

BETHESDA FRIENDS AND LOVERS

PILOT

Written by

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TEASER

INT. BFL CLASSROOM, NIGHT

A boisterous PTA meeting. Chaos, crossfire, parents frothing at the mouth. At the center of it all, HEADMASTER MARK (51, any race, slovenly yet exuberant), the founder of Bethesda Friends and Lovers, an alternative private school 23 minutes from our nation's Capitol.

MARK

I really didn't mean for this to get political.

Behind him, a chalkboard: "PTA MEETING. Agenda: 1. Welcome Back! 2. Homecoming Dance 3. School Shooter Awareness Week."

LIBERAL MOM

Of course it's political. It's our kids' *reproductive rights*.

PRAGMATIC DAD

Christ, we're talking about a few rubbers in a punch bowl--

BRIAN'S MOM

For the last time, *no rubber*. Brian's allergic to latex.

CONSERVATIVE MOM

Like Brian'll need a condom.

BRIAN'S MOM

What's that supposed to mean?

GRANDFATHER

(in wheelchair)

The kid can borrow some of my lambskins. People say they expire, but I've never had any complaints.

LIBERAL MOM

Natural condoms don't stop STD's.

GRANDFATHER

Ok, so I've had a *few* complaints...

PRAGMATIC DAD

If and when that kid shoots his load, we're going to need something a whole lot tougher than lambskin--

CONSERVATIVE MOM

Can we *please* stop talking about our children's genitals?

LIBERAL MOM

Oh so now you want to stop talking about our children's genitals...

PRAGMATIC DAD

Kevlar maybe, but not lambskin. The boy's going to fire like a pistol.

LIBERAL MOM

(to Conservative Mom)

...yet when it came to all-gender bathrooms, someone couldn't wait to talk about our kids' genitals...

CONSERVATIVE MOM

Don't make me sound like a pervert. All I wanted were a few cameras in there so I could get a good look...so we could get a good look--

MARK

Can I say something please? As an educator?

(off sudden quiet)

I've had success recently with a brand "ribbed for her pleasure"--

Room erupts again.

CONSERVATIVE MOM

God help us.

MARK

Success in a loose sense. My partner has yet to climax, but the ribbing has restricted blood flow to my penis in a way that's...*prolonged* the experience.

GRANDFATHER

Whatever happened to a good old-fashioned hand jibber in the restroom?

TREASURER

(on computer)

I just ran the numbers. "Ribbed for her pleasure" is going to put us over budget.

LIBERAL MOM

If we penny-pinch, they're just going to go bareback.

CONSERVATIVE MOM

For the love of-- we're a *P.T.A.*, not a Planned Parenthood.

GRANDFATHER

Especially with these wheelchair stalls they've got now. Like a G.D. hotel room in there.

CONSERVATIVE MOM

Why not bring in some strippers while we're at it? Have the kids snort Plan B off their asses.

GRANDFATHER

One hand on my member, the other on the grab bar, holding on for dear life...

CONSERVATIVE MOM

I mean seriously, what's next? Abortions at the coat check?

Room goes silent. Conservative Mom awkwardly explains.

CONSERVATIVE MOM (CONT'D)

I just meant...because of the hangers...

And now we see our protagonists, BECCA SKILLINGS (39, Black, stern, business casual) and her husband, HENRY FOSTER (38, white, scruffy, socks and sandals), looking on shell-shocked.

BECCA

(stunned, to Henry)

I think-- I think I want to leave.

Mark whips around to stare at her. Parents' stares follow.

MARK

What was that?

BECCA

I'm sorry?

MARK

You'll find that Bethesda is no place for secrets, young lady.

(off Becca's confused look, to room)

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Friends, as you've no doubt noticed, we have a new family in our midst. Becca and Henry Foster. Their daughter Alex starts with us tomorrow as a sophomore.

Tight smile from Becca. Halfhearted, ironic salute from Henry. Concerned murmuring amongst parents.

MARK (CONT'D)

Now I know it's unusual for a student to join us midway through their educational journey. And at such a hormonally fraught age, no less...

(beat, off weird looks)

But Becca's mother and I go way back. Way back. In fact, She was my high school reading teacher. The educator that made me want to become an educator. Just as my own hormonal fruits were beginning to ripen...

HENRY

(to grossed-out Becca)

Did he say "high school reading?"

MARK

So when Becca's mother asked me if I would educate her granddaughter, I was reminded of why I founded BFL in the first place. In the year of our lord 2017.

BECCA

(to Henry)

Year of our lord?

MARK

I founded BFL because when I looked around Washington for a school to send my children to--

CONSERVATIVE MOM (O.S.)

You don't have any children.

MARK

-- to send my hypothetical children to, I couldn't find a single secular institution grounded in the Quaker values that made me the man I am today.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

An institution where Friends -- in the Quaker sense -- could become friends in the secular sense, and friends in the secular sense could become *lovers* in the sexual sense.

Mark looks forlornly out the window at the school entrance sign. "BETHESDA FRIENDS AND LOVERS, EST. 2017" with the school crest: a snake coiled around a cross.

HENRY

(to Becca)

I don't get it. Is it religious or is it not religious--

MARK

(to room)

I founded this school to bring people together.

(beat)

But look at us now. More divided than ever. And after everything we've been through...

Parents murmur restlessly. Henry looks at Becca, intrigued. But she's distracted, leg bouncing, anxious to leave. Mark walks towards the window. On his lapel, the school crest.

MARK (CONT'D)

Divided by a culture war that pits religion against rationality. And God against His *children*.

BECCA

(getting up to leave, to Henry)

Seriously, I've got to get out of here.

More murmuring among parents. Shot of Mark from outside the window as headlights flare against the glass: a car whipping into the parking lot.

MARK

Such that once again, I find myself praying for our messiah to come home.

(quieter, solemn)

And save us all for good.

An Audi lock chirps outside the window and the room falls dead silent. They recognize that sound. Mark turns away from the window, resigned. The slow tick of heels on asphalt, then on linoleum, like a clock.

Parents look down, hands folded over their laps, silent, heads bowed. Disconcerted, Becca sits back down. As heels continue to click, she looks around at the parents and has a silent, split-second intrusive thought:

INT. CHICKEN COOP, NIGHT, FLASHBACK

Her high school self standing in a dark chicken coop. Chickens and roosters totally still, silent, heads bowed: waiting. She turns to find a silhouetted man in the doorway, a rooster tether dangling from his hand. Clicking stops...

INT. BFL CLASSROOM, NIGHT

And with a blink, Becca returns to the present to find, in the doorway of the classroom: JACQUELINE NADEAU (53, white, regal, severe, think Rosemund Pike). Big, ominous smile.

JACQUELINE

What did I miss?

Beat. Then, the crowd goes wild. They're ravenous for her. Haven't seen her all summer. Hugging amongst the women. Mark rolls his eyes. Becca examines her, intrigued.

Jacqueline's husband, THIERRY NADEAU (37, Black, French, stunning) is greeted similarly by the men, who dab him up. Henry examines him, intrigued.

MARK

Jacqueline. How nice of our *president* to make an appearance.

JACQUELINE

(amidst greetings)

Always the martyr, Mark. But I'm sure you managed fine without me.

MARK

Actually, we've reached something of an impasse, vis à vis condoms at homecoming.

JACQUELINE

I thought you were still shooting blanks?

Parents snicker. Mark rolls his eyes.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

(coy)

As for the kids, I thought we had a way of settling these things...

Parents look at each other: "Why not?" Mark realizes...

MARK

Oh please, not again--

Cut to Liberal and Conservative Moms locked in a vicious arm wrestle. Parents going crazy. Liberal Mom triumphs. Factions erupt in cheers, sighs of defeat. Jacqueline revels in chaos.

JACQUELINE

Condoms it is.

Parents go back to chatting, catching up about their summers.

MARK

(trying to corral them)

Wait-- We haven't even talked about School Shooter Awareness Week!

(off no reaction, louder)

Or the *Clara Tomé vigil* tomorrow--

No one hears him except Jacqueline, who gives him a look: "Really?". He returns it: "Really." The two of them know something everyone else doesn't. Becca registers this.

Meanwhile, Henry is self-consciously transfixed by Thierry, holding court amongst the men.

INT. BFL BATHROOM, NIGHT

Becca barges into the bathroom, throwing open the doors. Rounds the corner fast but stops in her tracks when she finds Jacqueline washing her hands. Close up: Jacqueline's hands are covered in tiny cuts, invisible from afar.

BECCA

Sorry-- I thought this was a family stall--

JACQUELINE

All-gender.

(looks at her, smiles)

The more the merrier.

BECCA

(awkward, lying)

I just-- need to wash my hands.

JACQUELINE

Say no more. I always feel filthy
after those things.

Jacqueline turns off the sink and goes to dry her hands as Becca assumes the vanity and starts vigorously washing her hands, almost pantomiming.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

(off Becca's silence)
It's a lost art, isn't it?

BECCA

What's that?

JACQUELINE

The girls' trip to the bathroom.
Now they just come in here to vape.

BECCA

(unconvincing)
Tell me about it.

Jacqueline realizes Becca doesn't want to talk. Smiles and leaves. As soon as Jacqueline's gone, Becca turns off the faucet. Stares at herself in the mirror. Brings a vape to her lips without breaking eye contact. Long pull.

Then, the sound of a flush. Becca holds her breath. Grandfather throws open wheelchair stall door and wheels out, buttoning up his pants. Leaves without washing his hands. Becca watches him go, concerned.

Once he's gone, she looks back at the mirror and sees -- in the reflection -- a crude flyer, taped to the inside of the swung-open wheelchair stall door: "LOST" with a picture of Clara Tomé. "Please contact headmaster.mark@bfl.edu with any information about her whereabouts." Becca stares at it, intrigued.

Then she shakes her head and looks back at herself in the mirror. How did she get here? She's lost too. Title appears: "BETHESDA FRIENDS AND LOVERS." Becca keeps holding her breath into...

ACT 1**INT. BECCA AND HENRY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT**

Becca sitting on the windowsill of the bathroom, profile in the mirror. Long exhale of smoke out the window. In the distance, a huge white pagoda tree, ethereal.

HENRY (O.S.)
It's hard for me to see you like
this....

He's in bed, peering over a copy of Jonathan Franzen's *Freedom*. Henry will often be seen reading; it will always be *Freedom*. Henry will never finish Jonathan Franzen's *Freedom*.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Especially as I'm beginning my own
journey with sobriety...

BECCA
Your what?

HENRY
I haven't smoked since we got here.

BECCA
Since when do you smoke?

HENRY
Becca, we've talked about this.
Ever since Alex started puberty...

BECCA
Are you talking about weed?
(shakes head, hits vape)
And you've got to stop attributing
your, fucking, midlife crisis to
our daughter starting puberty.

HENRY
You wouldn't understand. It's the
plight of a stay-at-home parent.

BECCA
Enlighten me.

HENRY
One day she's daddy's little girl,
the next she's out for scalps--

Becca shoots daggers, stopping him cold. Intrusive thought:

EXT. NEW YORK SOCCER FIELD, DAY, FLASHBACK

Silent. Henry and Becca on the sideline, cheering alongside other parents and girls in uniform on the bench. Then everyone's faces fall. They've seen something horrifying.

INT. BECCA AND HENRY'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Becca blinks, softens, hits the vape. Stares at the white pagoda tree.

BECCA
I fucking hate it here.

HENRY
It's not so bad. It's quaint.

BECCA
Of course, it's quaint. Everyone's lobotomized.

HENRY
You said the same about New York.

BECCA
I said everyone in New York *needs* a lobotomy.

HENRY
Can't have it both ways, can you...

More silence, more vaping.

HENRY (CONT'D)
This'll be good for us. A fresh start. You'll find a new job, and I'll...I'll find something that gets me out of bed in the morning.

BECCA
Like a job?

HENRY
No. Something just for me.

BECCA
Maybe we should ask your parents for more money.

HENRY
Money's the least of our problems. We're poor in *purpose*.

BECCA

Easy for you to say. You're not the one living with your mother.

JANE (O.S)

What's that supposed to mean?

Becca's mother JANE SKILLINGS (76, Black, weathered yet cherubic) stands silhouetted in the doorway of their bedroom. A startled Becca throws her vape out the window. The three of them are in a triangle, Henry in bed, Becca in the bathroom, Jane in the doorway.

BECCA

Jesus Christ, Mom, how long have you been standing there?

JANE

Ever since Henry started getting riled up about your daughter's womanhood.

HENRY

Please don't say her "womanhood."
(beat, then quieter)
It breaks my heart.

Becca frantically starts brushing her teeth as a guise for why she was in the bathroom.

JANE

How was the PTA meeting?

HENRY

Entertaining. Like a bloodsport.

BECCA

Something about a missing woman?

JANE

Oh please. That's just gossip.

HENRY

What happened to her?

JANE

She ran away with her kickboxing instructor. To Buenos Aires.

BECCA

(comes out of bathroom
gargling mouthwash)
The principal seemed pretty bent out of shape about it.

JANE

Don't worry. He's all bark, no bite.

(sigh)

I should know. I'm fucking him.

Becca spit-takes her mouthwash, choking on it.

JANE (CONT'D)

What? You don't have to call him Daddy or anything...

HENRY

So you're the one getting ribbed for her pleasure...

JANE

(coyly)

Like *Eve*.

BECCA

I'm going to vomit.

HENRY

Weren't you his teacher?

JANE

Kinky, right?

BECCA

Him?

JANE

(defensive)

He's running for City Council.

BECCA

Lucky us.

JANE

I'm glad you think so. I told him you'd be his campaign manager.

BECCA

(long silence, processing)

I'm sorry?

JANE

You said you wanted another job in politics...

BECCA

Mom, I was running a *gubernatorial* campaign...

HENRY
Operative word "was."

Becca shoots daggers at him.

JANE
You have to start somewhere.

BECCA
(losing her cool)
Christ, Mom, *I did start somewhere.*
I started here. I ran a, fucking,
city council campaign in Chevy
Chase when I was 22.

JANE
You *lost* a city council campaign in
Chevy Chase when you were 22.

BECCA
Of course I lost. I got knocked up.
(beat)
The kid's preternatural. Every time
I'm about to do something with my
life, she comes in and blows it up.

JANE
Welcome to motherhood.

Becca looks at her mother with a mixture of pity and
frustration. Cracks her knuckles one-handed to calm down. She
has powerful fingers.

BECCA
(resigned)
How much does it pay?

JANE
\$50K a semester.

BECCA
A semester?

JANE
Alex's tuition. Why else would Mark
have given her a scholarship?

BECCA
Jesus-- I thought that's where the
"you fucking him" came in.

JANE
Oh come on, Rebecca. What do I look
like? Some kind of slut?
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
 (off blank stares from
 Henry and Becca)
 He wants to meet with you tomorrow.
 Get the juices flowing.

HENRY
 I thought that was your job.

BECCA
 Can't we just send her to Bethesda
 High? I turned out fine.

JANE
 Did you?
 (off Becca's look)
 Besides, the last thing that girl
 needs is more public schooling.

HENRY
 Can we-- can we keep it down?
 (nervous, ominous)
 We all know how she gets without
 her sleep.

They're all silent, still, afraid, considering this, as the ominous drum patter of Charles Mingus's "Solo Dancer" (put it on now to get the feel) plays into...

EXT. JANE'S FRONT YARD, MORNING

A modest 2-story colonial. On the right, a garage door rises slowly, ominously, revealing a pair of gangly legs, then a gangly torso. Right as we're about to see a face, cut to...

EXT. BACKROADS, MORNING

A close shot of those legs pedaling a bike to Mingus's beat. Another close shot of some powerful-looking fingers curling one by one around a handlebar...

EXT. MAIN ROAD, MORNING

A lifted pickup barrels towards the camera. Then, suddenly, a bike swerves in front of it. Still no face, just a teenage body on a flimsy road bike in front of a huge pickup grill. The driver lays on the horn but the biker just gives him the finger before swerving back out of frame. Music crescendos as the horn continues to blare into...

EXT. BFL PARKING LOT, DAY

Click of a bike lock and the music suddenly stops. Pan up to see ALEX FOSTER (16, mixed, androgynous), sheeny with sweat but hardly out of breath. She takes out her earbuds and pockets them, then takes out a vial of lip balm and applies absent-mindedly. Mid-application, Alex notices JULIETTE NADEAU (16, mixed, mean girl), perched on the hood of her Audi, surrounded by a clique. Alex and Juliette make charged eye contact, before Juliette and her clique snicker and head into school. Alex, non-plussed, finishes applying lip balm, then hikes up her backpack and follows them inside.

INT. BFL GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE, DAY

Alex slouched in an armchair as RAZ SCHLUTTER (27, Latino, boyish, handsome) sits behind a desk and reviews her paperwork, bare feet on his desk. He has a nascent case of Athlete's Foot.

RAZ

(gesturing to feet)

So as you can tell, I'm not like most guidance counselors...

ALEX

Because of the Athlete's Foot?

RAZ

(suddenly concerned,
brings foot to face)

Athlete's Foot-- You've got to be kidding me. Pedro was supposed to clean the showers.

(taking feet off desk)

No, not because of the Athlete's Foot. Because I'm a *chiller*. Hell, I'm practically your age.

ALEX

Gross.

RAZ

Please. Don't flatter yourself.
(gestures to himself)

Gay.

(off Alex's disinterest,
reading paperwork)

My point is, all this bullshit? *No me importa*. Honor Roll. Jazz Ensemble. First-team all-state...

(double takes, reads
again, serious now)

(MORE)

RAZ (CONT'D)

You were first team all-state? As a freshman?

ALEX

That's what they tell me.

RAZ

I coach the girls' team here. We won counties last year.

(off Alex's disinterest)

Tryouts are tomorrow...

ALEX

I don't play anymore.

RAZ

What do you mean?

Alex shrugs. Raz gives her a long look. Then looks back at the paperwork. Intrigued, reaches for phone.

RAZ (CONT'D)

There's something here I don't understand. Let me call Mark.

INT. STARBUCKS, DAY

Mark, eager, and Becca, defeated, sit in armchairs. MARK'S ASSISTANT (14, any race) approaches with a phone.

MARK'S ASSISTANT

Raz on line 1 for you.

MARK

Tell him to hold, Mikey, thank you.

Becca watches assistant leave.

BECCA

Is that a student?

MARK

Indeed. Waste not, want not.

WAITER (23, any race, metrosexual, annoying) approaches.

WAITER

Welcome to Starbucks! What can I get started for you?

MARK

You know me, Sebastian. Something expensive with chocolate on it.

WAITER
Say no more.

BECCA
They do table service here?

WAITER
And for you, young lady?

BECCA
Just a coffee, thanks.

WAITER
Sorry...a coffee?

BECCA
Yeah, just a drip coffee.

Waiter gives her a strange look, leaves. Becca's confused.

MARK
So your mother tells me you have a
bit of campaign experience.

BECCA
More than a bit. I've been doing it
for 15 years.

MARK
15 years. And then, just like
that...

Mark snaps his fingers. His assistant hurries into frame.

MARK (CONT'D)
Not you, Mikey.
(off assistant's exit, to
Becca)
Of course, your mother told me
about the incident.

Becca is stoic. Split-second intrusive thought:

EXT. NEW YORK SOCCER FIELD, DAY, FLASHBACK

Back to Henry and Becca horrified on the sideline. Henry runs
onto the field while Becca stands back, shell-shocked.

MARK (V.O.)
I for one think it's ludicrous you
were fired...

INT. STARBUCKS, DAY

MARK

The sins of the child are *not* the
sins of the parent.

BECCA

(exasperated)

That's not a thing, it's the other
way around--

MARK

But just out of curiosity, where
does she get her short fuse? You?
Your husband? Or perhaps it's
intergenerational?

(leans in, quiet, scared)

I've noticed your mother has
certain...*proclivities* in bed--

BECCA

My husband. It's from my husband.

MARK

Really. And what does he do?

Becca looks at Mark, trying to decide how to respond.

INT. BECCA AND HENRY'S BEDROOM, DAY

Henry butt-naked, face-down, half-asleep on top of sheets.

JANE

(increasingly loud as
Henry doesn't respond)

Henry...Henry...*Henry*--

HENRY

(startling awake, voice
muffled by pillow)

I'm up. I'm up.

(beat, then to himself,
nervous)

Today's the first day of the rest
of my life.

INT. STARBUCKS, DAY

After a long pause, Becca responds, exasperated.

BECCA

He's a stay-at-home dad.

MARK

A stay-at-home dad? Bit effete, no?

Waiter approaches with a miniature chocolate croquembouche.

WAITER

For the monsieur, a miniature
chocolate croquembouche.

MARK

Divine, thank you, Sebastian.

BECCA

What kind of Starbucks is this?

WAITER

And for the madame...a drip coffee.

Waiter again gives Becca a look, leaves. Becca's confused.

MARK

(mouth full of choux)

Traditionally, it's the women in
this town you have to watch out
for. You've met Jacqueline, of
course.

(remiss)

Though you were too late for Clara.

BECCA

I don't want to gossip. We're too
old for gossip.

MARK

Who's gossiping? I'm not gossiping.

Mark pops another choux in his mouth and licks his fingers.

BECCA

(annoyed)

Why don't you just tell me why you
want to run for...what is it again?
County executive?

MARK

City councilor. And it's quite
simple really...

(looks out at Starbucks)

I want to bring this town together.
And I want to be loved.

A single tear rolls down his face. Becca bites her tongue and
takes a sharp inhale.

INT. BFL GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE, DAY

Raz is still on hold, waiting to talk to Mark, staring at clock, clearly anxious to be somewhere else. Finally...

RAZ

Alright, you know what Mikey, you can just tell him to shove it.

Raz hangs up angrily. In the doorway, JUSTIN TOMÉ (16, any race, enigmatic, sad) clears his throat, announcing his arrival. He has a saxophone case on his back. Raz turns and sees him.

RAZ (CONT'D)

Justin! Perfect timing.

(to Alex)

Alex, meet Justin Tomé. One of BFL's finest. Top of his class, not to mention a world-class, uh, trombone--

JUSTIN

Saxophone--

RAZ

Saxophonist! And all that despite a pretty...gnarly situation at home.

(rushing out the door)

Anyways, Justin's going to show you around the joint. See you at tryouts tomorrow, hope you're in shape!

Alex and Justin look at each other, intrigued, as we hear the sound of coughing, into...

EXT. JANE'S BACKYARD, DAY

Henry in running clothes, coughing, trying to catch his breath, hands on his knees, buckled over. We think he's just out of shape, until we zoom out and see he's not running at all. He's smoking in Jane's backyard. Brings a joint to his lips and hits it, guilty. In his other hand, a phone.

HENRY

(on speaker)

It's almost like, to cope with her losing her innocence, I'm forcing myself to lose mine...

HOTLINE OPERATOR (O.S.)
 Sir, this hotline is really meant
 for opiate addicts--

HENRY
 The website said substance abuse...

Then, over the backyard fence, he sees Thierry's face for a second before it dips out of sight. The sound of wheels whirring on concrete.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 I have to go.

Henry hangs up the phone and ashes the joint. Curious, he grabs the top of the fence and attempts to do a pull-up to see over it, but he's not strong enough.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE, DAY

Henry in front of the abandoned house behind Jane's. Hears whirring of wheels and laughter coming from out back. He wanders through the house to the backyard, where he finds three men from the PTA meeting -- Thierry, Pragmatic Dad, and Treasurer -- skateboarding in an empty swimming pool. They're really good. Henry stands watching them in awe, unnoticed, until Raz comes running in behind him, holding a skateboard.

RAZ
 Sorry I'm late, Little Miss Priss
 kept me on hold for half an hour--
 (notices Henry,
 standoffish)
 Who are you?

Raz tries to drop into the pool with a flourish, but eats shit. Starts rolling around in hysterical pain. The skateboarders just look at him. This has happened many times before. Then they look up at Henry for the first time.

HENRY
 I'm Henry. I was at the PTA meeting
 last night.

PRAGMATIC DAD
 Oh yeah. New guy.
 (beat, remembering)
 Hormonal daughter.

HENRY
 Don't get me started.
 (off awkward silence)
 Sorry, I'm kind of high.

TREASURER
 (shrugging)
 Us too.

RAZ
 (still rolling around)
 You guys smoked without me?!

Henry stands there, not sure of what to say. Forced smile.
 Everyone looks at Thierry, the arbiter. Finally...

THIERRY
 (thick French accent)
 So...you skate?

Henry's face falls a bit. He doesn't.

INT. STARBUCKS, DAY

Mark still silently looking out over the Starbucks, face
 streaked with tears. Becca annoyed.

MARK
 (almost whispered)
 I just want them to love me.

MARK'S ASSISTANT
 (into Mark's ear)
 Mother Hen at 11.

Becca turns to see Jacqueline and her clique (Liberal Mom,
 Conservative Mom, Brian's Mom) enter the Starbucks.

MARK
 (standing up, wiping
 tears)
 Well, I should get going. But *to be
 continued*. And listen, I want you
 at this Clara Tomé vigil after
 school. It'll give you a sense of
 my public speaking.

BECCA
 You keep saying vigil. Was she
 abducted or something?

MARK
 (eyeing Jacqueline)
 That's the million-dollar question.
 (gathers things to leave)
 And methinks whoever answers it is
 going to be Bethesda's next city
 councilor.

BECCA
Methinks?

MARK
(under his breath)
Bring Clara back and this town
might finally have its messiah.

BECCA
(exasperated)
Jesus Christ.

MARK
(somber)
And I her Father.
(smiles, pops one last
pastry into his mouth)
I'll see you tonight.

Mark hurries out with his assistant. Becca watches him go, confused. Takes a beat, then tries one of the choux pastries. Surprisingly good. Gets up to leave, when suddenly...

JACQUELINE
Rebecca!

Jacqueline gestures for Becca to come over to where they're sitting. Becca looks confused: "Me"? Jacqueline waves her over again and Becca approaches.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
Don't tell us Mark's ensnared
another bachelorette.

BECCA
I'm sorry?

JACQUELINE
(about Brian's mom, coy)
Heather here's been wrapped around
his finger for *months*.

BRIAN'S MOM
(quiet, concerned)
He preys on lonely women.

BECCA
Well that checks out. He's actually
fucking my mom.

They all stare at her. Then, Brian's Mom bursts into tears.

BRIAN'S MOM
I'm fine. I'm fine.

BECCA

Speaking of lonely women, what do
you guys know about Clara Tomé?

Jacqueline's face darkens, almost imperceptibly, before she
recomposes.

JACQUELINE

What's there to know?

(to group)

Times are changing, ladies. Women
can leave their families whenever
they please.

LIBERAL MOM

Amen to that.

CONSERVATIVE MOM

God help us.

They scowl at each other.

BECCA

So she left?

BRIAN'S MOM

(quiet, still recovering)

I heard she was last seen on a
bridge.

(even quieter)

At dusk.

JACQUELINE

Wherever she went, she could've at
least left a note. Saved us all the
trouble.

(affected dismay)

And her poor son. As if he wasn't
tortured enough already.

(beat, then suddenly

recomposes, gestures for

Waiter, ending convo)

Sebastian?

Becca gives her a confused look, then turns to leave as
Waiter swoops in and takes Jacqueline's order.

INT. BFL HALLWAY, DAY

Justin and Alex walk the halls of BFL lethargically, Alex
with her backpack, Justin with his saxophone case.

JUSTIN

That's the relaxation room.

ALEX
Relaxation room?

JUSTIN
It's got like a sandbox that you
can rake to calm down-- I don't
know, no one goes in there.
(arriving at band room)
And this is the band room. I've got
rehearsal now, but I feel like the
rest is pretty self-explanatory.

They look in through the window to see a jazz band warming
up.

ALEX
Are you guys good?

JUSTIN
(looks at her, intrigued)
Yeah. Why? Do you play?

ALEX
(looking at keyboard)
Not on a Nord I don't.

JUSTIN
Don't get me started. The PTA blew
\$30K on a sandbox but won't get us
an upright. There's a Steinway in
the auditorium, though.

Alex looks intrigued. Juliette and her clique pass them in
the hall. One of them bumps into Justin's saxophone case and
they all laugh. Alex tracks them over her shoulder.

ALEX
What is with this bitch?

JUSTIN
(ruefully)
Like mother, like daughter...

Juliette looks back and makes eye contact with Alex. Alex
cracks her knuckles one-handed to calm down, just like her
mother. Powerful fingers...

INT. BECCA'S CAR, DAY

Car door slams shut with Becca's hand white-knuckling the
handle. Deep breath. Then unwraps a new vape from the glove
compartment and hits it, fucking exhausted. Takes a beat.

In the distance, sees the back of her old high school scoreboard. Starts the car with a new resolve. Cranks the stereo. Upbeat music -- "You Make My Dreams" -- plays into...

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE, DAY

Montage of skateboard dads teaching Henry how to skate. Laughing, more smoking. Pragmatic Dad steals Raz's board and runs around with it, taunting him. At one point, Thierry puts his hands on Henry's waist to steady him as he rides. Henry blushes and smiles. Raz looks on, jealous. Moment interrupted by school bell ringing in the distance.

EXT. BFL PARKING LOT, DAY

Students filter out. Alex goes to unlock her bike. Watches Mark and his assistant setting up for the vigil, Mark standing on the stage pointing to where his assistant should set up each chair: always right next to the last one.

Then, suddenly, an Audi screeches to a stop in front of her. Juliette with her clique.

JULIETTE

Need a ride?

ALEX

(smirking)

I'm good tha--

But the Audi has already screeched away, girls laughing. Alex watches them drive away past the soccer field, which she walks towards, intrigued.

EXT. BFL SOCCER FIELD, DAY

Alex arrives at empty soccer field. Picks the lock on the equipment room with a paperclip (those nimble fingers) and steals a ball. Tosses it onto the field. Stares at it for a second, like a tiger stalking its prey, then attacks. Dribbles down the field, juking imaginary defenders. Ferocious. Reaches the goal and winds back for a shot...

EXT. A DIFFERENT HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD, DAY

A different ball whooshes into a net. Pan up to see Becca standing in the bleachers of her old high school soccer stadium, vaping. Looks out on the field, where the current team is practicing.

Has a vision of her high school self out there, sprinting, dominating. Then she looks up at the press box on top of the opposite bleachers. Intrusive thought:

Her high school self in the press box at night. Pressed up behind her, a shadowy man -- the same one that was holding the rooster tether in the earlier flashback.

Becca blinks back to the present. Contemplates for a second, then takes a picture of the press box. Opens messaging app and types a phone number by memory into the "To:" bar. She's deleted this contact many times before. Texts this unknown number the photo of the press box. Waits a beat. Almost immediately, little dots. Then a response: "Back in town?"

Becca stares at it. About to respond when she gets a message from a contact named "Career Suicide": "Where r u???" Then, "Vag about 2 start." Then, "***Vig" Then, "Vig = Vagisil." Then, "Vig = VIGIL!!!!" It's Mark. She sighs. Deletes the conversation with the unknown number. Hits the vape one more time with a blank stare.

EXT. BFL PARKING LOT, DAY

Becca stands dead-eyed behind mostly empty chairs at the vigil. Mark speaks at a podium next to the BFL Jazz Band.

MARK

(Obama-like)

Frightening times in Bethesda.
Frightening times. Women
disappearing left and right. Not to
mention inflation. I spent 27
dollars today at Starbucks. 27
dollars. And I didn't even get a
coffee...

(beat, letting it sink in)

It's times like these that we're
reminded of the importance of local
government. With a big City Council
election coming up and a thin field
of candidates. This town is primed
for a dark horse run.

He winks at Becca. She avoids eye contact.

MARK (CONT'D)

Because Clara Tomé deserves to come
back to a *Bethesda better than the
one she left.*

(starts clapping, trying
to start applause)

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

And what better way to bring her
back than through the power of
song...

(gesturing to big band)

I've asked one of our finest,
Justin Tomé, to arrange a classic
in honor of his mother. So without
further ado...

Mark steps onto the conductor's stand. Big band starts to
play Justin's arrangement of Sinatra's "My Way." They're
really good, it's a very complex arrangement. They crescendo
to a caesura, at which point, Mark spins around with a
flourish, holding a wireless microphone. He's not only the
conductor, he's the vocalist. And he has a stunning voice.

MARK (CONT'D)

*And now, the end is near / And so I
face the final curtain / My friend,
I'll make it clear / I'll state my
case, of which I'm certain...*

BECCA

(to Mark's Assistant)

Weird song for a vigil, right?

MARK'S ASSISTANT

Shhh.

Becca gives him a weird look. As band continues to play, a
sweaty, bloodied Henry sidles up to Becca, puts his arms
around her, tries to give her a kiss.

HENRY

Hey beautiful.

BECCA

What the hell happened to you?

HENRY

(looks at bloodied elbows
and knees)

Oh shit, I didn't even notice.

BECCA

Are you high?

HENRY

(defeated)

I need help, Beccs.

Becca shakes her head. Justin rips a tenor solo.

EXT. BFL SOCCER FIELD, DAY

A sweaty Alex listens on from the soccer field, impressed.

MARK (V.O.)
*Yes, there were times, I'm sure you
 knew / When I bit off more than I
 could chew...*

EXT. NEW YORK SOCCER FIELD, DAY, FLASHBACK

Silent. Large marching band is playing. Suddenly stop, dropping their instruments in horror.

MARK (V.O.)
*But through it all, when there was
 doubt / I ate it up and spit it
 out...*

EXT. BFL PARKING LOT, DAY

Band crescendos to big finale. Becca looks around and notices Jacqueline's not there. Turns to Mark's Assistant.

BECCA
 Where's Jacqueline?

MARK'S ASSISTANT
 Celebrating privately.
 (shaking head)
 Another scalp.

Again, Becca looks at her weird. Close-up of Mark gripping the microphone, his lips whispering the final refrain.

MARK
*I faced it all, and I stood tall /
 And I did it my way...*

On final note...

EXT. NEW YORK SOCCER FIELD, DAY, FLASHBACK

A horrified referee meekly puts up a red card. A close-up of Alex's hand holding up a scalped ponytail, triumphant.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2**INT. BECCA'S CAR, DAY**

Becca driving, vaping. Turns on stereo, same upbeat music from yesterday, immediately turns it off. Passes a kickboxing studio, where out of the corner of her eye, she sees Conservative Mom and Liberal Mom kickboxing. Jacqueline watches on, barking at them. Becca does a double take over her shoulder to get a better look, but it's too late. She stares back ahead, curling her fingers around the wheel and accelerating.

INT. BFL CAFETERIA, DAY

In the background, a festive banner: "School Shooter Awareness Week!" Alex slides into a seat across from Justin, who's sitting alone eating a sandwich, listening to music. She waves aggressively to get his attention until he takes out his earbuds and looks up.

ALEX

You guys sounded good last night.
(jazz parlance)
Although the bones were a little
flat. Fucked up your re-harm.

JUSTIN

I didn't see you there.

ALEX

So you were looking for me...

Justin rolls his eyes and takes a bite of his sandwich.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your mom.

JUSTIN

(stops chewing)
Thanks.

ALEX

(off awkward silence)
Do you know if she--

JUSTIN

I don't really want to talk about
it. Sorry.

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 (mouth full, off Alex's
 expectant look)
 Are you coming to auditions today?

ALEX
 Who said I was going to audition?

JUSTIN
 (beat, reverse psychology)
 Probably for the best. Rob has been
 locking it down lately.

ALEX
 Sure he has.

Alex mimes the pianist's comping, mocking him. Stops when she hears witchy laughter; turns to see Juliette and her clique huddled around a laptop at one of the nearby tables.

JUSTIN
 Bitches Brew...

INT. STARBUCKS, DAY

Becca enters to find BRETT (35, white, suit, sleazy) already seated.

BRETT
 Look who the cat dragged in.

BECCA
 (hugs him)
 You sure you want to be seen with
 me in public?

BRETT
 I'll just tell everyone you're my
 stalker.

BECCA
 (sits down)
 How're things at State?

BRETT
 Better than campaigning for a
 handsy geriatric.

BECCA
 Oh please. "Handsy."
 (leaning back in chair)
 Show me on the doll where he
 touched you.

BRETT
Still his attack dog? I thought he
had you euthanized.

BECCA
Pot kettle.

BRETT
All for the best. Look at me now.

BECCA
Nice to be a man, isn't it?

BRETT
Oh please.

BECCA
What's your secret then, guru?

BRETT
(sly)
I domesticate my kids.

Becca bites her tongue, cracks her knuckles, forced smile.
Waiter approaches.

WAITER
Welcome to Starbucks! What can I
get for you-- Oh.
(recognizes Becca)
Different man every night with you,
isn't it?

BECCA
It's noon.

WAITER
(whispered into her ear)
If you break Mark's heart, I'll
kill you.

Waiter walks away with a death stare. People swivel to look
at Brett and Becca suspiciously. They're outsiders.

BRETT
What the hell was that?

BECCA
Don't engage.
(looking around)
Everyone here is rabid for gossip.

BRETT
Give me a taste.

BECCA

One woman skips town and they
accuse the PTA president of,
fucking, disappearing her. Like
we're in some sort of Banana
Republic.

BRETT

Think they prefer Tory Burch.

BECCA

(shaking her head)
Stay-at-home moms.

BRETT

Speaking of, how's Henry?

Becca stares at him, thinking of how to respond.

INT. BECCA AND HENRY'S BEDROOM, DAY

Jane comes to check on Henry...

JANE (O.S.)

Henry--

...but finds the bedroom empty, bed perfectly made.

INT. SKATE SHOP, DAY

Henry walks into a skateboard shop and approaches the SKATE
SHOP ATTENDANT (23, stoned) triumphantly.

HENRY

(confident)
Today is the first day of the rest
of my life.

INT. STARBUCKS, DAY

BRETT

I always thought he looked like
Guevara.

BECCA

I don't want to talk about Henry. I
want to talk about what's next.

BRETT

Buy me dinner first.

BECCA

I only took the Robbins job because I thought he was going to get tapped for State. I'm done with campaigns. I want something invisible. Something where I can actually get shit done. No more politics.

BRETT

So you came to D.C.?

BECCA

You know what I mean.

BRETT

Hard to be invisible when your kid's face is plastered across the tabloids.

BECCA

It'll blow over. Henry's Dad pulled some strings with the DA so he'd drop the charges. And we settled with the family. Cleaned us out, but it's over.

BRETT

I suppose I could cash in a few favors.

BECCA

That would be a fucking lifesaver--

BRETT

(takes out phone)
Let's talk about it more over dinner. They've got me at the Sofitel while I look for something permanent. There's a nice French place in the lobby.

BECCA

(beat, confused)
I'm sorry--

BRETT

(looking at calendar)
I could do 9?

BECCA

(beat)
Are you trying to fuck me?

BRETT
 (beat, then looks up)
 Excuse me?

BECCA
 You think I'm going to fuck you for
 a job? What do I look like? Some
 kind of slut?

WAITER
 (loudly, from across room)
 Yes.

BECCA
 Christ, everyone just loves to *fuck*
 me when I'm down, don't they? With
 my luck, you'll knock me up.

BRETT
 Is this because of Henry? I thought
 you guys were on the outs.

BECCA
 Just because Henry's not man enough
 to fuck me doesn't mean you are.

As Becca barges out of the Starbucks...

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, DAY

Henry barges into the abandoned house in knee pads, elbow
 pads, a helmet, mouthguard...

HENRY
 Who's ready to shred--

...to find a Mexican crew working on the renovation.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Oh. Sorry.
 (trying to communicate
 with them, starts miming)
 I'm looking for the men on boards?
 In the swimming pool?

CONTRACTOR
 (perfect English)
 Why are you talking like that, man?

Henry flushes red, embarrassed. Awkward silence.

INT. BFL HALLWAY, DAY

Alex is at her locker. She fishes some crumpled sheet music out of her backpack and skims it over, preparing for her jazz audition, when suddenly, a hand reaches over her shoulder and snatches the paper.

Alex turns around to find Juliette and her clique in soccer gear. Juliette furrows her brow, ironically pretending to study the music, before sticking her gum in it, crumpling it up, and tossing it in the garbage. She smirks at Alex, then spins forward and walks away with her clique, snickering. Alex doesn't move, just looks at them. Then, she looks inside a classroom and sees scissors on a teacher's desk. Blood in her eyes...

EXT. BFL SOCCER FIELD, DAY

Raz leading warmups, shouting.

RAZ

You girls make me sick. Forget
condoms at homecoming. They should
have your tubes tied...

He trails off, transfixed by something. Everyone's heads turn. Alex has walked onto the field, her jeans cut into shorts and her shirt into a tank. Raz and Juliette look at her, pleased.

RAZ (CONT'D)

Rachel, give her your cleats.

A pissed girl unlaces her cleats and hands them to Alex. Raz blows his whistle, and the girls begin to scrimmage, Alex (striker) and Juliette (center defense) on opposite teams.

Almost immediately, Alex scores a goal and gives Juliette a look as she jogs leisurely back to her side. After a bit more play, Alex is threatening net again. But this time, Juliette slide tackles her, clipping her ankles. Alex yelps in pain, but no whistle.

Play continues as Alex gets to her feet and shakes it off. Like a missile, she zeroes in on Juliette, who's dribbling the ball downfield. Chases her down.

We cut to Raz's face watching intently, excitedly. Then, we hear a yelp of pain from Juliette. Raz grimaces and whistles the game dead. Runs out to get a better look. Something bad's happened. A shot of just Juliette's eyes, alight.

INT. BFL HEADMASTER'S OFFICE, DAY

Becca is slouched, seething, dead-eyed, listening to Mark.

MARK

...weirdly enough, I felt nothing on the *day of 9/11*. But when Bush got up on that mound and threw a perfect strike at the World Series...

(shaking his head, moved)
The power of politics.

RAZ (O.S.)

Get a grip, Mikey, you're not the secret service--

(pushing past Mark's Assistant into the room)
Chief, we've got a bit of a situation...with the new girl...

Mark and Becca look at each other, concerned.

INT. BFL GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE, DAY

Mark and Becca follow Raz in to find Thierry and Jacqueline standing behind a bloody-nosed Juliette, and Henry standing behind a sulking Alex.

BECCA

Christ, not again.

MARK

Rasmus, I made it very clear in her file that she's not to play contact sports!

RAZ

You call this clear?

Raz holds up Alex's file with Mark's crude drawing of two stick figures, one pulling the other's ponytail, encircled by a red Ghostbusters "cancel" sign.

MARK

I am a *visual communicator*.

BECCA

She knows she's not supposed to, she just doesn't care.

MARK

That she gets from your mother...
 (whispered, scared)
 Why even have a safe word if you're
 just going to ignore it.

HENRY

(whispering to Thierry)
 You guys weren't at the pool today.

THIERRY

We're kind of over it.

HENRY

(crestfallen)
 Totally.

RAZ

(annoyed)
 Care to share, boys?

JULIETTE

Can everyone just chill? She was
 going for the ball.

Alex looks at Juliette, intrigued by her nonchalance.

RAZ

Listen, I know things got heated
 today. But if these two can learn
 to work together, it could be a
 season for the history books.

BECCA

(sarcastic)
 No way. A season for the history
 books?

Thierry snorts. Raz scowls at them.

MARK

Unfortunately, there's some crucial
 context that you all are missing--

JACQUELINE

(rubbing temples, annoyed)
 Oh please, you don't think we know?
 It's Bethesda. Everyone googles
 everyone.

Becca, Henry, and Alex look at her intrigued.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

But Bethesda isn't New York. We're not so prudish, are we?

(smiling)

Girls will be girls. I'm sure Rebecca and I both have stories from our glory days. Of passion getting the better of us.

MARK

Those days are behind you, are they?

Mark and Jacqueline exchange looks. On Mark's desk, we see another crude drawing of two older woman kickboxing, one of them dealing a knockout blow. No one in the room sees this.

JACQUELINE

We're hosting a team shindig on Sunday. I'm sure a little quality time will help to iron all this out.

(to Henry and Becca)

What do you say?

All look at Henry and Becca. Then Henry turns to look at Becca, knowing she'll make the call. She looks pissed into...

INT. BECCA'S CAR, DAY

Becca still looking pissed, driving. Henry in the passenger seat, Alex in the back, head lolling against the window.

HENRY

(off awkward silence)

Bit of an uncomfy vibe in here. Why don't we get the air con going...

Henry starts fiddling with air con touch screen. Continued silence. Becca looks at Alex in the mirror.

BECCA

Do you want to go to college? Because if you get expelled again--

ALEX

(sighing)

I don't care.

BECCA

(exasperated)

Why are you so angry?

(off silence)

(MORE)

BECCA (CONT'D)

Seriously, I want to know. Where does all this anger come from?

ALEX

You tell me.

BECCA

I was never angry like you.

ALEX

(bored)

Of course you were. You just repressed it. And now it's bubbling up as this weird midlife resentment.

BECCA

(looking at Alex in rearview mirror)

What do you know about my life?

HENRY

(about air con)

You girls feeling anything? From your vents?

ALEX

(to Becca)

This is your problem. You think no one could ever understand you. Like you were the first person in history to have a kid at 25.

BECCA

23. But go on.

ALEX

No one made you have me.

HENRY

Oh come on, Alex-- Your mother wanted to have you.

BECCA

It wasn't that simple.

HENRY

Becca--

BECCA

She wants to be treated like an adult, let's treat her like an adult.

ALEX

You know what I think? I think you had me because you knew you were going to fail. And at least with a kid, you'd have an excuse.

BECCA

Christ, you had that one locked and loaded, didn't you?

HENRY

(sees a happy dog sticking its head out the window of another car)

Can we roll down a window or something?

ALEX

What about you, Dad? Did you also see my birth as the death of your career?

BECCA

What career?

HENRY

Becca--

BECCA

No, seriously. And she has the audacity to psychoanalyze *my* career anxiety-- like some kind of, fucking, incel.

(beat, shaking head)

That's a luxury of your generation. The fear of failure. We didn't have a choice.

ALEX

God, it must have been so hard. Growing up in the munitions factory.

HENRY

(can't open window)

Can we turn off the fucking child lock?

(beat, quieter)

I'm going to die in here.

BECCA

(to Alex, turning wheel)
 You girls don't know what it's like
 to look at a miserable, homebound
 mother and think, "God I *really*
 don't want that life."

ALEX

I know exactly what that's like.

Becca stares at her daughter in the rearview mirror.

HENRY

BECCA, STOP!

Becca looks ahead to realize she's about to plow into Jane,
 stooped over in the driveway. Slams on brakes. Jane, in
 gardening wear, holds up the used vape that Becca tossed out
 the window the other night. Shakes her head, disappointed.
 Becca closes her eyes, wishing she was anywhere but here.

INT. BECCA'S CAR, NEXT DAY

Henry driving, Becca in passenger seat holding a bottle of
 wine, Alex in back. Everyone in Sunday best.

HENRY

(to Alex)
 Mommy's not going to drive for a
 little while.

BECCA

In that case...

Becca unscrews the top of the wine and takes a glug. Henry
 looks at her concerned. Alex is non-plussed.

EXT. JACQUELINE AND THIERRY'S COMPOUND, DAY

The Fosters approach the guarded, gated entrance to
 Jacqueline and Thierry's compound.

BECCA

This is their place?

HENRY

(to guard in booth)
 We're here for the soccer party?

Guard smiles, presses a button and the gates open.

BECCA

What are they guarding? The
Bethesda Nuclear Codes?

They make their way down a long, flat driveway, lined with trees, leading up to a massive antebellum home.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY

A knock. Jacqueline opens the front door to reveal Becca, Henry, and Alex awkwardly standing on the porch. Becca holding the partially emptied bottle of wine.

JACQUELINE

The Fosters! So glad you could make
it.

Jacqueline hugs each of them as they enter. The other mothers are bickering in the gorgeous, sprawling living room.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Any trouble getting here?

BECCA

Just the border control out front.

JACQUELINE

Ridiculous, right? But Thierry's
such a pussy. He can't sleep
without it.

(off Fosters' amazed
looks)

Despite my best efforts, we've
broken off into cliques. The girls
are in the basement and the boys
are out in the pagoda.

Out the sliding glass back doors, a surreal, stunning backyard with different pockets of landscaping and architecture. In one corner, a massive white pagoda tree -- the same one Becca was looking at through the bathroom window earlier -- shadowing a miniature Japanese pagoda structure.

Henry, entranced, immediately goes outside. Jacqueline smiles at Alex until she takes the hint and heads to the basement.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

(taking wine out of
Becca's hands, smiling)

And the slightly older girls are
having a bit to drink.

Jacqueline goes to sit as Becca looks around, shell-shocked.

INT. BASEMENT, DAY

Alex descends stairs to find a sprawling basement covered in astroturf. The girls are huddled in the corner in front of a massive projection screen. They're looking at a text message conversation between Raz and a catfishing account they've made using Thierry's picture. Juliette is controlling from her phone, with a cat in her lap. She looks over her shoulder, noticing Alex, then turns back around, nonplussed.

ALEX

(seeing Raz's picture)
Is that Raz?

JULIETTE

(without looking at Alex)
He's in love with my dad. So we're catfishing him.

ALEX

(looks at astroturf)
What's with the turf?

JULIETTE

(annoyed)
My parents made, like, a kids' soccer field down here. It's a rich person thing-- will you just come sit down? We're cooking here.

Alex reluctantly sits down. Raz texts: "Can't we just talk?" Girls start to murmur with suggestions -- "Talking would only make things worse." "What's there to talk about? I love you." "Send nudes." -- but Juliette shushes them. Takes a second, then responds: "No." Girls snicker. Alex looks on, intrigued.

INT. PAGODA, DAY

Boys -- Thierry, Raz, Pragmatic Dad, Treasurer -- are hotboxing the pagoda. Raz looks up from his phone, concerned, at Thierry, who is also on his phone. Henry enters and starts coughing because of the smoke.

HENRY

Jesus, how long have you been here--

THIERRY

(wags his finger at him)
Too high. No talking.
(taps phone aggressively)
Phone time.

Treasurer hands Henry a joint.

HENRY

I'm worried you guys are a bad
influence on me.

The boys don't look up. Henry takes a hit of the joint.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY

Muffled, banal conversation. Becca's ears ringing. Her head starts to swim with other people's voices: Brett's ("There's a nice French place in the lobby"), Mark's ("I felt nothing on the day of 9/11"), her mother's ("You don't have to call him Daddy"), and her daughter's ("I know exactly what that's like"). Becca furiously cracks her knuckles, getting worked up, until--

BECCA

I'm just going to get some air for
a second.

Becca wanders outside. As moms keep talking, Jacqueline watches Becca, intrigued.

INT. BASEMENT, DAY

Girls are still catfishing. Raz texts: "I just want to be alone with you." Juliette thinks for a second, then responds: "Why?" "This is the best part." "You can look but you can't touch." Smiles, pleased with herself, then nuzzles her face against the cat's. Girls snicker. Alex watches, intrigued.

INT. PAGODA, DAY

Raz hyperventilating. Thierry looks up and stretches.

THIERRY

Is anyone else, fucking, hot?

Thierry takes off his shirt and goes back on his phone. Raz looks tortured. Henry, meanwhile, has gotten very high. He's looking at the ornamental ceiling of the pagoda.

HENRY

This ceiling is amazing.
(beat, has an idea)
I'm going to lie down and look up
at it.

TREASURER

Watch out for the koi pond.

HENRY

The koi pond?

Henry looks down and finds that, indeed, the boys are all sitting around a koi pond, shrouded by the smoke. The fishes' orange backs glimmer in the light. Henry is amazed.

EXT. JACQUELINE AND THIERRY'S HOUSE, DAY

Becca looks at smoke coming out of the steeple of the pagoda. Shakes her head, then pulls out a vape and hits it, exhaling her own spiral of smoke. Moment of peace. Then...

She hears squawking from another corner of the yard. Intrigued, she listens closer, and realizes it's chickens. Follows the sound until she arrives at a chicken coop. Scared but intrigued, she unlatches the door and steps in.

INT. CHICKEN COOP, DAY

Becca enters to find rows of chickens and roosters, all squawking loudly. It's triggering for her. She has the same split-second intrusive thought she had at the PTA meeting: *her high school self in a dark chicken coop; a shadowy man in the doorway, holding a rooster tether.*

Cracks her knuckles and shakes off the intrusive thought, but when she returns to the present, the chickens have gone eerily silent, still, heads bowed. She turns to find Jacqueline in the doorway.

BECCA

Jesus Christ.

JACQUELINE

I see you found our coop.

BECCA

Sorry, I was just--

JACQUELINE

You apologize too much, Rebecca.
You have to stop apologizing.

BECCA

I had an ex with one of these--
I've always had a bit of a morbid
fascination.

JACQUELINE

Why morbid?

BECCA

Well, he raised them for-- you know what, it's not important.

JACQUELINE

We have something of a menagerie here.

Jacqueline takes a palm full of feed from a trough and feeds one of the roosters.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

It's calming, isn't it? To tend to something weaker than yourself.

BECCA

Tell that to Alex.

JACQUELINE

(smiles, then looks fondly at a rooster, pets it)
Feed these ones and they'll follow you anywhere.

Becca observes this moment of tenderness.

INT. PAGODA, DAY

Henry dips a tortilla chip in the water, and soon, a koi comes to the surface and nibbles on it, its little face delighting Henry. Thierry observes this moment of tenderness and smiles. Raz starts furiously texting.

INT. BASEMENT, DAY

Girls stare at the screen with bated breath. Then a long paragraph appears from Raz: "I don't know what fucking games you're playing with me, especially with this NEW GUY, but I'm a HUMAN BEING..." The rest of the message is collapsed.

ALEX

New guy?

JULIETTE

(to Alex)

Is he talking about your dad?

They all look at Alex, who, after a beat, bursts out laughing.

INT. CHICKEN COOP, DAY

Jacqueline gestures for Becca to feed one of the roosters too, and Becca does.

JACQUELINE

Not much of one for the salon conversation, are you?

BECCA

(beat, exasperated)

To be honest, I've always had a bit of trouble with stay-at-home moms.

(beat)

Not that I think less of you, it's just-- my life is so different--

JACQUELINE

(chuckling)

I'm not a stay-at-home mom.

BECCA

(beat, processing)

No, I know you all have your little projects and stuff--

JACQUELINE

Rebecca. I'm a defense contractor.

BECCA

(long beat)

I'm sorry?

JACQUELINE

My company. We're a military services contractor. For the State department, the DOD. Among others...

BECCA

I don't understand.

JACQUELINE

(pedantic)

Have you heard of Blackwater?

BECCA

(duh)

Yeah, I've heard of Blackwater.

JACQUELINE

It's like that. But smaller. More invisible.

Becca gives her a very intrigued look.

INT. PAGODA, DAY

The koi tires of Henry and goes back under water. Henry's face falls. Yet again, he's lost his sense of purpose.

HENRY

But...how do I get her back?

PRAGMATIC DAD

Her?

Thierry is intrigued by Henry's tenderness. Raz seething.

INT. BASEMENT, DAY

The girls have left Raz on read. Dots appear.

JULIETTE

Holy shit, he's double texting.

Alex watches on with bated breath.

INT. CHICKEN COOP, DAY

Becca is looking at Jacqueline in a new light.

BECCA

But you spend so much time with the moms...

JACQUELINE

They're more than just "moms,"
Rebecca. You of all people should
know that

(beat)

Besides, everyone needs a release.
The girls have soccer. The boys
have, whatever they do all day. And
we have our little games. For fun.

BECCA

Private DOD contracts aren't fun?

JACQUELINE

No. But they're important.

BECCA

(beat, then)

What kind of games?

JACQUELINE
Harmless ones.

Jacqueline looks out towards the glass windows of the salon, where the stay-at-home moms are having a shouting match.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)
They're fun to play with, these girls. Full of rage without an outlet. Lost. But if you feed them...

As Jacqueline watches the moms, Becca watches a chicken nesting. Looks closer and realizes the nesting material is made of shredded Clara Tomé "LOST" flyers. Curious.

BECCA
And what about Clara Tomé?

JACQUELINE
(lost in thought)
Lost. Like them. But smart. Like you.
(looks at Becca now)
Bethesda's not for everyone. You're either in or you're out.
(recomposing)
What do you say? Shall we get back to the party?

Jacqueline leaves. Becca watches her go. *A flash of the man with the rooster tether, walking away.* But then he's gone.

INT. PAGODA, DAY

Thierry kneels down by Henry and puts his hand, palm up, in the water. Suddenly, all the koi are at the surface. Thierry smiles. Henry looks at him amazed. Raz storms out texting.

INT. BASEMENT, DAY

Raz replies: "It's either me or him." Girls erupt laughing.

JULIETTE
What do we say?

Alex gestures for the phone. Juliette hands it to her. Alex sends a message: "May the best man win." They look at each other, eyes alight. The games have begun.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3**INT. BECCA AND HENRY'S BEDROOM, MORNING**

Becca and Henry in bed, turned away from each other. Henry snoring, but Becca's been awake for hours, thinking. Finally gets up. Walks over to Alex's room to check on her and reconcile, but finds an empty bed. Looks out the window to see Alex getting in the back seat of Juliette's Audi.

MARK (O.S.)

They grow up so fast.

Becca turns to see Mark in his boxers, also staring forlornly out the window.

MARK (CONT'D)

(sighing)

Mind if I have the first shower? In the interest of full transparency, I'm filthy.

BECCA

(exasperated)

Don't you guys have your own shower?

MARK

In the interest of full transparency, that's filthy too.

Mark walks towards Becca and Henry's shower. Becca just stares dead-eyed ahead.

INT. BFL CAFETERIA, DAY

Alex enters the cafeteria with Juliette and her clique, laughing, but peels off when she sees Justin sitting alone, eating a sandwich. Juliette watches her, intrigued. Alex goes behind Justin and takes out his earbuds for him.

ALEX

Stop being antisocial. You know it's School Shooter Awareness week, right?

JUSTIN

You weren't at auditions Friday.

ALEX

I told you. I don't play on a Nord.

Justin starts clucking like a chicken: "Bawk bawk bawk."

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'll show you. On the Steinway.

JUSTIN
It's only for concerts.

ALEX
Then let's have a concert. Tonight.

Justin takes a bite of his sandwich, non-plussed.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Enough with the sandwich. What is it with you and the fucking sandwiches?

JUSTIN
(mouth full of sandwich,
about the piano)
It's locked up. In a cage.
(off Alex's nonchalance)
You could get expelled...

ALEX
And?

Justin looks at her, intrigued. Alex smiles coyly.

INT. STARBUCKS, DAY

Becca and Mark sitting in armchairs, staring at each other.

MARK
Shall we address the elephant in the room?
(off Becca's silence)
Fine, I'll say it. I thought we were going to carpool.

BECCA
I can't do this anymore. I'm sorry.

MARK
If I had a dollar for every time I heard that.
(matter of fact)
Besides, wouldn't want to risk Alex's scholarship, would we? More conventional schools might not look past her...*misdeeds*.

BECCA
Are you blackmailing me?

MARK
No, dear. I'm extorting you.
(coy)
To blackmail you, I'd have to know
something secret about your past.

BECCA
Everyone already knows about the
scalping.

MARK
I'm not talking about the scalping.

Becca looks at him curiously, wondering what he actually
knows. He leans back.

MARK (CONT'D)
I want to announce my campaign
tonight. We'll use the stage from
the vigil. Pedro never took it
down.

BECCA
You have a speech?

MARK
(tapping BFL lapel pin)
It's all in here.

BECCA
What's the rush?

Jacqueline and her clique enter. Mark's Assistant leans in.

MARK'S ASSISTANT
(whispered to Mark)
Mother Hen...

MARK
(looking at Jacqueline, to
Becca)
Time is of the essence. It's now or
never.

Mark and his assistant scurry out, right as Waiter swoops in
carrying a miniature, fully-functioning chocolate fountain
adorned with strawberries. He looks crestfallen and glowers
at Becca. Becca approaches Jacqueline.

JACQUELINE
Still doting on Mark, are we?

BECCA
Are you questioning my loyalties?

JACQUELINE
(smiling)
You can tell him we don't bite.

BRIAN'S MOM
(staring at the door)
Speak for yourself.

Brian's Mom bites her lip with longing. Becca looks at her weird, then turns to Jacqueline.

BECCA
Could we talk for a second?

JACQUELINE
Of course.

Becca stares at clique expecting them to leave, but they don't. Jacqueline looks unfazed, so Becca continues.

BECCA
(taking out resume)
Ok, well, I just wanted to give you my resume. In case you ever need any help.

JACQUELINE
Help?

BECCA
I'd love to work with you.

JACQUELINE
(beat, then)
Oh. Well. It's not quite that simple, dear. There's an interview process.

Becca looks confused for a beat, then notices the other moms glaring at her. For the first time, she registers that they are dressed exactly like her: business casual.

JACQUELINE (V.O.)
(from before)
*They're more than just "moms,"
Rebecca. You of all people should
know that.*

And now Becca realizes: *these are not stay-at-home moms.* They're careerists, just as ambitious and cutthroat as her.

And they're currently engaged in Jacqueline's non-traditional interview process, vying for a spot in her inner circle. Becca nervously cracks her knuckles. Then finally...

BECCA

I'm game for anything.

JACQUELINE

(smiling dismissively)

All in due time.

(waves over Waiter)

Sebastian?

Waiter comes swooping in, giving Becca a triumphant look as Jacqueline and her clique try his strawberries. Becca looks pissed, then resigned. Storms off.

INT. STARBUCKS BATHROOM, DAY

Becca barges in to vape, but it's out of battery. Angrily tosses it into the trash. Then looks into the bin and sees something curious: a "LOST" Clara Tomé poster, but with a modification: "Please contact headmaster.mark@bfl.edu..." has been papered over with ransom note lettering. "WHERE.SCLARA@BFL.EDU ???"

Becca looks at it for a second, intrigued. Then looks at herself in the mirror.

BECCA

(under her breath)

What the fuck am I doing...

She crumples up the flyer and tosses it back in the trash. She's done with this town and its gossip.

INT. BECCA AND HENRY'S BEDROOM, LATE AFTERNOON

Henry in bed depressed. Jonathan Franzen's *Freedom* over his eyes like a sleeping mask. Jane comes in to talk to him.

HENRY

Please, Jane. I had an emotional weekend. I just need to rest.

JANE

It's 4 o'clock. And you have some friends here to see you.

Henry is confused, then gets up and looks out the window to find Thierry, Pragmatic Dad, and Treasurer on the porch, holding skateboards. Thierry waves. Henry smiles.

EXT. BACKROADS, EVENING

The guys skate down the street. Henry's wearing all the skateboarding gear he bought: pads, helmet, mouthguard.

HENRY

I thought you guys were over it.

THIERRY

That was yesterday.

HENRY

Where's Raz?

Thierry shrugs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Also where are we going--

EXT. BFL DUMPSTERS, EVENING

The boys roll up to meet the 23-year-old skateboard shop attendant and his posse. The two skate gangs nod at each other with mutual respect and dab each other up. Henry acts cool, leans in to whisper to skateboard shop attendant.

HENRY

Thanks again for hooking me up. I feel like a new man.

THIERRY

(to the group)

So...you guys have the stuff?

SKATE SHOP ATTENDANT

(holds up baggie of weed)

Only the finest for our elders.

THIERRY

No, we need, uh...*stronger* for tonight.

SKATE SHOP ATTENDANT

(processing, then nodding)

I got you.

HENRY

(to Pragmatic Dad)

Is he talking about, like, a sativa? Because I don't want to be up all night.

In the distance, Mark wails indiscernibly.

THIERRY

Let's get out of here.

Skate Shop attendant palms Thierry something as they dab goodbye. Older boys skate away, Henry struggling to keep up.

EXT. BFL PARKING LOT, DUSK

Mark, Becca, and Mark's Assistant have been waiting for hours for people to show up, but no one has. Becca slouched on a chair, defeated. Mark lying down on the stage.

MARK

(getting up, shaking off)
Nothing like a good cry.

BECCA

That was a *cry*?

MARK

I'll just announce via email.
(looking out at the huge
white pagoda tree)
She may have won the battle, but
we'll win the war.
(beat, recomposing)
Come on, Mikey. I'll give you a
ride home.

Mark and his assistant slouch off. Becca too looks at the pagoda tree, looming over Bethesda. She sighs in defeat, then types out a text to the unknown number: "Press box tonight?" Just as she's about to send it, gets a text from a different unknown number: "Come to mine -J." She stares at it, intrigued.

EXT. BFL AUDITORIUM, DUSK

Alex bikes up, finds Justin and two other boys peering around the corner at Becca. Justin looks back at Alex.

JUSTIN

I think your mom's here.

ALEX

(seeing Mom)
How'd you know it was my mom?

JUSTIN

You guys look the same.

ALEX

Fuck me.
(beat, notices other two)
Who are they?

JUSTIN

Rhythm section.

ALEX

Why's he wearing a ski mask?

BOY IN SKI MASK

(through mouthless mask)
Stealth.

ALEX

(exasperated)
Jazz used to be cool, you know.
They used to do heroin.

Justin leads them in through the back door of the auditorium.

INTERCUT BECCA / ALEX:

INT. BECCA'S CAR, DUSK

Becca takes a deep breath in her car, readying herself. Then throttles the engine.

INT. BFL AUDITORIUM, DUSK

Dark. Then Justin flips a switch. Concert lighting. It's a stunning auditorium. Alex is in awe.

EXT. JACQUELINE AND THIERRY'S COMPOUND, NIGHT

Becca pulls up to Jacqueline and Thierry's compound, only to find the guard station abandoned, gate ajar, almost inviting people in. Nothing to hide. Strange.

INT. BFL AUDITORIUM, NIGHT

Alex picks the lock of the piano cage, as others set up their instruments. Lock clicks open. They all look at her.

EXT. JACQUELINE AND THIERRY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Becca stands outside the house, hearing loud muffled sounds from the basement. Cracks her knuckles, scared.

INT. BFL AUDITORIUM, NIGHT

Alex settles in at the piano, looks at other members. Everyone waiting with bated breath. Then...

ALEX
(counting off)
1, 2, 1 2 3 4

Rhythm section launches into an excellent, fast-paced rendition of the ominous classic "A Night in Tunisia." Alex is a piano prodigy. Music plays over all of the following...

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

Becca slowly descends into the basement, step by step, as the sound of a crowd crescendos.

INT. BFL AUDITORIUM, NIGHT

Shot of Alex's feet stamping rhythmically on the piano pedals.

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

Becca enters the basement to find a throng of parents. Confused, she pushes through to find...

A cockfighting ring. On the basement turf. Two roosters going at it, their fight projected on the big screen where the girls were catfishing Raz earlier. The inner ring of faces are the usual suspects: Thierry, Pragmatic Dad, Treasurer, Conservative Mom, Liberal Mom, Brian's Mom, Grandfather in his wheelchair, the guard from out front. Everyone but Jacqueline. All frothing at the mouth, cheering roosters on.

Becca looks horrified. Henry comes up to her.

HENRY
Thank God, you're here. I took
something and I'm freaking out.

Becca ignores him, staring at the cockfighting ring.

Henry looks out over the crowd to find Raz looming in the back, glaring at him. Raz gestures like "you and me?" and then points aggressively at the center of the ring, indicating they too are in a cockfight for their lives.

Henry mouths "Me?" and gestures at himself, but Raz just walks out. Henry's terrified. He's way too high for this.

INT. BFL AUDITORIUM, NIGHT

Band is on fire. Justin's amazed. He rips into the melody.

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

One rooster triumphs: the other one is left twitching on the ground, not yet dead. Jacqueline comes out of nowhere with a manic grin, and crowd goes crazy. She holds up the vanquished rooster -- the same one she was feeding and petting earlier with Becca -- like a trophy as the crowd erupts.

INT. BFL AUDITORIUM, NIGHT

Close up on Alex's hands crescendoing furiously now.

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT

Close up on Jacqueline's hands, one gripping the bird's twitching talons -- this is where the tiny cuts on her hands come from -- the other on the bird's neck, which she suddenly twists. Right before we hear it crack...

INT. BFL AUDITORIUM, NIGHT

Band caesuras. Shot of Alex's hands lifting off the piano; everyone has stopped playing except for the bassist who continues to play ominously. Stay on Alex's hands as she furiously cracks her knuckles, awaiting her next entrance.

INT. BASEMENT, DAY

As bass line continues to play, we see Jacqueline smiling manically. Becca looks past her and sees the shadow of the unknown man she's been texting, the man in the press box, the man with the rooster tether. But then Becca blinks, and he's gone.

END OF EPISODE