

LAURA

sc1

29.

ELIZABETH

I'm asking you. Maybe if you convinced her to talk to me, I wouldn't have to.

Ben chuckles. So that's what this was about.

EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Laura's stepping out of her car, which has just stopped at the driveway, when her cellphone rings. She answers.

start →

LAURA

Hey, babe.

INTERCUT WITH:

BEN'S IN HIS OFFICE, on the phone.

BEN

She summoned me today.

Laura walks in the house. When she hears this, she stops.

LAURA

She did? What did she want?

BEN

Just to talk. About art... about you.

Ben waits a beat, but Laura doesn't answer.

BEN (CONT'D)

She wants to take you out for lunch.

LAURA

So now you're her errand boy.

BEN

I'm your husband. And her son-in-law.

LAURA

Sorry.

BEN

Look, Laura, just meet her. If she's going to be a grandmother, she has a right to know.

1/10

LAURA
Right, cause she has "grandmother"
written all over her.

BEN
Laura...

LAURA
I'll think about it. OK?

BEN
OK.

LAURA
What time are you coming home
tonight?

BEN
I'm... we were thinking about
going out after work.

LAURA
Who's we?

BEN
Roger, a few of the guys. You're
welcome to join us.

A slight feeling of dread creeps up on Laura as she asks...

LAURA
Where's the fun going to be?

BEN
They're thinking Southgate.

Ben's answer sounds casual, but it isn't. The name reaches inside of Laura and pushes a painful button. Ben waits for an answer, hoping that it will be...

LAURA
You guys have fun. Just come back
with both your ears.

Ben exhales, relieved, but he's not happy. He feels like a scumbag for having to manipulate her.

BEN
(guilty)
I'll do my best. Love you.

LAURA
Me too. But seriously, though...

2/10

BEN
Yeah?

LAURA
Be careful out there.

Laura hangs up. The conversation's left a bitter aftertaste in her mouth when...

RACHEL (O.S.)
Madam?

Laura turns: Rachel is at the kitchen door, waiting. How long has she been standing there?

LAURA
Yes?

RACHEL
I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important, but--

LAURA
What is it?

RACHEL
I was hoping I could leave early today.

LAURA
I don't think that's going to work today.

RACHEL
I mean it's just--

LAURA
(snaps)
I said not today.

Beat.

RACHEL
Very well.

She nods and backs away. Laura immediately regrets it, kicking herself for snapping at Rachel, but by the time she turns to the kitchen door, Rachel's gone.

LAURA
Shit.

end

3/10

LAURA

SC 2 57.

Sitting on a terrace by the tennis courts, sipping an iced tea, Elizabeth watches a TENNIS MATCH in progress.

And then she sees her approach: Laura, escorted by a WAITER in white uniform, gloves and the familiar TRACKING DEVICE.

start →

ELIZABETH
You made it!

Elizabeth rises from her chair and gives her a double peck on the cheeks. Laura is uncomfortable by the familiarity.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Hi, darling.

LAURA
Mom...

The waiter pulls the chair for Laura to sit.

WAITER
Anything to drink, Miss? A cocktail perhaps?

LAURA
(taking a seat)
I'm fine, thank you.

Elizabeth takes a seat as well and considers her daughter.

ELIZABETH
You look ravishing.

LAURA
Thanks.

Laura's response is cold and unfriendly. Both women remain in an awkward SILENCE, waiting for the other one to speak.

Finally...

ELIZABETH
You know, it's customary in polite society to return the compliment.

Laura considers her mom and...

LAURA
You look your age.

ELIZABETH
Is that your professional opinion?

4/10

LAURA
It's the nicest thing I can say.

ELIZABETH
Well, nothing wrong with that,
right? It's part of the point,
really. I've got nothing to hide.

Laura scoffs at that.

LAURA
You of all people.

ELIZABETH
Oh darling... Why do we always
start on the wrong foot?

LAURA
You're the one who wanted to see
me.

ELIZABETH
It's been a long time, sweetie. I
just wanted to know how's
everything, what's going on with
your life...

Laura looks down. A subtle glance to her own belly.

LAURA
Not much...

Elizabeth takes a deep breath. Like pulling teeth.

ELIZABETH
Everything OK at work?

LAURA
You hate my job.

ELIZABETH
At home, then.

Laura considers the question. She'll find out eventually...

LAURA
Ben and I... we got the permit.
I'm gonna get pregnant.

ELIZABETH
Oh, that's fantastic! Spectacular
news! I'm going to be a
grandmother...

S/10

LAURA

What, your maternal feelings
skipped a generation?

Elizabeth's hurt, she's tired of her daughter's abuse. Looks
like she's had enough. Laura may have pushed her too far.

ELIZABETH

You think I don't care about you,
Laura? You think it's a
coincidence that a junior executive
like your husband would get his
permit approved so soon?

That surely has an effect on Laura.

LAURA

You didn't.

ELIZABETH

Why not? You may not believe it,
but I do care.

LAURA

You just can't help yourself, can
you? You have to stick your
fingers in everything. Make it all
about yourself.

ELIZABETH

I'm just trying to help.

Laura jumps out of her chair, ready to leave.

LAURA

I don't need your help. I'm not a
child. I'm--

ELIZABETH

What, an adult? You chose this...
ridiculous specialty just to spite
me. A child's tantrum. And yet I
support you.

LAURA

What are you talking about?

ELIZABETH

You're the hottest plastic surgeon
in town. You've been in practice
for just five years. How do you
think that happened?

6/10

Elizabeth thinks she's making a case for herself, but she's only making things worse. Laura shakes her head, disgusted, speechless, her confidence in her own accomplishments shaken... until she storms out.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Laura... Laura, please!

Elizabeth watches her leave, too proud to chase her.

INT. LAURA'S CAR - DAY

Laura sits in her car, fighting the tears, angry at herself for showing weakness in front of her mother.

The car takes the next exit and, through the windshield, we see the sign: **"Welcome to Stanford Mills"**

The car silently glides towards the gated community's checkpoint, where the daily laborers are being searched and screened as they leave for the day.

Suddenly, something catches her attention. There's a commotion in one of the BODY SCANNERS: Two ARMED GUARDS grab a WOMAN and forcefully shove her against the wall.

The woman screams and protests as she's searched, but one the guards barks at her...

ARMED GUARD 1
Shut up!

...as the other one grabs her arms and closes a pair of PLASTIC HANDCUFFS around her wrists.

None of the other laborers dares to glance at the scene.

As the gates open for her car and the vehicle enters the community, Laura catches a glimpse of the woman being arrested. It's none other than RACHEL, Laura's maid.

Laura hesitates for a beat, but finally...

LAURA
Stop. Stop!

The car automatically pulls over to the curb and Laura rushes out of the car and towards the check point.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Hey! HEY! What's going on here?

end

2/10

LAURA S3.

23.

The program "grabs" the FACES of every individual appearing in the footage and compares it to the girl in the photograph, discarding them when they don't match. We realize it's a FACIAL RECOGNITION PROGRAM.

But Ben is barely watching. He produces his TABLET, and starts reading an article about the Jakarta bombing.

He's definitely done this computer search before and it's become routine...

Then suddenly, a BEEP BEEP BEEP makes him sit up and pay attention. He drops the tablet and turns to the computer screen, where a message flashes:

"PARTIAL MATCH. 73% PROBABILITY"

Beneath the message, a surveillance footage clip plays in a loop. It's grainy and blurry, but it shows a GROUP OF GIRLS being escorted out of a van by tough-looking BODYGUARDS.

The face of one of the girls has been enlarged and compared to the girl in the photograph, both faces side by side. Ben's heart skips a beat as he watches the blurry face onscreen. 73% probability. Could it really be her?

CUT TO:

The SCENE in the photograph, come to life. The GIRL tucks a strand of hair behind her ear, looks directly at the LENS, at us, and whispers...

GIRL

Aaron...

She SMILES and... CLICK! The picture gets taken.

Who is she? And who the hell is Aaron?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ben rushes through the main room of a fancy restaurant. This is a man who's not only very late to his anniversary dinner-- he's also deeply unsettled.

He dodges waiters and diners, when he stops: across the room, he sees Laura at a table, reading the menu. She hasn't seen him yet. She looks radiant, innocent, and Ben feels a wave of tenderness wash over him.

Laura looks up from the menu as Ben takes a seat.

3/10

→ Start

BEN
Sorry, sorry, sorry...

LAURA
It's OK.

BEN
I just lost track-- This Jakarta thing, everyone's--

LAURA
Hey. It's fine. Really. You're here. We're here.

She smiles, as a WAITER approaches -- we notice he also wears a TRACKING BRACELET.

WAITER
Anything to drink for you, sir?

BEN
Whatever my wife's having.

The waiter recedes into the background with a slight nod.

LAURA
(re: her drink)
Better enjoy this while I can.

BEN
What do you mean?

A beat. A sly smile appears on Laura's face.

LAURA
The permit. It came through today.

BEN
The permit?

LAURA
From Chrysalis. I've already made an appointment with their OB-GYN. He'll remove the IUD next week.

Laura takes Ben's hands across the table.

LAURA (CONT'D)
We're pulling the goalies.

BEN
(caught off guard)
Wow, that's...

9/10

She's surprised to see her enthusiasm not being reciprocated.

LAURA
What? What's wrong?

BEN
Nothing. I just -- I thought we'd
have to wait much longer-- I mean,
I'm a junior exec-- at least till I
made it to the fortieth floor.

LAURA
Well then this is good news, right?
It means they like you. That's not
so hard to believe.

BEN
Hey, I'm still trying to wrap my
head around the fact that you like
me.

Laura smiles, giddy, but instinctively covers her mouth.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey, what did I say the day we met?

LAURA
"There's spinach in your teeth"?

BEN
After that.

LAURA
(protesting)
Ben...

Ben takes her hand, the one she was covering her smile with.

BEN
I said "A beautiful girl shouldn't
cover her smile." And yes, you
are. I can't believe you can't see
that.

Laura smiles, moved. No covering this time.

~~INT. BEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT~~

~~Ben and Laura make love passionately. Ben's intensity feeds
not only on passion, but also on his inner turmoil, and it's
explosive.~~

10/10

end