

The Taming of the Shrewd

By

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TITLE: "THE TAMING OF THE SHREWD"

CREDITS

FADE IN

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

A posh, two-story mansion with darkened windows sits quietly, a lawn manicured to perfection out front.

A man clambers out of a window next to the lawn, ARCHIE, 34. He turns, offers his hand to another, slighter figure coming through the window.

We see TRACY, 31, in the moonlight as she takes Archie's hand -- vibrant, direct.

Archie then tries to shut the window. It won't close. He tries again, his whole body in it. Tracy turns, an eyebrow raised.

After a final push, jumping from the effort, Archie shakes his head and paces away, an incredulous look toward Tracy.

She calmly goes to the window, reaches to the other side and unfastens something. The window does not budge. She stares. Still nothing.

She walks away. Archie silently laughs behind her back. Eventually realizing she isn't looking, he stops and joins her.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - NIGHT

The two saunter away from the mansion, quiet but for their footsteps, Archie grinning, smug.

Tracy speaks, hushed.

TRACY

So obnoxious. Did you at least  
remember them, Archie?

He pulls out a small pouch and shakes it.

ARCHIE

Yes, Tracy, I remembered the  
diamonds, all too-many of them.

Tracy looks around, a little nervous now.

TRACY

The diamonds are pricey enough,  
sure, but what about the risk?

Archie shrugs, putting the pouch back in his pocket.

ARCHIE

What risk? We're walking away,  
scot-free.

TRACY

We could make the same money with  
smaller jobs, easy bets --

ARCHIE

Oh, but where's the fun in that?  
Besides, there's a classic allure  
to a jewel heist, don't you think?  
Makes us sound more professional  
than part-time hobbyists.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The window crashes shut, glass shattering.

Suddenly, the mansion's lights turn on, windows bright. They  
hear the unmistakable barks of Rottweilers in the distance.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - NIGHT

TRACY

See, I knew it just needed a little  
looseni-

Archie grabs Tracy's arm.

ARCHIE

Can we talk about it later?

They start to run for a nearby property wall. As they run,  
the barking becomes louder and louder, intermingled with  
shouts.

They reach the wall. Archie looks up and down, gauging how  
tall it is. He then leaps and starts pulling himself up.  
Tracy tries to follow, but falls back down.

TRACY

Give me a hand.

Archie, finally at the top of the wall, extends his arm down  
for her. Tracy grabs his arm and he starts to lift, slowly,  
struggling.

Archie sees the dogs and men quickly closing in on Tracy as he tries to lift her. He looks back and forth nervously, his strength failing.

TRACY  
I swear, if you drop me --

ARCHIE  
I don't think I can--

TRACY  
Archie...!

He drops Tracy.

Tracy looks up, furious and pleading. Archie shrugs.

ARCHIE  
Sorry.

Archie ducks out, his head disappearing from over the wall. Tracy fumes, shouts.

TRACY  
What?

Archie's head pops back up.

ARCHIE  
Oh, and would you mind not saying  
my name quite so loudly? Cheers.

Archie nods, disappears again.

TRACY  
I will say and do whatever I want,  
thank--

Tracy gives a startled yelp as something pounces on her.

She looks down to see a fluffy Corgi, TOM CRUISE, gnawing fiercely if futilely on her pant leg. She then stops biting, circles around Tracy, growls.

Tracy stands stunned.

TRACY  
Oh, you have to be kidding, you're  
just a short loudmouth. You can't  
honestly expect me to be scared of  
you. Look -

Tracy puts her hand out.

TOM CRUISE

ROAWR

Tracy flinches back.

A gangly young RENT-A-COP jogs up, winded from even that, holding up a can of pepper spray.

RENT-A-COP

(huffing)

Stop...stop right there...

Tracy holds up her hands to be cuffed as he comes up.

TRACY

Alright, fine, cu-

Rent-a-Cop sprays Tracy in the face. Her hands fly up to her face as she paces, blind.

TRACY

Why would you do that? I wasn't running, you asshole.

He puts the can away as Tracy tries to get the Mace out of her eyes. His voice cracks as he apologizes.

RENT-A-COP

Oh my god, I didn't realize- I mean, it just went off, I- you're under arrest? It's my first day.

Tracy, involuntary tears streaming from her eyes, still manages to look incredulous as Rent-a-Cop cuffs her, fumbling with the handcuffs.

RENT-A-COP

I'm so sorry. Are those good? Tight, not tight enough?

Tracy glares, red-eyed.

RENT-A-COP

Right, right. Shouldn't ask the perp that. I'm just so excited right now.

Tom Cruise jumps back on Tracy's leg.

RENT-A-COP

Good girl, Tom Cruise!

Tracy, hands bound, Corgi nibbling on her leg, rolls her eyes, mutters to herself.

TRACY  
I will never forgive that man.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The skyline near the waterfront -- the Golden Gate bridge, Transamerica Pyramid in the distance.

TITLE: "FIVE YEARS LATER"

EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

An upscale, three-story building in Pacific Heights, its status evident with the presence of a garage, more akin to a mansion than an apartment.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tracy, wearing an elegant dress, walks back and forth around her apartment, a tidy, ordered, plush space.

She rummages around her crowded desk. We see a diamond on her ring finger. She stops looking, shouts.

TRACY  
Spencer.

SPENCER (O.S.)  
What?

TRACY  
Do you know where the invitation  
for the party tonight is?

SPENCER (O.S.)  
Yeah, I have it over here. Hold on.

SPENCER, 42, walks into the living room wearing bathrobe, an envelope in his hand.

SPENCER  
You do realize this is our party,  
right? No invitations required?

He hands Tracy the envelope.

TRACY  
I'm well aware. I just want to  
double-check the time is right.

Tracy opens the envelope, gives the stationary inside a cursory glance. She chuckles to herself.

SPENCER  
What? Time okay?

TRACY  
Oh, yes, it's fine. There's just a typo, is all.

SPENCER  
Aw, really?

Tracy hands over the envelope.

SPENCER  
Come on. "Tracy and Spencer 'cordally' invite you?"

TRACY  
It's fine, really.

SPENCER  
But all the shareholders will be here.

TRACY  
Yes, yes, it's a very important night for you and your technology... computer... app... thing company.

SPENCER  
You still don't know what I do, do you.

TRACY  
I can use Facebook, what else do you want from me?

SPENCER  
Well, for the record, we're a hedge fund for technology startups, not a technology startup.

Tracy snores.

SPENCER  
(annoyed)  
And yes, it's an important night. Even if my own wife doesn't find it interesting.

TRACY  
Oh, don't be like that. It's a silly typo. The invitation is imperfect, who cares?

Tracy wraps her arms around Spencer.

TRACY

I'm imperfect, you know. Are you going to worry over me, too?

SPENCER

Of course not.

The doorbell rings. Spencer parts from Tracy and goes over to the door as he talks.

SPENCER

Perhaps it could be something to joke about over cocktails?

TRACY

There you go.

Spencer opens the door and goes outside. He comes back in with some mail.

SPENCER

Junk, junk, magazine, advertisement, junk...

He sees something, speaks in a too-casual voice.

SPENCER

Oh, something for you.

He shows an envelope to Tracy. She looks concerned.

TRACY

"Department of Justice"... that must be one last "sorry we wasted a year of your life with court."

SPENCER

And the months of jail.

TRACY

That bothers me less.

She tries to laugh it off.

TRACY

If I ever rob anyone in the future, remind me to avoid such rich, litigious recluses, hm?



SPENCER

Don't even joke about that, Tracy.

TRACY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it, not really. What am I supposed to do, treat my past like some dirty secret?

Tracy pauses, thinks.

TRACY

Does it bother you? The fact of it?

SPENCER

Well... if I were entirely honest, then I suppose, yes, it bothers me.

TRACY

How many times do I have to tell you? I got a little wild a few years ago, call it acting out, a mid-life crisis, whatever. I made some mistakes.

Spencer gives her a look.

TRACY

Alright, I made a lot of mistakes. Happy? I robbed, lied, cheated, bamboozled, flimflammed--

SPENCER

Dear. Please tell me you won't be this verbose about your past with our guests tonight. We have a rule, remember.

TRACY

Look, it's not my fault there are so many good words for "conned." Probably half the reason I got involved in that mess, you know.

Tracy smiles to herself, reminiscent.

TRACY

As a friend of mine once said, "there's a classic allure to a jewel heist."

Tracy frowns.

TRACY  
Well, there used to be.

SPENCER  
Was that him? The friend.

Tracy nods.

SPENCER  
I can't believe you still won't  
tell me the prick's name. I mean,  
you both run around robbing  
people...

TRACY  
Yes.

SPENCER (CONT.)  
...despite not needing any money,  
each having your own massive  
inheritances...

TRACY  
Yes.

SPENCER (CONT.)  
...he leaves you to be caught  
red-handed, and he's not even worth  
naming?

TRACY  
No. No he isn't. He and everything  
around him, they're in the past.  
It's not who I am. Promise.

She kisses him.

TRACY  
Now, if I see you in that bathrobe  
one second longer, this close to  
the party, I might have a heart  
attack. Get changed.

Spencer looks like he might argue for a moment, stops.

SPENCER  
Okay.

Spencer starts up the stairs.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is transformed for the party. Guests in black tie garb mill about the lavish space with champagne as Spencer and Tracy take coats at the front door.

Tracy speaks with a portly old gentleman, ARTHUR.

TRACY

And there's champagne to the rear  
and to the right. A pleasure as  
always, Arthur.

He waddles off. Tracy speaks under her breath.

TRACY

That one was Arthur, wasn't it?

SPENCER

Frankly, I don't know.

An older woman in a mink fur coat, MRS. ONDERDONK, comes up.

MRS. ONDERDONK

Why, this is such a quaint  
dwelling, Richardson.

SPENCER

Thank you, Mrs. Onderdonk. I'm glad  
you could see our home.

TRACY

"Quaint" as it is.

Spencer forces a laugh.

SPENCER

Of course, how could I forget --  
meet my wife, Tracy.

Mrs. Onderdonk and Tracy shake hands.

MRS. ONDERDONK

How do you do.

Mrs. Onderdonk immediately goes back to Spencer.

MRS. ONDERDONK

I mean, you can afford better, it's  
been a bull market this year.

SPENCER

Well, yes, the IPOs certainly went better than we thought, had to update our forecasts--

Tracy takes Spencer's arm.

TRACY

Why don't I go check on the caterers?

SPENCER

Oh, by all means.

Tracy walks away as Spencer and Mrs. Onderdonk continue to blather on, smiling and greeting the guests as she walks by.

She enters a hallway, her smile disappears. She sighs.

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The smile reappears as she comes into the kitchen, workers preparing food.

TRACY

How's dinner coming?

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spencer says goodbye to Mrs. Onderdonk.

SPENCER

Enjoy yourself, Mrs. Onderdonk. And tell your husband he's welcome to that squash rematch any time.

Mrs. Onderdonk and he laugh as she walks away. A man wrapped in an overcoat and scarf comes in, his head turned away as he closes the door.

SPENCER

May I help you with your coat, Mister, ah...?

Archie turns to face Spencer, smiling jovially.

ARCHIE

Why, certainly.

Spencer audibly gasps.

SPENCER  
Archibald Pembroke?

ARCHIE  
Please, Archie.

SPENCER  
Of the Pembroke estate?

ARCHIE  
I've heard the name.

SPENCER  
Oh, forgive me, I'm just such a big fan. I read your blog.

ARCHIE  
Oh, thank you.

SPENCER  
Last I heard about you was from the Wilkinsons. What was it, hot air ballooning...?

ARCHIE  
...over the Serengeti in Tanzania, yes I was.

SPENCER  
Did you hunt at all?

ARCHIE  
No, no, my big game days are long behind me.

Tracy re-enters from the hallway, sees Archie, ducks back around.

SPENCER (O.S.)  
Don't tell me that awful rumor was true?

Tracy breathes hard up against the corner of the wall.

ARCHIE (O.S.)  
That I was mauled by a tiger in the Malay Peninsula? No.

Tracy takes a deep breath and walks in.

SPENCER  
Say, this is awkward, but could I possibly trouble you for an autograph...?

ARCHIE  
Maybe later, perhaps.

Archie immediately spots Tracy, grins. Spencer gestures to her.

SPENCER  
This is my wife...

Archie sticks his hand out.

ARCHIE  
Tracy. Good to see you -- again.

Tracy takes Archie's hand, shakes it.

TRACY  
Hello, Archie.

Spencer looks between the two of them as they continue to shake.

SPENCER  
You two know each other?

ARCHIE  
Met at a fundraiser a few years back.

TRACY  
What a charming way to put it.  
Almost makes it sound like he  
didn't pass out drunk in the back  
of his town car.

They keep shaking.

TRACY  
I don't remember inviting you.

ARCHIE  
Ah, came across the pond on  
business. Thought I'd swing by.

SPENCER  
And you're more than welcome to.

Tracy shoots Spencer an annoyed look, keeps shaking Archie's hand as he mouths "where are you manners." He tries to change the subject.

SPENCER

Did I mention I keep a copy of  
Forbes with your interview in the  
bathroom?

ARCHIE

Really? That's nice of you.

TRACY

Yes, I didn't manage to throw out  
all of Spencer's trash before the  
party.

Archie smirks as they keep shaking hands.

ARCHIE

You've been shaking my hand an  
awfully long time, there.

TRACY

Well, I'm not one to let go early.

Tracy glares as she lets go, wrings her hand a little.

SPENCER

Say, I'm about to take some people  
on a little tour of the house,  
would you want to come along?

ARCHIE

I'd love to.

Archie takes off his coat and scarf.

ARCHIE

Would you be a dear and take these?

He hands them to Tracy before she can protest.

ARCHIE

Thank you.

He grins and walks off. Spencer makes an apologetic face as  
he follows. Tracy stands there, stunned.

SPENCER (O.S.)

Alright, anyone who wants to see a  
tour of the house, we're starting  
now. Follow me.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

A group of guests led by Spencer walk up the stairs, Archie at the rear. Tracy comes up behind him, seething. Her voice is hushed.

TRACY

Why are you here?

ARCHIE

What, little old me? On business, like I said.

TRACY

Now I don't buy that, not for a second. You've always been up to something, and you certainly are now.

ARCHIE

If by "something" you mean "nothing," you're quite right.

Archie points at a small painting.

ARCHIE

Ooh, lovely Impressionist there.

TRACY

You're not taking me seriously.

ARCHIE

What, does one take a Corgi seriously because it barks its little head off?

Tracy's eyes widen.

ARCHIE

I'm sorry, I stuck around to watch. It sounded funny, but let me tell you, when I peeked over again? It looked even funnier.

Tracy looks silently but furiously.

ARCHIE

Too soon? Sorry about that. Point is, you're the Corgi in the metaphor.

Tracy just puts a hand to her forehead in disbelief.



ARCHIE  
Oh, that doesn't make it better,  
does it.

Tracy snaps.

TRACY  
Of course it doesn't.

A couple of guests turn around at the disturbance. Tracy feigns a smile until they turn back around.

The group reaches the top of the stairs. Spencer gestures to a room to the left.

SPENCER  
Here's the study, took a solid two  
months to furnish just right...

Archie talks to Tracy as the group keeps walking.

ARCHIE  
You know, your man there is quite  
the specimen.

TRACY  
Please. I can't stand you being  
sarcastic about my husband, too.

ARCHIE  
Alright, I'll drop the act. He's  
boring.

TRACY  
He's very sweet.

ARCHIE  
No offense, dear--

TRACY  
Stop calling me dear.

ARCHIE  
No offense --

Archie sarcastically puts his hand out to emphasize the dropped "dear."

ARCHIE (CONT.)  
-- but he's a big fan of my  
exploits.

Tracy sighs.

TRACY  
Don't remind me.

ARCHIE  
And, oddly enough, those who follow  
my interests? Tend not to be  
interesting.

Archie shrugs.

ARCHIE  
Something about impressive people  
attracts unimpressive people. What  
can I say? It's some universal,  
yin-yang nonsense. I imagine that's  
why he married you.

Tracy doesn't take the compliment.

TRACY  
So I'm no longer a Corgi?

ARCHIE  
Didn't say that. You're a  
remarkable Corgi, is all.

Tracy rolls her eyes.

TRACY  
You know, I could stand here and  
listen to you run in circles around  
the question, banter, nitpick  
Spencer all day, really, I'd love  
to, but just tell me: what are you  
doing here?

Archie smiles mischievously.

ARCHIE  
It's a surprise. Now come on, we're  
missing a fascinating tour.

The group heads up the next flight of stairs.

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

The group comes into an elegant bedroom.

SPENCER  
Obviously, this is where we sleep,  
eggshell white walls -- that took a  
while to pick -- dressers to match,  
of course.

As Spencer gestures to one of the dressers, we see a beautiful diamond necklace in a case on top of it, intricate gemstones up close.

Archie looks like the cat who ate the canary. Tracy casts a concerned glance.

Spencer spots the necklace, puts it away, laughing a little.

SPENCER

Dear, I thought we cleaned up?

TRACY

Sorry.

ARCHIE

(muttering)

Why does he get to say dear?

SPENCER

Ah, it's not the end of the world.  
Anyway...

As Spencer keeps talking, Archie whispers to Tracy conversationally.

ARCHIE

That was a pretty necklace.

TRACY

Archie. No.

ARCHIE

I'm just saying. What, is that a crime?

TRACY

But stealing is -- you know, the kind we did.

ARCHIE

Great idea. Hadn't thought of that myself.

TRACY

Please don't try anything. If you don't, I'll even let you stay for the party.

ARCHIE

Well, as someone who never intended to steal that necklace, I happily accept the invitation to stay indefinitely. Cheers.

Archie mimics the tip of a hat and walks back downstairs.  
Tracy sighs.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Back at the party, Tracy, bored, holding a glass of champagne and a hand purse, makes small talk with ERIC, one of the few guests in casual wear.

TRACY

So what do you do, um...?

ERIC

...Eric. I'm the lead programmer at my app company.

TRACY

That's impressive. What's the company?

ERIC

Collr.

TRACY

Collar?

ERIC

Collr. C-O-L-L-R. It's an app designed to help catalogue dog demographics in your neighborhood.

TRACY

But doesn't there need to be a large number people who use it before it's useful? And even then, I'm not quite sure I see the point.

ERIC

Yeah. So tell your friends, would you?

TRACY

Oh, I will.

Eric walks away. Tracy sips her champagne.

TRACY

Should have left it at "lead programmer."

Spencer walks over.

SPENCER

Hey, can we talk for a second?

Tracy nods. Spencer pulls her aside.

SPENCER

Could you make more of an effort?

TRACY

What? I'm making plenty, thanks.

SPENCER

No, you're not. You aren't talking with most of the guests, and the ones who you are talking with don't have it much better. Everyone thinks you're snooty, la-di-da or something.

TRACY

It's the company. It's either bankers or brats. Did you know the young man I was just talking to is working on an app for "local dog demographics?" What does that even mean?

SPENCER

Oh, Collr? That's a promising start-up. We invested 38 million ourselves, actually.

Tracy pretends to not hear that.

TRACY

And is it really as inane as it sounds? "Oh, I wonder how many Dachshunds live on this block?"

SPENCER

Is it something to do with Archie?

TRACY

No, no.

SPENCER

Because you treated him rather badly, the poor guy. He never did anything to you.

Tracy masks her initial outrage.

TRACY  
Never did anythi-- I mean sure,  
but... alright, I've been coarse  
with the man.

SPENCER  
Exactly. You're not getting one  
over on him, you're just being  
rude.

Tracy looks off, thinking, a faint smile on her face.

TRACY  
"Getting one over on him..."  
Interesting way to put it.

SPENCER  
In any case, you should placate the  
guy a little.

She snaps out of her reverie.

TRACY  
Fine. But first, I need an odd  
favor from you.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tracy, now holding only her purse, goes over to Archie, who  
is regaling a group of men with a tale.

ARCHIE  
And that was the last time I tried  
yachting eight high-balls deep.

The group laughs.

ARCHIE  
Alright, fellas, I'm off to mingle.  
Good evening.

Archie walks into Tracy.

ARCHIE  
Oh, it's you.

TRACY  
You never owned a yacht.

ARCHIE  
Didn't hurt the story at all, did  
it?

TRACY

Hm. I'm going to be frank.

ARCHIE

For a change.

TRACY

Oh, shush. I'm angry at you, for reasons I hope I don't have to explain. But that doesn't mean I can't be at least civil.

ARCHIE

Well, I'm glad to see you've come to your senses--

TRACY

Because if I weren't civil...

Tracy casually hits her purse against her hand.

ARCHIE

I never did anything wrong.

TRACY

Excuse me?

ARCHIE

You fell behind, I saved my own skin. Any self-respecting criminal would have done the same.

TRACY

I did no such thing, you dropped me. "Fell behind," my eye.

ARCHIE

A better thief could have climbed that wall themselves.

TRACY

A better thief such as yourself, hmm? Who can't lift a woman three feet?

ARCHIE

It's not my fault you need a man around to do all the work for you. Probably couldn't steal a thing without me around.

Tracy goes still, nostrils flared.

TRACY  
That's it. Get upstairs.

Archie smiles as Tracy starts up the stairs.

ARCHIE  
Why, certainly.

Tracy turns and smacks Archie's arm back and forth.

TRACY  
Not that, you hound.

Archie goes crestfallen before Tracy grabs him and starts dragging him up the stairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Tracy keeps dragging Archie.

TRACY  
We just need to have this  
discussion in private...

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

The case where the diamond necklace once lay in sits empty.  
We hear Tracy's voice from outside the room.

TRACY (O.S.)  
... where you're going to  
apologize...

Tracy stomps into the room with Archie behind her.

TRACY (CONT.)  
...and then we're going to go back  
to this God-awful party--

Tracy stops mid-sentence upon seeing the case.

TRACY  
Where's my necklace?

ARCHIE  
Oh, no.

Tracy whips around to Archie accusatorially.

TRACY  
Where is it?



ARCHIE  
Don't look at me.

TRACY  
Well then, who should I look at?  
Mrs. Onderdonk? Eric?

ARCHIE  
I see your point, but it must have  
been someone.

TRACY  
Yes, it was someone -- you.

Archie starts backing up, Tracy following him around the room.

ARCHIE  
Now, Tracy, you have to understand,  
I had nothing to do with this, it's  
an amateur job, he left the case  
lying right there, look at that.

TRACY  
You're an amateur.

ARCHIE  
Oh, right.

TRACY  
You show up in my home unannounced,  
you crash my party, insult my  
husband, and now steal my  
belongings.

ARCHIE  
I didn't, honestly, I don't know  
what else to say.

TRACY  
Well, you can mention that to the  
police after I call the--

Tracy starts to go downstairs, Archie clumsily tackles her  
and they roll down the stairs.

She glares at Archie, his body splayed over hers on the  
floor. He cranes his neck to look back at her.

ARCHIE  
Oops.

Archie gets up, followed by Tracy, momentarily calm.

ARCHIE

How about this. What if I find the person who stole it? They're probably still here.

TRACY

And if you don't by the end of the party, I know it's you.

ARCHIE

If I don't, it's still not me, but you can tell everyone it is anyway. Deal?

Archie sticks out his hand. Tracy regards it for a second before taking it.

TRACY

Deal.

Tracy brings herself closer to Archie.

TRACY

Don't. Fool with me.

Archie attempts a smile, faltering a little for once.

ARCHIE

Of course not.

Tracy lets go and walks back downstairs. Alone, Archie looks worried before joining her.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Archie comes down the stairs, he sees Tracy talking to Spencer among the guests.

TRACY

I just took a little spill upstairs, that's all.

SPENCER

It sounded like a lot more than that.

Tracy sees Archie, hastily guides Spencer away, their voices trailing off.

TRACY

Well, I'm alright.

SPENCER

You might need to tell every guest  
yourself, the racket that made...

Archie starts to twiddle his thumbs while leaning against  
the railing.

He pulls aside Arthur, the portly old gentleman, as he  
passes by.

ARCHIE

Excuse me, sir, may I ask you  
something?

ARTHUR

Anything for a Pembroke, m'boy.

ARCHIE

Thank you, sir. Now, certainly,  
this is a prestigious gathering, to  
have someone as distinguished such  
as yourself --

ARTHUR

Certainly, certainly.

ARCHIE

But do you know of any, ahem...

Archie conspiratorially whispers behind his hand.

ARCHIE

...unseemly elements here tonight?  
Riff-raff, outsiders who may  
contribute to suspicious goings-on?

Arthur clears his throat, leans in.

ARTHUR

Well, it might be nothing, but...

He glances at Eric and a group of jean-clad programmers.

ARTHUR

...I don't think that lot's family  
came on the Mayflower.

Archie deflates.

ARCHIE

Well, that warrants suspicion.

ARTHUR

Doesn't it? I don't care how much aptitude they show for gadgets and doo-hickeys, they aren't our people.

ARCHIE

Right, right. Thank you for your confidence, Mr...?

ARTHUR

Hartford.

ARCHIE

"Arthur," got it. Good evening.

Arthur harrumphs as Archie walks away.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Archie glumly drinks by the champagne table.

Tracy bounces over, purse in hand.

TRACY

How goes the search, Detective?

ARCHIE

Horridly.

TRACY

Oh, come now, it can't be that hard. Just look in any mirror and you'll have caught your man.

ARCHIE

For the last time--

TRACY

You didn't take it, I know. Calm down, Rosenberg.

ARCHIE

Hey, those two were framed.

Tracy cheerfully shrugs.

TRACY

Your problem.

ARCHIE

You seem in an awfully cheery mood all of a sudden.

TRACY

Hmm, I wonder why.

Tracy pretends to think hard, counting on her fingers.

TRACY

You in prison because of me, you in  
prison because of me, aaaaaand you  
in prison because of--

ARCHIE

I get it.

TRACY

Just so many delicious layers of  
irony.

ARCHIE

Just the one, actually.

Tracy frowns.

TRACY

You know, if you're going to stick  
to this story, it might help to  
actually find this unknown  
mastermind. Why are you moping  
about here?

ARCHIE

I'm not "moping about," I'm taking  
my time, casing the place. I can't  
just wildly accost these fine  
people in public like you.

TRACY

Oh, go talk to someone already, get  
some information. Don't you  
consider yourself some smooth,  
social animal?

ARCHIE

I don't think I'm smooth.

Archie drains the last of his drink, puts the glass down,  
tugs at his cuffs.

ARCHIE

I know I am.

He saunters off. Tracy rolls her eyes and follows him at a  
distance.

Archie approaches Mrs. Onderdonk and a few other women.

ARCHIE  
Evening, madame Onderdonk.  
Mesdames.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
Oh, Archibald, thank goodness  
you're here. We could use someone  
with a pulse.

ARCHIE  
The pleasure is all mine, truly.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
Last I saw you was at your gallery  
opening in Berlin, I believe.

ARCHIE  
Indeed.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
Your paintings were remarkable.

ARCHIE  
Oh, no, no, I'm just a humble  
dilettante. I was good friends with  
the curator, and simply asked her  
if I could submit my modest work.  
She graciously said yes, and...  
here we are.

He chuckles, the ladies chuckle with him.

ARCHIE  
I should get in touch with  
Brunhilda sometime.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
Do you have many acquaintances in  
the art world?

ARCHIE  
Oh, of course, of course. Because  
culture is so important, so much  
more valuable than any of our  
fleeting material wealth.

The group nods with him as if he's being deep.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
How much did the piece sell for?

ARCHIE

It would be unbecoming of me to brag. Let's just say there were a lot of zeroes.

Archie changes tack.

ARCHIE

May I ask where Mr. Onderdonk may be?

MRS. ONDERDONK

He'll be here soon. Tonight is one of many late nights at the firm.

ARCHIE

Good, good. Say, can I--

Archie stops himself as he sees Onderdonk glaring at something behind him. He turns and sees Tracy, who is all of a sudden self-conscious.

MRS. ONDERDONK

That shrill thing has been watching us this whole time.

ARCHIE

What, her? She's just curious, is all.

MRS. ONDERDONK

No manners on that one. What Spencer sees in her...

ARCHIE

An odd pair, aren't they?

Tracy acknowledges all the talking and looking at her with a wave. Archie feigns a cheerful wave back. Tracy starts coming over.

MRS. ONDERDONK

Oh dear.

TRACY

Hello again, Mrs. Onderdonk.

Mrs. Onderdonk says nothing, cold.

TRACY

Really? Nothing?

Silence. The other women drift away, uncomfortable. Archie breaks back in.

ARCHIE  
Say, can I take a look at your bag?  
It's beautiful.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
(surprised)  
I suppose so.

She hands over her purse. Archie starts inspecting it.

ARCHIE  
The craftsmanship on this Dolce and  
Gabbana is remarkable.

TRACY  
How do you know what brand that is  
when I don't?

Archie looks over at Tracy, offended.

ARCHIE  
Because I'm not a philistine.

He shares a look with Onderdonk. He then turns over the bag  
several times.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
May I have that back now?

ARCHIE  
Of course, just one last thing.

He starts shaking the bag, listening for diamonds. He starts  
shaking it more and more vigorously until he sees the look  
on Tracy and Onderdonk's faces.

ARCHIE  
Sorry, I just --

He stalls, looks to Tracy for help.

TRACY  
He just likes the sound it makes.

ARCHIE  
Yes. Exactly.

Onderdonk takes the purse back and slowly walks away with a  
confused look on her face. Tracy calls after her.

TRACY  
It reminds him of his childhood;  
that time before the other  
schoolgirls stole his lovely purse.



Onderdonk turns away without another word.

TRACY

Smooth.

ARCHIE

It was, until you showed up.

TRACY

Oh really? So you were going to pat down Mrs. Onderdonk in a subtle manner, then?

ARCHIE

I would have thought of something.

TRACY

Of what?

ARCHIE

You wouldn't understand, too much delicate social engineering.

Tracy laughs.

TRACY

But I do understand, and that's your problem. You had nothing. You have nothing. Why else stoop so low as to suspect Mrs. Onderdonk of grand larceny--

Tracy overcome with laughter, can't finish her sentence.

ARCHIE

She looked decadent, alright? A taste for the expensive and a grudge against you. That's access and motive, right there.

TRACY

BAHA

ARCHIE

Well, I'm glad you're enjoying yourself. You don't particularly care if I find your necklace, do you?

TRACY

(composing herself)

No, ha -- no I don't. This is far too much fun.

ARCHIE  
Wonderful.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Archie and Tracy talk with the group of programmers with Eric.

ARCHIE  
Boy, object-oriented programming  
sure does sound swell. You boys and  
girls must be so smart.

PROGRAMMER  
Dude, I'm 24.

TRACY  
You sure are.

The programmers roll their eyes.

ARCHIE  
But wasn't school expensive? You  
must have some debt that needs  
paying, right?

ERIC  
I make \$200,000 a year.

Tracy and Archie scoff.

TRACY  
200,000?

ARCHIE  
For what?

TRACY  
I mean -- your parents must be so  
proud of you.

ARCHIE  
Very.

OTHER PROGRAMMER  
What do you do for a living?

ARCHIE  
That's not important. Now, you're  
sure you didn't tweet, Snap-Insta,  
selfie anyone saying, "hey, bro, at  
a radical party, swing on by?"  
Someone who might have stolen  
something?

One of the programmers mouths, "radical?"

PROGRAMMER

Hell no, this party is terrible.

ARCHIE

Some of the most important families  
in the country are here tonight,  
and you think it's "terrible?"

ERIC

We're just here because our angel  
investor wants us to be -- you  
know, Mr. Richardson.

TRACY

I suppose there aren't enough jello  
shots for your crowd.

ERIC

No, it's more just seeing a  
plutocracy like this up close is  
sort of unpleasant? Like it makes  
you think about the unequal  
distribution of income, and how the  
scrappy tech movement in the Bay  
Area has been co-opted by the  
moneymen in Wall Street under the  
guise of making the world a better  
place when they're really just in  
it to make a buck?

Archie and Tracy look at each other, confused.

ERIC

But hey, at least there's free  
booze.

The programmers start walking away.

ERIC

Remember to download Collr!

Archie and Tracy stand, silent.

ARCHIE

I did not understand a word of  
that.

TRACY

Drivel, all of it.

ARCHIE  
Freshman philosophy, is what it  
was.

TRACY  
Mhm.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - LATER

They talk with a random guest.

ARCHIE  
Do you know of any jewel thieves?

GUEST  
No.

ARCHIE  
Are you a jewel thief?

GUEST  
No.

ARCHIE  
Damn it.

As the guest walks away, Archie throws up his hands.

ARCHIE  
This is getting us nowhere.

TRACY  
Getting you nowhere, perhaps. I'm  
just fine.

ARCHIE  
I'm utterly baffled, truly. No one  
here is suspicious in the  
slightest. Gosh, I wouldn't be  
surprised if we were the only two  
--

Archie stops himself, scrutinizes Tracy, dawning realization  
on his face.

TRACY  
The only two what?

ARCHIE  
The only two thieves in this place.

Tracy gives Archie a stern glare.

TRACY

I don't care for your insinuation.

ARCHIE

What insinuation? That you misplaced your own priceless jewelry and feigned offense in an elaborate attempt to frame me for a crime I didn't commit? Because that's what I'm saying.

TRACY

Don't be ridiculous.

ARCHIE

One word: insurance.

TRACY

Ignoring whatever profit you'd make fencing it.

ARCHIE

Ohoho, it all makes sense now. The argument, your chipper mood. Well let's see how you feel now.

Archie grabs Tracy's purse and starts rummaging through it.

TRACY

Archie!

Tracy makes a grab for the purse, Archie holds it out of her arm's reach, still searching. Tracy presses up against him as Archie stops rifling.

He abruptly lets go, Tracy taking the purse with more force than she means to. Archie notices how close Tracy is.

ARCHIE

Why, hello there.

Tracy pushes him back. Archie shrugs and starts to search a bookcase.

TRACY

Oh, what now?

ARCHIE

You must have hidden it somewhere. I'll find it, don't worry.

TRACY

What, behind Dickens? Even if I had  
stolen my own necklace, don't you  
think I'd have a better spot?

Archie stops.

ARCHIE

You're right.

He starts patting himself, checking his pockets.

TRACY

Have you gone stark raving mad?

ARCHIE

It's already on me somewhere, isn't  
it? You planted the necklace on me.

Archie takes off his coat, turns it inside out to check the  
lining as guests start to give him odd looks.

TRACY

You're making a perfect spectacle  
of yourself, you know.

He shakes the jacket a bit more. He then stops, puts his  
jacket back on, takes a deep breath.

ARCHIE

I'm sorry; I was wrong. I won't  
bring it up again. Now if you'll  
excuse me.

Archie starts to walk away. Tracy looks confused.

TRACY

Wait, what? Where are you going?

Now concerned.

Archie casually walks up the stairs to the bedroom.

TRACY

(to herself)

No, no, no.

As Tracy hurries to catch up to Archie, Spencer sees the two  
of them on the staircase together, a distraught look on his  
face. He starts to follow them.

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Archie is opening drawers left and right as Tracy rushes in, her jaw agape at the scene.

TRACY

Goodness.

ARCHIE

I'm guessing you only had time to  
hide the necklace close by.

Tracy throws herself between Archie and an unsearched dresser.

TRACY

Stop it this, instant, or I swear--

ARCHIE

Swear what? That you'll rat on me?  
Tell Spencer who I am, blow the lid  
off the whole thing?

TRACY

Yes.

Archie wags his finger condescendingly.

ARCHIE

Ah, but I'm not so sure. No,  
something tells me that if you  
really wanted to expose me, you  
would have done so already. Why  
did you never tell your dear  
husband about me?

TRACY

Because that would assume you're  
worth telling about.

ARCHIE

Or maybe you were ashamed? It must  
have been an unpleasant surprise  
when Mr. Overcorrection turned out  
to be such a big fan of mine.

TRACY

If you say one more word--

ARCHIE

Don't worry, you can keep your  
secrets. I've said my piece.

Archie steps back, walks off to the master bathroom. Tracy composes herself. She opens the dresser.

Stuffed aside socks inside, the diamond necklace sparkles.

Tracy furtively slips it in her purse and walks away from the dresser, casual. Archie walks back in, opens the same dresser.

TRACY

You still think you'll find that thing here?

ARCHIE

I could have sworn...

SPENCER (O.S.)

I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

Tracy and Archie wheel around. Spencer has a moue of disappointment.

TRACY

Dear, this isn't what it--

SPENCER

No, no, it's fine. Just my wife and another man in a bedroom. Our bedroom. Not a problem.

Spencer walks up. Archie tries to laugh it off.

ARCHIE

You know, this reminds me -- I was once enjoying a lovely evening with the princess of Monaco, only to have her father chance upon our tryst and get all sorts of funny ideas. Well, needless to say--

Archie sees the look on Spencer's face.

ARCHIE

(mollifying)

-- only the bedroom's in common.

He looks between Spencer and Tracy.

ARCHIE

I should be getting on. Good night, you two.

Archie starts walking away. Spencer speaks up, gruff.



SPENCER

Wait.

He stops.

SPENCER

You can stay for the rest of the party -- some of us still have manners. Just be sure I don't get any more "funny ideas," Pembroke.

ARCHIE

Your hospitality is appreciated, but really--

SPENCER

I insist.

Archie raises his hands in surrender.

ARCHIE

Who am I to argue?

He nods to the two of them.

ARCHIE

Spencer, Tracy.

He leaves. Spencer closes the door behind him. Tracy talks to Spencer's back.

TRACY

(annoyed)

I suppose my views on the matter weren't important.

SPENCER

Are you actually trying to turn this around on me? You traipse around with a guy like that, how am I supposed to take it?

TRACY

I understand how you must feel, really, I do, but nothing happened.

SPENCER

"Nothing happened" -- you were alone, and with a man who looks so good--

TRACY  
Oh, he isn't all that.

SPENCER  
No, he is. Hell, even I want to  
jump him.

Tracy is surprised into laughter.

TRACY  
Well, I didn't want to say  
anything, but...

Spencer chuckles. He heaves and slumps on the edge of the  
bed.

SPENCER  
What's going on?

Tracy purses her lips and sits down as well.

SPENCER  
Because I want to trust you, more  
than anything else in the world.  
But I need you to tell me. Total  
honesty. Please.

TRACY  
There's not much to tell, really.  
I'm a fool and Archie's a prat. The  
end. Roll credits.

SPENCER  
Were you two, you know...

TRACY  
Sure.

SPENCER  
"Sure?"

TRACY  
I doubt there's a polite word for  
what we were. But we were.

SPENCER  
Hm. You think he showed up for you?

TRACY  
In a sense. Just to turn my screws,  
I imagine.

INT. OUTSIDE THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Archie listens against the door, a somber expression on his face.

TRACY (O.S.)(CONT.)  
It's all the man knows how to do.

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

SPENCER  
I'm sorry.

Spencer puts his arm around Tracy.

TRACY  
You must think so little of me  
right now.

SPENCER  
No.

TRACY  
Really?

SPENCER  
Of course not.

TRACY  
But you won't tell any of your  
friends or family about my past, my  
adventures, like you're ashamed or  
something. All those people  
downstairs, they think I'm someone  
I'm not. I feel like some porcelain  
doll, devoid of --

Tracy stops, tears up a little. Spencer instinctively hugs her.

SPENCER  
Tracy, Tracy. I don't tell anyone  
because it's not their business.  
And as far as you?

They part.

SPENCER  
I don't think you could ever be a  
porcelain doll, even if you tried.

Tracy laughs a little.

TRACY  
I love you, Spence.

SPENCER  
And I love you.

They lean in for a kiss.

INT. OUTSIDE THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Archie hears them kissing, sighs. He leaves the door and walks down the stairs.

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

SPENCER  
You've sure met a lot of bad men.  
Archie, the other one you won't  
talk about.

Tracy blinks a few times, shocked.

TRACY  
The other o...? Oh, yes,  
that other prat who is definitely  
different and shall remain  
nameless. Mhm. Rather bad luck, is  
it not?

SPENCER  
Say, does any of this have to do  
with that favor you had me do?  
Moving that necklace at the last  
minute?

TRACY  
Would it be awful if it did?

Spencer sighs.

SPENCER  
I thought you were past all this  
tomfoolery.

TRACY  
I am, I just thought --

SPENCER  
Do we need to have this  
conversation again? Drop it.

Spencer gets up.

TRACY

Oh.

SPENCER

We should attend to our guests --  
in fact, we've been gone for far  
too long, people will wonder where  
we are. Shall we?

TRACY

Alright.

Spencer extends his hand to Tracy. She takes it and lifts herself up, her disappointment apparent.

INT. OUTSIDE THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

As they are about to exit, Spencer smiles at Tracy.

SPENCER

This total honesty thing is nice,  
isn't it?

Tracy nervously laughs.

TRACY

Yes, it is.

Spencer kisses Tracy on the cheek.

SPENCER

Try to enjoy the rest of the party,  
will you?

TRACY

I will.

Spencer goes down the stairs. Tracy sighs.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracy comes down the stairs. She sees Mrs. Onderdonk with a new companion, MR. ONDERDONK, holding a small fluffy Corgi, PRINCESS.

TRACY

How do you, Mrs. Onderdonk?

Mrs. Onderdonk says nothing. Tracy ignores it this time.

TRACY

And this must be Mr. Onderdonk. I  
don't believe I've had the  
pleasure.

She holds out her hand, Mr. Onderdonk shakes it.

MR. ONDERDONK  
Apologies for the Misses. She's  
hard of hearing, at times.

TRACY  
And what specific times, too.

Tracy shoots a sickly sweet look at Mrs. Onderdonk.

Princess growls. Tracy purses her lips.

TRACY  
That's a cute dog. What's its name?

MR. ONDERDONK  
Her name is Princess. She's a  
purebred Corgi.

TRACY  
I'm aware of the breed.

Tracy shoots Princess one last distasteful look before  
looking back up to Mr. Onderdonk.

TRACY  
Are you two enjoying yourselves?  
How are things?

MR. ONDERDONK  
We are. Business is good, good.  
It's a bull market.

TRACY  
I'm glad. And how do you know  
Spencer?

Mrs. whispers behind her hand, a beautiful rose-gold watch  
on its wrist.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
Why does she keep talking to us?

MR. ONDERDONK  
It's a long story for another  
occasion, I'm sure. Excuse us.

Tracy starts shaking Mrs. Onderdonk's hand with both of  
hers, much to Onderdonk's displeasure.

TRACY

Of course. Anything I can do for you, please don't hesitate to let me know.

Mrs. Onderdonk takes her hand away from Tracy's profuse shaking with some revulsion, the Onderdonks start to walk away.

MR. ONDERDONK

Come on, Princess.

Mr. Onderdonk props up Princess against his chest like a baby. As he walks away with Mrs., Princess glares over his shoulder at Tracy.

MR. ONDERDONK

(under his breath)

Must you be so rude, Martha?

As they disappear into the crowd, Tracy lifts up her hand, dangling Mrs. Onderdonk's gold watch. She smirks, slips it on her wrist.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Spencer snags a snack from a plate as a caterer passes by, talking with Eric.

SPENCER

You enjoying the party? It is in your honor after all.

ERIC

Honestly, this is all a bit much, Mr. Richardson.

SPENCER

What are you talking about? It's been a few months since Collr went public, its stock has only appreciated since then, what's wrong with a little celebration?

ERIC

I appreciate it, sir, really, but this isn't my scene.

SPENCER

Oh, it's more your scene than you know.

ERIC

Lot of money men here.

SPENCER

And you're one of them. Better,  
you're a money maker. Now, come on,  
loosen up, meet the shareholders.

Spencer eats his snack.

SPENCER

(mouth full)

After all, at 14 dollars a share,  
they're your biggest fans.

Spencer slaps Eric on the arm and walks off. Eric, wincing  
from the slap, rubs his arm.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tracy checks her purse. The diamond necklace is still  
inside. She closes it and walks over to Archie.

ARCHIE

Say, would you mind if the  
floorboards in your guest room were  
torn up?

TRACY

What could you possibly expect me  
to say to that?

ARCHIE

No...?

TRACY

Yes, of course I would.

ARCHIE

Oh. Well, funny story, I just  
happened to be walking by the guest  
room, and, would you know it, some  
low-life had just torn up the  
floorboards --

TRACY

Even you can't be that desperate.  
Tearing up my floor to look for a  
necklace we both know you stole?

ARCHIE

Look, just because I didn't find it  
doesn't mean I was wrong.



TRACY  
Actually, it means exactly that--

ARCHIE  
And I still think you're framing me.

TRACY  
Well, think whatever you want. Just don't be surprised when you're cuffed.

ARCHIE  
I assume if I had left, you would have called the police?

TRACY  
You assume correctly.

ARCHIE  
And still would?

TRACY  
Yes.

Archie shakes his head.

ARCHIE  
What's that you're wearing?

Tracy pulls up the watch for Archie to see.

TRACY  
(sheepish)  
This? Just a little trinket, is all.

ARCHIE  
And a lovely one at that. Yet I don't recall seeing it on you until now.

Tracy sips her champagne, puts it away, a little embarrassed.

TRACY  
That may be because...

She sighs, rolls her eyes, puts her arms behind her back, anticipating the reaction.

TRACY

It may not have been, strictly speaking, "mine."

Archie, barely able to contain his excitement, laughs. He settles for a grin, punches Tracy on the shoulder.

ARCHIE

Well, good on you.

TRACY

No, not "good on me." I mean, if it were "good" to steal from anyone, it would be that shrew Onderdonk, but still. What got into me?

ARCHIE

A proper sense of fun?

TRACY

A proper sense of madness, is what it was. I ought to return it as soon as I can.

ARCHIE

Oh, cut the act. Admit it, you're having a ball.

TRACY

I don't know what you're talking about.

Behind her back, Tracy opens up her purse, the necklace sparkling inside.

ARCHIE(O.S.)

I think you miss it, you miss this. You miss escapades, you miss banter.

Tracy keeps a straight pokerface.

ARCHIE

Whatever you may think of me, these past two hours have been the most lively of your whole "new life." And who knows?

Archie shrugs.

ARCHIE

Maybe, just maybe you miss me a bit, too?

TRACY

Now I doubt that very much.

ARCHIE

Come on. Let's not play. You don't even have to say you like it a lot. Just a little. Admit you're having a little fun right now.

TRACY

That's ridic--

ARCHIE

Just a little.

Tracy sighs.

TRACY

Alright, I'm having a little fun watching you crash and burn. Happy?

ARCHIE

That's all I wanted to hear.

TRACY

But I still think you're an eel.

Tracy pats Archie on the shoulder with one hand and slips the necklace into his back pocket with another.

She walks away.

ARCHIE

I've heard worse, I suppose.

Spencer comes over.

SPENCER

Remember what I said about "funny ideas?"

ARCHIE

What, is it illegal to talk, now, too? She came to me, remember.

SPENCER

I know. It is curious, though, that you didn't come with any guest.

ARCHIE

Well, it was a last minute visit, like I said.

SPENCER

But even assuming I believed you -- which I don't -- I swear I remember you bragging about your black book in Forbes. Aren't there several women who would have happily come with you here tonight?

ARCHIE

I'm not quite sure what you're getting at.

SPENCER

Stay away from my wife, Pembroke.

ARCHIE

Ah, but you have no control over that.

SPENCER

I have this.

Spencer raises his fist.

SPENCER

That enough control for you?

ARCHIE

What are you going to do, strike me? Raise a scene?

Spencer thinks, lowers his fist.

ARCHIE

That's what I thought.

Spencer snorts.

SPENCER

Well, it's no skin off my back. I'm sure she'll stay with the honorable man.

ARCHIE

Oh, honor? That's adorable.

Archie leaves with an encouraging pat on the back.

ARCHIE

Give them hell, Arthur.

Spencer looks confused. Archie comes back.

ARCHIE  
 As in the King? (beat) You're  
 Arthur, I'm Lancelot, and Tracy's  
 Gu--

SPENCER  
 I got it, I got it. I just didn't  
 think it was funny, is all.

ARCHIE  
 Oh. Alright then.

Archie leaves, deflated.

A CATERER comes up to Spencer, whispers in his ear.

SPENCER  
 Thank you.

Spencer taps his glass, raises his arms.

SPENCER  
 (loud)  
 Excuse me. Excuse me.

The room goes silent as all the guests turn to Spencer.

SPENCER  
 I have just been informed that  
 dinner is ready and about to be  
 served in the dining room. If you  
 will follow me, I shall show you  
 all to your seats.

Spencer waves his arm over to himself as he leaves the room.  
 Guests follow.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Most of the guests are seated at a long dining table,  
 caterers standing to the sides with platters ready.

Archie, alone, stands awkwardly by the door.

Spencer walks with the Onderdonks by the table.

SPENCER  
 Allow me.

Spencer pulls two seats out for them.

Tracy sits by the head of the table. She sees Princess  
 waddling by the Onderdonks. She glares at Princess. Princess  
 growls back.

Archie rolls his eyes. Spencer has seated the Onderdonks at the last two open seats at the table. He looks at the table, then Archie, then back at the table.

Spencer approaches Archie.

SPENCER

Oh, I'm so sorry, we seem to have run out of seats.

ARCHIE

What a surprise.

SPENCER

I mean, you came so unexpectedly, I suppose we never thought -- here, we'll sort this out immediately.

ARCHIE

That would be appreciated.

Spencer takes Archie to the corner, where a low circular table lays with two children sitting around it in stools.

Spencer pulls over another stool, pats it.

SPENCER

Here you go.

Archie looks over at Tracy, talking with some guests, an empty seat next to her at the head of the table. He then looks back to Spencer.

ARCHIE

Thank you.

SPENCER

I hope this isn't embarrassing at all.

ARCHIE

Oh, not at all, not at all. I'll be sure to repay the favor.

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER

Well, if you'll excuse me, I have to see to our more prominent guests.

Spencer walks away. Archie, sparing one last withering glance at Spencer, squats on the stool, his knees bent out of shape.

Attempting to look dignified, he unbuttons his jacket, smooths his trousers.

ARCHIE

So what are you two in for?

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Archie tries regaling the two children with a story, a whole bottle of champagne nearly empty on the table alongside the food.

ARCHIE

And so, having just finished a leg of the 24 "heures de Le Mans" for the race team I just happen to own--

CHILD 1

What's "heures dee Le Mans?"

ARCHIE

It's a car race that lasts all day.

CHILD 2

That sounds boring. NASCAR's cooler.

ARCHIE

It's not boring, it's impressive, moreso than that glorified Yankee-tractor-pull. Now --

Archie takes another swig of champagne, clearly inebriated.

ARCHIE

Did I mention I once brought up a baby leopard?

CHILD 2

We have a puppy.

ARCHIE

And for the last time, I don't care.

CHILD 1

You talk a lot.

ARCHIE

Yes, and many people consider my loquaciousness charming.

CHILD 2  
"Loquacio--"

ARCHIE  
Means I talk a lot. Try and keep  
up, Timothy.

Archie looks over pleadingly at Tracy at the other end of the room. She shrugs, "nothing I can do."

She taps her watch. Archie annoyedly mouths, "I know."

One of the children sees a glint from Archie's pocket.

CHILD 1  
There's something in your pocket,  
Mister.

Archie jumps a little in his seat.

ARCHIE  
What? It's not stolen, I swea --  
sorry. Force of habit.

He pats his back pockets, feels something. He pulls out Tracy's diamond necklace, a smug grin forming on his face.

CHILD 1  
That's a pretty necklace.

ARCHIE  
That's what I said when I saw it,  
too.

CHILD 1  
Why's it in your pocket?

ARCHIE  
Well, have you ever gotten in  
trouble for something you didn't do  
at school?

The children nod as Archie puts the necklace back in his pocket.

ARCHIE  
Let's just say that lady over  
there...

Archie points at Tracy.



ARCHIE  
...put it in my pocket to get me  
trouble.

CHILD 2  
That's mean.

ARCHIE  
Yes, it is. She's a mean, mean la--  
oh, she's coming over. Act natural.

Tracy comes over.

TRACY  
How is it coming at the children's  
table?

ARCHIE  
Splendidly. Won't his highness  
disapprove that you're all the way  
over here, with me?

TRACY  
Oh, he won't mind. I'm just here to  
check on the two children -- and  
Timothy.

ARCHIE  
Har har.

CHILD 2  
You're a mean lady.

Tracy looks hurt.

TRACY  
What? Why am I mean?

CHILD 2  
You want Mister Penbrook to get in  
trouble.

She looks at Archie as he makes desperate hushing motions at  
the kid.

TRACY  
What's he going on about?

Archie quickly stops hushing.

ARCHIE  
Nothing, nothing. You know kids.

TRACY

Hm.

ARCHIE

You know, I think this night's going to end up differently than you believe.

TRACY

Really, now.

ARCHIE

In fact, I don't just think it, I know it.

TRACY

Why the sudden confidence?

ARCHIE

Call it a second wind, call it a phoenix rising from the ashes, call it--

Archie hiccups. Tracy snorts.

TRACY

You're just drunk. What a surprise.

ARCHIE

No such thing as too much liquid courage, darling.

TRACY

Don't call me darling. And don't forget about your deadline.

Tracy walks away. Archie yells after her.

ARCHIE

How could I forget, when you keep telling me every other second?

Archie sighs.

ARCHIE

Don't fall in love, kids. One second you're having a whirl, the next she's some scorned she-devil trying to frame you for grand larceny. Take it from me.

He finishes off the champagne bottle, as the children just look confused.

CHILD 1

I don't understand anything you  
just said.

At the other end of the dining room, Tracy sits down next to Spencer, he and everyone else at the table eating. He leans toward Tracy, talks under his breath.

SPENCER

Did you have to go over there?

TRACY

I was just gloating, is all. You're  
the one who put him there.

SPENCER

I'm just not comfortable seeing you  
two together. Can you understand  
that?

TRACY

I'll go to wherever and talk to  
whomever I please, thank you.

Spencer shrugs.

SPENCER

Sorry. Yeesh.

Spencer starts to eat again. He then leans back in.

SPENCER

It's just--

TRACY

Can we talk about this after the  
party?

Her curt tone cuts off any further dissent. Spencer silently relents and goes back to eating.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Guests mill about the room as caterers take empty, dirty dishes back to the kitchen. Spencer looks around furtively, goes to the hallway. Archie sees him do so.

EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spencer stands at the bottom of the steps to the door, smoking a cigarette. He takes a deep breath, exhales, smoke coming out of his nostrils.

The door opens and closes behind him. Archie comes down the steps haphazardly, drunk, to Spencer's side.

ARCHIE  
Greetings and salutations.

SPENCER  
Haven't I gone over you enough for one night, Pembroke?

ARCHIE  
I suppose so. But you don't necessarily have to every time you see me, do you?

SPENCER  
Hmph.

Spencer and Archie stand in silence.

ARCHIE  
So what brings you out here?

SPENCER  
I could ask the same of you.

ARCHIE  
And I asked first.

Spencer takes a drag.

SPENCER  
It feels like a different world in there, right now.

ARCHIE  
Yes, too much money in one room can do that, can't it?

SPENCER  
No, not that. That actually makes some sense.

ARCHIE  
If you say so.

SPENCER

It's the scheming. Both of you, Tracy and you both, you're all scheming. But I don't know what, and it's flipped the entire night on its own head.

Spencer pauses.

SPENCER

In there, I don't know where I stand with any of you. But out here?

He shrugs.

SPENCER

I have a job I like, a wife I love, and a cigarette in my mouth. It's simple. Clears my head.

He gestures at Archie.

SPENCER

So forgive me if I'm not thrilled to see the scheming follow me on my smoking break.

ARCHIE

Well, listen, I don't know how much you want to hear about Tracy and I--

SPENCER

I don't.

ARCHIE (CONT.)

--but we spent most of our time plotting some way or another. I think it's what brought us together.

SPENCER

(indifferent)

That's nice.

ARCHIE

Just thought you should know.

SPENCER

So why are you out here?

ARCHIE  
I wondered what Specific Whites  
looked like at night.

Spencer looks confused.

ARCHIE  
It's my name for the neighborhood.  
Pacific Heights. Specific Whites.

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER  
Now that one's funny.

He sighs.

SPENCER  
Tracy told me everything about you,  
you know.

Archie raises his eyebrows.

ARCHIE  
Really?

SPENCER  
Really.

Spencer takes another drag.

SPENCER  
That you two were involved, the  
whole thing.

ARCHIE  
Somehow I doubt that.

SPENCER  
What, you don't think my own wife  
would tell me?

ARCHIE  
I suppose I didn't.

Archie looks suspiciously at Spencer.

ARCHIE  
Why are you being so nice all of a  
sudden?

SPENCER  
I'm not being nice. I'm leveling  
with you.

Spencer looks around.

SPENCER  
I also just realized something.  
He looks straight at Archie.

SPENCER  
I have nothing to fear from you.  
Archie opens his mouth to protest.

SPENCER  
Yes, you're a snake, you're up to  
something, but whatever was between  
you and Tracy is in the past. I  
don't need to worry.  
Archie almost looks sorry for Spencer.

ARCHIE  
Well, that's awfully big of you.

SPENCER  
I thought so.  
Spencer flicks away his cigarette.

SPENCER  
Come on, let's go back inside.  
Spencer turns away. Archie deliberately bumps into him as  
he's walking astride, slipping the necklace into Spencer's  
pocket.

ARCHIE  
Whoops.  
Archie drunkenly giggles.

ARCHIE  
I don't know if you can tell, but  
I'm a little tipsy.

SPENCER  
I can tell.  
Archie walks ahead of Spencer, comes around.

ARCHIE

You know, it's especially big of you, considering that whole unfortunate, "I may have left Tracy to be caught by the cops" debacle.

Spencer's eyes widen.

ARCHIE

I mean, honest to God, she could learn a thing or two from your calm reception of it. She's still furious about the thing.

Archie punches Spencer on the shoulder.

ARCHIE

Right?

Spencer takes some deep breaths, speaks through gritted teeth.

SPENCER

...right.

ARCHIE

Good man.

Archie goes up the steps and in the door, leaving Spencer fuming in the cold.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dessert has now been placed on the table. Most of the guests are seated or finding their seats.

Spencer enters and sees Eric and his programmers standing up from their seats, gathering their things. He goes up to them.

SPENCER

Hey, hey, what are you all doing?

ERIC

Oh, hi, Mr. Richardson. We thought it was time to bounce.

SPENCER

Don't you want to stay for dessert?

ERIC

Nah. Some of our friends just texted us that there's a rave in an  
(MORE)



ERIC (cont'd)  
abandoned warehouse by pier 80? So,  
y'know...

Eric throws his arms out.

ERIC  
Would be kiiind of a bunch of dicks  
if we bailed on that. You  
understand.

SPENCER  
Not particularly--

Eric addresses the room at large.

ERIC  
Remember to download Collr!

All the guests raise their glasses.

GUESTS  
Here, here!

Eric and the programmers take deep mock bows and leave.

Archie comes up to Spencer.

ARCHIE  
I suppose I have a seat for  
dessert, now?

SPENCER  
I guess you do.

ARCHIE  
Marvelous.

Archie sits down at one of the now vacant seats.

Spencer paces a little, clenching and unclenching his hands.  
He gulps, and sits back down at the head of the table by  
Tracy.

The guests all sit around, waiting to eat their food.

SPENCER  
Well, don't wait on account of me.  
Please, enjoy.

They all start eating.

Arthur starts talking to Archie, first.

ARTHUR  
So tell me, why weren't you with us  
at dinner?

ARCHIE  
Well, Arthur--

ARTHUR  
Hartford.

Archie ignores him.

ARCHIE  
I was actually sitting at the  
children's table, because there  
wasn't space here. Isn't that  
right, Spencer?

Archie jovially gestures to Spencer. Spencer puts on a  
smile, nods.

ARTHUR  
Why, that was unnecessary. I would  
have happily made room for a  
Pembroke.

ARCHIE  
It's fine, it's fine. I actually  
enjoy working with children. In  
fact, did I ever tell you I helped  
give aid to children in Uganda,  
once?

Spencer grimaces as the rest of the table fawns over Archie  
with various, "Oh, my," "How noble"s.

ARCHIE  
Well, I did. It started with  
digging a well for clean water with  
my own two bare hands--

Spencer points at Archie, shouts.

SPENCER  
That man is a thief!

Tracy puts her hand up to her mouth. The entire table goes  
silent. Archie gulps.

Princess barks, runs over, and pounces on Tracy's leg, only  
her snarling audible in the silence.

TRACY  
He's the thief, you moron.

She shakes her leg, sees everyone looking at her.

TRACY  
Why do the Corgis always attack me?

Archie cuts in.

ARCHIE  
Surely, I have no idea what you're talking about, Spencer...

SPENCER  
You're a thief. You've probably stolen countless times, and you're here up to no good.

ARCHIE  
Let's be reasonable, shall we? No need to have a row in front of all these guests.

SPENCER  
Oh, but there is a need. Everything we hold most dear --

Spencer's eyes flick to Tracy and back.

SPENCER (CONT.)  
-- is forfeit as long as he's here with us.

TRACY  
Lay off a bit, will you--

SPENCER  
And you.

Tracy stops, taken aback at Spencer's tone.

SPENCER  
This asshole hurts you, and you defend him.

TRACY  
I'm not defending him, just, let's not make a scene.

Spencer laughs scornfully.

SPENCER

This whole evening has been a scene. It's just by "the grace of Archie" that I get to know now, isn't it?

Tracy looks confused as Mrs. Onderdonk makes a snide aside.

MRS. ONDERDONK

(audible mutter)

I imagine she was a common pilferer, too.

The table starts muttering. Tracy is about to snap at Onderdonk when Spencer speaks first.

SPENCER

No, no. She wasn't. Tracy is better than that racket.

Tracy smiles.

SPENCER

I mean, do you think I would have married her if she was? Don't be ridiculous. Would never happen.

Suddenly, she looks hurt.

TRACY

Spencer, I--

Spencer pushes himself from the table, gets up.

SPENCER

I'm going to call the police.

Spencer addresses the table.

SPENCER

Sorry for the mess, everyone, but I'm going to have to ask you to see yourselves out while we deal with this.

He bows his head as he starts walking out.

SPENCER

Keep an eye on him, will you, Tracy?

Tracy and Archie stay seated as the guests start leaving. Mrs. Onderdonk picks up Princess as she and Mr. Onderdonk walk past Tracy.

MRS. ONDERDONK  
Why am I not surprised?

As they leave, Tracy mutters.

TRACY  
Now she talks to me.

The guests clear out, leaving Archie and Tracy alone in the room. Tracy gets up, walks over to Archie, sits next to him. She lets out a long sigh.

TRACY  
How did Spencer find out?

Archie braces himself.

ARCHIE  
We may have been talking...

TRACY  
Oh, no.

ARCHIE  
He may have said he "knew everything..."

TRACY  
Well, of course he didn't know "everything" everything.

ARCHIE  
Now I know. Why didn't you tell him?

TRACY  
I don't know.

ARCHIE  
Come on, you can do better than that.

TRACY  
Alright, you want the truth?

ARCHIE  
Something tells me we could use it right about now.

TRACY  
I was afraid.

Tracy goes silent for a moment, but Archie says nothing.

TRACY

I had gone so long without telling him your name, and I worried... I worried if I told him now, he would somehow feel betrayed. Like I hadn't been straight with him.

ARCHIE

Well, you certainly dodged that bullet.

TRACY

Yes, I did.

Tracy shakes her head.

TRACY

How did we get here? How is my life turning upside down because of you again?

ARCHIE

No offense, dear--

Tracy only half-heartedly cuts him off, exhausted.

TRACY

Don't call me dear.

ARCHIE

-- but this isn't my fault.

TRACY

Are you serious? This whole fiasco would never have happened if you hadn't shown up--

ARCHIE

Or if you had left me alone, or if you were open with your husband.

TRACY

Oh, forget it. I'm not in the mood to argue anymore. All I know is, any time you show up everything goes to smithereens.

She laughs at herself.

TRACY

Somehow, even when I'm pushing you away with everything I have... my life seems to revolve around you. I

(MORE)

TRACY (cont'd)  
think I used to adore that about  
you.

Archie puts his hand on Tracy's shoulder. She shrugs it off.

TRACY  
But I hate it now, truly, I do.

ARCHIE  
Come on. I can't be that bad.

TRACY  
There may have been a time when I  
would say the same, but I think  
it's finally dawned on me. I can't  
trust you.

ARCHIE  
Yes, you--

TRACY  
Give me one reason I should trust  
you, ever again.

ARCHIE  
What if I told you why I came here?  
Why I really came here?

Tracy thinks. Nods.

ARCHIE  
I came here for you, Tracy.

She blinks, shocked.

ARCHIE  
All this other nonsense, it's just  
static.

Tracy pinches her temple.

TRACY  
Now what do you expect me to say  
that?

ARCHIE  
This? This domestic mausoleum,  
serving sherry for stockbrokers?  
It's not you.

TRACY

I really don't think it's your place--

ARCHIE

No. Listen. I don't care what you think about me. Call me an eel, a rat, whatever. But sitting around like this? No adventure? No agency? Is this really what you want? Are you really happy with him?

Tracy breathes deeply.

TRACY

I love him. He is the most trusting, trustworthy man I have met in my life, and tonight, you helped mar that, maybe even snuff it outright, all to, what? Make some desperate attempted reconnection with me? Have you no decency?

Archie looks disillusioned, self-conscious.

ARCHIE

I'm sorry. Really. But you shouldn't blame this all on me. And you didn't answer the question.

Tracy's eyes widen. Before she can respond, Spencer is overheard outside the dining room.

SPENCER (O.S.)

Thank you for showing up on such short notice, Officer.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

No problem, sir. There's been a rash of thefts in the area lately.

Tracy shoots Archie a look. He shrugs. The cop and Spencer enter the room, talking.

POLICEMAN

Honestly, you're doing us the service here, handing us this guy.

The cop stops upon seeing Archie.



POLICEMAN

Huh. You're that one super rich guy.

He looks to Spencer for help, a little incredulous.

POLICEMAN

This is the guy?

Spencer nods.

POLICEMAN

Didn't expect that.

He takes out his cuffs.

POLICEMAN

Sir, if you could put your hands behind your ba--

Archie politely raises a finger.

ARCHIE

Actually, if I may --

He pulls out a pen.

ARCHIE

Just one last thing?

Before the policeman can protest, Archie scribbles his signature on a napkin. He puts the pen away, starts handing the bunch of napkins to Spencer.

SPENCER

You can't honestly think I still want--

ARCHIE

Oh, you will. Eventually. That autograph is worth a few thousand, you know.

Holding the napkins in his hand, Archie makes a pulling motion from Spencer's pocket to the napkins, then stuffs the signed napkin in Spencer's pocket.

Archie rubs his back, slips something into his own pocket. Tracy notices, furrows her brow. He puts the napkins on the table.

Archie gets up, turns around, presenting his hands behind his back.

ARCHIE  
Alright, let's get this show on the road.

The officer cuffs Archie.

SPENCER  
Search him. He may have stolen something.

Archie smirks, Tracy looks alarmed. The officer pats him down, feels something in his back pocket. Reaching inside, he pulls out Tracy's diamond necklace.

SPENCER  
Aha! See? He went for your necklace.

TRACY  
Wait, no he didn't--

SPENCER  
What are you talking about? It's right there.

TRACY  
I mean, yes, I see that, but I never thought--

Archie interjects, a knowing look at Tracy.

ARCHIE  
It was in my pocket, wasn't it?

Tracy stops protesting, understands.

Archie makes a show, begs the question to the officer.

ARCHIE  
Now, you have no reason to believe me, but I have no idea how this ended up on my person. It's a set-up, I tell you.

POLICEMAN  
Sir, you're under arrest.

ARCHIE  
Ah, what can I say.

Archie looks back at Tracy.

ARCHIE

You got one over on me.

Tracy, for once, has nothing to say.

The officer takes Archie away, his voice fading.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

You have the right to remain  
silent. Anything you say...

The sound of the front door opening and closing in the other room.

Spencer stands awkwardly as Tracy stays seated.

TRACY

Do we need to talk?

Spencer walks out of the room without a word. Tracy gets up to follow him.

TRACY

Spencer?

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spencer is sitting on a couch in the middle of the living room. Empty glasses, pieces of debris litter the space. Tracy comes in, sits next to him.

They sit silently for a while. Spencer breaks the silence.

SPENCER

What is there to talk about? You  
lied to me.

TRACY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. Not  
that that makes it better, but...

SPENCER

How could you not mean to?

TRACY

I just -- I didn't want to hurt  
you, push you away. I was going to  
tell you, but not when the man was  
standing right there.

Spencer is silent.

TRACY  
Say something.

SPENCER  
...I think I understand.

TRACY  
Really?

SPENCER  
Yes. But can you promise me  
something?

TRACY  
Anything.

SPENCER  
Please, never do something like  
this again.

TRACY  
Lie to you? Of course, never.

SPENCER  
I mean the rest of it, too.

TRACY  
"Rest of...?"

SPENCER  
Look, I'm not an idiot. Something  
fishy was going on tonight, and  
honestly, I don't think any of this  
would have happened without it. You  
were pulling some revenge stunt on  
Archie.

Tracy sighs.

TRACY  
Alright, yes, I was, but that's not  
how we got here.

SPENCER  
I think it is.

Tracy thinks.

TRACY  
Did you mean what you said earlier?

SPENCER

What?

TRACY

"Tracy would never do that, don't be ridiculous, I never would have married her if she had."

SPENCER

Oh, come on, you can't hold that against me. I was just saving face for us in front of the guests.

Tracy starts to get mad.

TRACY

"Saving face," by throwing me under th--

SPENCER

That was all in the past, that wasn't you, you said so yourself, remember? How is this a problem?

TRACY

I said that, but...

SPENCER

But what!?

Tracy is shocked by the outburst.

TRACY

Do you really think so little of who I was?

SPENCER

Tracy, you went back on all of that. You made a change, and you made it for me, and I love that about you.

Spencer hugs her.

SPENCER

I'm sorry. I lost my temper, and I shouldn't have. Can we just forget all this?

Tracy pushes him away.

TRACY  
I'm not sure we can.

SPENCER  
Why?

TRACY  
You're right, I did change for you.  
I guess I just had the funny idea  
you loved who I was, not just who I  
was for you.

Tracy, though starting to cry a little, chuckles to herself.

TRACY  
"Quartz and all."

SPENCER  
Come on, you're overblowing this--

TRACY  
I'm not.

SPENCER  
Of course I love who you are, what  
are you even saying? That you want  
to be some swindler again? Run off  
with Archie?

TRACY  
I'm not saying that.

SPENCER  
Then what are you saying, what do  
you want?

TRACY  
I don't know. I don't know, and  
that's the problem. My whole life,  
I've never known what I wanted,  
I've never gotten the chance. I  
spent 20 years learning to be  
"proper," met a man who knew what  
he wanted and simply followed him,  
thought better of it, and...

Tracy stops.

SPENCER  
And?

TRACY

And just rushed into the arms of another. Who won't even tell his family who I really am. But that's not a problem, is it? Not when I'm no one. And do nothing for myself.

SPENCER

What does this all mean?

TRACY

(beat)

It means I need to leave for a while.

SPENCER

We're taking a break?

TRACY

No, no, it's not a break, it's just... you and Archie keep prattling on about what an amazing independent person I am, but I'm not. Not really. And I want to change that.

SPENCER

This sounds an awful lot like a break.

TRACY

If you must call it a break, it's a break.

SPENCER

Please don't do this. I love you, Tracy.

TRACY

And I love you. I agreed to marry you, for God's sake. I trust you more than anyone in the world. But that doesn't mean I have to be happy with how we're living.

SPENCER

Jesus, this is really happening.

Spencer thinks.

SPENCER

I'm a straightforward guy, you know? I guess I just thought you were straightforward, too.

TRACY  
No one's straightforward. The ones  
that seem it, well --

Tracy points at herself, softly laughs.

She hugs Spencer. Spencer hugs back tightly.

SPENCER  
What are you going to do?

TRACY  
We'll see.

They part.

TRACY  
I should start packing.

Tracy gets up.

SPENCER  
You don't have to leave this  
second.

TRACY  
It would be best.

Tracy walks across the living room and starts going up the stairs.

SPENCER  
Tracy?

She stops, looks back.

SPENCER  
Please tell me you're not going to  
Archie.

Tracy sighs, a little irritated, but gentle.

TRACY  
No, I'm not going to Archie.

She heads up the stairs.



INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Archie lies on a cot in a blank concrete cell in his suit, his jacket folded on top of his pillow as an extra cushion.

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Hey.

Archie looks up. He sees a PRISON GUARD at his cell door.

PRISON GUARD

You made bail. Come on up.

Archie looks confused.

INT. PRISON LOBBY - DAY

Archie's guard escorts him through a set of sliding bars. As he walks through, he overhears a familiar voice.

TRACY (O.S.)

No, don't pay under "Richardson,"  
it's "Houghton." Haw-ton.

Archie sees Tracy talking to a MAN at a desk, wearing Mrs. Onderdonk's watch still.

MAN

Is that all?

TRACY

Yes, thank you.

Tracy spots Archie, smirks.

TRACY

Why, hello there. You look fine.

She looks down at the wrinkled suit he slept in.

ARCHIE

You know, you didn't have to do  
this. We both know I am more than  
capable of paying my own bail.

TRACY

I know. I just did it as a favor,  
is all. I mean, you did  
intentionally get caught with that  
necklace, didn't you?

ARCHIE  
Ah, I hoped you would notice.

TRACY  
Why? I never meant for you to  
actually get caught, you moron.

ARCHIE  
That's nice to hear. A little late,  
but hey.

Archie looks around.

ARCHIE  
You're not sticking around, are  
you?

TRACY  
No. Things to do, places to be.

ARCHIE  
I gathered as much. What places?

TRACY  
I don't know. That's part of the  
fun.

ARCHIE  
So it is.

TRACY  
What about you, will you get on  
alright? You're a convict now.

ARCHIE  
Yes, who knows how that might  
affect my reputation. I'll make do  
somehow.

Reporters storm in, cameras flashing, microphones pointed at  
Archie, notepads out.

REPORTER 1  
Mr. Pembroke, Mr. Pembroke! Are the  
rumors true, have you been  
arrested?

Archie beams at the attention.

ARCHIE  
The rumors are true, although  
outdated. I was arrested, for the  
theft of a priceless diamond  
(MORE)

ARCHIE (cont'd)  
necklace, but I have been bailed,  
by the very woman I stole it from.

REPORTER 2  
Are you just that charming?

ARCHIE  
Yes.

Reporter 2 points their mic at Tracy.

REPORTER 2  
Is he just that charming?

Tracy rolls her eyes, humors them, albeit in a droll tone.

TRACY  
Yes, he's just that charming.

She whispers to Archie in front of the cameras.

TRACY  
I think I ought to go now.

ARCHIE  
Yes, probably.

TRACY  
Bye, Archie.

ARCHIE  
Bye, Trace.

They shake hands.

ARCHIE  
You go do you.

Tracy smiles, nods. She then walks away through the crowd,  
overhearing more of Archie's interview as she does.

ARCHIE (O.S.)  
And may I note that this was the  
first time I was ever caught, in an  
illustrious ten-year career...

Archie looks across the crowd.

INT. EXT. PRISON - DAY

He sees Tracy out the front door. She walks out of view, on her own.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

TITLE: "THE END"

FADE OUT

THE END