

The Dollhouse

"Pilot"

Created By
Jessica Traxler

Written By
Jessica Traxler

March 12, 2019

The Dollhouse/"Pilot"

TEASER

*"A dame that knows the ropes isn't likely to get tied up." --
Mae West*

FADE IN:

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

A well-designed, but neutral room of beige and white, French-style decor. Everything is so neat, and orderly, and feminine. Fresh white roses in a vase, pictures of meadows hanging on the wall, and porcelain figurines of Aphrodite and Venus on end tables and shelves.

EXITING the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, is a blonde woman. Attractive. Late-thirties. Friendly, approachable face, with a refined air about her. VICTORIA MORRIS, 38.

She approaches her large, walk-in closet and opens the doors--

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The rest of the place looks just like the bedroom: neutral and inoffensive.

Victoria comes down stairs in a black and beige dress. She's stunning, but clearly there's a theme here of our girl's desire to steer clear of flashiness.

She opens the doors to her home office and ENTERS.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
(British accent)
And what exactly are you looking
for, Mr. Aimes?

INT. VICTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Victoria sits behind her desk. Across from her, a middle-aged man, MR. AIMES, 55, in a dark suit.

MR. AIMES
Mid-twenties, dark hair, tall.
Preferably fit, but not skinny or
thin. And can possibly speak
Spanish. I have a trip to Madrid I
need to take soon.

VICTORIA

I'm afraid I don't allow my girls to travel with first-time clients, Mr. Aimes. Not unless they're *courtesans*.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and removes an envelope. He places it on the desk. Victoria can plainly see a BAND OF MONEY inside it.

MR. AIMES

And now?

VICTORIA

I'm more concerned about the girl's safety than I am about price.

MR. AIMES

I assure you that she will be in tender hands.

He smiles and it screams 'creep'.

VICTORIA

A Malaysian sultan said something similar before refusing to allow a girl to return to the United States, claiming her as his new wife. An awful lot of strings I had to pull in order to get her back home. And an Italian diplomat told me the same thing before one of my girls returned to me with her face and body covered in bruises. Shame what happened to his hands...

An uptick of her perfectly sculpted eyebrow gives the impression the aforementioned diplomat's disfigured hands are her doing. Or the doing of powerful, violent people she knows.

MR. AIMES

I see.

VICTORIA

I appreciate the gesture, but 'no' is my only, and final answer.

She pushes the envelope toward him. He takes it and returns it to his jacket pocket.

MR. AIMES

Understood.

VICTORIA
Thank you. Four girls come to mind.
I'll pull their portfolios. Grace!

A young, pretty Asian woman-- GRACE LI, 26-- as put together
as Victoria, opens the office door.

GRACE
Yes?

VICTORIA
Can you bring me Angelique, Bella,
Lennox, and Nadia's files please?

GRACE
Yes.

Grace EXITS, closing the door.

VICTORIA
(off his look)
She's an assistant only.

MR. AIMES
Asked that a lot I presume.

VICTORIA
Always.

MR. AIMES
What exactly is a courtesan?

VICTORIA
The traditional definition is a
cultured woman, mistress, of
someone of high social standing.
She spends all of her days and
nights in their company as an
intellectual equal and worldly
companion. She devours all that
interest her master and excels at
it proudly.

MR. AIMES
You make it sound romantic.

VICTORIA
It can be. With the right man.

ROLL CREDITS OVER THEME SONG (Nina Simone's "Feeling Good"):

MONTAGE

VARIOUS ATTRACTIVE WOMEN dressed as famed seductresses: Eve, Cleopatra, Anne Bolyen, Mata Hari, Cora Pearl, a siren/mermaid, Josephine Baker, Marilyn Monroe, La Belle Otero, Salome, a geisha, Aphrodite and Venus, Catherine the Great, Elizabeth Taylor, and Helen of Troy.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. ISAAC'S PENTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A modern, New York bedroom for the minimalist...and rich.

BED

A man with curly, salt-n-pepper locks-- ISAAC SOMMERSON, 46-- lies on the bed as he's fucked rigorously by a dark-haired, English rose-- WAVERLY RICHWOOD, 30.

Waverly holds on tight to the headboard as she rides Isaac like a stallion.

ISAAC

Here it comes! Here it comes!

Isaac comes with a wince as his whole body stiffens like a board... A more than satisfied smile follows.

WAVERLY

(British accent)

Did you like that?

ISAAC

Christ, yes.

WAVERLY

Good.

She kisses him.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

I aim to please.

She climbs off of him.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

I'm in dire need of a shower.

She scoots off the bed.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

Care to join me, pet?

ISAAC

Don't think I'd make it another round with you.

WAVERLY

You could try...

ISAAC
Give me a minute.

Isaac watches her perfect, naked ass walk into the adjoining master bathroom.

He opens the nightstand drawer and pulls out a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE of the infamous little, blue pill. He takes one with the glass of water resting on the nightstand.

Isaac climbs out of bed and approaches the master bathroom...

EXT. RESTAURANT - VERANDA/GARDEN - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Well-dressed GUESTS mingle with one another in the friendly, soft atmosphere.

A BALDING MAN in tweed holds court with Victoria. She's all smiles and poise.

A sexy black woman-- LENNOX WESTHOUSE, 32-- approaches. Tight, white dress and long, dark hair with a Cosmopolitan air about her.

LENNOX
(to Balding Man)
Excuse me, Rev. Acker, but I need
to borrow our hostess for a moment.

The two women walk off.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Now, tell me you love me.

VICTORIA
Thank you. I could not listen to
that man spout anymore Christian
nonsense.

LENNOX
(smiles)
The irony being lost on him is
astounding.

BAR

They approach.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
(to bartender)
Bronx martini please.

VICTORIA
 (to bartender)
 Chardonnay.

Lennox takes a jewelled cigarette case from her purse. She lights a pink cigarette.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 Haven't you quit yet?

LENNOX
 Why would I quit? I love smoking.

Victoria takes the cigarette out of Lennox's mouth and takes a satisfied drag.

VICTORIA
 I miss smoking.

She hands the cigarette back to Lennox.

The bartender gives them their drinks.

LENNOX
 Seems to be going all right so far.

VICTORIA
 Yes. She seems happy.

VICTORIA/LENNOX'S POV - COUPLE

They watch a young REDHEAD as she chats with a THIRTYSOMETHING COUPLE.

A conservative-looking, GENTLEMAN in a blue suit has his arm wrapped around the redhead, beaming happily.

The redhead displays the engagement ring on her hand to the thirtysomething couple. The gentleman kisses her forehead.

They're genuinely happy.

The redhead catches Victoria's eye. She waves to her. Victoria and Lennox hold up their drinks in salute to her. The readhead blows them a big kiss, then turns her attention back toward the gentleman.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 He's taking her to Ibiza.

LENNOX
 She's been before.
 (off her look)
 "The Whale."

VICTORIA
Ah. Now I recall.

LENNOX
How could you forget "The Whale?"

Victoria smirks.

VICTORIA
Had me meet him in Sydney.

LENNOX
Paris.

VICTORIA
Lucky girl.

LENNOX
I try.

They return to watching the redhead with her gentleman.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
How often does this happen?

VICTORIA
Rarely...if ever.

LENNOX
And it working out?
(off her look)
Maybe they'll defy the odds.

VICTORIA
Hopefully.

LENNOX
He really does look like he loves
her...

VICTORIA
He might. Begged me on his hands
and knees to release her. Tears and
everything. Such a show. I think he
just wanted me to know he was
serious.

LENNOX
Then I guess you're right. He might
love her.

Lennox takes notice of the melancholy look on Victoria's
face.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Go home and sleep. I'll make your
apologies and play hostess.

Victoria swallows the rest of her wine.

VICTORIA
Thank you. See you tomorrow.

Victoria EXITS.

EXT. RESTAURANT - VERANDA/GARDEN - LATER

Everyone's gone. Just WAIT STAFF clearing/cleaning up.

BAR

LENNOX
(to bartender)
How long until you're out of here?

BARTENDER
About a half-hour.

Lennox holds up a folded hundred dollar bill.

LENNOX
Let's make it an hour.

The bartender takes it with a nod.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Thank you.

REID (O.S.)
Highland Park. Neat, two fingers.

Lennox turns to a man taking the empty seat beside her. He's tall, with short, brown hair and light eyes. Gorgeous. Cary Grant tucked into a \$3,000 suit-- REID BISHOP, 38.

LENNOX
(to bartender)
On second thought, my friend, I'm
good. Keep the bill.

Lennox attempts to slide off her bar stool-- Reid's hand on her hip, stays her.

REID
The lady's going to stay for one
more drink.

...Reluctantly, she remains on her seat. Reid obviously a man who gets what he wants.

The bartender places Reid's drink in front of him.

REID (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The bartender EXITS.

A beat.

REID (CONT'D)

Avoiding me isn't going to work.

LENNOX

Clearly.

REID

Then stop please. I'm asking nicely.

LENNOX

And what's you not asking nicely?

REID

Me not asking at all. Lennox--

LENNOX

Our contract is over.

REID

Don't call it that.

LENNOX

What would you like me to call it?

REID

...A relationship.

The bartender returns to place Lennox's drink in front of her. He EXITS.

LENNOX

I guess technically it was.

REID

Don't be cute.

LENNOX

That's the third time in 5 minutes you've directed me to do something.

REID
I know. Strange.

A secret passes between them. Something not being said, but vibrating loudly through their silent staring contest.

REID (CONT'D)
I'm leaving New York in a few days
and I want you to come with me.

LENNOX
You know I can't do that, Reid.

REID
Actually, I know you could. If you
wanted to.

Reid swallows the rest of his scotch and stands.

REID (CONT'D)
Please remember I asked nicely.

Reid EXITS.

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - DAY

Victoria opens the doors. Inside stands a casually dressed man. He's attractive, with a blue collar presence that creates an everyman appeal-- MATTHEW TOMASINO, 40.

VICTORIA
Oh, I'm so sorry, not this room.
It's the ventilation in the living
room.

He opens his mouth to speak but Grace interrupts, ENTERING with a glass of water.

GRACE
Here you are, Mr. Tomasino.

Grace hands Matthew the glass of water.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(whispers to Victoria)
Your two o'clock.

MATTHEW
(Staten Island accent)
Thank you, Grace. I'll be sure to
wash the cup out after I finish
with the air vent in the living
room.

Grace giggles, not really understanding his meaning. She EXITS.

Awkward silence...

VICTORIA
Well, I'm embarrassed.

MATTHEW
I'm just busting your balls. My fault for coming in here looking like a bum.

VICTORIA
You don't.

MATTHEW
Is that why you thought I was the air conditioning guy?

He smiles at her, still busting her balls. But Victoria takes herself too seriously to notice.

VICTORIA
I'm so sorry. Please, have a seat.

She moves behind her desk. He takes the seat across from her.

MATTHEW
Nice place.

VICTORIA
Thank you.

MATTHEW
Reminds me of my grandmother's house.

VICTORIA
Oh... Thank you.

MATTHEW
No, I just meant she likes fresh flowers everywhere, too. She's got this thing about orange tulips.

VICTORIA
Orange tulips signify desire and passion. And energy.

MATTHEW
I think the last thing I want to think about is my grandmother having desires.

VICTORIA
 Why not? We're all sexual
 creatures, with wants, and needs.

MATTHEW
 "Lust's passion will be served; it
 demands, it militates, it
 tyrannizes."

VICTORIA
 Bataille?

MATTHEW
 Marquis de Sade.

She's impressed. But hides it; not wanting to misjudge him
 again.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 I'm Matthew by the way. Matty.
 Tomasino.

VICTORIA
 Victoria Morris.

He leans over the desk to shake her hand.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 Tomasino? The restaurateur?

MATTHEW
 That's a lot of letters in your
 mouth. I just cook food for people.

VICTORIA
 You own 10 restaurants in 10 major
 cities, one in each borough in New
 York, and you're a partner with two
 night clubs and a casino in Vegas,
 and you think 'restaurateur' is too
 loaded a title?

MATTHEW
 I like 'chef'. Doesn't sound so
 heavy.

He seems genuinely uncomfortable with any other title. She
 smiles at his humbleness.

VICTORIA
 'Chef' it is then. What can I do
 for you, chef?

He squirms a little.

MATTHEW

I, uh... I guess the same thing you do for every other guy that comes here to talk to you.

(off her look)

You going to make me say it?

VICTORIA

No. I know what you mean.

MATTHEW

Thank God.

VICTORIA

Why?

MATTHEW

Why what?

VICTORIA

Why do you...need my help?

MATTHEW

Is there a way I can answer that and not sound pathetic, or like an asshole?

VICTORIA

You can try.

He chuckles nervously.

MATTHEW

It hasn't been so good for me, trying to meet a decent girl...Um...because... I don't know. I guess, it's my fault...somewhat.

VICTORIA

How is it your fault?

MATTHEW

I don't know. I'm just... My buddy-- and my nosy sister-- think I'm not having any luck finding someone because they think I'm being too picky or something. "You're looking for a specific kind of girl that doesn't exist, Matty." I don't think that's true... I just want to spend time with someone that likes me. That's it.

VICTORIA

Likes you, and not the
'restaurateur'.

MATTHEW

You know, I got put on that stupid
Forbes list, and some richest
bachelors in New York thing...
Girls that wouldn't think once
about me, offering to buy me a
drink at the bar. Some guys think
that's alright and all, but... Just
kind of pisses me off, you know?

VICTORIA

Yes.

MATTHEW

And I don't like picking up girls
at bars to begin with. And I hate
fucking clubs. Hate them. The two
in Vegas, they're my buddies clubs
really. I'm like a silent partner.

VICTORIA

I was never a fan of nightclubs
myself.

MATTHEW

Oh, they're fucking horrible!
Overpriced drinks, long lines to
the goddamn bathroom, snotty girls
in cheap dresses coked-up and
stumbling to the bar. Yeah, that's
how I want to meet the mother of my
children.

Victoria laughs.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

But I don't know. I'm just ranting.

VICTORIA

No, it's good. You speak the truth.

MATTHEW

My cousin met his girl online, but--
excuse me-- fuck that. I think men
have just as much a right to be
scared of that whole business as
women do.

VICTORIA

You seem like you're looking for a relationship, Mr. Tomasino.

MATTHEW

Matty. Not a relationship, because it looks like that ain't going to happen for me any time soon, but quality time is good.

VICTORIA

The Girlfriend Experience.

MATTHEW

What's that?

VICTORIA

Exactly how it sounds. Less emphasis on sex, and more about a bonding, social experience between you and a girl.

MATTHEW

Yeah. Okay. That sounds alright I guess.

VICTORIA

Good.

MATTHEW

So what happens now?

VICTORIA

Well, now, you tell me what you're looking for in a girl.

MATTHEW

Well, for starters, I'm looking for a woman, not a girl.

Victoria blushes a little, taken by his statement.

EXT. VICTORIA'S OFFICE - LATER

The doors open. Victoria EXITS. Matthew follows.

VICTORIA

Well, it was really nice meeting you, Matthew.

MATTHEW

You, too, Vicki.

They shake hands. A momentary flash of something between them as their hands touch...

Matthew hands Grace back the glass of water she gave him earlier.

GRACE
You told me you were going to wash
it out yourself.

VICTORIA
We can let it slide this time.

Matthew smiles.

MATTHEW
Nice meeting you, Grace.

GRACE
You, too, Mr. Tomasino.

Matthew EXITS out the front door.

GRACE (CONT'D)
God, he was cute. And those rough
hands. How can those be a chef's
hands?

VICTORIA
Grace.

GRACE
What? We hardly ever get any good-
looking guys in here. Just fat,
married, bored men.

VICTORIA
That's not entirely true.

GRACE
Hmph. He's not married is he?

VICTORIA
No.

GRACE
Than what does he want? Some kink?

VICTORIA
No. He's lonely.

GRACE
Is that what the kids are calling
it these days?

VICTORIA

No. He's genuinely lonely.

A look of understanding, empathy, on Victoria's face... She retreats back into her office.

GRACE

Did he call you 'Vicki'?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FIANCHETTO INVESTMENTS - REID'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Reid, leaning back in his desk chair, feet on his desk, works between two computer screens and a legal pad in his lap. Intermediately, he types out text messages on his cellphone.

Skyline view of NYC can be seen from the wall of windows to his right. Behind him is a TV mounted to the wall, muted on CNBC.

Reid's attention turns to the frosted glass of his office door.

REID'S POV - ASSISTANT

Reid's ASSISTANT tries her best to keep a hostile-looking Lennox at bay.

Reid smirks.

Lennox pushes past his assistant and into his office.

LENNOX

I want it back. Now.

He nods to his assistant: "*It's okay.*" The assistant EXITS.

REID

Good afternoon to you, too, Lennox.
How has your day been so far?

LENNOX

Hectic. Someone had the audacity to
steal my cellphone.

Reid moves to take a seat at the edge of his desk.

REID

Perhaps you misplaced it.

LENNOX

I think not. I'm actually more than
certain it was stolen right from
under my nose.

REID

Well, then I wouldn't call that
audacity so much as I would skill.

He pulls her cellphone from a drawer in his desk. She reaches out for it, but he snatches it back from her grasp.

REID (CONT'D)
 Don't I get a reward for finding
 it?

She holds her hand out for it, annoyed. He grabs her arm and yanks her close to him taking her by surprise.

REID (CONT'D)
 Or a punishment for taking it?

She may be pissed, but there's no denying there's a bold sexiness about him that's appealing. And he's dangerously close to her.

She needs to take control back. She brings her lips close to his... He moves to kiss her but she turns her head and successfully manages to snatch her cellphone from his grasp.

She turns to EXIT--

REID (CONT'D)
 It might be in your best interest
 to change the password from
 something less obvious as 1234, by
 the way.

She EXITS glaring at him. She flips him off as she breezes past his office toward the elevators.

INT. VICTORIA'S TOWNHOUSE - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Grace places a morning set for tea atop the coffee table between Victoria and a WOMAN with sun-streaked blonde hair.

VICTORIA
 Thank you, Grace.

GRACE
 You're welcome.

Grace EXITS.

The blonde woman, EVE SMALLS, 25, sits up straighter as Victoria pours for them. She's tall, beautiful, and curvy; a California surfer girl.

VICTORIA
 One or two?

EVE
 Two, no cream. I don't like English-style tea.

VICTORIA

Noted.

She hands Eve her cup.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

So, Eve, you worked for Jennifer
Rex out in LA.

EVE

Yes. For 6 years. The first two
years I was making house calls,
then after I was contracted to a
client.

VICTORIA

How were you treated by Jennifer?

EVE

If you were good to Jen, she was
good to you. So, I had no issues
with her.

VICTORIA

But other girls did?

EVE

...Jen was adamant about her
clients' privacy. She guarded their
anonymity more than her own.

VICTORIA

Did you ever feel like you were in
danger?

EVE

No. But Jen could get a little
paranoid sometimes.

VICTORIA

Yet, that's not why you're here.

Eve gives a small smile at Victoria reading her so well.

EVE

No.

Eve puts down her tea cup.

EVE (CONT'D)

...I fell in love with my client.
And my client lead me to believe
they felt the same way. Turns out
they didn't.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

They're seeing a new girl now, and
it's hard for me to witness that.

Victoria sets down her cup, no longer interested by the girl
across from her, but rather disappointed.

VICTORIA

So, you're running away.

EVE

I'm making a change.

VICTORIA

The first rule is--

EVE

"Clients are clients. Nothing more,
nothing less." I understand my
feelings were a big no-no, and
would have been kept in check had
my client not made promises and
declarations to me.

VICTORIA

Were these promises and
declarations discussed with Jen?

EVE

No.

VICTORIA

Was there anything in writing?

EVE

...No.

VICTORIA

So--

EVE

So I look like a foolish girl that
fell for the sweet nothings
whispered in her ear while getting
fucked by her first client as a
courtesan. And why not? That's
exactly what happened. But I'm not
that naive anymore. And I want to
put the past behind me.

VICTORIA

3,000 miles behind you.

EVE

Yes. I hear your girls are nothing but happy. That you pay them more than most and protect them like a pissed off pitbull.

Victoria can't help but chuckle at the reputation she's gained amongst their world of high-class madams.

EVE (CONT'D)

I hear your clients are top-tier and you train girls worthy enough of their company, but don't treat them like cattle. I hear all that and I want to be apart of it. I could go to Madam Reneé, but I don't want to. I want to be here. I want to be a new person, at The Dollhouse.

Victoria leans back, eyes raking over Eve. Eve sits up straight, letting Victoria asses her.

VICTORIA

Stand.

Eve does as told.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Clothes.

Without hesitation, Eve removes all her clothes. She stands naked and unashamed in front of Victoria.

Victoria slips on her glasses and approaches.

Eve turns around slowly for her, letting her look.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

You have a nice body; thin but not that emaciated model look, which is a blessing. Open your mouth.

Eve opens her mouth for Victoria to inspect.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Good teeth. Slight overbite though...

(steps back)

Good tan.

EVE

Cali sun.

VICTORIA
Too much of it causes cancer. Not
to mention, wrinkles and skin
blemishes.

EVE
(raised eye)
Do you see any on me?

Victoria smirks. She comes closer.

VICTORIA
I need a redhead.

EVE
Done.

VICTORIA
How many languages do you speak?

EVE
Fluent Spanish. I know enough
Korean to tell someone to fuck off.

VICTORIA
What's the last book you read?

EVE
Becoming. Michelle Obama's book.

VICTORIA
What's your favorite movie?

She hesitates, not wanting to lie but feeling as though she
should.

EVE
...Endless Love.

VICTORIA
Wow. Was not expecting that.

Eve shrugs.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Family?

EVE
Mom, no dad; he left when I was a
baby and I haven't seen him since.
Brother who's married with three
kids and lives in La Jolla. None of
them know what I do.

Victoria nods, considering...

VICTORIA
You can get dressed now.

Eve gathers her clothes.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
What's your real name?

EVE
Doesn't matter.

VICTORIA
If I'm paying for your health
insurance it does.

EVE
...Amanda. Amanda Lawrence.

VICTORIA
Outcalls, Eve. Until I trust a
repeat of what happened at Jen's
won't happen here.

EVE
Fair.

VICTORIA
Is there anything you'd like to ask
me right now?

EVE
(dresses)
A lot. But there's one last thing I
should mention.

VICTORIA
I hesitate to ask...

EVE
I'm gay.

VICTORIA
I take it then this client in LA--

EVE
--was a woman, yes. All my clients
have been, and I'd like it to
remain that way.

VICTORIA
She anyone I know?

EVE
 (scoffs)
 She's someone everyone knows.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

They're on the top floor with a 360 degree aerial view of most of the city through big, white walls of windows.

TABLE

Lennox and Waverly dine on their lunch.

WAVERLY
 (leans in)
 I know a girl at Lady Anne's who slept with him. She said he has a 10 inch cock, too.

LENNOX
 I'd like to stop talking about Reid Bishop.

WAVERLY
 I bet you would.

LENNOX
 You weren't at Kelli's engagement party.

WAVERLY
 I know. Was she upset?

LENNOX
 She might have been if she weren't so enamored with Tenn.

WAVERLY
 Did they look good? I mean--

LENNOX
 I know what you mean. Yes. They looked good. In love.

Waverly forces a smile.

WAVERLY
 Good. I was worried.

Waverly's face gradually sours as her mind drifts. Her eyes begin to fill with tears. Try as she might to fight them back, she can't. She SOBS softly into her napkin.

LENNOX
Shit. Waverly.

Lennox reaches her hand out to her friend. Waverly waves her off.

Waverly gains her composure.

WAVERLY
Ignore me. Please.

She takes a sip of water then picks up her knife and fork.

LENNOX
Waverly--

WAVERLY
I said "ignore me." Please.

Waverly returns to her food. Hesitantly, Lennox does the same.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lennox and Waverly EXIT the hotel. They part down opposite sides of the street after kissing each other's cheek.

We stay with Waverly as she turns right, and saunters down the street, putting on her dark, designer shades to block the setting sun from her face.

She walks by a store, glancing through it's front window for only a minute.

(long beat)

She returns to the store, looking in through the window.

WAVERLY'S POV - STORE DISPLAY WINDOW

It's a pet shop. In the window are about 5 different KITTENS with bows around their necks.

Two of which are play fighting with one another, one sleeping, one bats at a fake mouse, and the last, a hairless, wrinkly thing, looks rather sad, terrified, in the corner at the big world outside the window.

Waverly pays particular attention to the frightened, little thing. She smiles at it, and gives him a little wave. Possibly, her friendliness will make him a little less scared.

MAN (O.S.)
What an ugly, little thing.

Waverly turns to a tall man, SEAN GORDON, 36, in a brown bomber jacket standing beside her. He's devilishly handsome, with short, brown hair and moustache looking very Clark Gable.

WAVERLY
He's hardly ugly.

SEAN
He has no hair, and looks as though he were left in a tin of water for a week.

WAVERLY
He's a Sphynx. They have no hair, big, pointy ears and pot bellies.

SEAN
(flirtatious)
Really? That sounds funny-looking, but adorable somehow. I guess the way you describe him makes him seem interesting.

WAVERLY
(suspicious)
Right...

SEAN
Have I been made? Was that too obvious? Too corny?

WAVERLY
Very.

SEAN
I apologize. I thought I was being coy; smooth. Can I try again?

She laughs.

WAVERLY
You think it'll be better the second time?

SEAN
Absolutely. I'm a second-chance kind of guy.

WAVERLY
Not in everything I hope.

SEAN

No. In some things you have to give me like, 3 or 4 chances. But the 5th time-- the 5th time I'm rock solid. I never disappoint.

She laughs again.

WAVERLY

Alright. Try flirting with me one more time.

SEAN

Okay. Here goes: What a hideous little thing.

WAVERLY

He's not hideous. He's a Sphinx. They're hairless, with pointy ears and pot bellies.

SEAN

Interesting. You should save the little guy. Adopt him. Give him a good home.

WAVERLY

Oh, no. I can't.

SEAN

Why not? Does your landlord not allow pets?

WAVERLY

He does. It's just that...

SEAN

What? You like him. Know about him. He looks like he could use some taking care of; a mother.

WAVERLY

I am definitely not a mother.

SEAN

How do you know? You might be the best thing to happen to him.

She looks at the shivering, little cat. He's adorable. She does like him, and rescuing him from the big, loud world right now does sound appealing...

WAVERLY

Okay.

SEAN

Okay what?

WAVERLY

I'll adopt him. But since you talked me into it, you have to share custody with me.

He laughs.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

SEAN

I see that.

WAVERLY

We'll rescue him. He can stay with me. And on weekends, and every other Wednesday, you can spend time with him.

SEAN

Can we rotate holidays?

WAVERLY

You can have him on Easter and Thanksgiving, as long as I get him Christmas and New Years.

SEAN

Sounds fair. Although we have to change Easter to Passover. What about a name? He needs a name.

She thinks a moment...

WAVERLY

I don't know. I'm terrible at naming things. I had a goldfish named 'Fishy' when I was little.

He chuckles.

SEAN

Okay. How about...Giza?

WAVERLY

The city in Africa with the Great Sphinx. Clever.

SEAN

I was actually just shooting for something I found beautiful.

WAVERLY

You've been to Giza?

SEAN

I've been all over Africa. It's my favorite place on Earth.

WAVERLY

I'm jealous. It's my dream trip.

SEAN

Well, I am going to take all this as a sign.

WAVERLY

Of?

SEAN

Good fortune of things to come. It's not every day I run into a a stunning woman and agree to joint custody of an ugly, little animal with her, then name him after a place I hold dear and she hopes to one day.

WAVERLY

Maybe this is all coincidence.

SEAN

The universe is rarely that lazy.

He opens the door to the pet shop for her.

She steps inside. He follows.

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

SOFA

Victoria sits on the sofa. She looks over notes written in a notebook. Matthew's name is scrawled at the top in heavy trace.

Victoria puts the notebook down, tired of looking at it. She turns the TV on. She channel surfs for a minute before landing on an old, black-and-white film. Her face lights up at it-- *I Married a Witch*.

She settles in comfortably, watching the Veronica Lake comedy.

INT. LENNOX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Lennox trots down the steps into the lobby. She opens her mailbox, nodding 'hello' to a NEIGHBOR as she gets onto the elevator.

A BIKE MESSENGER ENTERS the vestibule.

BIKE MESSENGER
Lennox Westhouse?

LENNOX
Yes?

He hands her a large manila envelope. She takes it. He offers her a clipboard to sign for the package.

There's no return address. The entire front is blank.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Any idea who it's from?

BIKE MESSENGER
No. Sorry. I just have to make sure
I get it across town and to the
right person.

LENNOX
Thanks.

BIKE MESSENGER
Have a good one.

The bike messenger EXITS.

She opens the envelope and pulls out a sheet of paper.
Written on it: **I asked nicely --R**

Lennox pulls out dozens of pages-- printed emails. EMAILS shared by her and Victoria, along with TEXTS, NAMES, ADDRESSES, and any other pertinent information on clients!

LENNOX
SON-OF-A-BITCH!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lennox pounds the pavement hurriedly on her cellphone.

INT. VICTORIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Victoria answers her phone.

VICTORIA

Hey.

SCENE INTERCUTS BETWEEN LENNOX AND VICTORIA

LENNOX

Just thought I should inform you that Reid Bishop stole my phone.

VICTORIA

Why would Reid Bishop steal your phone?

LENNOX

For the client roster stored on it.

VICTORIA

WHAT?!

LENNOX

I'm fixing it, Victoria.

VICTORIA

How the hell did Reid Bishop get your phone, Lennox?!

LENNOX

Like I said, he stole it.

VICTORIA

Goddamnit, Lennox--

LENNOX

I said I'm fixing it.

Lennox hangs up.

VICTORIA

Lennox? Lennox?!

Lennox approaches rich, old building. There's no sign out front, and the windows are covered in dark, heavy curtains on the inside, making it impossible to see in. There's TWO BURLY MEN in suits, wearing earpieces, that stand guard outside the golden door.

Lennox dials another number on her cellphone.

LENNOX

(on phone)

I'm outside. And if you think for one second I won't storm in there and ruin your billionaire circle jerk you're mistaken.

She hangs up.

(5 beats)

One of the burly men looks over Lennox, then whispers something into the radio at his wrist.

A beat.

A black town car pulls up to the curb.

The second burly man opens the back door. Lennox gets inside.

(a long beat)

Reid comes out of the secret building, looking a bit panicked. He climbs into the car; it turns in traffic.

CAR

REID

The Lantern?! You came to The
Lantern?!

Lennox smacks him across his face!

He takes her hit, knowing he deserves it, but he still could care less.

LENNOX

You want to be pissed at me, be
pissed at me, but don't go after
Victoria and her business.

REID

I needed your attention.

LENNOX

Well, you fucking have it now,
don't you?

She hates this. She doesn't like how ugly it's gotten between them.

A tear rolls down her cheek. Reid swipes at it with his thumb.

REID

I'm not enjoying this.

LENNOX

Really? Because I'm having a blast.

He chuckles lightly at her sarcasm.

His thumb traces her mouth...

REID

I miss you. In a thousand different ways.

They kiss. Slow and full of something a lot deeper than lust.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - CONTINUOUS

DECK

Matthew gazes out into the distance, looking at the island of Manhattan in the bright sun.

His attention turns at the sound of FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING... Victoria.

VICTORIA

Mr. Tomasino.

MATTHEW

Matty.

VICTORIA

Matthew. I'm sorry.

He can't help but smile. Neutral colors and proper names; she has a habit of being formal and inoffensive. But his smile fades when he takes notice of the perplexed look on her face.

MATTHEW

You okay? You look like you need someone smacked in the mouth.

VICTORIA

I wish you could do more than that.

MATTHEW

I could. I will.

He's serious.

VICTORIA

Please, forget I said that. I'm capable enough to handle it. So is Lennox.

MATTHEW

Lennox?

VICTORIA

One of my girls. My best girl.

MATTHEW

You sure?

VICTORIA

Yes.

MATTHEW

Offer stands whenever needed.

VICTORIA

Thank you, Matthew.

He nods.

A beat.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Why the ferry?

MATTHEW

I ride it sometimes. To clear my head. I don't get off; just back and forth. All day sometimes.

She finds something endearing in that...

VICTORIA

Maybe I should try it one day.

MATTHEW

You should. Better than what the old man used to do when he was cloudy.

VICTORIA

What's that?

MATTHEW

Drink himself dumb.

VICTORIA

...My mother's favorite drink were gin martinis.

MATTHEW

Classy drunk.

VICTORIA

There's no such thing.

They share of moment of understanding...

MATTHEW

Seems like you got a lot on your plate, and I don't want to add to it, but--

VICTORIA

You've changed your mind.

MATTHEW

No. No. I haven't. I, uh...

She waits for him to finish his thought. He meets her eyes. It's clear Matthew is taken with Victoria.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Um, are you... Do you belong to someone? Are you a courtesan?

VICTORIA

No. No, I run the show. I don't star in it.

MATTHEW

But could you...star in it? If someone wanted you to?

His meaning dawns on her.

VICTORIA

Matt-Matthew, I'm not one of the girls.

MATTHEW

I know, but... I like you. You're...a woman. Like how a woman should be.

She hides a flattered smile.

VICTORIA

Hardly.

MATTHEW

Well, I think otherwise. What's the matter? You look like you've never been told you're beautiful.

VICTORIA

I haven't. In a long time.

MATTHEW

You're a liar. Every woman gets told she's beautiful.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

It's just about who says it that makes it count.

VICTORIA

You said it.

MATTHEW

I did. But it's still a 'no', right?

VICTORIA

I'm sorry, Matthew.

MATTHEW

It's alright. Shot in the dark. Thought I'd ask.

VICTORIA

Do you still want to go ahead with everything?

MATTHEW

Yeah. Sure. Why not? Maybe you got a woman that's sort of like you.

He walks off along the deck. She follows.

INT. REID'S PENTHOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

The room is dimly lit by candles everywhere.

TUB

Reid rest between Lennox's legs in a hot bath with rose petals.

She gently dabs a BITE MARK at his shoulder with a washcloth. He GROANS; it hurts.

LENNOX

Reid--

REID

It's fine.

LENNOX

Reid, we--

REID

I said I'm fine.

A beat.

He reaches up to caress her face. She takes his wrist; there's rope burn across it. She rubs at it gently with her thumb.

LENNOX

Neosporin.

REID

First Aid kit. Under the sink.

Reid watches as Lennox-- naked, wet, and beautiful-- climbs out of the tub for the First Aid kit.

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT, LA - CONTINUOUS

Eve happily dances around her apartment to Whitney Houston's "I Wanna Dance with Somebody (Who Loves Me)."

Half her things are packed up in boxes with bubble wrap and newspaper strewn about the place.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. VICTORIA'S TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

FOYER

Grace hurries to the door as Waverly ENTERS. She takes her coat.

WAVERLY

(whispers)

Everything okay? Why did Victoria need to see me?

GRACE

(whispers back)

Isaac Sommerson is here.

WAVERLY

Isaac...?

Grace knocks politely on the office doors.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Come in.

VICTORIA'S OFFICE

Grace opens the doors. Waverly steps inside with a big, practiced smile. Grace closes the double doors behind her.

WAVERLY

Isaac. Surprised to see you here this morning.

He gets up to greet her. His face alight and smile wide. The man is utterly smitten.

ISAAC

I know. I'm sorry. I just had something urgent I wanted to discuss with Victoria. And you.

Waverly takes the empty chair beside Isaac, across Victoria's desk. Isaac is beaming from ear-to-ear.

WAVERLY

Well, don't keep me suspense.

VICTORIA

Isaac, wanted to discuss the possibility of you becoming his courtesan.

WAVERLY

Oh...wow... Isaac...
That's...flattering.

Waverly knew this would one day happen, she isn't oblivious to Isaac's affection, so the feigned surprise is for his benefit and not to come off as rude.

He takes her hand into his.

ISAAC

I just...think the world of you,
Waverly. Your company has been
amazing. A blessing. And seeing you
once every two weeks is not enough.
I want you with me when I'm away on
business. And pleasure. I'd like to
take care of you.

He's sweet, and sincere, but clearly not what she wants.

WAVERLY

I don't know what to say...

ISAAC

Say 'yes'. Victoria told me she
would never move forward with a
contract without the permission of
her girl.

Thank. God.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

So say 'yes', and let me make you
happy.

Waverly and Victoria catch each other's eye. Victoria nervously fiddles with her pen.

WAVERLY

...Can-can I have some time to
think it over?

ISAAC

You...you don't want to be my
mistress?

She affectionately caresses his face.

WAVERLY

That's not what I said, pet. I'm
just asking for a little time to
decide.

ISAAC
 (disappointed)
 Of course. I don't want to pressure you.

VICTORIA
 I think a couple weeks to process what a major relationship change this will be is best for you both. Being a courtesan and supporting one is not as simple as you'd think.

ISAAC
 Right. Right... I think some time, a couple weeks, will help ease your fears. And in the meantime, Victoria and I can discuss semantics.

VICTORIA
 Let's revisit our conversation in two--
 (off Waverly's look)
 --three weeks?

WAVERLY
 Three weeks seems appropriate.

ISAAC
 In the meantime, can Waverly continue making house calls to my place?

VICTORIA
 Um, I-I think it best, if the two of you don't see one another while the both of you decide if a courtesan relationship is something you really want. That way no one's judgement is corrupted.

Isaac fidgets. He doesn't like that idea, but--

ISAAC
 Okay. I understand.

Waverly places a reassuring hand atop his.

WAVERLY
 I really am flattered, Isaac. No one's ever asked to be that committed to me before.

(MORE)

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

I want to make sure if I do give my permission, I'm prepared to be all the things you think I am.

He stands.

ISAAC

You're more woman than most.

He kisses her sweetly.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

(to Victoria)

Thank you for your time.

VICTORIA

My pleasure.

ISAAC

Three weeks.

He winks at Waverly.

WAVERLY

Three weeks.

Isaac EXITS. Grace closes the doors after him. Immediately, Waverly's face falls.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

No.

VICTORIA

And what is wrong with Isaac Sommerson?

WAVERLY

He's...sweet. Harmless. But dull.

VICTORIA

He's not supposed to be entertaining; you are. You could have been asked by worse.

WAVERLY

You wouldn't give any of us to a monster.

VICTORIA

Not intentionally, but it's happened, sadly. Isaac is a wealthy, affable man that likes you.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I think you should at least take these 3 weeks to seriously consider his offer to make you his courtesan.

WAVERLY

I'll take his offer seriously, but I already know in three weeks time my answer will be the same.

VICTORIA

We'll see.

WAVERLY

Victoria--

VICTORIA

I need more than him being dull for you to say 'no' to, Waverly. Your permission doesn't need to be explicit.

INT. REID'S PENTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BED

Lennox wakes up. Alone.

She checks the BATHROOM, LIVING ROOM, KITCHEN, GUEST ROOM--
No Reid. No note either.

EXT. REID'S APARTMENT HIGH-RISE - CONTINUOUS

Lennox, dressed, EXITS.

She takes her cellphone from her purse and makes a call.

LENNOX

(on phone; voicemail)

It's me. Just calling to tell you I took care of it. I'll come to the house after I stop by my place.

Lennox hangs up. She hails a CAB.

EXT. CAFE, LA - CONTINUOUS

It's a bright, sunny day in Malibu, California.

Eve and a friend, SKY, 28, sit by the waterfront eating oversized, colorful salads and drinking Moscow Mules.

SKY

New York? Christ. I could never live there.

EVE

It's not that bad. Crowded. Noisy, but not that bad.

SKY

The whole city smells like hot piss and the subway is a fucking war zone.

Eve chuckles.

SKY (CONT'D)

Evie. You sure about this? 3,000 miles is a long way to run from some pussy that broke your heart.

EVE

I'm not running away.
(off her look)
I'm not. I just... I need to start over, Sky. Kate...Kate really fucked me up. I need a new beginning, a new house.

SKY

You could've went to The Palace...

EVE

Vegas? No way. I stripped in Vegas, so I can only imagine what escorting there would be like. Actually, I don't have to imagine it: a girl I used to dance with needed plastic surgery after some mafia asshole broke her face...with a claw hammer.

SKY

I'm just saying, I'm going to miss you, and Kate's a total cunt for making you feel like you have to do this.

Eve leans over the table and kisses her friend. It appears romantic, but between the two of them they know just how platonic it is.

EVE

Going to miss you, too, whore.

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lennox ENTERS. She stops. Frozen.

LENNOX'S POV - VICTORIA

Victoria sits at her desk with a tight scowl on her pursed lips. Across from her-- Reid.

REID
(smiles)
Lennox.

Lennox SLAMS the office door shut! She approaches Reid.

LENNOX
What are you doing here, Reid?

VICTORIA
He wanted to talk.

LENNOX
I thought there was no longer
anything to talk about.

REID
I never said that. Nor did I give
that impression.

His smugness is something to behold.

LENNOX
Then what do you want?

He pushes the chair beside him toward her, inviting her to sit down. Lennox takes the seat.

REID
As you can probably guess, I saved
all the data from Lennox's phone.
It's stored onto a flash drive I
have securely hidden. It stays
hidden for one thing, and one thing
only.

He looks to Lennox.

LENNOX
You asshole...

VICTORIA
I agree.

REID

Now, now, ladies. No need to name call. I merely want Lennox to honor our agreement.

VICTORIA

And she did, when she was your courtesan for a year. I don't pressure my girls into renewing agreements they wish not to.

REID

I'm not talking about that agreement...am I, Lennox?

Victoria's attention gravitates to her friend, and "best girl."

VICTORIA

What's he talking about? What other contract?

REID

I'm afraid my relationship with Lennox is far more complex than she's made you aware of.

Lennox stews at Reid's audacity to blow up her life.

VICTORIA

Lennox. I want to hear it from you.

She never wanted to keep secrets and lie to Victoria. That's not how their friendship is supposed to work. But here they are unfortunately...

LENNOX

Reid... Reid belongs to me.

VICTORIA

"Belongs to you?"

LENNOX

He asked me at Christmas. I said 'yes' and I signed a contract between the two of us.

REID

Then someone got cold feet. Which I don't appreciate.

VICTORIA

You signed a private contract with Reid that means he...

And she gets it.

Reid smiles smugly.

Victoria breaks from her chair, knocking it back!

A beat.

Victoria EXITS, slamming the door open.

LENNOX

I'd slap you again if I thought
doing so would matter any.

REID

You should go check on your *friend*.

Lennox stands-- glaring at Reid-- and throws her purse
angrily at him before she EXITS.

PARLOR

Victoria paces back and forth in her Manolo Blahniks, smoking
a cigarette.

Lennox ENTERS. She quietly closes the door behind her.

VICTORIA

Reid Bishop is your slave?!

LENNOX

Yes.

VICTORIA

You own him?!

LENNOX

Yes.

VICTORIA

Do you want me to list all the ways
in which you have completely fucked
me?!

LENNOX

Vic--

VICTORIA

One-- you signed an agreement with
Reid, behind my back, as though my
authority, and your employment to
me as a 'Doll' means nothing!

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Two-- said agreement describes you as being in fucking possession of one of the biggest assholes I have ever met! Three-- you let Reid steal your phone and every bit of information on it, to allow him to blackmail me into making you honor his bullshit contract! Four-- you've let him come into my home, my business, and embarrass me; back me into a corner and force my goddamn hand! And after I promised-- *promised*-- myself that I would never let another man dictate any decision I ever make again, and every last one of your actions has made a liar out of me! WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?!

Lennox walks over to the bookshelf and takes a cigarette from Victoria's secret stash, hollowed out of a Bible. She uses the crystal table top lighter and takes a drag.

LENNOX

My time with Reid as his courtesan was coming to an end. He knows I'm your best 'Doll', and making me exclusive to just one man for too long, and too often, would be bad for business. He didn't want to lose me, so he offered me a different deal. One we both really, really, liked. The plan was for me to ask you to be released, and for Reid to buy out my account. But then he ruined it, by asking me to marry him.

Victoria takes a seat, stunned.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

I told him love was a concept used to sell greeting cards and chocolate and he called me a 'coward'.

VICTORIA

But you thought about it. You thought about saying 'yes'.

LENNOX

Until the smoke cleared. We got back to New York, I got my head out of the clouds, and reneged.

(MORE)

LENNOX (CONT'D)

And for the last two months, he hasn't been exactly happy with me backing out.

VICTORIA

But you did sign something, saying he belongs to you?

LENNOX

Yes.

VICTORIA

Officially?

LENNOX

As official as a sex contract can be.

Victoria crosses the room to a BAR CART. She pours herself two fingers of vodka and swallows it in a gulp.

(3 beats)

VICTORIA

(fights back tears)

I have to release you. You have to honor your agreement with Reid.

Lennox's eyes well with tears.

LENNOX

I know.

VICTORIA

Reid could damage me over you.

LENNOX

I don't put it past him.

VICTORIA

I can't believe you're in love with man that's so sinister.

LENNOX

I'm not--

VICTORIA

Yes, you are.

LENNOX

Reid's in love with a fantasy. He'll figure that out sooner than he thinks.

VICTORIA
You will, too.

Victoria swings open the closed doors angrily. From across the foyer, she can see Reid still sitting in her office, tapping on his cellphone; confident and nonchalant, like he didn't just blackmail her and isn't stealing away her best girl. Her friend.

REID
We good, ladies?

Neither of them are in the mood for his condescending bullshit.

VICTORIA'S OFFICE

Victoria ENTERS. Lennox hangs in the open doorway.

VICTORIA
There's a two million dollar
balance on Lennox's account.

Reid finally draws his attention away from his phone.

REID
Two million?

VICTORIA
Yes.

He smirks at her. He knows she's fucking with him.

Reid reaches into the breastpocket of his suit jacket for a folded slip of paper. He tosses it onto her desk.

Victoria opens the paper-- it's a check for three million dollars.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
This is for three million dollars.

Lennox is just as stunned.

REID
(stands)
Keep the change.

Reid crosses the room to Lennox. He offers her her purse back, ready to go, having got what he wanted.

She's annoyed at his arrogance; she snatches her purse and walks out, ignoring his faux chivalry. Reid follows.

A beat.

Victoria chases after them.

FOYER

VICTORIA

I have a new 'Doll'. Eve. She needs
a reception.

Lennox gives a small smile, not entirely out of Victoria's
favor, despite it all.

LENNOX

I'll be there.

Victoria nods.

Reid opens the door for Lennox. She EXITS. Reid follows.
Victoria SLAMS the door behind him.

Grace ENTERS from the back.

GRACE

Is... Is Lennox...gone?

VICTORIA

...Yes.

GRACE

With Reid Bishop?

Victoria nods.

(long beat)

GRACE (CONT'D)

I heard he has a 10 inch cock.

VICTORIA

Explains why he's such a dick.

Victoria slips her heels off and turns to EXIT into the
parlor--

GRACE

Camilla is back from Greece.

(off her look)

You thought she'd be a good fit for
Mr. Tomasino.

VICTORIA

Right. Right... Make a dinner
reservation for me please?

INT. HIGH-END HAIR SALON, LA - CONTINUOUS

SINK

Eve is getting her hair washed. We see RED DYE/COLOR pooling in the sink and down the drain.

There's an excited smile on her face.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

A 100 seat operation with lounge, dining room, and mezzanine. Oversized softbox lights illuminate the place, bringing out the lavender walls decorated with colorful conceptual art prints.

TABLE

Victoria sits in the dining room at a two-person table.

SERVER
Excellent choice, ma'am.

Victoria hands her menu to the server.

VICTORIA
By the way, is chef--

The server is gone, disappeared into the kitchen.

Strange, but Victoria unfolds her napkin and places it across her lap, ignoring the girl taking off rudely.

KITCHEN

We follow the server as she ENTERS and approaches the expo window. Matthew is on the other side cooking up a storm.

SERVER
Matty.

MATTHEW
Yeah?

SERVER
She ordered.

Matthew gives his full attention to the server.

MATTHEW
What she get?

SERVER
A glass of chardonnay, ceasar salad, and the lemon chicken breast.

MATTHEW
Jesus. Sexy as hell but no imagination.

SERVER
So she's sexy, huh?

MATTHEW
(smiles)
Couldn't you tell?

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

TABLE

The server brings Victoria a glass of Cabernet Sauvignon.

VICTORIA
Oh, I'm sorry. I ordered a
chardonnay.

SERVER
I know.

The server winks at her and EXITS. Victoria is taken aback by the odd exchange.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

TABLE

Victoria's server places a beautiful salad in front of her.

SERVER
Marinated feta and beet salad.

VICTORIA
I wanted a ceasar salad.

SERVER
The chef thought this would be more
to your liking.

Victoria tries to hide a smile. Now she gets it.

VICTORIA
He did, did he? Did he also suggest
the Cabernet Sauvignon as well?

SERVER
Yes. Did you like it?

VICTORIA
Surprisingly, yes. But I have an
affinity for white wine.

SERVER

The chef felt that a white wine didn't pair well with your dinner this evening. But I will let him know you're enjoying yourself.

VICTORIA

I am.

SERVER

Good.

The server EXITS.

EXT. REID'S PENTHOUSE - TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Lennox smokes her pink cigarette, wrapped in a blanket, as the wind picks up around her.

(long beat)

The patio doors slide open. Reid joins her. They share her cigarette.

(3 beats)

LENNOX

You didn't need to embarrass Victoria like that.

REID

I don't like her. She's pretentious.

LENNOX

Pot meet kettle.

REID

Do you really see yourself as her friend?

LENNOX

Yes.

He's surprised by that a bit, but respects her feelings about it enough to not comment.

He approaches the railing, eyes looking out over New York, lit up and busy.

REID

I hate this city.

LENNOX

Me, too.

REID

I know. That's why we're leaving.

Lennox flicks her cigarette butt over the rail.

LENNOX

Not yet.

REID

New girl, right?

LENNOX

Believe it or not, Reid, despite the name, we're not a coven of disaffected Barbies.

REID

(sincere)

I know that.

LENNOX

Really? Because you just bought me for 3 million dollars like it was loose change you found in your couch cushions.

REID

Yet, you're the one that owns me.

She chuckles wryly at the irony.

Reid walks to her and kisses her intently.

REID (CONT'D)

I want to go to bed. Please.

Lennox takes his offered hand. They EXIT into the penthouse.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Matthew, with precision and care, builds a spectacular plate of food.

SERVER

Ready for me to take that?

MATTHEW

Um... No. No, thanks, Gina. I got it.

Everyone in the kitchen exchanges looks amongst each other.

SERVER

Um, okay.

INT. RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matthew-- face clean, hands washed, chef's skull cap off-- ENTERS the dining room with Victoria's dish in his hand. The entire restaurant looks up in bewilderment as he makes his way to her table.

MATTHEW

Hey.

VICTORIA

Hello.

MATTHEW

Gina tells me you're having a good time.

VICTORIA

I am.

MATTHEW

Good. Main course.

He puts the plate down before her.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Coffee-braised short ribs, brussels sprouts, and cauliflower mashed potatoes.

VICTORIA

It looks amazing, Matthew. Thank you.

MATTHEW

You're welcome.

Victoria notices PATRONS staring and whispering.

VICTORIA

Why is everyone gossiping?

MATTHEW

I don't exactly make it out of the kitchen. Some big shot will come in and want to "see the chef," or somebody wants to tell me how good the food is, and... I don't know. I just stay back there. Schmoozing's not for me, you know?

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
I love my kitchen. I need to be in
my kitchen.

VICTORIA
Someone has to make sure the trains
run on-time.

MATTHEW
Exactly.

They share a moment.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Well, I hope you like it.

VICTORIA
I'm sure I will.

MATTHEW
I'll bring dessert out later.

Matthew EXITS back into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Closing time. Matthew helps his KITCHEN STAFF clean up.

Victoria's server pokes her head in.

SERVER
Matty.

MATTHEW
Yup.

SERVER
Last table is gone.

MATTHEW
Okay.

SERVER
But your *girlfriend* is still here.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Victoria sits at the bar with a glass of chardonnay. Matthew approaches holding a small plate of something. He takes a seat beside her.

MATTHEW
I really got to wean you off the
white. Or at least get you to drink
Malbec.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 (off her look)
 Not a fan of Malbec?!

She shakes her head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 Well, I got to fix that, too.

VICTORIA
 (nods to plate)
 What's that?

MATTHEW
 Deconstructed blueberry pie with
 French vanilla ice cream.

He scoops up a taste on a spoon and holds it to her mouth. She parts her lips, letting him feed her. His thumb swipes away the ice cream on her bottom lip.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 Was that good?

All she can do is nod, taken by the sexual tension between them.

His eyes wander over her.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 Jesus. You look like Veronica Lake.

She couldn't have asked for a better compliment if she had wished for it. She's speechless.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 Vicki, look--

She slides off her chair.

VICTORIA
 Thank you. Dinner was lovely.

She EXITS, making a quick break for it.

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BED

Victoria, her dress hiked up above her waist, masturbates to her heart's content; her hand down the front of her panties, making her squirm atop the covers with thoughts of Matthew.

Her cellphone, on the nightstand, RINGS! Victoria continues indulging her fantasies.

It RINGS again, gaining a glance in it's direction.

The RINGING persists... Victoria stops, GROANING with aggravation.

She picks up the phone.

VICTORIA
(answers)
Hello?

MATTHEW (V.O.)
...Tell me to hang up.

She doesn't want to. But she should.

VICTORIA
Hang up.

A beat.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Matthew?

MATTHEW (V.O.)
No good. Now tell me to go home.

Her eyes widen, realizing...

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Victoria races downstairs. She opens the front door--

Matthew barges in and pushes her up against the coat closet. He immediately gets to his knees and reaches up her dress. He rips her underwear off and goes down on her.

He lifts her right leg over his shoulder. Victoria pulls at his hair, encouraging.

She bites her lip, stifling her WHIMPERS.

MATTHEW
Don't do that. I need to hear you.

He buries his face between her legs again.

Victoria lets go, giving herself over to every piece of anger, sadness, and desire she's had this week.

She's SCREAMING with arousal; tears falling from her eyes when she comes.

Matthew doesn't give her a moment's rest; she's tossed over his shoulder as he carries her upstairs.

INT. WAVERLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her place is simple, feminine but not as stuffy and muted as Victoria's place. It looks more like it should be featured in an IKEA catalog.

Waverly is snuggled up on her couch in comfortable clothes under a warm throw blanket. The Sphinx CAT she adopted sits in her lap.

The TV is on but she's not watching. She's too busy giggling at her cellphone like a school girl.

SUPER:

She's texting with Sean. They're sending each other funny memes and weird selfie filters.

WAVERLY: I've decided instead to call him 'Peanut Butter'.

SEAN: I'm not ashamed to admit that's the most adorable thing I've ever heard.

WAVERLY: Glad you like it :)

He sends her a GIF of a young Keanu Reeves in the rain giving a thumbs up.

WAVERLY: What movie is that from???

SEAN: WHAT???

SEAN: POINT BREAK!

Waverly sends him a shrug emoji.

He sends her another GIF of someone have a heart attack and collapsing.

SEAN: I demand our first date be a 'movie night'! And I, hereby decree, we shall begin said movie night with the greatest action movie of all time, POINT BREAK.

WAVERLY: I feel like I might hate it...

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK... There's someone at her door.

She sets Peanut Butter off her lap and untangles from her blanket, approaching the door with her cellphone in her hand.

She checks the peephole then opens it. There's a DELIVERY MAN on the other side with a bouquet of long-stem red roses.

DELIVERY MAN
Waverly Richwood?

WAVERLY
Yes?

She accepts the flowers, touched by the gift.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

DELIVERY MAN
You're welcome. Have a nice night.

The delivery man turns to EXIT--

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
Oh, wait!

She goes to grab her purse--

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
Oh, no need, ma'am. A generous tip was already given. 'Night.

The delivery man EXITS. Waverly closes the door.

There's a CARD: "**Hope to spoil you even more in the future. -- Isaac.**"

Her cellphone DINGS with a text message.

PHONE

SEAN: No one hates Point Break.

Waverly SIGHS. Isaac's apparent determination is going to be hard to ignore.

INT. VICTORIA'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

BED

Victoria and Matthew lie in bed, post-coitus; sweaty and sated. Her head on his stomach, he softly runs his fingers through her blonde locks.

VICTORIA
Do you really think I look like
Veronica Lake?

MATTHEW
Nah. You're prettier.

Victoria chuckles.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
What?

VICTORIA
Sounds like a line.

MATTHEW
Only if it's a lie.

Victoria twist around in the sheets to face him.

VICTORIA
Is it?

MATTHEW
(sincere)
Veronica Lake can't hold a fucking
candle to you.

Victoria pulls him close. They kiss, hard and desperate.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW