

revenge

Pilot

Episode #101

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Final Revision

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of *Revenge* for free.

Revenge premieres Wednesday, September 21 at 10|9c on ABC.

"REVENGE"

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

"Before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig two graves."

CONFUCIUS (504 BC)

1

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

1

A BLOOD RED HARVEST MOON hovers low above the dark waters of the North Atlantic. Bands of crimson moonlight cradle deep rolling swells as they push their way towards the flickering lights of a distant shoreline.

YOUNG WOMAN

When I was a little girl, my understanding of revenge was as simple as the Sunday school proverbs it hid behind. Neat little morality slogans like "do unto others," and "two wrongs don't make a right..."

THE CAMERA GLIDES DELIBERATELY across the open sea towards shore, where a small spate of East Coast mansions rests nobly beyond cresting whitecaps and cascading sand dunes.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But two wrongs can never make a right because two wrongs can never equal each other. Hamlet, Medea, Captain Ahab, Charles Bronson... The icons of vengeance teach us that for the truly wronged, real satisfaction can only be found in one of two places: absolute forgiveness or mortal vindication.

(A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT)

This is not a story about forgiveness.

2

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - NIGHT

2

IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON DANCING OFF THE SEA, THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN IN A WHITE TUXEDO falls into frame, collapsing face down in the wet sand. A CRASHING WAVE stretches inland, POOLING FOAMY WATER around the feet of the victim as **TWO MORE GUNSHOTS** from an unseen assailant pierce the night.

Two bullet holes slice the jacket's shoulder blades. Bright red blood begins to seep from the fatal wounds while RED AND WHITE FIREWORKS illuminate a seaside mansion set high on a cliff. An extravagant party takes place on the lush yard off the beach. LEGEND: **LABOR DAY WEEKEND, 2011, SOUTHAMPTON, NY**

3

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - FIRE AND ICE PARTY - NIGHT

3

A WALTZING STEADICAM SPINS us through this HIGH-ENERGY HAMPTONS AFFAIR. The theme of the party is "FIRE AND ICE." The women are all dressed in reds and rich oranges, the men in formal whites and ice blues. From the lighting to the floral arrangements, the "Fire and Ice" motif is ubiquitous, executed throughout the party with tasteful flair. On the ocean side we find an expertly crafted ICE SCULPTURE of a woman's hand. The icy ring finger sports a brilliant sparkling engagement diamond. White vanilla icing on an oversized red velvet cake reads: "**Congratulations Daniel and Emily!!!**" Projected on the sheer panels surrounding the raised platform at the back of the tent is a photo montage of the handsome young couple (on the bow of a yacht, playing doubles tennis, biking a beach path, etc.) The bride to be is EMILY THORNE, 26, a brown-eyed, auburn haired beauty. Her dashing fiance is DANIEL GRAYSON, 20s, all American, son of privilege. We catch a lovely heirloom engagement ring on the hand of the living, breathing EMILY THORNE as she steps into frame wearing a graceful red cocktail dress, hair up, Grace Kelly style. She pauses to appreciate the frozen ring sculpture, trails a thoughtful finger along the twinkling ice. Emily notices a light dusting of sand on the back of her hand-- subtly brushes it away...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Emily, I've been looking everywhere for you. Where's Daniel?

Emily turns to ASHLEY DAVENPORT, mid-20s, stylish and confident. She's carrying a walkie-talkie.

EMILY

Walking the beach. We're having a thing.

ASHLEY

Same thing or different thing?

EMILY

Stupid, small thing. Don't worry, he's right behind me.

ASHLEY

It's my job to worry. Your job is to enjoy yourself. Don't make me fire you.

Emily smiles, keeping it light. Ashley squeezes her hand and angles off, calling orders for champagne to be passed around.

NOLAN ROSS (O.S.)
Nice night for it.

Emily turns to see NOLAN ROSS, 34, a Howard Hughes/Mark Zuckerberg-ian tech genius cum social misfit in a blood red tuxedo, white pants and red KEDS. Emily and Nolan have an understanding of one another, but not much affection.

EMILY
Nice night for what, Nolan?

NOLAN ROSS
Celebrating.

EMILY
(dead serious)
You aren't supposed to be here.

NOLAN ROSS
That makes two of us.

OFF Emily, we hear...

DECLAN (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
I feel like a jackass in this tux.

3B

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - FIRE AND ICE PARTY - NIGHT

3B

Camera finds DECLAN PORTER, 17, a rough and tumble kid from town in a rented white tuxedo, standing in the center of things with a fresh faced coquette, CHARLOTTE GRAYSON, 17.

CHARLOTTE GRAYSON
Stop acting like one and you'll
stop feeling like one.

Charlotte swipes two champagnes from a passing server.

CHARLOTTE
Trust me, if your friends could see
you now--

DECLAN
I'd probably get jumped.

CHARLOTTE
You really want out of that tux?

With a sly grin, Charlotte takes his hand, leads Declan through the crowd, and we hear a clear and commanding voice.

MAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
That case is eighteen years old, they
can't just rifle through private
business records whenever they want--

3C

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - FIRE AND ICE PARTY - NIGHT

3C

In a remote area, away from guests, we find CONRAD GRAYSON, a virile alpha fox in his prime, speaking firmly into his cell phone, carefully controlling his temper. His voice grows more agitated with each word he speaks.

CONRAD GRAYSON
I don't give a damn if it is
Homeland Security. Call Judge
Barnes, get an injunction. Then
get your ass down there and do what
you have to do to protect me!

He slaps his phone off, wipes his hands through his hair. Steadies himself on a lawn chair, then in a fit of rage, throws it to the ground. IN THE DISTANCE, he sees his daughter, CHARLOTTE with Declan, downing their champagnes, before racing off for the dock that leads to the beach. As he watches, darkly...

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Mr. Grayson.

Conrad turns to see Ashley has stepped up behind him.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Victoria is ready for the toast.

And as Conrad marches towards the tent, he's framed out by the flames extending skyward from the roaring fire pit...

4

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - NIGHT

4

TWO HANDS DIVE INTO FRAME, grabbing the man in the water by the arms, pulling him from the clawing surf. With tremendous effort, a breathless JACK PORTER, blue collar townie in jeans and a blue hoodie, drags the body to dry land. Distraught, Jack collapses on the sand next to the body, head in his hands. CHARLOTTE AND DECLAN appear at the top of the hill, chasing each other towards the beach. Jack ducks as Charlotte pulls her dress over her head, tosses it in the sand and scampers into the surf in her underwear.

CHARLOTTE
Come on bad boy, lets see what you
got--

Declan grins, starts pulling off his tuxedo... Neither notices Jack and the body, hidden just beyond the driftwood fence and hill of sand.

ON JACK considering his options, we hear...

VICTORIA (O.S.) (PRE-LAP)
Fire and Ice...

5

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - FIRE AND ICE PARTY - NIGHT

5

VICTORIA GRAYSON, a spectacular and sophisticated society maven, draped in a scarlet gown, stands above the crowd on the central "stage" holding a wireless microphone. Conrad stands beside his wife, half a step back, holding two glasses of champagne. **DOWN BELOW**, we find Emily. Emily turns to look up at Victoria, who launches into her spirited address.

VICTORIA
When we first sat down to discuss tonight's theme, I was immediately taken by the idea of an evening inspired by two primal bookends.
(indicating the party decor with dramatic flare)
Fire and ice-- Beginnings and endings-- the elements in harmony!

THE CROWD APPLAUDS, intoxicated by Victoria's exciting overture.

ANGLE ON EMILY, who turns away from Victoria, pulls out her cell phone, dials, urgently.

5A

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - NIGHT

5A

A CELL PHONE STARTS RINGING LOUDLY next to Jack's ear. It's coming from the dead man's tuxedo pocket. Jack quickly rifles through the jacket, locates the phone-- there's a picture of EMILY on the ID screen. He tears the battery out, yanks the hoodie tight over his head and staggers to his feet.

DECLAN (O.S.)
Yo, Eight-mile, private party here.

Just over Jack's shoulder, less than 40 yards away, Declan stands knee deep in water, stripped to his boxers, holding Charlotte at the waist. Charlotte hides herself behind Declan. Jack stays put. Declan puffs up.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Hey-- We got a problem?

Beat. A vague sense of recognition crosses Declan's face. Jack makes a split decision and races inland, stumbling in the sand as he goes. Charlotte and Declan come out of the water.

CHARLOTTE
(calling after the figure)
You better not have been taking
pictures! Creep!

Charlotte finds her dress, stubs her toe in the sand.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Ow--

She reaches down by her foot, pulls up a discarded HANDGUN. "WTF?" She looks to Declan, who's made a grim discovery of his own while collecting his pants a few feet from the body.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
This evening not only marks the
final weekend of a truly remarkable
summer in the Hamptons...

5B

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - FIRE AND ICE PARTY - NIGHT

5B

PICK UP EMILY, phone to her ear. "No one is available to take your call... please leave your message at the tone..." Victoria continues her speech on the stage above.

VICTORIA
It is also a celebration of my son
Daniel's engagement to the lovely
and beguiling, Miss Emily Thorne.

The crowd applauds. Emily puts down her phone. VICTORIA MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH HER. Emily holds her stare.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Though we've only known her a few
short months, Emily already feels
like a piece of the family puzzle
we had no idea was even missing.

As Victoria descends to the floor, the guests clear a circle around Emily, whose fiance, Daniel, is now conspicuously absent.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
In a word, I approve. And as anyone
will tell you, approval is not
something I give away freely.

LAUGHTER. Emily forces a fleeting smile as Victoria draws closer, leans in, sotto voce...

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(intense, but somehow,
still pleasant...)
Where the hell is my son?

6 **EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - NIGHT**

6

CU on Charlotte, breathless, stumbling towards the house.
When she reaches the pier, she stops, and SCREAMS...

GIRL'S VOICE
MOM!!!

7 **EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - FIRE AND ICE PARTY - NIGHT**

7

Charlotte's distant cry filters into the party. At first, no one is quite sure what to make of it. Emily glances over at Nolan, who subtly tips his glass to her, downs his champagne. Something terrible has happened, though it's not clear if Emily knows exactly what that something is. The crowd begins to murmur as the screams grow louder. Victoria moves towards the sound of Charlotte's cries, a wave of maternal dread washing over her as she rushes for the beach path. Conrad follows quickly behind, with a look to Emily.

7A **EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - NIGHT/DAY**

7A

THE CAMERA PEERS DOWN at the dead man in the white tuxedo, face down. Declan stands beside the body as guests begin to gather at the scene. Victoria enters frame, pushing her way through the crowd towards the body, crying out her son's name in terror as she arrives at the scene and drops to her knees, the train of her dress forming a pool of red around her as Conrad and Charlotte rush to her side.... The bullet holes in the white tuxedo are now soaked with blood. Victoria is hysterical, screaming at people to get away. A look to the heavens, then she grabs the boy by the shoulders, spins him around to face her. As she does, we CUT TO:

7B **EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - FIRE AND ICE PARTY - PIER - NIGHT**

7B

Emily charges towards the pier that leads to the beach. Ashley is right with her. As they reach the planks, the sound of Victoria screams stop Emily cold. Ashley stops a few steps up the pier, turns back to Emily, who remains frozen. And as we PUSH IN ON EMILY'S FACE, we hear:

REALTOR'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
I can't tell you what a rare opportunity
you have here, Miss Thorne...

And we match Emily's expression to:

8 **INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY**

8

Emily, standing in the main room, her eyes taking in the panoramic windows featuring a spectacular Hamptons shoreline.

REALTOR

The current owners live in the city, of course. But they've been loyal Hamptonites for years.

A WIDE ANGLE reveals we're inside a charming New England summer home. The furniture is covered for winter in white linen. Emily pauses to regard a **A FAMILY PHOTO** on the bookshelf: A handsome husband and his wife (**WHO WE WILL SOON COME TO KNOW AS LYDIA DAVIS**), posed on Adirondack chairs on the deck. They look like a Ralph Lauren ad.

REALTOR (o.c.) (CONT'D)

Perhaps if Mr. Davis were a bit more loyal to his wife, they wouldn't be renting out this season.

(a little dirt)

Word is he dumped her for a girl half his age. Men...

EMILY

(drawn towards the deck)
Okay if I look around?

REALTOR

That's why we're here.

Emily opens a glass door and steps outside to...

9 **EXT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DECK - DAY**

9

A brisk March wind whips across the empty beach. Emily pulls the lapels of her Pea coat tight around her neck. We notice she's wearing **AN EXPENSIVE AND DISTINCTIVE MEN'S WATCH**.

SHE STEPS TO A PARTICULAR SPOT ON THE DECK, finds a weathered carving of two interlocking infinity symbols. Touches it. As she does, **PEARL JAM'S "BLACK"** seeps in to blend together with the seagulls and surf, and a memory is jogged loose...

CUT TO:

9A **EXT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DECK - FLASHBACK - 1993 - DAY** 9A

SPLACK! The contents of a child's beach pail are dumped onto the deck. Sand, shells, sea glass and stones. THE CAMERA COMES AROUND AND WE SEE an eight year-old girl, AMANDA, sifting through her treasure. (Amanda is Emily as a little girl.) The deck is now filled with a family's summer possessions: inner tubes, scuba flippers, a surf board, beach coolers, and a 90's style BOOMBOX, where the radio deejay lets us know that it's June, 1993, the first official week of summer. A FIT AND HANDSOME 35-YEAR-OLD MAN in a grey tee-shirt flips burgers on a portable grill. WE NOTICE HE'S WEARING THE DISTINCTIVE WATCH Emily wears in present day. His name is DAVID CLARKE.

DAVID CLARKE

Hey kiddo, having fun exploring?

AMANDA CLARKE

We really get to spend the whole summer here?

DAVID CLARKE

And every summer after that. What do you think, Amanda?

AMANDA CLARKE

I think mom would have loved it.

David crouches down, squeezes her tight.

DAVID CLARKE

(whispers in her ear)
Know how much I love you?

AMANDA CLARKE

(whispering back)
Infinity?

David grins, uses a stick to carve an INFINITY SYMBOL in the wet sand from Amanda's pail. Adds a MATCHING SYMBOL on top.

DAVID CLARKE

Infinity times infinity.

SMASH BACK TO:

9B **EXT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DECK** 9B

We're back with Emily in present day, lost in memory, as the realtor exits the house in sales mode.

REALTOR

Now you have to imagine it's
Memorial weekend, 75 and sunny, all
the boys of summer wondering who
the new girl is...

Emily is slow to shake herself out of her reverie. Walks along the wrap around porch, ignoring the realtor. When she gets to the Eastern tip, she pauses, and we see what she sees: high on the Southern cape, GRAYSON MANOR, shuttered for winter. Her expression goes cold. Behind her, the realtor grows impatient.

REALTOR (CONT'D)

Or perhaps you'd like to see
something a little more affordable.

Emily turns to the business at hand, smiles disarmingly.

EMILY

I'll take it.

And as Emily looks back at Grayson Manor, considering the plans she has for her neighbors this summer...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY

10

LEGEND: **MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND, 2011.** Fresh flowers are on the counter, art books and paperbacks pour out of moving boxes. **The Ting-Tings** bounce out of the kitchen iPod dock as Emily, dressed in jeans and vintage tee, hair pulled back, walks into the room carrying a box of personal possessions. An art easel sports a blank canvas with paints and brushes nearby. WE HEAR A GENTLE KNOCK on the open door that leads to the deck.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Hello hello?

Emily looks over, happy to see Ashley enter, dressed to impress, holding a bottle of champagne.

EMILY

Ashley! Hey...

Emily jumps up, gives Ashley a warm hug "hello."

EMILY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Ashley sets the champagne on the counter, taking the home in.

ASHLEY

Are you kidding? Ugh, I want your life.

EMILY

You love your life.

Ashley pulls a framed picture out of the box-- it's a **PHOTO OF EMILY AND ASHLEY** at the Weingart Benefit at The Met.

ASHLEY

You're right, I just want your money.

EMILY

What's mine is yours.

(the champagne)

Should I get some glasses?

ASHLEY

I wish, it's for Victoria Grayson.

EMILY

Who?

ASHLEY

You're hopeless. Victoria Grayson?
Reigning queen of the Hamptons? Not
to mention your next door neighbor.

EMILY

Queen Victoria?

ASHLEY

Believe me, she's earned the title.
My boss has me handling the guest
list for her memorial day party. If
I screw this up, I might as well
move back to Croydon.

EMILY

How much are tickets?

ASHLEY

Ten thousand a pop.

EMILY

Put me down for one.

ASHLEY

You sure?

EMILY

It's a good cause, right?

ASHLEY

Yes, my career. Thanks.

EMILY

Want to get drunk on cheap
margaritas later?

ASHLEY

With or without you.

Ashley heads out the front door. Emily follows her to the deck.

EMILY

Good luck with her highness.

Emily watches after her friend, who waves over her shoulder.
And OFF Emily, looking up at Grayson Manor...

12A

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - VICTORIA'S CUPOLA - DAY

12A

Victoria leans on the railing of her cupola, face to the
morning sun, her attention focused on the house next door.
As she watches Emily, curious...

13

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - SUNROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

13

Victoria enters to find CONRAD seated at the kitchen counter in front of his laptop (open to a stocks analysis page), talking on the phone.

CONRAD

Let's dump our long position on five and ten year treasuries before the Fed stops buying 'em up.

She makes her way to the window in the sun room, peeks out...

CONRAD (CONT'D)

And get us into some lower rated tech bonds while you're at it.

VICTORIA

(after he hangs up)

Looks like Lydia and Michael's renter is moving in.

CONRAD

(distracted with the market display)

Lucky girl, scoring that property.

VICTORIA

Pretty one, too, even from up here.

CONRAD

Guess that makes her doubly lucky.

VICTORIA

I don't believe in luck.

Victoria leans on the counter next to him, still working.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I thought we were taking the weekend off.

CONRAD

(folding the display down)

There. I'm off.

Victoria rolls her eyes. He grins, takes her in his arms.

Conrad kisses her neck, snorting playfully.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.C.)

Ew, get a room you guys--

Charlotte enters, holding a pair of heels, looking like she just stumbled out of a club.

CONRAD
Sorry, Charlie, didn't hear you sneaking in.

VICTORIA
Didn't hear you sneaking out last night, either, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
I went over to Tracey's. I told you I was going to before you went to bed.

VICTORIA
No, you didn't.

CHARLOTTE
Mom, you're too young and too pretty to be this senile.

VICTORIA
(as she slips upstairs)
Remind me to buy her a cat bell.

CONRAD
Aahh, let her have a little fun. Charlotte got straight A's this year.

VICTORIA
No one's accusing her of being stupid.

CONRAD
(sidling back up to her)
Noted. Now, where were we?

VICTORIA
(stopping him)
I was about to get ready for a meeting with my planning committee.

CONRAD
(beat, familiar territory)
So much for taking the weekend off. Guess I'll make a tee time.

As Conrad heads off, we stay on Victoria, her slight sigh.

14

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

14

CU ON the name "**Amanda**" painted on the transom of a painstakingly restored CONCORDIA YAWL. AN OLD TIMER OF A YELLOW LAB rests happily on deck, chewing on an oversized piece of driftwood. A palette of food, water, gas cans, etc., is being loaded off the dock and into the boat by Declan Porter, the 17 year old bad boy we remember from the opening sequence. Jack Porter, who we also remember from the opening as the young man on the beach in the blue hoodie, works on the equipment. As Declan sets aside a case of beer...

JACK

Don't think I don't see you eyeballing that case of beer, Dec.

DECLAN

Our dad owns a bar, dumb ass, I can get as much beer as I want.

JACK

That case, I'll make sure he double checks inventory while I'm gone. Business has been off all year, we gotta watch every penny.

DECLAN

Why don't you tell me a hundred more times?

JACK

You wash out the garbage bins yet?

DECLAN

(hopping off the boat)
Beats uploading this future shipwreck.

Declan angles off towards the nautical themed bar nestled just beyond the docks. The ship's wheel out front reads: "**PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN.**" He crosses with Nolan Ross, approaching the boat slip wearing nautical pants, captain's hat and GREEN KEDS.

NOLAN

Ahoy, Cap'n Porter.

Jack looks up, barely... Sam starts growling.

JACK

Welcome back, Nolan. What can I do for you?

NOLAN

Need a boat for the summer, this one will do.

JACK

Not for rent.

NOLAN

Who said anything about renting? How much you want for, uh... Amanda.

JACK

Not for sale, either.

NOLAN

Right. Name your price.

JACK

Thought you hated the ocean.

NOLAN

No, I'm terrified of the ocean. Big difference. But, spent a lot of time and money working through that, among other things. So, I'm buying a boat.

JACK

Just not this one.

NOLAN

(can't believe it)
Amanda must be some girl.

JACK

Something else I can do for you?

NOLAN

You don't like me much, do you?

JACK

Another thing for you to work through, I guess.

With that, Jack heads below deck with an armful of supplies. Off Nolan, rejected by man and beast...

ASHLEY (PRE-LAP)

The response to your "In With The New" Memorial Day party has been overwhelming, Mrs. Grayson.

15

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - MAIN ROOM - DAY

15

Victoria sits on a couch in the elegant main room. On the table in front of her, floral samples, a tasting menu, and sheer pastel fabric swatches of tangerine, aqua, and lime.

Gathered around Victoria as a COURT TO THE QUEEN are seven or eight SOCIETY WOMEN. The champagne bottle is popped and on ice. Sitting beside Victoria is her lady in waiting, a sly 50ish redhead named LYDIA DAVIS, who we recognize as the **SAME WOMAN IN THE PHOTO** when Emily rented the beach house. Ashley is presenting the party plans on her iPad.

ASHLEY

The party is at 90 percent capacity and the "regrets" website has collected nearly fifty thousand dollars for everything from domestic violence prevention to cancer awareness. I'll be wearing pink in honor of my grandmother.

LYDIA

And I'll be wearing champagne, in honor of my favorite drink.

Victoria can't help but smile at her friend's acerbic wit. She glances at the guest list, and explains to Ashley.

VICTORIA

Some of these "regrets" wouldn't wipe their noses with fifty thousand dollars, dear. If we're going to set a more generous tone for the summer, it's clear I'll have to do something fresh and provocative. So, in the spirit of Spring cleaning, I've decided to auction off a piece from my personal art collection.

One of the ladies in waiting, KARRIE THURGOOD can't resist the opportunity to lend her instant approval.

KARRIE

What a wild idea, Victoria!

The ladies "oooh" at the dramatic gesture, not to mention the possibility of taking home a piece of Victoria... Ashley glances at the expensive and important paintings and sculptures positioned around the house. Featured prominently on the wall closest to them is an original **Van Gogh, "THE SOWER"** (you reap what you sow...) Lydia takes the opportunity to assert her position in the pecking order.

LYDIA

Well I don't care how good the cause is, if you put up the Van Gogh Michael and I gave you, I'll kill myself.

The ladies are all impressed with Lydia's "donation" to Victoria's collection... though Karrie seems a little irked.

VICTORIA

The Van Gogh is off the table, for sentimental reasons. Ashley, would you please add the announcement to your website, see if we can't drum up a little more business?

ASHLEY

Right away, Mrs. Grayson.

As Ashley heads out, Karrie throws a wicked glance at Lydia.

KARRIE

Lydia, we were all so sorry to hear about you and Michael this winter. You were one of those couples everyone roots for.

LYDIA

I have no doubt.

Lydia pours herself the rest of the champagne and walks over to consider the Van Gogh. A beat later, Victoria joins her.

VICTORIA

How are you holding up?

LYDIA

Michael's threatening to put the beach house on the market if I don't release my claim on the Westside walk up. It's bad enough to have some stranger renting it out, I can't bare the thought of losing it to one of the she-wolves.

VICTORIA

Then don't let them see your weakness. It's the first thing they'll use against you.

Victoria puts a hand on Lydia's arm with a comforting smile.

16A

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - DAY - LATER

16A

Emily stands ankle deep in the chilly water, watches as the wave recedes and sinks into the sand... WE HEAR THE LAUGHTER OF A LITTLE GIRL and CUT INTO A **FLASHBACK...**

17

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - FLASHBACK - 1993 - DAY

17

YOUNG AMANDA AND HER FATHER CHASE WAVES TOGETHER. David takes 8 year old Amanda's hand as a wave rolls towards them. The cold water nips at their ankles.

DAVID CLARKE

Want to know a trick? Plant your feet in the sand and stand still through the whole wave. Then the next wave will feel warmer, and so will the next one, and then the one after that... until you barely notice the cold at all.

Amanda squeals, squeezes his hand, but holds her ground... A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD washes up in front of them. Amanda bends down to pick it up. As she does, a yellow labrador puppy (SAM) comes splashing up, grabs the other end of the stick, to Amanda's delight. As they start a tug of war...

YOUNG JACK (O.S.)

Come on Sam, that's not yours.

Amanda looks up to see a young boy of about 10 racing over. It's JACK PORTER, circa 1993. Jack pulls the stick out of Sam's mouth, hands it back to Amanda.

YOUNG JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry, he likes sticks.

AMANDA

That's okay.

Amanda heaves the stick into the water and Sam goes chasing after it. Jack's impressed with her arm.

YOUNG JACK

Nice throw. I'm Jack.

AMANDA

I'm Amanda.

And ON the beginnings of what will become this little girl's only true friendship, we hear...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Must come from a family of polar bears.

LIKE THAT, WE SNAP BACK TO PRESENT DAY--

18

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH - DAY

18

Emily turns to see Lydia approaching from up the beach.

LYDIA

That water's ice cold.

EMILY

Only at first. After a while you can't feel anything.

LYDIA

Sounds like my marriage.

(indicating the house)

You must be the new renter.

EMILY

Emily Thorne. Word sure gets around fast.

LYDIA

Like lightning.

(a hand out)

I'm Lydia Davis, my husband and I own the house you're staying in.

EMILY

Oh, wow. Nice to meet you. I can't tell you how much I love it.

LYDIA

Me, too. Some really great memories were made there.

EMILY

Hopefully I'll make a few of my own.

LYDIA

So long as we don't have to take it out of your damage deposit.

(smiling, not so sweetly)

Welcome to the Hamptons.

With that, Lydia heads up the shore. As Emily watches her go, her smile drops. After a beat, she drops her robe as well, DIVES into the frigid ocean... As she swims out, WE HEAR:

TELEVISION REPORTER (O.S.)

Federal prosecutors wrapped up their case for treason against disgraced hedge fund executive, David Clarke, this week.

18A **INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

18A

ON A COMPUTER MONITOR we see news footage dated March 23, 1995. VITORIA and CONRAD step out of a black town car outside a Federal Courthouse, dressed in sharp business attire. Victoria puts her period-correct sunglasses on as Security guards clear a path for them past paparazzi and Looky-Lous on their way up the steps.

TELEVISION REPORTER (V.O.)

Taking the stand today was CEO and founder of Grayson Global Investments, Clarke's former employer, Conrad Grayson. Mr. Grayson joins a long list of professional associates to provide testimony against the rogue Clarke in one of the most dramatic financial scandals ever to rock Wall Street.

A series of COURTROOM DRAWINGS OF DAVID CLARKE at the defendant's table, and a woman (LYDIA) on the stand, giving testimony.

TELEVISION REPORTER

Earlier this week, Clarke's former secretary, Lydia Thomas explained how she was made to shred hundreds of potentially incriminating documents that showed Clarke's financial ties to the terrorist group responsible for the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center.

19 **INT. INTERVIEW - DAY**

19

TIGHT ON a young Lydia, being interviewed for a news program. Reveal Emily, watching the footage on her couch, wearing a sweatshirt, her hair still wet from her swim.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Do you feel guilty at all, knowing now what Clarke was up to all those years you worked for him?

LYDIA

David Clarke had everyone fooled, including me. I just want to help put the monster away.

THE IMAGE FREEZES and Emily sits, staring at the screen, lost in thought... after a beat WE HEAR AMANDA'S VOICE:

AMANDA (V.O.)
What do you like better, daddy, sea
glass or starfish?

THE CAMERA CIRCLES AROUND EMILY, and the WALLS BEGIN TO
CHANGE-- once again, we're in FLASHBACK...

19A

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - 1993 - DAY - FLASHBACK

19A

David is working on an IBM THINKPAD on an overstuffed 90's
style couch, wearing a warm fisherman's sweater. Amanda is
sitting on the floor, sorting sea glass and shells. Sam is by
their side, chewing on a piece of driftwood.

DAVID CLARKE
Uh... starfish. Definitely.

Young Amanda picks a starfish out of her pile, brings it over
to her dad, cuddles up under his arm on the couch.

AMANDA
Here you go.

DAVID CLARKE
Thank you...

The phone rings. David picks up the handset and glances at
the caller ID. It reads **VICTORIA GRAYSON**. We HEAR VICTORIA'S
VOICE: "**David it's Victoria.**" OFF SCREEN, SAMMY THE DOG
STARTS BARKING. David turns to Amanda.

DAVID CLARKE (CONT'D)
Mind taking Sammy outside for me?

Amanda hops off the couch with a smile, heads for the door to
see what's bugging Sammy. We hear: "**David are you there?**"
David answers with a low voice.

DAVID CLARKE (CONT'D)
Hey... everything okay?

Amanda approaches the dog, barking by the sheer curtains.

AMANDA
What's the matter, Sammy? Watchya
doin'?

A beam of light flashes in her eyes as she finds herself face
to face with an FBI AGENT, gun drawn. SMASH!!!! Amanda
SCREAMS AS the door flies open and a team of AGENTS RUSH IN--

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Daddy!!!

SWAT MEMBER
David Clarke?! Federal Agents!
Hands where we can see them!

David rises, as he's rushed by federal agents...

DAVID CLARKE
Whoa, whoa! What are you doing?

SWAT MEMBER
You're under arrest for crimes
against the United States.

DAVID CLARKE
What? You're making a mistake--

SWAT MEMBER
Hands on your head! Do it! Now!

DAVID CLARKE
Wait! This is a mistake-- It's a
mistake!

The agents shove David to the floor, foot in his back. He
struggles, cranes his head up to see they've got Amanda too.

AMANDA
Daddy!!!

DAVID CLARKE
Hey! Get your hands off my
daughter! Get your hands off her!!

As Amanda is whisked out the door, he screams after her. The
feds keep David pinned down, cuff his hands behind him...

DAVID CLARKE (CONT'D)
Amanda!!!!

And as little Amanda SCREAMS...

SMASH BACK TO:

20

INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

20

EMILY, her emotional expression turning stony and focused.
She clicks a button on the computer. A PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESENT-
DAY LYDIA POPS UP, standing on the balcony of a hotel suite,
and she's not alone. In quick shutter series, a man can be
seen stepping onto the balcony to join her. He puts his arms
around her.

And as he does we see his face, clear as day: Victoria's husband, Conrad Grayson. Lydia turns to kiss him. And off Emily, her sights trained on her first target...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO



As Emily hangs up, Conrad walks in, strides past the check in clerk, following Lydia's path. Emily watches, intently.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

More tea?

Emily looks up to see a WAITRESS wearing the standard hotel servers uniform. The name tag reads: "**BECKY.**" OFF Emily, putting on a warm smile...

25

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

25

Victoria at her vanity, getting ready for her day. As Charlotte enters in a bikini...

CHARLOTTE

Think I'm tan enough for my first day on the beach or do I need another spray?

VICTORIA

What you need is another bathing suit.

CHARLOTTE

Compared to what the rest of my friends are wearing, this is practically a burka.

VICTORIA (handing her
a cover)

Unlike the rest of your friends, it's important to me that you're not featured on Page Six at one of Diddy's hot tub parties.

But Charlotte's not listening, she's looking out the window at an Aston Martin driving up the drive. Her face lights up.

CHARLOTTE

Danny's home!

And as Charlotte rushes out the door, OFF VICTORIA in the mirror, a smile forming at the arrival of her son.

25A

INT. GRAYSON MANOR - FOYER - DAY

25A

Daniel enters through the front door, carrying a "**SOMMERVILLE ROWING CLUB**" duffel bag.

CHARLOTTE

Danny!

Charlotte immediately rushes her brother, jumps up on him like the kid sister she really is. He laughs, dropping his bag--

DANIEL

Whoa--

CHARLOTTE

(hugging him tight)

I'm so happy you're here.

DANIEL

Yeah, me, too.

He sets her down. The movers and the security guard enter from the main room carrying the Manet in a plexiglass case.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What's going on? Fire sale?

CHARLOTTE

Charity stunt.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Welcome home, Daniel.

Daniel looks to see Victoria at the base of the stairs.

DANIEL

Hi, Mom.

Charlotte decides there's a crowd, pecks her brother's cheek.

CHARLOTTE

I'm headed down to the beach.

As Charlotte bounds out the door, Victoria walks over.

DANIEL

She's growing up fast, hunh?

VICTORIA

Too fast.

She arrives for a hug with her son, but he's slightly cool.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Hungry?

DANIEL

Actually, I'm more wiped out than anything, think I'll lay down a bit.

VICTORIA
(looks at his eyes)
You do look tired.

DANIEL
Studying will do that to a guy.

VICTORIA
So will partying.

DANIEL
Gimme a break, mom, I just got here.
(she nods, break given)
Dad golfing?

VICTORIA
Where else?

As Daniel collects his bags and heads up the stairs, Victoria watches after him, wondering if she's getting the full story.

26

INT. SOUTHFORK INN - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

26

CAMERA PANS a stately hotel suite with a balcony view of the ocean harbor. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A COUPLE IN FLAGRANTE, as we reveal the shapes of a man and woman twisting beneath the sheets of the bed. Ultimately, we hear a satisfied giggle, and Lydia peaks her head out, breathless. A beat later, Conrad slides up from under the sheets.

CONRAD
Now it feels like summer. More champagne?

LYDIA
You have to ask?

Conrad gets out of bed, wraps himself in a robe, embroidered with the SOUTHFORK INN logo, heads to the room service cart, where we see the remains of a lovely lunch. As he grabs the bottle of champagne, Conrad is suddenly not looking well. He steadies himself on the cart.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Conrad, are you all right?

No, he's not. As Conrad drops the bottle and doubles over...

27

INT. PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN - DAY

27

Small lunch crowd. Jack's behind the bar teaching Declan how to cash out credit cards.

MELISSA CONWAY, 25, sweet as they come, waits tables. Sam, the dog, sits patiently behind the bar staring at Jack, wagging his tail.

JACK
First thing you do is enter the code. Then swipe the card. Then the amount.

But Declan's attention is focused on Charlotte and her two girlfriends, TRACEY and TIFFANY, who enter the bar dressed in beach clothes, sitting themselves down at a bar table.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dec.

DECLAN
Got it. Code, swipe, amount.

Jack notices the table of girls. So does Melissa.

MELISSA
Jack, can you deal with the "mean girls" table? Too early in the season for me to start making enemies.

JACK
Why should this year be any different?

MELISSA
Because you're sailing off to save the world and this place can't afford bad press.

DECLAN
I got it.

Jack grins as his little brother heads over to the girls. A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN carrying a briefcase steps up to the bar.

JACK
Help you?

YOUNG BUSINESS MAN
You the owner?

JACK
Hopefully not for another thirty years or so. You're looking for my dad. You are...?

YOUNG BUSINESS MAN
Doug Reid from First Federal.

CARL (O.S.)

Mr. Reid.
(stepping out of the kitchen)
Carl Porter, thanks for coming
down. Why don't you follow me back
to my office.

As CARL PORTER leads Doug back, Jack watches after them, suspicious. Sam whimpers at Jack's feet with his leash in his mouth.

28

OVER BY THE TABLE OF GIRLS

28

Declan approaches. Charlotte, her mother's daughter, is clearly the leader of the pack.

CHARLOTTE

We'll take three rum and diets.

DECLAN

Gonna need IDs.

CHARLOTTE

Um, we left our ID's at the beach.
But we have plenty of money.

Charlotte pulls out a wad of cash, starts peeling off 20's.

DECLAN

Sorry, not interested in your money.

CHARLOTTE

Are you interested in my phone number?

And OFF Declan's killer grin...

29

EXT. SOUTHFORK INN - DAY

29

Paramedics rush a gurney to a waiting ambulance. The man they're tending to is CONRAD, clutching his chest in great pain. Rushing along side is Lydia, practically hysterical.

PARAMEDIC

B.P. is 100 over 60 and dropping.

LYDIA

Oh my God-- Is he going to be okay?

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am, I need you to step back.

And as they rush Conrad into the ambulance...

WOMAN'S VOICE

My God, Lydia?

Emily steps out of the crowd that's gathered in the lobby.

EMILY

It's Emily Thorne. Was that your husband? Do you need a ride to the hospital?

ALL EYES ON LYDIA. She suddenly realizes how vulnerable and conspicuous she is.

LYDIA

No, I don't. I... I have a car.

And on that, Lydia turns ankle and motors up the street. As the crowd begins to whisper, OFF Emily...

30 **EXT. HARBOR PARK - DAY**

30

Emily exits a shop with a sign that reads: "**Dresses by VUYO**" carrying a pink dress in a dry cleaning bag over her shoulder. As she approaches her car, she notices Jack and Sam the dog playing in the park. Finds herself walking over, mesmerized, as Sam, ambles after a stick.

30A **EXT. HARBOR PARK - FLASHBACK - 1993 - DAY**

30A

Young Jack and young Amanda throw a stick to Sam, the puppy. And we quickly jump out of flashback and back to...

30B **EXT. HARBOR PARK - DAY**

30B

Present day, where old Sam ambles to his stick. But rather than fetch it, he sits down and starts chewing.

JACK

Whole point of fetch is to bring the stick back when I throw it, Sammy. I really gotta explain this again?

Jack grabs the stick, throws it past Emily. As the dog jogs by her, Emily whispers in disbelief...

EMILY

Sam?...

Sam immediately turns to Emily's voice. Comes bounding over, barking playfully. Jumps up on her like he's reuniting with a long lost friend. Because he is.

JACK

Sammy, get down. What are you doing?

Sam kisses Emily's face, spins around in a circle. It's an adorable mess. Jack arrives, pulls Sam off. But not before Sam's muddied up her skirt.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry, he's not usually so friendly.
Kind of an old grump, actually.

Jack helps her pick up the dress. They're hands touch. Emily looks up, his eyes are like tractor beams. Jack's taken back by her beauty and... something he can't put his finger on.

JACK (CONT'D)

He got dirt all over your skirt.

EMILY

It's no big deal. Bye.

She starts to march towards town. Sam keeps up with her, striding along side as she stays on the move.

JACK

Wait, wait. Earl and Emma's dry cleaners is around the corner, let me walk you over there.

EMILY

It's okay, really.

JACK

I take it you're not a local.

She stops, takes control. Addresses him firmly.

EMILY

I'm sorry, I really have to go.

JACK

Oh, okay. Well, make sure you tell Earl and Emma you're a friend of Jack Porter's. My family owns "The Stowaway" tavern by the docks. What's your name? I'll put you on the official comp list.

EMILY

You don't have to do that.

JACK

I'm not picking up the tab, Sam is.
He feels terrible. Don't you, Sammy.

EMILY

Thanks anyway.

JACK

All righty, then. Well, you have a great summer.

But Emily is already hustling off, leaving Jack to watch and wonder what might have been. As she disappears around a corner, OFF Sam whimpering...

31 **EXT. CHARMING STREET - SAME**

31

Emily rounds the corner, shaken by the unexpected run in with Jack. She leans against a wall, takes a deep breath. On Emily's face--

SMASH TO:

33 **INT. SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL - ER - DAY**

33

VICTORIA blasts through the double doors of the ER, beelines through the hallway and rounds the corner where she finds... CONRAD - SITTING UP ON a hospital bed, buttoning his shirt as a nurse removes a blood pressure cuff. The DOCTOR makes a note in his chart as she rushes to him.

VICTORIA

My God, Conrad, I thought I was going to find you dead. What happened?

DOCTOR

Acute abdominal dyspepsia.
(off her)

The remorse of a guilty stomach.

VICTORIA

Your staff made it sound like he was having a heart attack.

DOCTOR

Depending on the severity, the symptoms can be identical. Far as I can tell, your husband's healthy as a thoroughbred. But I do suggest he stays away from The Southfork Inn's spicy bisque.

VICTORIA

The Southfork Inn? You said you were golfing.

CONRAD
I was... earlier.

VICTORIA
Southfork is half an hour in the
opposite direction.

The doctor realizes he's stepped in it. Closes his chart.

CONRAD
I'm aware of that.

DOCTOR
Excuse me...

CONRAD
You know I just get in the way when
you're planning one of your
parties, so I thought I'd go for a
drive and stay out of your hair.
I'm sorry if I scared you.

He means it. Victoria notices the white robe embossed with
"THE SOUTHFORK INN" logo that Conrad was wearing when he was
brought in. She looks at him, levels her ice cold response:

VICTORIA
Don't do it again.

Victoria's double entendre is not lost on Conrad. And on
that, she turns heel and exits the room, leaving Conrad to
contemplate both of today's narrow escapes--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33A **EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - ESTABLISHING - NEXT DAY** 33A

34 **INT. GRAYSON MANOR - DANIEL'S ROOM - DAY** 34

It's Memorial day. Daniel, in a bright seersucker jacket, looks at his reflection, not liking what he sees. Hampton's party drag has never really been his style.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
You've grown into such a handsome young man, Daniel.

Daniel turns to see Victoria in the doorway, all glammed up in a tight tiel dress and diamonds, hair up.

DANIEL
What can I say? Good genes.

She crosses to him to help him with his tie.

VICTORIA
Meet anyone new at graduate school?

DANIEL
I take it we're talking girls?

VICTORIA
Yes.

DANIEL
I met lots of girls, Mom.

VICTORIA
But no one special.

DANIEL
Lots of special girls.

VICTORIA
I'm not sure our ideas of what makes a girl special are in sync.

DANIEL
Can't help it if I'm a romantic.

VICTORIA
Don't be cute. I won't have a repeat of last summer's indiscretions.

DANIEL

Don't worry, I learned my lesson.

VICTORIA

Good. You're an important young man with an important future ahead of you. Which is why we've decided to restrict access to your trust fund until you marry, assuming we all agree on the girl.

DANIEL

That's ridiculous. I'm not going to marry someone just to satisfy your idea of how I should live my life, I don't care how much money's at stake.

VICTORIA

Now who's being ridiculous? No one says you can't have it all, Daniel. I want you to be happy.

DANIEL

What, like you and dad?

VICTORIA

It's for your own protection.

Switching gears, she dons a loving smile and exits, leaving Daniel to absorb his mother's non-negotiable mandate...

35

EXT. DOCKS/GRAYSON'S LUXURY YACHT - DAY

35

CU ON EMILY, wearing a virgin white summer dress, hair down. The venue is packed with excited guests, reuniting for another season in the Hamptons around the champagne fountain, oyster bar, and giant salt water tank filled with Maine Lobsters. Subtle ambient club music creates a feeling of instant cool. Ashley, in her hot pink dress, steps up to Emily.

ASHLEY

Emily, you look amazing.

EMILY

I look amazing, look at you. Look at this party-- Congratulations!

ASHLEY

Too early for that. Haven't you seen Titanic?

EMILY

(laughs)

How well do you know these people?

ASHLEY

Well enough to know who to keep away from and who to snuggle up to.

EMILY

Quick tutorial?

Ashley grins, takes Emily by the arm, leads her through the party, pointing out various guests.

ASHLEY

Okay, the girl in the one of a kind Louboutin's? That's Mayor Bloomberg's niece. The woman she's talking to? Now this one's important, Megan Foster, shoe buyer for Barney's New York.

EMILY

What's with the mafia looking guy stuffing his face at the oyster bar?

ASHLEY

Actual mafia, steer clear...

EMILY

(gesturing to Daniel)

Yellow seersucker's kind of cute.

ASHLEY

That's Daniel Grayson, Victoria's tragically privileged spawn. Daniel wrapped his convertible around a tree on his way home from the white party last summer.

EMILY

Didn't hurt his face any.

ASHLEY

Didn't work out quite as well for the waitress he was shagging. His parents paid off everyone and their mother to keep him out of jail. And the plot thickens...

EMILY

What?

ANGLE ON NOLAN ROSS, taking a FLIP CAM video of the party.

ASHLEY

Nolan Ross, former tech boom whiz kid and perennial pain in the ass. If you emptied the bank accounts of everyone at this party, it wouldn't add up to the interest he makes in a week. Thinks the rules don't apply to him, and he's right.

Emily seems to recognize him, but keeps her cool. Emily angles her face away from Nolan as he passes by, annoying people with his FLIP CAM, ("Thar she blows!", "oooh, not a good light for you, grandma," etc...) As Emily steels one more glance at Nolan, **VICTORIA MAKES HER ENTRANCE**. Conrad is at her side, shaking hands and clapping shoulders.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

And that... is Queen Victoria.

EMILY'S WORLD GOES INTO SLOW MOTION as she watches Victoria weave through the party like a snake through an overgrown garden. Greeting and moving on, greeting and moving on... Victoria briefly glances up to Emily, noting the pretty young stranger at her high priced event...

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I think she's spotted you.

EMILY

Good. Introduce us.

36

INT. GRAYSON LUXURY YACHT - DAY

36

WE'RE WITH Victoria as Karrie Thurgood, the snarky lady from the party planning session, approaches her and Conrad.

KARRIE

Conrad, we weren't sure if you were going to make it this afternoon. Rumor has it you really dodged a bullet yesterday.

CONRAD

I'm happy to report that rumors of my demise have been greatly exaggerated.

KARRIE

Well I'm thrilled to hear it. I'll make sure to spread the word.

VICTORIA
I'm sure you will.
(spotting Lydia)
Lydia.

Lydia turns to see Victoria, gesturing for her to join them. Lydia looks apprehensive. Victoria mistakenly believes her discomfort to be about Karrie.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Looks like you could use another
drink, Karrie. Would you show her to
the bar, darling?

Conrad takes Karrie's empty glass.

CONRAD
Happily.
(passing by Lydia)
Good to see you, Lydia.

VICTORIA (O.S.)
Lydia, where have you been hiding?
I've left three messages.

Lydia is torn. THE SHIP WHISTLE BLOWS. The passengers applaud. Victoria begins to realize that something is up with her friend.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Lydia?...

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Mrs. Grayson? Forgive me for
interrupting, I want to introduce a
dear friend of mine. Victoria
Grayson, Emily Thorne.

Ashley steps aside to reveal Emily.

EMILY
Hello, Mrs. Grayson.

VICTORIA
Miss Thorne. I was wondering who the
late entry was on the guest roster.

ASHLEY
Emily's new to the Hamptons, but really
wanted to be a part of your fundraiser.

VICTORIA
How do you two know each other?

ASHLEY

She volunteered with me at the Met this winter. Apparently being a Sustaining Patron just wasn't enough.

EMILY

I try to give back when I can.
(a humble smile)
Hello, Lydia.

VICTORIA

(to Lydia)
Don't tell me, you've taken up volunteering at the Met as well?

LYDIA

Emily's renting my house for the summer. We met briefly on the beach.

EMILY

And then yesterday afternoon at the Southfork Inn. I hope your husband's feeling better.

And there it is. Victoria looks to Lydia, who's exchanging a worried glance with Conrad at the bar. All at once, Victoria understands the magnitude of her betrayal. As she turns and disappears into the party...

LYDIA

Victoria, wait...

But Victoria has no interest in hearing Lydia's explanation. Lydia glares at Emily, then splits off in the other direction, panic-stricken. OFF EMILY and her plan...

CARL (O.S.)

Listen up, everyone! I want to thank you all for helping the Stowaway kick off the season right--

SMASH TO:

37

INT. PORTER'S STOWAWAY TAVERN - DAY

37

Carl stands on a chair in the packed dining room with his other hand on Jack's shoulder. Jack is bashful from all the attention.

CARL

Where were you people all winter?
(good natured laughter)

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, my boy Jack is setting sail for Haiti to pitch in with the Red Cross. He wanted to go right after the quake, but I convinced him to stick around an extra year to help me out.

JACK

Two now, but who's counting.

The crowd laughs. The only one not feeling the love in the room is Declan, "the other son." He pulls out his phone, scrolls the contacts until he finds "CHARLOTTE GRAYSON" and texts: **"What's up party girl?"** A beat later a response comes through... **"Parent's boat. Bored."** Declan considers, then texts: **"Get high later?"** As he waits for Charlotte's answer...

CARL

Now I know you got your GPS and fancy navigation, but just in case you ever really lose your way, I want you to have this, too.

Carl hands Jack an antique brass COMPASS.

CARL (CONT'D) Belonged

to your grandfather. Always got me just where I needed to be, safe and sound. To Jack!

"To Jack!" Carl tousles Jack's hair. But his smile drops as he notices DOUG REID, the banker, has entered, carrying a briefcase. Jack notices his dad noticing Doug. Melissa grabs Jack, surprises him with a sweet kiss on the lips.

JACK

What's that for?

MELISSA

In case I never get another chance.

She moves on. Over by the bar, Jack watches as his dad greets the banker, discreetly shuffles him down the hall towards the manager's office. Off Jack, officially worried.

38

EXT. GRAYSON LUXURY YACHT - DAY

38

ANGLE ON CHARLOTTE, leaning up against a pillar, considering her reply to Declan's most recent text: **"Get high later?"** She grins, texts back: **"DEF."**

NOLAN (O.S.)

You know I invented that.

Charlotte looks up to see Nolan, leaning on the cabin wall.

CHARLOTTE
You invented texting?

NOLAN
If you want to get technical I
invented the binary protocol that
allows real time data transfer
between cell towers. You want a
vodka something?

CHARLOTTE
I'm seventeen.

NOLAN
We'll put it in a sippy cup.

ANGLE ON EMILY, watching as a creaped out Charlotte walks off. Nolan turns with a shrug, notices Emily, noticing him.

SERVER
Care for a drink, miss?

Startled, Emily turns to a SERVER, holding a silver tray full of bright red cocktails. When she looks back for Nolan, he's gone. Emily does a quick scan, but instead of Nolan, spots DANIEL, standing on the periphery with a MALE FRIEND, MALCOLM, chatting up a couple girls. She thinks a moment, then takes a drink with a smile.

39

INT. GRAYSON LUXURY YACHT - DAY

39

Daniel takes in the fancy crowd as Malcolm eyeballs the girls.

MALCOLM
Here we go 'round again, Danny boy.
Summertime in the Hamptons...

DANIEL
Yup, same people, same parties...

Daniel has his eye on the deck of the ship, where he can see his mother and father arguing.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Same everything.

MALCOLM
(to Daniel as they pass)
Want to bump it up a notch?

Malcolm reveals a vial of cocaine. Daniel considers, torn, when--

EMILY

Oh, my God, I'm so sorry!

Daniel turns to see EMILY, holding an empty glass, the bright red contents of which are now spilled on the back of Daniel's fancy jacket. As he takes off his coat...

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ugh, I am such an idiot.

DANIEL

Don't worry about it, probably the universe telling me it's time for a costume change. I'm Daniel.

EMILY

Emily.

DANIEL

How 'bout I get you a dry martini? Twice the alcohol, half the stain potential.

EMILY

Sure, sorry.

DANIEL

It's okay. Wait right here.

With a smile, Daniel heads to the bar, leaving Malcolm to look the new girl up and down. Emily holds her own.

41

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

41

Jack comes barreling out the tavern door as Doug Reid (the banker) heads up the dock.

JACK

Mr. Reid--

Doug turns to see Jack hustling to catch up with him.

JACK (CONT'D)

How much does he owe?

Doug just looks at Jack.

DOUG REID

Afraid that's between your dad and First Federal.

JACK
C'mon, he's had the place for
thirty years, how bad is it?

DOUG REID
(has a heart after all)
Bank's foreclosing at the end of the
month. Only thing that'll stop it
is full payment on arrears. Sorry.

As Doug heads off, Jack looks at the compass his father gave
him, then over to his boat, his only ticket out of here...

VICTORIA (PRE-LAP)
Good afternoon, everyone, and happy
Memorial Day.

42

INT. GRAYSON LUXURY YACHT - DAY

42

Victoria stands on the deck, by the Manet, addressing her loyal
guests on the dock below. The crowd applauds enthusiastically.
Lydia looks up, helplessly.

VICTORIA
I wanted the theme of today's party
to signify a fresh start for all of
us. As difficult as these last few
years have been, they've been
devastating on our charities. Now
as things are beginning to turn
around, I'm looking forward to
giving back, and I know all of you
are, too.

Applause. Victoria motions for a security guard.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
So to start things off right, I'd
like to announce the winner of the
art auction-- my dear friend Lydia
Davis, who won't be taking home the
Manet this evening, but the
treasured Van Gogh that hangs in my
living room.

ANGLE ON LYDIA, HORRIFIED as Karrie steps up to Conrad, confused.

KARRIE
But I thought the Van Gogh was a
gift from Lydia and Michael...

Conrad levels a dark gaze at Victoria.

VICTORIA

As secretive as Lydia is, I can't say how much she's paid for the privilege, but I assure you it cost her dearly.

The crowd applauds for Lydia as Victoria flashes an ice cold smile, leans into a security guard, sotto.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Please have Ms. Davis escorted out of the party.

The guard nods at the confusing request, walks off.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

In related news, Lydia asked me to announce that the house she once shared here with her husband is officially on the market. I'm afraid this will be her final weekend in the Hampton's. Call your realtors, ladies and gentlemen, this one will go fast. Wherever you end up, Lydia, I hope the Van Gogh will be a constant reminder of the friendship we shared.

Victoria stares coolly at Lydia, as the security guard finds her.

ANGLE ON EMILY-- As Lydia is escorted out. Victoria pauses, locks eyes with Emily, "The Messenger" who brought her Lydia's head, and we... **FLASHBACK TO--**

42A **INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - 1993 - DAY - FLASHBACK**

42A

Continuing the flashback from Scene 20, as the FBI RUSHES IN.

SWAT MEMBER

David Clarke?! Hands out where we can see them! Do it! Now!

MORE AGENTS pour in, tackling David to the floor. In a blur of action, Jack and Sam are scooped up and hustled out the front door. Amanda screams in terror as AN AGENT tries to grab her, too. She runs for her father, trips, falls to the floor. Reaches for his hand...

AMANDA

Daddy!!

DAVID CLARKE

Amanda!!

We CU on their hands being TORN AWAY from each other, and Amanda is hustled out of the house in the arms of an FBI agent, screaming for her father. When they reach the deck, Amanda sees VICTORIA on the pier with Conrad protected by FBI. Victoria holds a cell phone, hands it over to the FBI. As Victoria looks right into Amanda's eyes, we hear...

DANIEL (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
She's really something, isn't she?

42B

EXT. GRAYSON LUXURY YACHT - DAY

42B

Daniel steps up behind Emily with a martini. In his other hand, a glass of soda on ice.

DANIEL
(off Emily)
My mother.

EMILY
I'll say.

DANIEL
To chance meetings.

EMILY
To an unforgettable summer.

Daniel and Emily clink glasses. He smiles winningly. Emily glances over Daniel's shoulder as the guard hustles Lydia down the dock, humiliated. Off Emily, pleased with her handiwork...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

43 **EXT. GRAYSON LUXURY YACHT - SUNSET**

43

The party is over, the boat docked, the guests dispersed. Daniel and Emily sit on the deck at the rear of the ship, the guests are now dancing behind them.

DANIEL
How many Harvard men does it take
to screw in a light bulb?

EMILY
I don't know, how many?

DANIEL
One, and the whole world just
revolves around him.

He's being charming and self effacing, but Emily isn't falling for him or his dumb jokes quite that easily.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
One more?

EMILY
Drink or joke?

DANIEL
Either. Both.

EMILY
Neither. I'm almost buzzed enough
to find that last joke funny, another
drink and I might think you meant it.
But don't let me stop you.

DANIEL
No, no, I've had about all the club
soda I can take.

EMILY
You don't drink?

DANIEL
Used to. Epicly... Gotta admit,
it's nice meeting someone who never
knew the old me.

He smiles sincerely, looks with clear eyes, right into hers. Emily is surprised by how disarming Daniel is being.

EMILY
I know the feeling.

He notices the tattoo on the inside of Emily's wrist. It's the twin infinity symbols.

DANIEL
Double infinity?

EMILY
Something like that.

DANIEL
That's a long time...

VICTORIA (O.S.)
Daniel.

They look back to see Victoria on the deck above, with Conrad.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Your father and I are leaving.

DANIEL
Okay.

Emily stands, looks up.

EMILY
Thank you for a lovely party Mrs. Grayson, it was very nice meeting you.

Victoria looks at Emily, sizing her up. Offers an abbreviated smile. Looks to Daniel.

VICTORIA
I'll expect you home shortly.

And with that, Victoria turns, taking Conrad's arm.

DANIEL
Don't let my mom rattle you, intimidation is practically a sign of endearment with her.

EMILY
Hate to be on her bad side.

DANIEL
(speaking from experience)
Yes, you would. What are your parents like?

EMILY
That's a story for another time.
I should get going, too.

DANIEL
You need a ride? I'm headed your way.

EMILY
No, thanks.
(then, a sweet smile)
Come by the beach tomorrow?

DANIEL
Yeah, great.

As Emily heads for shore, off Daniel...

44

I/E. SOUTHAMPTON - NOLAN'S CAR - DUSK

44

Nolan sits in his car, watching the flip cam video he took of the party on his iPad. As the camera pans the fancy crowd, it catches Daniel's friend Malcolm offering him coke.

NOLAN (IN THE ROVER) These
guys really put the suck in
seersucker. What a waste of humanity.

On that, we see Emily enter frame and intentionally dump her drink on the back of Daniel's jacket.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
That's some 4G karma, sporty.

His phone rings. Nolan hits pause on the video, looks at his phone, doesn't recognize the number.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
With whom do I have the pleasure of
speaking?

44A

EXT. PORTER'S TAVERN - DUSK

44A

JACK (O.S.)
It's Jack Porter.

We come off the "Amanda" painted lovingly on the side of the ship to find Jack, on his boat. Sam rests loyally by his side.

JACK (CONT'D)
If you're still interested in buying my boat, bring a check down to the docks first thing tomorrow... Okay, see you then.

Jack hangs up, pets his dog, looks out towards the ocean...

44B

I/E. SOUTHAMPTON - NOLAN'S CAR - DUSK

44B

Back with Nolan as he hangs up the phone, looks down at the frozen image on his iPad. Notices something. Emily. Singles her out, enlarges the image. Off Nolan...

45

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - STAIR WELL - NIGHT

45

OFF CAMERA, we hear a door SLAM. Victoria enters frame, marches up the stairs. Moments later, Conrad follows.

CONRAD
You didn't have to exile her.
What you did was cruel.

Victoria stops on the first landing, spins, livid.

VICTORIA
What *I* did was cruel?! You could have had anyone. You knew Lydia was my closest friend.

Victoria resumes storming up the stairs, we follow her into the hallway that leads to the bedroom.

CONRAD
It was never meant to be an affair, it just...

VICTORIA
Happened? Is it physically impossible for you to take responsibility for your actions?

CONRAD
A problem you and I seem to share. If you'll remember, I gave up everything once to prove how much I loved you.

VICTORIA
And I returned the favor by destroying a man.

45A **INT. GRAYSON MANOR - MASTER SUITE - NIGHT**

45A

They arrive in the bedroom.

CONRAD

That was your idea, not mine. You did what you did to save yourself as much as me.

VICTORIA

A compromise I'm reminded of every day.

CONRAD

You got plenty in the bargain.

And on that zinger, Conrad heads for the master bath, leaving Victoria alone in the bedroom, caught in the trap she designed. She steps out onto her veranda. On Victoria's back...

48 **INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

48

Emily steps in through the glass door. Stands in the dark room letting the breeze from the sea billow in. She flips on a single light, steadies herself along the wall. Shuts her eyes, feeling the weight of the revenge she's come to seek.

NOLAN (O.S.)

Welcome home, Amanda.

Emily's eyes snap open and she spins to see a male figure in the shadows of the door frame.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

I nearly didn't recognize you today, but that's the whole point isn't it?

Emily's reaction is as quick as it is violent. She grabs the Nolan's arm and pins him to the wall with her forearm wedged under his throat.

EMILY

You have any idea how easy it would be for me to crush your windpipe?

NOLAN

I don't think your dad would approve.

Wrong answer. She presses deeper into his neck, even as he rattles off the details of his campaign for release.

NOLAN (CONT'D) Think about it! Without his investment, my company wouldn't exist. Without my company, you wouldn't have that fat nest egg funding your wicked little plan. Your father trusted me!

EMILY
My father trusted everyone--

Emily pushes off him. He stumbles to a safer distance.

EMILY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here, Nolan?

NOLAN
Don't worry, your secret's safe. No one wants this imperious cadre of toxic phonies to eat it more than yours truly. So, how can I be of service?

EMILY
You can't. You're not a part of this.

NOLAN
Sure I am. I saw first hand what these people did to your father. They're hard core.

EMILY
I can handle them. And I have no problem taking you down, too if you get in my way.

NOLAN
I don't want to get in your way. I want to help.

EMILY
I don't need your help.

Emily opens the door, inviting him to leave. Nolan turns.

NOLAN
Suit yourself... But I can be just as powerful an enemy as any one of them. Just sayin'...
(goes to the door, stops)
Oh, it might interest you to know I had a nice chat with Jack Porter tonight. Guess who's still carrying a torch for little Amanda Clarke?

EMILY

Amanda Clarke no longer exists.

And off Emily's stony expression...

49 **INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - FLASHBACK - 2003 - DAY**

49

A PRISON GUARD sits in a control room. ANGLE ON one of the monitors showing an EMPTY CELL BLOCK. He leans into the mic.

PRISON GUARD (OVER P.A.)

Clarke-- happy birthday, you've been emancipated.

A BUZZER SOUNDS, and a cell door opens. But rather than David Clarke, a ratty haired 18 year old AMANDA steps out.

50 **EXT. JUVENILE DETENTION - GATES - FLASHBACK - 2003 - DAY**

50

Amanda shuffles through the gates, free, but utterly alone. A black ESCALADE rolls up, driven by a HIP HOP-STYLE BODY GUARD. The back door opens and young Nolan steps out, looking like the hipster/tech slacker that he was at the time.

NOLAN

You are one tricky young lady to track down, Amanda.

AMANDA

Who are you?

NOLAN

Friend of your fathers. Have to say, you're not exactly the little angel he described.

AMANDA

My father hasn't seen me in ten years.

NOLAN

Then I'm sorry to be the one to tell you, he passed away six weeks ago.

Amanda receives the news without reacting.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

He wanted you to have something.

Nolan takes an object out of the back seat, turns and presents her with a hand crafted wooden box. Seared onto the top is a branding of the twin infinity symbols.

AMANDA

Whatever that is, I don't want it.

NOLAN

Trust me, you definitely do.

AMANDA

Why should I trust you? My father was a murderer and a liar. He abandoned me.

NOLAN

That's just what they want you to believe. Forget everything you think you know. Your dad was only protecting you.

AMANDA

From what?

NOLAN

Open the box and find out.

Beat. With an unsteady hand, Amanda opens the lid. Inside she finds ten years worth of her father's journals, DAVID'S DISTINCTIVE WATCH, and a key. Protected in a glass frame attached to the bottom of the lid is a worn photograph of herself as an 8-year-old on the beach with her dad. On top of the contents is a sealed letter addressed, "Amanda."

NOLAN (CONT'D)

That key opens a lock box in Zurich. Now that you're eighteen, you officially own 49 percent of my company. Board meetings are every other Wednesday but I don't expect you to go. I never do.

Amanda is barely listening. She picks up the letter, walks away from Nolan to a private spot by the fence, opens it, reads.

DAVID (V.O.)

My dear Amanda. If you're reading this then two things have come to pass. I am finally able to provide you the life you were unjustly denied. And sadly I'm not going to be able to share that life with you.

As Amanda reads, a tear trails down her cheek.

51 INT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

51

Emily sits in the near dark, wearing a warm fisherman's sweater. The wooden infinity box on her lap. **We see a photo of young Jack, Sam, and Amanda** among the scattered items.

DAVID CLARKE (V.O.)

I hope these journals answer the questions I know you've had all these years. I'm not the man they say I am. I did not do the things they say I did. All I ask is that you promise to do the one thing I was never able to do. Forgive.

Emily pulls back a loose panel under the lid of the box. Behind the panel is a photograph of a large group of people on a Hawaiian vacation, posing happily in front of a banner that reads: **"GRAYSON FINANCIAL EXECUTIVE RETREAT - 1992"** Front and center, we see a young Conrad with his arm around Victoria Grayson. Next to Victoria, a young David Clarke. Behind David, a young Lydia (Thomas) Davis and her husband, Michael. And all around them with their drinks and Hawaiian leis: Dozens of happy executives, business associates, legal counsel, and significant others responsible for bringing David down. As we PUSH IN ON A SMILING YOUNG LYDIA, Emily uses a red pen to carefully mark an **"X"** through her face.

EMILY (V.O.)

But that was a promise I couldn't keep.

52 INT. SOUTHFORK INN - HALLWAY/SUITE - DAY

52

EMILY (V.O.)

They say vengeance is a dish best served cold... but sometimes it's as warm as a bowl of soup.

Conrad opens the hotel room door to EMILY, barely recognizable in a room service uniform, mousy wig and glasses. Her name tag reads: **"BECKY"**

CONRAD

Set it up by the window, please.

Emily wheels the cart in, catches a glimpse of Lydia, who's on the phone on the balcony. On the cart is a bottle of Cristal champagne, a Nicoise Salade and a bowl of Lobster Bisque. When Conrad turns his back, she pours a vial of clear liquid into the bisque, stirs...

EMILY (V.O.)
My father, David Clarke, died an
innocent man, reviled and alone.

We HEAR THE FAINT RINGING OF AN OUTGOING CELL PHONE CALL...

56

EXT. GRAYSON MANOR - VICTORIA'S CUPOLA - NIGHT

56

Victoria stands on her terrace, staring down at the light from Emily's beach house, the cool ocean breeze whips around her. On the beach below, Victoria can just make out the figure of a woman walking to the end of Emily's pier, facing the sea. Through the phone she's holding we hear a man's voice answer: "Yes?" Victoria brings the phone to her lips.

VICTORIA
I want you to find out everything you
can about a young woman named Emily
Thorne...

57

EXT. EMILY'S BEACH HOUSE - DECK - NIGHT

57

Emily stands on her deck wearing the same style fisherman's sweater that David wore in the take down flashback. We see that she is holding her father's watch.

EMILY (V.O.)
When everything you love has been
stolen from you, sometimes all you
have left is revenge.

Emily turns the watch over. On the back is an engraving. Even in the dim light, we clearly see what it says: "**Until forever... Love, Victoria.**" Emily turns to look at Grayson manor, where Victoria stares down at her from on high...

EMILY
Like I said, this is not a story about
forgiveness.

And OFF EMILY'S grim determination... **SMASH TO BLACK.**

END OF PILOT

Now that you know Emily's secret, see her world come to life through an exclusive free screening of ABC's *Revenge*.

Visit www.abc.com/revengescreening and use the passcode **j4PRaXFIP** to watch the full first episode before its network premiere.

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