

12 INT. CLAIRMONT - HARRIS'S ROOM - DAY 12 *

Harris, in his perfectly tailored linen suit, checks himself in the mirror. His eyes travel to the bed behind him, Tipper's side, her book still on the nightstand. *

His eyes look tired. He grabs a pair of expensive sunglasses. *

13 INT. WINDEMERE - CADENCE'S ROOM - DAY 13

Cadence fastens a skimpier bathing suit than she usually wears, throwing on a sexier cover up. She fluffs her hair. Adds lip gloss. She is on a very misguided mission. *

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. CLAIRMONT - KITCHEN - DAY 15

Dressed for the party, Carrie and Bess enter to find Penny setting her perfectly golden crusted pie on the cooling rack.

CARRIE
Oh. It's beautiful.

BESS
(checking timers)
Ours have three minutes, Carrie.

PENNY
I knew we'd pull it off.

Bess heads for the fridge while Carrie heads for the china cabinet. She pauses when she notices the shelves are empty.

CARRIE
Where's the good china?

BESS
(pulling champagne out)
Packed. I'm shipping it back to Cambridge. We never use it. *

PENNY
You can't just --

CARRIE
We need to talk about these things. That's antique rose medallion -- *

BESS
Fine china is used when you cook a nice meal. Pen's culinary expertise is limited to literal dog food.

(CONTINUED)

START

PENNY

This isn't about your tablescape. I know what that punch bowl auctions for. Do you think we're idiots?

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BESS

You barely even eat.

PENNY

Well, Bess, we can't all have the metabolism *and* grating personality of a hummingbird on crack --

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CARRIE

Enough, both of you. Don't go for the Achilles five minutes before we have to play hostesses.

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The timer RINGS, breaking up the fight. Penny opens the champagne as Carrie moves towards the oven, opening it.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Carrie waves smoke away, stepping aside to reveal the two remaining pies are blackened on the top. Bess reacts --

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BESS

That's not possible.

She whips her head to Penny, who looks as shocked as they do.

PENNY

They were fine five minutes ago.

BESS

What did you do, turn the heat up? Put the broiler on?

PENNY

I don't even know what a broiler is, Bess. *I don't cook.*

BESS

Your fucking pie is perfect.

Penny pours herself a glass of champagne.

*

PENNY

Relax. You had nothing to worry about today, because as you *constantly* remind us, your trust fund is intact and collecting dust.

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*

(MORE)

PENNY (CONT'D)

Thanks to the well-bred income source Dad instructed you to marry, you didn't *have* to touch a dime --

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CARRIE

(eye roll--)

Because you married into the middle class for true love.

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BESS

Tell me, Penny, when you decided to start your golden retriever breeding business, was it *because* Sam is allergic to dogs? Or was the Benadryl he had to chug just to be near you just a little perk of the job? Too sedated to want --

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PENNY

You're pushing 40 in a crop top in the hopes that your husband will throw you a glance on his way to the golf course. Spare me.

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A beat, then -- Bess DUMPS her champagne on Penny's pie, and FLIPS it into the sink.

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Carrie gasps. Bess smiles coldly. And Penny just stares.

*

But then -- she makes a strangled noise. She gasps for air. Once, then again --

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PENNY (CONT'D)

I can't -- I can't --

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*

CARRIE

Breathe, Pen. It's a panic attack --

Penny's face crumbles, like she's going to cry. Immediately, Carrie goes to comfort her, but Penny waves her off, exiting the kitchen in a hurry. Carrie looks to Bess accusingly.

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BESS

Oh please.

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CARRIE

You don't know what it's like to feel like a failure in Dad's eyes. He thinks you walk on water --

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BESS

Because I exhaust myself trying to do everything right! Penny is broke, not emotional.

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*

(MORE)

15

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CONTINUED:

16A.

15

BESS (CONT'D)

She's pretending to break down to
make you feel bad for her, and it's
working, like it always used to --

*

CARRIE

Jesus, Bess. Have some compassion.
I know you're the baby of the
family now, but has it really been
so long that you've forgotten what
it feels like to see your little
sister cry?

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*

END

Carrie storms out, leaving Bess alone in the kitchen. She
crumples into the mess they've made.

16

~~EXT. BEECHWOOD ISLAND - WALKWAY - DAY~~

16

~~Mirren and Brody walk together.~~

~~BRODY~~

~~You need to follow my three rules --~~

~~MIRREN~~

~~I know. The sugar in the mixers
makes you sicker than the booze --~~

(CONTINUED)

