

Supernova

Original Pilot

FADE IN:

INT. COURT ROOM-DAY

GRACE THEODORE (early 30s) sits in a courtroom on the stand. Tears streak her mascara down her cheeks. Snot drips down her nose. She is dressed elegantly, reeking of money, but her dishevelment contradicts this.

Sounds articulate the flashback playing in her head.

SFX: A woman's scream, the sounds of a physical struggle.

Her eyes are fixed forward while the JUDGE rambles inaudibly.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

A MAN walks to the front door of a run-down apartment. A police uniform hangs on a hook by the door. He turns the handle...

EXT. APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

STELLA THEODORE (early 20s) baby-faced, full-cheeked--practically a teenager--stands, shaking, covered in blood and soaking wet, even though it's sunny outside.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

MANHATTAN, 1926

SFX: Unintelligible arguing. The sound of shattering glass.

INT. THEODORE RESIDENCE-EVENING

A winding tour through a Victorian-era home. It looks eerily unlivd in. Only one photo is present: a wedding portrait.

INT. THEODORE KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

A shadow of a man and woman is cast onto the wall, the man with a hand raised and a brandy glass in the other.

THOMAS THEODORE (30s) classically handsome, but not quite handsome enough to make up for how much of an asshole he is, is revealed, his hand raised at Stella.

The couple faces each other, in the middle of an argument.

Thomas slams a glass of brandy down and grabs Stella's face.

She stares back. He reels his hand back to slap her.

STELLA (V.O)
Are we ever aware of the good old days
while we're living them?

His hand makes impact.

STELLA (V.O, CONT'D)
I definitely didn't know these would
be mine.

She cups her face post-slap and stumbles backward.

Thomas breaks the eye contact. He is done. For now.

He grabs his brandy glass, walks to the kitchen table, and takes a seat. The table is covered in an array of disheveled papers and a briefcase sits. Empty glasses litter the table.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM-LATER

Stella sits at her vanity, gazing into the mirror with a wet cloth pressed to her face. The sun has gone down.

She lifts the cloth and winces. It's going to bruise.

STELLA (V.O)
Out of all the things my mother taught
me, learning to take a beating was not
one of them.

The creak of old wood sounds from outside the room. She turns the light off and scampers into bed. Her eyes are still open.

SFX: Thomas's FOOTSTEPS, then the sound of a closing door.

She gets out of bed and goes back to the vanity. She lights a candle.

Stella cakes makeup on the redness. A swipe of red lipstick. Heavy eye makeup.

She slips on a black sequined dress. A heavy fur coat. Finally the finale: a bobbed platinum blonde wig.

STELLA (V.O)
But, a girl has to adapt. The show
must go on.

At the last moment, she slips her wedding ring into the

vanity drawer. She opens the window and climbs out.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN-CONTINUOUS

Stella walks down the street. Street lamps only slightly light her path, but she knows where she's going.

Three CREEPY MEN smoke cigarettes and lean against the side of a building and ogle her as she walks by.

MAN 1

Hey baby, where ya going?

MAN 2

Don't be in such a hurry now...

MAN 2 reaches for her dress and she slaps his hand away and quickens her pace.

MAN 1

Bitch!

EXT. SPEAKEASY-CONTINUOUS

Stella approaches the back of a sketchy-looking building and descends down a staircase. She does a distinct knock.

STELLA

(whispered)

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

We hear the creaking of the door.

INT. '42' SPEAKEASY-CONTINUOUS

The interior is old but nicely furnished. Crimson vinyl booths. Expensive artwork on the walls. Dark wood. Gold. Black grand piano. Cigarette smoke hangs in the air.

This speakeasy is what is referred to as '42' Club.

WIVES and BUSINESS MEN clank drinks at the bar. FLAPPERS suggestively dance onstage. YOUNG COUPLES dance intimately at the front of the venue. The music is lively but not too loud.

STELLA (V.O)

Time for my weekly escapade with The Hens--the insufferable, nosy, rich--

HELEN
(offscreen)
STTTTEEEELLLAAAAAA!

A table full of women wave Stella over. She walks over.

STELLA (V.O, CONT'D)
How I am still invited to these get-togethers is beyond me. I am positive they can't stand me. And their husbands most certainly despise mine. But then again, who can blame them?

Stella takes the empty seat.

First, FRANCES ABELTON, thirties, overzealous smile, a hint of "crazy eyes". She holds a cigarette between her fingers.

STELLA (V.O)
Poor Fran can put anyone off with those eyes. Bless her heart. But I'd reckon most of the men she's talked to...

PAN down for a shot of her rather large chest.

STELLA (V.O, CONT'D)
...have more pressing things to stare at.

Next, HELEN WILSHIRE, thirties, frail-looking. Perfectly manicured. Has never lifted a finger.

STELLA (V.O)
Helen Wilshire. Old money. Her family hit it big in *something* in the late 90's, but she never quite says *what*.

NELLIE SEYMORE, twenty-something, pudgy, homey looking, but she can mask that by sporting all the newest trends: including her mousy bob.

STELLA (V.O)
Nellie can outdrink a 300-pound man on a bad day. She's one of those emotional drunks that needs a warning sign on her forehead after her fifth cocktail.

GRACE THEODORE, early 30's, nordic, an emptiness to her expression.

STELLA (V.O)

And Grace might be just as miserable
as I am at these weekly excursions.

NELLIE

Stella, you're late again!

STELLA

I know. I'm sorry ladies.

Grace pushes forward a glass of champagne toward her.

FRANCES

We've been here for nearly an hour!
Are you still sneaking out? I don't
understand why you don't just tell
Thomas what you're doing.

NELLIE

And why do you bother with this
ridiculous wig?

Nellie tugs on Stella's hair.

HELEN

(under her breath)

It is rather preposterous.

GRACE

Does a woman have to have a reason to
doll herself up?

FRANCES

No, but you look like you belong on
stage, Stella.

STELLA

If only I had a bone in my body with
rhythm I would be.

NELLIE

Oh c'mon, Stell, you had to win Tom's
heart somehow. Show us your steps.

GRACE

Nellie here is already zozzled.

NELLIE

Am not!

FRANCES
(mocking)
The lady doth protests.

STELLA
Well, looks like I have some catching
up to do.

CUT TO:

THREE FLAPPERS seductively dance onstage. Stella stares. She
downs her glass of champagne a little too quickly.

