

THE REUNION

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OVER CREDITS:

A colorful website--this is BooneSquad.com. It's all charisma, charm, flirtation, confidence.

Forums with hundreds of threads. Instagram tags with empowered, charismatic young women tagging #bsquad or #boonesquad. Tens of millions of followers.

As we cruise through the page, silent talking head VIDEO TESTIMONIALS launch. Each one a different woman or individual from a different background. Finally...

A video of a handheld Instagram story. WOMAN 1 holds the phone as she does a story with POLLY BOONE, 37, confidently beaming a 500-megawatt smile.

WOMAN 1

Oh my God, you guys, it's Polly
Boone!

She freaks--her friends shriek--and Polly plays along with them, mugging and posing, talking with them, touchy.

Pictures of bouncy blonde Polly smiling. 'About POLLY BOONE.' This young woman is a self-help startup wunderkind.

In the latest feed is a selfie taken in a towncar--curated, Polly looking out the window, holding a latte: "BooneSquad featured at the WeWork Stories Series Today! #blessed." It's got a billion likes.

EXT. WEWORK - DAY

A city street in NYC. Balloons surround a sandwich board with Polly's mug on it, a poster in the window for her appearance.

A town car pulls up and Polly gets out.

INT. WEWORK - MOMENTS LATER

The doors open to Polly, and a SEA OF WOMEN await her, eating canapes and drinking mimosas and talking. A DJ spins some fun pop music, while monitors in the room play a BooneSquad slideshow. As WOMEN notice Polly, they animatedly discuss her, wave to her, make their way to her shyly. A young, perky volunteer, JODY, ushers Polly in.

JODY

Oh my gosh, welcome, Ms. Boone!
We're so excited to have you.

POLLY

Hi there! Good morning, I'm very happy to be here! What's your name?

JODY

I'm Jody. I'm a huge fan.

POLLY

You are? Are you in my squad?

JODY

(thrilling)

Yes! For, like, the last 6 years.

POLLY

Oh my gosh, what a pleasure to meet you, Jody! Should we get a picture?

Jody explodes with happiness, pulling out her phone--her popsocket screams BooneSquad. Polly leans in for a selfie, riffing off whatever Jody's selfie style is.

JODY

I'll tag you!

POLLY

Yes! I'll like it!

Jody bops off to the snacks, and Polly is next approached by ELIZABETH, 35-40, holding a mimosa. Polly, genteel--

POLLY (CONT'D)

Hi, good morning, I'm Polly.

ELIZABETH

Oh my gosh, I know who you are! I can't believe I'm meeting you right now. I have to tell you, the Squad got me through some of the darkest days of my life.

POLLY

I know exactly what you mean, been there. I'm so glad we could be there for you. That's what community is for. That's what friendship can do.

Elizabeth nods, moved and warm.

POLLY (CONT'D)

What's your name, my friend?

ELIZABETH

Elizabeth.

Polly squeezes her hands warmly.

POLLY

So lovely to have you here,
Elizabeth.

Elizabeth falls over herself as more women approach Polly, touching her shoulders, leaning in for pictures, shaking hands. We see all this with grace and charm. Another VOLUNTEER comes to get Polly.

VOLUNTEER

Ms. Boone, if you're ready, I can
take you to your private room.

POLLY

Sure, that would be great.

Polly follows, affable, as fans continue to WAVE. She smiles brightly, waving back.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Thanks for being here, everyone! So
excited to meet all of you!

Another fan, JESSICA calls to her from the throng--

JESSICA

Polly! My whole bridal party was
full of my friends from BooneSquad!

Jessica shows off a whopper of a RING. A group of FANS near her go 'Woo!' Cancun-style. Polly laughs and waves.

POLLY

Oh my God, Congratulations! Mimosas
all around!

More woos and toasts as Polly turns back, walking away.

INT. WEWORK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The volunteer walks Polly to a closed room, her name on the door.

VOLUNTEER

Is there anything I can get for
you?

POLLY

No, you're great--everything's perfect.

VOLUNTEER

Wonderful. We'll get started shortly.

POLLY

Thank you so much!

INT. PRIVATE WEWORK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Polly enters, closing the door behind her. As she leans against it, her face drops, like unplugging an appliance mid-use. She stands there, dead and completely still, for several moments. Her vision is dim, her hearing muted and soft. It is impossibly quiet and still.

She fishes a BLUE PILL from her KATE SPADE purse, the clunk of the bottle and jangle of the pills deafening, and swallows it dry.

Polly stands against the door, in an interminable fugue state. She pops another BLUE PILL. Swallows, holding her breath and squeezing her eyes shut.

From the Event Space, we hear, in increasing volume...

VOICEOVER (POLLY)

BooneSquad. Getting Better...

VOICEOVER (POLLY) (CONT'D)
...Together.

POLLY

Together.

Polly looks in the mirror opposite her, her pale face staring back. Inspiring music plays over a muted voiceover, chipper Polly narrating.

VOICEOVER (POLLY) (CONT'D)

I'm Polly Boone, founder of BooneSquad. My mission statement is simple: let's let our weaknesses open the doors to our strengths. Let's let our hearts lead us. And let's always, always, be there for each other.

Her phone RINGS--and she snaps out of her fugue state, BACK ON.

POLLY

Hi JT, I've got 5 minutes, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PR OFFICE - DAY

A busy, bustling office. In a corner suite, all glass, sits JT--20s, young and hungry and a little sharky. He talks to Polly on his bluetooth.

JT

Then I'll make it quick, Polls--2 words. Today. Show.

POLLY

(confused)

Yes, I know I have a show today. I'm already here.

JT

No, Polls. THE Today Show. YOU. ON IT. You're booked, bubbe.

POLLY

Are you freaking serious!? I get to--I get to--I'm going to NBC?!

JT

The one and only, for my one and only star client.

POLLY

JT, you're amazing! I've been dreaming of the Today Show for literally my whole life... my Dad used to interview me with a hairbrush, I used to go to 30 Rock on my lunch breaks... I've memorized my outfit! This is--this is incredible! Do you have any idea what this means to me?!

Polly notices the hairbrush in her purse, smiling genuinely.

JT

Honey, forget the hairbrush, this is the big time!

POLLY

I--I can't believe it--when is it?

JT

That's the thing, bubbe--you're gonna have a quick turnaround on this. They need you in at 7am tomorrow.

POLLY

Yes. That's fine. Yes. Tap-dancing. Whatever it is, I'm there. I'll be ready.

JT

I know you will! You're my star, there's nothing you can't do.

POLLY

Who's better than you?

JT

You know it. Text me.

He hangs up before she can say goodbye, and she goes back to the mirror, truly glowing.

Her phone rings again, INSERT of the screen: 'Mom Home.' A dark look. She turns off the screen. A knock at the door--

VOLUNTEER

We're almost ready, Miss Boone. Do you need anything?

POLLY

No, thank you.

VOLUNTEER

Okay, great. Whenever you're ready.

Polly takes a long sip of water and closes her eyes. Does some EFT tapping. Practices that winning smile again.

INT. WEWORK EVENT SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The host, KYLE, emerges from the wings to riotous applause.

KYLE

Gooooood morning, BooneSquad!

The SEA of women 'woo' and clap back.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You've broken some records here for our WeWork Series--never has a turnout ever been stronger than you all today. And it's no surprise, because the lady that brought you all here is one of the most badass, powerful women I've ever known.

The crowd loses their minds.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Without any further ado, please welcome your friend, the founder of BooneSquad--Polly Boone!

Polly breathes in sharply, and--all of a sudden is seamlessly, effortlessly ON. She makes her way to the folding chair, the crowd going wild.

Polly shakes Kyle's hand and the two have a seat, as the monitor dissolves into a still of Polly and the event hashtags.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I know I'm not the only one, Polly, but I am so excited to meet you here today.

Polly laughs, sparkling.

POLLY

You and this entire room of people, oh my goodness! Welcome, everyone! Thank you so much for being here!

The fans woo, clap, ow-ow, etc.

KYLE

Let's jump right in. BooneSquad is--well--everything right now. It's practically replaced Instagram, but--you have millions and millions of members worldwide. What do you think is so appealing to your base?

JESSICA

We love Polly!

Polly beams like the sun.

POLLY

I love you! That--well, that proves the point I was about to make.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

BooneSquad embodies the importance of community and connection. When we count on each other, we can accomplish anything. That kind of community is hard to find online.

KYLE

I've watched enough true crime documentaries to just ask you outright--you're running a cult, aren't you?

Polly laughs, as does the whole audience.

POLLY

I mean... if feeling supported, and inspired, and connected and confident makes a cult... then lock me up, I guess!

The crowd cracks up.

A new screen comes up on the monitor. It's a cached picture of the LIVEJOURNAL Polly had circa 2007. Displayed is a PICTURE of Polly and her high school friends: RANDI, CAT, FRANCINE. Polly's smile looks... doctored, somehow?

KYLE

You and Gwyneth Paltrow, girl. So-- this picture here, tell me about this. This is the origin of BooneSquad?

POLLY

That's right. In 2007, my LJ--as we called it--was really the only way to stay connected to my friend circle. That's me and my best friends from high school, up there--that's Randi, Cat, and Francine.

KYLE

They were everything to you, I understand.

POLLY

Completely. We went to college together, we got our first apartment together--they were my everything.

KYLE

So forgive me for being so blunt,
but it seems like that had
dissolved by the time you made that
viral video. For someone so focused
on connection, that must have been
devastating for you.

POLLY

That's one way to put it, yes.

KYLE

Talk to us about that experience.

Polly is deliberate and careful.

POLLY

After graduation, we all... drifted
apart. I was feeling very alone,
very isolated. So I recorded a
video.

BLACKOUT.

SUPER: 2007

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dark, dingy apartment. Polly, 24, sits in front of a laptop
in the dark, only the bright light from the front-facing
camera in her eyes. Her eyeliner streaks down her cheeks with
tears; she is wrapped in an old hoodie as she melts down.

On Polly, recording--

POLLY

I just--don't know how many times I
can do this over and over again.
I'm so alone--everyone has left me.
I don't have anyone, I don't have
anything to hold onto, and I'm
becoming more and more sure that
there's nothing keeping me here
anymore... I don't know how much
longer I can stand it.

We fade out from her desperate plea and back into...

INT. WEWORK EVENT SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Polly, glossing over the severity of this, continues.

POLLY

I was searching for other people who felt the way that I did. It went viral, and... became the nexus of BooneSquad.

FADE INTO:

INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - DAY

POLLY VO (CONT'D)

My mission statement is simple. It's to let my weaknesses open the doors to my strengths. It's to let my heart lead me where it longs to go. And it's for us to always, always, be there for each other.

The voiceover sounds hollow, far away... Polly is in an almost-abandoned traincar. She is, once again, unplugged--dead. The silence is palpable, and her vision is dim. Polly's phone is silent, dark. Maybe off. Polly is the only rider. She looks out the window quietly.

A conductor passes. Only upon close examination, we see that it is... SAM.

SAM

End of the line... so to speak.

The train reaches Cold Spring, New York--deep and forested, the last stop on the Hudson River Line. The conductor calls:

SAM (CONT'D)

End of the line, last stop, all passengers must exit the train car.

CUT TO:

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Inside Polly's apartment. On her front door, many ancient locks click out of place as she leans into the heavy door, scaring a cat.

POLLY

Oh, Beans, I'm sorry...

She kicks off her heels and rubs her feet on each other as she goes through her mail.

Mounted nearby is that SAME PICTURE of her and her friends from the monitor--but wait a tick... it WAS doctored. Here, she is small and on the perimeter, not in the huddle--an outsider with a forced smile, hovering awkwardly.

A playful picture of 13 YEAR OLD POLLY and RALPH BOONE.

There are only pictures of Beans, otherwise.

Back to Polly--her mail includes a curious, ornate envelope--she opens an invitation to a HIGH SCHOOL REUNION. She looks at it. Hesitates. Walks it into the kitchen and throws it in the garbage.

After a beat, she gets a glass of water and takes another BLUE PILL.

She flops on the couch and opens her voicemail app.

FAYE (VO)

Hi honey, it's your Mom. I haven't heard your voice in a while, so I thought I might catch you, but I guess not.

(beat)

I was thinking we might do something nice next week for your dad's birthday. So... I hope you're having a nice day, and... I guess I'll... talk to you soon. Let me know. Love you. Bye-bye.

Polly rubs her face, rolls off the couch and the cat yowls.

POLLY

Aw, Beans!

CUT TO:

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Polly is in a robe, a face mask on, her hair up in a towel, in slippers and drinking tea. She puts on DVRed *Today Show* and starts taking notes on the anchors.

Her phone blips with a TWEET from RandiGrrl. INSERT: "I saw you're gonna be on Today show. Wow-- been a long time."

Polly looks at it for a moment, weighing. She shakes her head, selects BLOCK on Randi.

She goes to her text messages, drafts one: "Gonna be on Today tomorrow :)" She selects GRAHAM as the recipient--then trashes the draft, turning the screen off. She sips her tea.

CUT TO:

INT. POLLY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her closet is open and Polly pulls out a bright, scuba dress, high, chunky heels, bright big jewelry and places it on a janky dress form. Beans comes in and swirls around her feet.

POLLY

I wish you could come too, little
Beansie, yes I do.

She gives her a scratch. Polly turns off the closet light, pops a blue pill, and we center on the outfit as we dissolve to--

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

The match-shot of the outfit is tight as she walks down the street in sunlight, heading to NBC Studios. Harried, she reviews notecards on talking points. She approaches a construction area, the sound growing as she gets closer. Her phone rings and she picks it up, immediately ON.

POLLY

Hey! I'm not late, I'm just a block
away--

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NBC GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JT paces among bouquets and charcuterie trays in a green room, decorated just for Polly--flowers, balloons. He is anxious but sharp in a natty suit and bright tie.

JT

A block away is ALMOST late, honey.
But don't sweat it, or you'll get
sweaty.

Polly takes a shaky breath.

POLLY

I'm almost there. I'm ready. I
brought my tap shoes. Tell Hoda.

JT

You tell Hoda. I'm gonna make a dent in this appetizing sampler.

He digs into some choice Russ & Daughters whitefish.

JT (CONT'D)

You don't like whitefish, do you?

POLLY

Actually, I--

JT

--You won't believe who's sharing the green room with you. Guess!

POLLY

I--uh--what? I'm not hearing you?

The din of the construction zone becomes unbearable. Polly plugs her ear and tries to hear. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS behind her guide an iron beam, including SAM operating the crane. She glances at her REALLY NICE WATCH. She is safely out of the way...

JT

Here's your first hint: her dad is a lunatic.

POLLY

What?

HODA KOTB knocks on the doorframe, seeing JT.

HODA

POLLY BOO--? Where's my BooneSquad girl?

JT

(to Hoda)

She'll be here in just a second, Hoda.

POLLY

What?! Is Hoda there with you?!

JT

(to Hoda)

See you up there!

(to Polly)

Polls, you gotta guess! Second hint... aren't you *curious*?

POLLY
Hang on, JT--I'm in a, uh... hold
on--

JT
IT'S BRITNEY, BITCH!

POLLY
What? Who's a bitch?

She turns around on her heel and the beam knocks her straight in the head as we hear the opening of ...BABY, ONE MORE TIME. She falls, we hear an airhorn, the workers gathering around her as we zoom out into the air and whiteout, just as Britney a capella sings--*Hit Me Baby, One More Time...*

FADE IN:

INT. POLLY'S TEENAGE BEDROOM - MORNING

A tight on Polly's face from above, eyes closed. Her face twitches and her eyes squint.

NOTE: From here on out, all the other characters see Polly as a 15-year-old girl. She can only see it herself in the mirror. Unless noted, the camera only captures Polly as the 37-year-old woman we have already seen.

As we zoom out and up, we see her in a small twin bed with retro '80s comforter and sheets. A footlocker is at the base of the bed. Folded on top is a woven PHS Football Blanket: 1998.

Her eyes open and widen, as we turnaround on the doorway--

The be-postered door flies open, and FAYE, a Shelley Long type, stands there, harried.

FAYE
Sweetheart, I woke you up 15
minutes ago, hop to it! We're gonna
be late!

Polly blearily, confusedly sits up, still blinking.

POLLY
Mom? What time is it?

FAYE
It's 6:30, so we--

Polly jolts up.

POLLY

FUCK, WHAT?! Oh my God! No! The fucking Today Show! Christ! Who brought me here?! Fuck! You've gotta be fucking kidding me!

FAYE

EXCUSE me, young lady?! There goes your allowance this week--

Polly leaps up, looking for her clothes, in a complete panic.

POLLY

Oh my fucking God, I need an Uber, right now--I need to--why am I here?!

FAYE

You're about 2 strikes away from getting grounded for the weekend, kiddo, so watch your mouth and get dressed, we're leaving in 10 minutes.

Faye spins around, shuts the door and leaves Polly there, confused and panicky.

She looks around querulously, surveying blow-up furniture... Tiger Beat posters... stuffed animals?

POLLY

I could have sworn this was a sewing room.

She opens the closet and it's just tee shirts and jeans, and a little velvet dress.

She holds it up dubiously.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I have GOT to be dreaming.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Polly leaves her room and calls down the hallway.

POLLY

Mom! Is that Uber on the way?

FAYE (OC)

Oh, Polly--I didn't know you were taking German. Good for you, honey! Zehr Gut!