

RINGER

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the stoic face of a NATIVE AMERICAN, basking in the glow of a full moon.

PULL OUT to reveal the carved figure of a DAKOTA INDIAN standing as sentry on the rooftop of an Upper West Side apartment. But not just any apartment. One of the most prestigious-- and *infamous*-- co-ops in all of New York...

THE DAKOTA.

As the carved figure keeps a watchful eye high above the 72nd Street entrance, everything seems calm and quiet. Until...

A THUMPING IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ACROSS the building's high gables, tracking the noise.

IT PICKS UP SPEED as it climbs over the sloping roofs checkered with dormers. The THUMPING GETS LOUDER as...

THE CAMERA LAUNCHES over the side of the building, onto a terrace, and into...

INT. THE DAKOTA - CONTINUOUS

The penthouse apartment. Vacant, in the midst of a renovation. Exposed beams. Dangling wires. Mountains of two-by-fours.

Patsy Cline's "I FALL TO PIECES" PLAYS on a sawdust covered CD player. Amidst the haunting melody, the THUMPING CONTINUES, as if it were punctuating each beat.

THE CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE LONG, DARK HALL, where, at the end, we finally discover the source of the noise...

A MAN IN BLACK, on all fours and ONLY SEEN FROM THE BACK, bashes something against the wall. THE CAMERA TILTS over his shoulder to reveal he's straddling...

A BRUNETTE who, despite being BLOODY and NEARLY UNCONSCIOUS, is stunningly beautiful. As the man's mammoth gloved hands cradle her head, it becomes painfully clear what he's been bashing.

The brunette's glazed eyes flutter, on the verge of passing out. But not before uttering:

BRUNETTE

You have the wrong girl.

With one final blow, we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

LEGEND: TWO WEEKS EARLIER

INT. GRADE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - ROCK SPRINGS, WY - AFTERNOON

Narcotics Anonymous. A GROUP OF FIFTEEN is spread out on metal chairs in a sweaty cafeteria, fanning themselves with NA pamphlets.

Standing in front of them is BRIDGET CAFFERTY, the stunning brunette from the teaser. But under the harsh glare of the fluorescent lights, she looks a little too pale... especially for the desert.

BRIDGET

(to the group)

My name is Bridget and I'm an addict.

GROUP

(in unison)

Hi Bridget.

BRIDGET

I've been sober for six months. That's longer than some of the relationships I've had.

Bridget awkwardly smiles at MALCOLM HOWARD, African American, good looking, slightly bookish. He smiles back at her, supportive.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Things have been tense. It's been hard to stay clean. But I am.

(a beat)

I got a response from my sister a couple of weeks ago. She wants me to come visit. Stay as long as I want. But I'm not quite ready for that. For family, I mean. I'm okay.

(wryly)

But I'm not that okay.

The group laughs.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I just keep reminding myself,
"mistakes aren't tragedies..."

The group joins in with her:

BRIDGET/GROUP
"...but please, Higher Power, help
me learn from them."

INT. GRADE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LATER

Bridget pours coffee from the shitty refreshments table.
Malcolm approaches.

MALCOLM
You shouldn't drink that so late.
You'll have trouble sleeping.

BRIDGET
I have trouble with or without the
coffee.

As Malcolm picks up a cookie, Bridget playfully snags it.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Wanna walk me out? My guy's
waiting for me.

Malcolm grabs the cookie back and leads the way.

EXT. GRADE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

As Bridget and Malcolm exit, they're met by FBI AGENT VICTOR
MACHADO, muscular and manicured, guarding the door.

AGENT MACHADO
Ready to go?

BRIDGET
Just give us a minute.

As Bridget and Malcolm head to the parking lot, Machado
trails them. Bridget tugs on Malcolm's suit coat.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You're gonna melt.

MALCOLM
I have class tonight. They're
turning in their papers on the
Mexican American War.

BRIDGET
Sounds riveting.

MALCOLM
(gesturing with his hands)
Believe it or not, I find grading
papers therapeutic.

BRIDGET
Bullshit.

Off Malcolm's look:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You talk with your hands when you
lie.

Busted, Malcolm shoves his hands in his pockets.

MALCOLM
(smiling)
You're right. I hate grading
papers.

As they approach a Buick LaCrosse, Agent Machado slips into
the driver's seat.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Are you sure you don't want me
there tomorrow?

BRIDGET
(nodding)
I'll call when it's over.

Malcolm hugs Bridget, holding on a little too tightly. As
she pulls away, she snatches the cookie back.

INT. BUICK - MOMENTS LATER

As Bridget gets into the Buick, she turns to Agent Machado.

AGENT MACHADO
That your boyfriend? Or sponsor?

BRIDGET
Sponsor. But...

Off Machado's too eager look:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Nevermind.

As they head out of the parking lot, Bridget wistfully stares out the window.

AGENT MACHADO

You okay?

BRIDGET

I'm just a little freaked out about tomorrow.

AGENT MACHADO

Don't be. Just get up on the stand, tell the judge what you saw, and everything will be fine.

Bridget doesn't look too convinced.

AGENT MACHADO (CONT'D)

It'll be over before you know it.

Bridget halfheartedly smiles.

BRIDGET

That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - LATER

Agent Machado escorts Bridget to her room at the back of the motel. JIMMY, a local cop, stands outside the door, smoking.

BRIDGET

Hey Jimmy.
(handing him a napkin)
Brought you a cookie.

JIMMY

Thanks, hon.

AGENT MACHADO

I'll pick you up at seven-thirty sharp. If you need anything til then--

BRIDGET

(cutting him off)
Jimmy will protect me.

AGENT MACHADO

Get a good night's rest.

As Agent Machado leaves:

BRIDGET

Guy's got a rod up his ass.

JIMMY
 (smiling)
 He'd like that.

INT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

A cheesy desert motif. Plastic cacti and wolf-howling-at-moon art adorn the room. Bridget sits on a Navajo bedspread, finishing her Arby's. She watches the news on a small TV in front of her.

CLOSE ON TV: A NEWSCASTER sits at a "CHANNEL 13" news desk.

NEWSCASTER
 (to camera, on TV)
 ...trial of Wind River reservation
 crime boss Bodaway Macawi.

A picture of BODAWAY MACAWI, a hulking Native American with eyes as black as his hair, appears on the TV.

Bridget reflexively changes the channel. "THE SIMPSONS" THEME BLARES. As she watches the cartoon, her finger flutters on the remote, fighting the urge to switch back, until... FLIP.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
 (to camera, on TV)
 ...the dismemberment killing of
 Shaylene Briggs, a dancer in his
 Rock Springs strip club. If
 convicted, Macawi faces the death
 penalty.
 (a beat)
 Up next is weather with--

CLICK. Bridget chucks her Arby's in a nearby garbage and crosses to the window. She pulls back the curtain just enough to see Jimmy, standing guard, sucking on a cigarette. Bridget zeros in on the gun in his holster, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BUICK/EXT. MOTEL 6 - THE NEXT MORNING

Agent Machado clips his nails, as he waits for Bridget outside the motel. He glances at the clock on the dashboard, as it switches to "7:31 A.M."

Annoyed, Machado pockets the clipper and exits his vehicle. As he walks to the back of the motel, a look of concern washes over his face. REVERSE ANGLE to see...

BRIDGET'S ROOM, UNGUARDED.

Machado draws his gun and stealthily approaches the motel room. He turns the knob. It's locked. So he takes a step back and...

INT. MOTEL 6 - CONTINUOUS

...kicks open the door. Machado cautiously enters, scanning the RANSACKED ROOM.

AGENT MACHADO

Bridget?

No answer. As he continues to survey the scene, MUFFLED MOANS are heard coming from the bathroom. Leading with his gun, Machado opens the door to find...

JIMMY, WITH A GASH ON HIS HEAD, HANDCUFFED TO THE SHOWER ROD.

As Machado rips the duct tape off his mouth:

JIMMY

Crazy bitch stole my gun!

INT. WOLFIE'S TAVERN - DAY

A CHIC WOMAN, in a Hermes scarf and ONLY SEEN FROM THE BACK, sits at the bar, smoking. As she takes the last sip of her club soda, she looks at the clock. It reads "5:30." She motions to the BARTENDER for her check and throws down a twenty.

The chic woman pulls out a compact. As she touches up her blood red lips, the REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR reveals what appears to be...

BRIDGET-- INCOGNITO-- LOOKING UNCHARACTERISTICALLY GLAMOROUS.

She snaps her compact shut, and, just as she's about to leave...

TWO POLICE OFFICERS enter the bar.

She throws on a pair of oversized sunglasses. As she rushes past them towards the exit:

POLICE OFFICER #1

Excuse me? Miss?

She stops in her tracks and slowly turns around to see one of the cops holding her clutch.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

You forgot your purse.

She politely smiles, grabs her bag, and hurriedly heads out of the bar...

EXT. WOLFIE'S TAVERN/BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

...to the bus station across the street. As the Hampton Jitney pulls up, she picks up her pace. She frantically waves, trying to get its attention. But her waves go unnoticed. The jitney slowly pulls away to reveal...

THE REAL BRIDGET, dishevelled in jeans and a T-shirt, duffle in hand. We then realize that the chic woman isn't Bridget after all but...

SIOBHAN (pronounced Shavonne) MARX, her twin sister. Aside from Bridget's hair being longer, they're nearly identical.

SIOBHAN
(disappointed)
I wanted to pay your fare!

As Siobhan rushes over to Bridget, they embrace. Like they haven't seen each other in years.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
It's so good to see you!

BRIDGET
It's good to see you, too.

SIOBHAN
(re: duffle)
Is that all you brought?

BRIDGET
I'm traveling light these days.

As the sisters finally pull apart, Siobhan takes in Bridget.

SIOBHAN
I was wondering how you'd look after six years.

BRIDGET
Not nearly as good as you.

SIOBHAN
Not true.
(smiling)
It's still like looking in a mirror.

INT. JAGUAR CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - LATER

As Siobhan drives through East Hampton, Bridget takes in the utter extravagance of her surroundings. As they pass by a Cape Cod version of Versailles:

BRIDGET

Is that what your house looks like?

SIOBHAN

Hardly. We don't have a baseball diamond.

The sisters burst into laughter. Just like old times.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

So catch me up. What's your life like out there?

Bridget opens her mouth. Then stops herself.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

That exciting?

BRIDGET

It's just a lot to fill you in on.

SIOBHAN

Well you don't have to tell me anything you don't want to.

Bridget looks relieved. As Siobhan goes to turn on the radio:

BRIDGET

I just want you to know how sorry I am. For everything.

SIOBHAN

You already apologized in your letter.

BRIDGET

I know. It's just that making amends is--

SIOBHAN

(cutting her off)
Step number nine. I did my research.

Bridget nods, impressed.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
 But, as far as I'm concerned, it's
 unnecessary.

 BRIDGET
 Why?

 SIOBHAN
 You're already forgiven.

Tears well up in Bridget's eyes.

 SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
 Now you just have to forgive
 yourself.

INT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - LATER

Modern. Minimalist. Straight out of *Architectural Digest*.
 As Siobhan and Bridget enter:

 BRIDGET
 This is your weekend home?

 SIOBHAN
 (calling out)
 Carms! Can you make up the guest
 room? We have a visitor!

No answer.

 SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
 (sighing)
 Ever since I got her that iPod for
 Christmas, she can't hear a word I
 say.

 BRIDGET
 Smart lady.

As they head down the gallery-style hallway, Bridget eyes the
 David Hockney on the wall, while Siobhan eyes the Post-It on
 the console table: "NOT FEELING WELL. WENT HOME EARLY.
 CARMEN."

 SIOBHAN
 Guess it's just you and me tonight.

 BRIDGET
 Where's Andrew?

 SIOBHAN
 In London. Working. Speaking
 of...

(MORE)

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
 (tentative)
 I haven't exactly told him about
 you yet.

 BRIDGET
 About my visiting?

 SIOBHAN
 (sheepishly)
 About your existing. He doesn't
 know I have a sister.

Bridget doesn't seem phased.

 BRIDGET
 We were totally estranged. It's
 like I didn't exist.

 SIOBHAN
 Don't say that.

 BRIDGET
 I'm serious. I was a shitty
 sister. And what I put you
 through... If I were in your shoes,
 I wouldn't have told my husband
 either.

 SIOBHAN
 But I guarantee when he meets you,
 he's going to love you! His
 daughter Juliet on the other
 hand...

 BRIDGET
 She a toughie?

 SIOBHAN
 She's a teenager. All I can say is
 thank god for boarding school.

INT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Siobhan leads Bridget into the state of the art kitchen.

 SIOBHAN
 Can I get you something to drink?

She gestures to a glass fridge stocked with designer water.

 BRIDGET
 Tap's fine. I can't taste the
 difference.

SIOBHAN

Me neither. But Andrew insists on the fancy stuff.

After pouring two glasses of tap water, Siobhan reaches for a prescription bottle on the black quartz counter.

CLOSE ON LABEL: "LEXAPRO, 20 MG."

Siobhan fishes a tiny white pill out of the FULL BOTTLE OF ANTIDEPRESSANTS. Off Bridget's questioning look:

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

It's just for nerves.

BRIDGET

I was gonna say...

Bridget glances at the Tiffany framed wedding portrait of Siobhan and her impossibly handsome husband ANDREW MARX.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Your life seems perfect.

SIOBHAN

Close to it. But no one's life is perfect.

Siobhan smiles and pops the pill.

INT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

A freshly showered Bridget gets ready for bed. As she combs her wet hair, she wanders around the room, looking at the artwork.

After inspecting a bust of Janus (the Roman god with two faces), Bridget opens her duffel. As she rummages for a pair of pajamas, she comes across...

A BLOODY 9 MM GLOCK. She stares at the gun in her duffel, FREAKED OUT. CONFUSED.

SIOBHAN (O.C.)

Everything okay?

Startled, Bridget turns around to see Siobhan, peeking her head in. She quickly covers the gun.

BRIDGET

Do you mind if I sleep with you tonight?

INT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Siobhan and Bridget lie next to one another in an ultra lush king-sized bed. A lamp casts a warm glow over the room.

BRIDGET
Still snore?

Siobhan guiltily smiles and fishes a pair of earplugs out of her night stand. As Bridget grabs them:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I think about Sean every day.

Siobhan's smile fades.

SIOBHAN
Wow. That came out of nowhere.

BRIDGET
I know, but--

SIOBHAN
(cutting her off)
I already told you. We're good.

Making it clear the conversation's over, Siobhan turns off the lamp. Off a stung Bridget, lying in the darkness, we...

CUT TO:

INT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Bridget sleeps soundly in Siobhan's bed. As light floods in the room, Bridget stirs. She turns to see her sister's side of the bed empty.

Bridget crosses to the window. She stares at the sunlit ocean, transfixed by its beauty.

SIOBHAN (O.C.)
My snoring didn't keep you up?

Bridget turns around to see Siobhan in a bikini top and shorts. As she extends a cup of coffee:

BRIDGET
Honestly? It was the best night's sleep I've had in a long time.

SIOBHAN
Good. Cause I'm dying to get out on the boat. I left you a bathing suit in the bathroom.

BRIDGET
Is this all for real?

Siobhan warmly smiles, placing a hand on Bridget's shoulder.

EXT. SPEED BOAT - DOCK - LATER

Bridget watches the massive Marx estate shrink in the distance, as Siobhan guns her speed boat away from the dock.

EXT. SPEED BOAT - OCEAN - LATER

As Siobhan helms the boat, smoking a cigarette, Bridget soaks up the sun.

BRIDGET
I thought you quit?

SIOBHAN
No. That was you.
(re: helm)
Wanna give it a go?

BRIDGET
Oh god. I haven't driven a boat
since we were sixteen.

SIOBHAN
It's like riding a bike.

BRIDGET
This is hardly Lake Tahoe.

Bridget begrudgingly takes the wheel from Siobhan. Within a minute, she's effortlessly steering the boat.

SIOBHAN
See? I told you it'd come back.

Bridget smiles, bolstered. As Siobhan opens a can of soda:

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
So are you still, um...
(delicately)
...stripping?

BRIDGET
No. But I still work for tips.
Just as a waitress. And let me
tell you, the money isn't nearly as
good.

Siobhan laughs.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

When I got sober, all bad habits
went out the window.

(smiling sadly)

I don't want to be the sister you
have to pretend doesn't exist.

Siobhan takes Bridget's hand.

SIOBHAN

You're not. And we're the only
family we have left.

(sincere)

I love you.

Bridget is visibly moved. She thought she'd never hear
Siobhan say those three little words again.

EXT. SPEED BOAT - OCEAN - LATER

The speed boat gently bobs in the waves, anchored in the open
water. Post lunch, Siobhan and Bridget sit on the stern,
amid a pile of takeout containers.

SIOBHAN

Wanna go for a swim?

BRIDGET

Yeah right. I'll puke.

SIOBHAN

Well I'm gonna take a dip. It's
getting hot.

Siobhan ties her hair back with her Hermes scarf.

BRIDGET

I'll work on my tan.

(raising a pasty arm)

Can't snag a Hamptons' millionaire
gaunt and pale.

Siobhan laughs and dives into the ocean. Bridget lays back
and places a straw hat over her face. TRACK UP to the sun
beating down overhead, as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SPEED BOAT - OCEAN - LATER

The sun is now dimmer and closer to the horizon. A BEET RED
Bridget sleeps under her straw hat. She stirs, then slowly
awakens.

BRIDGET
(groggy)
How long was I out for?

As Bridget removes the hat, she notices her sunburn.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Siobhan?

No response. Bridget looks across the deck but doesn't see her sister.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Shiv?

Still no response. As Bridget gets up, she scans the boat. Nothing. Then the water. Siobhan's nowhere in sight. Until...

A SPECK OF RED is seen floating in the distance. Thinking that Siobhan may have drifted in the current, Bridget picks up a pair of binoculars. Her face falls when, through the BINOCULAR'S POV, we reveal...

SIOBHAN'S HERMES SCARF UNDULATING IN THE WAVES.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Oh god!

Bridget rips up the anchor and starts the engine. As she races in the direction of the scarf, she picks up her cell phone. Mid-dial, she realizes she has no reception.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Shit!

She tosses the phone aside and continues on course. As soon as she's within swimming distance, she stops the engine and drops the anchor. Without a moment's hesitation, she dives into the water. She frantically swims over to the scarf, takes a deep breath, and goes under.

Bubbles swarm about her as she thrashes her way through the murky Atlantic, trying to see something. Anything. But it's no use. Bridget comes up for air.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(gasping)
Siobhan!

It's eerily quiet, save for a SEAGULL overhead. Bridget takes another deep breath and goes back under, as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN/SPEED BOAT - DUSK

When Bridget resurfaces, the sun is nearly set. Completely exhausted, she's barely able to drag herself back into the boat. As she stares at Siobhan's Hermes scarf, the grim reality of the situation sets in. Bridget buries her face in her hands and starts to sob uncontrollably, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - DOCK - LATER

A puffy-eyed Bridget docks behind the Marx estate. As she exits the boat, Hermes scarf in hand, her cell phone reads "ENTERING SERVICE AREA." As she starts to dial:

NINA (O.C.)

There you are!

Bridget turns to see NINA FORTMAN, Siobhan's neighbor, holding a glass of wine.

NINA (CONT'D)

I thought you were coming by at six? I got shrimp from Claws on Wheels!

BRIDGET

I'm sorry, but I'm not--

NINA

(cutting her off)

Don't bother with excuses, sweetie. I already drank an entire bottle of Pinot waiting for you, so I'm not upset. We'll do it another night. 'Kay?

Bridget forces a smile.

NINA (CONT'D)

You alright? You look a little puffy?

Before Bridget can answer:

NINA (CONT'D)

Did you get derma-filler?

Bridget ignores her and heads inside the house.

NINA (CONT'D)
 Don't be offended, sweetie.
Everyone does it.

Nina gulps the last of her wine, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget rushes into the kitchen and hurriedly dials her cell.
 She paces, until:

MALCOLM (V.O.)
 (from cell)
 You've reached Professor Howard.
 Office hours are from four to six.
 Please leave a message at the tone.

BRIDGET
 (into cell)
 Malcolm? It's me. I don't know
 what to do. I think she's dead.
 But I can't call the cops--

Bridget trails off when she sees SIOBHAN'S BOTTLE OF LEXAPRO,
 knocked over on the kitchen counter, EMPTY. Bridget picks up
 the bottle, shocked.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Oh my god! She killed herself!

CARMEN (O.C.)
 Mrs. M, I'm gonna leave!

A startled Bridget turns around to see CARMEN, Siobhan's
 housekeeper, entering.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
 Is everything okay?

Bridget nods and quickly hangs up her cell.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
 I felt better so I thought I'd come
 in. You were on the boat when I
 got here. Long day, huh?

Bridget tightly smiles, waiting for Carmen to leave.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
I need to be paid, if that's okay.

Bridget spots Siobhan's purse. She pulls out a wallet and grabs a fifty. As she hands it to Carmen:

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Um...

Bridget grabs another bill and hands it to her.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Are you alright, Mrs. M?

BRIDGET
I'm not...

Bridget glances at Siobhan's driver's license. Aside from the name and address, IT LOOKS IDENTICAL TO HERS.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
...myself today.

CARMEN
Are you sure you don't need me to stay?

BRIDGET
I'll be fine.

As Carmen is about to exit:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Do I look like myself?

CARMEN
You look tired, Mrs. M. Like you've had a rough day. But other than that, you're still mucha bonita.

Off the wheels turning in Bridget's head, we...

CUT TO:

INT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

Bridget enters, Hermes scarf in hand. As she hurriedly packs her belongings, the HOUSE PHONE RINGS.

BRIDGET
(into phone, cautious)
Hello?

ANDREW (V.O.)
(from phone)
It's me.

Bridget glances at the caller ID. It reads: "ANDREW."

ANDREW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm flying back Monday night. Will
you be in the city by then?

Bridget doesn't answer.

ANDREW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Siobhan?

Bridget stares at the bloody gun in her duffle. Then at
Siobhan's Hermes scarf. Her past. Or a future.

BRIDGET
Yes. I'll be there.

ANDREW (V.O.)
Good. See you then.

CLICK. Bridget slowly ties the scarf in her hair, as we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WESTERN WYOMING COMMUNITY COLLEGE - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Malcolm stands at the front of a packed lecture hall.

MALCOLM

...hate to be the bearer of bad news, but if you don't do well, it matters. Mid-terms count for one-third of your grade.

A COLLECTIVE MOAN resounds throughout the hall.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

See you Monday.

The students get up out of their seats, dispersing, to reveal...

Agent Machado, sitting in the back row, reading a newspaper.

EXT. WESTERN WYOMING COMMUNITY COLLEGE - CAMPUS - LATER

As Malcolm and Machado walk across campus:

AGENT MACHADO

So what was your relationship like?

Malcolm tenses, uncomfortable.

MALCOLM

That's one of the problems with being a sponsor. You get close.

AGENT MACHADO

How close?

MALCOLM

(reluctant)

Too close. And I instantly regretted it.

Off Machado's look:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I don't mean like that. I mean it was a conflict of interest. Bridget's sobriety was the most important thing. And I didn't want to jeopardize it.

(shrugging)

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You know how it is when feelings are involved. People can sometimes make bad choices.

AGENT MACHADO

Do you love her?

MALCOLM

Why are you asking?

AGENT MACHADO

Because I find it hard to believe that Ms. Cafferty would disappear without contacting you.

MALCOLM

(talking with his hands)

Well she hasn't. And I'm really worried about her.

Machado zeros in on Malcolm's hands... but doesn't call his bluff.

AGENT MACHADO

You should be. Without her testimony...

Machado hands over a copy of the *Rock Springs Rocket-Miner*. The headline reads: "MACAWI CASE DECLARED MISTRIAL."

AGENT MACHADO (CONT'D)

...Bodaway's a free man.

INT. EAST HAMPTON MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Bridget stands in Siobhan's enormous walk-in closet, studying herself in the full length mirror. Gone are the ratty clothes and pale visage. A tan, designer-clad Bridget stares back, looking eerily similar to Siobhan.

Bridget frowns. Something's still not right. She steps closer to the mirror. PUSH IN on her face, as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EAST HAMPTON HAIR SALON - DAY - LATER

Bridget continues to stare at herself in a mirror, but as we PULL OUT, we reveal she's now in a salon. A STYLIST approaches and runs his fingers through her locks.

STYLIST

It got long. Do you want to keep the length? Or go short?

BRIDGET

Do exactly what you did last time.

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

A coiffed Bridget, now a dead ringer for Siobhan, enters the bus station. As she lugs her duffle to the locker area, she passes by a HOMELESS MAN.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey lady. You got any change?

Bridget ignores him, preoccupied by the "12 MISSED CALLS FROM MALCOLM" flashing on her cell.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Bitch.

When Bridget reaches the lockers, she snaps her cell shut. She places it, along with her duffle, in one of the lockers. But not before removing the gun, which she discreetly slips in Siobhan's purse.

REVERSE ANGLE to a POV FROM INSIDE THE LOCKER, where we watch Bridget slam the door on her past.

EXT. BUS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget exits the bus station a new woman. She walks towards the Hampton Jitney but doesn't get on. Instead, she walks around the bus to...

A PARKED LINCOLN TOWNCAR. Looks like public transportation is a thing of the past. A DRIVER opens the door for Bridget, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - MOVING - DUSK

A mesmerized and energized Bridget takes in the scenery, as she's being driven through the Upper West Side. The Towncar pulls up to a beautiful pre-war brick building.

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT - LOBBY - LATER

A DOORMAN calls the elevator for Bridget, as she enters the lavishly renovated building.

DOORMAN

Evening, Mrs. Marx.

BRIDGET
 Good evening...
 (glancing at his name tag)
 Robert.

The gilded elevator DINGS and Bridget steps inside.

INT. MARX APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

DING. The elevator doors open onto an expansive apartment. Bridget enters, taken aback.

BRIDGET
 Not even a front door.

CARMEN (O.C.)
 I beat you back!

Bridget turns to see Carmen, standing in the hallway, listening to her iPod.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
 (loudly)
 Are you feeling better, Mrs. M?

BRIDGET
 Much. Thanks, Carms.

Bridget walks the length of the apartment, taking in the surroundings: antique furniture, extravagant floral arrangements, high end art. Bridget stops at a framed photograph of a PRETTY TEENAGE GIRL posing with Andrew.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Juliet.

INT. MARX APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Bridget enters Siobhan's bedroom and makes a bee line for the closet. As she looks for a place to hide the gun, she opens a dresser drawer brimming with Siobhan's signature Hermes scarves. As she hides the gun under the mound of silk, she hears the CREAKING OF THE BEDROOM DOOR.

BRIDGET
 (calling out)
 Listen, Carms--

Bridget turns around to see Siobhan's husband ANDREW, hanging bag in hand, standing in the doorway. Better looking than his picture, Bridget stares in awe at his thick salt and pepper hair and tailored suit. He looks more like a model than a mogul.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Oh. Hi.

She stands awkwardly for a moment, then gives him a hug.

ANDREW

Aren't you friendly?

BRIDGET

It's been forever.

ANDREW

Two weeks is hardly forever.

Andrew pulls away and surveys her.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Did you lose weight?

BRIDGET

(nervous)

Maybe a little.

ANDREW

You look good.

BRIDGET

Thanks. So how was London?

ANDREW

Humid. But I did get that investor on board.

BRIDGET

Congratulations.

ANDREW

Are you being sarcastic?

BRIDGET

(confused)

Not at all.

Andrew tosses his bag on the bed. As he rifles through it:

ANDREW

I have something for you.

He pulls out a pile of wrinkled dress shirts.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Carmen said you're using a new cleaners.

BRIDGET
 (grabbing the shirts)
 I'll take them in the morning.

ANDREW
 Look, I know you've been on a
 cooking kick, but I'd prefer to
 take in Thai tonight.

BRIDGET
 Okay.

ANDREW
 (surprised)
 That was easy.

Andrew strips off his jacket and shirt, revealing a muscular chest.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna take a shower.

As he takes off his pants, Bridget can't help but stare.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 You know what you want. Just say
 it.

BRIDGET
 I do?

ANDREW
 A smoke. I can't believe you
 haven't had one yet. It's been a
 whole two minutes.

Finally having an excuse to avert her eyes, Bridget grabs Siobhan's pack of cigarettes.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Not in here, please. I know you've
 been sneaking them inside. But now
 that I'm back... the fun's over.

EXT. MARX APARTMENT - BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget steps onto the sixth floor balcony. As she lights up a cigarette, she fights back a cough. As she pretends to take a drag, she notices...

A MAN, standing on the street below, staring up at her. The light from the lamp post casts a shadow across his face.

Bridget turns away. She takes another "puff," trying to convince herself that he wasn't staring at her. When she turns back, the man steps out of the shadow and it's unmistakable.

HE'S STARING DIRECTLY AT HER.

An unnerved Bridget extinguishes her cigarette and heads back inside, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MARX APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Bridget gets ready for bed. As she starts to undress, she stops herself. For the first time it dawns on her that she'll be sharing a bed with a stranger. So she stays clothed and lies on top of the covers.

As Andrew exits the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, Bridget quickly closes her eyes, pretending to be asleep. She mimics Siobhan's snoring, as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MARX APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

A fully clothed Bridget bolts up in bed, as the TELEPHONE RINGS. She glances at the alarm clock. It reads "8:30." Then at Andrew's empty side of the bed. She groggily picks up the phone.

BRIDGET
(into phone)
Hello?

GEMMA (V.O.)
(from phone, British
accent)
What are you doing home?!

BRIDGET
Um... sleeping.

GEMMA (V.O.)
(chiding)
Darling! You were supposed to meet
me at the apartment half an hour
ago!

BRIDGET
I was?

GEMMA (V.O.)
 Don't tell me you didn't know. I
 saw you write it in your book.

Bridget spots Siobhan's leather bound day planner on the desk. She flips through it until she lands on today's date:
 "GEMMA. 8:00. THE DAKOTA."

GEMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Hello? Did you fall back asleep?

BRIDGET
 No, Gemma. I'll be there. Just
 give me twenty minutes.

GEMMA (V.O.)
 Make it thirty. Now you owe me a
 latte from Zabar's.

INT. THE DAKOTA - LATER

The penthouse apartment. Bridget enters the chaos of WORKMEN in the midst of a renovation. PATSY CLINE PLAYS ON THE SAWDUST COVERED CD PLAYER. She makes her way through the debris, balancing a latte, until she finds...

GEMMA, tall, attractive, and managing to make a hard hat work with her Balenciaga suit. Gemma grabs the coffee and warmly kisses Bridget on both cheeks.

GEMMA
 You look absolutely anorexic. You
 must share your diet.

Bridget can't help but like her.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
 Good news! We have the marble
 people coming at ten instead of
 four and the lighting guy can make
 it after lunch. What do you think
 of the molding in the foyer?

BRIDGET
 It's... great.

GEMMA
 Told you it would be.

BRIDGET
 Just one question. Why are we
 moving again?

GEMMA

Ask your bloody husband! It took me a year and a half to do Central Park West and now he wants to start over. But it is The Dakota.

Bridget glances at a stack of papers Gemma's holding. The letterhead reads: "GEMMA GALLAGHER, NCARB CERTIFIED ARCHITECT."

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Now come see the iron work on the terrace.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - TERRACE - MOMENTS LATER

Gemma leads Bridget out onto a terrace with a prime view of the city.

BRIDGET

Pretty.

GEMMA

You don't seem that enthused. What's wrong? I thought you lived for this stuff!

BRIDGET

I do. I'm just tired. Andrew got back last night.

GEMMA

Uck! You're skinny and you're having sex?

BRIDGET

We didn't--

GEMMA

(cutting her off)

The last time I saw my husband naked was right before the twins turned three... last year.

Gemma stares off, preoccupied.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I think Henry's having an affair.

Bridget seems genuinely shocked, despite not knowing Gemma.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(teary-eyed)

I can't stand to look at him, let alone sleep next to him. I wish I could tag along with you and Andrew to *Don Giovanni*.

BRIDGET

Don Giovanni?

GEMMA

Very funny. I know I promised I wouldn't give you a guilt trip about not getting extra tickets. It is opening night.

BRIDGET

I can cancel.

GEMMA

(sniffling)

I'll be fine. I'll just slag it up with one of the workmen. I'm sure contractors make more money than out of work novelists.

BRIDGET

I'd go for the one with the man boobs. Very sexy.

Gemma laughs through her tears. PRE-LAP AN ARIA, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - METROPOLITAN OPERA - NIGHT

Bridget, looking ravishing in red, watches *Don Giovanni* next to a tuxedoed Andrew. Feeling eyes on her, she looks up to the balcony to see...

THE SAME MAN FROM OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT, STARING AT HER.

An unnerved Bridget immediately looks away and takes Andrew's hand. Andrew glances at her, surprised, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - METROPOLITAN OPERA - LOBBY - LATER

Bridget stands next to Andrew, as he chats up another COUPLE.

ANDREW

I know it's a lot of money. But if you're willing to take the risk, I promise a big return.

(smiling)

But enough shop talk. I need to fetch my wife a Tanqueray and tonic or I'll be in trouble.

BRIDGET

Actually, sweetheart, would you mind just grabbing me a water? I'm parched.

(to the couple)

If you'll excuse me, I need to use the ladies' room.

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - METROPOLITAN OPERA - BATHROOM - LATER

Bridget, alone in the bathroom, touches up her make-up at the sink. The door opens. Bridget glances in the mirror to see...

THE MAN WHO'S BEEN STARING AT HER, ENTERING.

He walks over and grabs her. And just as Bridget is about to scream...

He kisses her hard, passionate, like her lips belong to him.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - METROPOLITAN OPERA - BATHROOM - SAME

As the man hungrily kisses Bridget, she pushes him away.

BRIDGET

What the hell are you doing?

MAN

Relax. Gemma's not here.

BRIDGET

(realizing)

Henry?

As Bridget takes in his classic good looks and athletic build, she can't believe that SIOBHAN IS HENRY'S MISTRESS.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Shit! I can't do this.

HENRY

Why not?

BRIDGET

It's too much.

HENRY

What's too much is I haven't seen you in a week. So you got detained in the Hamptons. Fine. But then yesterday, when you didn't show up at the hotel, I came to your place. But you just watched from the balcony like I was some kind of crazy person.

(distraught)

And now this?

BRIDGET

You need to calm down.

HENRY

I don't understand.

A WOMAN enters. She makes a face at Henry before entering a stall.

BRIDGET

You have to leave.

HENRY

Not before you tell me what's going on.

BRIDGET

I don't want to do this here. Andrew's right outside.

HENRY

Like you care what he thinks.

BRIDGET

(frustrated)
Henry.

HENRY

Fine. Meet me at the hotel on Friday. The nanny's taking the boys to the park at noon.

BRIDGET

What hotel?

HENRY

Our hotel.

Off Bridget's blank stare:

HENRY (CONT'D)

The Hudson. I thought you liked it because nobody knows us there?

BRIDGET

I do. The Hudson. Friday. Noon.

Henry cups her face in his hands.

HENRY

Nothing's changed on my end.

As he exits, the END OF INTERMISSION BELL DINGS. Bridget sighs. From one drama to another.

INT. ASTRO LOUNGE - ROCK SPRINGS, WY - NIGHT

A low rent titty bar packed with GYRATING GIRLS and the MEN WHO LOVE THEM.

Bodaway Macawi reclines on a purple velvet sofa, celebrating his freedom. As a STRIPPER bounces on his lap, his BOYS fête him with cigars, tequila, and cocaine. Bodaway snorts a line and knocks back a shot. THROUGH HIS POV, VIA THE BOTTOM OF THE SHOT GLASS, WE SEE...

The distorted image of Jimmy, the cop outside Bridget's motel room. As Jimmy slowly approaches, Bodaway's boys stand. Everyone seems tense. On edge. Until...

Bodaway flashes a rotted grin. As the boys back off, Bodaway gestures for Jimmy to take a seat.

BODAWAY

Somebody get my friend here a drink. And a girl.

JIMMY

Make it two.
(smirking)
Drinks and girls.

Bodaway laughs and smacks Jimmy on the back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Before I forget...

He tosses down Bridget's NA pamphlet, with an address scribbled across it, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAY TENNIS COURTS - RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

Bridget, in Siobhan's tennis whites, volleys with Andrew. As her ball hits the net:

ANDREW

You're playing like my mother.

Bridget fetches the ball and makes another attempt... only to hit it off the court.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Jesus, Siobhan!

BRIDGET

(frustrated)
I'm sorry. I haven't played in awhile.

ANDREW

(annoyed)
Well you're acting like you've never played. Do you just want to call it quits? I have to get back to the office anyway.

Bridget twirls her racquet and smiles flirtatiously.

BRIDGET
 Why don't you come over here and
 give me a refresher course?

ANDREW
 Are you kidding?

BRIDGET
 C'mon. You've got a killer serve.

Andrew crosses the net to Bridget. He steps behind her and gently pulls her right arm back.

ANDREW
 Racquet up and turn to the side.
 Show your opponent that left
 shoulder.

BRIDGET
 (teasing)
 But you're behind me.

ANDREW
 Do you want to be cute? Or do you
 want to keep playing like shit?

Bridget obediently lifts her racquet.

BRIDGET
 Yes, sir.

ANDREW
 And you're tossing the ball higher
 than you can reach.

Bridget tosses the ball and swings. It shoots right into the net. Andrew walks around to face her and gently tilts up her chin.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Stop looking down. If you look up,
 it won't hit the net.

Bridget stares right into his eyes.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 What?

BRIDGET
 Nothing. It's just that... you're
 sexy.

Andrew laughs, loosening up.

ANDREW

You're just trying to distract me from the fact that I spent all that money on lessons and you can't even volley.

BRIDGET

(coyly)
Maybe.

ANDREW

What's gotten into you lately?

BRIDGET

What do you mean?

ANDREW

I don't know. You're so... relaxed. Agreeable.

BRIDGET

And you don't like it?

ANDREW

No.

Andrew stares at her. A beat, then:

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I love it. Now let's go one more set.

INT. MARX APARTMENT - FOYER - LATER

A spent Bridget returns to the apartment. As she steps out of the elevator, she hears BANGING coming from inside.

BRIDGET

Carms?

The BANGING CONTINUES. Louder and more frequent. Freaked out, Bridget tightens her grip on the tennis racquet and follows the banging down the hallway to a back bedroom. Bridget slowly opens the door to reveal...

JULIET, Andrew's daughter, riding a ZAC EFRON LOOK-A-LIKE, cowgirl style. He's blindfolded and tied to the bedpost with a Hermes scarf.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Juliet?!

A mortified Juliet turns around.

JULIET
 What the fuck, Siobhan?! Don't you
 knock?

ZAC EFRON
 (still blindfolded)
 What's going on?

BRIDGET
 (eyes narrowing)
 Is that my scarf?

JULIET
 Send me the dry cleaning bill.

BRIDGET
 Did you go through my drawers?

JULIET
 Will you just leave already?! God!

ZAC EFRON
 (confused)
 I can't. You tied me up.

JULIET
 (to Zac Efron, annoyed)
 I wasn't talking to you.

Bridget stalks down the hallway...

INT. MARX APARTMENT - SIOBHAN'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

...into Siobhan's closet to find her dresser drawer opened,
 scarves spilling over the side. A worried Bridget rushes
 over, but breathes a SIGH OF RELIEF when she finds the gun
 still nestled under the pile.

Deciding not to take any more chances, Bridget picks up the
 gun and carefully tucks it in her purse. She heads out of
 the closet...

INT. MARX APARTMENT - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

...into the foyer, just as Zac Efron is getting in the
 elevator. Juliet stands with her arms crossed.

ZAC EFRON
 (to Juliet)
 I'll text you.

As the elevator doors shut:

JULIET
Thanks a lot, Siobhan!

BRIDGET
I'm sorry. But I didn't know you
were coming home.

JULIET
Well it's my house and I can stop
by anytime I want.

BRIDGET
Of course you can. I just wasn't
expecting you.

JULIET
I shouldn't have to be at school
during the summer anyway! The only
reason I stayed was to get away
from you.

Bridget sighs, exhausted.

BRIDGET
Juliet, I don't want to fight.

JULIET
(rolling her eyes)
Since when?

Juliet marches to her room and slams the door. As she BLASTS
MUSIC, THE PHONE RINGS.

BRIDGET
(shaken, into phone)
Hello?

DOORMAN (V.O.)
(from phone)
Mrs. Marx, you have a visitor.

BRIDGET
Please tell them it's not a good
time.

DOORMAN (V.O.)
I'm sorry. But he was insistent.
He's already on his way up.

BRIDGET
Well who the hell is it?

DING. As if to answer her question, the elevator doors open
to reveal...

AGENT MACHADO.

As he steps out of the elevator, Bridget freezes.

AGENT MACHADO

Hello.

Bridget opens her mouth, but nothing comes out.

AGENT MACHADO (CONT'D)

Siobhan Marx?

A relieved Bridget takes a deep breath. After composing herself:

BRIDGET

Yes?

AGENT MACHADO

It's amazing how much you look alike.

Off Bridget feigning confusion:

AGENT MACHADO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. My name is Victor Machado. I'm with the FBI.

(flashing his badge)

I'm here to talk to you about your sister.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Bridget and Agent Machado sit in a booth. As Bridget sips coffee, Machado organizes the sweeteners in the sugar caddy.

AGENT MACHADO

Bridget was small time. The only reason she started soliciting was to buy drugs.

BRIDGET

Is that supposed to make me feel better?

AGENT MACHADO

I just meant prostitution among addicts is more common than you think.

BRIDGET

But you were going to drop the charges if she testified against this Macawi guy?

AGENT MACHADO

He's why we nabbed her in the first place. The night of the murder, she was dancing in his club. Without getting into details, the trial hinged on what she saw.

BRIDGET

(sighing)
And now she's a fugitive.

AGENT MACHADO

We're very concerned for her safety, Mrs. Marx.

BRIDGET

I don't get it. If she didn't talk, why would you be concerned?

AGENT MACHADO

Because now that Macawi's a free man, he's gonna make sure he doesn't go back to prison.
(delicately)
Silencing your sister is his only insurance.

Bridget shifts in her seat, uncomfortable.

AGENT MACHADO (CONT'D)
I know this is a lot to take in.
Especially when you're not familiar
with this world.

BRIDGET
Trust me, I know how bad it can be.
Even though we haven't spoken in
years, there was a time when I was
very familiar with Bridget's world.
The one thing I want to know is how
are you so sure she's still alive?
Who's to say Macawi didn't get to
her before the trial?

AGENT MACHADO
Because the night she fled, she
assaulted a police officer.

BRIDGET
Excuse me?

AGENT MACHADO
And stole his weapon.

Bridget stares out the window, genuinely shocked.

BRIDGET
My sister wouldn't do that.

AGENT MACHADO
But she did.

Tears well up in Bridget's eyes.

AGENT MACHADO (CONT'D)
Are you okay, Mrs. Marx?

BRIDGET
I'm sorry. Like you said, it's a
lot to take in.

Machado places a hand on her arm.

AGENT MACHADO
Look, if we find your sister, we
won't be able to offer her the same
deal as before. But trust me,
she'll be a lot safer in prison
than she is out there.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

A visibly shaken Bridget walks down the street. As she reaches the entrance of The Dakota, she looks at the IMPOSING STATUE OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN staring down at her.

INT. THE DAKOTA - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget enters the dark penthouse. After making sure the coast is clear, she reaches into her purse, pulls out the Glock, and wraps it in a discarded Au Bon Pain bag.

As she looks for a place to hide the "smoking gun," the DOORKNOB TURNS. As Bridget tightens her grip on the bag...

Gemma enters, boxes in hand. When she sees Bridget, she jumps.

GEMMA

You scared me! What are you doing here?

BRIDGET

I thought I'd stop by to check on the progress.

GEMMA

At nine o'clock at night?

BRIDGET

I was in the area.
(holding up bag)
Had a taste for croissants.

GEMMA

Well I was going to surprise you.
But since you're already here...

Gemma pulls out two jet bead chandelier sconces.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Won't they look stunning at the end of the hallway? Over the black lacquered console table?

Gemma heads down the hallway and holds up the sconces on either side of...

A LARGE HOLE IN THE WALL.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. This will be dry walled by tomorrow.

BRIDGET
 (smiling)
 Perfect.

As Gemma packs the sconces back in their boxes:

GEMMA
 You know, darling, if it weren't
 for this pain in the ass
 renovation, I'd be obsessing over
 who Henry's having an affair with.

Bridget bristles.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
 Why else do you think I'm here at
 nine o'clock at night?
 (smirking)
 And don't worry. I'm not logging
 all the hours.

BRIDGET
 At least you have a sense of humor
 about it. Any idea who it might
 be?

GEMMA
 Well I went through the list of
 usual suspects: the trainer's gay,
 the maid's fat, and the wife's best
 friend...

Bridget stiffens.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
 I'm joking, darling! Please,
 you're not his type, anyway.

Bridget reacts, not knowing if it's a compliment or insult.

BRIDGET
 What about the nanny?

GEMMA
 I thought of that... but she has no
 ass. And Henry's an ass man.

Another compliment? Or insult?

GEMMA (CONT'D)
 But come to think of it, Henry has
 been a bit too eager to spend time
 with the boys.

Gemma puts down the boxes and heads towards the door.

BRIDGET
Where are you going?

GEMMA
To call my therapist.

INT. THE HUDSON HOTEL - DAY

As Bridget enters the hotel room, Henry pulls her to him. He starts to unbutton her shirt. She pushes his hands away.

BRIDGET
I'm not here to sleep with you.

HENRY
(kissing her neck)
Why? I'm here to sleep with you.

BRIDGET
(pulling back)
Henry! Stop!

Wounded, Henry lets go and pours himself a finger of Macallan.

HENRY
I don't get it. Two weeks ago we were planning a trip over Fourth of July. Plotting a way to make love in the bathroom during the Bryant's dinner party. Figuring out if I could leave Gemma and still see the boys. How you could leave Andrew and not be broke.

As he takes a swig of scotch:

HENRY (CONT'D)
Am I losing my mind here?

BRIDGET
No.

HENRY
Then what is it?

Bridget heaves a belabored sigh.

BRIDGET
Gemma's on to us.

HENRY

No she's not. She just praised the latest draft of my novel. Said I'm an amazing husband.

BRIDGET

Well she was lying. She told me she thinks you're cheating on her.

HENRY

(surprised)
Who does she think it is?

BRIDGET

She's not sure. So I suggested the nanny.

HENRY

Annafried's a lesbian.

BRIDGET

Well I couldn't think of what else to say.

HENRY

How 'bout "Henry's the perfect guy and he would never cheat on you?!"

Bridget shoots him a wry look.

BRIDGET

We have to lay low for awhile.

Henry puts his arms around her waist.

HENRY

I've been trying to lay low.

BRIDGET

(firmly)
There's too much at risk, Henry.
If you really love me, you'll stay away.

As Bridget sails out of the room, a frustrated Henry pours himself another drink.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Bridget enters a sleek office building, takeout in hand. As she approaches an enormous glass office, she sees...

Juliet and Andrew, arguing inside. Andrew slams a file down on his desk. Juliet starts to SOB.

Amidst the chaos, a teary-eyed Juliet spots Bridget approaching. As she shoots Bridget a hateful look, Siobhan's CELL PHONE RINGS. Bridget steps into the hallway to answer it.

BRIDGET
(into cell)
Hello?

DR. SERDEN (V.O.)
(from cell)
Mrs. Marx? This is Dr. Serden. I hope I'm not reaching you at a bad time, but you didn't show up for your appointment.

BRIDGET
I'm so sorry. I must've forgotten to mark it in my book.

DR. SERDEN (V.O.)
Well reschedule when you can, because your blood work came back positive.

BRIDGET
(concerned)
Is that a good thing?

DR. SERDEN (V.O.)
No.
(a beat)
A great thing. Congratulations. You're about six weeks along.

BRIDGET
I'm pregnant?

Off a stunned Bridget, we...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME

As Bridget reels from Dr. Serden's news:

ANDREW (O.C.)

Wow. I wasn't expecting that.

Bridget turns around to see Andrew, standing behind her. As she hangs up her cell:

BRIDGET

Neither was I.

After an awkward beat:

ANDREW

Well... let's consider it a happy accident.

As Andrew kisses Bridget on the cheek:

BRIDGET

Do you really mean that?

ANDREW

Absolutely. I think it's great. Besides, it'll take my mind off of work.

(discreetly)

They're auditing us next week.

BRIDGET

Should we be nervous?

ANDREW

No. Let's worry about more important things.

Andrew touches Bridget's belly. She offers up a small smile and hands over the takeout container.

BRIDGET

I brought you lunch. But I didn't know Juliet would be here. Why was she crying?

A puffy-eyed Juliet exits Andrew's office.

ANDREW

It's a long story. We'll talk about it later.

As Juliet approaches:

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Guess what, Jules? You're going to
 be a big sister!

JULIET
 Are you serious?

ANDREW
 Yeah. Isn't it great?

Juliet does an about face back into Andrew's office and slams the door.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 I guess she won't be baby sitting.

INT. MARX APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bridget digs through Siobhan's jewelry drawer, looking for a pair of earrings. As she lifts a velvet tray, a photograph falls out.

CLOSE ON a Polaroid of Siobhan, holding a LITTLE BOY. On the bottom it reads: "SIOBHAN AND SEAN (2 YEARS OLD)." As a tear falls on the picture:

ANDREW (O.C.)
 The car's here! You ready?

PULL OUT as Bridget tucks the picture back under the tray and wipes away her tears.

BRIDGET
 (calling out)
 I'll be right there!

She reaches into her purse and removes a pocket-sized twelve step book. She flips to a dog eared page and glances at an underlined passage that reads:

"MISTAKES AREN'T TRAGEDIES. BUT PLEASE, HIGHER POWER, HELP ME LEARN FROM THEM."

Bridget shuts the book, puts on her earrings, and exits, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID BURKE TOWNHOUSE - LATER

A chic retro modern restaurant on the Upper East Side. Bridget and Andrew sit nestled in a red booth. Gemma and Henry sit across from them.

GEMMA
(squealing)
So that's why you haven't been
smoking, you dirty bird!

Gemma leans over the table and kisses Bridget and Andrew.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Isn't that marvelous, Henry?

Everyone turns to Henry, who's quietly nursing a scotch.

HENRY
(dryly)
Marvelous.

Bridget shoots him a warning look.

GEMMA
Ignore him. He's just upset
because his editor doesn't like his
new pages.

HENRY
(pissed)
Gemma!

GEMMA
What? Don't let your bad mood get
in the way of their good news.

Henry lifts his glass to Andrew.

HENRY
Congratulations.

Andrew clinks Henry's glass.

ANDREW
Thanks, buddy. We're really happy.

Bridget smiles, as Andrew gives her a long kiss.

GEMMA
Now, now. Let's not go for baby
number two so soon.
(giggling)
At least not in public.

As Andrew pulls back, Henry's eyes bore into Bridget.

HENRY
Excuse me. I'm not feeling too well.

Henry heads to the restroom, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT - LATER

As Bridget and Andrew exit their Towncar, Bridget notices...

HENRY, STANDING ACROSS THE STREET.

BRIDGET
Damn it!

ANDREW
What?

BRIDGET
(covering)
I meant to have the driver stop at Tasti D Lite.

ANDREW
Are they still open?

BRIDGET
Til midnight. Trust me, a pregnant woman knows these things.

ANDREW
(laughing)
I'll run down the block.

BRIDGET
No. I will. Pregnant women also know how to cut to the front of the line.

Andrew smiles and enters the building. Bridget crosses the street and stalks over to Henry.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You don't get it, do you?

HENRY
(obviously drunk)
Oh I got it. A whole earful at dinner.

BRIDGET

I'm sorry. I didn't want it to come out that way.

HENRY

You know that's my baby.

BRIDGET

No I don't.

HENRY

Oh come on, Siobhan! We've fucked a thousand times! And you've thrown Andrew a bone, what, once? Twice, in the past few months?

BRIDGET

It only takes one time.

HENRY

That's my kid! And I'm not just going to sit across from you at dinner and pretend I'm happy for Andrew.

BRIDGET

Well what do you want me to do?

HENRY

Leave him.

BRIDGET

And live off what? Andrew supports me and Gemma supports you.

HENRY

Not for long. I'm going to finish this draft and then things will be different.

Bridget doesn't look too convinced.

HENRY (CONT'D)

If you don't leave him, we're over.

BRIDGET

Excuse me?

HENRY

Make a choice. It's him or me.

BRIDGET

You want an answer like that now?

HENRY

Yes.

Bridget takes a deep breath.

BRIDGET

Then I choose Andrew.

As Bridget walks away, we PUSH IN on a seething Henry.

INT. MARX APARTMENT - FOYER - LATER

As Bridget exits the elevator, she's greeted by a mountain of cardboard boxes.

INT. MARX APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget enters to find Andrew, talking on the phone.

ANDREW

(into cell)

The wife just came in. Can we finish this in the morning?

As he hangs up:

BRIDGET

What's with all the boxes?

ANDREW

They're Juliet's.

BRIDGET

Is she bringing them back to school?

ANDREW

From school. She got kicked out.

BRIDGET

For what?

Andrew reaches into his night stand and pulls out...

A SMALL CELLOPHANE BAG, FILLED WITH WHITE POWDER.

ANDREW

This is what our fight was about.

BRIDGET

(mortified)

Oh my god.

ANDREW
Tell me about it.

BRIDGET
Well is she staying here? With us?

ANDREW
It's not like I'm gonna send her to
live with her mother in Miami.
Catherine will just make it worse.

Off the realization that Bridget's sobriety just got more
complicated, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ROCK SPRINGS, WY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A LEATHERY HAND, with an onyx pinky ring, KNOCKING
on an apartment door.

As Malcolm cracks open the door, we PULL OUT to reveal...

BODAWAY MACAWI, STANDING ON HIS DOORSTEP.

BODAWAY
Where is she?

Malcolm and Bodaway lock eyes, as we...

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Machado exits a cab and approaches the Delta terminal. As he hands his ticket to a SKYCAP ATTENDANT, his cell phone rings.

AGENT MACHADO
(into cell)
This is Machado.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)
(from cell)
Don't go anywhere just yet, Vic.
Something came up.

INT. MARX APARTMENT - JULIET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bridget and Andrew are in the midst of ransacking Juliet's bedroom. As he empties drawers, she rifles through the closet. Carmen enters with garbage bags.

BRIDGET
Thanks, Carms.

ANDREW
Did Juliet call?

CARMEN
Not yet, Mr. Marx.

As Carmen exits, shutting the door behind her:

BRIDGET
Relax. "Spring Awakening" is two
and a half hours. She won't be
back til five.

ANDREW
Are you sure this is absolutely
necessary? I feel like a douche
bag. Why don't we just read her
diary while we're at it?

BRIDGET
Does she have one?

ANDREW
Siobhan.

BRIDGET
I told you, Andrew, I had a cousin
who went through this.
(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

We have to make sure she's not hiding anything else. If she's living under our roof, drugs are out of the question.

ANDREW

(impressed)

Looks like the baby's making you more maternal already.

(a beat)

Uh-oh.

Andrew holds up an opened box of Trojans.

BRIDGET

That's not an "uh-oh." Drugs, bad. Safe sex, good.

Andrew slyly smiles.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

What?

He kisses Bridget. She kisses him back, finally succumbing to her attraction for her sister's husband. As they fall onto the bed, we...

CUT TO:

INT. MARX APARTMENT - JULIET'S BEDROOM - LATER

Post coital, Bridget and Andrew lie on Juliet's bed. As he tenderly caresses her shoulder:

ANDREW

That was... different.

BRIDGET

Good different? Or bad different?

ANDREW

Amazing. But I gotta be honest, after what happened last time, I thought you'd never let me touch you again.

BRIDGET

You make it sound so awful. It's a happy accident, remember?

ANDREW

(darkening)

I wasn't talking about your getting pregnant.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

From now on, I'm going to be the
husband you deserve. I promise.

PUSH IN on Bridget, wondering what the hell happened, as
we...

CUT TO:

INT. BUS STATION - EAST HAMPTON - NIGHT

Machado enters the bus station alongside the FBI AGENT from
the phone.

FBI AGENT

...found him breaking into her
locker. Said "the bitch deserved
it."

The FBI agent gestures to the SAME HOMELESS MAN, WHO ASKED
BRIDGET FOR CHANGE, IN HANDCUFFS.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

They didn't think much of it, until
they found this...

Machado and the FBI agent approach a pried open locker to
see...

BRIDGET'S DUFFLE INSIDE.

Machado searches the duffel, pulling out Bridget's cell phone
and wallet.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

Looks like your girl's been here,
after all.

Machado then pulls out a letter addressed to "BRIDGET
CAFFERTY" from "SIOBHAN MARX."

AGENT MACHADO

Her sister said they haven't spoken
in years.

FBI AGENT

Think she might be hiding her?

AGENT MACHADO

If she is, she's a damn good liar.

INT. BROADWAY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - RECTORY - SAME

Narcotics Anonymous. In the heart of Harlem. As the meeting winds down with the Serenity Prayer, Bridget glances at her cell. "ONE MISSED CALL FROM GEMMA."

As Bridget exits the church rectory, she hits "PLAY" and brings the phone to her ear.

GEMMA (V.O.)

(from cell)

It's me. Meet me at the apartment in an hour. The workers should be gone by then.

(whispering)

I think I know who Henry's having an affair with.

INT. THE DAKOTA - LATER

As Bridget tentatively enters the dark penthouse, she glances down the hallway to see...

THE HOLE IN THE WALL HAS BEEN COVERED.

BRIDGET

(calling out)

Gemma?

GEMMA (O.C.)

Out here.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - TERRACE - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget steps out on the terrace to find a tear-stained Gemma.

BRIDGET

Talk to me.

GEMMA

You were wrong. The nanny's a dyke. I asked her about Henry and she hit on me. Not that it matters. I know who it is.

Gemma looks at a nervous Bridget. A tense beat, then:

GEMMA (CONT'D)

The bastard's fucking the twins' preschool teacher!

BRIDGET
 (relieved)
 Come on.

GEMMA
 I caught him flirting with her this morning. He swears it was nothing, but as we know, he's full of shit.

As Gemma begins to tear up again:

BRIDGET
 You're going to get through this.

GEMMA
 (sniffling)
 I know, darling. With the help of friends like you.

A guilty Bridget hugs Gemma, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE DAKOTA - HALLWAY - LATER

As Bridget and Gemma wait for the elevator:

BRIDGET
 Shit. I left my purse on the terrace.

GEMMA
 I'll go back.

BRIDGET
 No. I'll go. You get home to the boys.

EXT. THE DAKOTA - TERRACE - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget steps back onto the terrace and grabs Siobhan's purse. As she heads back inside...

INT. THE DAKOTA - CONTINUOUS

...Patsy Cline's "I FALL TO PIECES" begins to ECHO throughout the empty penthouse.

BRIDGET
 (startled)
 Gemma?

No answer. As Bridget walks into the foyer:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Gemma? Is that you?

Still no answer. CLOSE ON a confused Bridget, as she bends down to shut off the CD player. As she stands back up, we PULL OUT to reveal...

A MAN IN A BLACK SKI MASK, STANDING BEHIND HER, HOLDING A TIRE IRON.

As an unsuspecting Bridget turns around, the man in black lifts the tire iron. Bridget SCREAMS. And just as he's about to strike, she ducks out of the way. The tire iron grazes the CD player, inadvertently turning it back on.

AS PATSY CLINE'S HAUNTING VOICE BEGINS TO RESONATE AGAIN, a terrified Bridget makes a bee line for the front door. She tries to open it, but it jerks to a stop. She looks up to see that the top chain is still fastened. As Bridget struggles to unlock it...

The man in black goes to strike again. Bridget grabs a two-by-four, blocking the tire iron. But the force of the thrust sends her crashing to the ground. As she struggles to get up, the man in black hits her knee. Bridget SCREAMS in agony.

As the man in black begins to close in, a hysterical Bridget scoots herself backwards down the hallway.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Please stop!

The man in black lunges at her. Bridget narrowly escapes each blow. She continues to push herself further and further back until...

There's nowhere else to go. She's cornered at the end of the hallway. As the man in black raises his tire iron again:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(pleading)
Please don't do this!

And just as he's about to crack Bridget's skull, she deflects his arm, sending the tire iron deep into the wall. The man in black tries to dislodge the tire iron, but it's stuck. It won't budge.

Bridget and the man in black lock eyes in a stalemate, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE DAKOTA - MOMENTS LATER

Just as in the teaser, A THUMPING NOISE IS HEARD amidst the haunting melody of "I FALL TO PIECES."

The man in black, now on all fours and ONLY SEEN FROM THE BACK, bashes something against the wall. THE CAMERA TILTS over his shoulder to reveal he's straddling a bloody Bridget. As the man's mammoth gloved hands cradle her head, it becomes painfully clear what he's been bashing.

Bridget's glazed eyes flutter, on the verge of passing out. But not before uttering:

BRIDGET
You have the wrong girl.

With one final blow, the man in black brutally SMASHES HER HEAD STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WALL. And just as Bridget is about to lose consciousness, her head falls to the side. From HER BLURRY POV, we see...

THE AU BON PAIN BAG, buried deep inside the wall.

Bridget weakly reaches for the bag. And just as she pulls out the Glock:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
I'm not Bridget, asshole.

Bridget shakily shoots the man in black. As he clutches his bloody chest:

MAN IN BLACK
(gasping)
Who the hell is Bridget?

The man in black collapses. A badly hurt Bridget achingly drags herself over to him. She checks for a pulse. Nothing. As she slowly removes his ski mask, her eyes go wide when she discovers...

IT'S NOT BODAWAY MACAWI. Rather, an UNRECOGNIZABLE FACE. Confused, Bridget digs into his pockets to find...

A candid photograph of her sister, in her signature Hermes scarf, marked "SIOBHAN MARX."

Bridget looks mortified, as it dawns on her that the hit man wasn't after her.

THE HIT WAS INTENDED FOR HER SISTER SIOBHAN.

Off the realization that Bridget stepped into the wrong person's shoes, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME

CLOSE ON a graffitied pay phone, as it RINGS. A WOMAN'S HAND enters into frame, answering it.

WOMAN (O.C.)
(into phone)
Hello?

MAN (V.O.)
(from phone)
We have a problem.

PULL OUT to reveal the identity of the woman talking on the pay phone. Blood red lips, oversized sunglasses, and a Hermes scarf make it unmistakably...

SIOBHAN MARX, who's very much alive. She purses her lips and lights a cigarette, as we...

END PILOT