

# NDA

WRITTEN BY  
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**FADE IN:**

**INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**

We are in an elevator on a closeup of DANA, 24.

Trying to make it in this world. Hair haphazardly shoved into an updo. Chewing gum. Black blazer over a cream blouse and black slacks -- armor hiding every ounce of anger and vulnerability inside.

Likable with an acid tongue on her good days, she is shrouded in self-sabotage and defeat on her bad.

Today, she is surrounded by a sea of PEOPLE IN SUITS.

The elevator DINGS. The doors open, revealing two men.

PATRICK, 29, and MARTIN, 50s, upscale.

Dana keeps her gaze fixed ahead.

Patrick steals a glance at Dana as he and Martin make their way to the opposite side of the elevator. Dana feels it, but pretends not to.

The doors close. The elevator ascends.

It is silent, except for the clicking sounds of fingers typing on an iPhone.

BUZZ. Dana's phone vibrates in her hand.

A notification. 1 new text from 555-439-2876.

Dana shoves her cell in her purse.

Patrick stares at her.

She refuses to look over her shoulder.

The elevator lurches at Floor 4. Suits silently shuffle off.

Floor 8. More suits exit.

Dana takes a deep breath to calm her nerves.

The elevator DINGS.

Floor 11.

Martin and Patrick push through the suits. They exit, disappearing into the floor's lobby.

As the elevator doors begin to close, Dana slams her hand in front of them.

The doors open again.

Dana steps off trepidatiously.

**INT. FLOOR 11 LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Dana waits in the lobby.

She takes out her phone and opens the text she received moments ago.

555-439-2876: *hey dana*

She narrows her eyes.

Dana looks up at the backs of Patrick and Martin as they enter two glass doors.

To the left, a shiny silver plaque reads Suite 1120 Duncan & Avery: Conflict Resolution Services.

**INT. FLOOR 11 BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Dana sits on the toilet, biding time, blows a bubble gum. She slowly types back to the anonymous number --

*Hi?*

The gum pops.

A beat. Dana types --

*So are you going to tell me who this is ?*

From underneath the stall, Dana watches the stilettos of two foreign BUSINESSWOMEN who converse in another language.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Dana washes her hands. She dries them under the loud commercial strength hand dryer.

She re-sculpts her bun, adding two strands at the front, then decides they look stupid and sweeps them behind her ears.

She spits out her gum into the trash as she exits.

**INT. SUITE 1120 RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER**

Dana cracks open the door to Duncan & Avery: Resolution Services.

She looks both ways, making sure the coast is clear.

No Patrick. No Martin.

She enters the luxurious but slightly dated office.

Long leather couches. Mahogany walls. Brutalist cement ceiling. Art everywhere. In the middle of the floor sits a grand piano that nobody has probably ever played.

Dana finds SCOTT, late 40s, lawyer, polished, hovering over a laptop and a large binder on his lap.

Scott coasts through life off charm.

DANA

Hi Scott.

Scott eyes her over his screen.

SCOTT

Dana.

(then)

Ready?

Dana smiles, feigning confidence.

DANA

To get this over with.

Scott shuts his laptop, gathers his things, and rises.

SCOTT

Cool blazer. I'm seeing a new corporate side of you.

DANA

My entire outfit still has the tags on it.

They approach a female RECEPTIONIST, 20s, bubbly, model good looks, perched behind the front desk.

SCOTT

Hey I'm Scott Pursell. I'm the lawyer for Dana Thompson.

Scott gestures toward Dana. Dana clocks as the receptionist sizes her up.

RECEPTIONIST  
Can I get you anything? Coffee?

DANA SCOTT  
Yes please. No thanks.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Two coffees, please.

RECEPTIONIST  
Cream? Sugar?

DANA SCOTT  
Black. Do you have oat milk?

The receptionist smiles.

RECEPTIONIST  
Be right back.

She sashays toward the break room.

SCOTT  
(joke-y)  
We have to be on the same page,  
Dana.

DANA  
Ah.

Dana notices an oversized oil painting hanging on the office wall and walks toward it.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Two-hundred grand.

Dana eyes Scott over her shoulder.

DANA  
Sorry?

Scott scans a one-sheet of the office's art work with the prices.

SCOTT  
That's what it's going for. Two-  
hundred --

DANA  
They sell art here?

SCOTT

Of course. They've got people walking out of here with six, seven figure settlements. It's actually genius.

Scott reads off the one-sheet.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Marcus Latroy. Apparently he blew up at Basel. Hey, maybe you can get it to-go.

Dana scoffs. The receptionist returns with two coffees.

RECEPTIONIST

Here you are. Be careful. It's hot.

SCOTT

Thank you.

DANA

Thanks.

RECEPTIONIST

Follow me.

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The receptionist leads Dana and Scott, gliding down an endless hall of offices with large glass doors.

RECEPTIONIST

So where are you coming from today?

SCOTT

Suburbia.

RECEPTIONIST

Lots of traffic?

Dana keeps a distance behind Scott and the receptionist, their mindless chit chat fading away as they move farther ahead down the hall.

Dana peers into each of the glass offices she passes --

ROOM 1 - A MAN swiftly types up a report on his laptop.

ROOM 2 - Three PEOPLE deep in intense conversation. A young WOMAN looks up at Dana. Dana quickly averts her glance.

Scott and the receptionist stand in front of room eight.  
They stop and look back.

SCOTT

Dana!

Dana catches up. The receptionist presses her back into a glass door --

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to room eight.

**INT. ROOM EIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

It's a large corner room with an elegant, oversized table with a conference phone in the middle.

SCOTT

Is this the special room?

RECEPTIONIST

(flashes a smile)

It is now.

(then)

If you need anything, pick up the phone and press zero. I'm Brittan.

Dana looks out the windows. Skyscraper after skyscraper.

SCOTT

Brittan? Like --

BRITTAN

Great Britain.

Dana tries not to laugh. She covers it with a light cough.

SCOTT

Oh... Do you have a sister named Ireland?

BRITTAN

Actually yeah.

(then)

No, I'm joking.

They laugh. Dana turns around from the window, trying to discern whether they are flirting. Brittan nods toward a basket of chocolate chip cookies on the table.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
Beware. Those cookies are  
dangerous.

SCOTT  
Are they now? I'll have to be the  
judge of that.

Scott smiles at Brittan. Dana decides they are flirting.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Thanks Brittan.

BRITTAN  
Anytime Scott.

Brittan turns to Dana.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Good luck!

Dana swallows, taken aback. Brittan ducks out.

SCOTT  
You sit there.

Scott gestures to the seat at the head of the table.

DANA  
At the head of the table?

SCOTT  
You're the VIP.

DANA  
Oh. Well. Can't wait for the gift  
bag.

Scott chuckles as he sits and opens his laptop. Dana takes a  
seat. Her chair is way too low. She raises it.

SCOTT  
Where's the WiFi? Oh here.

He grabs a plastic plaque on the middle of the table. Dana  
watches as he uses his index finger to type in the password.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Nice spot, right?

DANA  
Yeah... They must get a lot of  
business.

((MORE))

**DANA (CONT'D)**

Everyone in their settlement era.  
(then)  
Who else is going to be in the  
room?

SCOTT

Just Colette.

DANA

No in *their* room.

Scott clicks through emails.

SCOTT

Doesn't matter. We talk through  
Colette. Each side in its own room  
hammering it out with the mediator.  
You never have to see them.

DANA

Except on the elevator.

Scott turns to Dana, suddenly showing an immense interest.

SCOTT

Was he on your elevator?

DANA

Yeah.

SCOTT

Who? Patrick?

DANA

And Martin. The COO. Don't they  
have, like, a separate entrance?

SCOTT

It's not *that* nice of a spot.  
(then)  
You didn't take another elevator?

DANA

Another -- no. I was already in  
the elevator.

SCOTT

Did they say anything?

DANA

No.

SCOTT

Did you?

DANA  
I should have. I couldn't even  
look him in the fucking eye.

SCOTT  
So they did it as a power move to  
try to intimidate you.

DANA  
Was I supposed to have gotten off?

SCOTT  
That would have looked weak.  
(then)  
It's good. You're good. You did  
the right thing.

Scott looks out through the glass into the hallway.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
There she is...

Dana turns to find COLETTE, 60s, a tough, well-dressed  
mediator with perfect hair and gold jewelry, gliding down the  
long corridor.

DANA  
That's her?

SCOTT  
Yep.

DANA  
Colette?

SCOTT  
Yes.

DANA  
I thought you were going to get  
someone younger --

SCOTT  
Why would that matter?

DANA  
Why would that -- because she's --

Colette approaches the room holding a huge folder in her arms  
and knocks.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Wait. Scott --

SCOTT  
We've gone over this. She'll lead  
you.

DANA  
But --

SCOTT  
Stick to the story.

DANA  
You mean, the truth.

SCOTT  
Yeah. Everything we discussed.

DANA  
The truth.

A beat. He eyes Dana.

SCOTT  
Obviously. Cool?

Scott puts on a megawatt smile and enthusiastically motions  
for Colette to enter.

She opens the door. Scott and Dana stand.

COLETTE  
Hello, I'm Colette Switzer.

SCOTT  
The *honorable* Colette Switzer.

DANA  
I'm Dana.

Dana extends her hand. Colette turns it into a hug, catching  
Dana off-guard in a warm embrace.

COLETTE  
So nice to meet you.

Colette shakes hands with a very chummy Scott.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
Scott. Always a pleasure. How are  
the kids?

SCOTT  
Incorrigible. But we love them.

COLETTE

Aw.

SCOTT

Sorry about Bob --

COLETTE

Oh, thank you.

Dana clocks a brief glimmer of sadness in Colette. They sit. Colette dumps her folder on the table.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

So Dana.

Colette smiles at Dana empathetically.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

I know how hard this must be for you.

Dana looks to Scott who gives her a nod of encouragement.

DANA

Honestly... it's kind of a relief to finally be here.

SCOTT

We've been going back and forth with their lawyers for six months.

COLETTE

Well we're going to sort it all out today. I promise. I am here to help you get what you deserve. Because Dana, what you went through was so...

Colette practically shudders. Dana takes a sip of coffee to mask her sudden discomfort.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

How's the coffee?

DANA

(thinking of the polite way to say it)

Um --

COLETTE

*Garbage.*

Dana places the coffee cup back on the table and shrugs with a charming smile.

DANA  
It's office coffee.

COLETTE  
Office coffee. You're funny!  
Well, if you don't feel like  
"office coffee", there's a little  
French pastry place on the corner  
called Pierre's that makes a killer  
espresso. I can have Brittan run  
and pick up anything you like.

A beat.

DANA  
Thank you.

Colette leans forward, treading gently.

COLETTE  
It's going to be a long and  
emotional day. Our time is  
limited. We have until 5pm to  
strike a deal.

Dana nods as she anxiously gulps her coffee.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
I want you to feel completely at  
ease opening up to me and sharing  
your experience. Are you ready?

Colette takes out her pen and notepad and looks up at Dana expectantly.

DANA  
Oh, you want me to start right now?

COLETTE  
Can you walk me through everything  
that happened?

DANA  
Uh...

Dana looks to Scott.

DANA (CONT'D)  
He sent you my statement?

COLETTE  
Of course.

DANA  
I outlined everything in my  
statement --

COLETTE  
I would love to hear it in your own  
words. Verbally.

Another beat.

DANA  
It's just, maybe it might be easier  
to prompt --

COLETTE  
You want me to --

SCOTT  
Sure, she can --

COLETTE  
I can prompt.

Colette eyes her notes.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
How long were you working at WISL?  
Am I pronouncing that right? W-I-S-  
L?

DANA  
Yeah.

COLETTE  
Like a whistle that you blow --

DANA (CONT'D)  
Or a whistle blower.

Scott glances at Dana, who clears her throat.

DANA  
Seven months.

COLETTE  
Full time?

DANA  
Was.

COLETTE  
Forgive me, but what does a data  
analyst do at a company like WISL?

Colette puts her pen to her note pad, ready to jot down notes.

DANA

I used Python to create statistical algorithms and automated data-pulling processes using shell-scripting...

Colette smiles. This is obviously another language to her.

SCOTT

Dana's an absolute fucking rockstar.

COLETTE

Did you like it? The job.

DANA

(earnestly)  
I loved it.

COLETTE

What did you love most about it?

DANA

In retrospect? Bagel Fridays.

COLETTE

Well, free bagels can make all the difference sometimes!

DANA

If only they did!

Scott shoots Dana a look. Dana exhales sharply.

DANA (CONT'D)

Sorry. I don't know why this is so hard. I loved the *work*. That's what they took away from me. And I was good.

Colette briskly picks up her pen.

COLETTE

What happened February fifth?

SCOTT

You're in great hands, Dana.  
Colette is here to support you.

A beat.

DANA

The entire team was in Vegas. For  
a "summit".

Another beat.

COLETTE

Uh huh?

DANA

And um.

Scott watches Dana like a hawk, waiting. Dana's eyes  
suddenly turn downcast.

COLETTE

Look, this is never a pleasant  
process. We have two parties on  
completely opposite ends of the  
spectrum. I was a judge for twenty-  
six years. My job is to evaluate  
both sides --

Dana narrows her eyes slightly.

DANA

What if there's only one side?

COLETTE

There's never only one side. No  
one is going to walk away with  
everything they want. But the goal  
-- the goal is for both parties to  
be equally unhappy, do you  
understand? Because it's about  
coming to a mutually agreed upon  
resolution *between* the two sides.

DANA

Um.

COLETTE

Can you tell me what happened  
February 5th?

SCOTT

Dana?

DANA

He...

Dana laughs, so terribly overwhelmed.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Yeah, there's definitely only one  
fucking side.

Dana abruptly rises on the verge of a panic attack. She  
grabs her purse and exits the room. Colette eyes Scott.

SCOTT  
She'll be right back.

**INT. FLOOR 11 LOBBY - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Dana darts through the lobby toward the water fountain.

She aggressively presses her foot against the fountain's  
base. Water shoots up, splashing all over her blouse.

Dana looks down to find the fabric of her shirt soaking wet  
and see-through, her lacy bra very visible underneath.

DANA  
FUCK.

A couple SUITS stare at her from down the hall. She shoots  
them a dirty look.

She tries her luck again, stepping back this time as she  
presses the lever gently. She rests her hands on the cool  
metal as she sucks down water, thirsty.

**INT. FLOOR 11 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

We follow Dana as she walks down the hallway to the bathroom.

The door is ajar, a yellow sign reading CAUTION WET FLOOR. A  
JANITOR mops.

Dana breezes past it to --

**INT. FLOOR 11 STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

It's industrial here. Cold. Quite a bit less lavish than  
the rest of the building.

Dana dabs her blouse repeatedly with the bottom of her  
blazer, but the water mark remains.

She buttons her blazer, but it doesn't quite cover the spot.  
She tries to move her shirt down.

DANA

Come. On.

BUZZ.

A startled Dana reaches for her phone.

1 new text from 555-439-2876.

Dana clicks the banner opening the text.

555-439-2876: *how's it going?*

Dana quickly types back.

*With what?*

O.S. The sound of FOOTSTEPS.

Dana quickly clicks off the screen and leans against the stairway's rail, looking all the way down to the bottom floor.

Her mind races, trying to catch a glimpse of whom the footsteps belong to...

The footsteps come closer.

And closer. Until --

SUIT (O.S.)

Morning.

Dana abruptly lifts herself up, coming face-to-face with a SUIT with a big, non-threatening smile and nod. Dana instinctively gasps as she backs into the cinder block corner.

After a beat, she gathers herself awkwardly.

DANA

(overly friendly)

Hello.

Dana gives a tight smile before quickly retreating back into Floor 11's hallway.

**INT. FLOOR 11 LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Dana walks toward Suite 1120 with her head down. The bathroom still undergoes maintenance behind her.

**INT. SUITE 1120 RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

Dana re-enters Duncan & Avery: Resolution Services.

It's busier than earlier. Phone lines ring at reception.

Brittan holds an orchid plant as she talks animatedly to a SUIT at the reception desk who eats up her every word.

BRITTAN  
(very loudly re: the  
orchid)  
This is so sweet. Thank you!

SUIT  
No, thank you.

Brittan drops the orchid on her desk.

BRITTAN  
I love it.

Dana rolls her eyes at the flirty interaction as she mouths "I love it".

As she passes, the suit turns to stare at her wet top. Dana quickly holds up her purse to cover it.

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

We follow Dana down the hall as she makes her way to room 8.

As she approaches --

She sees Scott, behind the glass, on the phone. He is alone now, Colette gone.

**INT. ROOM EIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Dana enters quietly.

SCOTT  
(into phone)  
Uh huh. Right. Right.

Scott laughs raucously. His demeanor suddenly changes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Ah godDAMMIT.

Scott slams his hand against the table, jolting Dana.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
We'll catch up later over some very  
strong drinks. Okay. Talk soon.  
Bye.

Scott hangs up. He abruptly swivels his chair toward Dana.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Do you want two-hundred and fifty  
thousand dollars?

After a beat.

DANA  
Is this a trick question?

SCOTT  
No.

DANA  
Yeah...

SCOTT  
Do you deserve two-hundred and  
fifty thousand dollars for what you  
went through?

Dana tries to decipher if he has an angle.

DANA  
I think so. That's why I'm here.  
(chuckles awkwardly)  
That's why I hired you.

SCOTT  
And that's why I'm wondering why  
you just disappeared.

DANA  
I went to get some water --

SCOTT  
Ohhhhhh. For twenty minutes.

Scott stands and pours Dana a glass of water from a fancy  
lemon and cucumber infused pitcher. He shoots the glass over  
to Dana like he's playing air hockey.

She catches it before it crashes over the table, startled.  
Scott smiles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Water.

DANA

You told me we had an open-and-shut case.

SCOTT

I told you we had a case. There's a difference.

DANA

You saw her. She was trying to form this fake little camaraderie with me only to tell me I would have to fully compromise --

SCOTT

Because you might have to. We are here to make a deal --

DANA

With the devil. Understood.

Dana slinks back in her chair.

DANA (CONT'D)

Or?

SCOTT

What? No. There's no "or" here. *There is no or here.*

Scott glances at his watch.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's 10:42AM. If we can't reach a resolution in six hours and eighteen minutes, we might as well be back at square one. We'd have to tack on an extra day with Colette, which costs money and time and WISL has only agreed to a one day mediation. Anything more requires another negotiation.

He leans into Dana.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We are here to resolve this matter between you and fuckface *today*. If you want to walk away with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, you have to show them *why*. Because right now, Colette's back in *their* room.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And I can assure you, they're showing her why *not* to give you money.

DANA

It's not just about money --

SCOTT

Where are you living?

DANA

Right now? I told you, I'm cat-sitting --

SCOTT

Exactly. This is something you feel very strongly about. And let me remind you, you felt very strongly about two-hundred fifty thousand dollars.

A beat. Dana nods. Scott gives Dana a double take.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Did you spill on yourself?

Dana looks down at the huge water stain on her blouse.

DANA

A little.

SCOTT

Not a good look.

DANA

(sarcastically)

Oh really?

Scott keeps his eye on her blouse for a second too long, then grabs a tissue box from a bookshelf.

SCOTT

Luckily they stock up on these in every room.

Scott presents it to Dana like it's some kind of an offering, whisking a tissue out and handing it to Dana.

DANA

Thanks.

She grabs it and hurriedly blots her blouse with the tissues. Scott paces, his mind churning.

SCOTT  
So? What's the latest from  
Madison? Did you text her?

DANA  
(still blotting)  
Mmm hmm.

He eyes Dana skeptically.

SCOTT  
Okay, well have you heard back?  
Did she agree to back you up?

Dana doesn't look up from her shirt.

It looks worse than before. Her blouse is still wet and  
little pieces of tissue stick to the material.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You told me you thought you could.

Defeated, Dana gives up blotting.

DANA  
They probably told her not to talk  
to me --

Scott scoops up Dana's phone and hands it to her.

SCOTT  
Check.

She begrudgingly takes her phone from Scott and opens the  
text message thread with Madison.

Dana has texted six times in a row without a response.

She scrolls through as Scott makes his way back to his seat.

2/7/24 DANA: *Are you around for coffee this weekend?*

3/12/24 DANA: *I really need your help.*

4/22/24 DANA: *Can we go over the details of what happened?*

6/2/24 DANA: *Hey just checking in girl!*

7/6/24 DANA: *Can you please call me back?*

9/2/24 DANA: *Fuck you cunt*

CLOSE ON: Read: 7:38AM.

DANA  
She hasn't responded.

SCOTT  
What did you text her last?  
(then, suspicious)  
Dana?

Dana shrinks.

DANA  
Do I have to tell you?

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Yes.

Dana's eyes are glued to the table. She doesn't move.

DANA  
I said...  
(then)  
Um.

SCOTT  
Dana. Breathe.

DANA  
(virulent)  
*Fuck you cunt.*

Scott is stunned.

DANA (CONT'D)  
(clarifying)  
That's what I said to *her*. I  
wasn't saying that to you --

SCOTT  
You said "fuck you cunt" to the one  
person who can help you?

DANA  
She wouldn't answer me. And she's  
a fucking cunt!

SCOTT  
No. She's a coward.

It takes a moment for Scott to recover from all this. He  
runs his hand through his hair.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Jesus Dana. This is not great!

Dana slinks back in her chair, the gravity of her text dawning on her.

DANA

Oh my god. Is it going to get back to Colette?

SCOTT

I don't know...

Scott rubs his temples, coming up with what he thinks is the perfect game plan.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Here's what you do. Emotionally gaslight her. Write this text out.

Dana takes notes... at first.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

*I deeply apologize for the offensive language in my last message. Period. I have been ravaged by emotional turmoil for the past nine months since getting fired, in part due to the fact that you have yet to speak on my behalf. Period. You were there that night. Dash. You are aware of the events that transpired. Period. As such, comma, I believe it would be appropriate to come forward with the facts.*

Dana has stopped typing long ago.

DANA

That's not really how I --

SCOTT

Something along those lines. Just don't add a cunt at the end.

Dana hovers over her phone. Scott encourages her like he would a dog.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yes Dana. Good.

Dana quickly types out a text to Madison, laser focused:

*CUNT CUNT CUNT CUNT CUNT CUNT CUNT*

Dana stops writing cunt and looks up at an expectant Scott.

DANA  
Just figuring out how to articulate  
it.

Dana doesn't click send.

She takes a deep breath, selects all of her profanity-laden manifesto and hits delete. Instead, she writes --

*I'm sorry.*

Send.

*Can you call me please? I know you're still at the company, but I need you on my side.*

Send.

*We've always looked after each other.*

Send.

Dana rests her phone on the table face down.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Done.

SCOTT  
How are you feeling?

DANA  
You know...  
(big smile)  
Thriving.

Scott knows she's being facetious, but he embraces it, getting extremely amped.

SCOTT  
(extremely loud)  
Woo! See, that's the attitude we  
need.

Scott rolls his chair over and puts his hand up for a high five.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
I want you to imagine this is  
Patrick's face. What would you do  
to Patrick's --

Dana smacks the shit out of Scott's hand, surprising and impressing Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 This is good. Very good. Eyes on  
 the prize. We are going to destroy  
 that motherfucker. This is the  
 energy you use in the room with  
 Colette.

Scott leans in, very seriously.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 I forgot to ask you something.  
 Something very important.

DANA  
 Okay. What?

SCOTT  
 What's your favorite song?

Dana isn't sure whether he's joking.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 Come on. What's the song that gets  
 you going? Pumps you up?

DANA  
 You really want to know?

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Scott has pressed play on "Dancing in the Moonlight".

Scott bobs his head, swaying back and forth to the upbeat,  
 melodic intro. He taps his fingers on the table as if he's  
 playing the keys.

SCOTT  
 Dana! This is the fucking *jam*. No  
 inhibitions, okay? You see that  
 glass?

He points to the office's glass door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 Soundproof.

DANA  
 Ah.

SCOTT  
 (singing)  
*We get it almost every night  
 When that moon gets so big and  
 bright.*  
 (MORE)

**SCOTT (CONT'D)**

*It's a supernatural delight.  
Everybody was dancin' in the  
moonlight.*

Scott reaches for Dana's hand, dancing with it. She forces a smile through her discomfort.

**SCOTT (CONT'D)**

(singing)

*Everybody here is out of sight.  
They don't bark and they don't  
bite. They keep things loose, they  
keep things light. Everybody was  
dancin' in the moonlight.*

(then)

Dana? Take it away!

Dana gives in, dancing in her chair, the two of them bonding.

**DANA**

(singing)

*Dancin' in the moonlight.  
Everybody's feelin' warm and right.*

**SCOTT**

She's coming out of her shell  
ladies and gentlemen!

**DANA**

*It's such a fine and natural sight  
Everybody's dancin' in the  
moonlight.*

Scott watches Dana as she does a head roll, flipping her hair back seductively. He cocks his head, surprised and maybe a little turned on.

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Brittan walks by Room 8 with a coffee order. She slows down as she curiously watches Scott and Dana's mouths move in perfect unison, the song inaudible through the glass.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**INT. ROOM EIGHT - 15 MINUTES LATER**

Dana, Scott, and Colette sit at the table, game faces on.

COLETTE  
February 6th you flew back from  
Vegas? And everyone else returned  
the day after?

Before Dana can respond --

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
Why? Why did they send you home  
early?

DANA  
They said I needed to take some  
"personal time" --

COLETTE  
Who?

DANA  
HR. I needed to take some  
"personal time" and "calm down"  
from everything that had happened --

SCOTT  
The night prior --

COLETTE  
Which was February fifth?

DANA  
Yeah.

COLETTE  
When the incident occurred... I  
see.

She jots down notes.

SCOTT  
They wanted to split Dana and  
Patrick up. Silence her. Punish  
her for reporting it. So she  
became the outcast.

COLETTE  
And Madison flew private with them?  
February 7th?

DANA  
(pointed)  
She's more of a team player.

COLETTE  
When you landed back here --

DANA

I was greeted by a private security guard at baggage claim who demanded my work laptop, phone, and badge and gave me a letter signed by the CEO firing me.

Colette gives a sympathetic sigh.

COLETTE

Have you been able to find work since?

DANA

No.

Scott rests his hand on Dana's shoulder, encouraging her newfound confidence. He gives it a quick squeeze, then catches himself and takes it off.

SCOTT

There's egregious workplace retaliation in play. Patrick threatened her that if she went to HR, he would make sure she would never work in tech again.

DANA

Look what happened.

SCOTT

Colette, all this needs to be reflected in the settlement. Financially.

COLETTE

I agree.

Dana gives a slight smile, relieved for Colette to be on her side. Scott begins a passionate concluding statement.

SCOTT

It's very clear when you look at the chain of events --

COLETTE

To them it's a little less clear...

Dana's smile fades.

DANA

Well they're wrong.

Scott eyes Dana. Colette sifts through her notes.

COLETTE

As you know from your many back and forth emails with them, they're claiming they fired Dana because --

SCOTT

Don't fall for that --

Dana watches Scott and Colette duel it out like a ping pong match.

COLETTE

I'm not falling for anything --

SCOTT

You know who they are, you know who they're working with --

COLETTE

I'm repeating to you what they're *claiming*. Which is that she --

(turns to Dana)

You -- weren't up to your professional tasks. And that your behavior in Las Vegas was erratic --

DANA

Because of what Patrick did to me.

(then)

It would be more erratic for me *not* to be erratic --

Scott furls his brows, cutting her off.

SCOTT

Even if her behavior was erratic, who cares? It's textbook emotional distress. That adds to our case, not theirs --

COLETTE

Even before Las Vegas, they're saying... And I quote...

She reads from her notepad.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

*Dana was late to work. Sometimes she didn't bother to show up at all.*

DANA

I had doctors appointments. I wrote that in my statement.

Colette continues reading.

COLETTE

*She was seeing a psychiatrist and a myriad of other doctors for her "ailments". She had emotional episodes that caused her to be distracted and aggressive with superiors.*

DANA

So they can just lie?

COLETTE

I'm sorry Dana. They can do and say whatever they want. This isn't court. They're not under oath here.

Dana sits back in her chair, exhausted from defending herself. Scott puts his fist on the table, getting heated.

SCOTT

We've been begging for months. Show us the time cards. Show us the complaints about Dana's work ethic. Nothing.

COLETTE

They do have proof of her online shopping during work hours.

DANA

(under-her-breath)  
This is bullshit.

SCOTT

They're just trying to distract from the real issue. This is a complete failure on so many levels. It's trickle down. It starts with Patrick and what he did to my client. Then Martin, Patrick's boss. Then HR. HR should have protected her --

COLETTE

Well we all know HR doesn't protect anyone except for the company.

Colette leans toward Dana.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

I have to look at the scope of the entire situation impartially and I would be doing a disservice to you if I didn't admit that there were some complicating factors in this particular situation. You and Patrick have a very extensive personal history.

Scott hides his concern.

SCOTT

Well they're obviously grasping for straws.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Patrick tells me they grew up together.

DANA

No.

(then)

Sorry why is this even relevant?

SCOTT

It's not --

COLETTE

You grew up in the same area--

DANA

We knew of each other. He was a few years older.

Colette holds up a local newspaper clipping with a photograph of 9 year old Dana and 14 year old Patrick posing at a table covered in canned food.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

You --

DANA (CONT'D)

Volunteered at a food pantry once?

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Went to the same college --

DANA (CONT'D)

That his parents got him into.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Patrick says you've met his parents. You've been over to his house --

DANA

They have a very nice beach house. They used to do a fireworks show on the 4th of July. Patrick would come home from college and invite all the underage high school girls to party with him and his friends.

((MORE))

DANA (CONT'D)

That's the kind of person Patrick is.

COLETTE

They're arguing there's a comfortability there --

SCOTT

Because she went to a few parties ten years ago?

Colette shrugs empathetically, shaking her head.

COLETTE

Trust me, I know...

(then)

Okay. February fifth.

Scott leans into Dana, hoping to motivate her to speak. Dana opens her mouth, trying.

DANA

Honestly? What's the point of telling you if they're going to lie and you're going to let them and then you're going to come back to my room and turn it on me?

Dana's phone BUZZES.

CALL FROM 555-439-2876.

DANA (CONT'D)

Sorry, I have to take this.

Scott bites his lip. Dana leaps to her feet, sweeping up her phone. She hastily exits the room.

COLETTE

(hushed)

She can't even stay in the room, Scott...

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Dana picks up the call outside Room 8, her heart skipping.

DANA

Hello?

No response. Dana turns around. Scott and Colette stare at her through the glass. Scott is extremely disappointed.

Dana walks down the hall.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Tell me who this is.

**INT. SUITE 1120 RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

Dana snakes through the lobby and stumbles onto the large leather couch by the reception desk. Brittan eyes her, curiously.

DANA  
Is this Patrick?

Nothing on the other line. A beat. Suddenly, the sound of heavy breathing.

DANA (CONT'D)  
I can hear you fucking breathe --

COLETTE (O.S.)  
Dana.

Dana looks up to find Colette hovering over her. Dana quickly hangs up.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
Can I sit?

Dana wishes she wouldn't, but she scoots over anyway. Colette smiles as she takes her time settling into the sofa.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
You know, I have done so many of these cases. Young women at the beginning of their careers in male-dominated industries. It can be very difficult to navigate the boys' club. I went through it myself.

A beat.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
Do you have a support system?

DANA  
A support --

COLETTE  
Besides Scott. Family? Friends?

Dana eyes dart to Brittan, who doesn't bother hiding the fact that she is eavesdropping. She looks back to Colette and lies through her teeth, her voice a bit higher-pitched.

DANA

Yeah...

Colette smiles as she shifts in her seat. Dana looks to the ground.

COLETTE

Everyone has their own truth.  
Everyone has their own lens through  
which they see a situation. Even  
if they've had to convince  
themselves. Even if it's not true,  
it can be true for them. Do you  
know what I mean?

DANA

You're referring to Patrick?

COLETTE

My job as a mediator is to get each  
party to have a new perspective on  
their truth --

DANA

Why do you even want to be a  
mediator? Sorry, but you're  
essentially protecting really bad  
people --

COLETTE

I pride myself in seeing everyone  
as *people*.

Dana clocks as Brittan smirks behind her desk. Dana turns her attention back to Colette.

DANA

Scott told me WISL commissioned an  
internal investigation into  
Patrick's behavior in Las Vegas and  
they won't share the results --

COLETTE

Unfortunately they don't owe it to  
you --

DANA

But the fact that there even had to  
be an investigation -- does that  
work in my favor?

COLETTE  
It's internal affairs.

DANA  
Internal -- so they didn't fire  
Patrick?

Dana is suddenly even more triggered. Colette is tight-lipped.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Did he get disciplined at all?  
(then)  
Can you please just tell me? Did  
Patrick get disciplined at all for  
what he did?

Colette gives a soft sigh.

COLETTE  
They are willing to offer you fifty-  
five thousand dollars to settle  
this right now. Is that something  
you would consider?

Dana's jaw drops as Scott rounds the corner and approaches them.

SCOTT  
Gang. Dana. Can I borrow you?

Dana slowly rises. She looks back at Colette.

COLETTE  
Think about it.

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Dana and Scott walk back toward Room 8.

DANA  
This is just another layer of their  
fucking abuse.

SCOTT  
It's a lot of money...

She turns to Scott, incensed.

DANA  
To me. To them it's less than the  
cost of one of their C-level  
bonding retreats in Tulum.

SCOTT

It's 75% of your yearly salary, which they're saying covers the amount of time you've been out of the job.

DANA

So far. Who knows when I'll work next. I mean, WISL's lawyer fees have to be more than what I'm asking for.

SCOTT

They probably are.

DANA

They're literally losing money to fight me. Why? What do they get from making me come here and relive it?

SCOTT

An NDA.

A long beat. Dana isn't so enthusiastic about that prospect, but she doesn't want to show it.

DANA

So give me two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars and I will happily shut the fuck up.

Scott pauses outside Room 8, his back to the door.

SCOTT

Giving you what you want, no questions asked, would be admitting that they're complicit --

DANA

They are --

SCOTT

They're feigning innocence. This is their way of protecting themselves, but they're bluffing and they're lowballing you. But they want to settle so that you can never disclose any of this to your best friend, a future employer, the internet. We're in the boxing ring now --

DANA

No I don't want to *be here*. I don't want to have to be in a boxing ring.

SCOTT

Okay. So what do you want to do? Go back to the cats?

Dana scoffs. Scott opens the door with his back.

**INT. ROOM EIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Dana follows Scott into the room.

DANA

Realistically, what would going to court look like?

Scott settles into his seat. Dana remains by the door.

SCOTT

I've told you all this. Going to court does not guarantee you get the money you deserve. It's a long, drawn out, and expensive process where your name is dragged through the mud a thousand times over. Here is private. There, everything's public --

DANA

So I can at least warn other people. They get exposed --

SCOTT

*Everyone* gets exposed. Next thing you know, you apply to a job you're stoked about, they look you up -- this is the first thing they see.

Scott holds up a piece of paper entitled EXHIBIT A1 with a very dated image of Dana ripping a bong, her eyes half closed.

Dana grabs the paper to get a better look, half-horrified, half-amused. She laughs uncomfortably.

DANA

Wait, what the fuck? This was freshman year. Where did they even find this?

SCOTT  
(ominously)  
They will travel to the deepest and  
darkest corner of the web to rip  
apart your character.

DANA  
Well, it's legal, so --

SCOTT  
Not in peoples' minds, Dana. Not  
in the court of public opinion.  
Unreliable, lazy, party girl.

DANA  
"Party girl"?

SCOTT  
That's how they paint you.

Scott holds up another image. EXHIBIT A2. This one is from  
Dana's Instagram. She poses in a very revealing bikini, her  
back to camera, her face looking over her shoulder at the  
lens. Scott reads the instagram caption.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Cherry emoji --

DANA  
I was in Cabo!

New page. EXHIBIT A3. A bathroom selfie of Dana in a  
scantily clad devil costume.

DANA (CONT'D)  
That was Halloween. Halloween does  
not count!  
(then)  
Am I not allowed to have any fun?

SCOTT  
Not if you dress like that.  
According to them. You become  
"promiscuous" and "comfortable with  
nudity". You get a conservative  
judge or, god forbid, an  
Evangelical on the jury, well, this  
suddenly implicates you. If you go  
to court.

A beat.

DANA  
Why didn't you show these to me?

SCOTT

Because they're not relevant. Yet.  
And I was worried they would be  
upsetting.

Another beat.

DANA

Have they found anything else?

SCOTT

(shrugs)

Nothing so far that I know of.  
Why?

Dana sits next to Scott, livid.

DANA

I could leak this. They pride  
themselves on being this modern  
socially conscious forward-thinking  
start up and it's all smoke and  
mirrors. I could contact --

SCOTT

Who? A reporter? First of all, if  
that's a route you even want to  
entertain, some kind of exposé, you  
have to be very careful. The story  
in the wrong hands spins. And you  
don't know in what direction. Once  
it gets out there, it's impossible  
to control the narrative. Unlike  
mediation or court, you won't walk  
away with money. You walk away  
with 15 minutes of fame, a few  
death threats, and maybe WISL ends  
up suing you for defamation.

Dana leans toward Scott and narrows her eyes.

DANA

Or do you just want me to settle so  
you can get your cut faster?  
What's your commission again? One  
third of whatever I make?

Scott scoffs as he shakes his head.

SCOTT

I've been down this road. No one  
ever regrets taking the money and  
moving on with their life. You  
chose me to represent you --

DANA

Because you were the only lawyer I  
found online who didn't force me to  
pay an upfront retainer.

Scott's face falls, a little hurt. Dana bites her lip.

DANA (CONT'D)

Sorry --

SCOTT

I'm working on commission because I  
believe in you. But I would be  
lying if I said I wasn't  
incentivized by a commission.  
Dana, you have to trust me.

Dana and Scott lock eyes.

After a beat, Dana softens, still a bit unsettled. She  
reaches for a cookie and takes a bite. Scott tries to  
lighten the mood.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

How's the cookie?

DANA

(imitating Brittan;  
deadpan)

"Dangerous".

Scott grabs a cookie.

SCOTT

Ah, good ol' "Great Britain".

DANA

Do you think that's where she was  
conceived?

Scott chuckles, takes a bite.

SCOTT

Mmmm. Maybe.

Dana cringes as she checks her phone. No new messages.

She opens up a website *PleasurePaywall*. A photo of a woman  
posing seductively.

Dana tries to log in with the username *LittleMischief*.

She types in a password, but an error pops up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You and Patrick --

DANA  
No.

She tries again. Another error.

SCOTT  
I know I've asked you a million times, so don't punch *me* in the face. You didn't -- You never had anything?

DANA  
Never.

SCOTT  
No flirtation whatsoever?

Another password. Error.

DANA  
Not on my end.

SCOTT  
Really?  
(then)  
Hey Dana. Can you look at me?

Dana anxiously clicks off her cell's screen and puts it face down.

DANA  
Why would I lie about that? You really think *that's* my type?

Scott ignores her comment.

SCOTT  
And you haven't had any contact since February 5th?

Before Dana can answer -- a knock on the door. It swings open. Brittan stands with a bevy of paper take out menus.

BRITTAN  
Hey, I'm here to take lunch orders?

Brittan twirls a menu in her hand.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
Lots of amazing options around here. There's San Gennaro's.  
(MORE)

BRITTAN (CONT'D)

Their caprese panini is a total chef's kiss, but you can't really go wrong with anything.

Brittan pulls out another menu.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)

There's also this new Peruvian Japanese fusion restaurant that just got a michael-ann star --

DANA

Michelin?

Brittan covers her embarrassment.

BRITTAN

Their ceviche looks *insane*.

(then)

Do you have any food preferences? Allergies? Gluten free? Vegan? Raw? Paleo? Of course, we cater to all needs.

Scott eyes Dana, who checks her phone. No new messages. Dana turns over her phone, stares at the ground.

SCOTT

(to Brittan)

You know what? Why don't you just leave the menus on the table.

Brittan reads the room.

BRITTAN

Sure.

She drops them off.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)

When you decide what you want, just press --

SCOTT

Zero.

(fake mega smile)

I remember.

BRITTAN

Let me know if you need anything else --

SCOTT  
We're good. Thanks so much,  
Brittan.

Brittan lingers by the door for a moment, humiliated to be  
shooed away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

She smiles politely and exits. Scott grabs for a menu.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Chinese too heavy?

DANA  
What, you don't like her anymore?

SCOTT  
Who?

DANA  
Great Brittan.

SCOTT  
What are you talking about?

DANA  
You just, like, dismissed her. She  
was in the middle --

SCOTT  
Of her performance?

Scott puts down the menu.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Yeah they tend to hire girls like  
that around here.

He reaches for another menu.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Tacos?

DANA  
What are you talking about?  
"Performance"?

SCOTT  
Nothing. I'm hungry, Dana. All  
I've had to eat today was a  
dangerous chocolate chip cookie --

DANA  
Girls like what?

SCOTT  
Oh am I getting interrogated now?

Dana won't let up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
They hire a lot of girls --

DANA  
Women.

Scott exhales.

SCOTT  
They hire a lot of *women* who are  
really very pretty --

DANA  
You think she's pretty?

SCOTT  
Do you think she's pretty?  
Objectively she's a pretty girl --

DANA  
Woman.

SCOTT  
Woman. No, you're right. Thank  
you for correcting me. Look, I  
think we can be nuanced enough here  
to call a spade a spade. They hire  
women who lighten the mood, okay?  
Who don't come off as very serious  
-- although they certainly could  
be, I'm not making a blanket  
judgment. But usually, they're  
aspiring actresses -- or actors,  
but mostly actresses -- the most  
beautiful in their hometowns, who  
come to the city thinking they can  
"make it" and end up working at the  
front desk at a law firm. There.  
You have my honest answer. Are you  
going to cancel me now?

She holds Scott's eye contact for an awkward beat.

DANA  
I'd do tacos. Do they have chicken  
tinga tacos?

After a beat, Scott looks through the menu.

SCOTT  
Yeah. They do.  
(then)  
I'll do the same.

DANA  
Here.

Dana sweeps up the menus, including the one in Scott's hand. She heads toward the door.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Diet coke?

SCOTT  
Iced tea. Please.  
(then)  
I wanted her to leave because you  
seemed upset, okay?

Dana turns around and eyes Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
I'm just trying to navigate this  
the best I can.

DANA  
Same.

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Dana clutches the menus as she makes a beeline down the hallway.

She approaches the reception desk.

Brittan stamps a parking validation and hands it to a SUIT.

BRITTAN  
See you next time.

The suit shuffles off. Dana steps forward.

DANA  
Hey, can we do two orders of  
chicken tinga tacos, a diet coke,  
and an iced tea please? From here.

Dana slides the taco menu to Brittan.

BRITTAN  
Great choice.

Brittan types on her computer.

DANA  
Sorry if he was an asshole. My  
lawyer -- he can be like... so...

BRITTAN  
Trust me, I've seen much worse.

Brittan surprises Dana by abruptly looking up with a cheery smile.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
Okay should be here in twenty-five  
minutes.

DANA  
Thanks.

Dana drops the rest of the takeout menus on the reception console, grabs a mint from a glass jar.

As she pops it in her mouth, she spots a framed magazine article behind the jar reading DUNCAN & AVERY - #1 in Conflict Resolution.

Below the headline is a photo of Colette posing in front of a bunch of other lawyer-y MEN in the background. She is the star of the photo, her arms crossed like a boss.

Dana picks up the frame and stares.

BRITTAN  
They really put her front and  
center.  
(sing-song)  
Virtue-signaling.

Dana's eyes dart to Brittan, caught off-guard by her remark. Dana chuckles, puts the frame down. She eyes the orchid Brittan received earlier.

DANA  
Pretty.

BRITTAN  
Yeah, isn't it?

DANA  
Was that, like, your boyfriend who  
brought it for you?

Brittan laughs.

BRITTAN  
Oh my god, no. He wishes.

DANA  
Who was it?

BRITTAN  
Just one of the guys. The  
regulars. They always bring me  
stuff. Gift cards to fancy  
restaurants, spas --

DANA  
*Why?*

Brittan smiles cheekily.

BRITTAN  
It's one of the many "perks" of  
working at Duncan & Avery  
Resolution Services.

DANA  
(blurts out)  
Do you act?

BRITTAN  
Excuse me?

Dana changes her mind and decides not to ask again.

DANA  
Thank you.

Dana steps away.

BRITTAN  
Did you ask if I act?

Dana stops, turns back.

DANA  
Um. Yeah.  
(then)  
Sorry. Do you?

BRITTAN  
Yeah.

DANA  
Cool.

BRITTAN  
How did you --

Dana shrugs.

DANA  
I don't know. I've probably seen  
you in something...

Brittan smiles awkwardly, a little weirded out.

BUZZ.

1 new text from 555-439-2876.

Dana opens it, her stomach dropping.

A photo. Grainy and out of focus -- taken from what looks like a webcam. Dana (or is it? It's hard to make out...) poses on a bed topless, covering her breasts with her hands.

DANA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
What?

BRITTAN  
Everything okay?

Dana shoves her phone in her blazer's pocket, hardening up.

DANA  
Yeah.

**INT. 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

We follow Dana as she anxiously loops around the office corridor, the other way this time.

Past an office with a plaque reading *The Honorable Colette Switzer*.

Past the break room where a couple EMPLOYEES look up and stare curiously at Dana as she flies past.

Past more glass offices with more PEOPLE inside, finally reaching --

**INT. ROOM 12 - CONTINUOUS**

The glass office where PATRICK, MARTIN and --

RACHEL, late 30s, one of Patrick's lawyers, dressed in a sharp heather gray pantsuit and trendy thick frame glasses, sit.

Dana stops, hidden behind the corner, watching them interact from the other side of the glass.

Patrick says something. They all laugh.

DANA  
(sotto)  
Are you fucking kidding me.

They look like they are having the time of their lives.  
Living in a completely different reality.

Dana takes out her phone and stares at the grainy photo before texting 555-439-2876.

*Stop fucking texting me*

After a few beats, Patrick scoops up his cell phone. Dana narrows her eyes.

Colette walks down the hall. Dana quickly dodges behind a column to avoid being seen.

Colette swings open the glass door to Room 12, immediately greeted with enthusiasm.

RACHEL  
Colette!

The door slams, the voices no longer audible.

Rachel beams as she shakes hands with Colette.

Dana feels like she could puke. She rushes past their office.

Nobody notices her except for Patrick, who makes brief eye contact with Dana before she averts her glance quickly to the floor and tears down the hall.

#### **INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

She keeps walking.

Faster.

Past ROOM 8 where Scott is suddenly missing.

Dana narrows her eyes before moving on.

Past ROOM 7.

ROOM 6.

ROOM 5.

ROOM 4.

ROOM 3.

ROOM 2.

The group of three from earlier is gone. The office is empty. The light turned off.

Dana looks behind her to make sure no one is watching.

She quietly opens the door to room two and ducks in.

**INT. ROOM TWO - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Dana sits on the floor of the dark room, hidden behind a large credenza in the corner.

She takes a deep breath. Long exhale.

BUZZ.

She takes out her phone.

1 new text from 555-439-2876.

Another photo. This one a low angle of Dana from behind.

Underneath the image, the typing bubbles appear.

Then stop.

Then reappear.

The number is writing something.

Dana's eyes are glued to the screen.

The typing bubbles stop again.

BUZZ.

SCOTT: *Where did you go???????*

Dana swipes the notification up, frantically opens her email.

Underneath a bill reminder email for student debt is an email from *PleasurePaywall*.

Subject: Password Reset

She clicks the link and an error pops up: Your Account Has Been Suspended.

She reloads the page. Again. Suspended.

Dana tosses her phone on the carpet and buries her head in her hands.

The door handle squeaks open.

Dana peers around the console to find Patrick entering the room.

She turns back around quickly, panicking. She makes herself smaller, like a hostage.

The door clicks closed.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Hey.

After a harrowing few moments --

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can you hear me? Dad.

Dana sighs a very quiet breath of relief as she realizes Patrick is on a call with his very infuriated DAD, whom we hear muffled on the other line.

We stay on Dana's face as she eavesdrops.

PATRICK'S DAD (V.O.)

Any news?

Patrick speaks softly.

PATRICK

Not yet.

Patrick hunches over the table, upset.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She's trying to ruin my life.  
Everyone knows she's a psycho.

Dana closes her eyes, pained. A long beat.

PATRICK'S DAD (V.O.)  
It's not a slam dunk.

Patrick swallows, nervous.

PATRICK  
She made it all up so she could get money.

PATRICK'S DAD (V.O.)  
We can't depend on Colette to bail you out.

PATRICK  
But you've worked with her...

Dana's eyes widen, terrified to learn this new information.  
A beat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
How's mom?

No response.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

But Patrick's dad has already hung up. He eyes his phone, torn up. He lingers, trying to pull himself together, wipes a tear.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

He rests his head in his hands, then kicks the leg of the table, which startles Dana.

After a beat, he looks up, noticing her phone on the ground a few feet away from the console -- where she threw it.

Dana tries not to breathe.

Patrick contemplates whether to scoop up the phone. He decides it's too much trouble.

Suddenly, he exits.

Dana crawls out from behind the console.

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Dana dashes down the hallway. She reaches room eight. Colette talks to Scott behind the glass.

**INT. ROOM EIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Dana enters, her face flushed.

COLETTE  
Thanks for joining us --

SCOTT  
Everything okay?

Dana takes a step toward Colette, combative.

DANA  
No.

Scott tries to diffuse the situation.

SCOTT  
Why don't you sit down?

Dana is laser-focused on Colette.

DANA  
Whose side are you on?

COLETTE  
I beg your pardon?

DANA  
I want to know whose side you're  
on.

SCOTT  
Dana --

Dana shifts her attention to Scott.

DANA  
Who requested Colette?

SCOTT  
Can you sit down? Please?

DANA  
Was it you or them?  
(back to Colette)  
You've worked with Patrick's dad  
before?

Colette looks to Scott to help her out.

DANA (CONT'D)  
No, it makes perfect sense. You're  
loyal to the repeat customer.  
**(MORE)**

DANA (CONT'D)

I'm sure his family keeps you in business.

COLETTE

Scott. Can you --

SCOTT

Colette doesn't take sides.

DANA

Everyone takes sides. All we've been talking about today is *sides*!

SCOTT

She does what's right. She's fair.

Dana digs into Scott.

DANA

Because you've been on *their* side before? Represented people like Patrick?

SCOTT

I've been on every side. That's my job.

DANA

Well my job was to analyze data. So what am I doing here? Talking to --

(turning to Colette)

-- someone, no offense, so out of touch they think that because they had to endure bad behavior, I should, too.

Colette is now worked up.

COLETTE

Mediation protects you. It protects the victim. If this process wasn't in place, people like you wouldn't feel safe coming forward --

DANA

I don't feel safe now!

COLETTE

(backhanded)

What would make you feel safe?

DANA  
Job security. A *job*.

Dana collapses into her chair. She rotates it to face the wall, so she doesn't have to see anyone.

DANA (CONT'D)  
And two-hundred fifty thousand dollars.

COLETTE  
Dana, I have professional relationships with half of the city. I am trying to get an honest read on the situation and you're not even giving me *breadcrumbs*.

Colette turns to Scott.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
Should I come back when she's calmed down?

DANA  
I can speak for myself --

COLETTE  
So far you haven't.

SCOTT  
Give us five? I'm sorry --

COLETTE  
(curt)  
It's fine.

Colette exits. Dana sweeps her papers away on the desk and sinks deeper into her chair, still facing away from Scott.

After Colette's beyond ear shot, Scott claps his hands.

SCOTT  
That was perfect. Bravo, Dana.

Dana doesn't respond.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
That was *wildly inappropriate*.

Dana swivels her chair to face Scott, finally.

DANA  
Just give it to me straight.

Beat.

SCOTT  
Her husband died.

Another beat.

DANA  
What?

SCOTT  
Yeah.

DANA  
When?

SCOTT  
A few months ago.

DANA  
How?

SCOTT  
Cancer.

Dana sits back in her seat, digesting this new piece of information.

DANA  
That's really...sad.  
(then)  
But I don't see how that prevents  
her from doing her job --

SCOTT  
I'm just saying, other people have  
other things going on in their  
lives, too.

DANA  
I know.

SCOTT  
Bob was a great guy.

Dana isn't sure what to say. After a long beat --

DANA  
Well, I'm sorry he had to be  
married to such a bitch --

SCOTT  
Oh my *god*. Dana. Do you  
understand the irony?

DANA

I thought we were calling a "spade  
a spade" --

SCOTT

You're here today because basically  
-- because you have to deal with  
that shit. And you're calling  
other women --

DANA

Because they're not allies, Scott.

SCOTT

Are you?  
(then)  
Okay fine. They suggested her.

Dana's jaw drops.

DANA

WISL?

SCOTT

Yeah.

DANA

And you didn't push back?

SCOTT

Why would I? She's good. I've  
worked with Colette for years.  
She's solid. And... I don't know.  
I guess I thought...

(then)

Well... I don't know if I  
subconsciously, but...

DANA

What?

SCOTT

You know, she's a...

DANA

A woman. Like Patrick's fucking  
lawyer.

(then)

Oh my god.

Dana groans loudly. Scott makes sure no one is looking into  
the room.

SCOTT

Dana.

Dana lets out a light -- yet very frustrated (and slightly comedic) -- fake gag.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Okay, that's enough. Stop it.  
Stop it right now. You know what,  
this is -- you're proving exactly  
what they want. Patrick and Martin  
would love to see this.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

That you're acting  
psychologically -

What?

DANA

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You want me to say it?

Yes.

DANA (CONT'D)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Unhinged. Okay. I know  
you're...traumatized or whatever --  
I get that. But you're never going  
to have all the cards in your  
favor. You just have to make the  
best play. And we're here and we  
only have a few hours left, so  
please make Colette *like you*.

(then)

Just try to be... Likable.

Brittan bursts through the door, more likable than ever.

BRITTAN

Tacos!

Brittan cheerfully places the takeout bags on the table and  
points to one.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)

Chicken tinga. Oh wait. You both  
got chicken tinga, right?

SCOTT

We did.

Dana turns to Scott in an almost comedically threatening  
tone.

DANA

We're finally on the same page.

Brittan doesn't know what to make of this, so she smiles.

BRITTAN  
Bon appétit.

SCOTT  
Merci.

Scott's eyes linger a bit too long on Brittan as she exits.  
Dana clocks it, then tears open her take out bag.

They both eat in silence. Dana picks her tacos with a fork and knife, looks up at Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(between chews)  
Hmm?

DANA  
Nothing...

SCOTT  
Tell me.

A beat.

DANA  
If there were to be more stuff.  
From my past that might make me  
look a certain way --

SCOTT  
Why? Is there something you're not  
telling me?

Dana anxiously cuts her tacos into little pieces.

DANA  
No, I just mean hypothetically...

SCOTT  
Hypothetically, at this point,  
Dana? It would be absolutely  
fucking disastrous.

As Dana's mind races, Scott launches into what he thinks is a motivational speech.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Look, this is all... astonishingly  
unfair. But that's life. Cruel  
and unfair and horrific things are  
going to happen to you.

Dana eyes him over her tacos, unsure where he is going with this.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But you have a lot of time. You are at the very beginning of a road. And you're going to get farther and stronger and you're going to have really great things happen to you, too. And, one day, you're going to look back and there's going to be this kind of zig zag.

Scott demonstrates with his hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's not going to be totally lateral. And it's not going to be linear, either. It's going to go up and up and down and up and up and up and down and up again. But the trend is that you're going up.

Dana nods to appease him. Scott takes a bite of his taco.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

These are epic.

Dana watches him chew. He's a messy eater.

BUZZ.

Dana flips over her phone.

1 new text from 555-439-2876 --

Underneath the grainy photos of Dana --

A link.

*<http://cloud.transfer.xyz/7401>*

BUZZ.

555-439-2876: *click the link*

Before Dana can fully react --

A KNOCK on the door. The glass door swings open. Colette enters.

COLETTE  
 Everyone feeling better?  
 (over-pronounced)  
 Satiated?

SCOTT  
 Yep.

Scott wipes his mouth. Colette gives a tight smile.

COLETTE  
 Good.

She sighs, turns to Dana.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
 I wish I had better news, but I did  
 manage to get them up. They are  
 offering eighty-five thousand. I  
 know. But I don't think we're  
 going to get them to budge any  
 further --

DANA  
*He masturbated on me.*

Scott uses a napkin to wipe his mouth. After a beat, Colette  
 claps her hands together.

COLETTE  
 Okay, let's get into it!

Dana starts spewing, in an emotionally detached word vomit  
 daze. Colette sits across from Dana at the table. Scott  
 slides closer over toward Dana in a symbolic gesture of  
 support.

DANA  
 Yeah, um, we were all playing this  
 drinking game in the lobby of the  
 hotel and I lost because I couldn't  
 drink my cocktail in the allotted  
 time or whatever. And Patrick was  
 being weird with me all night. So  
 he says because I "lost" he gets to  
 have my room key, which he just  
 takes because it's on the table and  
 walks away with it. And Madison  
 and I run after him and it's still  
 kind of a joke at this point. We  
 just think he's being annoying. So  
 we catch up with him and he still  
 won't give us the key.

((MORE))

DANA (CONT'D)

And he says something like "I'll escort you to your rooms, ladies". And Madison and I are like, what the fuck? But fine. If that's what's going to make him leave us alone. And we, um, get on the elevator and the doors close and that's when things completely shifted. Um.

Dana stops for a beat, trying to compose herself. She furls her brow as she recollects.

DANA (CONT'D)

He backs me into a corner. And he says "Dana, I know you want me". And by now, he's an inch away from me. I don't know what he's going to do. And Madison's in the corner not saying anything. And um...

She looks up at Colette, tears brimming in her eyes.

DANA (CONT'D)

Patrick keeps getting closer. And his eyes are like piercing through mine, staring right at me. And I look down and realize that he's taken his... penis out... and he's touching himself. And I can't breathe. I can't move. I can't escape. I can't do anything. I'm trapped. And then he... he...  
(fuck it)  
Comes all over me.

Dana exhales, exhausted, but a giant weight lifted off of her shoulders. Colette is stone-faced.

After a few beats.

DANA (CONT'D)

Are you going to say anything?

COLETTE

Oh. Are you done?

Dana nods meekly, terror creeping in again.

DANA

Yes.

COLETTE

First of all, that was very brave.

DANA

Thank you...

Dana looks to Scott. He gives her a thumbs up.

SCOTT

Go Dana.

COLETTE

I know you wrote a lot of that in your statement, but I have a few questions...

Colette scribbles down some notes, then eyes Dana quizzically.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Did he physically touch you?

DANA

Well... Yeah.

COLETTE

How?

DANA

I... I just told you. He backed me into a corner.

COLETTE

No, but touch you forcibly? Or violently?

Beat. Dana tries to interpret Colette's angle.

DANA

It felt very violent --

COLETTE

Because the second we get into something physical like that, it becomes a lot more serious.

Dana sits back in her chair, stunned.

DANA

You don't think this is serious.

COLETTE

I didn't say that. It would merit a higher settlement.

Dana begins to panic.

DANA

What he did is -- my boss jerked  
off in front of me. Onto me!

Colette nods.

COLETTE

Mmm...

Dana laughs nervously.

DANA

Right? Like, that's *bad*. How can  
you even put a price on that? How  
can you say that's not just as bad  
if not worse than if he physically  
hurt me?

Dana eyes Scott for backup.

DANA (CONT'D)

I'm not crazy...

(then)

And then they obviously fired me  
for fucking reporting it. They  
took away my job and my career  
because I reported it.

Colette nods slowly. She scribbles on her pad.

COLETTE

As you know from their lawyers'  
emails, Patrick denies everything.  
But he does say you gave him your  
room key --

DANA

He took it! Because we were  
playing a drinking game --

COLETTE

How many drinks had you had?

Dana falters.

DANA

Wait. I'm sorry. What?

COLETTE (CONT'D)

It seems there were a lot of  
blurred lines, that's all I'm  
saying --

SCOTT

Which is no fault of Dana's. *They*  
created the blurred lines.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Which, by the way, were happening before Vegas, too. They would invite her to after work drinks all the time, right?

DANA

Yes.

SCOTT

And Dana would think that if she went to the after work drinks --

DANA

They might start inviting me to the meetings I deserved to be at. In the office. But they didn't.

COLETTE

(to Scott)

Footage from the elevator?

SCOTT

We tried. Security system was down... apparently.

COLETTE

What about your clothes? With the semen?

Dana looks to Scott, then back to Colette.

DANA

I took a shower in them. I had to get it off me.

Colette crosses her legs, leans into Dana.

COLETTE

I'm seeing this kind of stuff pop up all the time at these startups. You have young, mostly single employees who haven't had experience working at larger corporations that have professional workplace etiquette already in place. There are no guidelines. And when they get a few beverages in them --

SCOTT

That's not an excuse.

COLETTE

I'm not saying it is, but it goes back to that comfortability factor. With you and Patrick having a prior history together, things can get misinterpreted and fuzzy.

DANA

How comfortable do you have to be for something like that to happen?  
*I wasn't interested.*

(then)

Okay, have you even tried talking to Madison?

COLETTE

We are in a deadlock he-said she-said --

DANA

If it's such an even playing field, why was I the replaceable one?

Scott pats Dana's back to comfort her.

SCOTT

That's why we're here.

A long awkward lull. Colette scans her notes.

COLETTE

Patrick got you the job at WISL?

DANA

I mean, I was qualified.

Colette removes an iPad from its case.

COLETTE

So these messages --

SCOTT

Excuse me, what messages?

COLETTE

They just gave me screenshots of conversations between Dana and Patrick matching on a dating app in July, right before Dana started at WISL.

Scott turns to Dana, furious.

SCOTT  
You matched on --

DANA  
No! Yes. Technically. But not...  
seriously.  
(then)  
We matched as a *joke*.

SCOTT  
How does that work? How do  
you match as a joke?

DANA (CONT'D)  
  
We both recognized each  
other, okay? So we swiped  
right just to talk.  
(then)  
Sorry but neither of you is  
in the age demographic to  
understand. It's like a  
funny thing people do.  
Friends match all the time.  
We never ever hooked up --

COLETTE  
There's that familiarity --

DANA (CONT'D)  
  
No --

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
Let me just read them --

SCOTT  
Why weren't they shared with us  
earlier?

COLETTE  
(pointed)  
Your client could have --

DANA  
  
It doesn't matter if we  
matched. It has nothing to  
do with what happened --

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
(powering through)  
I'm trying to put the whole  
picture together, Dana --

DANA (CONT'D)  
Honestly, I forgot --

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
I believe you. I believe you can  
interpret this two entirely  
different ways. You can read into  
them or... They can be as innocent  
or as implicating as you make them.

SCOTT  
(to himself)  
Jesus.

A beat. Colette takes a sip of water. Dana waits anxiously.

COLETTE  
This is from July, right before you  
started at WISL.

As Colette reads, we are on Dana stewing in her seat.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
DANA. *I've actually been looking  
for a new job. The last one didn't  
exactly pan out. PATRICK. Let's  
meet up. My company's hiring.  
Dinner at my place?*

Colette looks up and eyes Dana.

DANA  
So I went to dinner?

COLETTE  
At his place.

DANA  
It was professional --

COLETTE  
He has security camera footage of  
you leaving his apartment at 2:35  
AM.

Scott runs his hand over his forehead as Colette presses play  
on the security footage. Dana sits very still.

After a beat, Scott slams his hand on the table.

SCOTT  
You know what? I don't think it's  
relevant. It doesn't matter.

DANA  
Thank you --

SCOTT  
Even if -- What Dana went through  
in Vegas is *enough*.

Colette presses on.

COLETTE  
So it was a date? At his house?

DANA  
No. Just dinner.

COLETTE

Why?

DANA

Why? Honestly? Because I needed a job and he was the only person who would give me a chance!

COLETTE

Were there other times?

Dana looks to Scott who doesn't give her much.

DANA

Yes.

COLETTE

Just dinner?

DANA

I suggested a restaurant. He always wanted to do it at his place.

COLETTE

When?

DANA

The first few months I was at WISL.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

*Multiple dinners. Did he ever make any kind of move?*

Scott looks over at Dana. After a beat.

DANA (CONT'D)

Maybe. I don't know. Maybe there was some kind of subtext. An assumption that there would be an exchange. I don't know... Maybe I ignored everything.

COLETTE

Why did you ignore it?

Dana rocks back and forth in her chair.

DANA

Because...

(exhales)

I wanted to believe that I deserved to be at the company. That it wasn't a fucking handout.

Scott turns to Colette.

SCOTT

All of this behavior over the course of time -- It's cumulative. Inviting her over for multiple dinners -- that's a very intimate thing to do as *her boss*. This shows a longstanding pattern of Patrick violating professional boundaries, which culminated in the incident in Vegas on February fifth. They are going to need to come up and meet us in the six figure range --

COLETTE

They're hard-headed. You know that.

(then, to Dana)

Dana. I understand this is taking an enormous emotional toll on you, but these are the questions they would ask you in court, should you decide to take it there. How can we meet them in the middle today?

SCOTT

This is clear cut sexual harassment.

COLETTE

Harassment is unwanted. How can I prove all of this was unwanted?

A long beat. Dana sits very still.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

As Colette gathers her things --

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**INT. FLOOR 11 STAIRWAY - MINUTES LATER**

The doors SLAM OPEN as Dana enters.

She paces, focusing on her breath.

In. Out. In. Out.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Dana cascades down the stairs, running, faster, almost falling --

FLOOR 4.

FLOOR 3.

FLOOR 2.

FLOOR 1.

She pushes open the double doors leading to the outside.

Sunlight blasts through the frame.

She becomes a silhouette, disappearing into the light.

**EXT. OFFICE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS**

Dana exits into the bustling office plaza. Concrete buildings loom in the skyline.

Honking. Construction. Every day life.

It's unbelievably loud.

She stops in her tracks to catch her breath.

**MOMENTS LATER**

We follow Dana as she weaves through the disorienting crowd, whipping past SUITS conversing on their cells or stabbing their salads -- plastic forks hitting the plastic take out containers with purpose and authority.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Dana whirls around to find a SUIT in the distance calling to another SUIT.

A SHOULDER bumps into Dana. She turns the other way. A couple CITY WORKERS stare at her with unfriendly faces.

Dana keeps moving, the voices and commotion swelling together in a roar.

Finally, she sits on the edge of a water fountain. She rubs her temples, sweating under the sun, a throbbing headache coming on.

When she looks up, she spots --

A SUIT sitting on the stairs on his phone. She watches him through the blurry splashing water of the fountain. We see his back, his mannerisms and hair color identical to Patrick's.

Time seems to slow down.

Dana tenses up.

The suit turns around.

Patrick's doppelgänger.

Dana catches her breath as the doppelgänger smiles at her through the water that moves at a glacial pace.

Dana looks down.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

In a wide, you almost can't spot Dana, outside the massive brutalist office building, a tiny blip against the landscape.

We cut into a close of her phone in her hand.

BUZZ.

555-439-2876: *did you open it?*

BUZZ.

555-439-2876: *hello????*

Dana's thumb hovers over the link, practically hyperventilating.

*<http://cloud.transfer.xyz/7401>*

The link takes her to a file transfer website with a folder labeled *dana*.

BUZZ. A text banner appears.

555-439-2876: *it's not spam.*

Dana takes a deep breath.

Hits *Download*.

She watches anxiously as the bar slowly increases.

1%

2%

5%

8%

Only one bar of service.

**INT. ELEVATOR - 15 MINUTES LATER**

Dana stands in the office's elevator surrounded by more SUITS. Her hair is disheveled. Her phone still in her hand.

Two bars of service.

37%

49%

DING.

More suits exit and enter the elevator.

The elevator doors close again.

Three bars of service.

Dana stares at the download bar.

63%

65%

70%

DING.

The elevator lurches at another floor.

Suits push past her.

SUIT

Excuse me.

Dana leans against the corner wall.

87%

93%

The doors close.

100%

Dana frantically tries to click open the zip folder.  
It takes her to a blank white screen.  
She tries again -- unsuccessfully.

DANA

Fuck.

Suits look over.

BUZZ.

Dana's heart leaps in her chest.

CALL FROM SCOTT.

She declines it.

BUZZ.

SCOTT.

DECLINE.

Almost immediately --

Her phone BUZZES again.

MADISON.

A beat.

Dana can hardly believe what she is seeing.

As the elevator DINGS -- 11th floor --

Dana picks up as she runs out.

**INT. FLOOR 11 LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Dana speaks into the receiver as she bolts down the hall.

DANA

Madison?

(then)

Hi.

Dana pushes open the reception doors --

**INT. SUITE 1120 RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

Dana rushes in. Brittan watches her with curiosity as she whips around the corner toward room eight.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Are you there?

After a moment.

MADISON (V.O.)  
Yeah.

DANA  
I'll be with you in one second.  
One second.

Dana presses MUTE on her phone as she bursts into --

**INT. ROOM EIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Scott looks surprised to see Dana.

DANA  
Where's Colette?

SCOTT  
Uh --

Colette walks by the glass. Dana pops open the door, motioning her to enter.

DANA  
Colette!  
(gesturing toward her  
phone)  
I have Madison.

Colette hesitantly enters the room, hovering around the table.

DANA (CONT'D)  
One second.

Scott and Colette exchange a glance.

COLETTE  
You have to tell her we're  
listening --

DANA  
Okay, um... yeah. Okay.

Dana puts the phone on speaker. She musters a friendly tone.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Hi. Madison. How are you?

A beat.

MADISON (V.O.)  
I'm fine.

DANA  
You called me. Thank you.  
Are you ready to talk?

Dana paces back and forth.

DANA (CONT'D)  
I'm here with my lawyer Scott and  
the mediator Colette and... you're  
on speaker.  
(then)  
I -- I need your help. I need you  
to come forward.

Madison doesn't respond. Dana keeps going.

DANA (CONT'D)  
The other side is twisting the  
story. They're making it seem like  
-- they're making all this shit up  
about me. Like I was asking for  
it --

MADISON (V.O.)  
Please stop.  
(then)  
Stop calling me. Stop texting me.  
Stop harassing me.

DANA  
*Harassing* you?

Beat.

DANA (CONT'D)  
But we're friends.

MADISON (V.O.)  
We were *co-workers*, Dana.

DANA  
And friends.  
(then, sadly)  
Madison. We were friends.  
(then)  
(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

I was the one who convinced the company to even let you go on the Vegas trip!

Dana looks to Scott and Colette's face for a brief moment, but they give her nothing. She goes back to her phone, desperate.

DANA (CONT'D)

Please just tell the truth.

An even longer beat.

DANA (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this?

Scott and Colette look to the ground, uncomfortably. Dana bites her lip, questioning --

DANA (CONT'D)

Do you really care more about keeping your job than --

MADISON (V.O.)

Than what?

DANA

Backing me up! You were there!

MADISON (V.O.)

*It wasn't a big deal.*

*(then, lighter)*

Okay, Dana. Just because I see it differently --

DANA

How? How can you see it differently?

*(then)*

But you at least admit that it happened?

*(then)*

The mediator is right here, Madison. We need you to go on record.

*(then, pleading)*

Tell her what happened. He came on me in that elevator.

MADISON (V.O.)

It kind of looked like you were helping him.

An excruciating beat. Dana is speechless.

MADISON (V.O.)  
Is this about being jealous?

DANA  
Of who?

MADISON (V.O.)  
Him. His career. Other girls he  
was seeing. I don't know.

Dana's heart sinks.

MADISON (V.O.)  
I mean, it was obvious you both  
liked each other...

DANA  
No.

MADISON (V.O.)  
Well, you at least thought he was  
cute.

DANA  
Wow.

A long beat. Dana can't look at Scott or Colette. Can't face them.

MADISON (V.O.)  
I really shouldn't even be  
engaging. They sent out an email.

DANA  
They sent out an email. Are you --  
How can you act like this? As a  
*woman* --

MADISON (V.O.)  
Oh you're a feminist now? Dana,  
you talked shit about every woman  
in the office. And I know you  
talked shit about me too.

After a few seconds, Dana eyes the screen of her phone.  
Madison has hung up. Off Scott and Colette --

MADISON'S VOICEMAIL (PRE-LAP)  
Hey it's Madison, leave a message.

**INT. FLOOR 11 BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Dana has her cell phone back up to her ear.

DANA

Hey it's me... I just wanted to...  
I'm sorry.

(then)

I don't know if they've already  
made you sign something or what,  
but... Please Madison...

Dana takes a deep breath, changing her tune, suddenly  
furious.

DANA (CONT'D)

Like, are you fucking serious?!

Dana lobbs her phone at the mirror. It ricochets off the  
glass and slides to the ground.

Dana buries her head in her hands, rests her elbows on the  
sink for support, reeling.

A toilet FLUSHES.

Dana quickly stands up.

She's not alone.

A hand reaches for Dana's cell phone under the stall.

The door swings open revealing --

Brittan.

BRITTAN

Happens all the time.

She hands Dana her cell phone and smiles, trying to break the  
awkwardness.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)

Here.

Dana watches as Brittan washes her hands. Brittan catches  
her staring.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)

I mean, her loss for not cashing  
out.

Dana tries to pull herself together, rubbing off the mascara  
from under her eyes.

DANA

Right?!

Brittan laughs. She effortlessly swipes on lip gloss and smacks her lips together. Dana gets an idea.

DANA (CONT'D)  
Could you help me?

Brittan faces Dana, wary of the request, but intrigued by the drama.

BRITTAN  
With what?

Dana opens the file sharing website, shows it to Brittan.

DANA  
I need to download this file, but  
it won't open on my phone.

BRITTAN  
What is it? Like, evidence?

DANA  
Probably more like character  
defamation.

Brittan raises her eyebrows.

BRITTAN  
About him?

Dana shakes her head.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
About you?

Dana nods.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
Oh shit.

DANA  
I think it came from Patrick.

BRITTAN  
Is that the guy in the other room?

DANA  
Yeah. He's been texting me all day  
from an anonymous number.

BRITTAN  
What a dick.

DANA  
No, he's a full blown sociopath.  
(then)  
I just need someone's computer to  
figure out what they have on me...

Brittan crosses her arms.

BRITTAN  
You don't have a laptop?

Dana shakes her head.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
Doesn't your lawyer have his?

DANA  
He can't see this.

BRITTAN  
Why not?

DANA  
It could hurt the case. It could  
literally ruin everything...

Brittan mulls it over curiously.

BRITTAN  
What kind of dirt do you think they  
have on you?

Beat.

DANA  
I used to act.

BRITTAN  
Okay... So?

Dana stares at Brittan.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
What?

DANA  
Like in...

Brittan cocks her head, then after a moment.

BRITTAN  
Oh. Like...

DANA  
(quietly)  
Online.

Brittan's eyes widen, understanding. She chuckles softly, amused.

BRITTAN  
Get that bag though.

DANA  
I fucking told him. I told Patrick  
about it. I'm a fucking idiot.

Brittan nods, thinking.

BRITTAN  
I mean, who cares --

Dana's face drops, solemn.

DANA  
Everyone.  
(then)  
Can I use your laptop?

Beat.

BRITTAN  
(exhales)  
Uhhh...  
(then)  
I really want to help, I just...

Brittan gives a caring smile. Dana tries to decipher if it's earnest.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)  
I just get the coffee. You know?

DANA  
Yeah. Doesn't that...  
(quietly)  
...bother you?

Brittan tries to cover that it does.

BRITTAN  
Some people have to cam, some  
people have to get coffee.

After a beat, Brittan brushes past Dana. Dana disappointedly turns around to watch her exit.

DANA

Right.

**INT. SUITE 1120 RECEPTION - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Dana re-enters Duncan & Avery.

Brittan chats with Patrick's lawyer Rachel at the front desk. Her back is to Dana so she doesn't see her.

RACHEL

Look at that mani.

Brittan waves her immaculate acrylic nails as she puts on her client-facing cheerful voice.

BRITTAN

Thanks! My friend does them.

RACHEL

Like, are you kidding me?

Dana shoots Brittan a dirty look. Brittan seemingly ignores her. We stay on Dana's face as she walks past them.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Where's Colette?

BRITTAN

She went out for some air. She'll be back in fifteen.

RACHEL

Well, we're getting impatient in Room 12, babe.

Dana peers back at them over her shoulder. She accidentally makes eye contact with Rachel, who glances at her with disdain.

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Dana trudges down the hallway with her head down. When she looks up --

Patrick and Martin suddenly emerge from around the bend.

Patrick is texting on his phone.

Before they notice her, Dana quickly ducks into --

**INT. ROOM TWO - CONTINUOUS**

The empty room to avoid them. She leans against the wall, waiting for them to pass.

She stares at the link, an idea forming...

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Dana is on a mission. She charges past each glass office, more determined than ever.

ROOM 8. Scott laughs into his phone without noticing her.

ROOM 9.

10.

11.

ROOM 12 --

Patrick's room.

It's empty.

Their laptops sit unattended at the table.

Dana peers inside, tempted.

After a beat, she steals herself away.

Hurries down the hall.

Past the break room.

Past Colette's office.

Dana stops.

Takes a step backwards.

Gazing at the engraved plaque.

*The Honorable Colette Switzer.*

Dana presses the door and dips in.

**INT. COLETTE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Dana takes in the elegant office. Colette's cashmere sweater draped over a Herman Miller office chair. Diplomas and awards line the walls.

Dana nervously inches toward Colette's laptop, flicks the mouse to wake it up.

She kneels on the ground, types into the browser --

*http://cloud.transfer.xyz/7401*

Enter.

*Download.*

As Dana watches the download bar progress, her eyes flit to --

A framed photograph of Colette and her LATE HUSBAND, propped on a bookshelf -- Colette's husband in a wheelchair, their faces are pressed together, happy and in love.

After a beat, Dana shakes it off, turns her attention back to the computer.

Download complete.

She takes a deep breath.

Double clicks dana.zip.

Inside are a myriad of video files.

Freeze frames of Dana in various stages of undress.

Dana closes her eyes.

She presses the space bar --

A leaked PleasurePaywall video of Dana plays.

She opens her eyes.

Onscreen, she looks much younger as she leans into the webcam wearing lingerie, seducing the viewer.

We hear Dana's voice on the speakers, giggling.

Dana quickly hits mute, horrified.

We watch Dana as she watches the computer screen, which we don't see anymore.

Her eyes are glued. She holds back tears, totally engrossed, as --

The door creaks open. Colette enters. The door clicks behind her.

Dana swallows anxiously, keeps her eyes fixed on the screen.

Colette doesn't say anything, just stares at Dana and the computer, her jaw dropping into a gape.

After a beat, Dana suddenly stands, boldly facing Colette and coming clean --

DANA

He's been texting me all day. He's been threatening me. He sent me a link to --

COLETTE

To what?

Dana gestures to the videos.

DANA

What they're going to fucking use against me!

Dana completely breaks.

Dana bursts into tears.

Heaving.

Sobbing.

Dripping.

Colette envelops her in a long hug. Dana shakes, her tears wetting Colette's blouse.

DANA (CONT'D)

He's not supposed to be doing this!

COLETTE

Oh Dana.

After a beat, Dana slowly wraps each of her arms around Colette and allows herself to be comforted.

**EXT. COLETTE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Through the glass, we see the two women hugging. After a few moments, they part, still remaining inches apart.

Dana says something to Colette. Colette nods empathetically as she listens.

Dana hands Colette her phone. She scrolls through the messages.

**INT. ROOM EIGHT - HALF HOUR LATER**

We alternate between quick CLOSE UPS of Scott and Colette.

SCOTT

This is what predators do. They prey.

COLETTE

It's abhorrent.

SCOTT

It's that pattern again.

COLETTE

Patrick's team will be horrified.

SCOTT

This substantiates the earlier harassment.

COLETTE

They would not condone this conduct.

SCOTT

He was supposed to be her *mentor*.

Colette gives a quiet sigh.

COLETTE

So I'm going to go into the other room and get this sorted. As you imagine, this could be a very bad look for the corporation.

We finally cut to Dana, who sits in between them with mascara stained cheeks. She furls her brow at the mention of "corporation".

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Let's see where I land.

Colette gives a tight smile before sliding her chair out and exiting the room.

After a beat, a huge smile spreads across Scott's face.

SCOTT  
Fucking eleventh hour blessing, am  
I right?

Dana stares at the table numbly.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
He dug his own grave like a  
beautiful Shakespearean fucking  
tragedy. We don't need Madison.  
We don't need anyone. He wasn't  
supposed to contact you and he  
definitely wasn't supposed to  
blackmail you. That's like rule  
number one. This is literal proof  
under WISL's watch that Patrick is  
a major liability and they are  
going to pay you the fuck out.

Scott looks to Dana, noticing that she is despondent.

DANA  
But are they still going to deny  
what happened in Vegas?

SCOTT  
Vegas? Who cares about Vegas?  
(then)  
Dana, you won --

DANA	SCOTT (CONT'D)
But not on merit. Because	
the company desperately needs	You should be celebrating...
to cover for themselves.	You should be, I don't
	know... shopping. Popping
	bottles --

DANA (CONT'D)	SCOTT (CONT'D)
I should be popping bottles?	
He's just going to go	
masturbate on someone else	
now --	Okay uhhh...

DANA (CONT'D)  
He's not going to change. Nobody's  
going to change --

SCOTT  
We're not here to make them change.  
We were *never* here to make them  
change --

DANA  
(quietly)  
So what are we here for?

Scott leans toward Dana.

SCOTT  
Justice isn't fucking tangible. Do  
you know what is?

Dana bites her lip, conflicted.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Exactly. You had to put up with  
him -- them -- tormenting you for  
nine months. Even before then.  
You weren't really happy at that  
job. You liked the work, but they  
didn't respect you.  
(then)  
You don't need to make this into  
some kind of sweeping moral  
statement. This is an opportunity  
for a clean slate. To reclaim your  
power. To have the flexibility not  
to take the first job that's  
offered to you. This is the kind  
of money that can quite honestly  
change your life.

Maybe he's right.

DANA  
Yeah...

SCOTT  
You can do whatever you want now.

Dana nods. Scott eyes her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You could have trusted me.

A beat.

DANA  
How?

SCOTT  
Because I care about you.

Dana searches Scott's face.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You could have told me about  
everything. The dating app. The  
videos.

He puts his hand on her arm. Dana can't discern whether he  
is sympathetic or making a move.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You didn't have to be ashamed.

Scott doesn't let go of her arm. Dana tenses up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
It's so common. People do it all  
the time to get through school.

Dana eyes him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You could have at least told me  
about what he was doing to you  
today. Texting you incessantly...

DANA  
I couldn't.

Dana looks at his hand on her arm. Scott gets the hint. He  
moves his hand away, offended by her presumption.

SCOTT  
Wow. Okay --

DANA  
I mean, come on.

SCOTT  
What? Come on what?

DANA  
You were flirting with Brittan all  
day. You just had your hand on me  
for like five minutes straight. Do  
you even know how uncomfortable  
that made me feel?

Beat.

SCOTT  
Are you kidding? You think I'm  
interested in you?

Dana bites her lip, doesn't say anything.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Dana, I'm married.

Dana looks down. Maybe she misinterpreted the entire situation. She shifts in her seat, running her fingers through her hair, embarrassed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You ever think maybe you find  
trouble? Not the other way around?

Dana's blood boils. After a beat, he meets her eyes, apologetic. Dana looks back at him for a few beats.

**INT. ROOM 8 - AN HOUR LATER**

A CLOSE UP of a firm handshake.

COLETTE (O.S.)  
Congratulations, Dana.

Colette is shaking Dana's hand.

DANA  
Thank you.

Dana sits across from Scott and Colette.

COLETTE  
I know it can feel like a  
resolution without a resolution.

Colette tidies up a stack of papers and slides them over to Dana, along with a pen.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
The settlement and confidentiality  
agreement.

Colette smiles. Dana forces a smile in return.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
Scott has reviewed everything and --

SCOTT  
Looks great. Thanks so much for  
facilitating.

COLETTE

I put my business card on the top  
with my cell phone and email  
address. Please keep in touch if  
you have any questions or need  
anything.

Dana unclips Colette's business card from the stack. She  
looks at Colette.

DANA

I'm really sorry about your  
husband.

Colette shifts in her seat, looking up at Dana uncomfortably.

COLETTE

Thank you, Dana. It's been hard.

Dana wonders if she has said the wrong thing.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry about your mother.  
Scott told me --

DANA

Oh. Thanks.

Dana averts her glance, begins to scan the document.

SCOTT

Everything like they promised.

The tiny text stares back at Dana. Endless clauses. She  
furls her brow as she reads a recital.

DANA

*WISL (along with its officers and  
executives) and Thompson mutually  
agree to avoid any form of verbal  
or written correspondence with one  
another in matters pertaining to  
this Agreement or any associated  
claims --*

SCOTT

It just means you can't talk to  
Patrick. Which you wouldn't --

Dana flips the page.

DANA

*LIQUIDATED DAMAGES. In the event an Arbitrator determines that THOMPSON has breached this Confidentiality Agreement, THOMPSON shall pay WISL One Million Dollars, which the Parties agree is a reasonable estimate of the damages WISL would incur as a result of each breach.*

Colette and Scott exchange a glance.

SCOTT

They're saying if you did go ahead and, you know, breach the agreement in any way, you would have to pay --

DANA

One million dollars.

SCOTT

Each time.

(then)

All standard stuff. It's just to scare you --

DANA

Into silence.

Colette checks her watch. Scott plasters on a smile.

SCOTT

You got this.

Dana continues to read.

DANA

*WHEREAS: WISL disputes the claims and allegations made by DANA THOMPSON, including Thompson's claims of Patrick's communication during mediation.*

(then)

Are you kidding? They won't even admit to Patrick texting me today?

COLETTE

They want to resolve this swiftly and amicably.

(gently)

Unfortunately, there is no way to prove Patrick was the one sending you the texts.

DANA

You can trace the number --

Dana's eyes dart between Colette and Scott.

COLETTE

Not without going to law  
enforcement --

SCOTT

They don't bother with this small  
stuff --

COLETTE

Or court --

SCOTT

Which we've gone over. And, in  
light of the new "discoveries" --

COLETTE

He showed me his phone. We went  
through it together. It's not his  
number --

DANA

He could have texted me through an  
app. He could have another phone --

COLETTE

He is denying everything --

DANA

Who else could it fucking be?!

Scott's clears his throat, warning Dana to shut up. Colette  
leans toward Dana delicately and sighs.

COLETTE

If you really want to know --

SCOTT

I think it's outrageous...

COLETTE (CONT'D)

They suggested that it could be one  
of your quote unquote "fans".

All blood drains from Dana's face.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

Did any of them know you were going  
to be here today?

Dana seethes in her seat.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

We have to be realistic here. Your history complicates things. They want to get this over with as much as you do.

SCOTT

Dana, this could all be behind you. Fresh new start. Remember, it's a mutual NDA. He won't be able to say anything either.

Dana narrows her eyes.

DANA

For all I know, it was one of you two texting me, trying to get me to settle faster.

Colette and Scott sit awkwardly still, conveying little reaction. After a beat --

COLETTE

Well, it's almost five.

Scott flashes an enthusiastic smile masking his sheer terror.

SCOTT

We gonna do this?

Dana doesn't touch the pen. Colette's phone buzzes.

COLETTE

That's them.

Colette types back.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

They want an answer.

SCOTT

Give her a minute --

COLETTE

The office is closing --

SCOTT

I understand, but Dana is --

COLETTE

If they don't get a commitment, the offer will be off the table.

SCOTT  
She'll sign --

COLETTE  
(to Dana)  
I need to know. Yes or no. You  
need to sign. Now.

Colette impatiently rests her elbows on the table.

After a long beat, Dana suddenly picks up the pen.

Scott and Colette breathe a sigh of relief.

Patrick strolls by in the corridor.

Dana is the only one who notices him. Scott's and Colette's  
backs are to the glass door.

Dana watches as Patrick lingers, turns toward Dana, his  
expression indiscernible.

Dana quickly stares down at the papers in front of her before  
he disappears.

She flips to the last page of the agreement, eyes the final  
settlement number.

\$185,000.

COLETTE (CONT'D)  
Anything else?

Dana looks up at Colette. They stare at each other for a  
long time.

Dana's gaze shifts to Scott.

After a few beats, Dana shakes her head no.

She takes a deep breath, her eyes welling up, flooded with  
emotion, the pen still in her hand.

As she brings the pen toward paper --

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**INT. SUITE 1120 HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Dana rushes down the hall, nearly crashing into SUITS.

Past --

Room 7.

Room 6.

Room 5.

Room 4.

Room 3.

ROOM 2.

ROOM 1.

**INT. SUITE 1120 RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

Dana runs through the reception area. Patrick is 15 feet in front of Dana.

Dana tries to catch up.

BRITTAN (O.S.)

Dana --

Dana turns to find Brittan, beaming behind her desk.

BRITTAN (CONT'D)

Do you need your parking validated?

Dana looks back at Brittan, still trying to figure her out. Patrick exits Duncan & Avery: Resolution Services' double doors.

Dana steals her glance away from Brittan and bursts after him.

**INT. FLOOR 11 LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

The elevator doors are about to close.

Dana slams her hand in front of them.

**INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Dana stands on the opposite side of the elevator from Patrick, looking away.

They are the only two people.

Tears brim in Dana's eyes, then start rolling down her cheeks.

She can feel Patrick.

After a beat, Dana wipes her tears, building confidence.

She slowly makes her way toward him.

Inch by inch.

Cornering him.

Backing him against the wall.

Staring at him.

For the first time.

Their chests inches apart.

Facing off.

The air between them electric and suffocating.

He doesn't look at her.

Not at first.

She pierces through him with unwavering eye contact.

Finally, he peels his eyes off the ground.

Meets her burning stare.

A long beat.

Dana doesn't look away.

The elevator DINGS.

Neither of them move.

**CUT TO BLACK.**