

Buyer's Remorse

Created and Written by Taylor Potter & Ana Gonzalez

Series Premise:

What if a realtor desperate to make a mid-career comeback resorts to dealing drugs to save her family from foreclosure and, along the way, becomes the catalyst for her family's destruction?

While seasoned realtor Tracy Crenshaw strives to do everything in her power to be the mother she never had, she winds up repeating her parent's mistakes, along with some new ones of her own. Tracy thinks getting to the top of the industry will save her family, but she's also trying to validate herself. Her journey for self-worth becomes a journey of self-destruction as she sinks deeper and deeper into the world of illicit activities. Her lies keep getting bigger, and the subsequent consequences all the more damaging. Realty is an industry that revolves around chance—gambling if you will. No career or business is ever guaranteed. As our characters will learn, putting everything on the line has drastic consequences, and sometimes, putting everything on the line requires you to cross a few lines.

Buyer's Remorse is thematically relevant in the world of 2020 and beyond. Housing struggles are a familiar topic for many, and female-lead shows are gaining prominence. With this show, we'll be looking into a career that isn't talked about in mainstream entertainment while also weaving in themes of familial tension, something that everyone can relate with to some degree.

Major Characters:

While Tracy Crenshaw helms the show, the subplots will become increasingly interwoven, creating an ensemble-esque feel.

Tracy Crenshaw (early 40s):

Tracy, has been through hell to get to where she's at, even though where she's at isn't exactly where she had in mind. Having been raised by an absent mother and endured homelessness throughout her childhood due to her mother's alcoholism, Tracy now provides families with homes via her real estate job. A real go-getter who's marriage and kids have distracted her from her potential, Tracy's past has made her resilient and imbued her with a fierce determination that helps her accomplish whatever she wants—or needs—to. Her desperation to escape her past and not repeat her mother's mistakes instills in her an undying desire to prove herself no matter the cost. Trying to reclaim her spot as Atlanta's top agent, Tracy is not only pitted up against Jackie Mulligan, a bratty realtor whose risen through the ranks while Tracy was raising her youngest, but is also paired up with a clueless mentee who she must guide through the trifling world of real estate. Try as she might, her biggest problems are unending

thanks to her foolish husband, Dave, who endangers the stability of their family through his gambling addiction. Throughout season one, Tracy gets back in the rhythm of real estate and also begins to recognize the potential of fusing her professional skill set to take control of the problems Dave has unloaded upon her.

Dave Crenshaw (early 40's):

Tracy's lanky, geek of a husband who is frequently absent from his family's day-to-day life. He suffered bullying growing up due to his physique, which inspired him to become a pilot for high-end clients. Doing so has given him the sense of importance and power he lacked growing up. From a well-off family, Dave has only ever known safety and security, something that causes strife between him and Tracy. A brash, reckless man who means well but only makes things worse, he becomes entangled with the wild lifestyle of his clients and finds himself in massive gambling debt as a result. In a desperate attempt to save his family, he becomes a drug courier for a California gang but unintentionally brings his problems home. Throughout the first season, Dave trafficks drugs out of Atlanta and comes to terms with Tracy's growing involvement in the ring.

Caran Nikopoulos (early 20s)

A bubbly redhead reincarnation of Harper from *Wizards of Waverly Place*, she's Tracy's junior agent/mentee at the office and a newcomer to the firm. She barely passed her certification tests and initially goes into the business so as to raise money for art school. Her only companion at home is her grandfather, who she cares for outside of work. Determined to see her dreams realized, Caran puts 100% into any task that comes her way. She desperately wants to be the Robin to Tracy's Batman and is a ball of unbridled energy. As the first season goes on, Caran learns the ins and outs of the real-estate industry and unknowingly helps Tracy establish a drug ring in the heart of Atlanta.

Jackie Mulligan (early-30s)

As a fierce blonde bombshell and real estate mogul, Jackie prides herself on her sales record and slightly unethical methods of persuasion. She's loud, proud, and prepared to tear others down in order to build herself up. She's a material girl whose ambiguous past keeps others from getting too close. Jackie shares Tracy's desire to prove herself to everyone but she's unafraid to be a cold-hearted bitch. Still full of potential, Jackie is more concerned with being feared than loved. In season one, her rivalry with Tracy kick-starts a hot-blooded feud that threatens to derail Tracy's only mode of saving her family.

BUYER'S REMORSE

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

INT. BLACKJACK TABLE, LAS VEGAS CASINO - NIGHT

DAVE CRENSHAW, 40, brunette and lanky, stares at his hand. He has a FIVE and a QUEEN.

He throws quick glances at the TWO MEN on either side of him.

Then looks to the small mountain of chips before him.

And finally, he looks to the DEALER.

DAVE

Hit.

The Dealer places a card face up in front of him.

A SEVEN.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Dave downs his whiskey and staggers from the table.

EXT. LAS VEGAS ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

DON "THE DOBERMAN" MORENO, 23, covered in tattoos, and JAVIER "THE GERMAN" GOMEZ, 28, with a scar through his left eyebrow, YANK Dave off the sidewalk and SLAM him into a brick wall.

Dave SLUMPS to the ground, cradling his BRUISED left eye.

JAVIER

Boss was expecting it to be paid in full today.

DAVE

I just tried to win the rest. More is coming. I promise.

DON

Next time we see you, you better have it all.

They walk off and drive away in a sleek black SUV.

Dave stands up and LIMPS off in the opposite direction.

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

I/E. TRACY CRENSHAW'S BUICK - EARLY MORNING

TRACY CRENSHAW, 37, brunette, checks the time: 7:40 AM.

She drums her fingers along the steering wheel anxiously.

TRACY

Come on, come on, come on!

A line of cars stretches in front of Blue Creek Elementary.

Her daughter, RYAN CRENSHAW, 6, with a feisty attitude, sits in the backseat.

BRITTANIE RICHARDS, age indiscernible, queen of the PTA, is deep in conversation with a PARENT, holding up the line.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Ryan sweetie? When we get to the front, we need to be quick. Mommy's got to get to her meeting on time, okay?

RYAN

Okay.

Finally, the line moves. Tracy pulls up all the way to front.

TRACY

Okay, have a great day, sweetie. Remember, Lucas is going to pick you up after school!

Ryan struggles to pick up her backpack and to open the door. Just then, Brittanie opens it for her.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Shit.

(louder)

Brittanie!

Brittanie moves to her rolled down passenger side window.

BRITTANIE

Tracy! You know actually it's pronounced Brit-ta-nee.

TRACY

Oh, right. I'm sorry. I've got a crazy morning getting back to work, so I must've--

BRITTANIE

Wow, back to work! Look at you...
(off camera)
Diane!

DIANE PROCTOR, a model replica of Brittanie, who's holding the door open for the KIDS, looks over.

DIANE

Yeah?!

BRITTANIE

Can you believe Tracy here is going back to work? She's going to be one of those *working* moms!

Tracy rolls her eyes. *Oh, for fuck's sake.*

Tracy SLAMS on the gas, SCREECHING away.

I/E. CARAN NIKOPOLOUS' CAMRY - MORNING

CARAN NIKOPOLOUS, 23, the human embodiment of the rainbow, with a wardrobe to match, enters the Hawthorne Realty parking lot, blasting "Walking on Sunshine."

She SINGS, clearly distracted, and nearly RUNS OVER Tracy.

EXT. HAWTHORNE REALTY PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tracy throws up her arms, her PHONE pressed between her right shoulder and ear.

TRACY

(at Caran's car)

Hey!

Tracy look back to her phone and continues walking.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Hey, Dave. Guess maybe I got something wrong with the time zone differences. Give me a call back when you can.

INT. HAWTHORNE REALTY OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Tracy struts her way down the hallway. Caran trails a few steps behind.

Tracy glances back, getting suspicious why Caran is still trailing her until they enter...

INT. HAWTHORNE REALTY - CONFERENCE ROOM - 8:10 AM

BOB HAWTHORNE, 67, paunchy, addresses a roomful of AGENTS.

Tracy sheepishly enters the room, Caran just behind, and tries to sneak to an empty seat.

BOB

--So, let's make sure those
properties get into escrow by the
end of the month--Tracy! Caran!

All eyes turn to them.

Tracy delivers a courtesy wave to the room. Caran offers a quick curtsy.

TRACY

Bob!

CARAN

Hi!

BOB

(nodding toward Tracy)

Everyone, this is Tracy Crenshaw.
She's rejoining the team as a full-
time agent now. She's been working
the past few years as a closing
coordinator, so she's well-versed
in all aspects of the business and
is a fantastic asset. She was once
Hawthorne's--and Atlanta's--top
selling agent, and I'm sure she
will reclaim her title soon enough!

TRACY

Aw, well thank you, Bob. It's great
to be back and--

BOB

(nodding toward Caran)

And everyone please also give a
warm welcome to our newest junior
agent, Caran Nikopolous.

Caran waves to the team.

Tracy turns to get a better look at Caran.

BOB (CONT'D)
Caran's grown up in the area--

TRACY
(to herself)
What is she twelve?

BOB
I'm pleased to announce that Tracy
will be serving as Caran's mentor.

TRACY
(to herself)
The fuck?

BOB
It works out perfect with y'all
coming to the firm at the same
time, don't y'all think?

CARAN
I certainly do! I'm so excited to
get to work with y'all.

Tracy plasters a smile on her face and vigorously nods.

BOB
Alright, good! One last thing. That
Jackie Mulligan is having one of
her "keeping it 'real' estate"
parties tonight. I expect everyone
to attend and bring back at least
one lead. Keep your eyes peeled for
development folks; a single deal
with them equals a shit ton of
ready-made business. Goldshore
Realty has already secured two this
year, and word in the grapevine is
that Davenport Developments is
looking for a brokerage. Let's be
sure they choose Hawthorne.

The team nods in agreement.

BOB (CONT'D)
Alright, go get 'em!

The team files out of the conference room, Tracy shaking each
of their hands on their way out.

She meets JESSICA, late 20s, with stunning blonde hair. She's definitely the other junior agent.

Then, TANEKA, 40s, a well-coiffed Black woman--the only Black person here and CHARLES, mid-30s with solid dad energy.

And finally, she greets JOSH AND REBECCA, mid-30s, a married duo, who hold hands.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - HAWTHORNE REALTY - MOMENTS LATER

Caran hurries through the hall and gives Tracy a big hug as the other agents scatter to their offices.

CARAN

Tracy!

CARAN (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you're my mentor!

She pulls back from the hug but carries on a mile a minute.

TRACY

Uh, hi. Nice to--

CARAN

When I was studying for my licensing exam, I looked up prominent agents in the area to inspire me, and oh my gosh, did your story just knock my socks off. Started out as a junior agent just like me, sold a million dollars in her first year, landed the cover of "Realty Atlanta," got married, and had two beautiful children? Oh!

Tracy's eyes are wide in discomfort and possible terror.

TRACY

Well, you certainly did your research, didn't you?

Bob emerges from the conference room, and Tracy uses that as her means to pry herself out of Caran's arms.

BOB

Ladies! It's great seeing y'all getting along so well so soon.

TRACY

Bob, can I talk to you real quick?

BOB
Sure thing.

They step aside, out of Caran's earshot.

TRACY
Why didn't you tell me about Caran?

BOB
Honey, it's your first time really being back after a long time away. I wanted to help you ease back into the work. Plus, Caran needs some easing into herself being new and all.

TRACY
Mhm. Right.

BOB
I know you're an excellent agent. Eventually, I'm going to retire, and I'd like to leave the company in the hands of someone capable of running a brokerage. Think of this as a test.

Tracy meets his eye and shakes his hand.

TRACY
Understood. Glad to be back.

INT. TRACY'S OFFICE, HAWTHORNE REALTY - CONTINUOUS

Tracy leads Caran into *their* office and flicks on the lights.

TRACY
It's not much, but we'll spend more time out of the office than in it.

It's...sparse. A desk, a filing cabinet and two chairs fill the space. Caran promptly unloads her OVERSIZED PURSE and LAPTOP BAG upon the desk, taking up all the space.

CARAN
It's wonderful! I'm sure we can take turns with the desk!

TRACY
Okay...I need a coffee before we get started.

She heads toward the door as Caran scrambles to pull out her PAD and PEN from her oversized purse.

INT. HAWTHORNE REALTY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk past several of the agents' offices on their way.

CARAN

Okay, tell me everything. I'm so going to need your help because I barely passed the licensing exam.

TRACY

Okay...Geez, this is going to be more than I thought...er, more than I didn't think since I didn't even know this--

(re: their mentorship)

--was going to be happening.

(beat)

They walk through an adjacent hallway.

TRACY (CONT'D)

A few rules about real estate. Number one, don't get emotionally invested. This is a business, and that's all it is. Things can get murky because of how much we deal with the clients' personal needs and wants, but you must remember to compartmentalize.

Caran scratches on her paper.

CARAN

Compartmentalize. Okay.

TRACY

Number two, this business is all about the hustle. No business will ever come to you--at least not at first. You have to build your reputation and then you'll start to get referrals.

They arrive at the...

INT. BREAK ROOM, HAWTHORNE REALTY - CONTINUOUS

Tracy pours a cup of coffee, but can't seem to locate the sugar. She scrounges around several cupboards.

TRACY

And don't sleep with a client.

CARAN

Isn't that rule number one?

TRACY

It could, but it's important enough to get its own rule.

CARAN

Did you ever--

TRACY

What? No! And hey, we just met.

She finds the sugar and sweetens her coffee.

CARAN

Sorry, I don't have a great filter when it comes to stuff like that.

TRACY

Fantastic, this people-heavy career is a great fit for you then. Listen, why don't you go back to the office and start researching some development projects like Bob mentioned? I've got an appointment for some new headshots in a bit.

CARAN

Oh, headshots, fun. Is that what you're wearing?

TRACY

Uh, yes?

(beat)

What's wrong with what I've got on?

CARAN

Nothing! I would just recommend a dangly earring to help elongate your face. It'll photograph better.

TRACY

Um, okay. Thanks...

CARAN

So, anything else I can do while you're out?

TRACY

No, I think that'll be a busy enough first day, especially since we have that godawful party tonight. Speaking of which, text me your address, and I'll pick you up.

Tracy exits, coffee in hand.

CARAN

Great! I'll do that!

Her peppiness evaporates now that no eyes are on her. She caps her pen and heads back to the office.

I/E. TRACY'S BUICK - CARAN'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Tracy HONKS her car horn to signal her arrival.

INT. CARAN'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Caran JUMPS at the sound of Tracy's honk. She finishes applying her lipstick and creeps past a BEDROOM, checking to make sure the inhabitant is still sleeping.

EXT. CARAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Caran rushes out of the house, wearing a colorful dress and motioning for Tracy to stop honking. She climbs in the car.

CARAN

My grandfather is trying to sleep.

Tracy's half-listening as she texts Dave.

INSERT - Tracy's PHONE SCREEN

Hellooooo??

TRACY

Oh, sorry. My bad. Wait, you live with your grandparents?

CARAN

No, just my grandfather. And he lives with me.

TRACY

Oh?

CARAN
He moved in with me after my
grandma died.

TRACY
Oh. Caran, that's so sweet.

CARAN
Thanks.

Tracy throws the car into reverse.

TRACY
Let's get this party over with.

EXT. TRACY'S BUICK - JACKIE MULLIGAN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The pair exit Tracy's car, joining a growing CROWD of people
in front of the enormous home.

They see Josh from the office and wave.

At the top of the stairs stands JACKIE MULLIGAN, 35, a drop
dead gorgeous real estate mogul. Women want to be her and men
want to be with her. She dons a stunning gown.

JACKIE
Tracy! How the fuck are you,
darling?

TRACY
I'm well. This is Caran Nikopolous,
Hawthorne's newest agent.

CARAN
Your home is magnificent!

JACKIE
Oh, thank you darling. I'm so glad
to be able have such a lovely home
to host these parties.

TRACY
It is quite...lovely. I have to
say, I always thought your last
home was spectacular but compared
to this one it seems so small.

JACKIE
You know what they say. You are
what you eat. I like to say in real
estate, you live what you sell.

Jackie squares her gaze with Tracy's.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

And Tracy don't worry. I'm sure now that you're back at work you'll be able to upgrade from your starter home too.

Tracy's jaw drops slightly at her audacity.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Pardon me. I have more guests to greet.

INT. JACKIE'S PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Inside the home, music BLARES. WAITERS meander with silver trays of champagne and tapas.

Tracy pulls Caran off to the side of the foyer.

CARAN

She was super pretty, huh?

TRACY

Too bad being rich is her only personality trait. I've enjoyed a quasi-vacation from her for the past six years. Listen, Jackie and her...type like to woo people with the idea they're getting the Emerald City. But there's always a tyrannical wizard behind the curtain, and that tyrannical wizard is their commission. So, don't get too infatuated with the extravagance of everything here.

CARAN

Okay.

TRACY

We're here to do business. Get developers, remember?

CARAN

I remember.

TRACY

Good. Let's divide and conquer.

Caran nods her head and turns to head out into the throng of FINELY DRESSED PEOPLE.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Oh! And keep your eye out for these guys. Ninety-nine percent of them are total creeps that only have one type of business in mind.

She looks Caran up and down.

Caran crinkles her face.

CARAN

Ew, got it.

TRACY

Okay, good. I'll circle back later.

Caran heads off to the left to join a younger group in the massive living room while Tracy heads to the...

INT. BAR, JACKIE'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Tracy takes a seat at the bar, a THRONG OF GORGEOUS PEOPLE in gorgeous clothes mill about.

Before Tracy can order her drink, TREY, 27, with the overconfidence of an affluent straight white man, appears next to her.

TREY

So, what say you and me go into escrow in one of the bedrooms?

TRACY

Jesus Christ, that was awful. No. I don't think my husband would appreciate that very much.

She holds up her left hand to show her rings.

TREY

He doesn't have to know...

On the other side of the bar, MICHAEL, mid-50s and slightly chubby, chimes in.

MICHAEL

Trey, why don't you go fuck off and let the lady enjoy her evening.

So, his name is Trey...seems about right.

Called out, Trey slinks away.

TRACY

I can handle myself, you know.

MICHAEL

I'm sure of it. I'm just sick and tired of the way he treats women at these things.

Tracy walks across the bar and takes the seat next him.

TRACY

On behalf of all women, thank you.

MICHAEL

No problem.

He extends his hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Michael Davenport.

Tracy shakes his hand, a smile forming on her face.

TRACY

Tracy Crenshaw.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JACKIE MULLIGAN'S ESTATE - SAME TIME

Caran, surrounded by a younger GROUP of agents, including Trey, take shots. Not a lot of business happening over here.

INT. BAR, JACKIE'S ESTATE - LATER

Tracy and Michael drink, deep in conversation.

TRACY

And he wanted the house outside the perimeter but to be within a fifteen minute drive to the city.

MICHAEL

Ha! Outside the perimeter and fifteen minutes to the city. Ha!

TRACY

I said, "Listen, Mr. Johnson, Atlanta is more than fifteen minutes from Atlanta, and I-75 is under more construction than an aging actress, so without a magic wand I cannot guarantee that kind of commute."

They LAUGH as Jackie appears.

JACKIE

Oh, Michael! I've been looking for you everywhere. I renovated my lanai and your developer eyes are simply the only ones here that will truly appreciate it.

MICHAEL

I would, but I was just having a lovely conversation with Tracy...

Jackie finally turns to acknowledge Tracy's existence.

JACKIE

Oh, Tracy, hi! I do hope you're alright with my stealing him away.

TRACY

Oh, I'm quite accustomed to your stealing from me. No worries.

Jackie and Tracy make tense eye contact and force smiles. Michael picks up on their tension.

MICHAEL

Well, should we go to the lanai?

JACKIE

Yes! Yes. Right this way.

MICHAEL

Hold for just one second.

He digs in his jacket pocket, pulls out a BUSINESS CARD, and hands it to Tracy.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Here. This is for my top contractor, Tim. Give him a call to set up a meeting to discuss business further.

TRACY

I will. It was a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Davenport.

MICHAEL

Same to you, and please, call me Michael.

Jackie whisks Michael away.

All alone, Tracy takes stock of the rest of the party, settling on Caran over in the living room, who's sitting quite close to Trey.

TRACY

Oh, Jesus.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JACKIE'S ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Tracy wades through several other YOUNG AGENTS prepping SHOTS and stands like a disapproving mom before Caran and Trey.

TREY

Oh, shit.

TRACY

Yeah, oh shit.

Caran's words slur like cursive letters.

CARAN

You guys know each other?

TRACY

I met him an hour ago when he asked for some escrow.

CARAN

Ew!

YOUNG AGENT

Shots?!

Caran and Trey try to join in.

TRACY

No! No shots. Caran let's go, we got what we came for.

CARAN

But Tracy, I'm having a great time with my new real estate friends.

TREY

Your name is Tracy? Trey and Tracy...

TRACY

What is wrong with you?

She stares at Caran, who relents.

CARAN

Fine.

TREY

One last shot for the road!

TRACY

No!

Caran THROWS BACK the shot, thwarting Tracy.

Tracy hooks her arm in Caran's to guide her out of the party. She's completely sloshed as they lumber through the...

INT. HALLWAY, JACKIE'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Caran recognizes Josh from work heading into a bedroom with a WOMAN who is not his wife, Rebecca. Tracy is too busy supporting Caran to notice.

CARAN

Josh is going into escrow!

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. MCCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Dave approaches the airport personnel-only security line.

JOE (O.S.)

Hey Dave!

JOE ABERDEEN, late 40s, partially balding, catches up.

They both sport full pilot's uniforms.

JOE (CONT'D)

Whoah, man. The hell happened to
your eye? Did the Olsen twins do
that to ya?

Dave makes awkward eye contact with the TSA AGENT scanning
his bags.

DAVE

No, nothing like that. Just, uh,
had too much to drink the other day
with some clients and slipped.

JOE

Man, I keep telling you those
celebrities will ruin you. Come to
commercial and join the light side,
my friend.

DAVE

Yeah, I'll think about it for sure.

Dave scurries away, bags in hand.

INT. TRACY'S OFFICE, HAWTHORNE REALTY - MORNING

Tracy flicks on the lights as she enters the office.

CARAN

Off!

Caran's laying her head in her arms on the desk.

TRACY

You're hungover?

CARAN

You're not?

Tracy sets her bag down on the desk and searches the cabinet for a file. Caran manages to lift her head up.

TRACY

Oh, I learned after having Lucas that you have to pretend like you're drinking. Tell whoever you're with you're getting a vodka soda, but when you order, just ask the bartender for a club soda.

Tracy grabs a file and slips it into her bag.

CARAN

Smart.

TRACY

Trust me, you go to enough of these shindigs and realize they're no fun at all. The only good to come out of them is business deals.

Tracy looks off, reminiscing about her early days.

TRACY (CONT'D)

It helped me earn my way to the top of the brokerage back in the day...back when morals mattered in this business...

CARAN

And then what happened?

TRACY

Then. my husband Dave said we didn't need to use a condom because I was on the pill. Nine months later, I wasn't on top and was ready to pop.

Tracy looks at the desk.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Those aren't the right files.

CARAN

They're not?

Tracy goes to the filing cabinet and pulls out the correct files and sets them on the desk.

TRACY

These are the ones. I have a brunch meeting with potential client, so I'd like to see them done by the end of the day.

CARAN

Is it that Tim guy from last night?

TRACY

I'm shocked you remember anything from last night, but no. This is a referral. Fingers crossed!

Caran holds up crossed fingers.

After Tracy leaves, she slides on sunglasses and slumps down.

EXT. BISTRO PATIO - LATE MORNING

A WAITER drops off the check to Tracy and her client, JAMES, mid-40s, whose polished physique implies his wealth.

JAMES

I'm so glad to hear you say that.

Tracy reaches for the check. She hands her credit card to the Waiter who promptly departs.

TRACY

Absolutely. I mean, I completely get the appeal over at Goldshore. They're big, and they're fancy. But the truth is, James, when you're with a brokerage that big and fancy, you get treated like a dollar sign and not as a person.

The Waiter returns. He whispers in Tracy's ear.

TRACY (CONT'D)

No, that can't be possible. Please run it again.

(to James)

Everything's fine, just seem to have a wonky card reader.

JAMES

Ah. I have to say, I'm liking what I'm hearing, but with the property having been in the family for so long, I hope you'll understand I'll have to run this by my wife first.

TRACY

Oh, of co--

WAITER

Ma'am I'm afraid the card's been declined again. Is there another one you'd like me to try?

Tracy scrambles through her purse, emptying it on the table but only finds a crumpled twenty dollar bill.

Tracy's and the Waiter's eyes fall on James. He reaches for his wallet in his back pocket. *Oof.*

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE, CRENSHAW HOME - AFTERNOON

Tracy throws the doors open, her cell phone pressed between her cheek and shoulder. It RINGS...and RINGS...and RINGS...as she rummages through files on his desk.

She stops rummaging when she finally she gets his voicemail.

TRACY

(with false sweetness)

Hi, honey, it's me Tracy. Not quite sure if you remember me since you haven't been answering the phone.

(bitterly)

By the way, the credit card's been declined. Not sure why that is. Hoping you can provide some answers. *Call me.*

She resumes her rummaging and picks up some envelopes. She opens one up.

INSERT - CREDIT CARD STATEMENT

A large and intimidating red PAST DUE stamp covers the page.

TRACY

What?

She opens another.

INSERT - BILL STATEMENT

She's greeted with the same angry red lettering as before.

TRACY

What the hell is going on?

She begins to open a third when LUCAS, her lanky 16-year-old son, and Ryan arrive home. She hurriedly straightens up the desk and greets them in the...

INT. KITCHEN, CRENSHAW HOME - CONTINUOUS

LUCAS
Bro, let's get Johnny's Pizza.

RYAN
But I want the taco place at Ponce!

LUCAS
We're not about to cross town at--

He checks his phone.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Almost six o'clock on a Tuesday.

TRACY
Hey guys, how was school?

LUCAS
Eh.

RYAN
Billy was annoying me again.

TRACY
Oh, no. Sorry to hear that, Ry.

RYAN
The moms say hi, and they miss you.

TRACY
(rolls her eyes)
I bet they did.

LUCAS
I grabbed all the info sheets so we can go over later, but, mom?

TRACY
Uh, yeah?

LUCAS
Where are we going for dinner?

TRACY
Seriously? You just got home.

RYAN

But it's Tuesday, so we get to pick
a place out, remember?

Tracy remembers.

TRACY

Um, well, you see we're going to
eat at home. Don't want to do
Tuesday Treats without Dad, right?

LUCAS

What do you mean? Dad's gone all
the time for work. We've never not
had Tuesday Treats.

RYAN

Do you not feel good?

TRACY

Yes! I mean yes. I was assigned
that new agent and we had that
party last night and, well it was
like I had to be her mom too. So, I
think I'm just a little burnt out.
How about spaghetti?

TOMMY

Eh.

RYAN

Fine.

INT. TRACY'S OFFICE, HAWTHORNE REALTY - MORNING

Tracy types. Caran brings in BOXES of files.

CARAN

I got the right ones this time!

TRACY

Great.

Caran stands there awaiting further directions. Tracy,
uncomfortable with the silence, speaks up.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Sooo, you have any hobbies or--

CARAN

So, right now, I just do
photography on the side. I've
actually done it since I was really
young, but I would like to go into
a career in--

DING!

CARAN (CONT'D)
What's that?

Tracy leans forward to read.

TRACY
It's an email from James.

CARAN
Oh, the brunch appointment, right?

TRACY
Right.

CARAN
And?

TRACY
And he's going with Goldshore. With
Jackie Motherfucking Mulligan.

CARAN
Oh, I didn't know that was her
middle name. How pretty.

TRACY
Haha.

CARAN
Well, did he say why at least?

TRACY
He says here it's just because
Jackie and Goldshore have more
experience with family estates than
I do but...

CARAN
But what?

TRACY
But, my card got declined at brunch
yesterday and he had to pay.

Caran winces.

CARAN
Good God.

TRACY
Yeah. I sent flowers afterwards,
but I guess the damage was done.

Just then, none other than Jackie Mulligan pops her head into their office.

JACKIE
Hi, ladies!

Jackie! TRACY Ah! CARAN

CARAN (CONT'D)
Wha-What are you doing here?

JACKIE
I'm actually about to head into a closing with another Hawthorne agent. Speaking of, Tracy, I know losing your first deal back is a little...rough. But, don't worry hun, the game is a little different these days. I'm sure you'll get back into the swing of it in no time.

Tracy pretends to smile as Jackie turns to leave but stops.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Oh, and Tracy?

TRACY
Mm?

JACKIE
We simply have to get brunch soon.
My treat.

She whips her head and struts away.

Tracy turns to Caran and stifles a SCREAM.

CARAN
So, there's really no escaping her?

TRACY
It's like the working with PTA moms. You may hate their pretentious guts but sometimes you have to put on a smile because your children all go to school together.

Tracy gathers her things and exits the office. Caran follows.

INT. HALLWAY, HAWTHORNE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Caran struggles to keep up with Tracy's power walk.

CARAN

Where are you going?

TRACY

To figure out what the hell is
going on with my family's finances.

She pushes open the front doors to the parking lot to see...

EXT. HAWTHORNE REALTY PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tracy's car is being towed.

TRACY

Hey!

She runs over to ROGER, a paunchy repo man, sitting in the
cab of his truck.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Hey! What's going on? Why are you
towing my car? I work here!

ROGER

Sorry ma'am, but this is standard
procedure for vehicles with unpaid
statements.

TRACY

Unpaid statements?! Dammit Dave!

ROGER

No ma'am, my name's Roger.

TRACY

Not you. My husband's name is Dave.

ROGER

Ah, well, that makes more sense
then. Again, sorry about this. If
you want it back you'll have to
contact your dealership and discuss
how to rectify the payments.

TRACY

If I want it back?!

ROGER
Hey, I'm just the messenger here.
Well, I guess maybe the opposite of
the messenger in some respects.

Roger drives out of the parking lot.

Tracy lets out a frustrated SIGH. She turns toward Caran where she sees SEVERAL AGENTS looking at her through the office windows.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, CRENSHAW HOME - AFTERNOON

Tracy and Caran exit her car and head toward the house.

CARAN
First the card and now your car? I
hope he's okay.

TRACY
At this rate, he's about to not be.
And thanks for the ride home.

INT. FOYER, CRENSHAW HOME - CONTINUOUS

They drop their belongings at the entry table.

CARAN
Of course!
(looking around)
Your home is beautiful.

TRACY
Thanks. What's that smell?

INT. KITCHEN, CRENSHAW HOME - CONTINUOUS

The kids sit at the kitchen counter while Dave stirs a pot of red sauce, sporting a pilot's uniform, and a blackened eye.

RYAN
Mom, look who's home!

LUCAS
Hey, mom.

Dave sets down the spoon and turns to face Tracy and Caran.

TRACY
What happened to your eye?

She rushes to look at it.

RYAN

Dad said he got into a fight with
some goons!

DAVE

I'm fine, I'm fine. I promise.

She gives him a light shove.

TRACY

Okay, good. So why are you home
early? What happened to the rest of
your flights? And why haven't you
been answering any of my calls? And
what's going on with the accounts?

Dave leans close to Tracy.

DAVE

Trace, let's talk about this later.

Tracy shoots Dave a pissed off look.

A beat of awkward silence.

CARAN

Hi, I'm Caran.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. DINING ROOM, CRENSHAW HOME - EVENING

Awkward silence occupies the space.

Lucas and Ryan mouth indiscernible words to each other across the table, trying to get the other to start conversation.

Forks CLINK, echoing across the space until finally...

TRACY

Dave, patio.

Tracy stand and marches past Dave, who follows her to the...

EXT. PATIO, CRENSHAW HOME - CONTINUOUS

TRACY

What the hell, Dave?

DAVE

What?

TRACY

What?! What do you mean *what*?
First, our credit card gets
declined yesterday, then you won't
answer any of my calls, then my car
gets repo'd while I'm at work, then
my new mentee or whatever the fuck
has to give ME a ride home to find
you home three days earlier than
when you said you'd be--and with a
black eye?! That's what, David.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CRENSHAW HOME - SAME TIME

Caran, Lucas, and Ryan peak through the blinds to eavesdrop.
Through the window we see Dave and Tracy's argument.

RYAN

(to Lucas)

Can you hear anything?

CARAN

Barely.

Lucas and Ryan exchange a look.

BACK TO PATIO.

DAVE

You know I don't like being called David.

TRACY

And you know I don't like being lied to. This is exactly why I insisted on us keeping separate checking accounts when we got married. Jesus!

Dave rubs his hands over his face.

DAVE

Fuck. They really took your car?

TRACY

No, I just made that part up for funzies. Yes, they took my car. Tell me what mess we're in.

DAVE

Okay, here goes. I may have a gambling problem.

TRACY

A gambling problem? Since when?

DAVE

Remember that guys trip to Vegas?

She nods.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It started out as harmless fun, but once my clients started paying me to regularly fly them over there, I began playing with them too.

TRACY

What were you thinking?!

DAVE

Could you just--I knew you were going to react like this--

TRACY

Of course I'm going to react like this! Our financial stability seems to be slipping away with every word you speak!

Tracy SIGHS and looks toward the house.

The BLINDS rattle.

She realizes something.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Dave, tell me the house is fine.

She turns to look at him.

He grimaces.

TRACY (CONT'D)

You fucking fucker! You *promised*
I'd never have to go through--that
our kids would never have to go
through what I went through as a
kid. I swear to God, if you don't
fix this--

DAVE

I know. I *know*. I'm going to go to
the bank first thing tomorrow to
sort this all out.

Dave reaches out to touch her shoulder. She smacks it away.

TRACY

You better.

She STORMS inside.

INT. KITCHEN, CRENSHAW HOME - CONTINUOUS

Caran and the kids scramble to look busy doing the DISHES.

Caran attempts to say something, but Tracy forcefully guides Caran to the front door.

TRACY

Caran, thank you for the ride home,
and I hope you enjoyed dinner. I'll
see you tomorrow for the
development site meeting.

EXT. STREET, DEVELOPMENT SITE - LATE MORNING

Tracy and Caran emerge from Caran's Camry, the dirt pit of a construction site just off to the right.

CARAN
Wait is that--

TRACY
What the fuck is she doing here?

It's Jackie Motherfucking Mulligan.

JACKIE
Tracy!...and Carol!

CARAN
My name's Caran.

JACKIE
Oh, gosh. Are you here for a
meeting with Tim, too?

Her tone reeks of fake Southern hospitality.

TRACY
Yes.

Tracy's phone BUZZES, but she quickly silences it.

JACKIE
Well, after the meeting I just had
with him, I'm afraid that'll just
be another failed deal for you this
week. Ugh, could you imagine that
on top of your client having to pay
for your brunch and having your car
repossessed? Bless your heart.

She points to Caran's Camry.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Goodness, is that junker all they
had left at the rental place?

CARAN
That's my car!

Tracy guides Caran toward the development site.

TRACY
Jackie, always a...pleasure.

JACKIE
Likewise.

Tracy manages a fake smile.

Jackie continues to her 2020 Porsche Taycan.

Tracy and Caran walk to the...

EXT. PIT, DEVELOPMENT SITE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

They approach TIM, 40, with a mild lumberjack appearance, in a HARD HAT reviewing BLUEPRINTS out of the bed of a TRUCK.

TRACY

Tim?

TIM

That's me! You must be Tracy...

She reaches forward to shake his hand.

TRACY

Crenshaw, and this--

She steps aside to reveal Caran.

TRACY (CONT'D)

--is my associate, Caran.

Caran shakes his hand.

Tracy's phone BUZZES in her pocket. She silences it again.

TIM

Alright, well why don't we go on a bit of a tour?

TRACY

Perfect.

LATER --

Tim guides them along the pit.

TIM

And here is where the dog park will go. We're hoping this feature to the condo complex will draw in the millennial crowd.

TRACY

Fantastic idea! And how much are we thinking per unit?

TIM

Nine hundred.

TRACY

Mm.

Caran chokes a little.

CARAN

Thousand?!

Tracy shoots her a look. She looks back at Tim.

TRACY

Yes, under a million for the value of one of these condos is quite the steal, especially considering the location inside the perimeter.

TIM

And with the six percent commission, it'd be a pretty penny for you ladies too.

TRACY

A deal of this size would be pretty for Hawthorne as well.

Tracy's phone BUZZES again. She finally takes it out and looks at it--

TRACY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I need to take this.

TIM

Oh, sure thing.

CARAN

No problem, we'll keep talking.

Tracy walks away from Caran and Tim to take the call.

TRACY

Hello?

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Hi, is this Mrs. Crenshaw?

TRACY

This is she.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Hi, Mrs. Crenshaw. I've got Ryan up here in the front office. She got into a fight on the playground.

TRACY

A fight?! Ryan?

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Yes, ma'am. And the principal has asked her to be taken home while he considers disciplinary action for the children involved. How soon can you come get her?

TRACY

Get her? I'm at work. I'm all the way across town.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

So, longer than a half an hour?

TRACY

Wha--You know, why do you guys always call the mother in these situations, huh? Why didn't you call my husband?

SECRETARY (V.O.)

We did when you didn't answer the first two times. He didn't answer either. Seems to be a theme.

TRACY

(to herself)

Fuck you, Dave.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Ma'am what did you just say?

TRACY

Oh, no ma'am! I didn't say fuck you. Well, I did say fuck you, but I didn't mean fuck you. I meant--

SECRETARY (V.O.)

So, will it be more like an hour?

TRACY

Yeah, I guess so. It'll depends on traffic. You know how I-75 can be.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Sure. See you then.

Tracy scurries back to Caran and Tim.

TRACY

Hey. So sorry guys.

CARAN
Is everything all right?

TRACY
There was a bit of an incident at my daughter's school, and I'm afraid I have to get her right now.

TIM
Oh, no. Hope everything's okay.

TRACY
Thank you. I'm so sorry to have to reschedule the appointment like this. Can we--

CARAN
No need to reschedule! You can take my car, and I can stay and talk to Tim. I'll get an Uber back later.

Tracy's face oozes how much she doesn't want to do Caran's plan, but she doesn't have much choice.

TRACY
Great! Wonderful, yeah.

Caran hands the keys over.

CARAN
And I'll see ya later!

TRACY
Right. Later. Tim--

She reaches out to shake his hand. He joins her.

TRACY (CONT'D)
A pleasure meeting you, and I'm looking forward to hearing all about the development from Caran.

TIM
Right back at you.

Caran and Tim continue talking while Tracy heads off to...

I/E. CARAN'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Tracy puts her phone on SPEAKER as it RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK OFFICE - SAME TIME

Dave's phone BUZZES. He silences it as a LOAN OFFICER half his age enters the room and takes a seat behind the desk.

DAVE
So, how's it looking?

LOAN OFFICER
Look, Mr. Crenshaw, we can't offer you another mortgage.

DAVE
Why?

LOAN OFFICER
Because you aren't currently paying the first one.

DAVE
Well, I'm just a little behind--

LOAN OFFICER
You're three months behind, sir.

DAVE
I'll fix it. I've just been going through a bit of a slump.

LOAN OFFICER
Sure. The thing is, if your "slump" doesn't conclude by the end of the month we'll have to issue a notice of pending foreclosure.

DAVE
(to himself)
Damn it.

LOAN OFFICER
I've taken the liberty of reviewing your assets on file to see if something else could be done.

DAVE
And?

LOAN OFFICER
Might I suggest the aircraft?

DAVE
No. No way. There has to be something else. Anything else.

LOAN OFFICER

I'm afraid there's nothing else
that provides the kind of financial
assistance you need at this time.

OFF DAVE, as this finally sinks in.

EXT. PIT, DEVELOPMENT SITE - LATER

Caran and Tim arrive at his TRUCK, having walked the lot.

TIM

With a project of this magnitude,
we're expecting fantastic returns
and sizable commissions, especially
with the boost in property value
thanks to the city's recent
renovation campaign. But, then
there's the marketing. They always
charge out the ass.

CARAN

What all is involved in the
marketing for a property like this?

TIM

Oh, you know, photography,
videography. That sorta thing.

Caran snaps her head, a twinkle glistening in her eyes.

CARAN

I might be able to help with that.

TIM

I'm listening.

CARAN

I actually own a photography
business and have some likeminded
friends. I'm sure I could assemble
the avengers to deliver the same
quality content for less than you'd
be asked with the hoity toity
marketing firms. Not to mention, as
freelancers, there wouldn't be a
bureaucratic chain of command to
wade through to get your voice
heard. We'd be able to provide a
much more streamlined, efficient,
and personable experience.

Tim thinks it over.

I/E. VAN - AFTERNOON

Two OMINOUS FIGURES watch Dave exit. The van STARTS and slowly creeps toward Dave in the parking lot.

The pull up beside a confused Dave, searching for his car and SNATCH him into the van.

DAVE
Hey! What the hell!

Then he sees...it's Don and Javier is behind the wheel.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Can y'all please stop yanking me places?!

DON
Did you get the money?

DAVE
I tried. I swear. The only thing I have that's worth anything is my house, but it's my wife's too. She insisted on being on the deed so it was equally ours, legally speaking. I dunno. It's all mumbo jumbo to me, but she's a realtor, so she knows all about that stuff. It seemed like a fine idea at the time, but now I'm screwed.

Don looks at Javier. They seem to share an idea.

JAVIER
Your wife's a realtor?

DAVE
Yeah? Why?

JAVIER
I think there's a way you'll be able to repay the boss.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

EXT. BLUE CREEK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - EVENING

Tracy pulls into the school parking lot. She walks up to the building. Ryan stands next to a TEACHER out on the sidewalk.

TRACY

Ryan, sweetie, are you alright?

RYAN

Billy wouldn't stop poking me.

TRACY

Honey, you shouldn't have fought anyone.

RYAN

I know.

TRACY

(to the teacher)

Thank you for waiting with her.

TEACHER

You know, Mrs. Crenshaw, had you arrived any later and we would have had to call the--

TRACY

The police, of course. Thank you again.

Tracy takes Ryan's hand and walks back to the parking lot.

Brittanie and TWO PTA MOMS walk in the opposite direction carrying trays and tablecloths. They notice Tracy.

BRITTANIE

Tracy! Are you bringing anything for tonight?

TRACY

Tonight?

BRITTANIE

For the Fall Bake Sale? We've had multiple meetings about this.

PTA MOM #1

Now that I think of it, I don't think she was at any of them.

BRITTANIE

Ah, now it makes sense. Too busy to support the kids, Tracy?

TRACY

I don't have time for this.

Tracy walks away to her car. She helps Ryan settle in before getting in the driver's seat. She starts the car.

PTA MOM #2

Too busy to get a nicer car, too.

Tracy shoots the moms a glare and peels out of the lot.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, CRENSHAW HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Tracy turns into the driveway. Caran waits on the sidewalk.

CARAN

Tracy! Is Ryan okay?

TRACY

She's alright.

Tracy grabs Ryan's stuff and guides her to the front door.

CARAN

That's good. On a brighter note, I--

The front door opens. Dave stands in the threshold.

TRACY

So you were here?

DAVE

Tracy, we need to talk.

TRACY

We sure do.

Tracy looks behind her.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(to Caran)

Tell me tomorrow, okay?

CARAN

But I--

TRACY

Caran, not now. Please.

Tracy tosses the car keys to Caran.

TRACY (CONT'D)
(to Ryan)
Come on, kiddo.

Tracy and Ryan walk inside, Dave following close behind.

INT. FOYER, CRENSHAW HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Tracy takes off her coat.

TRACY (CONT'D)
So, Ryan, what happened with Bil--

Tracy turns and sees Don and Javier seated at the kitchen table, watching her.

Tracy freezes.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Dave.

DAVE
(hushed)
We need to talk, Tracy.

Tracy looks at Dave, then at the men, then looks at Ryan.

TRACY
Ryan, we'll talk about it later.

RYAN
Okay.

TRACY
Good. Go start your homework.

DAVE
Ask Lucas if you need help. He's
in his room.

Ryan goes upstairs.

Dave walks towards the kitchen. Tracy follows.

INT. KITCHEN, CRENSHAW HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Dave takes a seat across from the men. He gestures at the empty seat beside him.

Tracy sits and glares at the men.

TRACY
What's going on?

DAVE
Tracy, these men are going to help
us out.

TRACY
With the money issue?

Dave nods.

TRACY (CONT'D)
I'm going to need to know who these
two are and why you know them.

Dave SIGHS.

DAVE
Tracy, these guys--

DON
--Are the guys who beat the shit
out of your husband.

Tracy's eyes widen.

TRACY
You attacked my husband?

DAVE
Tracy--

TRACY
Don't. Why the hell are you talking
to them?

DON
Lady, we're your only hope of
getting out of your little problem.

TRACY
Oh, are you know? Absolutely not.
I'm calling the police.

Tracy gets up.

DAVE
Tracy, no! We can't.

TRACY
Why?!

DAVE

Because if we don't work with them, we're going to lose the house.

Silence.

TRACY

What?

DAVE

Our house might be going into foreclosure. I tried to get a second mortgage today at the bank! That's why I didn't hear about Ryan. I was trying to fix things.

TRACY

We're going to lose the house?

DAVE

Tracy, please listen to me.

TRACY

What the actual fuck, Dave. Why did you keep this all from me? Why didn't you let me know? The house is going to be taken away? Are you kidding me?!

Dave holds his head in his hands.

DAVE

I fucked up, Tracy. I really did. I need your help.

TRACY

Are they the people you owe money to?

DON

Sure are.

TRACY

And you brought them here?!

JAVIER

We followed him.

TRACY

Do we owe money to the mafia? If we do, I swear to god, David--

DON
Not the mafia. The cartel.

TRACY
Even better.

JAVIER
Look, ma'am, we have a proposition
that you'll want to hear. Your
husband is on board.

Tracy LAUGHS in disbelief.

TRACY
Of course he is. I'm calling the
cops.

Dave SHOOTs out of his chair and grabs Tracy's wrist.

DAVE
You're going to sit down and listen
to them. We don't have any other
options.

Tracy stares at him.

TRACY
Let me go, David.

Dave releases his grip.

DAVE
Please, Trace.

Tracy pushes past Dave and sits down. Dave sits, too.

TRACY
What do you want?

DON
Your husband owes our gang big
time. But we'll be nice and help
you out, if you cooperate.

TRACY
What do I have to do with this?

JAVIER
We heard from your husband that
you're after this big fish,
Davenport. He's about to build a
whole bunch of high rises in the
middle of A-T-L, right?

Tracy shifts in her seat.

TRACY

I don't have a deal with him yet.

DON

Only way this is going to work is if you do.

JAVIER

Atlanta's a drug den. That airport you have here has massive traffic all over the world. We'd be able to go international.

DON

Make fucking bank.

JAVIER

You get that deal and we start using the new buildings for our operations. Start from the ground up, right in the heart of the city.

TRACY

You want me to help you get rich?

JAVIER

We want to help you pay us back. Once the debt is paid, we'll be out of your hair. As long as you get the deal and let us set up shop.

Tracy shakes her head.

TRACY

Un-fucking-believable.

JAVIER

You don't have to like it, ma'am. I'm sure my partner would love to tear this house apart and sell your goods for cash, but we're not animals.

Don CHUCKLES.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

You help us, we help you. This shouldn't be that tough. Dave says you're a real estate super-star. Javier reaches a hand across the table.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
So, what do you say? You team up
with us and all this goes away, or
we wait outside your door until you
cough up the cash. Do we have a
deal?

Tracy looks at Dave, hesitant. Dave looks down at the table.

Tracy grabs Javier's hand and shakes it.

Don LAUGHS.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
Good. We'll be going now. Your
husband's got our number.

Both gang members rise from their seats.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
We look forward to working with
you.

DON
Adios.

The men walk out the front door. Dave and Tracy sit at the
table, stunned.

DAVE
I thought I had it under control,
okay?

Tracy shakes her head.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Don't act like you're some saint,
Trace. You've fucked up, too.

Tracy LAUGHS bitterly.

TRACY
You really like to bring up Ben in
times like these, don't you?

DAVE
I chose to stay with you!

Tracy JUMPS out of her seat, furious.

TRACY
WELL, I DIDN'T PUT MY FAMILY IN
FUCKING DANGER!

Silence.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(quieter)

So, now it's all up to me, huh? You know what Dave, I don't know what happened to you. You promised me when we got married that I would never have to fear being homeless again. You swore that! And now, now...

Tracy wipes away budding tears.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm going to bed. The couch is all yours.

Tracy storms out of the room, leaving Dave alone.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Tracy and Caran canvas a quiet neighborhood. Tracy irritably crams company flyers into mailbox arms.

CARAN

(warily)

You alright?

TRACY

Peachy.

CARAN

Sarcasm, got it.

Tracy's phone RINGS. She answers it.

TRACY

Bob?

BOB (V.O.)

Jackie got Davenport.

TRACY

Sorry, what?

BOB (V.O.)

Davenport's going to sign the Atlanta deal with Goldshore. Heard it through the grapevine.

TRACY

Wait a minute, how do you know for sure they're going through with it?

BOB (V.O.)

One of our people was over at Goldshore closing a deal and they said Davenport was in Jackie's office for hours. Not to mention the fact they both partied in Savannah this weekend. Check social.

Tracy whips out her phone and opens up Instagram.

INSERT - TRACY'S PHONE SCREEN

Jackie's recent posts show her and an inebriated Davenport dancing together.

TRACY

So what, Bob? This doesn't prove anything.

BOB (V.O.)

Tracy, don't pursue Davenport anymore. We need to know when we've lost. Let's start working on getting a head start elsewhere.

TRACY

That's bullshit! Just because little miss princess threw a party we're going to just quit?

BOB (V.O.)

It's only your first week. I didn't expect you to be back on your A-game so soon. Just finish up canvassing and head back to the office.

TRACY

Bob, you don't understand. I need this deal! I can get it!

Bob hangs up. Tracy stands dumbfounded.

CARAN

Everything okay, Tracy? Sounds like it wasn't good news.

TRACY

It definitely wasn't.

CARAN

Would this be a bad time to say
that half of my flyers are cut
wrong?

Tracy glances at the pile in Caran's hands. Half the text on
the flyers is missing.

Tracy crumples her own flyers.

TRACY

We're done here.

CARAN

We still have half the street--

TRACY

Then finish up. I'm going home.

Tracy shoves the wrinkled flyers into Caran's hands.

CARAN

What happened, Tracy?

TRACY

You want to know? My ass of a
husband blew our money on cards and
now, my family is about to lose our
house! Imagine, a realtor, with no
house! That's fucking incredible,
isn't it? And now the Davenport
deal is a bust because of some
trust fund brat who probably sleeps
with half her clients! God, what is
actually happening right now?!

CARAN

Tracy, I had no idea.

Caran's eyes brighten.

CARAN (CONT'D)

(excitedly)

But, you know, I talked to Tim
yesterday, and I think I have
something that could--

TRACY

Stop, Caran. Just stop. I don't
know what program you graduated
from, but I don't have time to take
care of another child.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

You barely know anything about this business and because of that, I lost the deal that would have fixed everything. I can't do my work and babysit you at the same time. You slow me down.

Tracy STOMPS down the street, leaving Caran behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CRENSHAW HOME - NIGHT

Tracy reclines in a green armchair, boxed wine in hand. HGTV plays on the TV. Tracy takes a huge swig.

TRACY

(mockingly)

I make organic crayons for a living. Doesn't mean you need a penthouse, Janet.

Offscreen, the front door OPENS. Dave walks into frame.

DAVE

Trace?

Tracy stays silent.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What happened?

TRACY

Goldshore has Davenport. Now, I'm going to have to pull some other massive deal out of my ass to make your thug friends happy.

Dave freezes.

DAVE

You didn't get the deal?

TRACY

That's what I just said. I hope you're doing something on your end to fix this too since this is your fault.

DAVE

I'm picking up more flights. But I don't think that'll be enough on its own...

TRACY

Well, at this point, we're going to
have to start looking at motels.

Tracy takes another swig.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'll sleep down here tonight. Help
yourself to the bedroom.

Dave hesitates.

DAVE

I'm sorry, Tracy.

He leaves.

INT. KITCHEN, CARAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A kitchen decorated with succulents and inspirational prints.

Caran pours a mug of newly-made tea and walks to the table.
GERALD NIKOPOLOUS, 72, with wiry white hair, sits reading the
obituary page of the local NEWSPAPER.

Caran sets down the tea and Gerald SIGHS.

CARAN

What's wrong, Gramps?

GERALD

Oh, nothing. Just another old
friend biting the dust. William was
always a wild one.

Caran peeks over his shoulder to look at the page. As she
skims, her eyes fall upon another obit.

She GASPS.

CARAN

No flipping way.

EXT. BACK PATIO, CRENSHAW HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

A wooden patio overlooking a grassy backyard. A BLANKET OF
STARS shines overhead.

Tracy kicks back the last of the wine. She leans on the
railing, deep in thought.

TRACY
Just my luck, right, dad?

Tracy looks up into the sky.

TRACY (CONT'D)
I really thought I'd still have it
after all this time. Can't say I
didn't try. I know you'd be proud
of me for that.

Tracy shakes her head.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Some divine intervention could
really come in handy right about
now.

Caran's head pops out behind the fence.

CARAN
Tracy!

Tracy jumps and almost falls over.

TRACY
Mother of Christ, Caran! What the
hell?!

Caran jumps the fence, NEWSPAPER in hand.

CARAN
The deal's not over yet.

TRACY
Davenport?

CARAN
Yeah! I've got a lead that might
get us in.

TRACY
Caran, stop. Bob said it was over.

CARAN
Just look at this!

Caran holds up the obituary page.

CARAN (CONT'D)
Look who just passed away.

TRACY
Danielle Davenport?

CARAN

Michael's mom! I did some digging and, apparently, she had the highest investment in Davenport Developments. Now, the whole company's shaken up! The public viewing is tomorrow morning, so you could totally convince Michael to choose us over Jackie! You told me that the best realtors connect with people. You could totally convince Michael to choose us over Jackie!

Tracy stares at Caran.

TRACY

Why do you want to help me?

Caran looks down at the ground.

CARAN

To be honest, I really wanted to go to art school, but it wasn't something my parents approved of, and I couldn't pay for college myself. I figured I'd raise some money through this job first and then start studying photography when I had enough.

(beat)

But after I got paired up with you, I realized that this job isn't only for me to help myself. We're partners now, and we need to look out for each other. That means making sure we can save your house.

TRACY

Alright, stop the cheese express. I get it.

Tracy and Caran share a LAUGH.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Thank you. And sorry for blowing up at you earlier today. That was real bitchy and uncalled for. No hard feelings?

CARAN

None at all.

Tracy takes in Caran's rainbow aesthetic.

TRACY
You wear any black?

CARAN
Don't own a single thing.

Tracy checks her phone.

TRACY
Old Navy closes in twenty minutes.
Let's go get you some funeral
couture.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

EXT. MEGACHURCH, DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - DAY

Tracy and Caran stand in a CROWD OF GUESTS.

TRACY
You ready?

CARAN
Born ready.

Tracy and Caran walk up the stairs into...

INT. MEGACHURCH, DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - CONTINUOUS

Tracy and Caran walk into the main hall where GUESTS drink champagne and eat tapas.

Tracy and Caran look around.

TRACY
See him?

CARAN
No...but I do see someone familiar.
(louder)
Tim! Hey!

Tim notices the two women and walks over.

TIM
Tracy! Caran! Glad you made it.

TRACY
Hi, Tim. So sorry I had to leave
the other day.

TIM
Oh, no worries! Caran and I had a
great talk about the development.

Tracy looks at Caran, confused.

CARAN
When you left, I told Tim about my
photography business and how my
friends and I could take care of
the marketing side of things if
they signed with us.

TIM
Having that in-house would be a
huge save for Davenport.

Tracy smiles at Caran.

TRACY
Caran does love the arts.

Caran beams.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Does that mean we have a deal?

TIM
I wouldn't say that just yet.
Mike's still on the fence.

Tracy notices Michael at the far end of the room.

TRACY
Not for long.

Tracy straightens herself and walks over. She extends her
hand.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Mr. Davenport? Tracy Crenshaw--

Michael shakes her hand.

MICHAEL
From the party. Yes, I remember
you. How thoughtful of you to come.

TRACY
Of course. I'm sorry for your loss.

MICHAEL
It was her time. I'll miss her
dearly, though.

TRACY
I'm sure she was well loved. Do
you mind if I take a seat?

MICHAEL
By all means, please do.

Tracy joins him and makes an effort to look around.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Looking for someone?

TRACY

Odd. I thought Jackie would be here. You two seem close.

MICHAEL

Now that you mention it, I haven't seen her at all.

TRACY

Hmm. I'd figure she'd want to support a friend. Business is business, but we're all here for each other at the end of the day.

MICHAEL

Good words to live by.

Michael looks around for Jackie too.

TRACY

Well, I'm glad you're surrounded by friends. If there's anything you need, please let me know.

Michael stops looking and turns back to Tracy.

MICHAEL

Actually, there is something. I was prepared to go with Goldshore for the Atlanta deal because of their recent sales record, but now I'm back in the grey. Got a pitch?

Tracy smiles.

TRACY

Hawthorne Realty would be an excellent partner. Our agents are seasoned veterans who would make sure rates are attractive as well as competitive. Our junior agent, Ms. Nikopolous, has a team of experienced photographers who are prepared to help market your new properties, cutting you thousands of dollars in costs. Our mission is to help your name gain traction in Atlanta and make sure people remember who Michael Davenport is. After all, a deal is only as good as the people you make it with.

A beat.

Michael nods but doesn't seem entirely sold.

Tracy comes to a realization.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Also, I have personal connections in the Georgia State Senate who could help cut other constructions costs and secure permits faster.

Michael's brows raise.

MICHAEL

Really? Wouldn't have thought you'd be one to dabble in politics.

TRACY

Having friends in high places yields profitable results. Hawthorne will strive to make this deal a success like no other. As a realtor, I give you my word that I will do all in my power to bring your developments to maximum fruition.

A beat of silence.

Michael slowly begins to smile.

MICHEAL

Welcome back, Mrs. Crenshaw.

Tracy shoots a wink Caran's way.

The junior agent SQUEALS and hugs Tim, who hesitantly hugs back.

INT. MEETING ROOM - HAWTHORNE REALTY - DAY

A crowd of COWORKERS APPLAUD Tracy as she enters the room. In her hands is a NEWSPAPER. The fourth page reads: "DAVENPORT SIGNS WITH HAWTHORNE."

Caran gives Tracy a high five. Bob stands at the head of the table and gives her a thumbs up. Tracy beams.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE, GOLDSHORE REALTY - DAY

A modern, bubblegum pink office.

Jackie tears up the same NEWSPAPER and SCREAMS.

INT. DINING ROOM, CRENSHAW HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

A lively scene. Caran and Ryan gobble down cookies. Lucas watches the spectacle.

Tracy stands by the counter, content. Dave walks in.

DAVE
Congratulations, honey.

Tracy rolls her eyes but smiles.

TRACY
We're going to have to come up
with a game plan tomorrow to make
sure things go well from here on
out.

DAVE
I'll call our friends tomorrow.

TRACY
Speaking of which, I need to do
something.

Tracy walks into...

INT. FOYER, CRENSHAW HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Tracy pulls out her PHONE.

INSERT - TRACY'S PHONE SCREEN

She pulls up a contact.

It's Ben's.

She types a quick message.

TRACY (TEXT)
Hey, I need a big favor.

She thinks it over for a moment and then hits send.

Three dots appear under Ben's name.

He's typing back.

END OF PILOT.