FRANCES
(obviously buzzed)
I, for one, have to use the ladies'
room.

NELLIE
And I could use a break from this
torment.

Frances and Nellie stand. Helen stands a moment later.

HELEN
You two coming?

GRACE
I'll stay and make sure Stella here
doesn't wipe 42 of their champagne
supply before 11 o'clock.

The ladies give a polite mix of feigned laughter and nods.
They exit in a pack together.

A beat.

GRACE
It looks worse than usual today.

Their eyes are both fixed on the dancers.

STELLA
What do you mean?

Grace lights a cigarette and motions down the side of her
face.

GRACE
You know what I mean.

Another beat.

GRACE

You can talk to me, you know. I'm not going to tell any of them.

Another beat.

Stella signals for a WAITER to come to the table.

STELLA

Another glass of champagne, please.

WAITER

Right away, ma'am.

GRACE

You always can stay with Frank and I, Stella. Ever since--

STELLA

I appreciate the offer, Grace, but I'm handling it.

STELLA (V.O)

Clearly not well enough.

GRACE

If you don't start handling it a little better, I'm not going to be the only person who notices.

Stella polishes off her glass.

SFX: Frances, Helen, and Nellie's drunken giggles.

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

A group of POLICE OFFICERS are at the station. Smoke hangs in the air. The men collect their belongings. They CHAT.

A large, authoritative man, CAPTAIN O'ROURKE (50's) stands by the door of the building as men leave.

O'ROURKE

Congratulations, gentleman.

Two men stand by a back corner desk.

JACK CALLAWAY, early 20s, is small and boyish, fresh out of the womb.

PETE HAMPTON, early 20s, frat-boy-esque, more manly and twice as obnoxious, stands to his side, foot tapping rapidly.

Jack hunches over the desk, filling out paperwork. Pete stands over him, grips Jack's shoulder.

PETE

Can you believe it?!

JACK

No, I--

PETE

Real NYPD officers. I thought the academy was going to kill me.

JACK

These hours will.

PETE

You are entirely ungrateful. Think of how many people would love to be on night patrol.

JACK

The people who would be thankful to be on night patrol are the same people who couldn't maneuver an automobile.

PETE

Exactly why they'd be so appreciative. They wouldn't have to drive.

Jack stands and puts on his coat.

JACK

What'd you think?

PETE

Of what?

JACK

Him.

Jack nods to where Captain O'Rourke stands.

PETE

(dramatically mouthing the words)
Asshole.

Jack grabs a brown paper bagged lunch from his desk, fishes

an apple out and eats it as he and Pete walk to the door.

PETE

My old man said I didn't have the
brains to make it through school. Wait
til he sees this.

Pete pulls his pistol from his side and points it at Jack's
chest. Jack's hands fly up. The apple falls to the ground.

PETE

Stop, police!

JACK

Pete, knock it off.

PETE

That's Officer Hampton to you.

Jack shoves Pete's shoulder. Pete puts the gun back in its
holster. Pete shoves him back. It looks like it could be the
beginning of a fight before...

O'ROURKE

Hey!

Both boys spin toward the door where O'Rourke stands.

O'ROURKE

That is not a toy.

PETE

Yes sir.

O'ROURKE

And this is not the fraternity house.

JACK

Sorry, Captain.

Both men walk, heads hung, towards the exit. They pause at
the door as O'Rourke looks them up and down.

O'ROURKE

I better not see any of that horseplay
again. Or you'll be stuck behind the
horses picking shit until your fingers
bleed. Understand?

JACK

Yes sir.

PETE

Won't happen again, sir.

O'ROURKE
Get on out of here.

Jack pushes the door open.

O'ROURKE
And celebrate, why don't ya. You've
joined the best force in the whole
goddamn country.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN-CONTINUOUS

Jack and Pete walk down the street. Pete slings his arm over Jack's shoulder.

PETE
Where should we celebrate?

JACK
It's late, Pete, and we have to be at
the station at 6...

PETE
Shhhh, nonsense. Captain says we
celebrate, so we celebrate. Hey, I
know a snazzy club. Very elite. My
brother talked my ear off about it.

JACK
The brother at Columbia?

PETE
That's the one.

JACK
I don't think any establishment would
let us in dressed like this.

They both glance down at their police uniforms.

PETE
You're right, Callaway. This requires
a quick stop.

JACK
My place is close. I'm sure I'll have
something you can squeeze into.

Jack squeezes Pete's arm playfully.

PETE
NEW YORK CITY'S BEST!!!!

INT. '42' SPEAKEASY-LATER

Pete and Jack burst into '42' dressed in evening wear. Pete's suit is too snug.

Stella and Grace sit at the bar. The bartender, SAM, (60's) polishes glasses. The people in the bar have dwindled.

As the men walk in, Pete points toward where Stella and Grace sit. They take a seat the bar, a few seats down.

PETE
(to Sam)
Two shots of your finest bourbon,
please.

The bartender grabs two glasses.

SAM
Last call is in fifteen minutes,
gentleman. We don't have bourbon.

PETE
What do you have, sir?

SAM
Got it in last night. Couldn't tell ya
what it is.

Sam plops a gallon of indisguishable liquid on the bar.

JACK
Oh, that's okay. We're happy with
anything.

The bartender nods.

GRACE
(to Jack and Pete)
Celebrating something?

PETE
You're looking at two newly employed
men.

Stella and Grace politely giggle.

STELLA

Men? You two don't even look old enough to be in here.

JACK

Well, ma'am, technically none of us are allowed to be in here.

STELLA

Touché.

Jack and Stella share a moment of eye contact.

Sam hands the men their shots in teacups. Jack and Pete down them. Jack attempts to hide his grimace.

PETE

Not bad, huh?

JACK

Can't say it's my drink of choice.

PETE

It's not quite Vodka, but it's not not Vodka.

PETE

(to Sam)

We'll take another round, please.

Jack holds his hand up.

JACK

Would you ladies like to try...this?

STELLA

(amused)

What a gentleman.

GRACE

As great as that sounds...it's getting late and I need to relieve my nanny before she walks out on her own.

Grace finishes her champagne and slaps money on the bar.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You ready, Stella?

STELLA

Um...

PETE

Please stay for one more drink,

ladies, on us.

STELLA
We couldn't possibly impose...

JACK
A celebration for two is just sad.

STELLA
Another drink couldn't hurt.

JACK
This one might.

GRACE
Stell, I really have to go--

PETE
C'mon! If your nanny walks out, I will
personally hire you another.

JACK
We are working men, now.

Sam sets down four shots. Grace pauses then sits back down.

GRACE
I suppose one more couldn't hurt.

Stella smiles. So does Jack.

STELLA
Who do we have to thank for these?

Pete stands slightly to distribute the shots. He holds his
hand out first to Grace, then to Stella.

PETE
Pete Hampton.

GRACE
As in Walter Hampton?

PETE
Guilty as charged.

Grace nods.

GRACE
It's a pleasure. Grace Theodore.

GRACE
(whispered to Stella)
Richer than Helen.

Stella's eyes widen.

STELLA
(to Jack)
And you are?

PETE
This is Jack Callaway.

GRACE
Which Callaways are you from?

JACK
None you'd know, I'm sure.

A beat.

JACK
But the ones who can't introduce
themselves, apparently.

Jack shakes both Grace and Stella's hands.

STELLA
Stella Theodore.

PETE
Theodore?

JACK
So, you two are...?

GRACE
(quickly)
Sisters.

Grace gives Stella a look. Both men nod reluctantly.

STELLA (V.O)
Thank you.

JACK
Funny, you two don't look much alike.

PETE
Your mother was friendly with the
milkman?

Grace gapes.

STELLA
She got the good looks.

The bartender GRUMBLES and looks pointedly at the four.

SAM
Wrap it up.

PETE
You heard it.

The four clink their shots and drink.

Wooo. STELLA Grace Awful!

GRACE
(to Sam)
One of the worst yet.

SAM
I don't make the batch. I just pour
it.

PETE
Oh, it's not that bad.

STELLA
I'd rather streak through Central Park
completely nude than have another sip
of that monstrosity.

Stella! GRACE

Pete and Jack laugh.

PETE
Well, you heard the man.

Pete and Grace both stand. Stella and Jack a moment later.

ANNOUNCER (O.C)
Alright, fine ladies and gentlemen of
Manhattan. We're wrapping the night up
with one last song.

CUT TO:

INT. '42' SPEAKEASY STAGE-CONTINUOUS

The jazz band onstage preps to play. The flappers whisper to one another before the music begins and they dance.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. '42' SPEAKEASY-CONTINUOUS

GRACE

I'm going to call it a night.

PETE

Let me walk you home. Where do you live?

GRACE

59th and 5th. By Central.

PETE

Beautiful. I'm close.

JACK

(to Stella)

Wanna stay for the last song?

STELLA

Sure.

GRACE

Are you--

JACK

Don't worry, I'll walk her home.

GRACE

...Okay.

Pete leads Grace out.

GRACE

(calling backward)

I'll stop by with Rosie tomorrow.

STELLA

Great.

PETE

(calling as he leaves)

I'll pick up the next one!

Jack rolls his eyes and sets some money on the bar. Grace and Pete exit.

JACK
Let's go. We'll miss it.

They stand, and Jack leads Stella over to--

INT. '42' SPEAKEASY STAGE-CONTINUOUS

the stage. Two COUPLES dance the Charleston. The MUSICIANS groove to the beat. The FLAPPERS dance. Stella and Jack sit at an empty booth.

STELLA
I've never learned how to do the Charleston.

JACK
Never?!

Stella shakes her head.

JACK
That's about to change.

Jack stands and pulls her up.

JACK
Okay, follow my steps.

STELLA
I'm the worst dancer!

JACK
You certainly don't look like it!

STELLA
This costume is a ruse.

Jack leads and Stella follows his steps.

JACK
You're getting it.

STELLA
I'm dreadful and you know it. Two left feet as my mother would say.

JACK
Now, forward, back..

STELLA

I was the only girl not accepted to
ballet class as a child. I didn't even
know they could--

Stella missteps and slightly trips. They fall out of rhythm
and nearly fall. Jack steadies her.

JACK

Woaaaaahhh.

STELLA

Miss Partridge would be so pleased to
see her judgment was right.

JACK

I hear booze helps rhythm.

STELLA

A few more shots of that bathtub gin
and I don't think I could stand, let
alone dance.

The song ends. The musicians bow.

JACK

Can I walk you home?

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN-CONTINUOUS

Jack and Stella walk down the street.

STELLA

I still don't know what your fancy new
job is.

JACK

I don't know if you want to know.

STELLA

I told you an embarrassing secret, the
least you can do is tell me your
occupation.

STELLA (V.O)

Nothing can be worse than...

JACK

I'm a cop.

STELLA
(not hiding her surprise)
Oh!

JACK
Probably the last thing you want to
hear considering...

STELLA
Considering we were at a club
drinking?

Jack nods.

STELLA
As long as you're not going to arrest
me.

JACK
Never.

STELLA
What made you pursue such a career
path?

JACK
I don't know really...the pay's good.
But...I don't know...I really want to
help people.
(noticing Stella's calculating
look)
I mean that. I think far too many
people get away with things they
shouldn't. There no sense of morality
and people just...people need justice.
A voice of reason.

STELLA (V.O)
Couldn't agree more.

JACK
I'm rambling, I'm sorry.

STELLA
You're clearly passionate.

JACK
Everyone just tells me it's because
I'm young.

They come to a brownstone. Stella stops.

STELLA
This is mine.

JACK
Not shabby.

STELLA
Thank you.

She starts walks to the door. Jack reaches out a hand to touch her, but pull it back.

STELLA
And thank you for walking me home.

JACK
Of course. Anytime.

She opens the door.

STELLA
Goodnight, Jack.

JACK
Can--

She slips in before he's able to finish his thought.

INT. THEODORE KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Stella, wig in hand, tiptoes into the kitchen. Tom is slumped at the table, passed out over his papers.

She shakes his shoulders.

STELLA
Tom.

He doesn't stir.

She shakes him more rigorously.

STELLA
Tom. You have a big day tomorrow.
Let's get you to bed.

Still no movement. She shakes him harder.

STELLA
C'mon Tom.

He stirs, grumbles.

Stella hit his back. Tom finally wakes, confused and drunk.

TOM
(slurred)
What time is it?

STELLA (V.O)
Definitely still drunk.

STELLA
Time to sleep.

Tom lurches to his feet and walks to the staircase.

Stella reaches out to help, but he bats her hand away and ascends the staircase alone.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Stella hides the wig in the closet and strips from her dress.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

Stella walks down the hallway and enters the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Stella climbs into bed next to Tom. He doesn't stir. She turns the lamp off that sits on the nightstand.

INT. THEODORE KITCHEN-MORNING

Soft jazz plays from a record player. Stella cooks breakfast at the stove, HUMMING happily. She is dressed in a robe, and her face is slightly swollen and bruised.

Tom enters the kitchen behind her, looking sharp in a suit.

He wraps his arms around her and kisses her cheek.

TOM
Good morning.

STELLA
Morning. Coffee is on the table.

He sits at the table. Stella plates the eggs and bacon and brings it over. She sets a plate in front of Tom, and sits on the opposite end of the table. He starts eating without

looking at her.

STELLA

Are you in a hurry?

TOM

I have a meeting with the Captain of the precinct today about the Jane Bateman case that I'm going to be late for.

STELLA

That's the child star who was murdered, right? I think I saw it in the paper.

TOM

Mhm. The police are usually willing to cooperate with us, so I think it'll be a home run.

STELLA

It always is for you.

Tom looks up and sees Stella's face. He grimaces, but covers it quickly and takes a sip of coffee.

TOM

Oh, Stell.

He struggles for words, then takes another long sip.

TOM

I'm sorry. The booze must've gotten the better of me.

STELLA (V.O)

Again.

STELLA

I know.

He finishes his bacon and coffee and stands. He walks over to Stella and kisses her non-bruised cheek. She slightly shies away but lets him do it.

TOM

You know I love you.

STELLA

I know.

She places her hand against his cheek. It looks like it could almost be intimate until he withdraws and grabs his briefcase against the wall and a hat that hangs on a hook.

TOM
Wish me luck.

STELLA
You don't need it.

He kisses his index finger and holds it up. She does the same. He pauses at the door on his way out.

TOM
How about you buy some steaks for dinner tonight.

STELLA
You don't even like steak.

TOM
But you do.

Stella smiles. So does Tom. He tips his hat then exits.

INT. THEODORE KITCHEN-MOMENTS LATER

Stella scrapes her untouched plate off into the trash, then collects Tom's and takes it over to the sink. Stella washes the dishes. Her eyes catch at the wedding ring on her finger. She fixates on it and drops the sponge.

STELLA (V.O)
Like any decent couple, we used to be happy.

EXT. WINSLOW FAMILY LAKE-AFTERNOON-FLASHBACK

Stella perches, in a bathing suit at the edge of a dock ready to jump into the water below. Tom treads water in the lake. Her sister, MARGARET, swims too.

TOM
Jump, Stell!

MARGARET
You got this! C'mon!

STELLA
I'm scared!

TOM
It's barely a jump!

STELLA
Is it cold?

MARGARET
Freezing!

Stella tenses like she's about to jump, but doesn't.

TOM
Don't make me come up there.

MARGARET
I think you might have to.

Tom begins swimming toward the end of the lake.

STELLA
I'll do it, I'll do it!!

Stella still doesn't jump, dancing around instead.

Tom reaches the shore and runs to the dock at full speed.

TOM
I'm coming!

STELLA
No!

He runs down the dock, grabs Stella and they barrel into the water together.

They sink far down, but eventually come popping up to the surface. Stella coughs up tons of water, trying to catch her breath.

TOM
Not so bad, huh?

She holds onto Tom and they kiss.

STELLA
Let's do it again.

INT. THEODORE KITCHEN-PRESENT DAY

Stella pulls the ring off her finger and sets it on the counter. She digs in a drawer and retrieves a pack of

cigarettes and a pack of matches. She lights a cigarette and fixes her gaze out the window.

INT. THEODORE LAW OFFICE-MORNING

Thomas walks into a bustling law office. A small desk sits at the front of the building, where a perky young woman, LILAH (20's) sits in front of a typewriter. She smooths her dress as he approaches.

LILAH

Good morning Mr. Theodore.

Tom nods towards her. She stands, fiddling with her dress. A price tag is visible, poking out of the collar.

TOM

Morning.

LILAH

Your coffee is waiting in your office, sir.

He nods and walks forward. No acknowledgment. Lilah waits. He doesn't turn around. She sits down.

Across the aisle, PHYLLIS (20's), sneers at Lilah.

LILAH

(in regards to her dress)

Do you think he noticed?

PHYLLIS

He's never going to sleep with you.

Phyllis opens a desk drawer and pulls out a tin of rouge.

PHYLLIS

Try this. You look sheet white.

Phyllis walks over to Lilah's desk and discreetly puts the makeup into her palm. Lilah turns it around in her hands.

LILAH

You think it might help?

PHYLLIS

Worth a try.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE-LATER

Tom opens a desk drawer and pulls out a flask. He dumps the liquor into his coffee, pours a little milk in, stirs, and takes a sip. He shuffles through papers on his desk and pulls out a stack of newspapers. He begins flipping through them. We pause on each of the headlines.

"CHILD STAR JANE BATEMAN, AGED 9, FOUND SLAIN IN NYC ALLEY"

"RANSOM LETTER RELEASED TO PRESS. WHO'S THE KIDNAPPER RESPONSIBLE?"

"JANE BATEMAN ABDUCTED? CHILD STAR MYSTERY CONTINUES"

As he flips through, a knock sounds at the door.

TOM

Come in.

Lilah swings the door open and in walk Tom's brother, FRANK THEODORE (40's), and Captain O'Rourke.

TOM

Good morning. Please, have a seat.

Frank saunters easily into the room. O'Rourke marches, arms crossed over his chest.

LILAH

Can I bring you gentleman anything?

TOM

Some tea, please, Lilah. And bring my box of cigars.

O'ROURKE

I am not a British monarch, Tom.
Drinking tea is simply not patriotic.

FRANK

Some coffee then, sir?

TOM

I don't think our ancestors dumped
that into the harbor, did they?

O'Rourke GRUMBLES.

Lilah nods and exits.

O'ROURKE

Can I ask you what the purpose of this meeting is, Mr. Theodore?

TOM

Please, Carl, have a seat.

He unhappily sits.

TOM

Mr. O'Rourke, my brother and I recently got news that you and your unit are about to make a big arrest.

O'ROURKE

Is that so?

FRANK

In the Jane Bateman case.

TOM

The word on the street is, there's been incriminating evidence found in the possession of Jane's father, Henry Bateman.

FRANK

Now, of course, this is all speculation. But Mr. Bateman has already reached out to our office in fear of needing to secure a defense team to represent him.

TOM

As a reputable firm, Mr. O'Rourke, we need to assess all of the available information about a client before we decide to take the case.

FRANK

And in this case, we aren't sure if there's even a case to be had.

O'ROURKE

What are you asking of me here?

Frank shoots Tom a panicked look, but Tom maintains his cool.

TOM

We are wondering if you are willing to provide us with any available

information you have in regards to Mr. Bateman's supposed upcoming arrest. We hope to give our potential client the best defense money can buy, and for that to happen we must be informed.

A knock sounds on the door, and Lilah reenters with a tray with a pot of coffee and a box of cigars. She sets them on the table, then exits.

Frank pours both he and O'Rourke a cup of coffee, and Tom opens the case, retrieves a cigar and lights it. He offers the box to both men. Frank takes one, O'Rourke does not.

TOM

You sure? Finest Cubans money can buy.

O'ROURKE

I'm sure they are. You know I can't give you that information, Mr. Theodore, despite your client's wishes. If criminals had a warning of their arrests, our jails would be empty.

Tom fishes an envelope from his desk and slides it on the table toward O'Rourke.

TOM

I'm hoping you will reconsider.

O'Rourke incredulously looks towards the envelope.

O'ROURKE

Bribes may work with some officers, Mr. Theodore, but I am not one of them.

O'Rourke stands, so does Frank.

FRANK

Mr. O'Rourke, we didn't mean to insinuate--

O'Rourke holds a hand up.

O'ROURKE

Thank you, gentleman. I hope the judge admires your persuasive skills more than I do.

He stomps room.

FRANK

Tom--

TOM

We'll be fine.

Tom ashes his cigar and downs the rest of his coffee.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK-AFTERNOON

Grace walks with a stroller, her daughter, ROSIE (1), inside. Stella walks her cocker spaniel, Polo. Grace is halfway through eating a pretzel. Stella smokes a cigarette.

GRACE

You really oughtn't smoke in public, Stella.

STELLA

Ladies Home Journal says they curb appetite and my dress for Rosie's party is a tad too snug. They taste like pollution, though. I don't see the appeal.

GRACE

I think the stress from the party is causing me to binge.

STELLA

Who knew turning one was such an occasion.

Grace holds out her pretzel to Stella in disgust.

GRACE

Please take this away from me.

Stella hesitates a brief moment then takes it, tossing her cigarette on the ground and tearing the pretzel into tiny bites before she eats it.

STELLA

Did Frank have anything to say about your late arrival last night?

GRACE

He was very relieved I wasn't left to wander the streets alone.

STELLA

Did he know there was a handsome gentleman that made the journey with you?

GRACE

Well...

Stella cocks an eyebrow at her.

STELLA

(looking at Rosie)

I guess she's built-in trust, huh?

GRACE

Pete was very respectful of the fact that I'm married, and Frank knew he was doing his due diligence by walking me home. Plus, who would want to mess around with a mother? I'm counted out of the pool of availablilty to covet for. Anyway, he's far too young. He looks younger than my 18-year-old brother--

STELLA

You always babble when you lie.

GRACE

What would I have to lie ab--

STELLA

Frank was still playing poker with the boys when you got home, wasn't he?

Grace gasps and looks at Stella. Stella challenges her back and Grace crumbles under the pressure.

GRACE

...Yes. He couldn't have cared less who waltzed me through that door as long as I made it back unscathed. But I would gladly offer the information up if he was curious.

STELLA

I know you would. You're a good wife.

They round the corner of the park. Stella throws the paper from the pretzel in the trash.

STELLA

Did you ever find out what Pete does for a living?

GRACE

He said he's selling stock on Wall Street. If my sister wasn't engaged, I'd send him her way.

Stella laughs.

STELLA

They're not married yet, there's still time.

GRACE

You still haven't mentioned Jack.

STELLA

What about him?

GRACE

I could tell he fancied you.

STELLA

It doesn't matter if he fancied me or not. I'm married.

GRACE

Your finger was saying otherwise. There's no reason a woman takes her wedding ring off unless she wants to give the impression of a single woman.

STELLA

Or a liberated one. I didn't see one flapper with a ring.

Grace stops pushing the carriage.

GRACE

There's good reason no flapper had a ring.

STELLA

I'm not an adulterous woman.

GRACE

I know. But every girl wants a man to look at her the way he was looking at you.

INT. THEODORE FOYER-EVENING

Stella walks in the foyer carrying a bag of groceries. She removes her scarf, hat, and jacket and hangs them.

STELLA

Tom? You home?

She wanders around, looking for him.

INT. THEODORE KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Tom is intently looking through papers with a glass of whisky in his hand.

STELLA

Is everything okay?

TOM

No, everything is not okay.

Stella sets the bag of groceries down on the counter and walks over to console Tom.

STELLA

What's wrong?

She places a hand on his back. He doesn't react to her touch.

TOM

My case is going to shit.

STELLA

The one you had your big meeting for today?

TOM

I can't get any information whatsoever. The police won't give me a goddamn thing. I have no idea if an arrest is even going to happen or not, and if it does, I can't cover our asses if we're in the dark.

STELLA

I thought you said it was going to be a home run.

TOM

I know what I said.

STELLA

Do you think he did it?

TOM

It doesn't matter what I think. It matters what the people think. And if these sleazy cops are going to stack evidence against him, there's nothing I can do. It's always a family member in these cases, anyway.

STELLA

Well, it is your job to--

Tom stands, clenching and unclenching his fists.

TOM

What did you say?

STELLA

I just think--

TOM

Do you think I don't know what my job is?

STELLA

Tom, that's not what I meant.

She stumbles backward.

TOM

Do you really think you have the authority to tell *me* how do to my job?

He stalks toward her, cornering Stella to the wall.

STELLA

That's not what I was saying--

TOM

Yeah? What were you saying?

Stella, unable to find words, glances at the ground. Tom grabs her face and holds it in his hand.

TOM

You look at me when I'm speaking to you, Estelle.

She locks eyes with him.

STELLA

I'm sorry, Tom, I was only trying to help.

TOM

Hell will freeze over before a woman thinks she can tell me how to do my job.

He tightens his grip on her face.

TOM

You will never speak to me like that again, you understand?

Stella attempts to nod, her head still held in Tom's hand.

He lets her face go and slaps her across the cheek.

TOM

Are you deaf? I asked you a question.

STELLA

I understand.

TOM

Good.

He walks back over to the table and begins shuffling through his paperwork again.

TOM

If you wish to actually be useful, you'll make us something to eat. Or should I call up Lilah and see if she can do that instead? In case you don't understand that either.

STELLA

(softly)

I can do that.

TOM

Huh?

STELLA

(louder)

I can do that.

TOM

Good.

He glances up and gives her a long look.

TOM

You really need to start dressing like a woman again. You look like a corner whore.

INT. '42' SPEAKEASY-LATER

Jack sits with Pete at the bar. Pete is chatting with two YOUNG WOMEN, both of whom are leaned forward, eyelashes batting, twirling their hair, but Jack is paying no attention. He's glancing towards the door and around the bar for Stella.

INT. STELLA'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Stella, illuminated by only the moonlight from her window, lays in bed with Tom, twiddling with her wedding ring. She looks over at Tom, all bloodlust and bitterness. She shapes her hand into a claw but releases and turns over.

INT. GRACE'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Grace and Stella stand next to each other in a spacious living room while MISSY (60's) and GLORIA (60's), Grace's housekeeper and nanny, are busy altering the formal evening dresses each woman has on.

STELLA

I can breathe in this!

She begins to twirl. Missy, needle in hand, attempts to alter her hem, but pulls back as Stella moves.

MISSY

Hold still, Ms. Stella, please.

STELLA

They finally started to make women's wear that doesn't cut off circulation. Marvelous!

GRACE

God bless Coco Chanel.

STELLA

I don't understand why we're getting so formal for Rosie, though. I don't think she'd mind too much what we'll look like. Can babies even see color?

GRACE

Babies are not dogs, Stella.

Gloria snorts.

GLORIA

My job might be easier if they were.

GRACE

There's never a good reason *not* to throw a party and look your best. It's one of my life mottos. It's still a little loose, Missy, I need it taken in further.

Missy nods and continues adjusting.

STELLA

That color really brings out your eyes.

GRACE

Ooh you think? I just need everything to be perfect. You know Helen and Fran will rip me to bits if anything is out of place.

STELLA

Have you hired a band?

GRACE

I booked the jazz band from '42'.

STELLA

Impressive.

GRACE

It has to be. This is my post-baby weight debut.

STELLA

You look as wonderful as you always have.

GRACE

Your dress reminds me of the one you wore to the debutante ball, doesn't it?

INT. BALLROOM-FLASHBACK

Stella, younger, is dressed in a similarly purple-hued gown at her debutante ball. She holds a small punch glass and sips, out of place and alone. A dapper-looking younger Tom strolls over and approaches her.

TOM

What's a woman like you doing by herself?

STELLA

Hiding from my escort, actually.

Tom flashes a huge smile and laughs.

TOM

Which lucky man is that?

Stella scans the crowd and points towards a chubby, pimply boy, who is looking around, presumably for her.

TOM

Poor guy. I'm sure you made his whole world by agreeing to go with him.

STELLA

It was a favor for a family friend that I'm starting to seriously regret.

TOM

So, you are uninterested in him, it seems?

STELLA

Indeed.

He holds his hand out for her to shake.

TOM

Thomas Theodore.

STELLA

Stella Winslow.

TOM

It's a pleasure.

INT. GRACE'S LIVING ROOM-PRESENT

Stella looks at the dress.

STELLA

I saw a Vionnet in a storefront and begged and begged my mother for it for that night, and she promised she'd do her best to recreate it. That was before I was forced to go with Freddie Younger. I don't even think she was the one to sew it. I'm sure she pawned that off to my grandmother now that I think about it.

GRACE

It was beautiful. But this is better.

GRACE

(yelling)

NORMAN PLEASE BRING IN A PITCHER OF LEMONADE.

NORMAN (O.C.)

Right away, ma'am.

SFX: keys opening a door.

FRANK (O.C.)

Honey?

GRACE

We're in here!

Frank walks into the living room and sets his briefcase down, and SIGHS. He plops on the couch and pulls a cigarette from his pocket and goes to light it.

GRACE

There is a baby in this home, Frank.

He throws his hands up in surrender.

STELLA

You're home early.

FRANK

Frustrating day to say the least. Hi Stella.

STELLA

Hello, Frank.

GRACE

What happened?

FRANK

I won't bore you with the details, but it's not pretty. Tom is practically up in arms at this point.

STELLA

The Jane Bateman case?

Frank nods.

FRANK

It's worse than we initially thought.

Grace purses her lips at her reflection in the standing mirror.

FRANK

The stress is eating him alive. Me too, but everyone knows that he runs the show.

He means to deliver this lightly, but his tone is sour.

GRACE

He needs you, Frank, you're the other Theodore brother. The firm doesn't exist without you. Theodore and Theodore.

STELLA

Theodore squared.

FRANK

(to Stella)

Try telling that to your husband.

NORMAN, the family househand, walks in with a pitcher of lemonade. Frank takes it and pours himself a glass.

STELLA

It seems every time I'm over you have more help.

GRACE

The baby has made things chaotic.

FRANK

You and Tom should really get some too. It takes off so much stress. Lord knows he could use that.

STELLA (V.O)

I think Tom's head might explode if
there was another soul in our house.

GRACE

(quickly)

I don't want you to think of us any
differently, Stella, I will never be a
Frances.

STELLA

You still know Rosie's name, so I
think you're in better shape. After
child four she lost track.

GRACE

Her husband never bothered to learn
them in the first place.

Frank pours a glass of lemonade for Grace and hands it to her
while Missy continues to work on her dress.

FRANK

You look beautiful. You too, Stella.

He kisses Grace's cheek.

GRACE

I'm sure the case will be fine, it
always is. You're the hardest working
man I know.

FRANK

If we can make it through this one
alive, we'll be celebrating more than
Rosie's birthday.

INT. POLICE STATION-DAY

Jack sits at his desk at work, sorting through papers. Pete,
seated in the desk next to him, rolls his chair over to Jack.

PETE

How many tickets did you end up
writing this week?

JACK

18 so far.

PETE

I've written 4.

JACK

Some of us try to do our jobs.

Jack shuts down the small talk, but Pete lingers.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you need something?

PETE

Just something to do, please, if I have to sort through any more confiscated liquor bottles I will blow my brains out all over this desk.

Jack ignores him and continues working.

PETE (CONT'D)

Why don't we go out tonight?

JACK

Can you try to keep it down?

PETE

Sorry. Let's do something fun! Perhaps a picnic?

JACK

It's Wednesday.

PETE

So?

JACK

Unlike you, I would like to remain employed at the best firm in the world.

PETE

I love my job.

JACK

You don't need it the same way I do.

PETE

That's fair.

JACK

I picked up a night shift, anyway.

PETE

You're no fun.

JACK
I'll make it up to you and go out this weekend if you're paying.

PETE
Deal. Bring some extra dough for those dancers.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN-NIGHT

Jack and another COP walk the streets at night, patrolling. They mindlessly march until Jack notices the street sign. This is Stella's street. He sees her brownstone down further.

JACK
I'll take this one and you can take 45th.

COP
Sure.

Jack begins patrolling Stella's street, expectant.

CUT TO:

Jack is now slumped against a streetlamp, dozing off, his head nearly resting against his chest.

STELLA
Jack?

Jack whips awake and turns to see Stella walking her dog. Her hands are gloved, concealing her wedding ring.

JACK
Stella?

STELLA
I believe so.

JACK
I'm sorry, it took me a moment.

STELLA
Why is that?

JACK
You look...different.

STELLA
Surprise, I am not a blonde.

JACK
Brown hair suits you.

STELLA
What're you doing here?

JACK
Uh..working.

STELLA
How's that going?

JACK
Not too well, actually. I can't stay awake.

STELLA
I can see that.

Beat of uncomfortable silence.

STELLA
Would you like some tea? I'm happy to put some on.

JACK
No, no. You don't need to put yourself out.

STELLA
It's no problem, really. I don't want you to droll anymore on that uniform.

Jack, horrified, whips his head at his shirt. Stella giggles.

STELLA
I'm joking.

JACK
Oh.

He bends down to pet Polo.

JACK
Who's this?

STELLA
This is Polo.

JACK

Polo?

STELLA

My niece named him and it just stuck.

Stella walks toward her house. Jack stays still.

STELLA

Are you coming?

JACK

I don't know if I should.

STELLA

Are you really going to let me walk the street alone? What if a thug jumps out of an alley on the way back and assaults me?

JACK

It looks like the coast is clear to me.

STELLA

My blood would be on your hands, Jack. You don't even have to come inside, I'll bring it out to you.

JACK

Okay.

Jack smiles, but doesn't move. He looks both ways, ensuring the streets are devoid of criminal activity, and walks with her.

STELLA

I like the uniform.

EXT. THEODORE HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

They stop on the stairs.

STELLA

You sure you don't want to come in?

JACK

I really shouldn't.

STELLA

Okay.

She retrieves a key from her coat pocket and slides in the lock.

JACK

Okay, I suppose I can come inside.
Just for a moment.

STELLA

Only a moment.

They both walk inside.

INT. THEODORE FOYER-CONTINUOUS

The sound of women chatting and laughter flood in. Stella unleashes Polo.

JACK

Are you having a party?

STELLA

Not quite.

SFX: explosive burst of laughter erupts from off-screen.

STELLA

Ladies Night.

Stella leads Jack around the corner.

INT. THEODORE LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Frances, Nellie, Grace and Helen are all in a heated game of bridge.

STELLA

We have a guest.

Frances scrambles and hides the flask that sits on the table.

STELLA

He's not here to arrest you.

NELLIE

Stella!

FRANCES

You nearly gave me a heart attack.

Grace pauses her shuffle.

STELLA

I caught him falling asleep during his watch so I invited him in for a glass of tea. Mind keeping him company while I boil the water?

FRANCES

If you would just invest in some help you wouldn't need to brew it by yourself.

STELLA

Thank you, Frances.

FRANCES

Anytime.

HELEN

What's your name?

JACK

Jack.

NELLIE

Such a cute name!! I've always liked that. But no, John *insisted* on Arthur.

HELEN

Hope you can choose to ignore the drunkenness happening here tonight.

JACK

Of course, ma'am.

FRANCES

He is a good one.

The chatter continues and Stella exits.

INT. THEODORE KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Stella boils water in a teapot on the stove. She takes her gloves and wedding ring off, and slips them into a drawer.

Once the teapot hisses and the water is boiling, she prepares two cups and carries them with her as she exits.

INT. THEODORE LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Stella enters. Nellie is wearing Jack's hat, laughing hysterically. Jack sits rigidly, back completely straight, as

the women around him continue chatting, drinking, and cards.

STELLA

Nellie, give Jack his hat back.

NELLIE

But--

STELLA

He has a job to do.

Nellie sourly places the hat back on Jack's head. He stands.

FRANCES

Come back anytime.

HELEN

You are a doll.

He walks towards Stella.

GRACE

Bye, Jack.

JACK

Goodbye ladies. Thank you for
welcoming me in.

The ladies blow kisses and continue giggling obnoxiously,
returning their attention to their game.

Stella hands Jack his mug.

STELLA

Onwards.

EXT. THEODORE HOUSE-MOMENTS LATER

Stella and Jack sit, sipping their tea on the steps of
Stella's brownstone.

STELLA

They're quite something, aren't they?

JACK

They're certainly not dull. Thank you
for the tea.

STELLA

My pleasure, officer. Sorry they were
so...much.

JACK

Don't apologize, it was a good laugh.
When are you going to be back at 42?

STELLA

I'm not sure.

JACK

Your Charleston won't improve without
practice.

STELLA

I just don't know when I'll be able to
go again.

Frances, Nellie, Helen and Grace burst out the door, stopping
at the sight of them on the stairs.

HELEN

Oh, pardon us.

Stella and Jack stand and Stella takes Jack's empty cup.

STELLA

No, pardon me.

GRACE

Cab's almost here.

STELLA

I ought to get to bed.

The ladies walk down the stairs.

FRANCES

It was a pleasure to meet you.

She kisses both of Jack's cheeks. Nellie and Helen shake his
hand as they go down the stairs and wait on the street.

JACK

Pleasure to see you again, Grace.

GRACE

Likewise.

Grace squeezes Stella's arm before she walks down the stairs.

GRACE

I have a feeling I'll be seeing more
of you in the future.

A cab pulls up, and the women get inside of it.

HELEN
Bye, Stella dear.

NELLIE
Give our kisses to Tom!

Jack looks at Stella, confused.

JACK
Tom?

Stella begins stepping inside and closing the door behind her. Jack stops it with his hand.

STELLA
I really have to go.

JACK
Stella wait, I--

STELLA
I'm sorry.

She closes the door on him, leaving him bewildered on her porch stairs.

INT. THEODORE FOYER-CONTINUOUS

Stella stands behind the closed door, looking guilty and upset. She storms further into the house, making her way to the kitchen.

INT. THEODORE KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

She walks into the kitchen, opens the drawer, and retrieves her wedding ring. She slips it back on her finger.

INT. GRACE'S PATIO-DINNER TIME

A large table seats many party guests. Pink balloons fill the patio. Stella sits next to Tom. Frances, Nellie, Helen are seated with their husbands, along with several other party guests. Everyone is happily chatting and drinking, while children play with toys to the side. Rosie is sitting in a highchair at the head of the table, with a small party hat on, while Grace fusses over her. We come to Tom at the tail end of a story.

TOM

So I told him there was more where
that came from.

The partygoers erupt in laughter.

FRANCES'S HUSBAND

You must be so proud, Stella.

STELLA

Oh, I am.

HELEN'S HUSBAND

Sometimes you have to play hardball to
get anyone to cooperate with you.

HELEN

How long have you two had your
practice?

TOM

Eleven wonderful years.

FRANK

Long years.

FRANCES'S HUSBAND

Do the intimidation techniques always
work? Hell, I'd be afraid to be
arrested on the spot.

TOM

That's where our friend comes in.

He fishes out a hundred-dollar bill. His brashness is
surprising, and the result of too much liquor.

FRANK

You know Tom. Always willing to get
his hands dirty.

TOM

I have to pull the weight unless we're
lawyers who don't want to acquit our
defendants.

FRANK

Speak softly and carry a big stick,
isn't that what Roosevelt said?

TOM

There was a reason Roosevelt didn't
practice law.

The tension in the room is palpable. Tom's drunken bravado
has disintegrated into complete rudeness.

GRACE

Cake? How about we cut the cake
everyone?

FRANCES

Wonderful idea.

Grace and Frances walk back to the table where the cake sits,
and bring it over to the highchair.

GRACE

Do you have a light, Frank?

Frank stands and walks over to his wife, and retrieves a
matchbook from his pocket. He lights the candles on the cake.

GRACE

C'mon Rosie Girl. Let's sing!
Haappppyy

The table begins singing Happy Birthday. Tom stirs.

TOM

(attempting to whisper)
I'm getting another drink.

Helen shoots Stella a judgmental look.

STELLA

I'll go with you.

Tom abruptly stands from the table, causing all heads to
turn. Stella follows him. Grace and Frank blow out Rosie's
candles and the table claps as Tom and Stella walk toward the
house.

INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Tom barges through the kitchen, straight to the rum bottles
on the counter.

STELLA

Tom, baby, you don't need another
drink.

He ignores her, and grabs a clean glass from the counter and pours a shot and downs it.

STELLA

Tom, you're making a scene.

In his own little world, he pours another and drinks it.

STELLA

Please stop. Let's go back to the party. Rosie is going to open gifts soon. Remember we picked her out the dollhouse? With the little toy ponies?

Gloria walks through with a tray of desserts, looking at the scene.

TOM

Hey, there's nothing to see here!

She hurriedly walks past.

TOM

(calling to her as she walks away)
Nigger.

STELLA

Thomas!

Stella attempts to grab the bottle away from Tom, and he backhands her, causing her nose to bleed. He shoves her backward.

TOM

Get off of me.

Stella recoils and her hand flies to her nose. Blood drips down her dress.

He smashes a glass on the ground.

Grace rushes in from outside, Gloria with her.

GRACE

What the hell is going on in here?

Gloria rushes to a drawer and pulls out a cloth napkin and hands it to Stella who puts it to her nose.

GRACE

Get away from her! This is my

daughter's birthday party for Christ's Sake. Get her some ice, Gloria.

Tom steps back and takes a long sip directly from the bottle.

STELLA

He's completely smoked.

Grace gets up in Tom's face.

GRACE

I may be the only one who knows about this Tom, but if you don't get it together, I swear I will not keep it that way. Keep your hands off of her.

Tom sets his jaw, his fury still there, and begins walking away with the liquor bottle.

STELLA

Give me the keys.

TOM

What?

STELLA

Hand me the keys. Now.

He looks as if he's going to protest, but fishes them out of his pocket. He throws them hard at her face, where they collide with her eye. She cries out in pain.

GRACE

Get out of here, Tom. Get the hell out.

Grace grabs the keys off the floor. Tom, stumbling as he does, returns outside back to the party.

GRACE

Stella, I'm so--

STELLA

Have him sleep here tonight.

Gloria rushes over with a bag of ice. Stella holds it to her eye.

GRACE

Stella why don't we all just calm down--

STELLA

Tell everyone I got sick to my stomach
and had to leave.

GRACE

Where are you going? You can't leave.

STELLA

Anywhere where he's not.

GRACE

Please just calm down. You can lay
down and ice your eye--

STELLA

I'm sorry, Grace, I can't. Tell Rosie
Aunt Stella loves her.

Stella stands and grabs the keys out of Grace's hand. Unable
to hold back her tears, she begins to cry and leaves towards
the front of the house.

Grace and Gloria stand, speechless for a moment and stare at
one another.

GRACE

Clean this mess up, please, Gloria.

GLORIA

Yes ma'am.

Grace smooths her dress, puts on a huge fake smile and heads
back to the backyard.

INT. FRANK'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Stella, crying, drives slightly recklessly, in silence as
tears roll down her face.

INT. '42' SPEAKEASY-LATER THAT NIGHT

Jazz music plays.

Stella, wig-less, sits at '42', at a table by herself, tears
streaming down her face, a small amount of dried blood under
her nose, smoking a cigarette, one eye swollen nearly shut.

In the door walk Jack and Pete. Jack immediately catches
Stella's eye.

They hold their eye contact before we cut to black.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

Jazz continues.

"No one can doubt that the sufferings of the sober, virtuous woman, in legal subjection to the mastership of a drunken, immoral husband and father over herself and children, not only from physical abuse, but from spiritual shame and humiliation, must be such as the man himself can not possibly comprehend."

-Susan B. Anthony

FADE TO:

SUPERNOVA