BROKEN

CAST

Bobbie Hamilton
Chloe Hamilton
Elizabeth Hamilton
Erik Chekofsky
Gemma Evon
James Goodman
Jules Evon
Kate Matthews
Ken
Leo Cline
Luke Teller
Margo Cline
Mary Evon
Meli Goodman
Oliver Walsh
Rick Bream
Rose Chastain
Tamara Boyd
Tim Briggs
Tish Goodman
Tony Hamilton
Young Gemma Evon
Young Jules Evon
BROKEN

SETS/LOCATIONS

INTERIORS

APARTMENT
  - BEDROOM
  - LIVING ROOM

BROOK HOLLOW COUNTRY CLUB
  - BATHROOM
  - CHARITY LUNCHEON

DALLAS BAR

DALLAS RESTAURANT

DARK ROOM

GEMMA'S HOUSE
  - FRONT HALLWAY
  - GUEST BEDROOM
  - HALLWAY
  - KITCHEN
  - LIVING ROOM
  - MASTER BATHROOM
  - MASTER BEDROOM

HAMILTON MANSION
  - BOBBIE'S BEDROOM
  - CHLOE'S BEDROOM
  - FRONT HALL
  - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES LAW FIRM
  - CONFERENCE ROOM
  - DEPOSITION ROOM
  - GEMMA'S OFFICE
  - JAMES HIGGINS' OFFICE
  - RECEPTION AREA

RICK'S APARTMENT

ROSE CHASTAIN'S HOME
  - KITCHEN
BROKEN

SETS/LOCATIONS

EXTERIORS
APARTMENT COMPLEX
DALLAS COUNTRY CLUB
   - GOLF COURSE
DALLAS NEIGHBORHOOD
ELIZABETH HAMILTON'S RANGE ROVER
GEMMA'S CAR
GEMMA'S HOUSE
JAMES' CAR
JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES LAW FIRM
   - PARKING LOT
MARY'S CAR
SIDE OF THE ROAD
Teaser:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - TEXAS - 5 AM (FB1)

180’s. The sun is about to rise on a rural, shitty part of town somewhere between DALLAS and NOTHING.

We are outside a RUNDOWN APARTMENT COMPLEX. Sketchy as hell. It brings to mind strippers and Meth. Cheap Meth.

We follow a MANGY CAT as it scampers through the PARKING LOT. It hops onto the WINDOWSILL of an apartment - a SMALL PINK BOWL OF CAT FOOD sits there. The cat eats greedily, like it’s starving.

Through the window we see TWO YOUNG GIRLS in bed.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (FB1)

Two sisters: the elder is YOUNG GEMMA EVON, 10, already too serious. She should be asleep but, like most nights, she’s wide awake. Asleep in her arms is her little sister JULES, 3. The bedside lamp is on.

In the other room we hear the manic sounds of someone trying to leave a place in a hurry.

MARY EVON, 40’s, bursts in. Lifelong Texas girl, the worn out single mother of both girls, clinging to the last of her good looks with the help of a pushup bra. Thick Texan accent.

MARY
Girls. Wake up. Come on, out of bed. We’re leaving.

Jules wakes groggily as Mary pulls the covers back.

YOUNG GEMMA
Where are we going?

MARY
Gemma, I don’t have time for questions right now. We gotta go before Gary gets home.

YOUNG JULES
Like a surprise?

MARY
Yeah babe. Like a big freakin’ surprise for Gary.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (FB1)

Jules sucks her thumb nervously as Mary rushes around throwing shit in a bag. Gemma enters, holds a small suitcase.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG GEMMA
What about my cat?

MARY
It’s not your cat, Gem. It’s the neighborhood’s cat.

YOUNG GEMMA
But I’m the one who feeds him.

MARY
Remember what mama told you about cats? Why I respect ‘em more than dogs?

YOUNG GEMMA
Because they crap in a box?

MARY
Yeah, they clean up after themselves, but what else? When you stop feeding them. What do cats do if you stop feeding them?

Beat. Gemma has heard this before.

YOUNG GEMMA
They find somewhere else to live.

MARY
That’s right, babe. That cat won’t even know you’re gone.

I/E. MARY’S CAR - HALF HOUR LATER (FB1)

Mary drives a beaten up car through the night. The country song “Leavin’ on Your Mind” by Patsy Cline plays on the radio. Jules sleeps on Gemma’s shoulder in the backseat.

CUT TO:

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY DALLAS - 6 AM (D1)

GEMMA EVON, now early 30’s, shoots up in bed, waking from the nightmare. She’s perfectly beautiful, but chilly. She’s tamed her trailer park accent into something more refined, but occasionally her roots slip through. Though normally composed-right now she’s shaken. BEDSIDE LAMP is on. It’s always on.

As she calms herself, we take in her expensive surroundings. King Bed, immaculately decorated bedroom. GEMMA glances at the other side of the bed; empty but recently slept in. She grabs A PACK OF CIGARETTES from the bedside table - as she fishes a cigarette out, she notices a HANDWRITTEN NOTE left atop the pack. She reads it:

“Love you. PS. Remember our deal - none of these until noon.”

(CONTINUED)
Gemma tosses the note down, and grabs the cigarettes, zero guilt. She walks to the MASSIVE WINDOWS, pushes back the curtains to reveal a regal view of a WEALTHY DALLAS NEIGHBORHOOD, the affluent UNIVERSITY PARK suburb.

Gemma scans the view; OLD WORLD MANSIONS with professionally maintained lawns, the epitome of “Southern Charm.” The beauty is slightly marred by the LUXURY GAS GUZZLERS in the driveways: SUV MERCEDES, HUMMERS, etc. Beautiful monstrosities that would make an environmentalist weep.

On the FRONT LAWN ACROSS THE STREET waves an AMERICAN FLAG and a sign that says “FREEDOM ISN’T FREE.”

Gemma lights a cigarette, taking in the sunny Dallas morning.

MARGO(V.O.)
I’ve never known a person who could break so many promises.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES LAW FIRM - DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY (D1)

Same morning. Gemma sits confidently in the middle of a DEPOSITION, chic business attire, killer shoes. Sitting beside her is her client LEO CLINE - 50’s, rich, mean.

Sitting opposite is Leo’s estranged wife, MARGO CLINE, 40’s, big hair, a grisly CRUCIFIX around her neck - Jesus in all his gory agony. Beside Margot is her attorney KEN. Margo continues her story - directed with rage at Leo.

MARGO (CONT’D)
He promised to support me. I was getting my masters in Art History when we met. I wanted to be an art historian. But Leo wanted to raise kids in Dallas - so I gave it up and moved here to play house. I hate Texas. I’m a vegetarian for Christ’s sake. And now, because he met a 28 year old with student loan debt - he wants to leave me destitute.

GEMMA
My client is offering five million dollars and the home in Westlake.

MARGO
Do you know what it’s like to be a vegetarian in Texas?!

GEMMA
Before we jump into numbers, I want to clarify a few things.

(MORE)
You imply that you gave up your career altogether, but did you not go back to work in 2005, when you opened your interior design firm?

MARGO

After staying home for 15 years to raise our kids.

GEMMA

And you used a $200,000 loan from your husband to open your business?

KEN

That money was paid back in full -

GEMMA

Mrs. Cline, you speak as though you’ve been stashed behind an ironing board for 25 years. But in fact your husband supported your career. How much does your company currently make a year?

MARGO

I don’t know the exact number. About 400 grand. Sometimes less.

GEMMA

Well congratulations. That’s probably ten times what you would have made as an art historian. Now. Do you know a man named Greg Price?

Margo’s face clouds - caught off guard. She covers.

MARGO

Yes. He ran marketing for me.

GEMMA

Did you begin an intimate relationship with Mr. Price in 2013 while he was your employee?

Margo is panicked - unsure what to say. She looks at Ken -

GEMMA (CONT’D)

I’ll remind you that lying in deposition is perjury. Same as a courtroom.

