Enzo looks away, waves her off. A beat. She exits. Then...

Enzo stands, reaches under Bernie's pillow and pulls out a
small bag of blue pills. *Sincere* --

ENZO
Thanks for protecting the stash.

Enzo's hand rests on Bernie's. When he HEARS voices coming
from the hall? *He steals Bernie's watch, pockets it.*

INT. NURSING HOME - LOBBY - DAY

Sarah hurries down the hall, shouldering her purse, and RUNS
INTO Gabe, now dressed in a suit, carrying a PHARMACY BAG.

SARAH
Sorry. Oh, hey. Glad I ran into you.

GABE
What's wrong with your pharmacy,
they don't give out cough medicine?

SARAH
They do if someone's coughing.
(off his confusion)
He's *selling* it.

ENZO (O.S.)
Gabriel! What did you, crawl here?

Enzo heads their way with his walker. Off Gabe, WTF --

SARAH
Go easy on him. Bernie died.

ENZO
Sign me out. We're going for a walk.

GABE
Pops, I'm sorry, I can't. I'm late
for my internship and I got class--

Enzo shuffles out the door, ignoring him, *bah* --

SARAH
He tells you he's congested? Just
say no.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY

Enzo shuffles down a bustling, shop-filled street --

GABE
Pops, wait up...

Gabe falls in alongside Enzo, who stops near a HALAL CART.

ENZO
Buy me a coffee. Stuff at the home
tastes like I steeped my balls.

Gabe nods his okay to the CART VENDOR, pulls his wallet.

GABE
Sarah told me about Bernie.

ENZO
I don't want to talk about it.

GABE
You want to talk about why you're
selling cough medicine?

ENZO
I'm a river to my people.

GABE
You can't tell me you're sick if
you're not...

ENZO
(takes Gabe's wallet)
Keep berating me, I'll pay.

GABE
...And you can't sell drugs to old
people... Did you just tip a ten?

ENZO
Big deal. Bill another hour.

GABE
I don't bill hours, I'm a law student
with an unpaid internship and debt.
(Enzo sits)
What are you doing? I gotta go, Pops!

Enzo settles onto a bench. Looks up at his grandson.

ENZO
Sit.

Gabe obeys, clearly anxious at being late. They sit in
silence. Enzo looks at his hand, shaking slightly, sighs.

ENZO (CONT'D)

My grandmother's hands used to shake like crazy. I'd stare at her from the end of the table, orange juice sloshing everywhere, wondering if anything was actually gonna make it to her lips. Could never understand why she wouldn't just use a straw.

GABE

Why didn't she?

ENZO

Because fuck getting old, that's why. It's like someone beats you with a baseball bat and sews you into a costume you can't take off. But up here? You and me are the same age, kid. Nobody tells you that. We could be roommates. Whaddaya say?

GABE

You're not serious? Pops, c'mon. It's a one bedroom. I've got a... *girlfriend.*

ENZO

I'll pull up a chair and make popcorn. Kidding. That's what stoops are for. Give me a shot, kid. Bernie didn't age out, he was bored to death. Life begets life. And I'm not done living.

GABE

I can't, pops. I'm sorry. C'mon...

Gabe stands, offers a hand. Enzo waves it away, stands on his own. Looking past him, Gabe waves down the street to --

EXT. BROOKLYN DELI - DAY

Square-jawed police officer BEN GELLER (38), exits a deli with a coffee, nods at Gabe, lands at his PATROL CAR.

INT. BEN'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Rookie cop, HALIE IVES (24, AFRICAN AMERICAN), eyes Gabe in the mirror as Ben slides into the passenger seat. She drives.

HALIE

Who's the kid?

BEN

Neighbor.

HALIE

You live down here?

Ben tips his hat forward, closes his eyes. Halie rolls her eyes at the "rookie treatment," takes the high road --

HALIE (CONT'D)

I know nobody wants to get paired with a rook. But I respect your experience, okay? Any lessons you want to pass on, I'm all ears.

BEN

Okay. Hot coffee. Don't spill it.

Ben holds up his coffee, rests it on the sloped dash.

HALIE

What is that, some kind of metaphor for the job?

BEN

Right now it's just coffee.

Halie drives, distracted by the sloshing coffee. Seemingly dozing, Ben masks a smile at her concentration. Halie sees.

HALIE

This is bogus isn't it? Hazing? Look, man, I got better things to do than--

Traffic pulls up short. Halie hits the brakes. Coffee spills. Ben smiles, hands her some napkins, *Confucius* --

BEN

Focus on the obvious danger? You might miss the others.

HALIE

Now it's a metaphor.

BEN

Wax on, wax off, Rook.

Ben's smile fades when he sees an Irani woman, EDDA, 35, arguing with IMMIGRATION or "ICE" OFFICERS up the block. Ben jumps out of the car without a word --

HALIE

Hey, where are you going? Geller!

Traffic moves again, cars behind Halie HONK. She's blocking traffic in a bottleneck with nowhere to pull over. *Shit*.

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - DAY

Ben quickly approaches a livid Edda, effectively fending off the ICE officers while a small crowd gathers to watch.

EDDA

Don't touch me. You have no right.

LEAD ICE OFFICER

Ma'am, you need to calm down.

BEN

What's going on here?

EDDA

They're arresting me for being brown.

Ben turns to the LEAD ICE OFFICER, lowers his voice --

BEN

This is my building. She's been here five years longer than I have. I *know* her. She's a good person. This is a mistake--

LEAD ICE OFFICER

I'm not a judge, pal. And this isn't optional. There's a warrant. You want to get her in line, be my guest.

EDDA

Get me in line? *Get me in line*. Listen you son of a bitch...

Ben steps towards Edda, careful and hushed, *this is serious* --

BEN

Edda! Stop. This doesn't end with them shrugging and walking away...

EDDA

(betrayed)
What are you saying?

Ben reaches out, but Edda swats his hand away --

BEN

Edda, we'll get it sorted, I promise--

EDDA

I've done nothing wrong.

BEN

Then don't do something wrong *now*.

CHILD'S VOICE

Mom? Mom!

Edda's son, Sami (8), runs from the building --

EDDA

Damn it.

BEN

Why is he home?

EDDA

He stayed home sick.

An Officer intercepts Sami. Edda dives towards him, momma bear, but Ben holds her back protectively.

EDDA (CONT'D)

Take your hands off my son!

LEAD ICE OFFICER

Call family services.

BEN

That's enough! Let him go. I'll have him looked after until I'm off duty. And she will go with you. Peacefully.
(off her look, sotto)
We will get this figured out.

All eyes on Edda. Deal? She nods, defeated. Ben lets her go. Sami flies into her arms. She drops to a knee, eye-to-eye.

SAMI

What's happening?

EDDA

These men made a mistake, baby. I have to go clear it up.
(off Sami, no way)
Sami. Look at me. I need you to let me go. It'll be okay. I promise.

One more hug and Edda stands. Ben is forced to peel Sami away, hugging him close, protective. Sami struggles.

SAMI

No! No! Mom!

BEN

It's okay, Sami. It's okay.

As Edda gets in the SUV, heartbroken, she turns to Ben --

EDDA
Call Patricia?

Ben nods, The door closes, Sami shoves Ben off, screams --

SAMI
Why are you letting them take her?

BEN
Sami...

SAMI
You're suppose to save people! Save
her. Save her!

As ICE pulls away, Sami helplessly jogs after the SUV's a few yards. Halie finally arrives. Ben pulls his phone, urgent --

HALIE
What's going on?

BEN
That's Sami. He's a good kid. I need you to watch him in his apartment for awhile.

HALIE
We're on duty.

BEN
I can cover for you.

HALIE
I don't want to be covered for.

BEN (on phone)
Patricia. Sorry to bother you.

Halie turns, sees Sami, small and alone. She walks over --

HALIE
Hey. I'm Halie.

But Sami's in tears, angry and inconsolable --

SAMI
Why didn't he stop them?

Ben turns slightly, watches Sami wiping angry tears away --

BEN (on phone)
...Yeah, they just took her.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - INTERCUT

Patricia, a free-spirit and social worker (the woman from the lit window that Katie dodged on the fire escape in the opening), sits in a paper robe, waiting for a doctor's return.

PATRICIA (on phone)
I'm...tied up in a meeting, but I'll
go as soon as I'm out. Sami?

BEN (on phone)
I got him covered. Look, I'll text
you an address, pull a favor, make
sure they let you in.

Patricia hangs up as a DOCTOR enters. She musters a smile.

PATRICIA
So. Good news?

EXT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Ben pockets his phone, turns to see Halie back in the driver's seat of the patrol car. *Sami is sitting in back*. Shit. Ben marches to the driver's side window, crouches --

BEN
This isn't hazing. I need this.

HALIE
Would you ask if I was a forty-year-
old man? Right. Kid says he's sick.
So we're going for soup. All of us.
Get in.

INT. ONCOLOGY - HALLWAY - DAY

Patricia exits the office alongside a CHEMO PATIENT and runs into her adoring husband RON (60, AFRICAN AMERICAN) --

RON
I'm so sorry I was late...

PATRICIA
It's fine.

RON
...Train was delayed and the...

PATRICIA
Ron. It's fine. The tumor is benign.

A beat as that lands. Ron blinks away emotion, grins --

RON

Then we should celebrate. Lunch.
Hell, a trip to Paris. I'm buying!

PATRICIA

I'm afraid that'll have to wait--

RON

We're not waiting for anything
anymore. I swear to God, Patricia,
this is a wake up call...

PATRICIA

I agree. But Edda was picked up by
Immigration. I know. I said I'd go
down. Text you on my way home?
(he nods, she kisses)
I love you so much.

Patricia leaves. Ron sits. Then bursts into tears of relief.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah sits next to Katie across from a VICE PRINCIPAL.

SARAH

You're suspending her for crocheting?

VICE PRINCIPAL

For vandalism.

SARAH

What's the punishment for needle-
point? Crucifixion?

KATIE

(standing)
I don't feel good.

SARAH

Park it.

VICE PRINCIPAL

She clipped the chain link which
makes it destruction of private
property. The developer wants an
example set.

SARAH

One that keeps her out of college?
My daughter is not a vandal. She's a
good student and an artist and an
introvert who made a mistake...

VICE PRINCIPAL

Which is exactly what I said. And why you're talking to me and not the police. Two days. It's a hand slap.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Katie hurries down the hallway, Sarah on her heels.

SARAH

You want to explain to me why you would cut up a fence? Price of zip-ties go up? Hey! I'm talking to you.

KATIE

That building is going to house corporate offices for Allied Dynamics.

SARAH

And you...love them?

KATIE

And I don't want a war-profiteering missile manufacturer in my back yard.

SARAH

It was a crocheted political statement? Katie! What the hell is wrong with you?

Sarah, grabs Katie, forces her to face her. But Katie gags, grabs Sarah's purse and THROWS UP into it. A lot. Then --

KATIE

I'm pregnant.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY

Sarah, in denial, washes out her purse in a sink while Katie stands nearby, regretting her decision to loop in mom.

SARAH
You're not pregnant.

KATIE
Great. What are you going to use
your other two wishes on?

SARAH
You're not having sex.

KATIE
Okay, wish number three should
definitely have dollar signs.

SARAH
Who are you having sex with?

Two HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS step into the bathroom. Awkward.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Beat it.

KATIE
Mom!

SARAH
I asked you a question.

Hurt by Sarah's obvious disappointment, Katie walks out --

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah follows Katie, rapid fire, tension escalating --

SARAH
I'm asking you to explain this.

KATIE
I guess I should have used zip-ties--

SARAH
Or a condom, which is available, I
don't know, *everywhere...*

KATIE
(slaps forehead)
CONDOMS! We used a banana peel.

SARAH
Nobody's laughing, Katie.

Katie turns, tears in her eyes --

KATIE
Then what are you doing? Judging me?
Seriously? You did the same thing,
mom. Which means you know exactly
how scared I am. The part where I
screwed up? I am crystal clear on.

Katie turns to leave. Sarah softens --

SARAH
Stop. I want to use my third wish to
start over.

KATIE
(stops, turns)
Well that's a waste. You could make
Beyonce your best friend.

SARAH
I already have one of those. And I
just totally blew it with her. Please?

KATIE
I'm pregnant.

Sarah crosses, hugs Katie, holds her close. Finally --

SARAH
It's gonna be okay. How far along?

KATIE
It's not like I took a test...

Sarah separates, looks at her daughter, stunned.

SARAH
Sorry. What?

KATIE
I just know. I'm queasy and my...

Sarah grabs a water bottle hooked to Katie's backpack --

SARAH
Drink this. All of it. Right now.

INT. DINER - DAY

Sami sits in a booth, pushing a matzo ball around with a spoon. Halie stands near the register on the phone.

BEN

It's called a matzo ball. My mother
claimed they work better than aspirin.

Sami's still angry and upset, won't meet Ben's eyes.

SAMI

I'm not sick.

BEN

Why'd you stay home?

Sami shrugs. Ben doesn't push. He tries to take Sami's hand
across the table, but Sami pulls it away.

BEN (CONT'D)

Sami? You can talk to me.

SAMI

You don't care.

BEN

That's not fair, you know I do.

SAMI

Sometimes you don't look at me.

Ben's taken by surprise. He jaws for a response. None comes.

SAMI (CONT'D)

You just let them take her.

Two hard accusations. Ben can barely meet his eyes. Near the
register, Halie hangs up her phone, nods him over.

BEN

I'll be right back, okay?

Ben exits the booth, crosses to Halie.

HALIE

Captain said to bring him in. They'll
give him a tour, keep an eye on him
until--

BEN

Sami? Sami! Hey!

Ben bolts, Halie turns, sees Sami running out the front door.

INT. TAXI / EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - DAY

Nick sits in a taxi taking in the building. The CABBIE checks his watch, looks at Nick in the rear view. Anxious?

CABBIE

Can't be the scariest building you ever entered.

NICK

Different kind of scary. Thanks for the ride.

Ben musters his courage, starts to exit --

CABBIE

Oh hey, thanks for your service.

It's tossed off. Casual. Nick swallows feelings about it--

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - DAY

Answering the BUZZER, an enthusiastic Ron opens the front door, sees Nick with a large DUFFEL.

RON

Captain Vasquez!

NICK

Just Nick is fine. You're...

RON

Ron. The super. I've got your key. Whole building is very excited to have you. Very patriotic. Let me help you with that.

Ron reaches for the heavy duffel. Nick's ego won't allow it --

NICK

I'm good. Arms still work.

RON

They told you it was a walk-up, right?

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Door unlocks. Ron lets Nick into a small, nicely appointed apartment. They're both panting. *Ron is holding the duffel.*

NICK

Nobody patriotic on the first floor? Kidding. Just don't tell my team I handed off my gear.

RON
Secret's safe. Here, took the liberty
of stocking up--

Ron tosses Nick a water bottle from a counter crowded with
groceries and supplies --

NICK
That wasn't necessary--

RON
Hey, you're in this building, you're
family.

NICK
Manson or Partridge?

RON
(the apartment)
So, what do you think?

NICK
She's a decorator.

RON
He. Hims. Tim and Felipe. They're in
Rome teaching English. I don't know
if you were told, but they're refusing
rent.

NICK
Yeah, about that, I'm happy to--

RON
Tim lost a brother in Iraq. Speaking
of, let me be the first to thank you
for your service.
(off Nick's look)
I take it I'm not the first?

NICK
It's fine. Everybody means well, it
just...kinda sounds like they're
ordering a latte.

RON
Can I ask how it happened?

NICK
IED took out our Humvee. Driver was
killed instantly. Couple other guys
were picked off by snipers. I found
cover.

RON
Lucky you're alive.

NICK
Wasn't luck, it was a bomb dog. Jedi.
Sensed I was in distress and crawled
on top of me even though his leg was
crushed. It was night, freezing. He
kept me warm eight hours until they
pulled me out.

Nick is lost in the moment for a beat.

RON
Listen, I own this little bar. The
Crook & Croney? Could use a hand
working nights.

NICK
Still a little iffy on the peg leg.

RON
Business is slow and there's a stool.
C'mon. I'll give you a tour of the
neighborhood, we can pop in.

NICK
What, now?

RON
What else are you gonna do?

NICK
I'm waiting on a delivery, actually.

RON
They got your cell, right? It's the
first day of the rest of your life,
son. Let's get out there.

Nick realizes he's along for the ride, like it or not. Nods.

INT. LAW FIRM - BULLPEN - DAY

Gabe sits in a CUBICLE at a busy law firm, watching as young
Latina Lawyer, SOFIA LOPEZ (26), is led to a conference room.

ALANNA (O.S.)
Gabriel? This is mine, you want to
sit in?

Gabe turns, sees his girlfriend, Alanna stepping from her
office. She's a superior speaking formally, their relationship
a secret. Nearby ASSISTANTS don't even blink, oblivious --

GABE

Yes. Thank you.
(on the walk)
Who is she?

ALANNA

Sofia Lopez. Legal Aid. She's working with a group of residents protesting their evictions.

GABE

We're helping?

ALANNA

We represent the company buying their buildings. *Awkward.*

Alanna opens the door, gives Gabe a sly wink as he passes.

INT. LAW FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The meeting is in full swing. And heated. Gabe watches the intense woman across the table spar with his girlfriend.

ALANNA

Miss Lopez, I respect how hard you're working to help your clients and I can empathize with them--

SOFIA

Yeah? What neighborhood are you from?

ALANNA

I'm from Connecticut. Where a lot of people defaulted on their loans when the housing bubble burst.

SOFIA

Defaulting is biting off more mortgage than you can chew. My clients have done nothing wrong. They're being evicted from rent control apartments on trumped up tenant violations. We're talking grandparents. Single mothers. People who don't get to pack up their Mercedes and move to a McMansion with one less bedroom.

ALANNA

All due respect, Miss Lopez, if the city is permitting these evictions, your issue is with the city.

SOFIA

Oh I'm taking it up with the city.
But my issue is also with whomever
is making it worth the city's while.
And my hunch is that's your client.

ALANNA

Well, if that hunch manifests into
something other than a wild conspiracy
theory, please give us a call.

Alanna stands. Sofia realizes she's being dismissed, shakes
her head and rounds the table, shaking both their hands.

SOFIA

You're either lying or you've been
left out of the loop. Either way? I
hope you ask yourself why.

Alanna closes the door, giving Gabe a chance to look at his
palm, where Sofia *covertly handed him a business card*. When
Alanna turns back, he pockets it quickly. Not even sure why...

INT. IMMIGRATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Patricia is led into a small interview room, where Edda paces.
The two fly into a friend's embrace. They hold it.

PATRICIA

I came as soon as I could. Have you
spoken with anyone?

EDDA

I've been booked like a criminal.
Fingerprinted. Put in a cage...

PATRICIA

Edda, I'm so sorry.

EDDA

Ten years, I've lived here. Paid
taxes here. Gave birth here. These
sons of bitches think they--

The door opens and an ICE CASE MANAGER enters.

ICE MANAGER

Miss Abbassi? My name is Edgar. I
work with immigration and customs
enforcement. Are you her lawyer?

PATRICIA

I'm a social worker.

ICE MANAGER

Please.

(they sit)

Miss Abbassi, we arrested a man named Timothy Grandville a few weeks ago. Does that name ring a bell? He's being investigated for forgery. Primarily government documents. Visas, licenses, etcetera. Amongst the items confiscated from his office was a list. You were on it. So was your ex-husband. He was picked up last week. Miss Abbassi are your residency documents fake?

Patricia reads Edda's guilt, takes her hand and interjects --

PATRICIA

She won't be responding to any questions until she has a lawyer.

The Ice Manager looks to Edda. She swallows fear, nods.

ICE MANAGER

Very well. You'll be transferred to detainment at the end of the day.

EDDA

Detainment..? *Jail*.

ICE MANAGER

Standard procedure. Miss Abbassi, we believe you are in this country illegally. As of this moment, the federal government of the United States is actively pursuing your deportation.

Edgar leaves and Patricia forces Edda to meet her eyes --

PATRICIA

We're gonna figure this out. You're not alone, okay? You are not alone.

INT. LAW FIRM - HALLWAY/ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

Gabe exits the law firm into a hallway with a stack of files, sees Sofia finishing a call at a bank of elevators. He pulls the business card from his pocket and crosses to her --

GABE

Hey! I'm not gonna call you with some, whatever, which I don't think there even is...

SOFIA

That was eloquent. English?

GABE

You know what I mean.

SOFIA

Yeah. I gleaned it from that monosyllabic word dump. One question. Why are you in law school?

(off his surprise)

I'll go first. My mother lost custody and I spent ten years playing musical families in the foster system.

GABE

...My dad's a lawyer.

SOFIA

And? That's a terrible reason. My dad robbed convenience stores.

GABE

You don't know who I am.

SOFIA

I know you looked surprised you might be on the wrong side of things.

(elevator opens)

Every reason somebody becomes a lawyer comes down to one of two things: getting justice, or getting paid. So if the money doesn't matter to you... Or if people do? You've got my card.

Sofia steps on the elevator. Doors close. Off Gabe, spun.

INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Enzo stands with two old buddies, WALT AND EPHRAM, peeking around a corner. They see Bernie's Grandson, JOHN (40), outside Enzo's room, speaking with an ADMINISTRATOR.

EPHRAM

His grandson's talking to the suits.

Then, FUNERAL HOME ATTENDANTS roll a GURNEY with a BODY BAG from the room. It heads their way.

EPHRAM (CONT'D)

Ah shit. Here comes Bern.

The BODY BAG is rolled by. Ephram kisses a Star of David, Enzo does the sign of the cross, Walt doffs his fedora.

WALT

Why's it gotta look like a garbage bag?

ENZO

At least the mob rolls you up in an Oriental.

EPHRAM

Now's our chance. They're walking away! Quick!

The men shuffle towards Bernie and Enzo's room, nothing quick about it, passing a WOMEN'S RESTROOM. From inside, a FLUSH --

INT. NURSING HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Stall opens. Katie holds up three different PREGNANCY TESTS.

KATIE

Overkill much?

SARAH

Why didn't you tell me you have a boyfriend?

KATIE

Because I don't.

SARAH

But...you *do* know who the potential father is, right?

KATIE

I definitely have it narrowed down to the soccer team.

SARAH

I'm not trying to slut-shame you--

KATIE

I'm going to go drown myself in the toilet...

SARAH

Do you *like* him? This boy?

A beat. Pulling teeth. Katie awkwardly answers with the truth --

KATIE

Yeah...

SARAH

Does he like you?

KATIE

...I think so.

Oh boy. There's the rub. Sarah nods, treading carefully --

SARAH
 Have you told him, about this?
 (off her silence)
 Do you want to tell him?

KATIE
 Well, it's gonna be awkward now.
 (holds the tests up)
 All three means triplets, right?

Sarah takes the tests, looks. POSITIVE. Katie exits --

INT. NURSING HOME - ENZO'S ROOM - DAY

Ephram, on lookout while the men rifle Bernie's belongings,
 sees Bernie's Grandson heading down the hallway with boxes --

EPHRAM
 He's coming back!

WALT
 We're doomed.

ENZO
 Doomed? We're looking for an address,
 not Private Ryan.

Enzo has opened a well-worn paperback of THE GODFATHER. On
 the inside cover, something is written in pencil. Enzo smiles.

ENZO (CONT'D)
 Of course you trusted it to Corleone.

INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY/STAIRWELL - DAY

Sarah catches up to Katie, as John passes with boxes.

SARAH
 Katie! Please don't walk away.

KATIE
 I'm not deciding whether to have an
 abortion in a nursing home hallway.

SARAH
 Look at me. Hey...
 (wipes Katie's tear)
 I love you. Please, look at me.

KATIE
 Looking at you is the problem. I
 either get rid of this kid, or have
 it and lose the rest of my life.

SARAH

Like me?

KATIE

Mom. You're thirty-four and you're surrounded by old people...

Sarah looks up, sees Enzo, Walt and Ephram creeping by.

KATIE (CONT'D)

...Sometimes I think you're just gonna work here until they clear a room for you.

SARAH

Look, Katie, there's a lot to discuss here. And sure, I have...sacrificed--

KATIE

When was your last date?

SARAH

It's been a minute, but that's--

KATIE

And you wanted to be a writer! You've got a whole shelf of old notebooks.

SARAH

I grew out of it--

KATIE

What age? Twenty? Twenty-seven? Or like, right around when I was born?

Sarah looks up, the Administrator approaches. Katie realizes.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'll see you later. I'm not mad, I just, this doesn't help.

Katie heads off, as the administrator lands. Before he can speak, Sarah holds up a finger, smiles --

SARAH

I'll be right back.

Sarah heads down the hall, hurries down a STAIRWELL, pushes into a UTILITY CLOSET. The door closes. A beat. And then...

SARAH SCREAMS.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NURSING HOME - UTILITY CLOSET - DAY

From DARKNESS. A door opens. Velma, the ancient narc, turns on the light. REVEAL: Sarah, sitting on the floor.

VELMA

Sorry, honey. Time's up.

SARAH

There's a clock on self-pity?

VELMA

Nah. Just this closet. It's the only one with no smoke detector. We have it heavily scheduled.

Velma pulls out a MARIJUANA CIGARETTE.

SARAH

Is that a joint?

VELMA

Enzo gets 'em for his glaucoma.

SARAH

Enzo doesn't have Glaucoma.

VELMA

Guess they work.

SARAH

Velma, I can't let you smoke that. And I can't believe you narced on your own dealer.

VELMA

Weed, I like. The Guggenheim? I love.

(then)

If we're not smoking, honey, we're talking. C'mon, secret's safe, I can't remember what I ate for breakfast.

SARAH

I'm fine. I'm just...thirty-four, no degree, work my ass off to barely make rent every month, and might have to add "grandmother" to my non-existent dating profile.

VELMA

Katie's pregnant?

SARAH

And terrified of ending up dismal
and unfulfilled. Like me.

VELMA

Are you?

SARAH

I go to brunch. Movies.

VELMA

Like Wuthering Heights, your life.

SARAH

Nobody just follows their bliss all
day. Life is hard for *everyone*. How
do I drop *that* truth on her?

VELMA

You don't. Because it's not a truth.
Life is *short* for everyone -- trust
me, I'm on my third bounce on the
diving board, feels like I was just
putting my swim cap on -- but life
doesn't have to be *hard*. Complicated
and taxing, sure. But you can always
find a little something for yourself.

SARAH

This isn't about me.

VELMA

No. It's about her. And she needs to
know there's a light at the end of
the tunnel. Best way to show her?
Find it yourself.

A beat. Sarah smiles. The door opens. An OLD MAN stands with
a pack of cigarettes. He sees Sarah and hides them.

VELMA (CONT'D)

It's alright, she's cool.

Sarah stands, hugs Velma, hangs on.

VELMA (CONT'D)

You're missing something important.
(off Sarah, emotional)
Bernie's grandson. A little doughy
but that butt's like a ripe tangerine.

SARAH

Velma!

VELMA

If I was thirty-four I'd jump him
like a rope.

SARAH

His grandfather just died.

VELMA

So gather ye rosebuds. Carpe the
diem. Or just ask the kid to coffee.
What do you have to lose?

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

Edda waits to make a phone call. She looks around at other
IMMIGRANT FAMILIES facing their worst nightmares. A MOTHER
with a very young DAUGHTER. She looks away. Phone frees up.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - INTERCUT

Ben and Halie look for Sami near a PLAYGROUND. A NANNY shakes
her head at Ben, hasn't seen him --

BEN

If you see him tell a cop, okay?

His phone rings. He checks caller ID. To Halie --

BEN (CONT'D)

It's his mom.

HALIE

I'll check the playground.

As Ben answers, concerned, Halie heads to the PLAYGROUND.

BEN

Hey. How are you? Patricia said she'd
head down--

EDDA

She came. Thank you. Ben, I shouldn't
have lashed out at you. I was scared.

BEN

Edda, stop, I get it. This is...I
don't know what this is.

EDDA

How's Sami?

BEN

He's good. He's, uh, playing in the
park with my partner. He says he's
not sick--

EDDA

Some boy is bullying him at school.
He's been asking to stay home, I
finally said yes.

BEN

I wish you'd told me.

EDDA

He didn't want you to know. He made
me promise.

(that lands)

Can you bring him here? I'm not coming
home tonight. I'd like to explain.

BEN

Edda? What's going on?

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - DAY

Halie stands near the playground, sees a TODDLER looking
under a play structure. Curious. She heads over, realizes
Sami is hiding underneath. She crouches.

HALIE

Mind if I come in?

SAMI

Free country. Or is it?

Halie crawls in. They watch Ben pacing, still on the phone.

HALIE

Officer Geller's talking to your
mom.

SAMI

I don't want to ride with him.

HALIE

I get it. Here's the thing. Today is
literally my first day as a cop.
Yeah. And losing a kid? It's like
the worst thing you can do.

(off Sami)

You wanna know why I became one? A
cop? Because a lot of things aren't
right in the world. And even when
those things are beyond your power
to fix, it's important to do what
you can. Officer Geller couldn't
stop those men from taking your mom.
But what he can do, is make sure she
doesn't have to worry about you.

RON (CONT'D)

Joan Baez. Cecil Taylor. Sonny motherfucking Rollins! This whole place choking on smoke and poetry, clapping and stomping or holding their breath near tears...

(closes his eyes)

Sometimes, in the quiet? I swear I still hear their ghosts.

NICK

What do they say?

ENZO (O.S.)

What's a guy gotta do to get a drink around here?

Ron startles, sees Enzo, Walt and Ephram at the door.

RON

Enzo! What are you doing here?

ENZO

Busted out of that suicide parlor they call a home.

WALT

If the cops show up, be cool.

RON

This is my new barkeep, Captain Nick Vasquez.

NICK

Just Nick. And only possibly--

RON

He's staying up in Felipe's place. Enzo used to live in our building, which makes you two...

NICK

Family. Right. Nice to meet you.

Nick offers a hand, but the old men see the prosthetic. Enzo skips the handshake and salutes. Sincere, one by one --

ENZO

Army Specialist Lorenzo DeLuca. Thank you for sacrifice, Captain.

WALT

Petty Officer Third Class, Walter Barns, USS Valley Forge. It's an honor, Captain.

EPHRAM
Ephram Buccholz, 51st radio company.
Proud of you, son.

Nick salutes. Emotional. These guys aren't ordering lattes.

RON
Guess I'm pouring. C'mon.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Katie stands on a corner as school lets out. Best friend, CHANTAL, approaches and discreetly hands her PLANNED PARENTHOOD brochures. Katie shoves them in her bag.

CHANTAL
They were friendly.

KATIE
Great.

CHANTAL
You're gonna do it right?

KATIE
Yeah. Probably.

CHANTAL
I threw in this brochure about breastfeeding? It's insane.

Katie looks away, her eyes landing on a handsome kid, DEAN, exiting the school across the street. He NODS down the street.

CHANTAL (CONT'D)
If your baby's not around to feed, you have to *pump*. With a machine. It's like you're body-snatched by a dairy cow...

KATIE
Thank you, Chantal. I have to go.

Katie hurries off before Chantal can continue --

INT. CONDO RENOVATION - DAY

Plastic sheeting is pushed aside as Dean pulls Katie into a demoed kitchen. He kisses her, she resists --

DEAN
It's fine. Nobody is here.

Dean kisses Katie harder. She melts, kisses back. Some part of her is hoping their romance is greater than it is.

The make out session continues until he tries to unzip her pants.

KATIE

Stop. *Stop!*

DEAN

What?

Off Katie, mustering her courage to speak --

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Gabe sits in his cubicle, scrolling through an article on local activist, Sofia Lopez. She's tough. Involved. *Pretty*. When Alanna approaches, he shuts the laptop.

ALANNA

Someone's here for you.

Gabe looks over, sees Patricia near reception.

INT. LAW OFFICE - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Gabe sits with Patricia, who has explained about Edda --

GABE

You don't understand. I haven't passed the bar, I'm still in law school...

PATRICIA

The pro-bono immigration lawyers are up to their teeth. Hundreds of cases--

GABE

But they actually know the law--

PATRICIA

And you actually know *her*. And Sami. If she can't afford real help, inexperienced help that gives a damn is the next best thing.

GABE

Patricia, I can't practice law.

PATRICIA

Then what *can* you do? She's our neighbor, Gabe.

That lands on an overwhelmed Gabe as his phone dings. A TEXT. It's a usage notification: RIDESHARE \$17.00. WTF? He pulls his wallet, sees a credit card missing --

GABE
 He stole my credit card.
 (then, to Patricia)
 I gotta go. I'll drop by, see what I
 can find out. It's all I can promise.

INT. CONDO RENOVATION - DAY

Katie sits with her arms crossed, staring at a stunned Dean.

DEAN
 Who did you tell?

KATIE
 Why?

DEAN
 Because nobody can know. *Nobody.*

KATIE
 That's what you're worried about?

DEAN
 Yeah. My parents would *kill* me.
 (off Katie)
 Look, I'm sorry it happened and
 obviously, I'll help pay for it--

KATIE
 Which "it?" Oh, the abortion I'm
 obviously having...

DEAN
 Yeah.

KATIE
 I haven't decided what I'm doing.
That's the conversation.

DEAN
 You can't have a baby.

KATIE
 At least we're clear the me-and-you
 of this is separate.

DEAN
 Katie, we're not even exclusive.
 (that one stings)
 We have no money, we're *juniors*. I
 mean what about college? Senior year?

KATIE
 I don't know! Okay? *I don't know.*

DEAN
You do know. I get it's kind of sad...

KATIE
"Kind of sad?"

DEAN
Am I missing something? You're a
feminist right?

KATIE
Yeah. I'm also the daughter of a
teen mother. If she had an abortion,
I don't exist. Does that make sense?
It feels like I'm aborting *me*.

Dean stares at her, hapless, clearly thinks that's nuts.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Got what I needed. Thank you.

DEAN
Katie...

But she's already shoving through the plastic sheeting.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY/BERNIE'S ROOM - DAY

Sarah passes Bernie's room. In her peripheral, she sees grandson, JOHN, on a knee, butt in the air, packing. A few steps past the room she stops. She steps back. Looks. Cocks her head. Yep. Nice butt. And then he catches her.

JOHN

Hey. I'm, uh, John.

SARAH

Sarah. I am so sorry. About Bernie.

JOHN

Me too. Mostly that I didn't know him very well.

(holds up a paperback)

He seems to have liked the mafia.

SARAH

He said he had a son in Seattle?

JOHN

My dad. They had a falling out years ago. My only adult excuse is distance. Ironically, I just moved here, kinda hoping there was another chapter.

SARAH

I'm sorry, do you smell pastries?

JOHN

No. But only because you can't really smell yourself.

SARAH

You smell like baked goods?

JOHN

I'm a pastry chef. Just rented a storefront. Been testing recipes and...You think that's odd.

SARAH

No. No. Actually, I was thinking if we all smell like where we work I should never step outside again.

JOHN

I'm sure you smell great...

SARAH

That's nice but my daughter vomited
in my purse this morning and I change
adult diapers...

(her pager buzzes)

Speaking of. I should go. It was
nice meeting you.

And she bails. Awkwardly. John has no idea what just happened.

IN THE HALL: Sarah stops just outside the door. WTF was that?
She sees Velma who points back in the room. Sarah shakes her
head. Velma insists. FUCK. Sarah steps back in the doorway,
tangerine butt is back in the air. C'mon...

SARAH (CONT'D)

For reasons I'm not comfortable
getting into, I need to look happy
and fulfilled for my daughter. And
for an entirely separate reason that
I definitely will not discuss, I
need to look like I'm not
catastrophically single tonight.

JOHN

Are you...asking me out?

SARAH

Only if the answer is yes. I can't
handle rejection today.

Off Sarah, nervously putting herself out there...

INT. NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

A beat later, Sarah exits Enzo's room, face betraying nothing.
Did he say yes? She passes Velma who puts her hand up. Sarah
slaps it discreetly, keeps moving. Velma smiles, *atta girl*.

INT. THE CROOK & CRONEY - DAY

Nick sits around a card table with Enzo, Walt and Ephram.

ENZO

So Bernie's got a girl in the front
of the theater and one in the back.
He's shuttling back and forth, copping
a feel, telling each girl the other
is his sister who doesn't want to be
seen with him...

NICK

What happened after the movie?

ENZO

The girl in the back ditched him.
Said she didn't want to be with any
man who kisses his sister like that.

As the men laugh, drink, they're interrupted by --

GABE (O.S.)

Pops? I buy you coffee, you steal my
credit card?

ENZO

My grandson, Gabriel. Gabie, C'mere,
meet Nick. Real American hero.

GABE

What are you doing here, Pops? Who
signed you out?

ENZO

What am I, a library book?

GABE

You can't up and disappear. People
start looking for you. They call the
cops--

ENZO

Nobody's called the cops--

GABE

You don't *know* that. I'm calling the
home--

Gabe pulls his phone. Enzo *takes it* and drops it in his beer.
Gabe dives in after it, drying it on his shirt--

GABE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

ENZO

I don't need some kid tattling.

Gabe dries his phone off on his shirt, hurt and angry.

GABE

Some kid? Give me the card. Now.

Gabe puts his hand out. Enzo looks at the others, admits --

ENZO

We need it for a car service.
Something we're doing for Bernie.

Gabe keeps his hand out. Enzo sighs. Gives him the card.

GABE

Go home, Pops. Or you know what? do whatever you want. You always did.

As Gabe heads out, Ron emerges from the back with boxes of plastic drinkware stacked on a mixed-liquor crate.

RON

Bad news is we're closing...

EPHRAM

This place was open?

RON

Good news is we do a little shindig on The Village roof every third Friday...

NICK

This isn't the third friday.

RON

I bumped it. For you. Hope you like shaking hands. C'mon. I'll call Sarah, have her sign you three out for real.

Nick pulls his wallet, offers a credit card to Enzo --

NICK

They got a stop to make first. For Bernie.

A beat, Bernie accepts it, humbled by the gesture --

INT. IMMIGRATION - OFFICE - DAY

Edda is led by a Guard to an office. Finds Ben waiting.

BEN

Hi. He ran to the bathroom. Sorry this took so long.

EDDA

It's a gift. Everybody in holding said you can't see your children...

The Guard leaves. Edda almost cracks and Ben embraces her. He burrows his face into her hair as she inhales him, revealing that these two are more than neighbors and friends --

BEN

No way I was gonna let that happen.

Ben pulls back, their eyes meet, and she kisses him. It's deep and urgent and desperate. Finally, she touches his face --

EDDA

I need you to watch him.

BEN

He's only known about us a few weeks.
He's still trying to sort how to
feel. Now he thinks I let you down--

EDDA

Ben, what he's trying to sort out is
how *you* feel about *him*. You're so
good with him, and then he sees you
get far away. And I know you're
trying, I do. And I know your past
makes it hard, but he doesn't
understand. He's eight. But he would
love to be loved by you.

Ben nods, of course. A KNOCK. They compose themselves. Ben
opens the door. Sami bolts inside and into Edda's arms.

EDDA (CONT'D)

There you are. I missed you.

SAMI

Are they gonna take me too?

EDDA

No, baby, they can't touch you.

As mother holds child, Ben glances at Halie, who intuits
Ben's relationship to Edda. Suddenly, it makes more sense.

INT. NURSING HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Sarah has a phone to her ear, uses her other hand to mess
with her hair - pushing it up, back, etc. It falls limp --

SARAH

I shouldn't even be telling you, I
just... She might need you.

INT. CITY BUS - INTERCUT

Patricia sits on a bus, watching a college-aged LESBIAN
COUPLE'S sweet show of genuine affection.

PATRICIA

Of course. I won't say a word.

SARAH

Who am I kidding? I'm telling you
because *I* might need you. Patricia
if she decides... God, it was hard.

PATRICIA

Well, she hasn't decided. And it wouldn't be quite the same. You didn't have you. And you have me. And I have good taste in wine.

SARAH

(smiles, eased a bit)

Thank you. I'll see you on the roof.

Sarah hangs up as a nurse-aide, JACKIE, enters the bathroom.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hey. What do you do with hair that doesn't do anything?

NURSE

Your make-up.

ON THE BUS, one of the lesbian girls wipes something from the other's lip. There's a kiss. Beautiful. It's ruined by --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

What kind of cancer?

Patricia looks over at a THIN WOMAN across from her, then down at her lap where CANCER LITERATURE is spread out.

THIN WOMAN

I'm a survivor.

Patricia gives a kind smile of congratulations, says simply --

PATRICIA

I'm told I won't be.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET/ALLEY - DAY

The BUS stops. Patricia gets off, looking for privacy as emotions start to overwhelm, *her diagnosis hitting home.*

She ducks pedestrians, moves into AN ALLEY where she sobs once. *How can she be dying?* And then she looks up and sees a GRAFFITI BUTTERFLY bursting from a cocoon. MASSIVE. The butterfly is spray-painted a la BANKSY, but the cocoon is repurposed from Katie's crocheted heart.

The symbol of hope and rebirth feels like a sign. She smiles through her tears. Nods. *She can do this. She can die well.*

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE PARK - SUNSET

The Brooklyn Bridge towers over FAMILIES, NANNIES, YOUNG LOVERS, FRIENDS and Katie, pulling the Planned Parenthood literature out of her bag. Deep breath. She opens a brochure --

DING. A text on her iPad. From PATRICIA. She opens it. A PHOTO of the BUTTERFLY and COCOON. The text: "IS THIS YOURS?"

Katie types back: "NO." Then ZOOMS in on the COCOON. It's made of her art piece. She ZOOMS on the TAGGED SIGNATURE.

KATIE

No freaking way.

Katie opens a Banksy-like graffiti artist's WEBPAGE: THRILLBOY'S BROOKLYN. She scrolls through STUNNING GRAFFITI until she lands on HER CROCHETED HEART before it was taken down. She reads the caption, sotto --

KATIE (CONT'D)

"I see your heart and..."

She scrolls to the next picture. The BUTTERFLY. The caption --

KATIE (CONT'D)

"...I raise you a butterfly."

She stares at the butterfly and then ZOOMS in again, seeing something camouflaged in the intricate design. She clicks a PAINT button and traces them with a finger on the iPad. "900?" A beat. She adds a colon with her finger. 9:00? HOLY SHIT...

KATIE (CONT'D)

Thrillboy wants to meet me.

TODDLER (O.S.)

Momma?

Katie looks up, confused, sees a little one-year-old GIRL staring at her. She points at Katie and says it again.

TODDLER (CONT'D)

Momma. MommaMommaMomma.

Thrown, Katie hides the abortion literature just as the little girl's PERFECT MOM swoops in and picks the toddler up.

MOM

There you are. Sorry. Momma's the only word she knows.

(to the baby)

She's not a momma, honey. She's just a little girl like you.

The Mom winks at Katie, being sweet, no idea she's struck at the heart of her existential crisis. As the well-off mother and child walk off into the literal sunset, Katie watches, in the shadow of both the Brooklyn Bridge and doubt...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. RON AND PATRICIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Patricia enters the apartment. A BAR CART has been pulled into the middle of the room and a new party dress has been draped over it. She holds it up. Smiles. She has a good man.

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - ROOF - NIGHT

Night has fallen. Lights are strung. Folding tables with drinks and food. A peek-a-boo view of Manhattan. Thirty TENANTS mingle as Ron introduces an overwhelmed Nick around.

HIPSTER

Any session you want, man. It's super healing.

NICK

Sounds great.

As the Hipster moves off, Nick turns to Ron --

NICK (CONT'D)

What the hell is a "sound bath?"

RON

You lay on the ground and they rub a crystal bowl with a rock.

NICK

I need a drink. You want something?

Ron sees Patricia step onto the roof, beautiful in the dress.

RON

I do. But it's not booze. Go Ahead.

As Nick moves off, Patricia approaches. She fans the dress.

RON (CONT'D)

You like it?

PATRICIA

I don't know, I mean it looks good... but can it dance?

Ron twirls her into an embrace near SLOW-DANCING RESIDENTS. They take each other in.

RON

Forty years, I've never gotten tired of looking at you.

PATRICIA
Hope you don't start now.

RON
I'm gonna sell the Crook, Patty.

PATRICIA
You're gonna be buried in that bar.

RON
It's not lip service. There's some equity. We could travel a little--

As an UPBEAT SONG begins, Patricia avoids the topic by shushing Ron. She cups her ear like she hears something.

PATRICIA
You hear that? It's... it's the dress, Ron. I think it wants to dance.

RON
Set it free, baby. Set. It. Free.

Ron dances towards Patricia as, fuck it, *she shakes it*.

Nick grins at the DRINK TABLE, watching Patricia and the man who loves her desperately, dancing like nobody is watching.

And then, A STRING LIGHT BULB POPS. Nick flinches, knocks a bottle of Vodka from the table. It SMASHES. He turns, self-conscious, smiles at the folks nearby, *oops, butterfingers*.

When he turns away from the group, he pulls a pill bottle, pops two pills and washes it down with beer. He closes his eyes and takes a deep, centering, breath. All good. *-ish*.

INT. IMMIGRATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Gabe sits across from Edda in the small interview room.

GABE
You'll go before a judge in the next couple days. Best case scenario, he agrees to grant bond. If you pay it, you can fight your case from home. From what I understand, having a child who is a citizen gives you a better chance.

EDDA
Even if the paperwork is fake?

GABE
Less likely, but yes.

EDDA

And if I'm deported? What happens to Sami?

GABE

Well, he was born here, right? So he can stay. Or, you know, he could go.

EDDA

To Iran. No. No.

GABE

Look, Edda. You need someone *good*.

EDDA

I need a lot of things. They aren't available to me.

GABE

Neither am I. Not because I wouldn't love to help. I would. But even if I wasn't completely overwhelmed between school and my internship, and terrified of destroying your family with my inexperience, I literally *can't* practice law yet.

Edda looks at Gabe. She nods. Then, kind but firm --

EDDA

I lived in a place where I had no voice. No face. No intrinsic value. I traveled six thousand miles as a refugee, found work, learned a new language, bore a son, cared for him alone and now I live as your neighbor. Your equal. I *earned* my voice, and I use it to tell you this: There is a way around every obstacle. But only if you care enough to find it.

As a Guard enters, she takes Gabe's hand --

EDDA (CONT'D)

Please care enough.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A woman in her fifties, ADELE, bustles in a kitchen tasting dinner before moving to answer a DOORBELL.

ADELE

I got it.

When she opens the door, she finds Enzo, Walt and Ephram.

ADELE (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

Ephram pulls out a pitch pipe. Blows it. And then the men start to sing "Good Night, Sweetheart," a capella. As they serenade Adele, her amused HUSBAND joins her. When they finish, she claps and elbows her husband for a tip.

ENZO

No tips. That was a gift from our friend Bernie. He passed today. Asked us to sing that to you, and give you this...

Enzo fishes out the watch, hands it to her --

BERNIE

Just a Timex. He bought it when you were born and etched your name on the back there. Wore it every day.

ADELE

I don't understand.

ENZO

Bernie was a family man, but one night he walked into a little supper club in Queens and there was a girl singing that song. He said his heart stopped. About nine months later a new heart started beating. Yours.

Adele tears up, recognizing the reference, realizing --

ADELE

She never told me. She never married, I just figured...

ENZO

They loved each other. But he couldn't leave his wife and son and she didn't want you to feel like the less important kid. He didn't expect you to forgive him. He just wanted you to know he never forgave himself. And that he loved you as much as her, even if only from afar.

Adele's husband hugs her close, emotional closure.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Good night, sweetheart.

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - ROOF - NIGHT

Ron sits next to Sami, on the roof, mid-conversation --

RON

...And then I'll walk you home from school, okay? And if you're feeling up to it, the Thompsons in 3B said they're having a movie night tomorrow.

No response. Ron puts his arm around him, grandfatherly.

RON (CONT'D)

I know kid.

The party swirls around Ben, who watches Ron and Sami --

PATRICIA (O.S.)

So. You went from super hero in the basement, to guy dating mom...

BEN

To guy who lets bad guys take mom. Guess it's time to fold up the cape.

PATRICIA

You ask me, super heroes are overrated. Fly in, save the day. Takes a real man to stick around and deal with the carnage.

Ben watches as Sami runs to the exit. Patricia pats his arm.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I'll talk to him.

BEN

I got it. I *want* it.

Ben follows Sami. Ron approaches Patricia, arm around her --

RON

How's *he* doing?

PATRICIA

Good, I think. Some seeds need a fire to crack 'em open.

INT. EDDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben walks to Sami's bedroom door. He knocks. No answer. Ben opens the door, finds the room dark. Sami's under the covers.

SAMI

Go away.

BEN

Sami, you're right. I should have done something when your mom got picked up. I told the officers that I knew her and she was a good person. I told her to go with them, and that I'd look after you. What I should have done is tell them I loved her. That she's the best thing to happen to me in a long time. That I don't deserve her. It wouldn't have changed what happened, but she would have heard it. And it might have made her less scared. And it would have proved I'm a better man than I clearly am. So this is me learning from my mistakes: You're such a great kid, Sami. And that's been hard for me because I used to have a little boy. And it's taken me a minute to realize it's okay to be sad about him and to care about you at the same time. But it is. And I do care. A lot.

No response. Ben kisses Sami's head, gets up to leave --

SAMI

My nightlight's broken.

Ben hits the switch on a SUPER HERO NIGHT LIGHT. Nothing.

BEN

Let me see what I can do.

EXT. VILLAGE APARTMENTS - ROOF PARTY - NIGHT

As Ron climbs up on a box and waves for attention, Gabe pushes his hands in his pockets, feels something, comes up with the business card of the fierce legal aid lawyer, Sofia Lopez. Ron grins at Patricia who shakes her head at him, please no --

RON

As all of you know, my wife, Patricia, is not only a goddess of the dance floor, a sorceress in the kitchen, a banshee in the bedroom, and the prettiest damn woman in Brooklyn... But she is also my whole life. And when I was told I might lose her recently, I realized I could no more survive that than the loss of my own heart. But it was a false alarm. So, selfishly I want to thank her for saving my life. Because it would have ended with yours, baby.

As the crowd CHEERS and hugs are offered to Patricia, Nick sees Sarah and John arrive. She's changed, beautiful. She's glancing around the party looking for Katie, when her eyes fall on Nick. He holds her gaze a bit.

RON (CONT'D)

And as long as I'm up here, for those who haven't had the pleasure, please find a moment to introduce yourself to our newest resident, Captain Nick Vasquez. He's here with us because Sarah, who volunteers at the VA, heard about his situation and circled the wagons, knowing we would lock arms and lift our new friend up. Nick, our casa is su casa. Our famiglia is your famiglia. May you heal and find new life at The Village.

The crowd cheers. Nick nods, smiles, embarrassed. The party resumes. As Nick crosses, Sarah texts Katie: "Where are you?"

NICK

"Empty apartment," huh? "Might have a few leads on work?"

SARAH

I may have undersold The Village Experience. We're nothing if not enthusiastic.

NICK

Yeah, well... Thank you.

SARAH

John, this is Nick --

JOHN

Sarah told me about your ordeal. Thank you for your service.

Oh boy. Nick nods, tight-lipped. MUSIC starts again. Nick gets a TEXT. He glances at his phone.

NICK

I'm sorry, I got a delivery's finally showing up. But hey, you two should dance. I'm serious. You have feet. Standing around would be an insult.

Nick smiles, Sarah takes in the floor. Awkward? He exits.

JOHN

Wouldn't want to insult a commando.

John puts his arms respectfully around Sarah's waist. She pulls him closer, rests her head on his shoulder, *needs this*.

EXT. BROOKLYN ALLEY - NIGHT

Katie waits alone in an alley to meet an idol. The butterfly graffiti towering above her, she texts her mother: "Home soon. Don't worry." She spooks when she hears --

THRILLBOY (O.S.)

You should stay away from
construction. There's always cameras.
You have to keep your anonymity.

THRILLBOY, in a HOODIE, now blocks the end of the alley. He's in shadow, his voice young, *an Irish accent*. Katie feigns confidence, but her heart is a hummingbird.

KATIE

Breaking the law was kind of an
accident. I wasn't gonna do it again.

THRILLBOY

Why not?

KATIE

Because it's...breaking the law.

THRILLBOY

Good point. Should *I* stop then?

KATIE

No. I mean, I would be upset. I love
waiting to see what you'll do next.
This? It's beautiful.

THRILLBOY

So giving something to everyday people
is *worth* breaking the law for? Sheriff
of Nottingham might disagree...

KATIE

I'm not... All I did was crochet a
heart.

THRILLBOY

What you did was start a dialogue.
(holds up a duffel)
Keep talking. And *sign* the next one.

KATIE

Oh, I don't have, like, a name...

THRILLBOY

Sure you do. It's Robin Hood.

He slips away into the night. Was she really just christened by the anonymous darling of the NYC graffiti world? Katie approaches the duffel, unzips. It's brimming with YARN. Swoon.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben enters his apartment, crosses to a closet and pulls down a box marked FRANKIE. It's a memory box full of *items beloved by the small son he lost*: toys, stuffed animals, clothing.

Ben steels himself, picks up an ACTION FIGURE, the paint rubbed off its chest. A favorite toy. He digs a little deeper and finds a novelty KID'S FLASHLIGHT with an NYPD LOGO across the lamp. What he was looking for.

INT. EDDA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY/SAMI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ben enters Sami's room. He puts the flashlight on the bed.

BEN

Nightlight's kind of a funny bulb.
But I have this. Kinda cool. I'll
just leave it here if you want it.

He exits. Door closes. A beat and then Sami's hand snakes out from under the covers. The flashlight turns on, throwing "NYPD" against the wall, BAT-SIGNAL style.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM, Ben stands in the DARK HALLWAY. He sees light FLASH from beneath the door. He smiles.

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - ROOF - NIGHT

The party on the roof has gotten busier. Ron and Patricia dance again. Sarah and John sit, eating pizza.

JOHN

How am I doing?

SARAH

Depends, do I look like I'm living
out loud?

JOHN

You look pretty.

It's genuine and catches her by surprise. Been a while.

SARAH

So, John who smells like baked goods:
late 30's, cross-country move, no
obvious sign of psychopathy...

JOHN

Isn't that a sign in itself?

SARAH
 ...When's the divorce final?

JOHN
 I would have to check with the lawyer.
 When I hire one.

SARAH
 Ah. Fresh wounds.

JOHN
 Old wounds. Fresh start.

Sarah picks up her beer, a toast --

SARAH
 Here's to those.

Gabe passes, dialing his phone --

INT. SOFIA'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

Sofia's in a robe, hair up from a shower, files spread out everywhere in a tiny apartment. She answers --

SOFIA (on phone)
 Sofia.

GABE (on phone)
 This is Gabriel. The intern? Morris,
 Chatham, Boardner and --

SOFIA (on phone)
 Spare me the list of fat white guys,
 I got it.
 (then)
 So? Hit me, Brockovich.

GABE (on phone)
 I'm calling because a neighbor of
 mine was picked up by ICE. She has a
 kid who was born here but--

SOFIA (on phone)
 Whoa, whoa, whoa. You're not serious?

GABE (on phone)
 She needs help.

SOFIA (on phone)
 I'm sorry but my docket runneth over
 so deep I sleep treading water.

GABE (on phone)
I'll do the legwork. All of it. I just... I need somebody who knows what the hell they're doing.

SOFIA (on phone)
(considers, then)
Fine. But I got needs too.

GABE (on phone)
Like what..? Sofia?

She's hung up. Off Gabe, a devil's bargain?

ENZO (O.S.)
I shouldn't have taken your credit card. Or tossed your phone in a beer.

Gabe turns, sees Enzo with two drinks. Walt and Ephram mingle.

GABE
Or sold drugs to old people.

ENZO
Meh. Drugs are wasted on the young. Why shoot heroin when you have all your faculties? I say, you're gonna chase the dragon, do it when your legs don't goddamn work.

GABE
Tell me you don't do heroin.

ENZO
I don't do any of it. I know what I look like but I gotta mind like a steel trap and the loins of a quarter horse stud...

GABE
Aaand I pictured that. It happened.

ENZO
Here. Couldn't find a peace pipe, so I settled on tequila.

Gabe takes the drink, considers, raises the glass --

GABE
To Bernie. I'm really sorry, Pops.

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Nick stands outside, waiting, when an SUV pulls up. A MAN IN UNIFORM steps out. He rounds the car to Nick.

MILITARY OFFICIAL
 Captain Vasquez?

The Official hands Nick a clipboard. Nick signs. The Official opens the rear door --

MILITARY OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
 He's decommissioned. All yours.

Nick nods a thank you as JEDI, the bomb dog, jumps out on three legs. The Official departs. Nick sinks to a knee lets the dog lick his face. When Nick looks up, Katie is watching.

NICK
 We don't usually...kiss. In public.

KATIE
 It's a pretty liberal neighborhood. You're the soldier guy? My mom told me you were moving in.

NICK
 You're Sarah's daughter?

KATIE
 Katie.

Nick looks at her t-shirt: "Drop Beats, Not Bombs."

NICK
 I like your shirt.

KATIE
 I have a lot of issues with war.

NICK
 Me too.

Nick goes to stand, trips on the prosthetic. Katie steps in to help, but he waves her off, struggles up, pride at stake.

NICK (CONT'D)
 It's okay.
 (offers his hand)
 Nick. Vasquez. This is Jedi.

KATIE
 Welcome home.

Off a pregnant teen activist, a wounded commando fighting emotion and a retired, three-legged war dog --

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Party mostly over, Patricia stands with Katie on the roof, looking out over the city. Patricia glances back at Sarah, by the door with John.

KATIE

I'm afraid she just, like, picked him up somewhere.

PATRICIA

I think it's good. She'll need company when you're in jail.

KATIE

Not you too.

PATRICIA

Allied Dynamics?

KATIE

You said somebody needed to protest.

PATRICIA

Ever heard of a picket sign?

KATIE

You didn't teach me to crochet one of those.

PATRICIA

(grins, in cahoots)

You're my kind of girl, you know that? How's the boy?

KATIE

Not a man.

Patricia eyes Katie, puts her arm around her.

PATRICIA

Then cut him loose. Life's too short.

KATIE

Speaking of...don't almost get cancer again, okay?

PATRICIA

Tell you what. I ever shuffle off, you just come up here and talk to the moon. I'll be right there, baby.

Katie hugs her. A deep bond and both harboring secrets inside: one, a life, the other, a death.

NEAR THE DOOR: Sarah says good-bye to John. They're mid-conversation and Sarah is laughing. Which feels good.

SARAH

This was nice. Thank you.

JOHN

If you ever need a croissant or want to awkwardly semi-ask me out again--

Sarah kisses him. Sweet. Lingers a beat. He exits. Sarah crosses to Katie and Patricia --

PATRICIA

He seems nice.

SARAH

He is. I heard about Edda. And you, Patricia, you should have told me...

PATRICIA

I'm fine. Edda not so much. She's gonna need all of us. Sami too.

SARAH

Count us in. For anything.

Patricia and Sarah hug. Over Sarah's shoulder, Patricia mouths "be nice" as Katie sinks onto an old chaise. Patricia exits.

KATIE

Please tell me you didn't ask that guy out to prove I can have a life if I have a baby.

SARAH

I asked that guy out because you were right. Sometimes I default to just getting by. But that's on me.

KATIE

If he's not a serial killer, he's cute.

SARAH

And newly separated.

KATIE

Any port in a storm.

SARAH

Thank you for that. Push up.

Sarah sits behind Katie, who lays back against her mother.

SARAH (CONT'D)
How you feeling?

KATIE
I vacillate between terrified and stupid. And then out of the blue I wonder who she would be. Which is pointless. I know what I need to do.

SARAH
Right now? All you need to do is let your mom hold you.

Sarah wraps her daughter in her arms, kisses her head.

INT. IMMIGRATION DETAINMENT - DAY - (CODA BEGINS)

Edda and several other WOMEN are let into a COMMUNAL ROOM. Bunks. Basically prison. She eyes the room full of multi-national women, all facing deportation, sees an empty bunk.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nick SHOWERS, eyes closed against the flow of water. WIDER: REVEAL BURN SCARS across his torso.

INT. RON AND PATRICIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ron and Patricia MAKE LOVE under covers. Ron desperate to consummate a new beginning, Patricia desperate to feel alive.

INT. EDDA AND SAMI'S APARTMENT - SAMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sami lies asleep, the FLASHLIGHT still lit. WIDER: Ben watches from the doorway. He steps in, turns the flashlight off.

INT. GABE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gabe sits at a computer, opens a text from SOFIA. "START HERE." There's a link. Click. An IMMIGRATION LAW WEBSITE.

WIDER: Enzo and Ephram are asleep on Gabe's bed.

INT. RON AND PATRICIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Post-sex. Patricia eyes her sleeping husband lovingly. And then she slips out of bed...

INT. SARAH AND KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katie heads to her room. Sarah picks up a framed PHOTO. She's Katie's age. A kid herself. And pregnant. Emotion finally threatens to overwhelm. This was not an easy journey.

INT. EDDA AND SAMI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben sits watching tv, holding the action figure, and absently rubbing it with his thumb like a worry stone. We realize the toy isn't missing paint from a child's overuse, but from a mourning father's compulsive habit.

INT. RON AND PATRICIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Patricia sits with a glass of wine in front of a LAPTOP. REVEAL she's scrolling through a DATING WEBSITE, looking at WOMEN in their FIFTIES. She stops on a pretty, FRIENDLY LOOKING WOMAN. Deep breath. *She CLICKS open the profile.*

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick hops from the bathroom in shorts, obviously sore from the day. He pops more pills and eyes Jedi.

NICK
How's *your* head, pal?

A KNOCK. Nick cracks the door. Sarah. He opens it.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hey. Come in.

Sarah's eyes flit across his muscle, scars. *Damn.*

SARAH
No, I just...wanted to make sure you had everything you need.

NICK
Yeah, I'm good.
(Jedi whines)
I, uh, got a dog...

SARAH
Is he the one who--

NICK
Yeah. Sarah, I don't deserve this from you. Any of it.

SARAH
I need a favor in return. Katie's going through something.

NICK
How do I help?

SARAH
(a beat, apologetic)
By not telling her you're her father. I know what we discussed, but I think it would be too much.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
 (off his disappointment)
 First rule of parenting. It's never
 about you.

NICK
 I get it. I'll just be the really
 handsome legless guy in 6B.

She nods, thankful, searches his eyes and her memory, the palpable tension at odds with their fraught history.

SARAH
 Hey, Nicky? I remember what it's
 like to be stared at. You'll survive.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick enters the bedroom, lies down. Jedi jumps up next to him. Then, sensing distress... *LIES DOWN ACROSS NICK'S CHEST.*

As MUSIC PLAYS, the CAMERA ASCENDS through the floors --

INT. EDDA AND SAMI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben sleeps sitting up, the SUPER HERO falls from his hand.

INT. GABE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gabe opens the door. Alanna pushes in, kissing him hard... Gabe steps back, breaking it off, a finger to his lips. REVEAL: Walt asleep on the couch. Gabe shrugs, smiles.

INT. PATRICIA AND RON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patricia is back in bed, conflicted eyes open. No sleep.

INT. SARAH AND KATIE'S APARTMENT - KATIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah enters Katie's room, gently climbs into bed, spoons her daughter. Her hand slides onto Katie's stomach. *Hi there.*

EXT. THE VILLAGE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

The last lit window blinks out. The Village sleeps. And then we CRANE OFF to a thousand-thousand lit windows, stacked like blocks. Brooklyn at night, and beyond, Manhattan. And it's only now, from a distance, in the dark, that each disconnected light, each penthouse and project window and each life living beyond those windows, is revealed to be interconnected. A great, unfathomable, shimmering whole. Off hope and love and a thousand-thousand untold stories...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE.