

SUCCESSION

Episode #107.5

"Sleeping Dogs Bite"

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SUCCESSION

EPISODE 107.5 - "Sleeping Dogs Bite"

PREVIOUSLY ON:

FROM HBO:

Succession tracks the lives of the Roy family as they contemplate their future once their aging father (Brian Cox) begins to step back from the media and entertainment conglomerate they control.

This episode is set in the month between episode 107, "Austerlitz" and episode 108, "Prague."

The family is fractured after Kendall attempted to oust his father, Logan, as CEO. In order to push through a politically sensitive deal, Logan gathered the family at Connor's ranch for "family therapy" which was really a cover for a PR campaign designed to present them as wholesome and happy despite the attempted coup.

Seeing through the sham, Shiv accepted a job with Gil Eavis, a sworn enemy of Logan's, to help him get elected President where he has made it known that his first target to take down is Logan and his media empire that is "poisoning the well of public discourse."

Despite knowing the whole thing was a set up, Roman does the photo shoot in an effort to win his father's love. He thinks he's moving in the right direction when Logan asks him to head up the satellite launch they have in the works.

Not wanting anything to do with the family, Kendall skips out on therapy at first. He shows up later and ends his sobriety when he gets high with some meth heads he met at a bar. The drugs give him the courage to confront Logan about the bullshit hit pieces he's been planting in the press in retaliation for Kendall's wrongful termination lawsuit.

Tom is engaged to Shiv and has no idea that she occasionally sleeps with old boyfriend and current colleague, Nate. Tom is a Mid-Westerner who is desperate to prove that he belongs in the world of the Roys.

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CAST LIST

LOGAN ROY	BRIAN COX
KENDALL ROY	JEREMY STRONG
MARCIA ROY	HIAM ABBASS
GREG HIRSCH	NICHOLAS BRAUN
SHIV ROY	SARAH SNOOK
ROMAN ROY	KIERAN CULKIN
TOM WAMBSGANS	MATTHEW MACFADYEN
RAVA ROY	NATALIE GOLD
SOPHIE ROY (k)	OMIT
IVERSON ROY (K)	OMIT
AMIR	DARIUS HOMAYOUN
JEANE	PEGGY J. SCOTT
GERRI KELLMAN	J. SMITH CAMERON
EVA	JUDY REYES
GIL EAVIS	ERIC BOGOSIAN
NATE SOFRELLI	ASHLEY ZUDERMAN
LEONORA	TBD
TRISTAN	TBD
CORA	TBD
JAMIE (k)	OMIT
LISA	TBD

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CAST LIST - CONTINUED

KEVIN	TBD
ASSISTANT	TBD
ENGINEER	TBD
GUARD	TBD
HOUSEKEEPER	TBD
NURSE	TBD
OFFICER	TBD
PILOT	TBD
STAGE MANAGER	TBD

INT. KENDALL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

KENDALL ROY sleeps. It's ugly. There's drool. Piles of color-coded cryptocurrency research surround him on the bed.

RAVA ROY opens the door and regards him for a moment. She strides to the window and throws open the drapes.

RAVA

It's a beautiful day outside and
you are missing it.

Kendall snorts awake. Blinks up at Rava.

KENDALL

Wha -?

RAVA

Enough's enough, Kendall. You've
been cooped up in this house by
yourself since you got back from
New Mexico. I thought therapy was
supposed to make you better.

KENDALL

I'm not cooped up. I'm regrouping.
Exploring new sectors of the
market. Planning my next move.
Cryptocurrency is gonna be huge.

RAVA

Well, planning time's over. I need
you to watch the kids today. Can
you handle that?

He's wide awake now.

KENDALL

The kids? Yes. I get them? All day?

RAVA

Unless you'd rather stay in bed -

KENDALL

No, no. I'm up. I'm up.

He scrambles into the bathroom.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

SHIV ROY studies Gil's calendar on her iPad while on the phone. A huge chunk of time is blacked out. She tries to edit it. Access denied.

SHIV

I understand, Moira. I'll let you know when his schedule frees up. Cross my heart.

She hangs up. Rolls her eyes at NATE SOFRELLI.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Vultures. She's got her nerve after the bullshit they pulled last time.
(re: the schedule)
Any idea what this is?

Nate takes a peek over Shiv's shoulder. Stands a little too close. Crowding her. She smiles. Liking it. And him.

NATE

Oh, that. Yeah. I'll take care of it.

SHIV

I didn't ask if you'd take care of it. I asked what it was.

NATE

It's personal. Off limits.

SHIV

Off limits? We're trying to get him elected President of the United States. Things stopped being off limits when he announced.

Trying for a distraction -

NATE

You smell good.

SHIV

While you reek of bullshit. What's the deal here? I can't work for him if he's keeping things from me.

NATE

He's not keeping things from you. I'm protecting him.

SHIV

You're protecting him? From me?

Nate sighs and sinks into a chair.

NATE

Not exactly. Look. It's a charity ball. For an organization he's championing.

SHIV

Unless the charity is Dominatrix 'r' Us, this is great. Why all the secrecy?

NATE

Suicide prevention. I knew if you found out, you'd want the press there. Turn it into a circus.

SHIV

Of course I'd want the press there. This is great. It's exactly what we need to get the far left to fall in love with him. Show his emotional side. How progressive he is.

NATE

That's why I didn't tell you. It's a private thing he does. He doesn't want politics to overshadow it.

SHIV

He's a star. He's supposed to -

NATE

Leave it alone, Shiv.

The unusually stern tone in his voice brings her up short.

SHIV

Okay. Geez. I'll leave it alone.

She walks away. She's not leaving it alone.

EXT. PARK - DAY

SOPHIE ROY takes turns on a swing with a couple girls. Other kids swirl and play around them.

IVERSON ROY explores some tree roots off by himself.

Kendall, on a park bench, splits his attention between his kids and his phone.

A soccer ball smacks his phone hand. He almost drops it.

JAMIE (10) trots up. Impatiently motions for Kendall to return the ball.

KENDALL
What? You want this?

JAMIE
Yeah, dude. Just throw it already.

Kendall instantly hates the little shit.

KENDALL
Oh - okay. Yeah. Sure. *Dude.*

Kendall half kicks the ball. The opposite direction.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Oops. Never been good at that.

Jamie rolls his eyes and chases after it.

CORA, with a super food smoothie and cell phone in hand, crowds in between Kendall and another parent on the bench.

CORA
Sorry about that. We're still working on manners. And his scissor kick.
(re: the children)
Which one is yours?

Vague nod -

KENDALL
Him and her.

Cora looks around the park. At all the "hims" and "hers."

CORA
Who now?

Annoyed she's not going away, Kendall looks up from his phone. His response dies when he spots Jamie bouncing the ball off Iverson's head. Other kids surround them, laughing.

KENDALL
The one your kid is currently assaulting.

Kendall rushes over to intervene. Knocks the ball away.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
That's so not cool.
(to Iverson)
You okay, buddy?

He kneels to check on Iverson.

JAMIE
We weren't doing anything.

KENDALL
Really? 'Cause it looked like you
were, you know, bouncing a ball off
my kid's head.

JAMIE
We were just playing.

KENDALL
Go play somewhere else.

Iverson clings to Kendall. Self-soothes. Jamie clocks this.

JAMIE
What a freak. What's wrong with him
anyway?

KENDALL
Nothing is - just -

Wait. Why explain to this jerk?

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Fuck off.

The kids gasp at his language. Cora arrives just in time to hear it.

CORA
Did you just tell my kid to
(dramatic sotto)
F off?

Cornered, Kendall looks around.

KENDALL
No.

IVERSON
Fuck off. Fuck off. Fuck off.

Cora glares at Kendall.

CORA
I supposed he didn't learn that
foul language from you.

KENDALL
Actually, you can fuck off, too.

CORA
You don't own this park. We have as
much of a right to be here as you.

Petty - Kendall joins Iverson in his chant -

KENDALL IVERSON
Fuck off. Fuck off. Fuck off. Fuck off. Fuck off. Fuck off.

CORA
Come on Jamie. We don't have to
stand here and listen to such filth.

She pulls him away. As they go -

JAMIE
What's wrong with that boy?

CORA
He's what happens when ill-informed
parents insist on vaccinating their
children. Sad isn't it?

She throws a haughty look over her shoulder at Kendall.
Making sure he heard.

He did and his head's about to explode.

KENDALL
What the fuck, lady? I mean, what
the actual fuck?

CORA
Don't get mad at me. You're the one
who put that poison in your son.
And caused - well - that.
(re: Iverson)
Such a pitiful creature.

KENDALL
Pitiful crea - Talk about a
bullshit premise.

Kendall picks up Iverson and follows them.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

You don't know that a vaccine made him who he is or not. Even if it did, so what? Unless what you actually mean is that you'd prefer to have a dead child than one who might be a little different?

Sophie spots the commotion and races over.

CORA

Not all of us are willing to settle for a child that's less than. Who stares at a tree for hours.

SOPHIE

Dad? What's wrong?

Anger getting the best of him, his stutter surfaces.

KENDALL

Tre - trees are b-b-beautiful.

CORA

(patronizing)

Yeah. Okay.

Kendall's not about to let that stand. Goes for the jugular.

KENDALL

Hey, kid. How's it feel to know your mom won't love you when you're not perfect?

Jamie's lip quivers.

JAMIE

Mom?

Cora glares at Kendall.

CORA

Do not speak to my child.

KENDALL

(still to Jamie)

You'll never live up to her expectations. She literally set you up to die. Just to make sure you'd stay aggressively mediocre. Just like every other kid here.

Sophie flinches at that. Is her dad talking about her, too?

CORA
I'm warning you -

Jamie yanks on Cora's shirttail.

JAMIE
Am I going to die?

CORA
Of course not, sweetheart.

KENDALL
Yep. You are.

Tears well in Jamie's eyes. He takes off running.

CORA
You're an asshole.

She hurries after her kid.

KENDALL
Language.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - ROMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

ROMAN ROY paces his office. Absently tosses a ball. Phone on speaker.

ROMAN
Space is the last frontier. Time to
stake our claim. Position our
satellites in prime spots before
all the other assholes arrive.

ENGINEER
Hai, Roy-san. Unfortunately, it is
not that simple. There are factors -

ROMAN
Takashi, uh, Takashi-san.

The honorific title still sounds disrespectful from Roman.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You are the best engineer - I mean
the top of your field. I have faith
in you to figure it out.

He hangs up. His computer wakes up when he plops at his desk.
News notifications pop nonstop.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

He checks them. Hates what he reads.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - EVA'S OFFICE - DAY

EVA juggles multiple phones while referencing several morning news programs on monitors lining one wall. ATN plays on the largest monitor.

EVA
I see it.

Roman pokes his head in before the rest of his body follows.

Eva clocks his arrival. As if her day couldn't get worse. She holds up a finger.

EVA (CONT'D)
Rerun the Eavis tape for now. We'll
go live in the next hour.

She watches until the middle monitor transitions from a commercial to a previous broadcast of Gil Eavis at a town hall. Hangs up and turns her attention to Roman.

EVA (CONT'D)
We're handling it.

ROMAN
You're handling it? Is that why my
name is all over every news outlet
in the country. Accusing me of
shooting somebody?

EVA
They're not accusing you of
shooting somebody. They're
reporting that you inspired the
events that led up to the shooting.
There's a difference.

ROMAN
That's some bullshit hair splitting.

EVA
It's also true.

Silence stretches between them. She's not volunteering any further info. Roman exasperated -

ROMAN

So, you gonna fill me in or what?

EVA

Perhaps you should talk to Gerri. I presumed you're concerned with how this might affect your image? She's in a better position to -

ROMAN

To do what? To shut your reporter up? Why is he out there claiming that he was following my orders when he got that dude shot anyway?

Roman slumps in a chair. He's not going away. Eva settles in.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I don't even know this guy.

EVA

You do. Tristan Cummings. He sat right where you're sitting now when you told him to do what he had to do to get the story in service of the ATN narrative.

ROMAN

I was trying to be nice. What the fuck?

EVA

He covered Black Friday for us. A black man picked up a toy gun.

She cues up the footage on one of the monitors.

EVA (CONT'D)

Tristan called the police. Then filmed the whole incident.

On the screen: a BLACK MAN inspects a toy gun. Eight COPS swarm him from nowhere. Startled, he turns - toy gun in hand.

Cops open fire. Twenty-six rounds hit their mark. He drops.

Eva pauses the video on the gruesome scene.

ROMAN

Jesus fucking Christ. Can we spin it? Make it plausible he was a threat?

EVA
You did just watch the video,
right?

ROMAN
Yeah, well - I mean. Fuck.

EVA
Just leave it alone, Roman.

She goes for his jugular.

EVA (CONT'D)
I don't think your father would be
pleased if the FCC stripped us of
our license.

Roman eyes her. Then walks out without another word leaving
her to wonder if she went too far.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - SECURITY LOBBY - DAY

AMIR, baby-faced and gentle mannerisms, checks in with the
security desk. The GUARD, on the phone, waits for an answer.

GREG HIRSCH enters the building, hands full with several
coffees precariously balanced. He spots Amir.

GUARD
I'm sorry. Still no answer.

AMIR
I understand.

GREG
Amir? Hello? Greg. We met at
Thanksgiving.

Greg moves to shake Amir's hand, but remembers the coffee
just in time. Juggles them back into balance.

AMIR
(slight French accent)
Oopsie. Ah yes. Greg. How are you?

GREG
I didn't realize you were still in
the States.

AMIR
Just flew back. I have a meeting
with my step-father.

GREG
Oh. I can walk you -
(to the guard)
Can I walk him up?

GUARD
You vouch for him?

GREG
I - yes.

The guard nods. Slides over a visitor's badge.

Greg and Amir head for the elevators, passing a coffee cart as they go. Seeing Amir's questioning look -

GREG (CONT'D)
Oh - they don't carry the blend
that Tom prefers.

INT. WAYSTAR ADVENTURE PARKS FLOOR - DAY

The elevator opens. Greg and Amir step out.

GREG
Just need to drop these off -

TOM WAMBSGANS rounds the corner. Spots Greg, but not Amir.

TOM
Did you go all the way to Morocco
for my coffee or what?
(seeing Amir)
Amir. What brings you back to this
continent? And so soon.

Tom juggles his papers so he can shake hands with Amir.

GREG
He's meeting with Logan. I'm just
showing him the way.

TOM
I see.

AMIR
You know how it is. When the boss
calls -

TOM
You hop on a private jet and cross
an ocean. We've all been there.

Amir checks out the office. Tom's domain.

While Greg quickly delivers coffee to the few employees -

AMIR

You have your own quaint corner of
the world here. So quiet. Nice.

Tom tries to read the sincerity. Fails.

TOM

It is home away from home.

AMIR

Are all your employees at lunch?
The parks division is such a large
entry on the books. I expected more
people.

TOM

Yes. We are more. People, I mean.
Just not here. The bulk of our
staff are at the parks themselves.
We're just the brain. We run
everything in the division from
right here.

Amir takes another look around.

Greg rejoins them. Recalls the elevator.

AMIR

Impressive.

Tom eyes him. Was that facetious or no?

TOM

Thanks for stopping by. Don't let
me be the reason you keep Logan
waiting.

AMIR

Take care, Tom.

TOM

Take care, Amir.

Tom's phony smile falls away the moment the elevator doors
close behind them. He surveys the floor with its scant staff.

INT. WAYSTAR EXECUTIVE FLOOR - OUTSIDE LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Greg and Amir head for Jeane's desk. She's just coming back. Still scrubbing coffee out of her skirt.

JEANE

Oh, Amir. I'm so sorry. I hope you weren't waiting long.

They do a quick European double kiss.

AMIR

The wait was worth it to see you.

JEANE

You charmer. Go on in. I cleared his calendar just for you.

AMIR

Thank you.

(to Greg)

Thanks for the rescue. I won't forget it.

Amir is already inside before Greg can croak out -

GREG

Welcome.

Jeane eyes Greg with disdain. He scrambles away.

INT. KENDALL'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Kendall, still enjoying the high of putting Cora in her place, has dinner with Sophie and Iverson. Sophie picks at her gourmet meal. Kendall clocks this.

KENDALL

What's the matter, sweetheart? Chef prepared your favorites.

She shrugs. Steals a glance at Iverson who methodically works his way through his food. Works up her courage -

SOPHIE

Did you mean it?

KENDALL

Mean what?

SOPHIE

That I'm "of only moderate quality, not very good."

Thoroughly confused -

KENDALL
What?

SOPHIE
Mediocre. I looked it up. You said -

RAVA (O.S.)
Kendall!

Father and daughter turn to see Rava as she joins them. She rounds the table, kissing the tops of Iverson's and Sophie's heads. Points to the kitchen.

RAVA (CONT'D)
Hello, my babies.
(to Kendall)
May I have a word?

Without waiting for his response, she heads into the other room. Puzzled, Kendall follows.

Sophie deflates. She's already forgotten.

INT. KENDALL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rava paces. Anger evident with every step. Kendall joins her.

KENDALL
What is it? What's wrong?

RAVA
You really don't know?

KENDALL
No? I - uh - really don't.

RAVA
Did you get in a fight today with a mommy blogger?

KENDALL
A mommy blogger? No. I had words with - oh.

RAVA
Yeah, "oh." Jesus, Kendall.

KENDALL
And I wouldn't classify it as a "fight" per se.
(MORE)

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Words were exchanged. They may have been heated. Or spoken in anger.

RAVA

In other words - like the ones she just posted on her blog - a fight.

KENDALL

Her kid was bouncing a ball off Iverson's head. What was I supposed to do? Just let that go?

RAVA

Great. You rescued him from the lesser threat while leaving him open to a larger one.

Rava shows him her phone. Notifications keep popping up as more people comment on the post.

KENDALL

You subscribe to her blog?

RAVA

No. I subscribed to the entry where she posted a photo shaming my child.

KENDALL

Fuck off. Really?

He takes her phone to scroll through the page. Finds a clandestine picture of Iverson sitting by the tree.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

What the fuck? She must've taken this before we spoke. Was she stalking us or something?

RAVA

I don't care when she took it. I care that she put my kid's face on a post that's going viral.

KENDALL

I'll take care of it.

Rava takes a moment. Shakes her head after she calms.

RAVA

No. Whatever you do at this point will only make things worse. One of her readers ID'd you and tagged ATN. They haven't picked it up yet, but - Your dad's still upset -

KENDALL

I know. I promise. I'll leave it
alone. Let it all blow over.
Everything will be fine.

Rava studies him. Marginally reassured.

RAVA

We should probably head home.

KENDALL

Let them finish dinner.
(feigned nonchalance)
There's plenty for you. You know -
if you haven't eaten.

She smiles. He grabs her a plate then they head back in the
dining room.

INT. TOM & SHIV'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shiv is propped up in bed with her laptop. Googling the shit
out of fund-raisers in the D.C. area. Matches them with Gil's
blacked out schedule.

An entity for suicide prevention pops. Shiv sits up. Excited.

SHIV

Of course!

Tom comes in. Gives Shiv a quick kiss then wearily strips
down to get in his PJs.

TOM

Of course what?

SHIV

Society of Suicide Survivors.
That's gotta be it.
(excitement dying)
Why is he keeping this from me?
Talk about a worthy cause. The
press would totally eat this up.

Tom buzzes between the bedroom and bathroom while he changes.

TOM (O.S.)

The press does love a good suicide.

SHIV

No. I mean Gil's involvement with
them. The group.
(searches the charity)
(MORE)

SHIV (CONT'D)

Wow. My dad has watches that cost more than their annual operating revenue. Gil could use his profile to really help them grow. I don't understand why he doesn't.

Tom takes a quick look at her screen.

TOM

"Choose life." Simple motto. I like it.

SHIV

Yeah. I mean, that's unfortunate. But I can spin that for his pro-choice base. I mean, they're basically the same group. "Choice", "Choose." That's common ground. Not a difficult sell at all.

TOM

You can sell anything, Shiv.

He climbs in bed beside her.

SHIV

When he says he doesn't want press, he doesn't really mean that he *doesn't* want press, right?

TOM

Everybody wants press.

SHIV

Right? I mean, what's with all these mixed signals?

TOM

Exactly. One minute, he's all, "are all your employees at lunch?" The next he's all "impressive."

Shiv grabs her phone to dial.

SHIV

What's that?

TOM

I'm just wondering - What did Amir mean by "impressive?" Is he impressed that we get so much done with a small staff? Or is it impressive that I'd put up with such a small staff?

SHIV

I have no idea what you're saying.
Wait. Amir is in town?

TOM

You didn't know?

The call is answered.

SHIV

Hi there. Is this Margaret? This is
Siobhan Roy. I work for Gil Eavis.
I haven't received my tickets for
the ball on Thursday and just
wanted to confirm -

(beat)

Oh. No, no. It's fine. I'm sure
it's just a mix up. My assistant
will be in touch with the address.
Thanks!

She hangs up and looks at Tom.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Well. We know none of that operating
budget is allocated to security.
You're free on Thursday, right?

TOM

Oh. Uh - yeah. Totally. Well. Mostly.

SHIV

Mostly?

TOM

I have some people coming in. From
the parks. And the cruise line. I
thought it would be good to have
them all meet. Foster a more
collaborative environment.

SHIV

(mimics him)

Foster a more collaborative
environment? You want the theme
park staff to collaborate with the
cruise line staff? On what? They're
in vastly different businesses.

TOM

Well, no. Not really. Guest
relations overlap. They all deal
with customers directly.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I think it would be good, you know,
to interact. Share ideas of what
works and what doesn't.

Shiv smiles. She might be a little proud.

SHIV

Look at you. Thinking outside the
box and making moves.

TOM

So you don't think it's too much? I
mean, I'm flying them in from
around the world.

SHIV

(shrugging)

Not like you were sending the jet
to pick them up.

Beat. He totally was.

TOM

Of course not. Overkill much?
(laughs it off)
So, uh, yeah. It might be a little
tough to get away on Thursday.

SHIV

Oh no, no. I totally get it.
Besides, who knows what kind of
shitshow these flyover folk will
put on.

TOM

Perhaps that's why Gil doesn't want
any press - afraid to be
embarrassed?

SHIV

Nothing embarrassing about charity.
We can't buy better publicity than
this. And right now, we need it.

TOM

What if, maybe, he's telling you to
invite them, you know, without
telling you to invite them?

SHIV

You think? He had to have known
that blacking out his schedule like
that would make me chase this down.

(MORE)

SHIV (CONT'D)
Crafty ole bastard. I know just who
to leak this to.

INT. KENDALL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alone in bed. Kendall scrolls through Cora's blog.

Post after post shames parents of vaccinated kids who are
also on the spectrum.

He studies the photos of the unsuspecting kids. Notes the
background is from the park they were in.

Pissed, Kendall dials his phone. It's picked up after a few
RINGS.

KENDALL
Hey - uh Frank. Oh. It's that late?
Sorry. But while you're up, what do
you know about buying a city park?

INT. WAYSTAR EXECUTIVE FLOOR - GERRI'S OFFICE - DAY

GERRI KELLMAN works at her desk. Roman peeks his head in.

ROMAN
Hey Gerri. Got a moment?

The rest of his body follows as she looks up.

GERRI
I don't.

ROMAN
Great. I've been thinking -

GERRI
Why did I just get hives? It's
handled, Roman. You don't have to
worry about it.

ROMAN
Oh. Yeah, yeah. I totally know
that. It's just - that's our
footage, right? Of the shooting.
Could we just - I don't know. And
I'm just spitballing here. Lose it?

Gerri blinks up at him. Needing that moment to calm her blood
pressure and rethink her law degree.

GERRI

Since we're "spitballing" - Say we misplace the footage. Then what? You think we're in hot water now. Try telling the authorities that it's suddenly unavailable.

ROMAN

It does change the narrative.

GERRI

Yes. Instead of headlines with a bullshit accusation, we suddenly have headlines - that are true - about obstruction of justice. Do you really want to leap out of this skillet and into that fire?

Roman shuffles his feet like a little kid in trouble. Shrugs.

ROMAN

No. I suppose not. But we've got to do something. I just got off the phone with our engineering team in Japan. They're refusing to move forward because of my so-called "disregard for human life." Like, what? I totally have regard for human life.

GERRI

I don't know what to tell you, Roman. This will blow over. Short of Tristan recanting his statement, it's just gonna take time.

Seeing the futility in continuing the conversation, Roman leaves the office. Gerri gets back to work.

After a moment, he pokes his head back in.

ROMAN

Any chance he was a fugitive and on the FBI's Most Wanted List? We could make the case that they should give me a fucking medal.

Without looking up -

GERRI

He was a Youth Pastor and father of three. Married to his childhood sweetheart. Beloved in the community.

Out of ideas, Roman slinks away.

INT. WAYSTAR ADVENTURE PARKS FLOOR - KITCHEN - DAY

Greg makes himself a cup of tea. It's free, but his mannerisms make it look like he's stealing it.

A bunch of Cruise line and Park MANAGERS stream by in the hallway. He watches curiously. His eyes widen when he spots a familiar face. LEONORA - the boss who fired him in the pilot.

He ducks deeper into the kitchen.

Tom brings up the rear of the people. Spots Greg trying to be invisible. Stops.

TOM
Whatcha doin' buddy?

Greg - a deer in headlights.

GREG
Ah. Nothing? Buddy?

TOM
Yeah. We're buddies, right? You're like my work wife.

GREG
Your work wife?

TOM
You know. Like my wife. Just at work.

GREG
Wouldn't Shiv be your work wife? After the wedding, I mean.

TOM
Shiv will be my wife - wife. We don't work together. So how can she be my work wife?

GREG
Okay?

Tom crowds in.

TOM
Why ya hiding in here?

GREG

Oh - uh. I'm not hiding.

TOM

Really? 'Cause it looks like hiding.

GREG

I don't think it does.

TOM

Are you telling me that I don't know what I see with my own eyes?

GREG

No. Of course not. I just - maybe - there was a misinterpretation?

TOM

Fuck off. Anyway. We're going out. Everybody's here from the cruise lines and parks and we're gonna paint this town red.

GREG

We are?

TOM

Yes, Greg. I'm taking my entire staff. My great, big, huge staff, out for the time of your lives.

GREG

Is that who all those people are? Your entire staff?

TOM

Well, not the *entire* staff. Just the managers. Geez, Greg, how do you think the ships and parks would still operate if I brought *everybody* here at one time? That would be silly.

GREG

So it's not your entire staff? By that logic, I believe that it would be okay if I sit this one out, too.

TOM

Fuck off. You're coming.

Tom leaves Greg to fret in the kitchen.

EXT. KENDALL'S HOUSE - DAY

Roman jams his finger on the buzzer. He's been here a minute.

ROMAN

Kendall, man, open up.

The housekeeper finally answers the door wearing elbow length rubber gloves.

HOUSEKEEPER

Mr. Roy took the kids to the park
about an hour ago.

ROMAN

Which park?

HOUSEKEEPER

Two blocks down one block over.

Roman studies her. Trying to decide if she's lying. He heads off down the street.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Roman stops in disbelief when he sees the scaffolding surrounding the park. Tons of WORKERS install a secure fence around the perimeter. On a deadline.

Roman dials Kendall. He rolls his eyes when the voicemail picks up.

ROMAN

Just checking in. See how you're
doing. And see if you'd - I don't
know - cool it with this war you've
got going with this blogger person.
Our pharmaceutical holdings are
taking a hit and the essential oil
holdings aren't yet robust enough
to make up the shortfall.

Roman winces. He needs his big brother. Clears his throat and gets to the actual point.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, and uh, maybe you heard - I'm
supposedly some kind of murderous
mastermind. That's funny, right?

(beat)

I mean, you know it's not true,
right? Anyway. Come out of your
hidey hole soon, okay. Call me.

A little too emotionally exposed, Roman hangs up. Hurries off down the street. Construction continues at the park.

INT. WAYSTAR ADVENTURE PARKS FLOOR - GREG'S CUBICLE - DAY

Leonora walks by on her way back from the restroom. She wears a gaudy lapel pin with the Waystar Adventure Parks logo on it. She pauses at Greg's cube.

He starts when he turns to see her standing there.

LEONORA

I'm so sorry. I've been trying to place you. Have we met?

GREG

Umm - I

TOM

You're missing all the fun, Leonora.

They turn to see Tom standing in the conference room doorway. Judging by the miserable expressions on the other managers' faces, the fun has missed them, too.

Leonora steels herself.

LEONORA

It'll come to me. I pride myself on being excellent with faces. That's what helps me give our adventure park guests such a singular experience. It earned me the honor of being the Thought Leader in Adventure Park Excellence, three years running. You coming out to dinner with us tonight?

GREG

I - uh - Tom said I had to.

LEONORA

I hope he takes us to California Pizza Kitchen. I had it once on the way to Quebec City. I bet it's even better in the States.

Forgetting himself -

GREG

I like their Cajun chicken linguine.

LEONORA
I love linguine. That sounds
divine.

TOM
Leonora.

LEONORA
Gotta go. Talk later?

She heads back to the conference room with a bright smile.

GREG
(deflated)
Sure.

Greg sighs. Small stay of execution.

EXT. RAVA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kendall waves bye to the kids and Rava. He checks his notifications. Skips over Roman's message. One notification catches his attention. Kendall freezes in the middle of the sidewalk. Pissing off other PEDESTRIANS.

He scrolls through his news app. An ATN Headline jumps out:
Ousted CEO Uses Own Special Needs Son to Shame Mommy Blogger.

Kendall sees red.

EXT. SHERATON - NIGHT

PEOPLE in "fancy for the Midwest" evening attire mill about the entrance, chatting.

A chauffeured Tesla pulls up and Shiv alights from the back looking like a million bucks.

KYLIE RHOADES (46), spots Shiv and breaks off from a group to greet her.

KYLIE
Well, don't you look spectacular.

Shiv takes in Kylie's plump figure poured into an off the rack sequined gown.

SHIV
And you look - sparkly. And happy?

Kylie does a little twirl.

KYLIE

It's what happens when one leaves a shitty, toxic work environment where you have to weigh in before going on the air.

SHIV

It looks good on you.

Kylie links her arm with Shiv's as they head inside.

KYLIE

So. Tell me everything. How's the old bastard doing?

SHIV

Dad's doing just fine.

KYLIE

Damn.

INT. EXCLUSIVE CLUB - VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Tom leads an obviously out of place line of managers through the club. He poses for awkward Instagram selfies with everyone along the way. Tags Amir. Captions them: "Out on the town with my staff!"

Greg brings up the rear. Leonora slows to talk to Greg.

LEONORA

Is the linguine good here?

Greg looks around.

Other patrons in various stages of undress, make out, dance, snort coke or just enjoy the high.

GREG

I don't think they serve that here.

LEONORA

(profound disappointment)

Oh.

The DJ, wearing a giant character head pushes between the two. He blows an impressive stream of smoke from the eye holes as he passes.

Greg makes room for him, but Leonora stands there frozen. Stares at Greg through the smoke.

His smile falls away when he sees her expression.

LEONORA (CONT'D)

You!

INT. SHERATON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Shiv and Kylie stride into the ballroom. They're both taken aback by the overwhelming teal, purple and yellow color scheme. Kylie chuckles.

KYLIE

Not quite the opulence you're used to, huh?

SHIV

Long as it gets the job done.

They move through the regular people who mill about, chatting with one another over cocktails.

Shiv directs Kylie's attention toward GIL EAVIS who works his way from group to group.

KYLIE

And there's no other press here?

SHIV

None.

KYLIE

Thanks for the bone.

She heads off to chat people up.

Shiv makes a beeline for the -

INT. SHERATON BALLROOM - BAR - NIGHT

Nate cuts Shiv off. Not happy to see her.

NATE

What are you doing here, Shiv?

SHIV

What are you talking about? This is a big event on my client's calendar. It's my job to be here.

NATE

This is personal, Shiv. Completely unrelated to the campaign.

SHIV

Uh - I'm not sure you understand
how Presidential campaigns work.
There is no personal anymore.

Nate takes her arm to guide her away. Looking nervously over
his shoulder toward Gil who still hasn't spotted her.

NATE

Why is it, that for once in your
life, you can't just let this go?
Your presence here alone could tip
off the press.

SHIV

And that's a bad thing?

She points to a donation tracker near the front of the room.

SHIV (CONT'D)

That thing is inching up in hundred
dollar increments. Not thousands.
God forbid six figures comes
through. This cause could use a
little press.

Nate just stares at Shiv for a really long time. Like
uncomfortably long.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Would you stop it. What are you
doing?

NATE

I'm just trying to figure things
out. Like how can I hate your guts
so much while at the same time
still be down to fuck you on
command.

SHIV

You say the sweetest things.

NATE

If you prefer, I can tell you how
much I hate you while we're fucking.
But right now, you have to go.

He looks around.

NATE (CONT'D)

And take your plus one - where did
she go? Wait. Was that Kylie
Rhoades? You are unbelievable.

SHIV

You've got so many things wrong.
First, you don't hate me -

NATE

Not a hill you wanna die on.

SHIV

And of course I brought Kylie. Can you think of another reporter who hates my father as much as Gil does? She's the perfect person to cover this event.

NATE

An event Gil specifically said he didn't want spoiled by the press.

SHIV

Technically, she's a blogger -

NATE

Not like anyone's jumping to hire her after ATN blackballed her.

SHIV

The important thing is, her blog has the reach we want. He's down in swing states by three percent.

NATE

Three percent is nothing this early.

SHIV

Maybe it's nothing to you, but I'm here to win. Not just barely eke out the nomination.

INT. EXCLUSIVE CLUB - VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Nervous, Greg looks toward Tom who's ordering bottle service and taking more selfies.

GREG

Uh - yeah. Can we - uh - like - go talk for a minute?

LEONORA

Does Mr. Wambsgans know who you are? What you did? How you violated the sacred trust our guests place in our beloved puppy, Doderick?

GREG

I don't remember it going quite that way.

LEONORA

How exactly do you remember it -
Nope. I don't care. We had to give those kids and their families passes to the park for the next year. We never give park passes for a year!

She whirls on her sensible heel and stalks over to Tom. Greg chases after her.

GREG

If you'll just -

LEONORA

Mr. Wambsgans, I believe we have a problem.

TOM

I'll say we have a problem. You don't have a drink.

He tries to hand her a glass. Snaps another selfie.

LEONORA

You don't understand. What we have here is a serious breach of corporate protocol.

Tom looks from Leonora's stressed face to Greg's frightened one. Sensing a sore spot, Tom stands. All business.

TOM

That does sound serious. Shall we find some privacy?

INT. SHERATON BALLROOM - BAR - NIGHT

GIL (O.S.)

Siobhan. What a surprise to see you.

Nate and Shiv turn to see Gil standing behind them. The surprise is unwelcome.

SHIV

Why is it a surprise? You hired me to help you win the Oval. Events like this can get you there.

GIL

That's not what this event is about.

SHIV

Sorry, no. It's what every event is about. We have millions of voters out there who only see you as the "elite." You're not one of them. Seeing you at a fund-raiser for - pocket change changes that.

Gil smiles through his anger. Directs her attention to the huge banner draped across the front of the room. A picture of a young girl with missing front teeth dominates the center.

GIL

That's our honoree tonight. Lesley. She's seven. She spent this entire last year raising \$213 because her big sister shot herself after being bullied at school.

SHIV

That's sad and all, but with your profile, you can raise so much more. Help so many others -

GIL

Raising the money gave Lesley purpose. Helped her channel her grief in a productive direction. It's not about the amount, Shiv. It never has been. And that is why I didn't want you here.

Gil walks away.

SHIV

What the fuck?

NATE

This isn't your crowd, Shiv. It's not your fault. It's your upbringing. You were taught to value cash over effort. And that's okay.

SHIV

Oh, fuck off.

NATE

Go home to New York.

Nate points her toward the exit. Refusing to remain where she's unwanted, she leaves.

INT. EXCLUSIVE CLUB - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Greg enter. Leonora hesitates on the threshold.

TOM
Are you coming in?

LEONORA
It's the Men's Room. And not
entirely appropriate.

TOM
It's unisex. Whatever.

Some of the wind out of her sails, Leonora joins them.

TOM (CONT'D)
Now. What's this about a breech in
corporate protocol?

Leonora eyes the disgusting urinal, but forges ahead.

LEONORA
I'm sure you're aware of the policy
prohibiting the rehiring of a fired
employee for three years after the
offense.

TOM
Yeah, and -

She nods toward Greg.

LEONORA
I fired him from our management
training program less than nine
months ago. Yet here he is working
for you at corporate. Did he not
disclose the facts surrounding his -
departure?

TOM
No. No, he did not. But I think I'd
like to hear them.

GREG
It was a confusing time for all of
us. We were at the hospital and -
it just never came up.

LEONORA
This young man publicly defiled our
beloved puppy. In front of the
children, I might add.

Tom's smile is salacious.

TOM

Defiled? I didn't think you had it in you, Greg.

GREG

Defiled? I don't know if that's the description I'd use -

LEONORA

He vomited through the eye holes.

Tom's enjoying this.

TOM

Through the eye holes? Greg. You didn't. I'm so disappointed in you.

GREG

It wasn't a purposeful vomiting.

LEONORA

No. It was a side effect of being high. On the clock. Also a violation. It illustrates his utter disregard for Waystar Adventure Parks as a whole.

GREG

You know nothing of my regard.

LEONORA

I'm sure had you been privy to the details of this young man's failure, Mr. Wambsgans, you'd have never hired him. However, that is an action that you can easily remedy.

TOM

You want me to fire him?

LEONORA

It is the action most in line with corporate policy.

Tom pauses. Pretends to think. Really milks the moment. Finally -

TOM

Good thing you're a Roy, isn't it, Greg? You'd never work in this industry again otherwise.

Leonora blanches. She trips all over herself to backtrack.

LEONORA

Wait. What? You're a Roy? Why did you lie about that?

GREG

I didn't. Lie, I mean. I'm a Hirsch?

LEONORA

Were you there to spy? On the operation? Because we are an open book. Nothing to hide. Unlike you, apparently.

GREG

I wasn't hiding. I'm not a Roy.

TOM

Oh what are you saying. You're an integral part of the Roy family.

GREG

I am?

TOM

No.

(beat)

I'm just kidding. But no. You're not. Got ya again.

Greg awkward smiles at Leonora. Ignores Tom.

GREG

I really am sorry about the - incident. I was sick. It just came on, you know, fast, no warning. But I really was taking the program, you know, like, super serious and stuff. I wasn't there to spy. Honest.

Leonora softens. Accepts his apology. Just when all the hatchets have been buried -

TOM

This is sweet. It really is. I mean, I'm touched.

(beat)

You're fired.

Leonora and Greg stare at Tom. Unsure to whom he's speaking.

TOM (CONT'D)

Go on. You have your return plane ticket. I'll have someone pack up your Toronto office and return anything personal to you.

Leonora's stunned.

GREG

That's really not necessary -

TOM

We don't tolerate treating the Roys with such reckless regard.

GREG

I'm not a Roy -

Leonora is near tears. Greg's heart goes out to her.

GREG (CONT'D)

But she's - uh - she's the Thought Leader in Adventure Park Excellence. For three years running. You can't afford to lose her.

Tom looks between Greg's pleading face and Leonora's devastated one. He relents.

TOM

What the heck? I'm a firm believer in second chances. That's why Greg is here.

GREG

Is it, though?

LEONORA

Thank you, Mr. Wambsgans.

She shakes his hand then hurries from the men's room before he can change his mind again.

Tom regards Greg.

TOM

You are quite the enigma. Not using the Roy name. Except for on the Roys.

GREG

It seemed like - you know. A jerk thing to do.

TOM
No, no. I think it's more than
that. Like maybe - you're actually -
(like he's spitting out
shit)
nice.

Greg fidgets under Tom's continued scrutiny. Finally, he exits the restroom leaving Greg there counting his blessings.

EXT. WAYSTAR HQ - NIGHT

Looking shady as fuck, Kendall slinks around the side of the building to a door next to a keypad. He holds his breath while keying in the code.

A moment stretches to forever. The red light turns green.

He's in.

INT. WAYSTAR EXECUTIVE FLOOR - NIGHT

Keeping his head down and staying on the edge of the camera coverage, Kendall heads for the restroom. Slips inside.

INT. WAYSTAR EXECUTIVE FLOOR - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Kendall breathes a sigh of relief. Tenses again when the door opens. He hides in a stall just as Roman enters. He's on the phone. While peeing in the urinal -

ROMAN
Even Elon fucking Musk can get a
car into orbit. We're just trying
to send a tiny little satellite.

He washes his hands while listening.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Fine. So, what will it take to prove
I'm not trying to get you all killed?

Roman leaves. All quiet. Kendall eases out of the stall. Settles in on the couch to wait.

INT. EXCLUSIVE CLUB - VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Tom pauses below the lounge and studies his employees. They all look miserable.

Greg catches up to him.

TOM

I don't get it. They're supposed to be having fun. Why aren't they having fun?

GREG

Best guess? They're tired. And hungry. Like maybe you should take them somewhere else.

TOM

Like where? And I swear to God you better not say some kitchen you mentioned before.

GREG

Why not? California Pizza Kitchen is delicious. Has something for everybody.

TOM

Fine. Round them up. Let's go.

INT. TOM & SHIV'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom's in bed, half asleep, when Shiv returns.

SHIV

You are not going to believe what happened tonight.

He rolls over with a groan. Holds his aching tummy.

TOM

Neither are you. I fed a group of thirty people for under a thousand dollars. And they loved it. I'm their hero. Like their literal hero. Be impressed with that Amir.

He winces when he sits up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh. I think that linguine wants to come back up.

SHIV

Gil's gonna fire me.

TOM

What? Why?

SHIV

I don't know. Because I can't understand the plight of the poor or some shit like that. It's ridiculous.

TOM

Is it, though?

SHIV

What? You think I should feel bad because I just happen to be rich? Fuck off.

TOM

No. No, that's not what I'm saying. But maybe - Like tonight. I took my staff to one of the most exclusive clubs in New York. And they hated it. Greg suggested a new venue. Not as upscale. A little pedestrian. But now I'm like the best boss they've ever had. Take that Bill. Do you know how much power there is in unlimited pizza and pasta.

SHIV

So what? You want me to buy Gil dinner?

TOM

No. I want you to consider that maybe, there are some people in the world who are content with, well, less. Maybe that's who he's trying to win over.

Shiv flops down beside Tom. Thinks about it.

SHIV

But I still gotta fight back, right?

TOM

Oh. Absolutely.

INT. WAYSTAR EXECUTIVE FLOOR - LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Logan works at his desk. On the other side of the glass wall, Jeane takes a call at her desk. Buzzes Logan.

LOGAN

Yep.

JEANE

There's a problem down in HR. I need to go verify a file.

LOGAN

They can't bring it to you?

JEANE

Not without breaching confidentiality or something.

LOGAN

Fine.

She leaves her desk.

The moment she's gone, Kendall slips in Logan's office.

The old man looks up. Not particularly surprised to see his son.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I suppose you're the breach in confidentiality.

KENDALL

You've gone too far now, old man.

LOGAN

What are you on about?

KENDALL

It's one thing to go after me. Embarrass me in the press. Lie about me running through the streets of New York like a coked out lunatic, but I draw the line at you going after Iverson.

LOGAN

Oh. You draw the line do you?

Logan's calm, unperturbed question deflates Kendall a bit.

KENDALL

Ye - Yeah. I do.

LOGAN

What? You thought you'd just storm in here unannounced and I'd what? Roll over and apologize? Is that what success looked like to you? In this overdramatic game of yours.

KENDALL

It's not a game. I'm serious.

LOGAN

Oh. He's serious. Well that changes things.

KENDALL

All you're doing with this negative coverage is amplifying the voice of a woman who thinks vaccines are evil. You're convincing people that she's the one in the right. They're agreeing with her. Is getting at me really worth bringing polio back into existence?

Logan looks thoughtful. Maybe Kendall is getting through to him. Then -

LOGAN

Yes.

Kendall stares in disgust at his father.

KENDALL

Wow. I mean. Just wow.

LOGAN

You come in here, try to steal my company right out from under me.

Logan waves for the security guards he surreptitiously summoned to come in. They surround Kendall.

Employees stand at their desks to watch the spectacle.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Get this traitor out of my sight.

One guard tries to take Kendall's arm. He jerks away.

KENDALL

Play your games, old man. But play them with me. Leave Iverson and Sophie out of your bullshit.

Kendall storms out. The guards follow. He holds his head high taking note of his snickering former employees. Just in case.

Logan watches them go. He's a little proud of Kendall for standing up to him.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Production crew buzz around prepping the news segment.

Gil sits in the makeup chair, getting a touch up.

Shiv spots him. She strides over.

GIL

There you are. I was wondering if you'd show.

SHIV

I was wondering if I should show. After all, there are apparently things going on here that I can't possibly understand.

He lasers in on her less than contrite tone.

GIL

I didn't hire you for what you don't know. But what you do.

SHIV

Then why not just tell me that? Just be up front with everything. There was no need for all the cloak and dagger.

GIL

Because. I didn't want to have this conversation.

The stage manager interrupts -

STAGE MANAGER

Two minutes, Mr. Eavis.

GIL

I didn't want to have to explain that those people are important to me. They're salt of the earth folks who took me in at the lowest point of my life. Supported me when the vultures around me insisted that I use the loss of my wife for some political gain.

His look says he includes her in that slap.

GIL (CONT'D)

They are not pawns for me. Chess pieces to move on a board.

(MORE)

GIL (CONT'D)

My job is to protect them. From the wolf they're too naive to see coming.

SHIV

The wolf? You mean my father.

GIL

Exactly.

The truth/insult hangs between them a moment.

SHIV

I told you from the beginning, I'm not afraid to go against him. Surely, I've shown you that by now.

GIL

You have. But you've also known that you need to follow my lead. When I redirect your - talents, I expect them to stay redirected. I won't steam roll over the innocent just to get at the guilty.

He shrugs into his jacket. Shiv reasons through his words.

SHIV

But it's okay to steam roll over me to get at my father.

He pauses to give her a pitying look.

GIL

Oh, Siobhan. You and I both know you haven't been innocent in a very long time. That's why I hired you.

Shiv absorbs that smack in the face.

GIL (CONT'D)

Is that something you can handle? If not, we can part ways here. No hard feelings.

The HAIR STYLIST hurries over for last looks. She's all smiles while she touches up Gil's already perfect hair.

HAIR STYLIST

I can't wait to tell my family I styled the hair on the next President of the United States!

Shiv eyes the stylist then looks at Gil and smiles.

SHIV
I can handle it.

Gil nods his acceptance then heads for the news desk and greets the waiting ANCHORS. They fawn all over him.

Shiv watches. She just put a president in her pocket.

INT. WAYSTAR EXECUTIVE FLOOR - LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Logan and Amir have their heads together. Deeply focused on the task at hand.

Roman pauses outside Logan's office. Instantly jealous seeing that Amir has Logan's full attention. He enters.

AMIR
Babitsky was the agitator. But now that his fingers are broken, I expect that to change.

ROMAN
Hey Amir. Didn't know you were in the States.

AMIR
Yes. I had some things to run by your father.

ROMAN
(laughs)
I'll say, you did. I mean you've only been in charge of Waystar Animation Europe for what? Like five minutes and already your animators are striking? That's gotta be some kind of record.

Amir ignores Roman's attempt to high five him. Logan just looks annoyed at the interruption.

LOGAN
Is there something you wanted, Romulus?

ROMAN
Oh. No. I mean - the stuff you've probably heard about me recently - it's handled. I'm off to take care of it right now. Me, uh, myself.

Logan stares Roman down. Is that it? Then -

LOGAN
(dismissed)
Fine, fine. Go.
(to Amir)
What plan do you have in place so
this strike nonsense doesn't ever
come up again?

Roman fades, forgotten into a corner. He watches his dad and
step brother - the golden child - plot the demise of others.

AMIR
We will strip the employees most
instrumental in bringing this fight
to a boil of their professional
responsibilities. Ice them out.
Some will leave. Others we can fire
as being unnecessary.

Roman slinks away.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The workers and scaffolding are gone; revealing the new,
ornate fence surrounding the park. It funnels people to a
single entrance where they're greeted by a staff of nurses.

Kendall hovers just inside the fence and watches Sophie play
with friends while Iverson explores a patch of clover. All
the kids wear bright-colored bracelets.

Cora and Jamie reach the front of the line where the staff
hands out the bracelets.

JAMIE
Mo-oom! This is taking forever.

Cora addresses the nurse.

CORA
What's happening here? There's a
line to enter the park?

NURSE
Yes. We have to make sure all the
kids are vaccinated before allowing
them inside.

CORA
What? You want my child's medical
history before he can enter a
public park? This can't be legal.
And you can't deny us entry.

She tries to push her way past the nurse, but a burly security guard blocks her path.

On the other side of the gate, Kendall hears the commotion. When he sees Cora, he smirks and inches closer to listen in.

NURSE

This was a public park. It has since been sold. The new owner insists that it remain free to all. If they're vaccinated. You wouldn't want to put the children at risk would you?

Cora huffs.

CORA

You wanna talk about what puts our children at risk. Fine. Let's talk about the \$4 billion that had to be paid to compensate for vaccine injuries. Let's talk about how the CDC is constantly trying to cover Big Pharma's rear end just to keep them profitable. Let's talk -

JAMIE

Mom! Blake is already here.

Giving in -

CORA

Fine. He's been vaccinated.

She stares the nurse down. Daring her to call her a liar.

Kendall gleefully steps in -

KENDALL

Really? According to your blog, vaccines are poison. Are you saying that you poisoned your son after all? The hypocrisy.

Cora fumes. The nurse holds an iPad out to her.

NURSE

With your consent we'll take a quick peek at his vaccination record and you'll be all set!

CORA

I'm not giving you access to our private medical records just to enter a public park.

NURSE

As I said earlier, this is now a private park. The owner is quite concerned about the growing measles outbreak in this country. As are the rest of us *medical professionals*.

CORA

Is this your doing, Mr. Roy? All this just to punish a little boy? This is an outrage!

KENDALL

No, the outrage is you posting photos of special needs children without permission. All to further your "vaccines cause autism" agenda. By the way, it doesn't. But so what if it did? Autism is not the end of the world. But wanna know what is at an end? Your access to this park and these kids.

Cora's face turns beet red as a bunch of parents inside the park applaud. Seeing their kids up close, it's obvious that a large number of them are special needs.

Cora turns tail and stalks away with Jamie.

Kendall basks in the adoration. Parents shake his hand. Pat him on the back. Everything he wanted from the Waystar Royco employees, but couldn't get.

INT. JAIL - CELL BLOCK - DAY

An OFFICER leads Roman to TRISTAN'S cell. The reporter hops to his feet when he sees him.

TRISTAN

Mr. Roy? Thank goodness! ATN sent you to post my bail?

ROMAN

In a moment. But first, help me understand what game it is you're playing here.

TRISTAN

No game, Mr. Roy. You told me to do whatever it takes to get the story. That's what I did. I got the story. And now I'm being punished for it.

ROMAN

Jesus. I meant come in early. Leave late. Work hard and learn. Not go out and get someone shot.

TRISTAN

But I got the story, though. Have you seen the video?

ROMAN

Yeah. I've seen it.

TRISTAN

Awesome, right? Nobody'll get another story like that.

ROMAN

Awesome isn't the word - You got a man killed. You get that, right?

TRISTAN

Well, that was unfortunate. But he must've been a threat? To the cops. They wouldn't shoot if they didn't fear for their lives.

ROMAN

The cops wouldn't have been there if you hadn't called them.

TRISTAN

Why am I the criminal here? Like we always say on ATN, if he didn't want to be shot, he could've just put the gun down. He'd be alive and I'd be at home.

Roman stares at Tristan, a true believer and ATN mouthpiece. Giving up, Roman walks off.

An OFFICER rushes at Roman, note pad in hand.

OFFICER

ATN is my go to news source. Nobody else tells us the truth quite like you. Y'all are goddamn patriots. Can I have your autograph?

Roman eyes the eager, young officer. Recognizes him from the shooting video.

ROMAN

Fuck off.

Roman walks away. The officer deflates.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Roman books an Uber. Rolls his eyes when he sees it'll arrive in two hours.

ROMAN
What the fuck?

He calls his assistant.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Hey. Can you get me some kind of vehicle out here in buttfuck wherever I am? I need to get back to the air field.

ASSISTANT
Sure thing. And Gerri's been trying to reach you. I'll put her through.

ROMAN
No -

But the assistant is gone. Before he can hang up -

GERRI (V.O.)
What are you doing, Roman? So you thought you'd skip obstruction of justice and go straight to witness tampering?

ROMAN
Nobody's tampering. I just - he's dragging my name through the mud.

Utter silence on the other end. Even he can feel her weary irritation over the phone.

KEVIN ST. JAMES, jovial, walks up to Roman. A couple officers, including the one Roman just snubbed back him up.

KEVIN
Mr. Roy. I'm Kevin St. James.

ROMAN
Good for you.
(to Gerri)
I had to see for myself. You know this guy is batshit crazy? It's like his brain melted from watching too much ATN.

Roman finally looks up from his phone. Takes in the hostile stance of the cops behind Kevin.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
No offense, dude.

GERRI (V.O.)
Get back here immediately. Don't talk to anyone else. Just hop on the jet and come home. You think you can do that for me?

KEVIN
I'd appreciate it if you'd come by my office. I think the two of us should have us a little chat.

ROMAN
(to Gerri)
I'm not sure.
(to Kevin)
Who'd you say you were again?

KEVIN
Champaign County prosecutor, Kevin St. James.

GERRI (V.O.)
Roman? I literally just asked you not to speak to anyone. Why can I hear you speaking with someone? And did he say prosecutor?

ROMAN
(to Gerri)
Is that a bad thing?

GERRI (V.O.)
Yeah. It is.

ROMAN
Are you arresting me?

KEVIN
I'd hate for it to come to that.

GERRI (V.O.)
For the love of God, stop talking! Go with them. Say nothing. I'm sending someone local to represent you.

ROMAN
(to Gerri)
Got it.

He grins big at Kevin and the cops. Holds up his Uber screen.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Looks like I have a couple hours to
kill? Where do you guys go for fun
around here?

INT. KENDALL'S HOUSE - DAY

Kendall's housekeeper answers the door. Cora's on the
doorstep with Jamie. She struggles under the weight of
several large document boxes.

HOUSEKEEPER

I'm sorry, Mr. Roy is unavailable.

She closes the door, but Cora jams her foot inside.

CORA

I'm happy to wait. I just need to
show him this.

HOUSEKEEPER

As I said -

Kendall appears in the doorway.

KENDALL

You doxxed me?

CORA

No, no. Nothing like that. I just
wanted to share this with you.

Suspicious, Kendall checks for rogue photographers over her
shoulder. Seeing none, he steps back to allow the pair
inside. Jaime keeps close behind Cora.

KENDALL

What is all that?

CORA

My research. All of it. Look, Jaime
misses his friends. I'm hoping that
once you learn what I did, you'll
reconsider barring his entry to the
park.

KENDALL

That's quite an assumption. That I
didn't research the issue.

She gives him a patronizing smile.

CORA

In less than a week? It took me years to uncover and compile all this.

KENDALL

Well, I'm a type A, so yeah, I did my due diligence.

CORA

I'm sure you tried. But it takes time to cut through all the propaganda Big Pharma puts out there to confuse the issue and protect their bottom line.

KENDALL

Until recently, I was the CEO of a major media conglomerate that has a large stake in Big Pharma. There is no propaganda. And vaccines are a negligible part of the bottom line.

CORA

(sighs)

How can I get through to you when you refuse to recognize the truth? I mean, really. When's the last time you heard of a measles death that wasn't a proven crisis actor?

JAMIE

Mom? I'm thirsty. Can I have some water?

Kendall finally notes Jamie's presence and how terrible he looks. His face is bathed with sweat and there are dark circles under his eyes.

KENDALL

Jesus, kid. What's wrong with you?

CORA

We'll go in just a moment.

(proudly to Kendall)

We're vaccinating him the old fashioned way.

KENDALL

The fuck does that mean?

At the raised voices, Sophie peeks down the stairs to see what's going on.

CORA

He'll be immune to measles for the rest of his life. Naturally.

At her declaration, literally everyone steps away from the human petri dish in horror.

KENDALL

He's got measles? And you brought him into my house?

CORA

(snarky)

What's the big deal? Since you're all vaccinated and everything.

KENDALL

(freaking out)

He needs, needs, to be home. In bed. Resting. Not out infecting the unsuspecting public, you, you plague enthusiast!

CORA

So clever. Been educating yourself on Twitter?

JAMIE

I don't feel -

Jamie crashes to the floor between them. Unconscious.

The adults stand there, stunned. Sophia races into the kitchen. Cora drops to her knees. Feels Jamie's forehead.

CORA

He's burning up.

Kendall dials 9-1-1.

KENDALL

Hi - uh. I need an ambulance. A kid collapsed.

Sophie pushes her way toward Jamie. She carries the ice basket from the freezer and a towel.

Kendall tries to keep her from touching the kid.

SOPHIE

It's for the fever, Dad.

Kendall nods. The girl ices Jamie as much as she can.

Inspired by Sophie's bravery -

KENDALL

Have Fikret bring the car around.

The housekeeper scurries away.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Degrees from colleges no one has ever heard of line the walls. Kevin perches on the edge of an expensive executive desk that's at odds with the rest of the cheap, institutional furnishings. Looms over Roman who's seated in a chair.

They've been here a while.

KEVIN

This will go a whole lot faster if you just tell me your side of the story. We're all just as eager to put this unfortunate incident behind us as you are.

Roman stares at the man. For once, follows Gerri's advice.

The door swings open. LISA JALEEZA, a black woman on a mission, strides in.

Kevin hates seeing her.

LISA

Kevin. You wouldn't happen to be questioning my client outside the presence of counsel now would you?
(to Roman)
Lisa Jaleeza. Gerri sent me.

KEVIN

Of course not. We were just getting to know each other.

LISA

Well, that's all very sweet and everything, but Mr. Roy is a busy man. So why don't we do this? Give me a list of questions and we'll send answers back in writing.

She seats herself next to Roman and stares at Kevin expectantly. She's the bigger personality and Kevin resents it. Roman clocks this and smirks.

KEVIN

We're just having a friendly chat.
Aren't we, Mr. Roy?

ROMAN

That's not how I remember it. I've
had to pee for some time now.

LISA

This chat stopped being friendly
when you detained my client.

Kevin rounds his desk. Buying time to regroup.

KEVIN

Detain him. We're not - We just
want his help. That's all.

(to Roman)

We understand that ATN has complete
footage of the incident. We'd just
like for you to turn it over. So we
can all see what happened in that
store and punish the responsible
parties accordingly.

Roman looks to Lisa. She stares at Kevin with a half-smirk he
doesn't understand.

ROMAN

I don't see -

LISA

Where's the store surveillance
footage? Why not use it?

KEVIN

Unfortunately, a distraught store
employee erased the files in the
process of turning them over.

Lisa's not buying his bullshit. She stands. Motions for Roman
to do the same.

LISA

Let's cut the shit, Kevin. Your real
concern is to lock down that video
and cover your officers' asses. We
will not be sucked into this game.
Let's go, Mr. Roy.

Roman smirks and follows Lisa to the door.

ROMAN

At the risk of being a mansplaining asshole, I believe what she's telling you is to fuck off.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Roman and Lisa descend the courthouse stairs.

ROMAN

So that was tense.

LISA

He needs a win after losing the joyriding pigs case last year. Prosecuting someone like you - the liberal elite - no less - would do that.

ROMAN

Wait. Joyriding - pigs? As in actual pigs?

LISA

If that video gets out, he can't keep his pet cops on the street.

ROMAN

How exactly do pigs go joyriding? Was he trying to prosecute the pig?

Lisa gives him a strange look before checking behind them.

Kevin stands at the courthouse entrance. Watching.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Lisa guides Roman away. Roman checks behind them.

Kevin is halfway down the stairs. Still staring at them.

Roman gives him a jaunty wave.

ROMAN

That's not creepy at all.

LISA

What I would give to take that fucker down. Once and for all.

She stops at her car.

LISA (CONT'D)
You need a ride somewhere?

Roman checks his Uber status. Groans.

ROMAN
This has to be the only place on
the face of the earth where the
wheels of justice are actually
faster than an Uber.

LISA
Your jet's at Grimes Field, right?

ROMAN
That sounds right.

LISA
It's five minutes that way. Hop in.

Roman checks Kevin's position. The man is now on the street.
Still watching them.

ROMAN
What is his problem? You mean what
you said about taking him down?

Lisa follows his gaze.

LISA
This shooting has potential to make
his life hell. He encourages the
cops to target minorities and now
someone's been killed. If only we
had the resources to take him on.

ROMAN
What if say - an interested third
party - provided those resources?

LISA
Are you saying -?

ROMAN
Yeah. 'Cause, fuck that guy.

EXT. GRIMES FIELD - TARMAC - DAY

Lisa drops Roman off then drives away. He heads for the Roy
jet which already has the engines running. It starts to taxi
as he gets closer.

ROMAN

What the fuck?

He dials the pilot.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Hi. So, maybe you didn't realize it, but I'm not actually onboard at the moment.

PILOT

I'm sorry Mr. Roy. Your father has recalled us immediately. We couldn't wait any longer.

ROMAN

I'm standing right here. Just, you know, open the door.

PILOT

I have my orders. But we're happy to turn around if your father clears it.

Ticked, Roman hangs up. Calls his father.

LOGAN

'ello.

ROMAN

Dad. Hey. How's it going?

LOGAN

Why is my jet in Bumfuck Ohio, Romulus? When you said you were handling this shooting nonsense, you neglected to mention that it would involve my plane.

ROMAN

I'm on legitimate company business, Dad. Or have you forgotten? We have a reporter in jail here.

LOGAN

A reporter we've disavowed. No matter, I recalled the jet. Amir needs to get back to Paris and thanks to your little joyride, the crew is running out of hours to get him there. You'll just have to find your own way home.

ROMAN

I'm standing on the tarmac. Tell them to turn around.

LOGAN

See you when you get here.

Logan hangs up. Roman watches as the jet takes off. Soars into the sky without him.

His phone buzzes. Roman checks the message. His Uber has arrived.

ROMAN

Fuck off.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - TV ROOM - DAY

Marcia watches the news.

On the screen: A somber looking Amir gives an interview on the tarmac. The Waystar jet stands ready behind him.

AMIR

My greatest regret is that I did not see how troubled Arturo had become. I did not understand that his calls for the strike were really cries for help.

Logan joins Marcia.

LOGAN

What are we watching?

MARCIA

One of Amir's animators committed suicide this evening.

On the screen:

AMIR

In hindsight, I suppose I should have known something was amiss. He was unstable. The delusions of grandeur alone were - No matter. My heart is broken. Waystar Animation Europe has lost an integral member of the family and we ask that you allow us to grieve in private.

Marcia beams with pride.

MARCIA

Look at him. So handsome.

LOGAN

Smart as a whip. He did good,
quashing this strike. Reduced the
expense of the animation division
by fifty percent in the process.
Now we can turn a profit.

The proud parents continue watching the news footage.
Unconcerned with the bodies left in this family's wake.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

If only the rest of my children
weren't so worthless.

MARCIA

You have done your best to raise
them. Give it time. They will come
around.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Kendall rushes Jamie inside. Sophie runs at her father's
side. In shock, Cora follows.

KENDALL

We need a little help here.

Doctors and nurses swarm them. Including the nurse from the
park. She side-eyes Cora when she sees the measles dotting
Jamie's skin. Removes the ice cloth from Jamie's head.

NURSE

Good thinking. Keeping his
temperature down.

They wheel him to a treatment bay.

Sophie beams up at her dad. Did he hear her compliment?

Nope. He watches Cora. She's terrified. He doesn't have it in
him to console her. He hangs back.

Sophie tugs on his sleeve.

SOPHIE

Dad, did you hear?

KENDALL

Hear what?

His phone RINGS cutting off her reply. He answers.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Just a sec.
(into phone)
Hello.

SHIV
What the fuck is going on?

KENDALL
I'm at the hospital. Can I call you back?

SHIV
I know dipshit. Are you okay? It's all over the news.

KENDALL
What? How?

SHIV
The Mommy Blogger live streamed everything. She's still live. Way to go not waiting for the ambulance. The footage of you running to the car with her kid in your arms is going to play very well. Even ATN won't be able to spin your new hero status into some shitshow.

Kendall peeks at Cora. Moves out of recording range.

KENDALL
Sophie and I are trapped here. Like what do I do now? Comfort this horrid woman? She made fun of Iverson. And she's a lunatic. But it doesn't feel right to just leave, either.

SHIV
Are you asking me as your sister or as your political consultant?

KENDALL
What? My sister. Wait. Consultant? I don't know. Both?

SHIV
Well, I charge \$3500 an hour.

KENDALL
Fuck off.

He peeks back toward Cora. Sophie holds her hand. They watch the doctors work feverishly on Jamie.

SHIV

What? That's the family rate.

KENDALL

Forget it. Just hired someone better.

He hangs up. Rejoins Sophie and Cora. He kisses the top of his daughter's head. Pats Cora's back. He's so awkward. Unsure what to do with his hand. Finally settles on lightly half-hugging Cora.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

I think that - uh, maybe - you should
- you know. Call your husband.

Cora nods, but doesn't move otherwise. She's processing nothing that's happening outside the treatment bay.

A bunch of ALARMS go off.

Jamie flatlines. They shock him.

Nothing.

Cora sobs.

They shock Jamie again.

Nothing.

Another shock.

The line remains flat.

The doctor shakes his head. Checks the clock on the wall.

Cora's knees buckle. Kendall catches her. She sobs into his shoulder.

He's super uncomfortable, but trapped. Lets her cry.

INT. RAVA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rava opens the door to admit Kendall carrying a sleeping Sophie. Wordlessly, he takes her upstairs to put her to bed.

INT. RAVA'S APARTMENT - SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kendall tucks Sophie in. Lingers much longer than usual. Grateful she's still alive.

Rava watches from the doorway. Feeling a little too tender toward her ex, she walks away.

INT. RAVA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rava reads on her iPad. Worn out, Kendall comes in.

RAVA

All hail the conquering hero.

She slides the iPad toward him so he can see the headlines.

KENDALL

You know who the real hero is?
Sophie. She just - like - knew
exactly what to do. The ice. Holding
that woman's hand. She's amazing.

RAVA

Have you told her that?

KENDALL

I'm sure she knows. Besides, it's
not like it'll mean much with all
the drug addict hit pieces my dad
has been planting.

RAVA

You think she cares about that?

KENDALL

I would.

Rava nails him with a skeptical look.

RAVA

Your dad is a raging asshole.

KENDALL

No disagreement here.

RAVA

But has that ever stopped you from
wanting his approval? Even the
tiniest little bit?

She's treading on shaky emotional ground. He retreats.

KENDALL
That's different.

Rava waits. When she sees he's heard the lie -

RAVA
Completely different.

KENDALL
And I'm nothing like my father.

Hearing his need for affirmation, she squeezes his hand -

RAVA
Nothing at all.

KENDALL
I'll tell her first thing in the
morning.

Rava smiles. Kendall smiles back. Off the two of them in a
good place. Music over titles.

END OF EPISODE.