Margo is pissed - directs her rage at her husband;

MARGO

We were separated! You slept with half our congregation! I can’t even show my face at church anymore!

GEMMA

Thank you for that, Mrs. Cline -

(CONTINUED)
MARGO
(still at Leo)
- I’m gonna pray for you so damn hard -

GEMMA
Thank you, Mrs. Cline. I’ll consider that a “Yes.” After that separation, you and your husband temporarily reconciled in February 2014, correct?

Margot nods, “So?”

GEMMA (CONT’D)
And I see here that Mr. Price stopped working for you a month later. Why was that?

MARGO
He wasn’t meeting the company standards, so he was let go.

GEMMA
To clarify. While separated from your husband, you began a sexual relationship with your employee, then fired that same employee after reconciling with your husband?

MARGO
No. Okay. I see what you’re doing. Nope. That is not how it happened.

GEMMA
Are you aware of Texas laws regarding sexual harassment in the workplace and wrongful termination?

MARGO
Bless your wretched heart you have got to be kidding me -

GEMMA
Because I have a call in to Mr. Price. I want to make sure he’s informed of his rights. You see, when married people sleep with their employees and then fire them - those are some expensive lawsuits. Much more expensive than the 5 million my client is offering you, should you accept our settlement.

MARGO stares at her in seething, horrified silence.

KEN
I think we should break for today -

MARGO
What the hell is this? Blackmail?

(CONTINUED)
Gemma smiles warmly.

GEMMA
Of course not. Blackmail is illegal. This is a threat.

A moment on Gemma’s smug, vicious smile before we cut to:

OPENING TITLES.

ACT ONE

INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY (D1)

A prestigious law firm, an opulent and intimidating place - modern yet still Southern, high ceilings, shining floors.

Glowing from her triumphant deposition, Gemma shakes hands with an ecstatic Leo at THE ELEVATORS. The elevator takes Leo away, Gemma walks through the RECEPTION AREA. On a high.

GEMMA (V.O.)
People assume I don’t believe in love. But it isn’t true. I’m full of love stories. I’ve got more love stories than I know what to do with.

The RECEPTIONIST gives Gemma a nervous but respectful nod.

GEMMA (V.O.)
I just don’t care for most of the endings.

Gemma heads down a LONG HALLWAY flanked by FLOOR TO CEILING WINDOWS - outside is DOWNTOWN DALLAS. A Southern Metropolis.

GEMMA (V.O.)
The ones that end well are usually the short ones. Give anything enough time and it’ll fall apart. You just have to be patient.

COLLEAGUES passing by greet Gemma politely yet coldly - she may be good at her job, but that doesn’t mean she’s liked.

GEMMA (V.O.)
The only variable, for the most part, is recovery.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - GEMMA’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D1)

Gemma paces behind her impressive desk, continues her lecture to someone off camera. AN EPIC DEER HEAD MOUNTED ON THE WALL BEHIND HER, grotesque. One of Gemma’s hunting trophies.

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA (CONT’D)
So my question for you is simple, Rose.

Reveal ROSE CHASTAIN, 30’s, a meek, tearful housewife sitting across from Gemma. She looks tiny and delicate amidst the grand surroundings, and in comparison to Gemma.

GEMMA (CONT’D)
Do you want your husband to recover from this divorce, or not?

ROSE
You know the answer to that, Ms. Evon. There are lots of divorce attorneys in Dallas. I wouldn’t have come to you if I wanted him to recover.

GEMMA
That’s why I’m confused. You come here and tell me that despite having hard evidence of your husband’s fraudulent, criminal activity - you’re “not sure” you want to use it against him in court. Now I’m a smart woman, but you’re gonna need to explain that to me. The man stole over ten million dollars from the government.

ROSE
It just... doesn’t seem to have much to do with our marriage.

GEMMA
It might not have anything to do with your marriage but it sure as hell can have something to do with your divorce.

A beat, Rose is miserable. Gemma doesn’t soften.

GEMMA (CONT’D)
You don’t get to keep him, Rose. Except maybe the parts you rip out.

Silence. Giving in, Rose reaches into her bag and pulls out a FOLDER. Hand shaking, she hands it to Gemma. Gemma smiles.

EXT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - PARKING LOT - DAY (D1)

KATE MATTHEWS (23, blonde sorority girl turned badly abused assistant) hurries through the lot juggling coffee. She stops as she sees-

-- Gemma’s MERCEDES, the windshield covered with dirty diapers and the words “GEMMA EVON IS A BITCH” written in marker across the glass. KATE sighs sadly, continues inside.
Gemma sits at her desk, on her COMPUTER she reads an ONLINE GOSSIP MAGAZINE, local and trashy. Filling the screen is a photo of a WEALTHY POWER COUPLE; TONY and ELIZABETH HAMILTON, with their THREE KIDS, BOBBIE (9) and CHLOE (16) and SAMANTHA (21). Headline reads “OIL BILLIONAIRE TONY HAMILTON SEPARATES FROM WIFE.”

Gemma looks at the article - studying every detail.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR - Kate enters. Gemma doesn’t look up as Kate speaks - nor does she notice when Kate pulls a RED HEART SHAPED CANDLE from her purse and sets it on the side table.

KATE
Morning! I got your coffee. And um, I think whoever’s been putting dirty diapers on your car did it again.

Gemma looks up.

GEMMA
Why do you say that?

KATE
Because. They did it again.

Gemma sighs but continues with her papers.

GEMMA
You know where the cleaning supplies are. I need today to be seamless. Elizabeth Hamilton’s in at twelve. I want you waiting by the elevators for her.

KATE
Why?

GEMMA
Because I didn’t give her name to reception. I don’t want the other associates to know I’m meeting with her. If they hear the richest housewife in the state is here, they’ll try to poach her.

Kate lights the CANDLE - Gemma smells it, looks up. Beat.

GEMMA (CONT’D)
Kate. What is that?

KATE
Apple cinnamon pie spice candle. Makes it smell like Christmas. (beat) And it’s shaped like a heart.

Gemma stares blankly.

(CONTINUED)
KATE (CONT’D)

Sorry.

Kate blows it out. Gemma returns to her work. Kate lingers.

KATE (CONT’D)

Um, also... Your sister called.

Gemma’s face clouds. She was not expecting this.

GEMMA

Did it sound like an emergency?

KATE

It always sounds like an emergency.

GEMMA

I’ll call her back tomorrow. Today is too important. Thanks.

Kate exits. Gemma’s CELL rings. It says “OLIVER.” She answers—

GEMMA (CONT’D)

Hey baby. What’s up?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DALLAS COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF COURSE - DAY (D1)

The most elite, “old money” country club in Dallas.

Driving a GOLF CART is Gemma’s fiancé OLIVER WALSH, 30’s; preppy, athletic, too handsome - it would be annoying if he weren’t such a good guy. He’s on his IPHONE - the cover boasts the DALLAS COWBOYS LOGO.

OLIVER

Just saying hi. I snuck out early this morning. You were tossing and turning all night, thought you were going to give me a black eye.

GEMMA

I had an espresso at dinner.

Oliver knows this is a lie, changes the subject.

OLIVER

You want to go to this charity luncheon on Saturday? It’s for the pediatric wing of St. Martha’s. My parents donate to them.

GEMMA

Who’s hosting it?

OLIVER

It’s for sick kids, Gemma. What does it matter who’s hosting it?

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA
Relax, I was just asking. Let’s go. Sounds like a good thing to do.

OLIVER
I’m stopping by Kyle Reed’s office in a couple hours. Gonna slip him my draft. Wish me luck.

GEMMA
What about Lerner Publishing?

OLIVER
Oh. Yeah. They uh - they passed.

Gemma tries her best, but she’s bad at consolation;

GEMMA
Oh... Well, I’m sorry... but you know, what’s meant to happen...
(ughh like pulling teeth)
I really better go. I love you.

OLIVER
I love you too. A lot. Even though you’re really bad at pep talks.

Gemma cracks a smile.

GEMMA
I’ll see you later.

Gemma hangs up. She refocuses on the PHOTO of the HAMILTON FAMILY. Her eyes fall again on the word “Billionaire.”

Suddenly ERIK CHEKOFSKY, 40’s, bursts in; an associate at the firm with a jovial sloppiness about him - at least that’s what he wants you to think. Nobody irritates Gemma more.

ERIK
Your adversaries are rising from the dead.

GEMMA
Excuse me?

ERIK
Your old buddy, Luke Teller.

Erik chuckles and tosses a NEWSPAPER onto her desk. Open to a picture of DR. LUKE TELLER, late 30s, handsome but weary. Headline reads, “LOCAL PHYSICIAN SELLS PRIVATE PRACTICE.”

ERIK (CONT’D)
Poor fool can’t catch a break.

Gemma glances at the paper - something flashes in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)
ERIK (CONT’D)
I never congratulated you on that settlement. He’s gonna have to sell his kids to pay that alimony.

Gemma covers whatever the strange flash (remorse?) was.

GEMMA
Guess it’s lucky he’ll only have access to his kids once a week.

Erik laughs heartily - annoying. Gemma’s ready for him to go but he lingers - glances up at the DEER HEAD ON THE WALL.

ERIK
That’s what? A ten point?

GEMMA
Twelve. There are two drop tines coming off the back. Can’t see them from this angle.

ERIK
Nice. Rifle?

GEMMA
Muzzleloader.

ERIK
Right. So I’ll stop all the *dancing. The rumors true? You meeting with Tony Hamilton’s wife later today?

Gemma’s face ices briefly before she recovers. But Erik sees it - he smacks his hands together good naturedly, beaming.

ERIK (CONT’D)
You greedy little whore! What’s her man worth anyway? Couple billion?

GEMMA
Something like that.

ERIK
Damn it. I love oil. How’d you pull that interview, anyway?

Gemma gives a nonchalant shrug. Pleased with herself.

ERIK (CONT’D)
Wasn’t through your fiancé’s family was it? They’re friends of hers no?

Gemma’s eyes narrow. Erik puts his hands up in surrender;

ERIK (CONT’D)
Don’t mean anything by that. I’m a firm believer in nepotism. First job I ever got was flippin’ burgers at my uncle’s diner.

(CONTINUED)
He grins - it’s unclear whether he knows that he’s annoying her. But if so, he does a good job at seeming oblivious.
ERIC (CONT’D)
Well. Congratulations. Gonna be a good spring around here. For everyone.

He exits cheerfully. Gemma contemplates something. Hmmm.

Suddenly her CELL PHONE RINGS. The caller ID says JULES. Gemma frowns - can’t deal with it now. She hits IGNORE and makes a decision – marches out of her office, on a mission-

INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - JAMES GOODMAN’S OFFICE

JAMES GOODMAN late 40’s - early 50’s, head of the law firm, a silver fox, sits at his desk. Always charming, sometimes cruel.

Gemma charges in.

GEMMA
How did Erik know I was meeting with Elizabeth Hamilton today?

JAMES
Good morning to you too, Gemma.

GEMMA
Don’t change the subject.

JAMES
In case you’ve forgotten, we’re a team here.

Gemma lets out a bitter sigh.

JAMES (CONT’D)
“Team” is not a dirty word, Gemma. Is there anything else?

A beat. There is something else.

GEMMA
Why is Erik in such a good mood? He said something about having a “good spring.” It was ominous, and frankly, it felt like a threat.

JAMES
Gemma. As much as I respect your flair for analysis – we haven’t made a decision about partner yet. I promise you’ll know as soon as we do. Mainly because of the eyes in the back of your head.

GEMMA
You know I’ve earned this.

(CONTINUED)
JAMES
The other partners have known Erik a long time. They have strong relationships with him.

GEMMA
Is this because I’m a democrat?

JAMES
Don’t be ridiculous. It’s about your attitude. You make zero effort to get along with them. This is Texas. People appreciate the niceties. They don’t expect you to be their best friend, but they expect you to act like it to their face.

(them)
And for Christ’s sake, don’t talk about being a Democrat.

GEMMA
You wouldn’t say any of this to me if I were a man. And for the record, you’re no nicer than I am. You just talk less.

JAMES
Maybe that’s a good place to start.

He smiles, thinks he’s being funny. She doesn’t.

JAMES (CONT’D)
Look, Gemma. I understand you, because I still remember -

GEMMA
Don’t.

He’s hit a sore spot. She heads to the door, pissed.

JAMES
If you get Elizabeth Hamilton to sign with the firm, and you do to her husband what you did to that doctor - what’s his name. Luke Teller, right?

(beat)
Do that to Tony Hamilton, and that’s something the other partners won’t be able to argue with.

She gives him one last look, then leaves.

INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - GEMMA’S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER (D1)

Gemma enters, sits at her desk. Wheels spinning. Her phone buzzes, she looks, again it says “JULES.” She silences it.
She opens the bottom drawer of her desk - it’s filled to the brim with BEEF JERKY PACKAGES. She stares at them, considering - then shuts the drawer. She closes her eyes.

**GEMMA**

This is yours.

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**INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

**CLOSE on a perfectly polished set of FINGERNAILS drumming delicately on a COFFEE MUG. An EPIC DIAMOND RING.**

Reveal **ELIZABETH HAMILTON**, 40’s, a woman who does not like to be fucked with. Oklahoma accent. She sits across from Gemma.

**ELIZABETH**

You a born and raised Texas girl, Ms. Evon?

**GEMMA**

More or less. And you?

**ELIZABETH**

I’m an Okie.

**GEMMA**

Tulsa?

**ELIZABETH**

I wish. You ever heard of a town called Claremore?

**GEMMA**

No, I haven’t.

**ELIZABETH**

Exactly. I met Tony at a wedding I was waitressing at in Oklahoma City. Our first date – first time I’d ever eaten Sushi.

**GEMMA**

I usually advise against reminiscing. Things tend to look better in hindsight.

**ELIZABETH**

I got food poisoning. Crapped all over his hotel bathroom for six hours. Haven’t eaten seafood since.

Elizabeth finishes her coffee. Gemma takes a beat, then;

**GEMMA**

Okay. So. Let’s talk facts. I understand your husband has admitted to infidelity with a woman named... Tamara Boyd?
Gemma pulls out a GRAINY PHOTOGRAPH of TONY HAMILTON with TAMARA BOYD (20s). They’re sitting in a PORSCHE, kissing. The photo is clearly taken by a hidden camera.

Elizabeth’s eyes widen at the photograph.

GEMMA (CONT’D)
I’ve had a P.I. following your husband for the past month.

ELIZABETH
But we didn’t even announce our separation until two weeks ago.

GEMMA
I keep my ear to the ground.

Elizabeth looks at Gemma, impressed, then back at the photo.

ELIZABETH
Taken right in the Neiman Marcus parking lot, it looks like. If that ain’t tacky, I don’t know what is.
(hands photo back)
Well. Tony already admitted to the cheating.

GEMMA
No, this is about other damages. Not only emotional, but physical. The car wreck you had this winter – I’m assuming the Xanax you were prescribed contributed to that accident. I’m also assuming you wouldn’t have needed anti-anxiety pills were it not for the stress caused by your husband’s betrayal. I understand you suffered whiplash. Are you still experiencing pain?

Elizabeth is trying to process - how does she know all this?

ELIZABETH
Well, it wasn’t really that severe-

GEMMA
Are you still in pain, Mrs. Hamilton?

Beat. Elizabeth catches on -

ELIZABETH
Yes. I am.

GEMMA
I’m sorry to hear that. I have a doctor I’d like to examine you, he’s worked with several of my clients.
(continues, on a roll)
Furthermore.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA (CONT’D)
There was a fire in your home last spring that resulted in the death of your 8 year-old Cocker Spaniel named Princess Dianna. Correct?

Elizabeth nods, bewildered.

GEMMA (CONT’D)
You were away on vacation with your kids. Are you aware that Tamara Boyd was at the residence with your husband at the time of the fire?

Elizabeth looks shocked - Gemma hands PAPERS to Elizabeth -

GEMMA (CONT’D)
These are Ms. Boyd’s medical records from Charity South ER. She was treated for smoke inhalation.  
(leans in)
Woman to woman, your husband’s conduct disgusts me. In my opinion, this is as much a personal injuries lawsuit as it is a divorce.

Silence. After a moment Elizabeth smirks slowly.

ELIZABETH
You know - my friends keep telling me not to get too “greedy.” They think, you know, no matter how it turns out, I’m gonna get more than enough money. “Enough.” That’s the word I keep hearing.

GEMMA
There’s a school of thought - I blame it on California - that tells people: “there’s enough for everyone.” It sounds nice, but I don’t think it’s true. Maybe there’s enough for everyone to get what they need. But not what they want. In all of history, there’s never been enough for that. And whose to say you shouldn’t get everything you want?

A beat, Elizabeth smiles slowly.

ELIZABETH
I think we’re going to get along real well, Ms. Evon.

Gemma smiles, she knows she’s got her.

GEMMA
One last thing – custody. You have three children?
ELIZABETH
The eldest is in college, but the other two are with me. They’re crazy about their father. So I’m going with joint custody. For now.

GEMMA
Well, joint is always simpler. For what it’s worth, no one knows better than we do that divorce is brutal. But we’re going to make this process a lot easier for you.

ELIZABETH
I don’t need it to be easy.

INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY (D15)
Elizabeth’s son BOBBIE HAMILTON, 9, sits in the reception area. He hears the voices of Gemma and Elizabeth approaching.

ELIZABETH
If my father were still alive, that bastard would be mounted in the front hall by now.

They arrive to Bobbie. He’s heard all of this.

ELIZABETH (CONT’D)
Gemma, this is my youngest, Bobbie -

BOBBIE
Were you talking about dad just now? When you said “bastard”

ELIZABETH
Yes, monkey, but don’t curse.

BOBBIE
You said it was okay if I was quoting you.

ELIZABETH
Did I? Okay.
(turns to Gemma)
Please tell Oliver I say hi. I’ve known his parents since he was baptized, nearly! That reminds me. Are you a Presbyterian?

Elizabeth’s face is suddenly VERY SERIOUS. Gemma can’t tell what the right answer is. She takes an uncertain guess.

GEMMA
...Yes?

Elizabeth beams - so does Gemma. Right answer.

(CONTINUED)
ELIZABETH
What a delight. My church is having our annual picnic next week. You and Oliver will have to join me!

GEMMA
That sounds - great.

ELIZABETH
Talk soon!

Bobbie and Elizabeth head to the elevators. Gemma notices a crumbled up PACKAGE OF PEANUT M&Ms on Bobbie’s chair. She frowns in distaste - kids are gross - then smiles and waves. A triumphant grin spreads across Gemma’s face. She hurries excitedly down the hallway. She turns the corner -

- and bumps into JAMES as he exits his office. He stops.

JAMES
So. How was she?

GEMMA
Like we were made for each other.

Suddenly a 5 year old girl, MELI GOODMAN, rushes into frame (seemingly out of nowhere) and jumps into James’s arms.

MELI
Daddy!!!

JAMES
Hey Meli!

TISH (O.S.)
Hi honey.

Reveal TISH GOODMAN (40s) - heading down the hall towards them; James’s wife, a former soap actress turned trophy wife.

JAMES
Hey. You’re just in time for lunch.

TISH stops to say hi to a PASSING ATTORNEY. GEMMA turns back to James (who is still holding Meli).

GEMMA
Tony Hamilton’s net worth is 3.5 billion dollars.

JAMES
And that’s yours for the taking.

She smiles: challenge accepted. She turns and heads down the hall. As she goes, Tish gives her a warm wave. Gemma returns the wave with a big smile.

(CONTINUED)
Gemma walks down the hall, a new spring in her step. Her spirits are only slightly dampened when she glances out the window and sees **IN THE PARKING LOT OUTSIDE:**

Kate cleans Gemma’s vandalized **MERCEDES.** The words “**Gemma Evon is a Bitch**” are being scrubbed off, with much effort.

Gemma wrinkles her nose slightly at the sight, before continuing into **HER OFFICE** -

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**INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - GEMMA’S OFFICE - DAY**

Gemma enters confidently, then jumps in shock when she sees -

Her sister **JULES EVON,** late 20s but dressed like she’s 15, sits in Gemma’s chair. She’s pretty but unkempt. Something about her reminiscent of a lost puppy. She chews Gemma’s **BEEF JERKY.** She grins at Gemma, her mouth full of meat.

**JULES**

Hey sis.

Gemma’s face falls. This is her worst nightmare.
Right where we left them - Gemma stares at Jules with a mix of horror and frustration. Jules eats the beef jerky happily.

JULES
It’s so weird how you hoard this crap.

GEMMA
What are you doing here, Jules?

JULES
Well, since you tell your secretary to blatantly ignore my calls... (stuffs Jerky in mouth)
I figured I’d have to get all up in your face and what not.

Jules eyes a PHOTO ON THE WALL of YOUNG GEMMA with their MOTHER, MARY. Jules smiles, a glint of malice.

JULES (CONT’D)
Wow. That’s so sentimental of you.

GEMMA
It’s not sentimental. It’s a reminder. What are you doing here?

JULES
I thought maybe you could lift your ban on me.

GEMMA
I don’t have a ban on you.

JULES
You kinda do... I mean, you changed your locks and confiscated my car.

GEMMA
It was never your car.

JULES
You tried to have me committed.

GEMMA
You tried to jump off a roof.

JULES
I wasn’t going to jump off the damn roof. I told you. I was just up there.

GEMMA
Doing what??

(CONTINUED)
JULES
Freaking out? I don’t know?

GEMMA
Look. Today is a very important
day, so if you could speed this up
and tell me what you need. Please.

Silence. Then, with gravity;

JULES
I need to stay with you for a bit.

GEMMA
Is this about a man?

JULES
No.

A beat. Then Gemma sighs. She was never going to say no.

GEMMA
Get a key from the receptionist.
You can put your things in the
guest room. And also? Do not ever
show up at my office again.

JULES
I won’t. I promise.

Beat. Jules heads to the door --

GEMMA
Jules.
(serious)
You alright?

Jules smiles, mock ignorance.

JULES
Yeah. What do you mean?

GEMMA
You know what I mean.

Jules grins, big.

JULES
I’m great. I’m being real good to
myself.

Gemma studies her - doesn’t believe her for a second. Gemma
sits at her desk, back to work. Not another glance at Jules.
Jules knows the conversation is over, leaves.

Gemma looks at the PHOTO ON THE WALL OF HER MOM. Something
about it makes her stomach turn. She looks at her computer -

- it’s still open to the FAMILY PHOTO OF THE HAMILTONS, from
the online paper. Gemma stares at the seemingly happy family.
Elizabeth drives, Bobbie in passenger. The car approaches a FANCY PREP SCHOOL. To Bobbie, it’s hell.

BOBBIE
Can I please take the day off?

ELIZABETH
I already let you take the morning off. They won’t believe me if I say the dentist lasted all day.

BOBBIE
Then say I got sick.

ELIZABETH
That’s a lie.

BOBBIE
You already lied about the dentist.

ELIZABETH
And I feel bad. You pressured me.

BOBBIE
You wanted someone to have lunch with.

ELIZABETH
Back talk, Bobbie. I won’t have it.

Bobbie looks towards the school miserably. Elizabeth softens.

ELIZABETH (CONT’D)
I’ll let you take next Friday off. Okay? You can have a long weekend.

He nods, slightly cheered. She kisses him. The car stops. BOBBY gets out – Elizabeth watches as he walks towards the entrance. He passes GROUPS OF KIDS, he’s isolated among them.

Elizabeth watches him guiltily, glances at her wedding ring.

INT. GEMMA’S OFFICE - DAY - LITTLE LATER (D1)

Gemma works at her desk. Kate enters with PAPERS.

GEMMA
I need you to look up Tamara Boyd. Tony Hamilton’s mistress. She’s a cater waitress. Find out what catering company she works for and what upcoming events they have.

KATE
Of course. And Gemma, I’m sorry again about your sister.

(MORE)
I don't know how she managed to sneak in here, but I had a very stern word with the receptionist.

Gemma
(sarcastic)
Which I'm sure was terrifying for her.

Kate smiles politely, a bit defeated, and exits.

Gemma enters. Glances around. A TV plays loudly somewhere.

Gemma
Baby?

She wanders to -

Oliver's man cave. He works at his laptop. In the other room the TV BLARES - Oliver scowls, distracted. Gemma enters.

Gemma
Hey baby.

Oliver gives her a look that says, “Really?” From the other room we hear Jules's loud laughter as she watches TV.

Oliver
She's been blaring Project Runway for three hours. The same episode, on repeat.
GEMMA
I’m sorry. I’m sure it’s only for a few days.

OLIVER
Gem, she’s your sister. I’m never gonna tell you to kick her out. I just want to make sure it’s the best thing. You know how she... gets to you.

GEMMA
Trust me. I’ve got too much going on to let her mess it up. I’ll talk to her, set some boundaries.

OLIVER
I met with Kyle Reed.
(beat)
About my draft?

GEMMA
Oh right! That’s great.

OLIVER
He’s gonna read and maybe pass it on.

GEMMA
Well fingers crossed.
(then)
I’m sorry. I had a long day.

He gives her a kiss. He heads towards the door, then stops.

OLIVER
The draft is good, you know. It’s just really competitive out there — but the draft is good.

Her face softens — a flash of guilt. She goes to him sweetly, effusiveness isn’t her strong suit, but she tries her best.

GEMMA
Hey... Of course I know that, baby.

The strain in her voice tells us that she doesn’t know this. They kiss again. Sweet but forced.

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D1)

Gemma and Jules sit across from each other. The wide GLASS DOORS look out onto the backyard where Oliver exercises. Shirt off — toned, sweaty. Jules stares at him lustily.

JULES
Hello sir.
GEMMA
You didn’t answer my question. Where are you working?

JULES
Can you believe you got Oliver Walsh to propose to you? That’s some voodoo right there. He didn’t even know your name at SMU. You set a wedding date finally?

GEMMA
We’re not in a rush.

JULES
Oh my god. What’s wrong with you? I mean, I still don’t believe that man knows how to pump his own gas – but he’s so pretty it don’t even matter.

GEMMA
Doesn’t. “Doesn’t even matter.” And you don’t know what you’re talking about.

Jules studies Gemma, trying to get under her skin.

JULES
I gotta admit though, it was a lot sexier when he was playing football. Too bad knee caps are so important. Is his book any good?

GEMMA
I haven’t read it yet. I’m sure it’s great.

Jules smirks, takes out some cigarettes.

JULES
Problem with you is, you never like how anything looks up close.

Gemma meets her stare, gives a smile, thinly veiled cruelty;

GEMMA
Oliver is one of the kindest men I’ve ever met. From the bottom of my heart, I hope someday you find a man who loves you like he loves me.

Jules gives a fake smile. They’ve played this game before.

JULES
(FUCK YOU)
That is so sweet of you, Gem. Really damn sweet.

Gemma grabs the cigarette out of Jules’s hand –

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA
Why are you homeless?

JULES
Because I was living at this place... and now I’m not anymore.

Silence. Gemma just stares her down. Jules sighs, continues;

JULES (CONT’D)
I was renting a room from this guy. Okay? But he got this big crush on me. So we started dating and stuff, but then I started feeling sort of suffocated. So I told him we should slow down, but he just couldn’t handle it. So I left. He’s like desperate to get me back.

GEMMA
Do you have a job?

JULES
I was waitressing, but I got kinda fired.

GEMMA
Why did they fire you?

JULES
They were jealous of me.

Gemma sighs.

JULES (CONT’D)
I’m not gonna be a problem this time, Gemma. I feel really good.

Gemma studies her, finally hands her back the cigarette. Jules takes it, grins.

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Hours later. Gemma lays awake beside a sleeping Oliver.

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N1)

Gemma walks carefully down the dark hall - the sounds of PROJECT RUNWAY blare from the GUEST BEDROOM. Tim Gunn’s voice. Gemma gets close to the door - she hears the muffled sounds of Jules’s tearful voice, on the phone. There is something disturbingly unstable, desperate in her voice.

JULES (O.S.)
Please. I still really love you. Just tell me what I need to do.
(beat)
That’s not true, I just love you. Wait, please don’t hang up, please-

(CONTINUED)
The sound of Jules begging disgusts and shakes Gemma—it’s too familiar. Gemma hurries downstairs—fleeing the sound—

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (N1)

Impulsively, Gemma goes to the PHONE and dials a number. Someone picks up. Silence.

GEMMA
Come over.

A moment, then, James’s voice.

JAMES (V.O.)
Why?

GEMMA
Because you want to.

She hangs up.

EXT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

A JAGUAR is parked a few houses down from Gemma’s. Quietly, Gemma exits her house. She glances around—walks to the car. James gets out of the car. They look at each other. Finally she kisses him. He resists slightly—barely.

JAMES
I thought we were being good now.

She opens the backseat of the car, climbs on top of him. They speak in between kisses as she unbuttons his pants.

GEMMA
Don’t talk down to me like you did earlier.

JAMES
Be quiet.

GEMMA
I smiled at your wife today.

JAMES
What?

GEMMA
I smiled at your wife, and now I’m here with you.

JAMES
So what’s your point?

GEMMA
You shouldn’t feel sorry for me.

(CONTINUED)
He turns her over, rough, so he’s on top. He reaches up her skirt, pulls off her underwear, holds her down by her neck.

JAMES
Tell me you want it.

GEMMA
Stop it.

JAMES
Tell me.

He grips her neck harder. Then, like a gasp for air -

GEMMA
I want it.

JAMES
Sweeter.

GEMMA
Please. Please, do whatever you want.

He fucks her, hard, his hand tight around her neck. Somewhere between hate and love. Good for both, as always, but cruel.

JAMES
Stop pretending you’re in charge here.

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - SAME NIGHT (N1)

Gemma showers. She rubs her neck - it’s red and sore. She leans against the shower wall. Getting clean.
ACT THREE

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – DAY (D2)

In COCKTAIL ATTIRE, Gemma stands at the COUNTER, her LAPTOP is open to a GOOGLE SEARCH OF TONY HAMILTON. She studies him.

Suddenly JULES pokes her head over her shoulder. Gemma jumps –

GEMMA
Don’t sneak up like that!

Jules is focused on Gemma’s LEFT HAND - her ENGAGEMENT RING.

JULES
That rock never does get old.

Jules takes Gemma’s hand in hers - then turns Gemma’s hand over to reveal A STRANGE SCAR ON GEMMA’S HAND. Nasty looking.

JULES (CONT’D)
You’ve always lied to me about where you got this scar.

GEMMA
It’s a burn, Jules.

JULES
Yeah. I never believed that.

GEMMA
Just because you don’t believe something don’t make it a lie.

She frowns – realizes her mistake. Corrects herself quickly;

GEMMA (CONT’D)
Doesn’t. Doesn’t make it a lie.

Jules grins.

JULES
Careful.


JULES (CONT’D)
Why you dressed so fancy?

GEMMA
I have a charity luncheon.

JULES
Oooh. Wanna get dinner later? There’s this new place I’m obsessed with.

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA

Uh - sure.

Silence. Finally Gemma realizes Jules is standing only two feet from her - staring at her, something is wrong.

JULES

Are you alright?

(beat)

Your makeup. You only did one eye.

GEMMA

What are you talking about?

Gemma looks in the WALL MIRROR - she has indeed only done makeup on one eye. The left is intricately and beautifully decorated - the right entirely naked. Gemma stares, confused.

Flustered, she grabs a SMALL MAKEUP BAG out of her purse. Gets out her mascara - but her hands are fumbling - jittery. Finally she stops. Takes a moment. Jules says nothing, just sits, continues eating her cereal. Uncomfortable silence.

INT. BROOK HOLLOW COUNTRY CLUB - CHARITY LUNCHEON - DAY (D2)

Another elite country club in Dallas. A crowd of old-money Texans mingle; a sea of BROOKS BROTHERS and RALPH LAUREN.

Oliver makes small talk with TIM BRIGGS, 40’s, conservative. Gemma is bored at Oliver’s side.

OLIVER

Hey - congratulations on the merger. How are you celebrating?

TIM

Well, I’m surprising Beth with this-

On his IPHONE, Tim pulls up a picture of a NEW JAGUAR.

TIM (CONT’D)

Gonna leave it in the driveway with a big ribbon and a sign that says, “I couldn’t have done any of it without you.”

GEMMA

“I couldn’t have done any of it without you.” Huh.

TIM

You don’t like it?

GEMMA

It’s sweet. Just not the kind of thing I would put in writing.

Tim frowns - not understanding. Oliver grabs her by the arm.

(CONTINUED)
Honey, I see my friend. See you in a bit, Tim.

Tim nods bye as Oliver pulls a confused Gemma away -

You have to stop giving divorce advice to happily married couples.

Please. His wife has been sleeping with their daughter’s tennis coach for nearly a year.

I’m choosing to ignore that information and I’m not going to ask how you know it.

Suddenly Oliver stops - his eyes widen as he sees --

-- LUKE TELLER, the doctor from the newspaper - who Gemma ruined.


Gemma looks - sees Luke too. She turns away - startled -

Want to leave?

It’s fine.

It’s clearly not fine. She downs her glass of wine hurriedly.

Gemma checks her eye makeup in the mirror. It’s perfect.

Gemma exits the bathroom. She hears a voice behind her -

LUKE (O.S.)

Gemma turns - sees Luke. They stare at each other. A lot of history there.


What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA
I was invited. What about you?

LUKE
I work in St. Martha’s ER now. I sold my practice.

GEMMA
I heard.
(glances around, looking for an out)
So. How have you been?

He laughs. Gemma regrets the question immediately.

LUKE
You have a lot of nerve asking me that.

GEMMA
I was just being polite. You don’t have to answer.

LUKE
No, no, let me think... Between being forced out of my house, having my reputation ruined... the highlight though, I have to say, is seeing my kids once a week. Four days a month I get with them.

GEMMA
It was business, Luke. My job.

LUKE
Claire was never going to sue for full custody until she hired you. You think I don’t know that was your idea? Why? To get a better settlement?

Gemma starts to walk away - his voice stops her.

LUKE (CONT’D)
You and I were friends.
(beat)
I used to think you were so smart when we were kids. I thought you could do anything. But now when I look at you, I just see a screwed up girl from the trailer park with too much to prove.

A beat, he comes closer to her, in a low voice;

LUKE (CONT’D)
You still have to sleep with the lights on?

Gemma pulls back as if she were burned. She hurries off into the crowd. Now alone, Luke sighs - conflicted.
INT. DALLAS RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N2)

That evening. Gemma and Jules enter. Jules is dressed up - skimpily, dress, big hair, lots of makeup. She glances around - on the lookout for something. Gemma’s mind is elsewhere.

Jules heads towards the bar - Gemma follows.

JULES
I like eating at the bar. More social.

Jules keeps glancing around. Gemma notices, looks around too.

GEMMA
Do you come here a lot?

Jules shrugs. They sit at the BAR. The BARTENDER hands them a MENU. But Jules isn’t looking at the menu - she is focused on someone across the room. Gemma follows Jules’s gaze, sees -

- RICK BREAM, 30’s, the restaurant manager, staring at Jules as he speaks angrily to the HOSTESS; clearly discussing Jules.

GEMMA (CONT’D)
Jules. Who is that man?

JULES
Huh?

As Rick heads to them, Gemma shakes her head - realizing -

GEMMA
Jules. Why are we here?

Rick arrives.

RICK
What the hell are you doing?

JULES
Uh, having a drink with my sister?

RICK
You seriously need to stop this.

GEMMA
Jules. Let’s go.

JULES (ignoring Gemma)
Come on Rick. Why don’t you just calm down and have a drink with us?

RICK
I have told you - stop calling me. Stop driving by my place. Now you show up at my restaurant -

(CONTINUED)
JULES
I think you’re kinda overreacting—
GEMMA
Jules. Let’s leave.

RICK
You’re her sister? She needs some help. Like serious, expensive help.

JULES
Screw you. I only came here ‘cause I was craving the calamari-

RICK
I’m going to call security -

GEMMA
We’re leaving.

Gemma grabs Jules by the arm, pulling her to the door. People are now watching. Jules is bright red, embarrassed.

RICK
I’m not interested. Stop making a fool of yourself.

Gemma has pulled Jules outside then turns – walks back to Rick–

GEMMA
Hey. I don’t know who you are, but don’t let this inflate your ego. You’re not special. She does this with anyone who’s mean enough to her.

Gemma exits.

INT. GEMMA’S CAR – NIGHT (N2)

Silence. Jules rides passenger, embarrassed, sullen. Finally –

JULES
He was obsessed with me at one point. He was like fiending for me.

(beat)

I just thought maybe... if he saw me out, having a good time... I spent like 200 bucks on this dress.

GEMMA
I don’t understand why you do this.

JULES
I wouldn’t expect you to.

(silence)

Nobody loves me.

GEMMA
That’s not true.

JULES
You don’t count. I mean, nobody that isn’t obligated to love me.

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA
Nobody is obligated to love you.

JULES
Family is.

GEMMA
No. Family is obligated to help you. Save you if you need saving and if you haven’t burned through all your chances. But there’s not a damn person who’s obligated to love you.

Silence.

JULES
I let him do some weird things to me.

Gemma looks at her. Jules smiles, enjoys the attention.

JULES (CONT’D)
Some rough stuff. And he liked watching me with other guys.

Jules laughs at Gemma’s disturbed expression –

JULES (CONT’D)
Is that bad?

Gemma says nothing.

JULES (CONT’D)
I let them film it once.

Jules covers her mouth – really laughing hard now.

JULES (CONT’D)
I know, it’s so bad.

Finally Jules’s laughter subsides. Beat.

GEMMA
I swear to God, if there’s some weird footage of you out there –

JULES
No.

GEMMA
Get rid of it.

JULES
You’re scared I’m gonna end up like Mom.

Gemma turns to her, suddenly harsh –

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA
You are nothing like our mother. Do you understand?

Jules nods, a little scared of her. Silence as they drive.

JULES
I can’t stop thinking about him.

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - THAT EVENING (N2)

Gemma stares out the window. Lost in thought. Oliver comes up behind her with a GLASS OF WHISKEY. She takes the glass gratefully, drinks. He kisses the back of her neck, she smiles. Enjoying it.

Suddenly her cell rings, breaking the moment. She looks, caller ID says ROSE CHASTAIN. She answers. Oliver sighs disappointedly; he’s lost her.

GEMMA
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROSE CHASTAIN’S HOME - CONTINUOUS (N2)

Rose, Gemma’s meek client from Act One, sits on the floor, crying. The room around her is strangely empty of furniture.

ROSE
Gemma - he took all the furniture.
He just showed up with a truck -

GEMMA
Rose. Calm down. Are you at home?

INT. ROSE CHASTAIN’S HOME - BACK ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

Gemma sits with a weepy Rose in an otherwise empty room.

GEMMA
It’s a pathetic attempt at intimidation. He knows all the dirt you have on him, and he’s scared.

ROSE
Seeing him today got me thinking. The deposition next week. Do I have to be there? I mean, would it hurt our case if you went without me?

GEMMA
Well, no...

(CONTINUED)
Then, if it’s okay, I think I’d rather you do it without me there.

Beat. Gemma studies her, she is sympathetic but careful.

GEMMA
Why are you scared of him?

ROSE
It’s hard to explain to someone like you. He makes me - weak. It’s humiliating.

Beat. Gemma speaks kindly, genuinely. This isn’t for her.

GEMMA
You know what’s humiliating? Being such a small man, that you have to bully your wife into silence. Look. If you don’t want to go to the deposition - I swear I will go and I will nail his ass anyway. But if it’s weakness you’re worried about, then you need to be there. You need to look him in the face while I call him out on everything he’s done. You don’t need to stoop to his level, but you do need to show up. And Rose? It’s gonna feel good.

Rose lets this sink in, feeling slightly encouraged.

ROSE
I don’t want to fight with him.

GEMMA
You don’t have to. That’s my job.

Gemma smiles, Rose laughs through tears, lightening up. Then;

ROSE
You think you can make him cry?

Gemma smiles wider.

GEMMA
Oh yeah.

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT (N2)

Jules sleeps on the couch with the TV on, food wrappers lay around her; her solitary mess tarnishing the pristine room.

Gemma enters, turns the TV off. She stares at Jules, eerie in the dark.
INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT (N2)

Oliver sleeps in bed. Gemma gets under the covers. She lays in the dark for a moment, unsettled by the day’s events. She stares at the BEDSIDE LAMP; it’s off. She wants to turn it on, but resists. She turns over in bed, suddenly she sees:

YOUNG JULES, 3 years old, standing by the bed, in filthy clothes, sucking anxiously on her fingers. Terrified eyes.

YOUNG JULES
Gemma. Do we live here now?

GEMMA sits up slowly, staring, frightened by the vision.

YOUNG JULES (CONT’D)
I’m hungry.

GEMMA (breathless)
I’ll find you something, I promise.

CUT TO:

GEMMA shoots up in bed - IT WAS A NIGHTMARE. She quickly TURNS THE BEDSIDE LAMP LIGHT ON. The room is empty except for herself and Oliver. She steadies her breath, the glow of the lamp harsh on her face.

BLACK OUT.
INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Kate paces nervously. Gemma enters. Kate rushes to her.

KATE
Mrs. Hamilton was early. She’s in the conference room. With Erik.

Gemma’s eyes widen - she takes off down the hall in a hurry -

INT. JAMES GOODMAN AND ASSOCIATES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Erik sits with Elizabeth. Gemma enters.

GEMMA
Morning Elizabeth. And Erik, I didn’t know you were joining us.

ERIK
Liz asked me to come lend a hand.

ELIZABETH
We ran into each other over the weekend, Erik happened to attend Sunday service at my church.

ERIK
You know, I just can’t stop thinking about how moving Pastor Neil’s sermon was.

Seething, Gemma flips through papers, tries to gather herself-

GEMMA
I see. So I believe you wanted to discuss custody today... You’ve agreed on joint custody, yes?

ERIK
Liz changed her mind. She wants to sue for full custody now.

GEMMA
So you’ve discussed this already?

Gemma shifts uncomfortably - Luke’s words ring in her head.

GEMMA (CONT’D)
We would have to prove that Tony is an unfit parent. I just want to impress upon you... custody battles bring out the worst in people.

(CONTINUED)
ELIZABETH
I don’t want to share anything with that man. Not my bed, not my bank accounts, and not my kids.
Broken - Oppenheimer - Goldenrod Revised (03.13.16)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gemma starts to respond, but Erik interrupts her -

ERIK
We’re here to follow your lead.
Whatever you want. That’s our job.

Erik winks at her. Gemma clenches her jaw, forces a cooperative smile.

EXT. DALLAS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (N3)

Jules sits in her CAR, outside an APARTMENT BUILDING. She’s waiting for someone, trying not to be seen. Suddenly RICK exits the BUILDING. Jules lowers herself in her seat. She goes pale as she sees a GIRL, 20s, with Rick. They kiss. Jules watches them go to his car. They drive off.

Jules opens the car door and vomits into the street. She gets out. Crying, she approaches the building. She pulls a KEY from her pocket. She takes a breathe, then unlocks the door.

INT. RICK’S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)

Bachelor pad. Jules enters. She sees a BRA on the sofa. She glares. She spots the computer - goes to it, sits. She opens IPHOTO. She scrolls through the PHOTOSTREAM. Photos of Rick, with friends. She searches: no trace of Jules.

She opens an ALBUM, her eyes widen - several STORED VIDEOS, each with different girls. Finally, Jules finds one with her own face staring at the camera. She presses play: IN THE VIDEO: Jules is in lingerie, undressing.

Jules stops the video. DELETES IT. She stands, about to go, then stops. She sits back down, scrolling through the other videos. Girl after girl. Jules gets sicker with each one. Suddenly Jules gets an idea. She goes to RICK’S FACEBOOK. Impulsively, Jules copies SEVERAL VIDEOS. She posts them on his TIMELINE. She stares at the screen, laughing, delirious and unwell. She hurries out of the apartment.

INT. HAMILTON MANSION - BOBBIE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N3)

Bobbie watches TV in bed. He hears the doorbell ring downstairs. Several moments, then his mother’s angry voice --

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
What the hell are you doing here?
INT. HAMILTON MANSION - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS (N3)

A MASSIVE HOME - too enormous. Elizabeth stands at the open
door - outside is her husband, TONY HAMILTON, 50’s, handsome
and formidable but currently exhausted. He’s had enough.

TONY
I just want to see the kids. Don’t
use them to hurt me. It’s pathetic.

ELIZABETH
I’m pathetic?? If you cared about
our kids you would’ve shown some
loyalty to their mother! We’re a
package deal!

INT. HAMILTON MANSION - BOBBIE’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (N3)

Bobbie listens to the fight below. He gets up, exits his room-

INT. HAMILTON MANSION - CHLOE’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (N3)

Bedroom of Bobbie’s sister CHLOE; 16 going on 35. On her
phone. The FIGHT rages below. Bobbie opens the door uninvited-

CHLOE
I’m on the phone! Privacy??

INT. HAMILTON MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (N3)

Bobbie closes his sister’s door and leans against the wall.
Downstairs he hears his mom and dad screaming violently.

INT. DALLAS BAR - NIGHT

Gemma and James sit at a bar. Gemma is drunk, angry.

GEMMA
Erik is trying to undermine me. Why
won’t you stand up for me on this?

JAMES
I can’t help it if Elizabeth likes
him. Erik gets along with people.
Do you remember what you said to me
your first day of Law School?

GEMMA
I was on scholarship and you were
my professor. I would have said
anything to impress you.

JAMES
You said you didn’t care if people
liked you. And I think - maybe it’s
time to start.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Gemma stands, heads to the door angrily - James follows her.

Gemma sits passenger - James drives. She’s drunk.

GEMMA
You’re so afraid to play favorites at the firm that you give me half the respect you give anyone else.

JAMES
Gemma, if you don’t want to share Hamilton, then that’s in your hands. You need to show her that you’re indispensable. That you can give her something Erik can’t.

Silence.

GEMMA
You know that saying “When someone shows you who they are, believe them the first time?” We both should’ve followed that advice when it came to each other. You wanted me to be sweeter. And I wanted you to be honest.

JAMES
There are a lot of people who could call me a liar, but you can’t. You know how many people I lie to so I can be close to you? You’re the only person who knows everything.

GEMMA
You could stop all the lying. If you wanted to. We both could.

She looks at him - vulnerable, seeking. He knows what she’s asking but doesn’t respond. She sighs, looks forward again as he TURNS A CORNER - her eyes widen as she sees -

- a DEER, huge antlers, standing in the middle of the road. Frozen in the headlights, staring at them. She SCREAMS.

James swerves too late - the deer SLAMS INTO THE WINDSHIELD - broken glass mixed with blood. They come to a SCREECHING HALT. They’re both panting;

JAMES
Christ! Are you okay?

She nods. He gets out of the car. Gemma gets out as well -
Gemma and James both walk to the smashed front of the car. The DEER lies on the ground - dying but not quite dead - its eyes are wide open in terror, breathing heavily, in pain.

Gemma kneels, reaches a hand out - the deer jerks back in fear, a small smattering of blood brushes on Gemma’s hand. She jumps back, impulsively wiping the blood on her blouse.

Gemma stares at the dying deer.

CUT TO BLACK.
ACT FIVE

52
INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3) 52

That night. Gemma enters, her COAT COVERS HER BLOODY OUTFIT UNDERNEATH. Exhausted, she makes her way quietly towards -

53
INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (N3) 53 *

Oliver sits at the table, drinking whiskey, a little drunk. Gemma enters - surprised to catch him like this, and vice versa. A silent moment, then:

OLIVER
You’ve got a funny look.

GEMMA
So do you.

OLIVER
Where’ve you been all night?

GEMMA
At the office.

The DOORBELL RINGS. They look at each other - that’s strange.

54
INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 54 (N3)

Gemma opens the door - it’s Bobbie. Gemma stares, startled.

GEMMA
Billy -

BOBBIE
Bobbie.

GEMMA
What are you doing here?

BOBBIE
I needed to talk to you.

GEMMA
Do your parents know you’re here?

He shakes his head No.

BOBBIE
I Uber’d. Please don’t tell them.

GEMMA
I think we should call your mom.

(CONTINUED)
BOBBIE
No! Please! If you’re our lawyer, don’t you have to keep this secret?

GEMMA
I’m your mother’s lawyer. Your parents would be worried sick if they knew you were out by yourself. Frankly, I’m not sure why you thought this was a good idea.

Bobbie looks at the ground miserably -

BOBBIE
Okay. I’m really sorry.

Bobbie starts to leave. Gemma watches him, torn between deep annoyance and a slight twinge of guilt. She sighs.

GEMMA
What did you need to talk about?

BOBBIE
Are you going to tell my mom?

GEMMA
Bobbie, I’ve had a long day. So if you have something to tell me, you need to get to it.

Beat. Bobbie contemplates. Then;

BOBBIE
I know my mom wants full custody of me. But I was wondering if... maybe you could talk her out of it. My dad’s my best friend.

Silence. Gemma feels terribly, but is stuck.

GEMMA
I think this is a conversation for you and your mom.

BOBBIE
I can’t talk to her. She hates him. She’ll listen to you. Please? It’s not fair. He won’t be ok without me. He’s already not okay.

Beat. Gemma frowns – this might be important.

GEMMA
What do you mean? In what way is your father not okay?

Around the corner in the ADJACENT ROOM we see Oliver standing silently – unseen but listening to the entire interaction.

Back on Gemma and Bobbie. Bobbie is unsure if he’s said too much. Gemma pushes, softening.

(CONTINUED)
GEMMA (CONT’D)
Bobbie. You can tell me whatever you need to tell me. Okay?

Bobbie stares at her nervously.

BOBBIE
You promise you won’t tell?

GEMMA
I promise.

Silence. Then, as if he’s kept this bottled up for too long;

BOBBIE
A couple months ago I was at my house with my dad. And these men showed up. My dad told them to go away but they wouldn’t. They hit him, and they kept saying he messed up and he was going to be in trouble. They broke some stuff. I promised my dad I wouldn’t tell.

Gemma tries to remain calm – letting this sink in.

GEMMA
Okay. Let’s start from the beginning. Do you know why these men were angry with your dad?

Bobbie shakes his head no, he doesn’t know.

BOBBIE
Please don’t tell. I swore I wouldn’t.

GEMMA
I’m not going to tell. But I need to ask you a few more questions. Ok? I won’t repeat this. I promise.

Bobbie nods, almost grateful.

GEMMA
Hi Elizabeth. I was wondering if we could meet tomorrow. There’s been a new development. Don’t worry. Only good things. Give me a call back.

(CONTINUED)
She hangs up.

OLIVER (O.S.)
You really know how to make a promise ring true.

Gemma turns to see Oliver in the doorway, watching her. Gemma looks guilty.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
That kid trusted you.

GEMMA
You have no idea the competition I’m facing with this case. (kind, exhausted)
Can we just go to bed? Please? I think you’re drunk, baby.

OLIVER
You and I both smell like liquor tonight.

A hostile silence. Fueled by alcohol for both. Finally he heads to the door -

OLIVER (CONT’D)
Let’s leave this for tonight.

GEMMA
Wait.

She grabs him - pulls him close. Her form of an apology. He pulls back, stares at her. Finally she kisses him. They kiss for several moments - heat building. It is sweet, apologetic kissing. Guilty kissing. Then Gemma says softly;

GEMMA (CONT’D)
If you’re mad at me, it’s okay. You don’t need to be nice. You’ll feel better if you’re not.

She goes back in for another kiss, but Oliver pulls away - looks at her, disturbed. The moment is ruined. Silence, then;

OLIVER
I’ll be back in a bit. Get some rest.

He grabs his jacket and heads to the door and then stops - looks at her.

OLIVER (CONT’D)
I love you. But I need you to be better.

He leaves her alone. She hears the FRONT DOOR CLOSE.

She rubs her temples - head throbbing. Slowly, she removes her coat, looks down at the DEER’S BLOOD streaked across her blouse. She stares at the blood.
She unbuttons her blouse, takes it off. She walks to the TRASH CAN and throws it in. She throws a few PAPER TOWELS on top.

She continues undressing as she walks through the house to -

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (N3)

Stripping down to underwear, Gemma approaches JULES’ S ROOM.

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (N3)

Jules sleeps in bed.

The door opens and Gemma tip toes to the bed, climbs in beside Jules. As she turns the bedside lamp on, Jules wakes, groggily -

GEMMA

It’s just me. Go back to sleep.

Jules frowns, sleepy. Somewhere between dreaming and waking-

JULES

I had the weirdest dream. I was screaming all these desperate words at slamming doors.

Jules studies Gemma’s face a moment longer - groggy.

JULES (CONT’D)

Wow. You looked so familiar for a second.

Jules settles into her pillow. She wraps her arms around Gemma. Gemma closes her eyes.

BLACKOUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - FLASHBACK (FB2)

PITCH BLACK. We see nothing but hear FRIGHTENED WHIMPERING.

YOUNG GEMMA (O.S.)

Be quiet! You have to be quiet!

Suddenly we see YOUNG GEMMA, age 10, - holding a terrified JULES, 3. They’re in a small, dark space - hiding from something. Jules struggles, trying to scream, Gemma holds her, trying to keep her quiet. Gemma covers Jules’s mouth with her hand.

Jules BITES DOWN ON GEMMA’S HAND - blood gushes from Gemma’s hand but she doesn’t give in. Gemma holds her grip tight despite Jules’s angry teeth. This is where Gemma got her scar on her hand, Jules was too young to remember.

(CONtinued)
Tears stream down Gemma’s face as she holds Jules’s mouth -

CUT TO:

INT. GEMMA’S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING (D4)

Gemma shoots up in bed from the nightmare, out of breath. The sun has only barely begun to rise. Jules sleeps beside her.

As Gemma lays back down she looks at her hand - the scar right next to her engagement ring. As we close on her face, Moby’s cover of the Elvis classic “RUN ON” begins, and we -

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE.