

SOMETHING SWEET

"Ringing Doubt"

Written by

Kate Torgovnick May

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4027 W Avenue 40
Los Angeles, CA 90065
Katetor@gmail.com

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

Powdered sugar falls on a molten lava CAKE. A FINGER with poppy nail art drags through the gooey top.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT – NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN (22) -- provocative dress, put-on confidence -- licks the chocolate off her finger. A gesture meant to be sexy, but juvenile too.

She's in the kind of restaurant where prix fixe is the only option. Making eyes at an OLDER MAN (50s) across the table. The WAITER, clearly uncomfortable, retreats with his SIEVE.

OLDER MAN
Couldn't wait?

The woman shakes her head, not breaking eye contact.

YOUNG WOMAN
Uh-uh. I love chocolate cake. I made
it with my grandma when I was young.
(realizing)
Younger.

The man smiles shrewdly. The woman does too, pleased the word choice didn't bump him. Neither seems to notice the people at other tables, stealing glances.

OLDER MAN
Next time I'll take you to Per Se.
Their souffle is next level.

Next time. The words hang in the air. The woman picks up her napkin and dots the sugar from her lips.

She leans forward. Rubs the man's arm. Gazes intently.

YOUNG WOMAN
Michael, getting to know you over
the last few weeks has been just--

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE YACHT – DAY

Another YOUNG WOMAN (24) -- big glasses, bold bathing suit -- completing the thought.

YOUNG WOMAN #2
--magical.

She makes eye contact with her own OLDER MAN (late 40s).

YOUNG WOMAN #2 (CONT'D)
I think we could add positive value
to each other's--

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

YOUNG WOMAN #3
--lives.

And we're with a third YOUNG WOMAN (26) -- cropped camo top --
nuzzling an OLDER MAN (50s) as their safari vehicle crosses a
savanna. Giraffes and zebras in the distance.

YOUNG WOMAN #3 (CONT'D)
It's not every day that you find
something this fulfilling. This--

IN A FOUR-UP GRID

YOUNG WOMAN #1/#2/#3/#4
(together)
--easy.

All the women are onscreen now, along with YOUNG WOMAN #4
(23) -- naked, ruffled hair -- in BED with, you guessed it,
an OLDER MAN (60s). Each woman is in her own *Brady Bunch* box,
but they're saying the same words. Some kind of script?

YOUNG WOMAN #1/#2/#3/#4 (CONT'D)
(together)
If I were to keep...
(diverging)
seeing you twice a week/joining you
weekends/expanding your horizons/
giving you golden showers...
(together)
...what if you were to give me--

IN A SIXTEEN-UP GRID

The grid EXPANDS. Now a bevy of YOUNG WOMEN of all skin tones,
hair colors, body shapes -- a few SUBTITLED in other languages
-- each spelling out exactly what she wants.

YOUNG WOMAN #1-#16
(overlapping)
My rent money/ Help me support my
daughter/ My tuition/
(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN #1-#16 (CONT'D)
 \$3,000 a month/ \$5,000 a month/
 \$10,000 a month/ A credit card/
 Access to your private jet.
 (together, eerily)
 Would that feel like a fair
 arrangement?

BACK TO:

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Young Woman #1, done with her pitch. She angles forward, giving her date a peek at her cleavage.

This time, he dots his napkin to his lips.

OLDER MAN
 Sounds fair to me.

A beat as the two smile, happy to have that settled. Then the Older Man stands.

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
 I gotta take a leak.

As he goes, the woman's expression shifts from self-assured to giddy. She whips out her PHONE and opens up an APP. SOMETHING SWEET. A dating platform?

Her fingers dance in a CHAT BOX. "OMG! He said YES! I can finally catch up on rent."

Women in CIRCLES, many from the grid, respond with EMOJI. "Amazing!" "[Flame] [Flame]" "Told ya, sis."

And as we glide in on the app's LOGO, smash to...

SOMETHING SWEET TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. LILY'S APARTMENT – DAY

We return to that Something Sweet logo, now on a NAMETAG. Belonging to one: **LILY BAXTER, Head of Marketing.**

We pull back to a DUMBO loft where a framed POSTER dominates the wall: "Attack of the 50 Ft Woman." Dolly Parton and Loretta Lynn RECORDS, strewn around a TURNTABLE.

Nearby, we find this Lily (28) -- smart, driven, a master of shaping perception -- studying her reflection in a MIRROR. Not so much admiring her frilly dress as noting its effect.

LILY
(overly sweet)
Sex isn't *always* involved – it's
only part of a relationship if both
people want it to be.

She considers the delivery. Not quite right.

CUT TO:

Lily slipping her hands in the pockets of a brightly-colored suit. She stands taller, feeling the power.

LILY
(overly serious)
Sex isn't *always* involved. It's
only part of a relationship if both
people want it to be.

She chews her lip – that's not it either. She thinks for a moment: *What will sell this?*

Her PHONE dings with a NOTIFICATION: "Your car's arrived."

CUT TO:

Lily shimmying into a pair of skinny jeans. At warp speed, she pulls a shrunken leather jacket off a CHAIR, slips it on over her camisole. She looks in the mirror one final time.

LILY
(more casual)
Sex isn't *always* involved – it's
only part of a relationship if both
people want it to be.

Her gaze sharpens. She likes it. She steps into a pair of sky-high LOUBOUTINS and keeps on going.

LILY

We hear stories all the time where there's no physical contact – just companionship.

Pleased, she grabs her nametag. And runs.

LILY (PRE-LAP)

Something Sweet is unique in the marketplace.

INT. SLICK BOARD ROOM – DAY

Lily now stands before the Something Sweet logo, in a PITCH DECK on a SCREEN. Looking out at a dozen POTENTIAL INVESTORS. All men of a certain type.

LILY

We are *the* dating platform for what people in the know call 'sugar.' We match young, smart, beautiful women who are going places with older men who are already there.

To her right, **NANCY BRADLEY** (50, British) -- biting and nonsense -- tugs a punk safety pin on her sleek black suit. She's the founder and CEO of this company and she watches, judging, as Lily clicks to a new SLIDE.

LILY (CONT'D)

Our platform builds relationships that are mutually beneficial. Women find that great guy who'll mentor them and give them gifts, maybe help out with tuition. And men meet that amazing woman who keeps them feeling young.

The men look interested, but not onboard. So Lily deploys a strategic smile. Goes almost conspiratorial.

LILY (CONT'D)

Sugar's all the good parts of a relationship without any of the bullshit. There's no anger. No jealousy. No disappointment. Both parties define their wants, right up front. So everyone's needs are met.

A HOODIE INVESTOR (30s) raises his hand.

HOODIE INVESTOR

Are you on the site?

A BUTTONED-UP INVESTOR (40s) quickly jumps in.

BUTTONED-UP INVESTOR
Come on, man.

HOODIE INVESTOR
What? She could meet my needs.

Nancy's eyebrow lifts with disdain. *Men, so predictable.*
But Lily isn't phased. She motions for Hoodie Guy to lift his
gaze from her chest up to her face.

LILY
I am on the site. Sometimes.
(kicking up heel)
These shoes were actually a gift.

She flicks a flirty glance to Buttoned-Up Investor, then turns
back to Mr. Hoodie with a shrug.

LILY (CONT'D)
I only go for men with taste.

A murmur as the men react. Nancy stifles laughter too. And
Lily presses on, in control of the room. Enjoying this now.

LILY (CONT'D)
But hey, there's someone for everyone.
For every high net-worth man on our
site, we have 100 amazing women.

Buttoned-Up Investor flips through a PROSPECTUS.

BUTTONED-UP INVESTOR
8 million users feels like market
saturation. Where's the growth?

HOODIE INVESTOR
Besides in my pants.

Buttoned-Up Investor thwacks him on the arm. But Lily doesn't
falter. Just clicks to a new SLIDE.

LILY
That's something I always think
about as Head of Marketing. But
really ... growth's inevitable.
Right now, we're netting \$40 from
the average female and \$200 from
the average male user each month.

She clicks again and the numbers ANIMATE.

LILY (CONT'D)

With substantial Series B funding, we'll be able to roll out new features and live events all around the world. That will triple those figures. You can do the math with our current user base...

Another click, and the numbers EXPLODE.

LILY (CONT'D)

...but my plan is to double it every year through 2026, with ad campaigns and aggressive PR. We have a feature coming out in *She Magazine* this week that's the perfect start. It's the magazine women in our demo trust.

Chatter all around. The group seems impressed. Ready to bite. Until an ALPHA-MALE INVESTOR (60) skids his prospectus across the table. The others turn.

ALPHA-MALE INVESTOR

How is this not prostitution?

TZZZ. Lily hears a ringing sound. She looks around, but no one else seems to hear it. She sees Nancy looking at her, expectant. She gulps, ever so slightly – now's her chance. So she loosens her shoulders. Goes for casual.

LILY

Sex isn't always involved – it's only part of a relationship if both people want it to be. See, sugar babies are 'gifted,' not 'paid.' This isn't a job – you don't give affection because you have to, you do it 'cause you want to.

