

S1E4 Treatment

“Constructing Façades”

Logline: Unleashing a covert operation directed by her sometime lover, Tracy stages a bogus FBI probe to smoke out private investigator Richard and entrap Marilyn into betrayal, revealing the one loose end neither woman can control: the gun.

Marilyn is unraveling. When Richards calls, she explodes—“I will not be blackmailed!”—and slams the phone down. Richards is baffled; Marilyn’s panic confirms his suspicion: she’s tangled in something bigger than corporate harassment. He tries again and is shut out by her aide. Richards, now frozen out, takes notes and recalibrates.

Marilyn flies to San Diego and, with cruel irony, meets Tracy at the same bistro where the Cuttbate story first detonated. Marilyn blurts “blackmail” out loud; Tracy grips her forearm hard enough to bruise—control by touch. Tracy’s response is surgical: she reframes the crisis as IP harassment, not murder-adjacent scandal, and unveils her plan—she’s going to involve her “FBI contact” to intimidate Richards into backing down. Marilyn hates it, but Tracy’s certainty is intoxicating: *no traces, no witnesses, hooker story holds*. Then Tracy drops a detail that lands like a brick—her father has the gun. Marilyn realizes this isn’t paranoia; it’s exposure.

Tracy brings Aiman into deeper waters—literally—meeting him on Matt’s yacht. Aiman is out of his depth (boat shoes cosplay), but Tracy is perfectly in control. She asks about FBI methods and pushes for something this week, before the quarterly ends. Aiman promises a former agent on payroll and says he loves a challenge.

At the quarterly, Marilyn tries to play steady while Hannah offers sympathy and becomes the liaison to the “security firm.” Matt praises Marilyn publicly, Tracy keeps her leashed privately, and Marilyn retreats to La Valencia for the weekend—pink hotel, pink expectations. Then the hammer drops: two “FBI agents” approach Marilyn poolside and summon her downtown.

The downtown “FBI office” is a dingy storefront with flickering fluorescents and mugshots on the wall—low-budget authenticity. Erskine and Colby interview Marilyn: Richards, harassment, motive. Marilyn sticks to Tracy’s script—Chinese IP theft—until their

questions sharpen toward something else: why did Tracy hire Richards at all? Why would Tracy contact the FBI about a PI she once employed? The agents imply Tracy may be compromised. Marilyn leaves shaken, lights a cigarette, and feels the ground shifting under her.

Crosscut: Matt heads to his own escape—Cabo on the Brobdignagian—surrounded by buddies and groupies. Hannah arrives with paperwork, gets pulled into the boys' club dynamic, and is subtly sexualized and socialized into Matt's orbit. Tracy, meanwhile, travels to New York and visits her father—seeking comfort and control in the same breath.

At Dad's brownstone, Tracy learns the unthinkable: her father sold the pistol—cash, no bill of sale, to a stranger from the library. Tracy's composure fractures in real time. The gun isn't just a weapon; it's the physical link between rumor and prosecution, between narrative and evidence. Now it's loose in the world.

Back in Mexico, Matt boasts about "Chinese harassment" and praises Tracy's expensive KL security contract. Hannah is pressured into drinking and "fitting in." Matt privately invites informality—"Call me Matt"—a small boundary shift that signals bigger ones coming.

In KL, the blackmail Stranger escalates: he confronts Marilyn in her parking garage, flashes a gun, demands a ride. But Marilyn now has the one thing Tracy's money can buy: a bodyguard who acts like a professional. The bodyguard barrels in, tackles the Stranger, disarms him, zip ties him, and drags him upstairs—not to the police, but first to Marilyn's apartment for "question time."

This sequence reveals the real nature of the "security" solution: it's not protection, it's private coercion. The bodyguard unlocks the Stranger's phone with face-ID brute force and finds the recorded restaurant blackmail. When the Stranger won't give Richards's number, the bodyguard escalates to a taser—buzz, scream, repeat—until the Stranger breaks. Marilyn hears the screams from the kitchen, shaken by what Tracy's hired help is capable of, and by what it means about Tracy.

The bodyguard leaves Richards's private number on the table and hauls the Stranger away. Marilyn is told to lock the door, work from home—like a hostage in her own life.

Marilyn reports the attack as IP theft intimidation to Matt (who is calling from the yacht at night under stars). Matt insists she fly back to the home office "until things settle." Tracy calls too, delighted the stooge is in custody—"good for us"—and Marilyn confesses the blackmail angle while Tracy stays calm. It's "all going according to plan."

We then learn the chilling truth: the “FBI storefront” was not real law enforcement at all—it was Aiman’s staged operation, executed at Tracy’s request. Over lunch in New York, Tracy sits beside Aiman while she talks Marilyn through the cover story, careful not to be overheard. Aiman is distracted by vegan beef; Tracy is engineering outcomes.

Back in San Diego, Marilyn returns to the storefront again—only now the agents have sharper knowledge: Tracy was scammed, hired Richards, fired him, Richards became obsessed, and Richards now suspects Tracy killed the con man. The agents pressure Marilyn with 18 U.S. Code 1001 (lying to the FBI), and propose a plan: wear a wire, meet Richards, and let him hang himself.

Marilyn agrees—partly coerced, partly cornered—offering Richards’s private number as leverage. The agents prep her with a brooch mic and a watch mic. Marilyn nervously tests them (“Testicles, testicles...”), the absurdity of it underscoring the terror.

Marilyn sits poolside in her distinctive scarf, waiting. “Richards” arrives—only it isn’t him. It’s a Fake Richards, an actor planted by Tracy/Aiman to manipulate Marilyn into confession and redirect blame. He plays the part: mentions the tattoo, the throat shot, the dead con man, and needles her about Tracy. He tries to frame Tracy as the anonymous tipster, to break Marilyn’s loyalty.

Marilyn, spiraling, begins to talk. First in denial, then sarcasm, then tears, then a fatal shift: she gives details—Tracy went to Cuttbate’s house to get a confession, the gun went off, the heel-stomp, the prostitute alibi, the long-game competence... and finally the devastating practical detail:

“I think her father still has the gun.”

We cut to Richards alone in his office with the real gun—Dad’s pistol—spinning it on his desk like a compass that keeps pointing toward a heart.