

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY OF LOS ANGELES - EARLY MORNING

CAMERA ZOOMS through the city, scanning tall skyscrapers -- passing Hollywood Hills -- the Beverly Hills sign -- the hilly Bel Air landscape -- approaching a large estate on fifteen acres.

EXT. COLEMAN'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

A gate leads to a grand, Spanish-style mansion with cobble-stone pathways and manicured lawn areas.

EXT./INT. COLEMAN'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA ZOOMS through the front door, moving through the marbled-tiled foyer -- ascending the stairs -- moving through the mahogany floored halls -- passing a grandiose library -- a sitting room -- the master's bedroom --

INT. COLEMAN'S RESIDENT - CONTINUOUS - OFFICE

KATE COLEMAN (55, classy, erect) stands in front of a large window, drinking a cup of coffee while looking at the ethereal mountain skyline of Los Angeles. She stands in silence for a moment until a voice interrupts:

ANNA (O.C.)

Good morning, Miss Coleman. I have the schedule for the day.

ANNA PALIMINO (25, sleek), the personal assistant, scans the daily schedule on an I-pad. She uses a stylus pencil to scroll through.

Still facing the window:

KATE

Sure. Let's hear it.

ANNA

You have a meeting with Mark Truman at 9 a.m.; a board meeting at 9:30; lunch with the Smith's at 1; a meeting for financials at 3; a doctor's appointment at 4.

KATE

Let's cancel the doctor's appointment.
I can hold off for a little longer.
Anything else?

ANNA

Yes, the last item of the day is
dinner at Perrier for 6 p.m. --

Kate hands Anna her cup and moves toward a large, mahogany desk where she grabs a file folder.

KATE

Any word from Laura for dinner?

ANNA

Not as yet... she and Peter said that
they may have an engagement --

KATE

Then I assume they're not coming?

ANNA

Umm...

KATE

An "engagement," according to my
daughter, is another way of saying
fuck off, Mom.

Anna nods her head as she scrolls through the tablet.

ANNA

Yes, I will make note of that. Sorry.

KATE

How long have you been with me, Anna?

ANNA

Ummm. Two years.

KATE

Then don't apologize. It's no secret
that my kids think I'm a cold bitch.

Anna nods, unsure of how to respond.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY - CONTINUOUS

Kate's town car passes restaurants on Sunset Boulevard -- The car slows down.

INT. KATE'S TOWN CAR - SAME

Kate reads a .PDF on her I-phone while Anna sits next to her scrolling through her work I-pad. The car slows down, Kate's window automatically scrolling down.

Kate takes a moment to watch as **THURSDAY (26, African-American woman)** rush down the sidewalk holding a red, waitress apron.

ANNA (O.C.)

A veggie burger with potato fries.

Kate turns to Anna.

KATE

Uhm... Yeah and a green tea kombucha.

And uhm...

(looking out the window)

Get yourself whatever, of course.

EXT. DAVE'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Large, windows and the neon sign "Dave's Diner."

Thursday barges into the diner.

INT. DAVE'S DINER - SAME

Traditional diner with red leather seats and white tables and black and white checkered floors --

Thursday places on her apron and pulls a note-pad out of her pocket. She stands in front of two CUSTOMERS, who hold their menus.

THURSDAY

Good day, my name is Thursday and it's a beautiful day to be at Dave's diner, how can I help you?

The MALE CUSTOMER places his menu on the table.

MALE CUSTOMER

I would like --

The owner, **DAVE (45, slick hair, Armenian)** interrupts:

DAVE

You're late. This is the third time this week.

THURSDAY
 (fake smiling at customers)
 Dave, I'm taking orders right now.

Dave looks at his innocent customers.

DAVE
 We'll finish this later.

THURSDAY
 Sure thing.

Dave marches toward the kitchen door while Thursday turns to her customers. She takes a DEEP BREATHE.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)
 So again then... Good day, my name is
 Thursday and it's a beautiful day to
 be at Dave's diner, how can I help
 you?

The customers exchange an awkward look with each other.

EXT. COLEMAN'S & HARP INC. - CONTINUOUS

A tall, sleek skyscraper with sign "Coleman & Harp."

INT. COLEMAN'S & HARP INC. - DAY - KATE'S OFFICE

Kate sits at her clear desk looking ahead.

KATE
 Listen Mark, I know you've had some
 high expectations in terms of making a
 full-time transition into the firm,
 but unfortunately, this is where your
 contract ends. I hope you understand.
 I do wish you all the best.

MARK (O.C.)
 Wait, I uhmmm -- have created critical
 structural changes that led to maximum
 efficiency in terms of numbers --

Anna, who holds the I-pad, stands across from Kate. MARK (34) is digital present on the I-pad.

KATE
 I know. I'm sorry but you're just not
 what this company needs anymore.

KATE'S OFFICE/HALL

Anna holds the office door open as Kate walks out.

ANNA

I think Mark's termination went well.

KATE

I think so.

CONFERENCE ROOM

FINANCIAL ASSOCIATES, mid-20s to 50s, sit at a large rectangular desk --

Among them is Kate's son-in-law, **MICHAEL LEVY (35, clean-cut)**. Michael glances at Kate who reviews numbers on an excel sheet.

KATE (CONT'D)

Who came up with these numbers?

A male associate, **BAXTER (55, balding)** speaks up.

BAXTER

I did.

KATE

Why is this financial breakdown so close to last year's statistical analysis of company earnings?

Baxter reaches for Kate's file, which she hands to him.

BAXTER

What do you mean?

KATE

I'm suggesting that you and your team re-do these numbers. Otherwise, this is fraudulent reporting.

BAXTER

(stuttering)

But these numbers are accurate.

KATE

They are... for last year's report, minus a few minor adjustments of course.

Baxter exchanges a look with Michael as Kate rises from the table. Baxter, slightly guilty, looks around for support.

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't waste my and your associates time, Mr. Baxter. Fix the numbers or else.

Kate begins for the door but pauses.

KATE (CONT'D)

You know, my father and I have built this company from the ground up. Numbers is my game and I'm a wiz at it. Maybe you all should think about that before you put a bunch of bull shit in front of me.

Kate makes her exit in style.

HALLS

Kate and Anna move toward the elevators as Baxter and Michael, both holding briefcases, lag behind her.

Anna presses the "up" button on the elevator while Kate check her watch.

BAXTER

You think she's going to fire us?

MICHAEL

Us?

BAXTER

(whispering to Michael)
She's being a bitch and you know it.

MICHAEL

She's also my mother-in-law so...

Michael and Baxter catch up with Kate and Anna.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(smiling)
Kate.

KATE

Michael.

The elevator doors open.

KATE (CONT'D)

Anna, may you schedule a meeting with Mr. Baxter for 8 a.m. tomorrow morning?

Anna raises her stylus pen, using it to navigate her tablet.

ANNA
Yes, scheduling now.

Baxter turns to Anna with a fake smile.

BAXTER
Thank you, Anna.
(to Kate)
What are we meeting for, by the way?

Anna gives Michael a guilty look as Kate steps into the elevator.

KATE
(to Anna)
Oh, and let Michael know that dinner is canceled because he and Laura did not confirm.

Anna looks at Michael.

MICHAEL
I got it, Anna. Thank you.

Anna steps in the elevator, slipping in before the doors close on Michael and Baxter.

INT. COLEMAN'S RESIDENCE - EVENING - DINING ROOM

Kate sits at a long, mahogany table eating a meal: salmon with pasta and a side of vegetables.

Anna emerges from a nearby room as Kate takes a bite of the fish.

ANNA
Miss Coleman, the last of the support staff has left.

KATE
Thank you.

ANNA
I'll just grab my things and head out.

KATE
Sure. See you first thing in the morning. Oh. And let's push the doctor's appointment to Monday the 15th of next month.

ANNA

Sure thing, Mrs. Coleman. Good night --

Anna leaves the room as Kate continues to eat alone in her big, empty house. Kate sips a glass of wine.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT as she takes another bite of salmon.

INT. THE KITTY KAT - NIGHT - DRESSING ROOM

LOUD RAP MUSIC playing. Thursday stands in front of a well-lit mirror, putting on blue rouge. Another half-dressed WOMAN, scantily dressed, walks over to the mirror and pulls a stick of eyeliner out a bag, soon applying. Placing on her mauve lipstick:

THURSDAY

How's the crowd out there?

HALF-DRESSED WOMAN

Feels like senior citizen night. Just a bunch of old dudes on the pill.

THURSDAY

(pursing her lips)

Time to work some magic then.

BEHIND THE BAR

New RAP SONG PLAYING. In the role as a bartender, Thursday places a cut lime on a glass of rum and coke. She gently slides the glass over to KENT (55), soon looking up at GINGER (25, stripper) scantily dressed and doing a pole trick.

THURSDAY (CONT'D)

(to Kent)

Out on a Monday night, Kent. Has the week really been tough *already*?

Kent takes his drink and nods.

INT. COLEMAN'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS - LIBRARY

A LIGHT turns on. Kate stands by the light switch. It's a large room with a few towering, mahogany book cases.

Kate walks over to a case where a few family photos are lined off. Younger pictures of her family: a picture of MR. COLEMAN (40), her husband; a picture of her daughter LAURA (18, blonde); and a picture of her son, JASON (16, blonde) --

Kate holds the picture of her daughter and son in her hand. She takes a moment to examine them before resting them back on the shelf.

She then turns off the light switch.

INT. YOGA CENTER - MORNING

LAURA COLEMAN (30, blonde) lies face down on a mat, soon converting to a COBRA pose. She's on the phone, using blue-tooth earpiece.

LAURA

Could you tell Sheila that I'm not wearing beige for the reception? I would prefer something dark colored... preferably rose or burgundy... Well, I know it's her wedding but if she's including me, then I should definitely have a say in what I'm wearing...

Laura looks over to her cute YOGA TEACHER (20, male), who gives her a cue as he converts to a LOCUST pose. Laura shakes her head, unable to do this pose. The Yoga Teacher nods his head and instead enacts a STANDING FORWARD BEND pose --

INT. COLEMAN'S & HARP INC. - CONTINUOUS - KATE'S OFFICE

Kate holds an I-pad, video conferencing with her son **JASON (25, tall, scruffy)**.

KATE

I would prefer you come home after Italy.

INSERT - TABLET

A view of Jason along with an elevated view of Venice, Italy.

BACK TO SCENE

JASON (O.C.)

I would love to spend another smog-filled day in Los Angeles, mother, but I'm afraid new adventures are calling. A group of friends and I are heading to Ayuthaya, Thailand for a couple weeks.

KATE
(smiling)
I hear the skies are the prettiest
blue over there.

JASON (O.C.)
Yeah... listen I have to get going.

KATE
Okay.

The video call is terminated.

KATE (CONT'D)
Anna?

Anna stands by the door, soon approaching Kate.

KATE (CONT'D)
What else is on the schedule?

Anna quickly scrolls the tablet as Kate files documents away.

ANNA
Uhm... Your meeting with Baxter.

KATE
Oh...

ANNA
Are you...?

KATE
Firing him? Yeah I think so.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Kate sits in a medical bed, wearing a medical gown. DOCTOR BRADY (55) reads her medical chart.

KATE
How are the vitals?

DOCTOR BRADY
They are okay... though your pressure
is quite low. Eighty over sixty.

KATE
I get it.

DOCTOR BRADY
I still would like to talk about
options.