Nancy steps forward. Yoda mode. All heads swivel to her, Lily's included.

NANCY

Let's be very real here. Every relationship since the beginning of time has been a transaction. What we're doing is being honest about it.

A little reaction.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Sugar isn't anything salacious. Within a year, it'll be just as acceptable as online dating itself.

More reaction. Time for her biggest guns.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Where was Uber before people got comfortable stepping in a stranger's car? Where was Airbnb before people realized someone's front room could be a hotel? That's us. Right now. This very moment.

The invoking of these startup unicorns sends an electricity through the room. The investors fidget. Click their pens.

NANCY (CONT'D)

So are you with us?

Nancy locks eyes with Alpha-Male. And off his stare...

INT. BLACK ESCALADE – DAY

POP! Nancy beams in the back, as she sprays a bottle of CHAMPAGNE.

NANCY

Fucking brilliant.

Lily sits beside her, trying to look happy.

NANCY

What's wrong with you?

LILY

Nothing. It's just – men like that give me the heebies. I'd be able to close it pitching to women.

NANCY

Too bad there are only three with the kind of capital we need, and all of them think I'm the devil.

Nancy hands Lily a GLASS and dips to clink it. Lily meets it half-heartedly.

NANCY

Stop pissing on success. We have six months to make our Series B, and we got \$5 million in our first pitch. I predict that as soon as the article's out and our anchor investor goes public, everyone will be begging us to take their money. Like greedy little lemmings.

Lily lets her gaze flit out the window. Chewing her lip.
Out of nowhere...

NANCY
(to DRIVER)
Stop the car!

The car comes to a halt and Nancy skitters out. A moment later, she returns cradling a TAXIDERMY FOX. She gazes at it.

LILY
What is that?

NANCY
A red fox. Tattered, but decent
shape. It's a sign, no?

She hands it off to Lily.

LILY
Of?

NANCY
That you are ready. I see a
promotion. In your near future.

Lily looks at the fox. Then to Nancy, with gratitude.

LILY
Really?

NANCY
*If you stop withholding
information.*

Lily tenses, unsure what Nancy means. But Nancy smiles – she's only fucking with her.

NANCY
Who's the gentleman that gave you
these fabulous shoes?

Lily's surprised Nancy bought that bluff.

LILY
I got them at a sample sale.

As Nancy turns to the window, a Cheshire Cat grin rises on her face. She covers it with a sip of champagne.

NANCY
Next time, more cleavage.

EXT. SOMETHING SWEET OFFICE – ESTABLISHING – DAY

Cue the MUSIC -- something dark and synthy like Charlie XCX's "Enemy" -- as they pull up to a renovated DUMBO warehouse.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET RECEPTION – DAY

The ELEVATOR doors open on receptionist SATSUKI SATO (24, Japanese), adjusting his cape. Behind his DESK, the Something Sweet logo, in NEON.

SATSUKI
Get that money, honies?!

Nancy launches her COAT at him, while Lily purses her lips.

NANCY
Was there ever any doubt?

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – DAY

The MUSIC seems to propel Lily and Nancy as they move into an open office decorated in the logo colors. EMPLOYEES scurry, the vibe changing as they pass. The queens of this castle.

They head toward a pod of DESKS where three staffers chat while stuffing Something Sweet TOTE BAGS with Something Sweet SWAG – notebooks, earbuds, tank tops.

JASMINE OKILO (28, Nigerian) -- regal, hyper-organized, a recovering socialite who's Something Sweet's Head of Events -- looks at a conference SCHEDULE on a WHITE BOARD.

JASMINE
My plan is three morning sessions – meeting a daddy, having "the conversation," building a mentor relationship to unlock dreams.

CAROLINE HARRINGTON (26, WASP) -- a Libertarian in pearls, Something Sweet's PR Lead with Tomi Lahren vibes -- bristles.

CAROLINE
Snowflake bait. Press'll eat it up.

JASMINE
It will *inspire* everyone. My question is: can I also squeeze in writing the perfect profile?

RAVEN RODRIGUEZ (35, Latinx) -- resourceful and diligent, Something Sweet's Head of Technology who fancies herself a real-life Lisbeth Salander -- thinks that over.

RAVEN

When's the cybersecurity breakout?

JASMINE

Right after lunch.

RAVEN

I read that people retain things best around 2pm.

Lily and Nancy swing in, Lily already eyeing that schedule.

LILY

Have you thought about making "the conversation" in the afternoon and really diving deep? There's so much around identifying what you want and learning to ask for it.

NANCY

That's nice. Attendees could practice the script on each other.

RAVEN

As long as cybersecurity doesn't go away entirely. Like last time.

No one responds. Jasmine's too distracted by that fox Lily's carrying. And Nancy simply can't hear criticism.

NANCY

Speaking of power ... Our first Series B pitch was a success. We're on our way to \$50 million.

RAVEN/JASMINE/CAROLINE

Yes!/Nice one, Lily!/It sells itself.

Lily takes the praise. But she can't seem to sit with it.

LILY

Caroline, any update on the article?

Caroline pops into good soldier mode.

CAROLINE

We did the final fact check this morning. The reporter was very happy with the interviews I facilitated – she loved the baby whose daddy helped her open a bar, and she talked to two of our 18 married couples. It's the puff piece of our dreams.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

We see a courtesy copy today. Live Thursday night.

NANCY

What about a student paying her way through college?

CAROLINE

Found one paying her way through *med school*. Which should prove I don't need a manager.

She smirks at Lily. Lily ignores her.

LILY

Jasmine, show the stage design?

Jasmine nods and unrolls a SCHEMATIC across her desk. As Nancy moves in to look, Lily starts to drift off.

JASMINE

We've got a whole diamond theme...

INT. SOMETHING SWEET HALLWAY – DAY

Lily walks, fox still in hand and mind still on the pitch. Still feeling out those words.

LILY

Sex isn't always involved.

(beat)

Our platform builds relationships that are mutually beneficial.

She moves toward a wall of IMAGES of rich, older men – a homemade SHRINE to the type of guy Something Sweet idealizes, labelled, "White Whales of NYC."

Her gaze lands on one MAN in particular. A Jon Hamm-type on an art gallery BENCH, a piece of modern ART behind him and a TAXIDERMY FOX to his right. One very similar to hers.

DAHLIA MCKAY (20, white) -- pageant type, could be Lily's little sister -- glides in. She's wearing NYU gear, head-to-toe.

DAHLIA

Connor Ludlow. Gallery owner. Recently divorced – and mega hot.

She looks at Lily's fox. Then at the fox in Connor's photo.

DAHLIA

OMG. It's fate.

LILY

I hate to crush dreams, Dahlia, but fate does not exist.

DAHLIA AND

Please, like your parents aren't Mr. and Mrs. Cornerstone.

Lily looks around, concerned someone heard that.

LILY

They're a product of convenience.

She sneaks a final glance at the photo, before rolling off down the hall. Dahlia moves with her.

DAHLIA

Is that why you never date?

LILY

No. I'm just - busy. Nancy and I have to raise \$50 million.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They enter a space that's warm but lacking personality.

DAHLIA

And the first pitch went...

LILY

It went ... good. Fine. This guy asked a totally normal question and I heard this shrill ... buzzing sound.

DAHLIA

Weird stuff happens with the pressure. Before my first pageant, my mom showed me a trick.

Dahlia steps closer to Lily and lifts the corners of Lily's mouth into a big forced smile. Holds it there.

LILY

(through it)

Dahlia. I always smile.

DAHLIA

No. Ya gotta do it bigger.

(sage words)

You don't smile for other people. You smile to believe it yourself.

Dahlia finally lets go. And Lily lightens.

LILY
Huh. I do feel better.

She moves to her DESK and clears a space for the fox. Looks at it for a moment before remembering.

LILY
Hey, didn't you want to talk about something?

DAHLIA
Oh, it can wait. You're busy.

LILY
All's good with the street team?

DAHLIA
All's great. We set a record this morning. Signed up, like, 50 new babies at NYU. Some cute ones too.

Lily pulls Dahlia in for a hug.

LILY
And that's why I wanted you for this job. You're just what the company needs. What I need.

Lily doesn't see Dahlia react, ever so slightly.

DAHLIA
Awww. Thanks lady.

The door swings open. Two of Dahlia's STREET TEAM MEMBERS -- one hip-hop (20), one arty (21) -- crash in, cracking up at a VIDEO on a PHONE.

ARTY STREET TEAM MEMBER
You need to see this.

HIP-HOP STREET TEAM MEMBER
Britney's plucking her daddy's back hair WHILE HE'S ASLEEP!

Lily rolls her eyes.

LILY
Of course she is.

They crowd in to see. On the SCREEN, a pair of TWEEZERS angles toward a long, white HAIR on a PALE BACK. And...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO – PENTHOUSE – DAY

...the same image, being recorded live on a HOT PINK PHONE.

The camera pulls back to show JEFFREY COHEN (55, Hasidic Jew) -- the owner of this casino -- asleep on a luxe, gaudy BED.

The screen flips, and a woman's face pops into FRAME. This is **BRITNEY LEE** (24, Korean-American) -- West Coast chill, extremely online, very give-no-fucks.

BRITNEY

(whispering)

Heeey, baaabes. Welcome to *In the Bowl with Britney*. It's hard to believe, but this is my 500th TikTok, and I wanted to do something extra special. And man, that hair was *bugging* me.

Britney rolls. Picks Jeffrey's YARMULKE off the floor.

BRITNEY

Hot tip: religious guys suck at grooming but often just wanna cuddle.

(shaking Jeffrey's side)

He'll sleep like this til 1pm.

Thanks, Ambien.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE BATHROOM – DAY

Britney, soaking in a bubble BATH, phone propped on a LEDGE.

BRITNEY

500 videos is a really big deal. I'm just so thankful to all of you for encouraging me to be my maxest. And thank you for sending questions. Today, I'm answering one from Ellie in Miami.

(reading off phone)

"What's the most you've ever gotten from a daddy?"

Britney swooshes back in the tub.

BRITNEY

Well, Ellie, I'm in the Five Figure Club. I've had three daddies give me an allowance of \$10,000 a month. That sleepyhead in there? \$15,000.

(MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

My advice for making an ask like that is to wait for a moment when your daddy's sure he's about to get some. Men are walking erections. If you wait til it's upright, you just have more leverage.

She smiles at her cleverness. Reaches for her phone again.

BRITNEY

The next question comes from Meezy in Chi-town. She asks, "What do you say when people ask what you do for a living?" Oh Meezy, I hear you – that can be a *stuuumper*. But I have come up with the perfect response.

A beat as Britney adds hot water to the tub.

BRITNEY

(striking pose)
 "I do charity work ...
 (new pose)
 with the elderly."
 (back to normal)
 Hey, it's not *not* true.

CUT TO:

Britney, now in a TOWEL, on a STOOL by a VANITY.

BRITNEY

The final thing I need to say to all you fans: hold out for someone who can give you what you want. If he's not worth \$10 million – treat him like a frat boy who'll never call because his video game's wired to his scrotum. When you know your worth, it just kind of ... comes to you. And you can rock out in a bomb-ass penthouse too.

FULL-SCREEN on her video as she winks and waves.

BRITNEY

Byeeee, baaabes.

The recording cuts out, and we pop back to the wider view as Britney checks her LIKES. She takes a SELFIE, adds a CROWN, and texts it to an "Ana Sofia." Types: "Most-viewed eva."

She looks around and slumps on her stool. Bored already.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO – BOUTIQUE – DAY

ANA SOFIA KOVAC (22, Slovenian) -- thick accent, nihilistic -- looks through a RACK of coats.

Her PHONE buzzes with Britney's PHOTO. As well as a TEXT from US Immigration: "Your visa's expired. Please file employment authorization."

But Ana Sofia has no time for that – she's found the COAT of her dreams. She puts it on and spins before a MIRROR.

A group of WALL STREET BROS passes the shop.

BRO 1

Nice jacket, micro tits!

His friends titter. But Ana Sofia doesn't care.

ANA SOFIA

Oh, you buy for me?

BRO 1

(stopping)

That a question?

Ana Sofia shrugs. A devilish kind of knowing.

CUT TO:

INT. BOUTIQUE DRESSING ROOM – DAY

The bro pressed against a wall. REVEAL: His pants are down and Ana Sofia is giving him a blowjob. Their image repeated to infinity in the MIRRORS.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO – DAY

Ana Sofia exiting the casino, COAT wafting like a superhero's cape. She adds lightening bolts to a SELFIE and texts Britney. "Free coat + \$1K. Who is Melania now?" She grins as she walks.

MATCH TO:

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – DAY

Lily, moving at the same pace. She walks past Caroline, staring at her COMPUTER. Brow furrowed, both angry and scared.

LILY
What's up?

CAROLINE
The ... story. It--

Off Caroline, unable to complete the thought...

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE - DAY

A large office cloaked in wallpaper, full of TAXIDERMY ANIMALS. Lily and Nancy sit in the dark, reading the *She Magazine* STORY. Its HEADLINE: "Sex for money, sexual assault: Something Sweet not as feminist as it claims."

TZZZZ. Lily hears that RINGING again. She tries to ignore it as she presses play on an embedded VIDEO.

IN VIDEO

Journalist SARAH WINTERS (32) -- a Barbara Walters wannabe -- sits in a plain, brick-walled room with an ANONYMOUS WOMAN (20s, white). Her image is BLURRED and her voice DISTORTED.

SARAH WINTERS
*How many times did you meet a
'daddy' who paid for sex?*

ANONYMOUS WOMAN
Maybe like ... twenty?

SARAH WINTERS
*And they were for paying for sex,
not companionship?*

ANONYMOUS WOMAN
*Yeah. There's a code people use.
'Bonbon' means oral. 'Cupcake'
means ... intercourse.*

SARAH WINTERS
*Are these transactions sanctioned
by Something Sweet?*

ANONYMOUS WOMAN
*No. But a lot of people do it. It's
pretty easy.*

SARAH WINTERS
It's easy to have sex for money?

ANONYMOUS WOMAN

I mean ... yeah. Sometimes.

The anonymous woman twirls her long hair, a little nervously.

BACK TO OFFICE

Lily watches in utter disbelief. Her worldview crumbling.

TZZZZZ. The ringing is getting louder and more jarring. It bridges us to...

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - THREE YEARS EARLIER

A younger, less-glamorous Lily pokes her head in the door of this same, less-decorated office. Nancy sits at her DESK, a single taxidermy RACCOON by her side.

LILY

Nancy Bradley?

NANCY

You must be Lily Baxter. Please.
Sit.

Nancy watches Lily settle in a CHAIR. And gets right to it.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Like I said in my message,
Something Sweet is a new company.
I'm looking for a Head of Marketing
who can help me build it.

LILY

Thank you for contacting me. But
you know I'm an associate, right?

Nancy looks at her skeptically.

NANCY

I was impressed with your work at
VitaBasics. It's clear that you
have an eye for things. I thought
you might also have some vision.

LILY

I ... I think I do.

NANCY

Then, by all means, tell me what
you see.

LILY
Well, I looked through the site.
And it's ... interesting.

Nancy looks at Lily. Almost through her.

NANCY
But.

LILY
But the positioning feels off. It's
very girl power. Rah rah.

NANCY
Celebrating young women is our goal.

LILY
Yeah, but that's not it. Not
entirely. I've been trying to find
the right expression. It's--

NANCY
Getting payback?

This seems to spark something. Lily sits up taller. Bites her lip.

LILY
Yeah. It's ... quite literally
making men pay.
(finding her footing)
You position it for every woman
who's been harassed, dismissed,
shut down, used. This is how we
flip the tables. This is how we
find our power.

She meets Nancy's gaze. And the two women look at each other, surprised. There's something here. Something promising. Off Lily, relieved...

BACK TO:

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily, in the present. The buzzing so harsh.

IN VIDEO

Sarah Winters drives on with the interview.

SARAH WINTERS
*But there was a time when it was
difficult.*

ANONYMOUS WOMAN

Yeah. There was this one daddy...

She chokes up. Sarah touches a sympathetic hand to her knee.

SARAH WINTERS

You can say it. Safe space.

ANONYMOUS WOMAN

*We had an arrangement. One hour,
eight hundred dollars. I agreed to
meet him in his hotel room, but when
I got there, he just creeped me out.
I tried to leave, but he grabbed me.
I don't even remember his face. Just,
like, the cold of the wall. He...*

SARAH WINTERS

He raped you?

The woman, image blurred, wipes away a tear.

SARAH WINTERS (CONT'D)

Did you tell Something Sweet?

ANONYMOUS WOMAN

*I did a report and never heard
back. They say women are in charge.
But he didn't even leave the money.*

BACK TO OFFICE

TZZZZZ! The ringing is painful. Pressing on Lily's skull.

Caroline has entered the room and Nancy is yelling, but it plays out almost SILENTLY. Lily can't process their words.

Her hands rise to her ears.

LILY

What's that noise?!

Caroline and Nancy turn to her, like she has lost it.

NANCY

The hell are you on about?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SOMETHING SWEET CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Nancy sits at a TABLE with Something Sweet's leadership team. She stops the video and looks out at their unsettled faces. Lily, the most shaken.

NANCY
(seething)
This abomination goes live Thursday.
Caroline, you got us into this – how
will you get us out?

Caroline steps up, hoping to save face.

CAROLINE
We put out a statement. Explain we
take users' safety very seriously
and have a system where anyone can
report an incident. Make it clear
that, in this case, we did *not*
receive a report. That this is the
first sexual assault we've heard
about in three years of operation.

Nancy glares at her, disappointed.

NANCY
A statement? *After* it goes live?
Vince, tell me we have legal options.

She looks to **VINCE PALMIERI** (57, Italian-American) --
Something Sweet's General Counsel with bridge & tunnel pride.

VINCE
I can write the best cease and
desist letter of my life. Beyond
that, we don't have much. Unless
the girl is lying.

Raven reacts.

RAVEN
In this office, we believe women.

LILY
100 percent. Absolutely. But
something about this... It doesn't
sound...

RAVEN
Is it so unbelievable that a women on
our site could be sexually assaulted?

LILY

Like Caroline said, it's never happened.

Raven looks out at the table.

RAVEN

Do you guys *listen* when I talk? Harassment, impersonation – it happens on our watch. An assault was only a matter of time. Safety needs to be our #1 concern. The women on our site are our responsibility.

CAROLINE

She's responsible too! We have policies on pay-for-play for a reason.

JASMINE

We could stress that at the conference?

Nancy flings her Something Sweet MOUSEPAD across the room.

NANCY

No. If this goes live, our Series B is fucked. We need to kill it. Now.

RAVEN

Or we make it motivation. If I got the budget I requested for authenticated profiles, this might not have happened.

CAROLINE

We can't wrap everyone in bubble wrap! Especially if they won't ... seal the tape!

The room reacts. But Lily sits up. Seeing something.

LILY

Caroline has a point. Bad things *do* happen.

Everyone turns. Nancy included. Needing her to save the day.

LILY (CONT'D)

(reasoning this out)

This *could* have happened as easily if she met that asshole at a bar.

CAROLINE

Or a barbeque.

JASMINE

Or on any other dating app.

Even Raven has to agree.

RAVEN

I mean, your own husband can rape you. In most states anyway.

Vince squirms. But Nancy's nodding in approval.

NANCY

Sexual assault is an unfortunate fact of the world – but not specific to our platform. That has to give us ammunition.

Lily looks resolved. Everything starting to make sense again.

LILY

I can run with it.

CAROLINE

I should do the running? I gave you the idea.

RAVEN

What you gave was victim-blame.

LILY

Yeah, we can't chance the reporter hearing any hint of that.

Caroline looks to Nancy for backup. Nancy knits her fingers.

NANCY

Lily, kill this article.

Lily nods sharply.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET HALLWAY – DAY

Lily rolls out, ready to take control. She bumps into Dahlia – now in a Columbia University ensemble.

DAHLIA

Oh my god, I heard about the video. Anyone know who it could be?

Lily shakes her head. Then shifts her focus to Caroline, already down the hall.

LILY (CONT'D)

Send me the reporter's contact!

Caroline gives her the middle finger. And keeps on walking.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – DAY

We follow Caroline, trailing Jasmine and Raven. There's motion in the distance. Gliding, to be more specific.

Because Britney and Ana Sofia have entered on ROLLERSKATES.
Having the time of their lives as they hand out BALLOONS.

BRITNEY
Happy 500th TikTok to meee!

ANA SOFIA
In Bowl with Britney. Watch,
please, thank you.

Britney rolls to a desk and signs a NOTEBOOK, unsolicited.

BRITNEY
I'll be speaking at the Something
Sweet conference, session two. But
you can have my autograph early.

She smiles big and cheesy. Then zooms toward our crew.

JASMINE
You couldn't pick a worse time.

RAVEN
Nancy *will* have your head.

CAROLINE
It's a free country. Do whatever
the hell you like.

The trio keeps moving. And Britney and Ana Sofia look to each other. *What was that?*

Vince rounds the corner. Britney calls out to him.

BRITNEY
Great game last night, huh?

VINCE
Go Giants.

Britney glides over and, coyly, hands him a balloon.

BRITNEY
Why's everyone so weird right now?

Vince thinks. He lifts his PHONE and shows Britney a snapshot of the article. Off Britney's reaction...

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily sits at her desk, twisting the cord of her LANDLINE. She's talking to reporter Sarah Winters. Making her case.

LILY
 (into phone)
 Adding our user policy is good, but it's not enough. You're a better reporter than that. *She Magazine* can't go live with such a sensational, misleading story.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHE MAGAZINE NEWSROOM - DAY

Sarah, in the messy cubicle she shares with another REPORTER. Annoyed by this conversation.

SARAH WINTERS
 What exactly is misleading?

LILY (V.O.)
 For starters, you threw out a dozen positive interviews and based a very serious claim on one experience.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

LILY
 You blame Something Sweet for a sexual assault when we both know the *only person* who can stop a rape is the man who perpetrates it.

Sarah is silent. Lily's found her feminist Achilles heel.

LILY (CONT'D)
 Look, it's a *horrible* story - we're devastated that it happened. But sexual assault is one of the great evils of our world. If your source met her attacker at a laundromat, would you blame them too?

INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Sarah adjusts her glasses. That doesn't sit right.

SARAH WINTERS

She *didn't* meet him at a laundromat.
She met him on Something Sweet. Your
company puts women in high-risk
scenarios. It's a fact.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

TZZZZ. Lily hears the RINGING sound again. She turns, feeling
the glare of the taxidermy fox. *What would Nancy do here?*

LILY

Then why wasn't that brought up in
the final fact check?

SARAH WINTERS (V.O.)

It's not something we needed
Something Sweet to verify.

LILY

Uh-huh. Then why send a courtesy
copy?

SARAH WINTERS

Because those were the terms.

Lily considers that. Makes a face.

LILY

I don't buy it. I think your
lawyers don't like something.
(discovering)
We can't even be sure your source
is really a Something Sweet user.

INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE - DAY

SARAH WINTERS

What, you think she's a Russian bot?

LILY (V.O.)

No. But she could be someone mad we
banned them. Or from a competitor.

A beat. And Lily goes for it - big and bold.

LILY (V.O.)

Hold the article. Let us corroborate
your source's story. If it checks
out, you get to run a more credible,
balanced version.

SARAH WINTERS
 I don't give up my sources.
 Journalistic Ethics 101.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE – DAY

Lily inhales. She has only one more play.

LILY
 Then your next call will be from
 our General Counsel.

SARAH WINTERS (V.O.)
 Looking forward to it.

And *CLICK*. Sarah hangs up. Leaving Lily at a loss.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET KITCHEN – DAY

Lily tries to keep calm as she grabs a DIET SODA from the
 FRIDGE. Britney descends, still on skates.

BRITNEY
 I just got the maxest Tok DM.

LILY
 I know half those words.

Lily starts to edge away.

BRITNEY
 (undeterred)
 A producer from NY1 reached out about
 an interview. She wants to know what
 being a sugar baby is really like.
 And given that *She Mag* hatchet job...

Lily shuts her eyes, annoyed. Of course Britney knows.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
 ...I thought we might be able to
 help each other.

Lily puts her game face back on. She turns around.

LILY
 It is *such* a sensitive time for the
 company. Could I convince you to
 refer them to Caroline?

BRITNEY
 Uh no. They don't want spin. They
 want the real deal.

LILY

How about being less 'real' than usual. No back hair plucking? What if you focus on all the good you get from your arrangements?

BRITNEY

I *could* do that. Or I could confirm that predators are an issue.

The two women play eye-contact chicken. Neither backing down. Britney swipes a BROWNIE off a tray. Pops it in her mouth.

BRITNEY

I *miiiiight* be convinced to keep it positive. *If* Something Sweet hires Ana Sofia as a conference speaker.

LILY

No way. Nancy banned her from the building.

BRITNEY

You can convince her. Ana Sofia is super smart! She does a killer job producing my show.

LILY

She's not your producer. She's your codependent hanger-on.

BRITNEY

Says Nancy's lap cat who's max fake to everyone but her college mini-me.

LILY

Sorry. I can't help you.

Lily moves to leave. But Britney isn't letting up.

BRITNEY

C'mon. It doesn't have to be permanent. Just one conference. Enough to extend her visa.

LILY

I'll think about it.

BRITNEY

Great. And I'll think about whether I can keep it positive. Cause giving my five worst daddy experiences of all time? That'd get a lot of followers.

Britney rolls off. Lily chews her lip, unsure what to do. She spots Raven, talking to tattooed engineer LUCAS MENKIN (31). It gives her an idea. She loosens her shoulders.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – TECH ZONE – CONTINUOUS

Lily approaches Raven, now alone at her wire-strewn DESK.

LILY
You're right, Raven. Safety should be our #1 concern. I'm asking Nancy to increase your budget. Get authenticated profiles out, stat.

Raven looks at her askance. This is new.

RAVEN
Thank you. That's ... awesome.

LILY
(speaking her language)
It's really getting under my skin. This woman is just out there, and I feel like we owe her something.

RAVEN
I mean, we do.

LILY
Is there *any* way to find her?

Lily looks to Raven. Raven squints, deciding whether to trust her. After a long beat, Raven's hands move to her KEYBOARD.

RAVEN
I think there might be.

She pulls up the *She Mag* video on her SCREEN. Points at what's behind the anonymous baby: a BRICK WALL.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
I read that law enforcement uses brick stamps to locate kidnapped kids. Bricks are heavy, so they usually don't travel outside of a 50-mile radius. So if we enhance the wall and find a manufacturer's stamp. Then, *bam*, we have a location.

Lily nods. She's starting to follow.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

From there, we pull IP addresses of female users in the area. And--

LILY

--narrow it down by their photos.

RAVEN

Oh. I was gonna rank new message numbers. But photos is way easier.

The two women high-five. A plan materializing between them.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Alright! Let's find this woman, and bring her attacker to justice!

TZZZZ. Lily flinches, hearing the RINGING. Sharp and rattling. She smiles it away.

LILY

What do you need?

RAVEN

I have a friend in image enhancement -- bet we could get him for \$10,000?

LILY

Done. And bring in all the staff you need. This is high priority.

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Lily rushes in, just as Nancy hangs up her PHONE. She dives in, amped up.

LILY

I've got a plan. A good one.

NANCY

Let the heavens sing.

LILY

Raven is tracking down the woman from the video. As soon as she finds her, I'll get on a plane and talk to her. Something about what she said isn't adding up. I'll figure out what it is and use it to pressure *She*.

Nancy's nostrils flare.

NANCY

You think *talking to her* will stop the guillotine?

LILY

I think it's worth a shot.

NANCY

Because a person *prostituting* themselves on the internet will be so reasonable? Because something *not adding up* will kill the story? Lily, you love to talk. But we need action.

LILY

Such as?

Nancy thinks.

NANCY

Finding her's a start. But why not make it worth her while to say she lied? I'd pay a quarter million – if she'd sign an NDA. Then again, she wanted \$800 to diddle a stranger. \$10,000 should cover it.

Lily lets that land. **TZZZZ**. It sets off the RINGING. Piercing through her.

LILY

We can do this without a payoff.

NANCY

Lily. This story will do irreparable damage to our brand.

(motioning to phone)

That was our anchor investor, by the by, and he knows something. With him, we can ply investors' FOMO. Without him, it collapses.

LILY

So we delay our Series B.

NANCY

We can't.

LILY

Why not? We set the rules--

NANCY

--We're out of fucking money!

(beat, calming)

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

We have operating budget for two more months. That's it.

Lily looks at Nancy, stunned. *How could that be?* Nancy returns her gaze, in challenge. Not about to let this turn around on her. She knits her fingers.

NANCY (CONT'D)

There isn't time to hem and haw. Fuck it – what we do is see if anyone on the board of *She Magazine's* holding company has a profile on the site. With ... details that'd inspire them to kill the story.

TZZZZ. Lily squints, willing the ringing away.

LILY

That's blackmail.

NANCY

That's using the leverage available to us. I'll get opposition research.

The sound gets louder. More demanding. **TZZZZ!**

LILY

You asked me to kill this article, and my gut is saying something's off. Do you trust me?

A skip-step before Nancy answers.

NANCY

Yes.

LILY

Then can we *try* my way?

Nancy leans back. She studies Lily, eyes finally landing on those shoes. Proof she can handle things.

NANCY

We have 72 hours til the story goes live. I'll give you 48.

LILY

I promise, I'll make this work.

And off Lily, moving out determined...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – TECH ZONE – NEXT MORNING

The white board has been usurped – it's now a DIAGRAM of the wall in the *She Magazine* video with hundreds of bricks. Before it, ten STAFFERS -- including Caroline, Satsuki, and Lucas -- get a lesson from a TECH NERD (24) on searching them. Lily and Raven stand in the back, near DONUTS and COFFEE.

TECH NERD

(to group)

Zoomed in, the bricks are blurry.
Adjust the shadows. Adjust the
highlights. Look at every pixel.

RAVEN

(to Lily)

Thanks for getting breakfast.

LILY

Thanks for getting an expert.

RAVEN

I'm impressed you got him so quick.
He said he was booked all week.

LILY

A little flirting never hurts.

Lily waves and the Tech Nerd blushes. Raven rolls her eyes. She takes her coffee and moves off toward the group.

TECH NERD

Brick stamps are an inch wide – and
our vantage is 20-feet back. You're
looking for any gradation. When you
find one, call me to enhance it.

Nancy swings in next to Lily.

NANCY

Not a very entertaining gameshow.

LILY

I dunno – I have a good feeling.

NANCY

Well, spin the wheel, keep it in
the red, no whammies.

She moves out toward the elevator.

LILY
You're headed out?

NANCY
You play your game. I'll play mine.

EXT. TEA & SYMPATHY – DAY

We follow Nancy down a Greenwich Village street, toward a tea room ablaze with Union Jacks.

INT. TEA & SYMPATHY – DAY

Nancy makes her way to the only person inside. **SIR RODNEY WINTHROP** (75, English) -- cold, intimidating, a true business scion. Something Sweet's anchor investor.

NANCY
Do you always have to buy the place out?

RODNEY
I do. These Americans and their eavesdropping. I refuse to be Page Six fodder.

Nancy sits. Drapes her napkin over her lap.

NANCY
As if the British tabloids are any better. I seem to recall an item about your child bride moving out.

RODNEY
Mmm-hmm. Divorce number five.

NANCY
Sir Rodney Winthrop. Giving Henry VIII a run for his money.

Nancy smiles. And Rodney returns it. He seems to enjoy having someone poke him. A rarity in his charmed life.

A WAITRESS arrives with their usuals – a scone for Nancy, full English breakfast for Rodney. Followed by a pot of TEA.

RODNEY
(as she retreats)
Coffee too. We're Brits, not heathens.

NANCY
Getting crotchety in your old age?

RODNEY

Perhaps. But enough about me. I heard about an unflattering article too.

Nancy makes eye contact. Just as she feared – he knows.

NANCY

Well, be assured – it's nothing.

RODNEY

Companies have fallen to far less.

NANCY

It's a small story in a niche publication.

RODNEY

That three of my former wives read.

Nancy takes the verbal hit.

NANCY

My team has a plan. It won't go live.

RODNEY

Make damn well sure of it. I know you're ... eager for me to go public. I can't do that if this story is out. It's unbecoming. For a Knight of the British Order.

Rodney knits his fingers. A gesture Nancy took from him?

NANCY

Don't worry. Something Sweet will stay squeaky clean.

(beat)

You said you'd go public this month. I'm holding you to it.

RODNEY

The timing is entirely up to me. I could pull funding altogether. And then where would you be?

Nancy tries not to react. Just spreads jam on her scone.

NANCY

Rodney, I have given you exceptional return on your investment. If you do your part, I can blow the roof off. Make Winthrop Group's crown jewel.

She looks up, challenging him to say 'no.' Rodney picks up his silverware and cuts his sausage. Giving nothing away.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily sits at her DESK, watching the anonymous baby VIDEO. She hones in on a moment. Notes the way the woman TWIRLS her hair.

She's interrupted by the buzzing of her PHONE. Britney.

LILY

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BRITNEY'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Britney smoking a CIGARETTE. Through the WINDOW, we see a CAMERA CREW setting up LIGHTS in her kitsch-filled apartment.

BRITNEY

Heeeey. So the crew from NY1 is here. Am I going positive? Or not?

She takes a drag.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily rubs her temples. She'd forgotten all about this.

LILY

Damn it, Britney.

EXT. BRITNEY'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Britney exhales.

BRITNEY

Doesn't sound like positive to me.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily closes her eyes. Bites her lip.

LILY

Fine. We'll figure out something for Ana Sofia. Have her come to the next meeting.

EXT. BRITNEY'S FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

BRITNEY

For realz?

LILY (V.O.)
 (sighing)
 For real.

BRITNEY
Greeaat doing business with you.

Britney hangs up and takes a final drag before stubbing out her cigarette. She opens the window. Climbs inside.

INT. BRITNEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ana Sofia is sprawled on the COUCH in a silk robe, skivvies exposed and HEADPHONES on. She's staring at her SOMETHING SWEET APP, chatting with a potential daddy. He asks: "You into cupcakes?"

Britney pulls off her headphones.

BRITNEY
 Maxest news. You're speaking at the conference too.

ANA SOFIA
 I am no longer dog-face mail-order bride bitch?

BRITNEY
 Nancy feels *really* bad about that. She wants to make sure you don't have visa problems.

Ana Sofia doesn't believe her. But whatever.

ANA SOFIA
 Cool.

She slides her headphones back on. Returns to her chat.

BRITNEY
 Oh, and cover up? We're wholesome now.

Ana Sofia stands. She ties her robe and plops back down. Britney, meanwhile, strolls to the camera crew, all charm.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

And we're back with Lily, annoyed she had to cave. She tries to shake it off. Her phone buzzes again. This time, a TEXT from Nancy. "Timeline's changed. You have til end of day."

Off Lily, panicked...

INT. SOMETHING SWEET OFFICE FLOOR – TECH ZONE – DAY

Lily rushes toward Raven and the brick stamp hunt. She glances at the board – only a row of bricks has been crossed off.

LILY
Any progress?

RAVEN
We found a partial stamp. The
maker's name starts with 'P-E.'

SATSUKI
My least favorite class.

RAVEN
But we've stalled ever since. It's
... harder than I thought.

Lily looks at Caroline and Lucas, with their faces too close to their screens. At Satsuki, now dotting DROPS in his eyes. The rest of the team is clearly struggling too.

LILY
Listen up! Bonus for everyone if we
have a manufacturer by end of day!

The group reacts.

RAVEN
Thanks. But make it more than pizza--

LILY
A thousand dollars! Cash!

Raven looks at her. *How could this be that high priority?*

LUCAS
(pointing to SCREEN)
I got something!

The Tech Nerd moves in. He locates the coordinates on his computer. A PROGRESS BAR loads as he enhances the area.

Lily is on pins and needles as she watches it load in, closer-up. Still too hard to read.

CAROLONE
'P-E.' 'T!' That's a 'T.'

RAVEN
Incredible, guys!

Raven darts to her computer. Lily watches as she types in the letters and scrolls through the results.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
 Petal Brickworks. Peter's Brick +
 Mortar. We're down to 100 options.

LILY
 Too many to narrow?

RAVEN
 Better than where we were.
 (yelling)
 Come on, people! Next letter could
 get us there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITNEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY

Britney walking, engrossed in a VIDEO of her NY1 interview.
 She's all smiles – in real life and on her PHONE.

BRITNEY
 (in video)
*All my daddies have been perfect
 gentlemen.*

She toggles to TIKTOK. Notes the influx of FOLLOWERS. She's
 so focused that she doesn't see the LIMO parked before her.

A window rolls down. REVEAL: Jeffrey, her now-awake daddy.

JEFFREY
 Hello, my *shiksa*.

BRITNEY
 Jeffrey! What are you doing here?

She grabs his face through the window. Kisses him.

JEFFREY
 I had a meeting in the city, and
 couldn't wait until next week. I
 have a gift for you at the casino.

BRITNEY
 Should I pack?

JEFFREY
 No need. Yuval can have you back
 tonight.

BRITNEY
Ummm, amazing.

Jeffrey opens the door. Britney gets in.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO – LOBBY – DAY

Britney and Jeffrey enter, arm-in-arm. Like they own the place – which Jeffrey does. Nothing to see here. Just your average 50-something with *peyots* and 20-something in cut-off jean shorts. EMPLOYEES smile to greet them.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO – PENTHOUSE – DAY

The door opens to the room from earlier. Britney enters, and turns to Jeffrey with a sexy shimmy.

BRITNEY
So what's my gift, babe?

The door closes. And Jeffrey's demeanor turns.

JEFFREY
Your gift is walking out alive.

Britney sees Jeffrey for who he is – not a boyfriend with a gift, but a powerful man scorned. She tries to play it cool.

BRITNEY
Jeffrey, honey. What are you--

JEFFREY
--I saw you on NY1. I found your videos.
(chilling)
You think you can film *me*?! In my own *casino*?

BRITNEY
Jeffy, I swear it is the *only* time I ever recorded you. I promise no one saw your face. No one has any clue it's you.

JEFFREY
They have many clues! You could cost me my family. My community.

BRITNEY
I am so, so sorry. I ... I ... didn't think it through. I'm ... deleting the video.

She pulls out her phone and tilts it toward him. A SWOOSH as the video disappears.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
No one else will ever see it.

But Jeffrey's already out the door. And someone new's arrived. YUVAL (40s, Israeli) -- Jeffrey's driver, a Mossad type.

Britney reacts. This is very, very bad.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Heeey Yuval. We're ... cool, right?

He moves toward her, stone-faced.

Off Britney stunned. Straight-up deer in headlights. Looking down at her phone, as if it might save her...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR - TECH ZONE - EVENING

Lily, looking at her phone too. It's 5:30pm. End of day. She moves back toward the brick stamp hunt, all nerves. We can hear her BREATHING in and out. Everything in SLOW MOTION.

But there's excitement. Raven running to her desk.

RAVEN
(to Lily)
It's 'P-E-T-D!'

Lily stands with bated breath as Raven searches the letters.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
Petders Concrete! Santa Fe, New Mexico!
(beat)
Give me a minute to print profiles.

Lily gives Raven a high-five and watches as she rushes off. She looks up. And sees Nancy gazing at her from the hall.

Lily bites her lip. She can't stand still. She moves to a PRINTER, where PROFILES are streaming out. She studies them.

LILY
(off one)
Hair too short.
(another)
Face too long.

Raven joins her.

RAVEN
(off one)
Hair too curly.
(another)
Not a white girl.

Caroline and Satsuki are on their feet now. Waving.

SATSUKI
Uh, guys?!

RAVEN
What?

CAROLINE
We've got the wrong letters.

Raven and Lily stop the sorting and look to each other. They rush to Satsuki, who's pointing at the Tech Nerd's screen.

SATSUKI
It's 'B-E-T-O.' As in O'Rourke.

Raven and Lily crowd in to see. This new brick stamp is clear as can be – the letters unequivocal.

Raven drops the profiles in her hand – they're useless. She moves to her computer and searches this new letter combo.

RAVEN
Fuck. 92 hits.

Lily bites her lip, trying to stay calm.

LILY
Okay. So ... we print *all* the women in those 92 locations.

RAVEN
There were 150 just in Santa Fe. We need more time. Everyone's exhausted. We can start fresh in the morning.

LILY
No, we need to find her. Now. I'll ... I'll get more coffee.

Raven shoots her a look.

LILY (CONT'D)
I'll get ... Red Bulls. Sleeping bags. Please, we're out of time!

RAVEN
We have 10 to 20 years.

Lily bites her cheek so hard that she draws blood. Raven watches her try to cover. And suddenly, she understands.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
 You don't give a shit about bringing
 her attacker to justice. You want to
 silence her.

TZZZZ. Lily searches for an answer. But she can't find one.
 Raven just looks at her. Livid.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Pack it up, people!

Raven starts closing LAPTOPS. Gathering them under her arm.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
 Shut it down! We're done.

She slides the laptops in her BACKPACK.

LILY
 Raven, please. Let's--

RAVEN
 No. I will not be a part of hurting
 this woman any more than we have.

Raven storms out. Lily watches, horrified, as others follow.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lily walks, slowly. Begrudgingly. She readies herself, and
 knocks on Nancy's door.

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lily opens it and is surprised to find five people -- Nancy,
 Lucas, and three STRANGERS -- inside.

NANCY
 Ready to concede defeat?

Lily nods. She is. But she's also confused. *What is going on?*

NANCY (CONT'D)
 Not to worry. Our friends at Wexler
 Associates already started. They're
 checking work emails, personal
 emails, aliases. Lucas is helping
 them navigate the database.

LILY
 (to Lucas)
 You let them into Raven's database?

Nancy shushes him before he can answer.

NANCY

It is *my* database. Put on your big girl pants.

Lily watches a FEMALE RESEARCHER pick up a FOLDER marked with a Wexler Associates LOGO. Stapled to the front – a PHOTO of a *She Magazine* BOARD MEMBER with his FAMILY.

Lily realizes there's a STACK of these folders on Nancy's desk. **TZZZZ!** As she watches Nancy rifle through them, she hears the RINGING SOUND. Getting louder.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Which crusty knob is the horniest?

MALE RESEARCHER

(flinging FOLDER)

I like him. Married thirty years, two kids, public office. Lot to lose.

NANCY

What do you think, Lily?

She stands, handing off the folder.

TZZZZ. Lily stands frozen. Unable to take the folder, unable to speak. Nancy looks at her, disappointed.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You're wasting our time. Either chip in or get out.

Lily stands paralyzed. The ringing jolting through her. Tears pricking her eyes. Her mouth open but nothing coming out.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Out then.

As Lily retreats...

NANCY (CONT'D)

Being a leader means taking action. Doing what it takes. I thought that you were ready.

LILY

I'm sorry I let you down.

She closes the door behind her.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lily exits, shellshocked. Unsteady on her feet, she walks slowly down the darkened hall. LIGHTS with motion sensors flashing on above her.

TZZZZ! The ringing is overwhelming. Lily clutches her ears in pain. She stumbles. Closes her eyes, tight.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PHARMACY – NIGHT

Lily stands in long line, studying a PRESCRIPTION. **TZZZ**. The ringing GLITCHES us to--

INT. URGENT CARE EXAM ROOM – NIGHT

A FEMALE DOCTOR studies Lily's ears. Now types into a CHART.

DOCTOR
Tinnitus *can* occur because of
psychological strain. It can be...

BACK TO:

INT. PHARMACY – NIGHT

Lily, still staring at this prescription. It's for "Xanax."

DOCTOR (V.O.)
...like a barometer for the mind.

TZZZ. We GLITCH again. And Lily's finally at the counter with a PHARMACIST, inserting her CREDIT CARD in the machine.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)
Scanner's down.
(loudly, to line)
Like I keep saying! Cash only. ATM
across the street.

Lily opens up her WALLET, but it's empty.

LILY
You can't bill me?

She looks up, hopeful. But the pharmacist shakes his head.
TZZZ! Lily can't take it. She starts to crack.

LILY
Look, sir, this has been the worst
day of my life. I fucked up at work
and let my boss down and now I
can't freaking concentrate because
my ears are ringing. *Please*. I need
to get back to--

Someone steps forward from the line. **MAX JENKINS** (25, Black) -
- sharp, kind, a little all over the place -- pulls crumpled
BILLS out of his pocket.

MAX
 (to pharmacist)
 Hey.

He places a \$20 on the counter and steps back into line.

Lily looks at the wadded-up BILL. Then back at Max.

LILY
 Thank you.

She takes her bag and bolts.

EXT. PHARMACY – NIGHT

Outside, Lily opens her bag and takes a pill. **TZZZZ!** Still.

MAX
 (behind her)
 Are you ... okay?

Lily turns. And comes eye-to-eye with Max. Not the guy
 Something Sweet users swoon over, but cute nonetheless.
 Denzel in *Carbon Copy* if not *American Gangster*. A beat.

LILY
 Yeah. I'm fine.

MAX
 It's cool. Bad days happen. Who
 hasn't ranted at a pharmacist?

Lily stays silent.

MAX (CONT'D)
 So your ears are ringing? My roommate
 had that. Then again, he's in a punk
 band and they play mad loud so--

LILY
 Thank you. I'm great.

She gives a fake smile.

MAX
 That's not what it sounded like.
 (eyeing bag)
 Hey, what'd they give you?

LILY
 Please. I just want to--

Max holds up his own pharmacy BAG. Shakes it.

MAX

Adderall. Helps me keep my mellow.

And Lily smiles a touch. For real.

MAX (CONT'D)

Sorry. I don't mean to keep you.
Or ... I was on my way to get
falafel. Wanna eat some feelings?

Lily stands, weighing the invitation. Max steps forward,
reaching out his hand.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm Max.

A beat. And Lily makes the call to take it.

LILY

Lily.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE PARK – NIGHT

Lily and Max walk with FALAFEL. The lights of downtown
Manhattan sparkling in the water. Lily seems calmer now. Max
watches her squeeze on extra HOT SAUCE.

MAX

Aha! So I know two things about
you. You work in "marketing" for a
"startup " and you're into hot
sauce. Meanwhile, you know about my
hobbies, my parents, my tragic loss
at the third grade spelling bee.

LILY

What do you want to know?

MAX.

Anything. (beat) Everything.

Max sits on the amphitheater stairs, amid the TOURISTS and
COUPLES. Lily takes a seat beside him.

LILY

Well, I grew up in Arkansas.

MAX

Go Razorbacks!

LILY

I come from a big family.

MAX

How big? Important to an only child.

LILY

Third of seven. And I've been in
New York for six years.

Lily takes a bite of falafel, to avoid revealing more.

MAX

And what happened at work?

LILY

The easiest way to sum it up is--

MAX

No summing necessary.

LILY

--My boss asked me to do something
I wasn't comfortable with. When I
couldn't, she kicked me out.

MAX

Doesn't sound like you let her down.
It sounds like you held your ground.
You're not a corporate 'yes' monster.
You're a good person.

Lily reacts.

MAX (CONT'D)

What?

LILY

I dunno. Growing up in a religious
family, it's just not how you think.
You're a sinner in need of saving.

MAX

But your sin was *not* sinning?

LILY

Sure. But do you ever feel like
you're ... making the wrong choices?
Like your work is hurting people?

And there it is. Her psychological distress out in the open.

MAX

Such is the way of the American
Capitalistic System. My family's
religion was Stokley Carmichael.

(off look)

But yeah, I feel that all the time.
I went to journalism school and,
someday, I'll be a bureau chief in
a war-torn country.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

But for now, I write gossip for *The Skyscrape*. No judgement.

Lily seems deeply relieved. She leans closer to him. A beat. If ever there were a moment for a kiss, this is it.

MAX

I just gotta keep on going. Know
I'll find the story to level up.
As they say, write what you know.

Write what you know. Lily sits up. She looks around, realizing something.

LILY

I ... I have to go.

Max looks at her, deflated. *How did he whiff this?*

MAX

Will I see you again?

LILY

Give me your phone. I owe you \$20.

Max isn't sure what's happening, but he obliges. He watches as Lily inputs her number, in a flash. Hands his PHONE back.

And Lily's already sprinting down the stairs. On a mission.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET RECEPTION – NEXT MORNING

Lily steps off the elevator, resolved.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

She makes her way to Nancy's office. Louboutins boldly cross the threshold.

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE – DAY

Inside, Nancy appears to have been up all night. A smattering of tell-tale Wexler Associates FOLDERS all around the office.

LILY (CONT'D)

Opposition research for the win?

NANCY

She's board came out clean. None of them have been on the site.

Lily shrugs.

LILY

At least it shows growth potential?

Nancy looks at her.

NANCY

What's got you so cocky?

LILY (CONT'D)

She's board hasn't been on the site.
But reporter Sarah Winters has. She's
writing what she knows, knocking us
down to level up.

NANCY

Or she made a profile for her story--

LILY

Her profile was created in 2019.

Lily hands Nancy a FOLDER of her own. Inside, Nancy finds a PHOTO of Sarah Winters, arms flung around an OLDER MAN.

NANCY

She's communicated with eight men
over two years. Marked herself 'in a
sweet situation' twice. Including
with that gentleman, who gave her
her first real job.

Nancy flips through the folder. Sarah's PROFILE, followed by pages of lewd MESSAGES.

NANCY

Always know who you're talking to.
I taught you that.

She fishes an M&M from a BOWL. Crunches through the candy coating.

NANCY

I believe we have two options.
Either I take it from here. Or you
show me you can do action.

LILY

Oh, it's 100% me.

Lily rises, a fire in her eyes.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE – DAY

Lily closes the door as she TEXTS Sarah Winters. "Calling in 30 seconds. Answer." She sits down at her desk, but she can't wait. She dials.

SARAH (V.O.)
Hello?

A devilish grin crosses Lily's face. She's got her.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHE MAGAZINE NEWSROOM – SARAH'S CUBICLE – DAY

The back of Sarah's head.

LILY (V.O.)
Reporting this story wasn't your first interaction with my company.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE – DAY

LILY (CONT'D)
Looks like you've been a sugar baby yourself. One who got a lot of good things from many different men. High-risk scenarios, my ass.

INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE – DAY

We clock around and see Sarah's eyes wide in fear.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE – DAY

Lily is enjoying this. A cat toying with a mouse.

LILY (CONT'D)
It appears you engaged in some very risque banter with some very married men. You probably didn't share that with your editors. Journalistic Ethics 101: Always disclose conflicts of interest.

She listens to Sarah's BREATHING. The mouse now in a trap.

INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE – DAY

A beat.

SARAH WINTERS
What do you want?

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily leans back, feeling the power course through her.

LILY
I want the story dead. Tell your
editors there are reporting problems.

INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Sarah pushes her glasses up.

SARAH WINTERS
I could lose my job.

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily rolls her eyes. Leans forward with disdain.

LILY
Oh honey, if they hear it from me,
you'll lose your *career*.

INT. SARAH'S CUBICLE - DAY

Sarah's desperate.

SARAH WINTERS
I can change the headline. Add in
other interviews. One person was
sexually assaulted, but lots of
others had a good experience!

INT. LILY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lily snaps a PHOTO of the messages in the folder. TEXTS it to Sarah, just so she knows.

LILY
Don't make me destroy your life.

A beat. And Sarah folds.

SARAH WINTERS (V.O.)
Okay. Give me an hour.

LILY
You've got 30 minutes.

Lily hangs up. Feeling powerful. In control. Cue the MUSIC, "Play It Right" by Sylvan Esso. And...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. SOMETHING SWEET HALLWAY - DAY

Lily exits her office, with her groove back.

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nancy sits, talking on the phone, as Lily glides by her door. Lily flashes a thumbs up. Nancy cracks her Cheshire Cat grin.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Lily stands with Caroline, filling her in. Lily raises her hand for a high five. Caroline hesitates. Instead, she hugs Lily. And rushes off, surprised by her emotion.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR - TECH ZONE - DAY

Lily sits with Jasmine and a DESIGNER (30) creating a bright, poppy IMAGE for a social media campaign. CLOSE ON the words: "#SugarIsSweet Happy Hour. Tonight!"

FADE TO:

INT. POSH APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A decadent CUPCAKE. In Ana Sofia's hands. An OLDER MAN (50s) opens his door and waves her in.

Ana Sofia sets down the cupcake and thumbs through the CASH on a table. She turns. BAM! Off comes her dress.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Britney, no longer in a glamorous penthouse bathroom. She sits on the edge of a dirty bathtub - her mascara streaked, her tank top ripped. She seems scared. Cowering.

She holds her phone, which has been SMASHED to bits. But she's still able to record a VIDEO. She mouths the words "help me," quietly to the camera, so as not to be heard.

INT. THE SKYSCRAPE OFFICE – DAY

Max sits at his COMPUTER. Googling “Lily,” “Arkansas,” “marketing” – anything he can think of. He picks up his PHONE. Writes a text.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET KITCHEN – DAY

Lily tapes up a FLYER for this #SugarIsSweet Happy Hour. “Toast at 6pm with Something Sweet users!”

As she steps back and admires her work, she gets Max’s TEXT. “Holding your own against the corporate monster?”

Lily bites her lip. This strikes an uncomfortable chord.

She sees STAFFERS passing. Looking at the flyer, excited. They thank her, and Lily smiles.

Lily looks back down at her phone. And makes the decision. She blocks Max’s number.

END MONTAGE.

Lily looks up. Across the office, she sees Raven, on a COUCH with Dahlia and the street team. She angles forward. Final thing to fix.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – EVENING

As Lily approaches, Dahlia waves. Raven just glares at her.

LILY
(to Raven)
Got a second?

INT. SOMETHING SWEET CONFERENCE ROOM – EVENING

As Lily and Raven enter, Raven sits. Lily leans on the wall.

LILY
I know you think I was trying to silence the mystery baby. But once we found her, I promise I had every intention of doing the right thing. It came down to order of operations – I needed to rein in the story, so the company existed to take on her attacker.

Raven looks at Lily, trying to tell if she's being sincere. Lily just spins her harder.

LILY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm here for the same reason you are. I know what the women on our site are up against. I know they have mountains of student debt and internships that don't turn into jobs and a dating pool of guys who suck 'cause they think they have the power. *That's* why I go to the mat for this company.

Lily looks up. Through a WINDOW, she can see the Happy Hour getting started. Jasmine and Satsuki handing out COCKTAILS.

She watches the street team – off the couch now, dancing to the music. Dahlia whips her hair.

LILY (CONT'D)

That's why I fight for this company. Because we give women choice. And opportunity. And...

Lily sees the other street team members stand and cross to get those cocktails. Dahlia, however, sits back down on the couch. Now alone, she looks small. A little sad.

LILY (CONT'D)

-- *power*. I fight for this company because we're ... changing things. We're dismantling the patri--

As Lily talks, she watches Dahlia lift her hand. Smooth a strand of hair. **And twirl it.**

TZZZZ. The RINGING rages back. Louder than ever.

FLASH TO:

IN VIDEO

The mystery baby in the interview, doing the SAME THING.

BACK TO:

INT. SOMETHING SWEET CONFERENCE ROOM – NIGHT

Lily, shocked. **TZZZZ.** The anonymous baby ... it's Dahlia. But she can't fully process as Raven is staring, waiting for her to finish. Lily pushes through. Full-out snakeoil saleswoman.

LILY

I have so much respect for what you do. I love that you pour everything into protecting women. I assure you, I'm trying to do the same.

Lily flashes a fake smile. Out through every pore.

Raven rolls her eyes. But she stands up, seeming to buy it.

RAVEN

Next time, just be honest?

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – NIGHT

As Lily trails Raven from the conference room, she's only half there. She doesn't see the STAFFERS celebrating, or the PROJECTED IMAGES of Something Sweet users on the walls – the women from the Teaser beaming in via webcams.

She moves slowly, gaze locked on Dahlia. Her friend from home. The one she brought in. A victim of rape. Because of her.

FLASH TO:

IN VIDEO

DAHLIA

(face revealed)

They say women are in charge. But he didn't even leave the money.

BACK TO:

Dahlia on the couch. In SLOW MOTION, she turns to Lily.

TZZZZ! The ringing is splintering as Lily and Dahlia come eye-to-eye. And the sound pushes us back to...

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE – FLASHBACK – THREE YEARS EARLIER

...Lily's job interview. Which has gone well since we left.

NANCY

Your offer package will be arriving shortly. I think you'll be pleased.

Lily starts to answer, but hesitates.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm including stock options. This is the opportunity you've been wanting.

LILY

Yes. But--

NANCY

But?!

Nancy glances at an open FOLDER on her desk.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Six years as an Associate while mediocre colleagues got promotions. You've applied for jobs like this dozens of times, and usually don't even get an interview.

LILY

How do you--

NANCY

Lotus Partners, Orange Co, Idyllic. They brought you in, listened to you stutter, and sent you right back out.

Lily tries her best not to show her shock. *But how the hell does Nancy know this?*

NANCY (CONT'D)

Why are you hiding?

LILY

I'm ... not hiding.

NANCY

Please. You have a stunning face but haven't bothered to pluck your eyebrows. A body to bludgeon a nun for, buried in this ... suit. You're making yourself small. On purpose.

LILY

I'm ... I'm not. I just know that ... payback. It can backfire.

Nancy stares. Disgusted or sympathetic - it's hard to tell.

NANCY

I can see why you might think that.

Nancy shuts the folder. She slides it toward Lily. And now we see ... it has a Wexler Associates seal.

Lily opens it and takes in its contents. Tries not to reveal the panic she feels inside.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Lily Baxter. It has a ring. I see why you left Lizzie Bailey.

Lily can't pull her eyes from the folder. From behind her head, we see an IMAGE of her FAMILY, all NINE of them. Lined up on a pulpit, under a "Cornerstone Baptist" SIGN.

Lily looks below. A BLOG post with a PHOTO of YOUNGER HER. Headline: "Cornerstone daughter DISOWNED?"

Lily looks up at Nancy. Wanting to know what this is.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I make it a point to always know who I'm talking to.

(beat)

Because it seems to me that payback might be *exactly* what you need.

As Lily holds Nancy's gaze, unsure what to say...

BACK TO:

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – NIGHT

Lily in the present, now eye-to-eye with Dahlia. Lily understanding. Dahlia seeing that she knows.

Dahlia drops the strand of hair. Her eyes glaze with tears. She flashes a big, mega-watt smile. Not a smile for others. A smile to fool herself.

TZZZZ! The gesture knocks the air out of Lily. At long last, she sees who she is. Someone who puts women in high-risk scenarios. A thing she can no longer deny.

RAVEN

You doing this Happy Hour thing?

LILY

It was ... my idea.

But Lily doesn't move. She stands there, staring at Dahlia.

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – TECH ZONE – NIGHT

We move with Raven, to a set of desks transformed into a BAR. She scans the COCKTAILS and locates a lonely BEER. Vince steps in beside her and grabs one too.

VINCE

You found beer in this place? You
and my wife. My heroes.

The two click CANS as they look out on the party – staffers
laughing, the women on projected the walls having fun too.

VINCE (CONT'D)

We're pretty lucky.

RAVEN

Never pegged you as a party guy.

VINCE

I mean that we never had to deal with
a sexual assault before. My lawyer at
MatchMates has it once a quarter.
Stress'd give me a heart attack.

Raven turns to him, her Spidey-Sense blaring. She watches as
he takes a swig of beer, then pushes off toward a COLLEAGUE.

Raven moves to her COMPUTER. And with the party raging behind
her, she heads to Something Sweet's "Report an Incident" PAGE.
She toggles to the BACKEND, pouring over CODE.

RAVEN

Where's this routing?

She CLICKS in to take a look. And a MESSAGE BOX appears:
"Access denied. User not authorized."

RAVEN

What the fuck? I *built* you.

Raven turns slowly toward the floor. Where Nancy is arriving.
And off Raven eyeing Nancy, suspicious and horrified. Alarm
bells going off in her mind...

INT. SOMETHING SWEET MAIN FLOOR – CONTINUOUS

We're with Nancy. Who's just felt her phone BUZZ. She slides
it out and sees a TEXT from Rodney. "I'm pulling funding."

Nancy freezes. Types back desperately. "But the story's dead."

"You honestly think it will be the last?"

Nancy's fingers react. "Rodney, please. It's been handled."

Three dots. And then ... nothing.

Nancy looks at the BAR beside her. Defiantly, she swipes a bottle of CHAMPAGNE.

CUT TO:

TZZZZ! Lily peels her gaze from Dahlia. In the distance, she sees Nancy, spraying champagne over the staffers who've surrounded her.

Lily walks. Slowly. With a pained expression. **TZZZZ.**
The buzzing throttling through her head.

Nancy lifts her GLASS. And the room goes silent.

NANCY
(toasting)
Sugar. It's pretty sweet, right?

Everyone WHOOPS and HOLLERS. A full-out ruckus. Nancy looks to Jasmine. To Caroline. To Lucas. Each holding up their GLASS, affirming her statement.

Nancy spots Lily, moving through the crowd.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Right, Lily? Who's just been promoted to Chief Operating Officer, by the by.

The whole room CHEERS. They turn to Lily, expecting a reaction. But Lily's breath is labored. Her heartbeat's slowed. She's feeling woozy. Close to passing out.

Nancy looks at her expectant. She tries again. More pointed.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Right, Lily?

We can hear Lily BREATHING. In and out. She inhales. Deeply. Trying to get control.

And she puts her mask back on. Plasters on a big fake smile. She picks up a GLASS and raises it high. She loosens up her shoulders. And goes for casual.

LILY
(echoing Nancy)
Was there ever any doubt?

The room goes NUTS. Staffers and users losing their minds, like this is Beyoncé's "Renaissance" Tour.

But Lily can't quite hear. With the attention off her, she lets the smile drop. She trembles, fighting through the pain.

TZZZZZZZ! The ringing reaches fever pitch. It's sharp. Debilitating. Closing in around her.

And with the sound OVERTAKING all...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW