

S1E3 Synopsis

“No Request is Out of Bounds”

Logline: When a relentless private investigator uncovers the true identity of the dead con man and ties him to NanoNano’s orbit, Marilyn is ambushed by an overseas blackmailer and Tracy—racing to contain the fallout—hires a Kuala Lumpur security fixer whose “solutions” may be more dangerous than the scandal itself.

Grayson Richards, stung by Tracy’s sudden disinterest, refuses to let the “tatted cock” case die. In a rain-soaked night visit to a coroner’s office, he bribes an autopsy tech for the goods: the con man’s real name—Walter Mough (a.k.a. Fischer/Fletcher Cuttbate)—and grisly documentation that confirms the identifying tattoo. Richards’ curiosity hardens into conviction: the death wasn’t random; it’s connected to the women the con man targeted and to whoever made sure the truth stayed buried.

Tracy makes a calculated move: she tracks down Hannah Goldman, now polished and working at a real estate law office. Under a flimsy pretext, Tracy offers Hannah a new role at NanoNano—more money, more status, more proximity. Hannah resists—she’s stable now—until Tracy’s pitch turns honest in its own way: loyalty isn’t optional, and Tracy needs someone she can control. Hannah accepts under pressure and charm, amused and wary in equal measure.

Meanwhile Richards pushes his investigation through official channels (FOIA), then unofficial ones. He needles an evidence clerk, learns the rhythms of an under-resourced police department, and pulls a thread that leads west: a small outlet’s headline—Ron Slomsky—the disgraced former exec.

Richards flies to San Diego and visits Slomsky in a grim Section 8 apartment. Slomsky insists the child porn charges were planted—cleanly, expertly—and he is bitter enough to talk. Richards offers a lifeline: cyber-forensics help to build an appeal, in exchange for the truth about Mough/Cuttbate and the scams. The deal works. Slomsky admits he played a role in the original con against Tracy: manipulating logistics, ensuring she arrived late, setting up the “chance” encounter. He hints at a second target inside NanoNano—a woman executive—and admits the crew tried to run the con again around the time Walter Mough ended up dead.

Richards heads to NanoNano HQ under cover as a curious investor. In the lobby he catches sight of Matt—and Hannah, now in his orbit. He collects annual reports, studies the officer photos, and lands on the only woman executive prominently featured: Marilyn Jenkins,

stationed in Malaysia. Richards draws a mental line between Tracy and Marilyn and feels the case crack open.

In Kuala Lumpur, Marilyn is under strain running the cosmetics division—technical delays, chemistry complications, schedule pressure. Her team proposes a material swap; she demands an impossible acceleration. Then her aide patches through a call from Richards—who name-drops Ron Slomsky and the tattoo, confirming he’s not guessing. Marilyn panics and hangs up. Richards, undeterred, literally draws the connection between Marilyn and Tracy in the annual report—his “snake” diagram turning suspicion into strategy.

Back in San Diego, Matt directs Tracy to “fix” Marilyn’s mess in Malaysia—framing it as persuasion, not science. Hannah is tasked with travel logistics; Tracy orders Hannah to come with her, reinforcing the new hierarchy: Hannah is no longer a former employee—she’s an instrument.

On the flight, Tracy meets Aiman Hakim, a polished Malaysian security executive who clocks her as powerful and troubled. Tracy bristles—she’s been conned on a plane before—but Aiman’s pitch is smooth: protection from extortion syndicates, discretion, customized services, “no request out of bounds.” Tracy takes the card.

In KL, Tracy confronts Marilyn—not about chemistry, but about Richards. Marilyn reveals Richards called, connected them, and now suspects the truth behind Walter Mough’s death. Tracy’s composure tightens into menace: they must neutralize Richards, one way or another. Marilyn resists anything overtly illegal, but Tracy frames it as survival. As Tracy leaves, she issues the familiar command: no law enforcement; this stays between them.

That night Tracy summons Aiman at the St. Regis. She signs his NDA—then deliberately reveals she’s Tracy Shepard, not “Hannah.” Their flirtation turns into an affair layered with leverage: Tracy isn’t just buying services; she’s auditioning Aiman as a weapon. Aiman googles NanoNano and realizes too late he’s sleeping with the CEO’s wife. Tracy doesn’t blink—she simply gives instructions. The dynamic is clear: Aiman is intrigued, compromised, and now inside her gravity.

TAG / END

Back in Malaysia, Marilyn receives an anonymous envelope: a crude sketch of a penis with a snake tattoo—proof someone is watching, and someone knows. Matt calls to congratulate her on the project recovery; Marilyn plays along, shaken.

At a quiet restaurant, Marilyn is approached by a stocky stranger in an ill-fitting suit. He knows about Cuttbate, the “hooker” cover story, Ron Slomsky, and Marilyn’s connection to Tracy. He doesn’t want justice—he wants quid pro quo. Marilyn tries to bluff; he corners her

with logic and implied receipts. The stranger leaves her with a warning: don't contact authorities.

Marilyn calls Tracy in panic. Tracy cuts her off—Sunday, quarterly, no details on the phone—then hangs up. Marilyn orders another Jungle Bird with more rum.

Across the ocean, Tracy lies beside the evidence of her own duplicity (hotel room, shower, men's clothes) and later lounges on Matt's yacht, casually proposing "security" for Marilyn—while privately calling Aiman. The cover story becomes strategy, and the strategy becomes a trap.