

S1E2 Treatment

“Lex Talionis”

Logline: After learning the “FBI raid” that launched her case never happened, a dismayed professional mediator hunts her con man through NanoNano’s inner circle—then lures him into a trap, forcing her to stage an alibi, coerce an accomplice into silence, and trade guilt for power just as a private investigator gets dangerously close to the truth.

In the wake of being swindled out of a million dollars, Tracy Shepard tries to do the “proper” thing: she marches into an FBI office and lays out the entire nightmare—Fischer and Fletcher Cuttbate, RodCone Labs, the miracle eye cure, the missing men, the “raid,” the fake incorporation, the vanished office. Special Agent Taft listens... and then drops the first gut-punch: the FBI has no record of any raid, any warrants, or even RodCone Labs. The “raid” Tracy was told about wasn’t a botched operation—it was part of the con.

Taft’s forensics team starts building a composite sketch, but Tracy’s details are frustratingly thin. The artist floats a chilling possibility: what if the “twin brothers” were never two people at all? Tracy realizes she never saw them together—only heard the story of their feud.

Back home, Tracy refuses to sit still and hires a private investigator, Grayson Richards, offering a strong incentive: his fee plus 25% of any recovered money. Richards immediately treats the entire thing as an engineered operation—someone tipped the con man off about Tracy’s flight, perhaps even manipulated the overbooking, the late limo, the timing. Tracy is forced to consider the unthinkable: she wasn’t unlucky—she was selected. As Richards leaves, Tracy blurts one humiliating but crucial detail: the con man has a snake tattoo on his penis. Alone, the iron-willed “Medea of Mediation” finally breaks and cries.

A dark montage follows: Tracy spirals, liquidates her life (her precious Kandinsky goes at auction), and collateral damage spreads—Hannah is pushed out, Tracy’s driver ends up job hunting, and Tracy lies to her blind father about a “bad investment,” insisting she’s fine while quietly hollowed out. Three months pass. Taft calls again with nothing. Tracy is stuck in limbo, angry and humiliated.

Then a headline snaps her back to predatory focus: NanoNano announces its IPO. Tracy calls Matt Blankenschein—who recognizes her instantly and flirts like a shark—and maneuvers an invite into NanoNano’s orbit. She flies to San Diego, attends the IPO

celebration, and starts reading the room: the fratty male executive culture, the bragging, the casual misogyny—and especially Marilyn Jenkins, NanoNano’s HR leader.

When Marilyn casually describes a “biologist” named Calvin who’s developing a breakthrough cure but is blocked by... *his twin brother who prefers a daily pill...* Tracy feels the floor drop out from under her. Different city, same story. And then Marilyn confirms the one detail Tracy can’t ignore: Calvin has a snake tattoo. Tracy pulls Marilyn aside and dismantles the con point-by-point—fabricated printouts, planted “scientists,” and a familiar thread: Ron Slomsky, now suspected as a co-conspirator.

Tracy convinces Marilyn to cooperate in a sting: accept Calvin’s invitation, get him drunk, get him home—then Tracy will confront him and force a confession. Tracy simultaneously deepens her leverage elsewhere, coying up to Matt on his yacht with flirtation and strategy, hinting she belongs on his board while making herself indispensable.

The trap springs in New Jersey. Marilyn plays her part, bails at the last moment, and Tracy enters Calvin’s bedroom holding her father’s pistol. But Tracy’s version of “negotiation” has turned feral: she offers Lex Talionis—finger or confession—backed by a gun and a pair of heavy-duty snips. Calvin taunts her, calls her bluff... and lunges. The gun goes off. Calvin dies with a shot through the throat. Tracy, shaking and sick, crosses a line she can’t uncross—she mutilates the body in rage and stages the scene.

She cleans surfaces, steals the dead man’s phone, drives into the dark, and manufactures her alibi: a panicked fake 911 call as “Tiffany,” a frightened 16-year-old who “shot a would-be rapist with his own gun.” She drops the phone in a pine forest so police will find it and track the “girl,” then disappears into Manhattan like nothing happened.

The next morning, news confirms the story is working: police treat it as a messy sex-crime gone wrong, the phantom “girl” still missing. Tracy flies as if resuming her old life, slides into Matt’s world again, and then has to do the one thing she didn’t plan for: tell Marilyn.

At a San Diego bistro, Marilyn is horrified—Tracy didn’t just confront the con man; she killed him. Tracy insists it was self-defense and that the narrative is under control. Marilyn wants to go to authorities; Tracy demands silence. Their relationship becomes a negotiation in the rawest sense: leverage, fear, self-worth. Tracy offers Marilyn what Marilyn secretly wants—status and power—and begins shaping NanoNano’s strategy (cosmetics, Malaysia expansion) in ways that conveniently elevate Marilyn too.

Time jumps forward. Tracy’s new life “wins”: Matt gets major government contracts, talks about eye-disease markets, proposes marriage, and Tracy becomes a board-level force. Marilyn is promoted and shipped to Malaysia as a GM—rewarded, but also exiled, and now permanently compromised.

Finally, the past claws back. Richards calls a year later: he found a coroner's report matching the tattoo detail; the victim was murdered and no one was charged. Tracy, now "happy," tries to shut it down—too forcefully. Richards senses something off. After the call, Tracy quietly checks the kitchen drawer and confirms the truth she's been hiding from everyone, including herself: the pistol is back.