

*Partner Track*

"Ingrid"

Episode 101

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Production Draft

07/18/21

# *Partner Track*

Episode 101  
"Ingrid"

## CAST LIST

INGRID YUNG  
RACHEL FRIEDMAN  
TYLER ROBINSON  
JEFF MURPHY  
MARTY ADLER

DOORMAN  
LE-WEN YUNG  
ROGER GILES  
NANCY GILES (non-speaking)  
DAN FALLON  
HUNTER RUSSELL  
TODD AMES  
MARGO  
CALEB SWEENEY  
MARK TRAYNOR (non-speaking)  
TED LASSITER  
JUSTIN KEATING  
JAVI (non-speaking)  
NICK LAREN  
MAY-LI YUNG  
LINA YUNG  
M&A SCIENCE PODCAST (V.O. only)  
SIDEWALK ARTIST  
FRANCINE "FRANCIE" LINDENHOFF  
ANTHONY  
WINSTON HAYES  
SOHO CONCIERGE  
CONCIERGE  
CARTER MIN  
Z MIN  
FRANKLIN MIN

# *Partner Track*

Episode 101  
"Ingrid"

## SET LIST

### INTERIORS

PLAZA HOTEL  
PALM COURT  
SHERRY-LEHMANN  
LUXURY CONDO BUILDING  
LOBBY  
GILES APARTMENT  
LIVING ROOM  
INGRID'S APARTMENT  
LIVING ROOM  
BEDROOM  
PARK AVENUE PLAZA  
PARSONS VALENTINE  
ELEVATOR  
JURY BOX CAFETERIA  
OUTSIDE INGRID'S OFFICE  
INGRID'S OFFICE  
HALLWAY  
TYLER'S OFFICE  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
FRATERNITY ROW  
DAN FALLON'S OFFICE  
LADIES' ROOM  
FIRM LIBRARY  
SKY LOUNGE CONFERENCE ROOM  
SKY LOUNGE LOBBY  
BAR/LOUNGE  
BAR AREA  
LINA'S APARTMENT  
BERGDORF GOODMAN, VARIOUS  
THE FRICK MUSEUM  
GARDEN COURT  
GALLERIES  
MUSIC ROOM, VARIOUS  
CAR  
SOHO BUILDING LOBBY  
MARTY ADLER'S APARTMENT  
INGRID'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY

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Episode 101  
"Ingrid"

SET LIST (CONT.)

EXTERIORS

NEW YORK CITY  
FIFTH AVENUE  
WOLLMAN RINK  
COLUMBUS CIRCLE  
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN  
    LEX & 51ST ST STATION  
PARK AVENUE PLAZA  
INGRID'S APARTMENT BUILDING  
LINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING  
MADISON AVENUE  
BERGDORF GOODMAN  
THE FRICK MUSEUM  
STREETS

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Episode 101

"Ingrid"

DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

FLASHBACK DAY 1

1 - 6

FLASHBACK NIGHT 1

7 - 8

DAY 1

9 - 22

NIGHT 1

23 - 28

DAY 2

29 - 34

NIGHT 2

35 - 38

DAY 3

39 - 44

NIGHT 3

45 - 57

DAY 4

58 - 59

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - FLASHBACK - DAY (FBD1) 1

*The plucky beat of "One Fine Day" sweeps us into a radiant Manhattan afternoon.*

*Amongst a sea of New Yorkers, we find the bright, dazzled eyes of INGRID YUNG (NINE-YEARS-OLD) skipping down Fifth Avenue in her PINK JACKET.*

*Her parents, LE-WEN (40, scholarly, absent-minded) and MAY-LI (35, intuitive, anxious) chase after her. Ingrid beams with wonder at the bustling city around her. This is a girl in love. "One fine day, you'll look at me, and you'll know our love was meant to be..." As we sail into A MONTAGE:*

2 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - PALM COURT - FLASHBACK - MONTAGE - DAY 2  
(FBD1)

*Ingrid claps in delight, as a WAITER sets down a tray of fancy eclairs and candy-colored macarons.*

3 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - FLASHBACK - MONTAGE - DAY (FBD1) 3

*Ingrid marvels at the displays in the windows at Bergdorf Goodman. May-Li and Le-Wen watch, tickled by her enthusiasm.*

4 EXT. WOLLMAN RINK - FLASHBACK - MONTAGE - DAY (FBD1) 4

*Le-Wen and Ingrid skate hand-in-hand. Ingrid falters. Le-Wen catches her. They laugh. A moment of joy, framed by the vivid fall foliage of Central Park.*

5 INT. SHERRY-LEHMANN - FLASHBACK - MONTAGE - DAY (FBD1) 5

*At the storied shop, a cashier bags a fine wine for Le-Wen. Ingrid finds a quarter on the ground and returns it to the clerk. Everyone beams at her integrity.*

6 EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - FLASHBACK - MONTAGE - DAY (FBD1) 6

*Le-Wen totes a black plastic bag containing the wine. May-Li holds Ingrid's hand, guiding her through the steady flow of pedestrians. Ingrid points excitedly to a pretzel cart.*

*Le-Wen looks at his watch as he and May-Li exchange a glance. May-Li nods and hurries Ingrid along, as Le-Wen hangs back --*

7 INT. LUXURY CONDO BUILDING - LOBBY - FLASHBACK - EVENING (FBN1)

7

The marbled lobby of an old-school Upper West Side building. May-Li stands at a desk with Ingrid. Behind it, a DOORMAN (50s, clipped mustache, ruddy cheeks) hangs up a phone, pointing toward a bank of elevators.

May-Li and Ingrid head over and sit on a bench, waiting.

Across the lobby, Le-Wen hurries in through the doors, carrying the plastic bag with the wine inside. He spots May-Li and Ingrid and makes a bee-line for them.

But the Doorman steps in his way and holds out his hand --

DOORMAN

Delivery entrance is around the corner, pal.

Le-Wen stares at the Doorman, confused.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

I said, around the corner. You don't speak English or something?

Le-Wen's face flushes with anger and humiliation.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Fucking chink...

May-Li lets out a strangled gasp. Instinctively, Ingrid jumps up and runs to her father, wrapping her arms around his legs. Le-Wen looks down at her, then back at the Doorman.

LE-WEN

We are here to have dinner with Dr. Roger Giles. Please tell him that Dr. Le-Wen Yung and his family are here.

The Doorman blinks, confused. He glances down at Ingrid, staring up at him with innocent eyes. Then back at Le-Wen.

He's got nothing. He steps aside.

As they join May-Li, Le-Wen reaches into the bag and produces the PRETZEL he got for Ingrid. Ingrid takes it, staring up at her father, both shaken by the encounter.

8 INT. GILES APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT (FBN1) 8

The elegant apartment of a tenured Columbia professor. May-Li and Le-Wen sit on the couch, enjoying post-dinner cocktails with ROGER and NANCY GILES (both 60s, patrician).

Across the room, Ingrid stands, staring out the floor-to-ceiling windows at the glimmering cityscape. Le-Wen walks over and places a hand on her shoulder.

INGRID

Why'd that man treat you like that?

A beat as Le-Wen searches for an answer. Then --

LE-WEN

We're safe now.

INGRID

He was an... ass.

It's the only swear she knows. She puts her heart into it.

LE-WEN

Ingrid. That's not polite.

INGRID

He wasn't polite.

LE-WEN

No, he wasn't. But we need to be.

Before they can discuss further, Roger Giles approaches.

ROGER

Everything okay?

LE-WEN

(smiles)

Didn't know teaching law could buy such a view.

ROGER

It doesn't. Practicing law did.

As the two men laugh, Ingrid looks from the warm, elegant apartment, to Giles, and out to the dazzling city. This is safety. This is respect. And our song fades back in: "One fine day, you're gonna want me for your girl." A steely determination flashes in Ingrid's eyes, as we MATCH CUT TO:

9 INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT - DAY (D1) 9

INGRID YUNG (now 29) takes in the breathtaking view of Central Park from her living room window. Early morning sun bathes the city. Ingrid smooths her chic pink suit and takes a deep breath. As she turns to face the day, that same fire from twenty years ago flashes in her eyes --

10 EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - LEX & 51ST ST STATION - DAY (D1) 10

As crowds emerge from the station, Ingrid strides upward from the depths, idealistic, eager, determined.

11 EXT. PARK AVENUE PLAZA - DAY (D1) 11

Ingrid arrives at a gleaming skyscraper and drops a few coins to a pan-handler. She catches her reflection in the glass. An ad with a beautiful blonde woman smiles back holding a perfume bottle: "Perfect." Ingrid frowns at her own reflection running her fingers through her hair. Her phone rings. ID: "Rachel Friedman".

INGRID

Sorry! Coming up now. Sorry, I'm --

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

You're doing it again --

INGRID

What? Oh, right. Guys never apologize. Sorry.

(beat)

Fuck.

Ingrid pushes through a revolving door to --

12 INT. PARK AVENUE PLAZA - DAY (D1) 12

A waterfall splashes in a soaring glass atrium.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

You know what else guys never do? Apologize for apologizing.

(beat)

It's Waffle Wednesday.

Ingrid swipes in amongst the crush of corporate elite.

INGRID

Forget me. Save yourself.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

Don't think I won't. I've sold my soul for a lot less than artisanal baked goods.

Corporate logos are emblazoned across elevator bays like coats of arm. Ingrid joins RACHEL FRIEDMAN (29, gorgeous, congenitally unimpressed).

They head for the last bay: "*Parsons Valentine & Hunt, Attorneys at Law*". Elevators are marked: "Floors 36 - 40, 41 - 46, and 47 - Sky Lounge." As they pass a gaggle of excitable 25-year-olds, Ingrid shares a flash of superiority with Rachel, en route to their higher status elevator --

INGRID

First day of school for the freshmen?

RACHEL

Which means Welcome Reception which means open bar at The Frog tonight.

But Ingrid's not listening, as she eyes two men passing *them* for the final bay, with their nicer suits and even higher floor status.

13 ELEVATOR

13

INGRID

Waffle on without me. I have to call Staffing.

(off Rachel's look)

I just wrapped the Weiland deal. I have to staff ASAP.

RACHEL

Just fudge your hours so you have the day off.

Ingrid shoots Rachel a reproving look.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You're not going to lose Junior Partner if you're on the beach for a day. I've been for two weeks.

INGRID

Objection. Motive. You want to coast. How's Seth? Or was it Sean? Sven?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

RACHEL

Sev.  
(beat)  
I think.

INGRID

M&A's only promoting two, maybe  
three, junior partners this year.

RACHEL

Relax. You're at the top of your  
department.

INGRID

But if I want to make it above the  
cafeteria, I have to land a major  
deal before they decide who's  
making partner this year.

As the elevator comes to "45", Ingrid moves to exit --

RACHEL

If you want intel on deal flow, the  
Jury Box is it.

Ingrid hesitates...

INGRID

Opposing counsel makes a fair  
point.

14 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - JURY BOX CAFETERIA - DAY (D1)

14

As they enter a posh dining hall, Rachel spies a group of  
guys cackling, all white, all attractive.

RACHEL

Your Mean Girls should have intel.

As they approach, DAN FALLON (29, charming cad, the queen  
bee) recounts his weekend exploits, gripping his head in  
despair --

DAN

But she was a total *bakkushan!*

As the rest of the guys groan --

RACHEL

What's a *bakkushan*?

Ingrid rolls her eyes --

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

INGRID

A wide margin on the face-body quotient. As used in a sentence, the bar was so dark, Dan didn't notice his date was a bakkushan until it was too late.

DAN

(to Rachel)

It means she looked like you from behind but --

INGRID

But Dan from the front.

Dan smirks, hangs on Rachel --

DAN

It means she was *not* you.

RACHEL

Clearly. She was on a date with you.

(to Ingrid, impatient)

Coming?

But Ingrid is busy staring across the hall at A MAN IN HIS 50s, a boss, no bullshit, rising from a table.

INGRID

Marty Adler...

Next to Dan, TODD AMES (29, Midwestern, earnest) tenses --

TODD

And half the management committee?

Now everyone turns to gawk at Marty who's gesticulating wildly to three men in their 50s, all flanking him and nodding.

DAN

Looks like Marty's rain dance paid off.

TODD

Marty's not just a rainmaker, he's a kingmaker. Whoever gets on his deal wins the golden ticket.

HUNTER RUSSELL (29, a gorgeous and baffled Bambi) watches, worried --

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

HUNTER

They're still promoting everyone  
who's tracking right?

DAN

What do you have to worry about Mr.  
Gretchen Landrus?

Hunter grimaces at the dig --

TODD

And then, there's London Boy.

Ingrid looks up surprised --

DAN

Apparently, we got a transfer.

INGRID

Into M&A? Now?

Todd groans, burying his head in his hands --

TODD

And I'm stuck on this fucking  
pharmaco deal. Well, whichever of  
you gets to work with Marty'll be  
guaranteed to make partner.

Dan packs up, dunking a napkin in the trash --

DAN

You know I love all you bakkushans,  
but this one's mine.

Ingrid frowns. *Not if she has anything to do with it.* As the  
gang scrambles to pack up, Ingrid turns back to Rachel with  
an apologetic look. Rachel sighs, waving her on: *Go.*

15 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - OUTSIDE INGRID'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

15

As Ingrid heads to her office, her assistant MARGO (late 50s,  
seen-it-all), deadpans --

MARGO

I have your mother on the line.

Ingrid eyes JUSTIN KEATING (22, too cool for school) sitting  
at a desk next to Margo -- his feet up, headphones on, giving  
zero fucks. Margo raises her eyebrows at Ingrid.

Ingrid sighs as she heads into her office. Margo starts to --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

INGRID

I'll call her back, and I need all the intel on Marty Adler's new deal. Thanks.

As Ingrid disappears into her office, Rachel rounds the corner. She clocks Justin and looks to Margo --

MARGO

HR finally realized giving Ingrid all the paralegals of color may, in and of itself, be racist. So, this week, she got --

Margo shrugs at Justin, clueless behind his headphones. Rachel's eyes narrow. She marches up to Justin, rips off his headphones --

RACHEL

Get your feet off the fucking desk.  
(re: Ingrid's door)  
This woman graduated number two in her class at Harvard Law, while your ass was probably flunking Colgate. Show some fucking respect.

Without waiting for a response, Rachel marches into Ingrid's office, leaving Justin in shock, and a bit smitten.

16 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - INGRID'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

16

As Ingrid settles behind her desk, Rachel bursts in, excited --

INGRID

What, no waffles?

RACHEL

Something way better. Who was that guy, all those years ago at Rosecliff?

INGRID

Rosecliff? You mean Jane and Tony's wedding?

RACHEL

Yes, you were maid of honor at that disaster, but you said you met...

Rachel gropes for a name, her eyes landing on a "Casablanca" poster on the wall --

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Bogie!

Ingrid grimaces, remembering --

INGRID

Yeah...?

RACHEL

And you guys...

INGRID

(mortified)

Yeah.

RACHEL

You said it was an instant connection. Fireworks. In the upstairs bedroom.

Ingrid blushes --

INGRID

He asked me if I meant what I said in my toast. About soulmates. "The belief in true love is the same as believing in god. Because you believe in destiny."

Rachel rolls her eyes --

RACHEL

And that's when he told you, you had chocolate on your lips. And kissed you.

The memory awakens something in Ingrid --

INGRID

Then he said, "Not chocolate. Marzipan. Pineapple."

(pained)

It was... nice.

RACHEL

"Nice"?! You were *smitten*. You said "love at first sight." You were using "soulmate" level language. You made an album of the wedding album dedicated to *him*. I know because you made me sit through it more than a few times. You even called him --

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Rachel waves emphatically at Humphrey Bogart.

INGRID

He was leaving for London the next day. So, we agreed "no names, no questions."

Rachel angles her phone at her friend. ON SCREEN: JEFF MURPHY (30) blond, blue-eyed, smoldering. Ingrid freezes --

INGRID (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

RACHEL

The waffle station. Are you okay?

Ingrid stares at the photo, pale --

INGRID

What is he doing here?

RACHEL

It's "destiny." The love of your life from... from how long ago?

INGRID

He's not the love of my life.  
(beat)  
Six years ago.

Rachel stares hard at Ingrid --

RACHEL

This is exactly what you need. We're going to be thirty, and you've dated a grand total of three guys. Three! My thirteen-year-old niece has more experience than you. Which is not cool for so many reasons. But life is not about making partner. You have to get out and live a little.

INGRID

I will. After I make junior partner.

(re: time)

Speaking of, I've got the department meeting...

Rachel heads for the door --

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

RACHEL

Good luck with you know who. And I don't mean Marty Adler.

Ingrid rolls her eyes. But after Rachel leaves, Ingrid checks herself in a mirror, fixing her hair before exiting.

17 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - HALLWAY / TYLER'S OFFICE - DAY (D1) 17

As Ingrid heads past an office, TYLER ROBINSON (29, African American, self-possessed) waves for Ingrid to come in. Like his Ozwald Boateng suit, Tyler is style incarnate. Tyler's on the phone and pissed --

TYLER (ON PHONE)

I want this deal. I'm your guy.

Tyler motions for Ingrid to close the door. As Ingrid pulls it shut, Tyler punches a speakerphone ON --

MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Sorry, Tyler. We're putting Gavin Dunlop on it. He's handled this kind of pitch before.

TYLER

You put a guy who wears a bow tie and seersucker, *unironically*, on potentially our biggest luxury goods client?

Tyler looks up at Ingrid: *can you believe this bullshit?* As Tyler changes into a fresh shirt, tossing the old one into a growing pile in the corner --

TYLER (CONT'D)

Look, not only have I pitched six new clients, I started reading Vogue, Teen Vogue, and Women's Wear Daily when I was eleven. I know Alexander McQueen didn't know couture until he went to Givenchy, and unlike Gavin Dunlop, I actually know the difference between polyester and wool.

Long pause --

MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

What am I supposed to tell Gavin?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

TYLER

Stick to earth tones. Bright colors  
make him look even pastier than he is.

MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Fine. You tell him.

Tyler pumps his fist --

TYLER

You won't be sorry.

As Tyler hangs up, he smiles at Ingrid --

TYLER (CONT'D)

Luxe.

INGRID

Just remember, when you're running  
Luxury Goods here, I want a huge  
discount on all client products.

TYLER

You won't need it because you'll be  
running this place. By the way, can  
you believe there's not one but two  
Asian American first-years?

INGRID

Wait what? Don't they just  
annihilate each other in a flash of  
energy and release a photon?

TYLER

Come say hi to the kids at the  
reception tonight.

INGRID

Not if I get on Marty's new deal --

Before Tyler can reply, Ingrid rushes out.

18 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (D1)

18

Ingrid exits an elevator and hurries through a lobby. As she  
rounds a corner, she runs smack into JEFF MURPHY. AKA --

INGRID

Bogie...

As Murphy hands her scattered files back, he flashes a smile.  
Roguish, arrogant.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MURPHY

Hey...

Ingrid beams back.

INGRID

Hi... Do you believe in destiny now?

MURPHY

Destiny...

As his expression turns quizzical, Ingrid's heart catches ---

INGRID

Ingrid. Ingrid Yung.

MURPHY

Jeff Murphy. Nice to meet you.

INGRID

We've met. At Jane and Tony's wedding...

MURPHY

Of course, right.

INGRID

You don't remember...

MURPHY

Of course I do. You had that dress... a very pretty dress...

INGRID

Oh that pink thing?

MURPHY

Yes.

INGRID

It was blue.

MURPHY

(busted)

I had a lot to drink that night.

INGRID

Apparently.

MURPHY

Did I do anything... embarrassing?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

INGRID

I don't know. Do you mean like strip and limbo naked? Or tackle the bridesmaids for the bouquet?

Murphy grins --

MURPHY

I call that Tuesday.

Ingrid heads down the hall, her face clouding but her voice light --

INGRID

Well then, no. You were an absolute gentleman.

Murphy clocks something in her tone.

MURPHY

Was I? Letter or spirit of the law, Counselor?

INGRID

Clearly, you were not compos mentis, so I'll let you off with a warning. This time.

MURPHY

How magnanimous of you.

INGRID

I call that Tuesday.

Ingrid now notices they've both arrived at the same conference room. Putting it together, incredulous --

INGRID (CONT'D)

You're the transfer. From London.

MURPHY

Guilty as charged. I take it you're in M&A too. What year?

INGRID

Sixth.

MURPHY

So you're the competition.

INGRID

Don't flatter yourself.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MURPHY  
Oh, you're that good?

INGRID  
Better.

Bravado covering her dismay, Ingrid marches into the conference room --

19 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D1) 19

Dozens of attorneys mill around. Dan eyes Ingrid with Murphy, the new 6'4" Savile Row alpha male.

DAN  
Yung, should we be jealous?

Murphy extends his hand with an easy --

MURPHY  
Jeff Murphy. Just transferred from across the pond.

DAN  
Dan Fallon.

TODD  
Todd Ames. You're from London?

MURPHY  
Thereabouts.

DAN  
I used to summer in the Lake District.

MURPHY  
Nice. I love Windermere.

Ingrid frowns while the men all nod, as if sharing a secret handshake.

TODD  
I've got a buddy in the London office. Declan O'Brien?

Murphy just smiles smoothly as he moves past Todd --

MURPHY  
Excuse me --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Taking a seat at a conference table. Marty Adler now enters typing on his phone, and everyone moves to sit as well.

Ingrid sees a sweet first-year associate approach Marty and moves to intercept, but --

FIRST-YEAR ASSOCIATE

Marty Adler? I'm Caleb Sweeney. A first-year at Parsons. I'm really excited to be working here. May... may I ask you a question?

Marty continues typing on his phone --

MARTY

Don't fucking ask permission to ask a question. Just ask the fucking question.

Caleb nervous laughs. Ingrid closes her eyes.

CALEB

Right, of course. So in intellectual property law we studied the Lexion-Huntsman case. And how you handled the patent issues was brilliant, and I just --

Marty puts his hand up --

MARTY

Stop. Sweeney, right? No one's buying your wide-eyed ingenuer act. It's both manipulative and cliché. And stop laughing. It's making me mad. Laughter is a coward's expression of fear.

Marty marches past Caleb, annoyed but also very much aware of his effect. Poor Caleb just stares after him, slack-jawed.

INGRID

They really should go over Marty Adler in Orientation.

Dan shrugs, whipping out a pen and notepad --

DAN

You in for bingo?

INGRID

Sure. I'll go with "kick the tires."

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

DAN  
I'm going with "circle the wagons."

TODD  
"Knock it out of the park" for me.

Ingrid turns to Murphy --

INGRID  
Twenty bucks buy-in. Whoever's  
Phrase that Pays gets spoken first,  
wins. Feeling lucky?

MURPHY  
Um, sure. I'll go with "slippery  
slope."

Ingrid arches an eyebrow --

INGRID  
I thought you said you were the  
competition.

Murphy grins --

MURPHY  
Fine. Um, "align incentives." No,  
wait. "Boil the ocean."

Ingrid sees Dan and Todd share a look: *not bad*. As Hunter  
joins them, Dan points to the list.

HUNTER  
I dunno... "Most impactful"?

DAN  
(frowns)  
You did that last week.

TODD  
And it's not really a "phrase."

Marty claps his hands --

MARTY  
All right people. Let's start with  
the Alcor deal. Last week, we went  
in and *kicked the tires*...

Bingo! Ingrid's *Phrase that Pays*. She beams at the guys. Dan  
scowls, and Todd shakes his head. Murphy raises his eyebrows.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

As the guys reluctantly sneak bills to Ingrid, she sneaks a look at Murphy. His strong hands on the conference table... the pout of his lips... His perfectly tousled blond hair. His blue eyes. That fucking ease and confidence... *does he really not remember her?!*

MARTY (CONT'D)

Onto new business. Sun Corp, a big time energy conglomerate in Houston is acquiring Min Enterprises, a clean tech play.

(beat)

For 2.9 billion.

DAN

(whistles)

That's real money.

MARTY

The energy sector is fucking volatile right now. So nobody says a word until we get a term sheet signed. You available Fallon?

DAN

Willing and able.

Ingrid leans in --

INGRID

I can draft up a quick-and-dirty NDA. Get that signed ASAP.

MARTY

Great, Yung. So Fallon why don't you sit in on the kick-off today. Ted Lassiter, Sun Corp's CEO, is coming --

INGRID

I just worked on an oil and gas client last year. Chevron divested its holdings in Mexico's Real Oil. So I know all about family-owned energy and all those tricky regulatory issues --

MARTY

Yes, okay Yung. You sit in on the kick-off as well. Make sure we're ready to go at three.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

INGRID

Absolutely, yes. My pleasure.

Ingrid and Dan look at each other surprised: both of us?

MARTY

Remember, this deal is still *highly confidential*. If this gets out, I'll fucking tear up your license myself.

20 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - HALLWAY - SHORTLY AFTER (D1)

20

As everyone heads out, Dan smiles at Ingrid --

DAN

This'll be fun. Why don't you run the NDA by me before the meeting.

Ingrid blinks, stunned --

INGRID

Sure, Dan. Should I tell you when I take a shit too?

DAN

Come on Yung, one of us has to run point.

INGRID

Yeah, I heard Marty tell *me* to make sure "we're ready to go."

DAN

Look, I know you want to be teacher's pet, but Marty called on me first. So --

(exiting)

I look forward to reviewing that NDA.

Ingrid stares after him, miffed, as Murphy approaches --

MURPHY

Did he just call you a *paralegal*?

INGRID

Sometimes I want to punch Dan Fallon in his smug, entitled face. Not all of us were born on Fifth Avenue, "summer at the Lake District," or winter in Aspen or whatever. Where I grew up, seasons aren't verbs.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Ingrid notices Murphy smiling.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Welcome to the jungle, London.

MURPHY  
Don't worry, I see who the real  
competition is.

Murphy gives Ingrid a heart-stopping wink as he exits.

21 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - SKY LOUNGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D1) 21

Ingrid enters an expansive room overlooking Central Park. On a huge conference table, legal pads and sleek trays of pencils and pens are neatly laid out. Ingrid nods to Justin --

INGRID  
Not bad.

Justin just shrugs, leaning against the windows engrossed in his phone. Ingrid hangs on him, then moves to say something, when Margo shows in TED LASSITER (early 60s), snow-white hair and laughing blue eyes. Cowboy Santa.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
You're early...

TED  
If you're early, you're on time. If  
you're on time, you're late.

Ingrid nods agreeably, as she moves to introduce herself --

INGRID  
Punctuality is a virtue. I'm --

But Ted crosses the room offering his hand to Justin --

TED  
Ted Lassiter.

Justin looks at Ted stunned and shakes his hand.

JUSTIN  
Um... Justin Keating... I'm the --

Ted turns back toward Ingrid --

TED  
When you get a sec, could we get  
some Pellegrino brought up?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Ingrid smiles coolly --

INGRID

Of course. *Justin*, please call Dining Services and let them know?

As Justin scurries over to the phone, Ted smiles, amused, and not the least bit embarrassed. Ingrid holds out her hand --

INGRID (CONT'D)

Ingrid Yung. I'm the *senior associate* on the deal. It's great to meet you, Ted.

TED

Ted Lassiter. No hard feelings I hope? It's just you don't look a day older than eighteen! You folks are lucky that way, right?

Ingrid smiles tightly. Ted turns to a man in his late 50s, an all-American, aging quarterback --

TED (CONT'D)

This is our general counsel Mark Traynor.

As Ingrid shakes hands with Traynor, Marty enters with Dan.

MARTY

Ted!

Marty claps Ted on the shoulder, all welcome and warmth. Marty gestures toward --

MARTY (CONT'D)

This is Dan Fallon. My senior associate. And you've met Ingrid Yung. Brought my best and brightest for you.

As Marty shepherds Ted to sit at the head of the table, Traynor and Marty immediately flank Ted.

In a game of musical chairs, Dan grabs the seat next to Marty. Ingrid moves to sit next to Traynor, but Justin takes the seat. Ingrid stares at Justin shocked, then scrambles to sit next to Dan who's already chatting up Lassiter --

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

DAN

When I worked at McKinsey, I ran so many Liquid Natural Gas models, I was dreaming accretion and dilution analysis in my sleep.

TED

Never hurts to have someone who knows how we run the numbers.

Ingrid squares her shoulders, she's here to play too --

INGRID

So what's happening with their top execs?

TED

A bunch of guys are parachuting out. But we're mainly interested in keeping Jack Barstow on.

INGRID

(nodding)

Franklin Min's right-hand man. Jack Barstow brought revenues up over forty percent last year, right?

TED

That's right.

INGRID

Barstow spent the past three years slaving away to get their offshore drilling ops up and running. And now he learns old man Min's looking to sell? I bet he's pissed.

(beat)

Barstow was seen at Marea with Ken Fox of Chevron Monday. If you want Barstow, we definitely need a key-man provision.

Ted raises an admiring eyebrow.

MARTY

What'd I tell you? Best and brightest.

Ingrid beams at Marty, but notices Dan smirking.

22 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - SKY LOUNGE LOBBY - LATER (D1)

22

As everyone exits, Marty talks with Ted and Traynor. Dan and Ingrid follow close by. As they reach the elevators, Dan goes in for the kill --

DAN

Ted, your junior year game against the Bulldogs is legendary. Three goals, two ground balls, and one caused turnover.

TED

You play?

DAN

I was a midfielder. Gerry Keil was our head coach.

TED

No kidding! Gerry was our assistant coach way back in the day.

DAN

Gerry's my man. He retired a few years ago, but I still see him every year at the Game.

TED

Say hi to him for me will you?

DAN

You got it.

Ingrid watches as Marty clocks Ted and Dan bonding. As the elevator doors close, Ted does the snap-and-point at Dan --

TED

Go Crimson.

Dan turns and smiles innocently at Ingrid --

DAN

Go Crimson.

23 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - INGRID'S OFFICE - EVENING (N1)

23

Ingrid and Justin go over a red-lined NDA.

INGRID

Update the signatories. Check who's executing on behalf of Min.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Justin grunts, noncommittal.

INGRID (CONT'D)

By the way, I know you're new, but paralegals are supposed to sit by the wall. Not at the table.

JUSTIN

Ok. Whatever.

Ingrid's eyes narrow: *what is with this guy?*

TYLER (O.S.)

You forgot. Of course you forgot.

Ingrid turns to find Tyler in his coat.

INGRID

The first-year drinks.

(beat)

I have to get this out tonight. *For Marty.*

TYLER

All work and no play makes Ingrid a very dull girl. If you're not careful, you're going to go full "Shining" on us.

INGRID

I just need to close this deal.

TYLER

That's what you say every deal. Just stop by for one drink so Recruiting can get the requisite photo-op of you and me "adding color to the firm." And... Marty Adler might be there.

*This gets Ingrid's attention.*

24 INT. BAR/LOUNGE - NIGHT (N1)

24

Ingrid and Tyler arrive at a luxe lounge. Dozens of bright-eyed first-years mill about. Tyler smiles at JAVI, a hot twenty-something tending bar.

TYLER

(to Ingrid, re: Murphy)  
He doesn't remember?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

INGRID

If he does, he's not letting on.

Rachel joins Tyler and Ingrid --

RACHEL

Are we talking about pineapple marzipan? Be careful with this one, Ing.

INGRID

Wait, just this morning you were all about true love and soulmates.

RACHEL

That was before I found out he's pretending not to remember.

TYLER

I don't care if he's the devil incarnate. When's the last time our girl's been this hot and bothered?

RACHEL

When she realized she could take Trusts and Estates and IP as a 2L?

TYLER

Or when they extended the library's hours to 24-7?

RACHEL

Or when the Law Review went monthly instead of quarterly?

TYLER

Or when --

INGRID

Okay, okay! I get it. But he doesn't remember me. So even if I wanted to, it's clear he doesn't feel the same.

Ingrid shrugs it off: *end of story.*

INGRID (CONT'D)

I need a drink.

Rachel and Tyler share a bemused look.

25 BAR AREA

25

As Ingrid gets a drink, she turns to find Murphy behind her --

MURPHY

So "Ingrid." How'd you get that name? It's not very...

Ingrid reflexively fixes her hair --

INGRID

Asian? My parents saw "Casablanca" on their first date in Taiwan.

MURPHY

Ah, Ingrid Bergman. Very old-fashioned. So, are you a hopeless romantic?

INGRID

I like when the boy gets the girl. When the good guys win. I mean, that's why we do what we do, right?

MURPHY

And it's a good way to make a lot of money off other people's problems.

INGRID

So you're in it for the money?

MURPHY

What else?  
(off Ingrid's look)  
What?

INGRID

Like you need it. Oh come on, Murphy. You "summer at the Lake District." Just like...

Ingrid nods toward Dan Fallon who's farther down the bar --

INGRID (CONT'D)

Just like him.

MURPHY

"Just like him"?

Something dangerous flashes in Murphy's eyes --

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I'm nothing like him. I've worked hard for everything I have. I've always been on the outside looking in.

(beat)

Just like you.

Murphy's eyes lock with Ingrid's for a charged beat. But then he laughs, light and easy again --

MURPHY (CONT'D)

So what're you in it for?

Ingrid hesitates, still caught in the dark crosscurrent --

INGRID

I believe in justice. Laws are what we value. Murder is bad. Stealing is bad. Forgetting people you met at a wedding is bad.

MURPHY

Is that illegal in the States?

INGRID

It should be.

Murphy cracks one of his devastating smiles, as Ingrid's phone BUZZES. A text from "FRANCINE LINDENHOFF": "*You know about Sun Corp?*" Ingrid quickly texts back: "*No comment.*"

MURPHY

"Francine"? That's even more old-fashioned than "Ingrid."

Ingrid tilts her phone away from Murphy --

INGRID

And reading other people's texts is definitely illegal.

Ingrid spots Rachel and Tyler heading over.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Um... this is Rachel Friedman, Litigation. Tyler Robinson, IP. And this is Jeff Murphy. From London.

Ingrid eyes Rachel and Tyler: *behave yourselves*. Tyler smiles: *relax!*

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

RACHEL

Very nice to meet you Jeff Murphy.

TYLER

We require sage counsel. Rachel here needs a favor from Dan.

RACHEL

They want a sixth-year from Litigation to help out on that AXA re-insurance deal.

TYLER

(ugh)

Re-insurance. Be still my heart.

RACHEL

Dan's friends with Harold Rubenstein, the relationship partner. I need Dan to make sure it's not me.

TYLER

But Dan also knows Rachel knows he has a crush on her.

MURPHY

So you don't want any quid pro quo?

RACHEL

What would you advise, Mr. Murphy?

Ingrid sighs knowing her friends are testing him. She waves down the bar --

INGRID

DAN!

Dan heads over with another gentleman in tow. NICK LAREN (35) has a cheerful, chill vibe. Tyler eyes Nick approvingly --

TYLER

And who is that?

RACHEL

He looks way too nice to be friends with Dan.

As Dan approaches --

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

INGRID

Rachel needs a favor. But, representations, warranties, and covenants, my client does not now, or ever, in any jurisdiction, here or in the future, ever... want to have sex with you.

Rachel shrugs. Dan steeples his fingers --

DAN

I'm listening.

Rachel rolls her eyes and pulls Dan over to sidebar. Dan's friend NICK LAREN (35) turns to Ingrid --

NICK

Very well argued, Counselor.

INGRID

Well, you can only meet people, as deeply as they've met themselves.

NICK

Are you a philosopher or a lawyer?

INGRID

(smiles)

Yes.

Ingrid glances over to find Murphy chatting with Tyler but catches him looking her way.

NICK

You remind me of a professor I had. He was into philosophy and law. Thomas Nagel.

Ingrid whirls around.

INGRID

Wait. *The* Thomas Nagel?

NICK

You know him? He was my thesis advisor. On new theories of the mind. Starting with his essay --

INGRID

"What Is It Like to be A Bat!"

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

NICK  
(delighted)  
Yes...

INGRID  
I was obsessed with the mind-body  
problem.

Nick smiles warmly at Ingrid --

NICK  
You don't look like you have a mind-  
body problem.  
(extends hand)  
Nick Laren.

Ingrid finally notices that Nick is both cute and charming.

INGRID  
Ingrid Yung.

NICK  
Very nice to meet you. So "What Is  
It Like to be Ingrid Yung"?

INGRID  
That's the problem. No matter how  
close you and I ever get, you can  
never truly know what it's like to  
be me. Or I you.  
(re: glass)  
The red I see will never be the  
same red you see. So, why bother?

Nick nods, faux-despairing --

NICK  
Right. I have no way of knowing if  
my brain isn't in a vat somewhere,  
and if all this isn't just some  
simulation.

Ingrid nods, sympathetic --

INGRID  
I had a serious case of solipsism in  
college. That was before I realized  
we're all here by sheer happenstance,  
an accident of string theory, a  
hiccup on a probability function.  
But, I tell myself, in the face of  
the heat death of the universe, we  
must supply our own light.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

INGRID (CONT'D)  
(toasts)  
And our own wine.

MURPHY (O.C.)  
I'll drink to that.

Ingrid turns to find Murphy smiling at her --

INGRID  
Nick Laren. Jeff Murphy.  
(re: Murphy)  
We... work together.

MURPHY  
You related to Conrad Laren?

NICK  
My dad casts a long shadow.

MURPHY  
I think I met him once. In Zermatt.

NICK  
Might be. He often winters there.

Murphy arches a brow at Ingrid --

MURPHY  
I thought you were philosophically  
opposed to people who used seasons  
as verbs?

NICK  
Oh, Ingrid's philosophically  
opposed to everything. She's a  
nihilist, didn't you know?

MURPHY  
Don't let her fool you. Underneath  
it all, she's a hopeless romantic.  
(to Ingrid)  
Isn't that right, Ms. Bergman?

Ingrid reacts, surprised and charmed --

INGRID  
Uh...

Ingrid's phone BUZZES. She eyes the text --

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Back to the salt mines.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

As Ingrid gathers her things --

NICK

Hey, so I know that free will is just an illusion, but... what're you doing Friday?

INGRID

Hopefully not babysitting my paralegal.

NICK

I'm going to a thing at the Frick. Would you like to join me?

INGRID

Oh, um...

Ingrid steals a look back at Murphy and sees he's now talking to a very pretty blonde. Ingrid frowns.

INGRID (CONT'D)

(to Nick)

I'd love to.

NICK

Great, see you Friday. If the simulation doesn't crash before then.

Ingrid now sees Dan, Rachel, and Tyler all pretending *hard* not to watch. As Ingrid passes Rachel she whispers, incredulous --

INGRID

The Frick?

RACHEL

Dress?

Ingrid shrugs, shaking her head.

26 EXT. INGRID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (N1)

26

Establish a Neo-classical high-rise on the park.

27 INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N1)

27

Ingrid kicks off her shoes and dumps her bag on a chair around a dining table covered in Redweld files. Framed posters of classic films hang on the walls: *The Big Sleep*, *Notorious*. *Bringing Up Baby*.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Ingrid collapses onto her couch and plays a voicemail. The voice of MAY-LI YUNG (mid-50s, accented) crackles out --

MAY-LI (ON PHONE)

Ingrid, have you heard from Lina? I tried her three times today. I... I just want to be sure she is okay.

The catch in her mother's voice worries Ingrid. She involuntarily looks to a FRAMED PHOTO. Ingrid (nine years old), and a chubby-cheeked TWO-YEAR-OLD (LINA) smile back.

Ingrid speed-dials: LINA YUNG. It goes to voicemail. A young woman's voice sings out --

LINA (VOICE RECORDING)

It's Lina. Leave a message. Namaste bitches!

INGRID

Hey, it's me. Mom's worried about you. Just let her know you're okay.

Ingrid hangs up and goes to the fridge which is filled with Veuve Clicquot. She pours herself a glass and hunkers down with the NDA. A text PINGS from LINA: "*I'm fine. Busy.*" Ingrid replies: "*Did you call Mom back?*"

Ingrid waits... nothing. As she turns back to work, her phone RINGS. Ingrid looks at it surprised. It's... JEFF MURPHY? Ingrid picks up and can't help a little smile --

INGRID (CONT'D)

Hello? Murphy?

Sounds of FAINT FOOTSTEPS, a DISTANT SIREN. MURPHY'S VOICE, muffled.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Hey Murphy! Did you butt-dial --

But a WOMAN'S GIGGLING rings out. And then, MURPHY LAUGHING. We can't hear what's being said, but the energy sounds flirtatious. Ingrid frowns and hangs up.

28 BEDROOM - LATER (N1)

28

Ingrid crawls into bed. She pulls out her phone, calling up:

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

M&A SCIENCE PODCAST (ON PHONE)  
*...and these mergers and acquisitions  
often require Material Adverse Change  
clauses or "MAC" clauses...*

Ingrid turns off the light and falls asleep to podcast "M&A Science".

29 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - INGRID'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

29

Ingrid goes over a preliminary term sheet with Justin.

INGRID

Get the IP agreements. The lease  
and well docs too. Why aren't you  
writing this down?

JUSTIN

(shrugs)  
I got it.

Margo pokes her head in --

MARGO

Sorry, it's your mother. It sounds  
urgent.

Ingrid turns away from Justin to take the call --

INGRID

(hushed)  
Mom, she texted me last night.

MAY-LI (ON PHONE)

Have you actually talked to her?

INGRID

No. But I'll --

MAY-LI (ON PHONE)

No one has talked to her in three  
days, Ingrid.

Ingrid sighs, she knows how this goes --

INGRID

Okay, I'll check on her.

Ingrid hangs up and grabs her coat. To Justin as she heads  
out --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

INGRID (CONT'D)  
I want those docs by one o'clock.

30 EXT. LINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (D2)

30

Hell's Kitchen low-rise walk-up. Ingrid rings the bell for what feels like the hundredth time. No answer.

INGRID (ON PHONE)  
Hey, now I'm outside your building.  
If you don't call me back in five minutes...

Ingrid hangs up, troubled.

31 INT. LINA'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

31

Ingrid climbs up the fire escape and crawls in through a window.

INGRID  
Lina?

Ingrid stares in shock at an empty apartment. Collapsed moving boxes lean against a wall next to packing tape.

32 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - OUTSIDE INGRID'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

32

As Ingrid rushes back to the office, she leaves a voicemail --

INGRID  
(hushed)  
Where are you? Text me you're alive. Or I'll have to tell mom.

Ingrid hangs up to find Justin waiting at Margo's desk with a pile of documents.

JUSTIN  
If you're on time, you're late.

MARGO  
Marty Adler stopped by.

INGRID  
When?

MARGO  
An hour ago. I told him you'd be right back. But I think he went looking for Dan.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

PING. Ingrid checks her phone. Lina's texted a smiling cat emoji. Exasperated, Ingrid grabs the documents from Justin, heading out to --

33 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - FRATERNITY ROW - DAY (D2) 33

Ingrid rounds the corner to a stretch of hallway with panoramic views of the park.

34 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - DAN FALLON'S OFFICE - DAY (D2) 34

Ingrid gets hit in the head with a nerf ball as she enters.

DAN  
Aw, Yung! That was a perfect three-pointer!

Todd collects the ball and backhands it into a basket above the door.

INGRID  
Did Marty come by?

DAN  
You just missed him.

INGRID  
What'd he want?

DAN  
Just checking in. Running through any red flags.

INGRID  
I thought that was the two o'clock?

DAN  
Yeah, we just did it over lunch.

INGRID  
So, what were the red flags?

DAN  
You know, land lease stuff, environmental reports. Phase One, Phase Two, blah blah blah. Marty was interested in anything out of left-field.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

INGRID

Did he mean "intangibles" like "goodwill" assets? Min's got a very valuable brand and great relationships with suppliers.

A strange look momentarily flashes across Dan's face --

DAN

Relax. I got it covered. So why doesn't Rachel like me? Is it because I'm not Jewish?

Ingrid intercepts a toss --

INGRID

It's because you're an arrogant ass, Dan.

DAN

Yeah, but women love that.

INGRID

She likes... artsy types. I dunno, maybe we're attracted to what we want to be but aren't.

DAN

Speaking of which, I set you up with the most eligible bachelor in town. Nick used to be the fat kid. So deep down, he's still a fat nerd who wants to be cool. Make him look good, and you're set. You have an awesome dress for tomorrow, right?

INGRID

We have Sun Corp tomorrow. When would I have time to shop for a dress?

DAN

As I said, Yung. Relax. I got it covered.

Ingrid frowns as Dan plucks the ball from her and dunks it in the net.

35 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - INGRID'S OFFICE - EVENING (N2)

35

Ingrid's at work at her desk, when Marty Adler swings by --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MARTY

Lassiter's moving tomorrow up to  
nine AM. That going to be a problem?

Ingrid eyes the huge stacks of files on her desk but smiles --

INGRID

No. No problem.

Marty nods as he heads out --

MARTY

You around later if I need you?

INGRID

Of course. Anytime, Marty.

Ingrid dives into a new brief, as Margo enters --

MARGO

I thought you wanted to go to  
Bergdorfs? It closes in an hour.

Ingrid frowns, eyeing the piles of work.

CUT TO:

36 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - INGRID'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER (N2) 36

Ingrid dials, unhappy but resigned --

NICK (ON PHONE)

Hey, I was just going to call and  
ask where I should send the car to  
pick you up tomorrow?

INGRID

Yeah, about that. I'm so sorry,  
Nick. I'm afraid I can't go. I --

NICK (ON PHONE)

You got a better offer? Damn, that  
Tom Nagel does know how to cut a  
rug.

INGRID

(laughing)

Now, *that* I would risk making  
partner to see. No, I'm on a huge  
deal and have to work.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

NICK

Just come out for an hour. I'll have you back at the office before you can say "epistemology."

INGRID

I'd love to, but I'm in the final stretch. This deal is the deciding factor. I'm sorry, I really am.

NICK

Look, we here at the philosophy department have very specific taste. You'd be surprised how hard it is to find someone so conversant in mind-body theory. So, we won't be filling the position with any other candidates. If you change your mind, swing by.

Ingrid smiles, touched, but knows she won't --

INGRID

Thanks.

Ingrid hangs up, feels a momentary flash of regret, but then, takes a deep breath and turns back to work.

37 INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N2)

37

It's even later. Ingrid drops her bags at the table. As she winds down, she eyes a couple in a building across the way, framed in a lit window. They're cuddled together on a couch watching TV, laughing, snuggling into each other.

38 BEDROOM

38

Exhausted, Ingrid crawls into bed and reaches for her phone. She sets a sleep timer and again closes her eyes to the intricacies of "*Material Adverse Change clauses*"...

39 EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY (D3)

39

Ingrid rushes out of the subway. Up ahead, she spots a jowly STREET ARTIST ogling a woman's backside. Ingrid shakes her head and steers clear. But as the light changes, Ingrid's forced to wait by his corner.

SIDEWALK ARTIST

Ni hao ma? Konichiwa?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Ingrid sighs and ignores him.

SIDEWALK ARTIST (CONT'D)

(louder)

Konichiwa. Hey you, ni hao ma?  
Konnichiwaaaaa! Chow fan! Pork  
fried rice!

Ingrid rolls her eyes and pretends to check her phone. As the light changes, Ingrid steps off the curb --

SIDEWALK ARTIST (CONT'D)

(hissing)

Fucking chink.

Ingrid freezes, shocked, flushing with anger. She does not have time for this. But in spite of herself, Ingrid turns and walks up to the man.

INGRID

Excuse me, what did you say?

The man blinks in surprise, clenching his jaw.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Something you wanted to say to me?

The man lets out a snort, glaring at her --

SIDEWALK ARTIST

Look lady, I don't know what the  
fuck you're talking about.

He puts his hands on his knees and rises. Ingrid now realizes he's much bigger than he looked sitting down. Ingrid pushes down her panic and stands her ground. A heated stare-off lasts for several beats, then the man snorts, turns, and pretends to busy himself with a row of prints.

Ingrid looks at what he's selling. Amateur cartoons of dogs and women. The dogs all have human characteristics: driving taxis, drinking beer, playing football. But the women are all just nude and large-breasted. Ingrid glances down at the biggest watercolor: a woman naked and spread-eagled on a motel bed. A dog lies next to her, smoking a cigarette.

SIDEWALK ARTIST (CONT'D)

You like that one? It's one of my  
favorites. Ten thousand dollars.

Ingrid glares at the man who smiles mockingly --

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

SIDEWALK ARTIST (CONT'D)

But for you, I'll let you have it for just twenty. Special discount for pretty Chinese girls. You're Chinese right? Or is it Japanese? Or Korean?

(smirks, dismissive)

Doesn't matter. You fucking chinks all look the same.

And before she realizes what she's doing... BAM! Ingrid plunges her shoe all the way through the painting, leaving a huge ragged hole in the center.

SIDEWALK ARTIST (CONT'D)

What the fuck? WHAT THE FUCK!

Enraged, the man throws his ruined canvas onto the ground and comes toward Ingrid, his face red and shiny. Ingrid backs away, as the man lurches toward her.

VOICE (O.C.)

Easy buddy.

Ingrid whirls around and finds Ted Lassiter standing directly behind her. Lassiter pulls a money clip from his pocket and crumples a twenty in the man's palm --

TED

I believe this was your going rate.

The Sidewalk Artist is too bewildered to respond. Lassiter turns to Ingrid with a broad grin, claps her on the shoulder, and directs her across Lexington Avenue --

TED (CONT'D)

Come on Slugger. We're late.

40 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - SKY LOUNGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D3)

40

Marty, Traynor, and Dan turn as Ted Lassiter and Ingrid enter laughing --

TED

Dead center! Taking out the fat lady and that ridiculous smoking dog!

MARTY

(concerned)  
Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

TED

Slugger here could give Megan Rapinoe a run for her money. You should've seen her. She was having a dust-up with some jerk --

Ingrid shrugs happily --

TED (CONT'D)

And I saved her from his racist bullshit.

Ingrid hesitates, *true... he did, kind of...?* Marty nods, if the client's happy, he's happy.

MARTY

So, Mark just brought me up to speed about your uh... budgetary concerns.

Marty gestures toward Ingrid and Dan --

MARTY (CONT'D)

I had two senior associates on to make sure we're steering the ship in the right direction. But going forward, we'll just keep one.

TED

Much appreciated Marty.

Ingrid and Dan look at each other. *So... this is war.* As everyone takes seats around the conference table, Ingrid hurries to pull out her notes, as --

DAN

I think we should add in language about intangible goodwill assets. Min's brand is very valuable, and they have good relationships with their key suppliers.

Ingrid stares at Dan incredulous, as he blithely steals her idea from yesterday.

MARTY

Great point. Thank you, Dan.

Ingrid recovers, wracking her brain. And the echo of her podcast rises: "*...these mergers and acquisitions often require Material Adverse Change clauses or --*"

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

INGRID

I don't see a MAC clause.

Ted looks questioningly to Ingrid --

INGRID (CONT'D)

A Material Adverse Change clause.  
It's a change in circumstance that  
affects a bargain after the deal's  
signed, but before it's closed.  
Something like an embargo or a new  
tax law, or regulatory change.

Ted nods impressed. Ingrid exhales relieved, as Marty  
scribbles it down --

MARTY

Always good to have a well-defined  
MAC clause.

Dan frowns, wheels turning --

DAN

Speaking of regulatory, my buddy  
Winston is at the Department of  
Energy, in Fossil Fuels. Winston  
and I were both in the Spee  
together. Never hurts to have a  
friendly face at the DOE.

Ingrid watches as Lassiter and Marty share an appreciative  
glance --

MARTY

That may be very valuable indeed.  
Of course, it would all have to be  
official.

DAN

Of course.

Marty clasps his hands --

MARTY

Well, I think it makes sense for  
Dan to stay on and run point.

Marty looks to Ingrid, dismissing her --

MARTY (CONT'D)

Thank you, Yung.

41 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - HALLWAY - SHORTLY AFTER (D3) 41

As Dan exits, Ingrid stops him, fuming --

INGRID  
You cheated.

DAN  
Not really. Just different rules.

42 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - LADIES' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (D3) 42

Rachel arrives to find Ingrid pacing.

RACHEL  
Sorry, I was in a depo...  
(sees Ingrid's face)  
What's wrong?

Ingrid checks under the stalls, trying to push down her frustration --

INGRID  
I'm off the Sun Corp deal. Dan won.

RACHEL  
Fair play or lacrosse?

INGRID  
He's got some Whitey McWhiterson  
Finals Club buddy who works at the  
Department of Energy.

RACHEL  
So he won this round, but you kept  
your integrity.

INGRID  
Sun Corp was my ticket to making  
partner. We both know it's Up-Or-  
Out here.

RACHEL  
It's okay. Junior partner isn't  
everything.

Ingrid stares at Rachel in disbelief.

INGRID  
But. It is. Without it, I'm... *Who  
am I?*

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

RACHEL

What're you talking about?

Ingrid shakes her head, panic rising --

INGRID

You guys are always telling me to "get out there and have fun." But without being awesome *here*, I feel like nobody out *there*.

RACHEL

That's bullshit and you know it.

INGRID

Is it? I don't have savings. I just paid off my law school loans. If I don't get elected, everyone will know I couldn't cut it. I can't just lateral over to some other firm. I'll be like Tara Grottaglia and have to go in-house at some urinary device company. I'll be nobody.

RACHEL

You'll be... you.

INGRID

(hot)

I mean, who do I have to be to win here? Dan-fucking-Fallon? I play the game as well as he does. Better. But turns out they're playing by different rules.

RACHEL

I get it, Ing. I do.

INGRID

Rachel, no offense. But look at you.

Ingrid waves at Rachel as Rachel frowns --

INGRID (CONT'D)

In a few years, you're going to "opt out," marry some hedge fund guy, and do the whole town-and-country thing.

RACHEL

(hurt)

Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Ingrid slides down against the wall, head in her hands, tears welling.

INGRID

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, it's just...  
I've wanted this more than anything.  
Ever since I first saw New York.  
(afraid)  
What am I supposed to do?

Rachel sits next to Ingrid, puts an arm around her --

RACHEL

I don't know. But look on the bright side. At least now you're free to have fun tonight at the Frick.

Ingrid looks up, miserable --

INGRID

I canceled. And... I don't have a dress.

Rachel stares at Ingrid, picks up her phone --

RACHEL

Guess whom I'm calling?

43 EXT. PARK AVENUE PLAZA - DUSK (D3)

43

Ingrid and Rachel meet Tyler outside --

INGRID

I need a dress.

Rachel reads off her phone --

RACHEL

Nick Laren: Harvard College, Yale Law, Oxford PPE. Grandfather founded Laren Capital, one of the biggest private equity firms in the city. Net worth... a lot.

INGRID

I need a really great dress.

44 EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DUSK (D3)

44

FLASHES OF STOREFRONTS: Chanel! Dior! Gucci! Prada!

45 EXT. BERGDORF GOODMAN - NIGHT (N3) 45

Ingrid, Rachel, and Tyler gawk at the exquisitely designed windows. Think luxe: Rodarte, McQueen, Gaultier.

46 INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN, VARIOUS - NIGHT (N3) 46

Tyler selects gown after gorgeous gown, trailed by an eager sales team. Ingrid and Rachel follow wide-eyed.

CUT TO:

Ingrid emerges from a dressing room in a pink confection, does a little runway walk, then emerges from the changing room in gown after outrageous gown. Rachel and Tyler weigh-in: *Too stodgy. Too sexy. Not sexy enough.*

The montage is interrupted by a TEXT PING. Rachel groans --

RACHEL

Dan says he's going to the Frick.  
He'll get me out of re-insurance  
hell, if...

INGRID

If you'll be Mrs. Dan Fallon.

RACHEL

Over my dead body.

Ingrid now emerges in an explosion of blue taffeta, tulle, and organza. Tyler clasps his hands, delighted. Speechless.

Ingrid looks at her reflection, happily surprised.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

So, I told Dan "yes."

Ingrid and Tyler stare at Rachel, incredulous --

TYLER

I thought you said over your dead  
body?

Rachel shrugs, gestures at Ingrid --

RACHEL

And miss Cinderella at the ball?

47 EXT. THE FRICK MUSEUM - NIGHT (N3)

47

Ingrid arrives at a Gilded Age mansion, attired in the gorgeous blue gown. At the entrance, Nick sees Ingrid and smiles surprised --

NICK

This your business casual?

(beat)

I'm happy you decided to come...

Ingrid smiles, realizing --

INGRID

Yeah, I am too.

Nick squires Ingrid onto a red carpet. As the cameras flash, Ingrid notices that a lot of people greet Nick --

INGRID (CONT'D)

Is this *your* party?

NICK

I'm... a host.

Ingrid eyes Nick, just beginning to realize how big of a catch she might have. As the cameras flash --

VOICE (O.C.)

Ingrid?

Ingrid turns to find FRANCINE LINDENHOFF (29, focused) amongst the press corps --

INGRID

Nick, this is Francie Lindenhoff.  
She writes for the Wall Street  
Journal --

Nick smiles but is pulled away for an interview --

FRANCIE

Still no comment?

INGRID

About what?

FRANCIE

I'm running a piece Monday. Sun  
Corp's bidding for Min.

INGRID

Could be.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

FRANCIE

Ted Lassiter was seen entering Park Avenue Plaza twice this week.

INGRID

Maybe he likes the artisanal espresso in the lobby. What makes you think I'd even be on the deal?

FRANCIE

You were point on Parsons' last energy case.

INGRID

Everyone knows Sun Corp's been sniffing around Min for years. It's not news. You'll need a little more than that for a headline.

FRANCIE

Come on Ingrid, we can help each other out. I'm a good friend to have.

Ingrid spots Rachel and Dan arriving and smiles to Francie --

INGRID

Good luck.

Ingrid slips away into --

48 INT. THE FRICK MUSEUM - GARDEN COURT - NIGHT (N3)

48

A water fountain splashes in the center of a huge courtyard. Champagne bubbles in long flutes. Perfectly coiffed women in gorgeous gowns and men in black ties glide through the golden candlelight.

Ingrid joins Rachel, side-eying Dan --

INGRID

I'd choose re-insurance any day.

DAN

I did you a favor with Sun Corp. Saved you from working hundred-hour weeks. Is that what you really want? We're going to be thirty this year. You're not a bakkushan.

(re: Nick)

Use it before you lose it.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Ingrid eyes Rachel: *can you believe this guy?* As Dan steps close to Rachel, she jumps back, hand up --

RACHEL

I said two feet! Or you'll get your misogyny all over me.

Tyler and his boyfriend ANTHONY (early 30s, a young Cory Booker) join them. Ingrid takes in the camera-ready couple --

INGRID

You're right. Your dress IS more fabulous than mine!

RACHEL

Does Anthony get invited to everything?

Anthony taps a staff member to take a photo of the friends --

TYLER

The life of a politician.

ANTHONY

Smile and say: "Three million followers!"

Our glamorous friends smile big as the camera FLASHES!

49 INT. THE FRICK MUSEUM - GALLERIES - NIGHT (N3)

49

Nick leads Ingrid through the halls of Vermeer, Rembrandt, Degas, Goya. Ingrid notices several women eyeing Nick and smiling; eyeing her and not smiling.

But when Ingrid turns to Nick, he's focused on a painting --

NICK

We just got this from the D'Orsay.  
It's a Delacroix.

Ingrid takes in the dark, expressive brushstrokes of color and movement. She eyes the title --

INGRID

"Faust and Mephistopheles"?

(coy)

So what would you sell your soul for?

Nick turns to her, eyes dancing --

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

NICK  
Maybe, a kiss?

Ingrid flushes, tries to deflect --

INGRID  
You know, "Lucifer" actually means  
"bringer of light." Because meeting  
the devil illuminates the darkness  
within ourselves.

Nick takes her hand, almost shy --

NICK  
I love that we're both nerds.

Ingrid stares at him, disarmed. But a LOUD LAUGH pulls her attention to people entering the gallery. Ingrid stops cold. Across the hall... is Murphy. In a tux. A devastatingly hot tux. As if he senses her, Murphy turns. As their eyes lock, Nick follows Ingrid's gaze and frowns.

Murphy makes his way over, and Ingrid now notices a pretty date by his side.

INGRID  
Murphy. I see you already know your way around town.

Murphy drinks Ingrid in --

MURPHY  
Wouldn't miss a chance to see you in a dress. Blue. Not pink.

Ingrid tenses. *Is he riffing or...?* Nick clears his throat.

INGRID  
Nick, you remember Jeff Murphy.  
From work.

NICK  
Of course. Are you having a good time?

Murphy shrugs, wrinkling his nose at his glass --

MURPHY  
For \$500 a ticket, I'd hope the bubbly wasn't flat.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

NICK

I'm sure someone can get you a fresh one.

MURPHY

Thanks, but we're going to bounce. This soiree's a little too self-satisfied even for me.

Ingrid frowns --

INGRID

Murphy, Nick is one of the hosts.

MURPHY

Great, so I can complain to you about the terrible taste in music.

Nick smiles stiffly --

NICK

If you like, join the host committee next year. Then you can ensure the entertainment and food are up to your standards. For a nominal donation of course.

Ingrid laughs anxiously --

INGRID

Speaking of food, I'd love something to eat.

Nick waves down a waitstaff carrying a tray.

NICK

(to Murphy)

Hope the chocolate's not too self-satisfied for you.

Ingrid grimaces at the tension. But as she bites into a chocolate, she stops cold, realizing --

MURPHY

Mmmmm. Marzipan.

Ingrid stares at Murphy. But he just smiles at his date. Ingrid hangs on him, a clarity now blooming: *He doesn't remember her, their night, their connection, at all. Why has she been mooning after him?*

Murphy now turns to Ingrid --

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
So, are you having a good time?

Ingrid slips her arm through Nick's --

INGRID  
Actually, I'm having a great time.  
(to Nick)  
Come on, I want to dance.

50 INT. THE FRICK MUSEUM - MUSIC ROOM, VARIOUS - NIGHT (N3) 50

- Ingrid pulls Nick onto the dance floor, opening up to him.

- Dan tries to dance with Rachel. She turns to Tyler and Anthony.

- Murphy and his date enter. Ingrid catches Murphy glancing her way, but Ingrid turns back to Nick.

- Rachel, Tyler, and Anthony OWN the dance floor! They pull Ingrid and Nick into their circle! Having the time of their lives! Dancing Queens!

51 INT. THE FRICK MUSEUM - MUSIC ROOM - LATER (N3) 51

Danced out, Ingrid motions to Nick that she's thirsty --

INGRID  
Be right back.

Ingrid winds her way to the bar. As she waits for her drink, she texts LINA: "How are you? WHERE are you?" A moment later, a "typing" ellipsis pulses, but then... nothing.

A MAN in his early 30s approaches, many sheets to the wind. He endeavors to sit on a stool --

DRUNK MAN  
(slurring)  
Damn thing won't stay still...

Ingrid lends a helping hand --

MAN  
Thanks. Winston Hayes. Buddy of Nick Laren's.

INGRID  
How do you know Nick?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

WINSTON

Went to school together. Then worked for his dad, before I went to the Department of Energy.

Ingrid freezes, putting it together --

INGRID

Winston. Department of... Do you know Dan Fallon?

WINSTON

Dan's my man. He's on fire with this Sun Corp deal.

Ingrid tries to act calm --

INGRID

You know about it?

Winston smiles lazily.

WINSTON

All two point nine billion of it.

Ingrid just stares, too stunned to speak. Winston grins languidly, eyes unfocused --

WINSTON (CONT'D)

But, you didn't hear it from me.

Ingrid forces a smile ---

INGRID

Hear what?

Just then, the bartender brings two drinks over. Winston somehow manages to grab them and stumble off the stool.

WINSTON

Nice meeting you. But I got a thirsty lady waiting.

Ingrid follows Winston's gaze across the room. Her eyes widen as she lands on *Francine Lindenhoff* who smiles and waves.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Thanks for your help.

INGRID

My pleasure...

Mind racing, Ingrid joins Nick back on the dance floor.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

INGRID (CONT'D)

Nick, I'm so sorry but I have to go.

NICK

I promise, my hip hop's better...

INGRID

No, it's just that, I have work.

NICK

I'll walk you out.

INGRID

It's okay. You're a host. So, host.

Nick can't hide his disappointment. He looks like a sad puppy. And before she realizes what she's doing, Ingrid leans in and kisses Nick. As she pulls back, Nick gazes into her eyes, intense --

NICK

Well, that was worth the price.

Nick now wraps his hands around her waist and pulls her in close for a *deep lingering* kiss. Delicious, tender, hot.

As their lips finally part, Ingrid stares at Nick stunned, breathless. Then, she forces herself to turn and rush out.

52 EXT. STREETS / INT. CAR - NIGHT (N3)

52

Ingrid rides in a town car, her mind working --

INGRID

He knew the purchase price. If that gets out before the term sheet's signed...

RACHEL (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

He was drunk. Maybe it won't come out.

INGRID

But if it leaks, there won't be a deal. At least not for Parsons.

RACHEL (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Junior partner isn't everything, Ingrid.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

As the car weaves past Chinatown, Ingrid hangs on the old Chinese ladies huddled in their worn quilted jackets, the less privileged Chinatown residents shuffling through the streets with their plastic bags.

INGRID

I'm protecting the deal. I'm protecting the client, the firm.

53 INT. SOHO BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT (N3)

53

Ingrid waits in a modern lobby, as a CONCIERGE calls up. A huge mirror wall reflects the flora of a foyer garden. Ingrid stares at her image shifting with the light, as if she were tangled in the grasping fingers of a forest.

SOHO CONCIERGE

Penthouse seven.

54 INT. MARTY ADLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)

54

The elevator opens to a loft yawning half the block with wrap-around floor-to-ceiling sliding doors opening to a deck. A worried Marty greets Ingrid --

MARTY

What's going on?

INGRID

I was at the Frick and ran into a friend who works at the Journal. They told me they're running a piece on Sun Corp Monday.

MARTY

What?!

Marty ushers Ingrid inside. A dozen folks mill around. Beyond them, on the patio is... *her paralegal Justin Keating?* Justin looks up surprised to see Ingrid. Marty notices Ingrid's own surprise and waves to a man in his 50s drinking a scotch --

MARTY (CONT'D)

Leonard Keating's a good friend.  
(beat)  
So, who's their source?

INGRID

I think someone at the DOE.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

MARTY

Dan's guy?

Ingrid says nothing.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Well, everyone knows Lassiter's  
been looking for some LNG move...

INGRID

He knows the purchase price.

MARTY

Fuck.

Ingrid takes a deep breath --

INGRID

If I may, I have an idea.

55 INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT (N3)

55

As Ingrid enters, a concierge at the front desk nods --

CONCIERGE

Good evening Miss Yung. Um...

Ingrid turns to find LINA YUNG (25, hot mess) lounging on a  
couch in the corner. Ripped yoga pants, a tiny cardigan  
barely covering a sports bra. Flip flops.Lina stretches provocatively for the doorman's benefit. The  
fact Lina thinks she's a seductress makes her naiveté that  
much more dangerous. Lina eyes Ingrid's disheveled state --

LINA

Looks like you had an even crazier  
night than me.

56 INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER (N3)

56

Ingrid drops off her bags and turns to face her sister,  
eying the worn wheelie Lina drags in.

INGRID

I went by your apartment. You don't  
have a "friend" crashing at your  
place. What happened?

Lina stares at her older sister. Busted.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

LINA  
I dropped out.

INGRID  
What? Why?

Lina starts wandering around the apartment --

LINA  
Juilliard's a bastion of outdated  
modes of movement that have  
internalized the patriarchy.

Ingrid closes her eyes, willing herself to be calm --

INGRID  
Lina, you can't just waltz in here --

LINA  
If you start lecturing, I'd really  
rather sleep in the park.

INGRID  
Honestly, I'm too tired to deal  
with your drama right now.

Ingrid forces herself to inhale, exhale...

INGRID (CONT'D)  
You can stay. But I'm telling Mom  
you're here.

Lina shrugs a reluctant "fine."

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Just try to be a little more...  
responsible.

LINA  
Why can't you try to be a little  
more... real?

Ingrid shakes her head, this is not a debate she wants to get  
into now. Ingrid starts packing an overnight bag --

INGRID  
Look, I have to get to work.

LINA  
Now?

INGRID  
I have a huge deal --

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

LINA

Right --

INGRID

No, really. This could get me  
junior partner.

Ingrid turns and sees Lina standing there looking very alone --

INGRID (CONT'D)

I mean, I can stay if you want...

Lina shakes her head --

LINA

I'm good. Go.

Ingrid hangs on her sister for a beat more --

INGRID

Okay. I'll be back Monday.

LINA

Go... go make junior president or  
whatever.

After Ingrid leaves, Lina picks up the framed photo of the  
sisters, hanging on it.

57 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - FIRM LIBRARY - NIGHT (N3)

57

The firm library is Oxford Bodleian old-school: wood-panels,  
leather couches, walnut desks. Ingrid plunks down files on a  
huge table. Justin and Margo stare warily at her.

INGRID

We have to get this term sheet  
signed before the article comes  
out. So, for the next sixty hours,  
you're mine.

TIME-LAPSE: Ingrid, Justin, and Margo work through the night.  
The sun rises... sets... rises again...

58 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - SKY LOUNGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D4) 58

Marty, Lassiter, Traynor, LAWYERS FROM MIN, and an exhausted  
but focused Ingrid gather around a conference table. Ingrid  
looks anxiously at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Finally, FRANKLIN MIN (60s, Ken Watanabe intense) enters with his two sons CARTER MIN (mid-30s, Eddie Huang in a suit) and ZHANG "Z" MIN (30, old soul and Daniel Henney hot).

Marty shakes Franklin's hand --

MARTY

Mr. Min, thank you for helping expedite the process this weekend --

Carter laughs, clapping Marty on the back --

CARTER

Shit. I haven't worked this hard since...

(grimaces)

Law school. But yeah, let's expedite the fuck out of this.

Ingrid notices Z grimace and look to his father who's stone-faced. Ted grins at Franklin, eyebrows raised --

TED

Wish my son were this spirited.

Z

(sotto)

That's one word for it.

It's under his breath, but Ingrid clocks it.

FRANKLIN

We hope the rest of the process will be... less "expedited." More... prudent.

Z

(pointed)

Yes, we look forward to discussing your plans for integration, especially regarding Green Tech. Seeing as you've run roughshod over previous --

Franklin puts a hand on Z's arm. *Stop.*

FRANKLIN

My sons and I look forward to our new partnership.

Marty urges Franklin and Ted toward the contracts --

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MARTY

As you know, we've coordinated with the Journal for an exclusive. Just to shape the message...

Ingrid holds her breath as both patriarchs sign. Ted claps Franklin on the back --

TED

Guess we're engaged!

CARTER

Whenever these cats finish the paperwork, you can kiss the bride.

As Ted and Franklin shake hands, a round of applause erupts. Ingrid closes her eyes, relieved, pumps her fist in victory!

Ingrid notices Z frowning, pensive but then... PING. Ingrid checks her phone, a news alert from the Journal: *"Energy Conglomerate Sun Corp to buy clean-tech Min Enterprises for record \$2.9 Billion, by Francine Lindenhoff."*

A beat later, a text from Francie: *"Thanks. I owe you one."*

Dan rushes in confused and clocks Ingrid --

INGRID

If you're on time, you're late.

As Marty talks to Lassiter, he claps Ingrid on the back --

MARTY

What did I tell you? Best and brightest. Yung'll run point and close the deal.

Dan watches stunned as Marty and Ted go into an elevator.

DAN

What happened?

INGRID

(shrugs)

I played by your rules.

59 INT. PARSONS VALENTINE - INGRID'S OFFICE - END OF DAY (D4)

59

Ingrid enters to discover a box of long-stem roses with an autographed first edition of Nagel's "Mortal Questions" on her desk. A handwritten note reads: **"Question:** *What would I sell my soul for?* **Answer:** *Another night with you. x Nick"*

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

As Ingrid settles happily behind her desk, a KNOCK sounds at the door. Murphy enters smiling --

MURPHY

I heard congratulations are in order...

His smile fades as he sees the roses.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Are those from the Most Eligible Bachelor in New York?

INGRID

It was... just a date...

But Murphy's now focused on a print-out of the Journal article on her desk. He scrutinizes the byline --

MURPHY

"Francine." Such an old-fashioned name...

Murphy looks lost in thought for a moment --

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Well, congratulations.

INGRID

Thanks...

Murphy heads for the door but then turns, a strange expression on his face, voice husky --

MURPHY

By the way... I do remember.  
Rosecliff. Marzipan. Pineapple. I  
remember all of it.

Ingrid's heart stops. Can't breathe. Before she can react, Murphy disappears out the door.

END OF EPISODE 101