

THE REUNION
Pilot

written by

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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. Hundreds of thousands of followers.

Pictures of a bouncy blonde smiling. 'About POLLY BOONE.' This young woman is basically Marie Forleo.

In the latest feed is a selfie in the wings of a stage: "Keynote address at Columbia University Convocation today! #blessed." It's got a billion likes.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Hundreds of seated attendees. It's fall convocation. CANON IN D plays over the loudspeakers. We follow toward the dais and make a turn into the wings as--

INT. STAGE WINGS - DAY

POLLY BOONE, 30 with a sweet, open, full face and round figure, holds her script in her hands and nervously mouths her memorized speech.

She pops a pill. Swallows, holding her breath and squeezing her eyes shut.

She finds a mirror and practices her confident face and her smile. Her phone rings and she picks it up.

POLLY

Hi JT, I'm speaking in about 5 minutes, what's up?

(beat)

Oh, super, that's great. And The Today Show's all set for tomorrow?

(beat)

Thank you, great work. Okay, bye.

She hangs up and goes back to the mirror.

Her phone rings again, INSERT of the screen: 'Mom Home.' A dark look, she declines to answer and a PAGE comes to get her.

PAGE

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

POLLY
No, thank you.

PAGE
Okay, great. I'll give you a cue
from the other side when we're
ready.

POLLY
Thanks.

Polly takes a long sip of water and closes her eyes. Does
some EFT tapping. Mouths her speech.

Practices that winning smile again.

We hear applause, then the DEAN's voice over the microphone.
In a wide, we see the Dean--don't forget this figure. It's
who we later learn is SAM.

DEAN (VO)
Ladies and gentlemen, please join
me in extending my congratulations
to the class of 2022!

Immense applause from the crowd.

DEAN (VO) (CONT'D)
Without any further ado, I'd like
to introduce our honored guest.
Editor-in-chief of the popular
blog, Boone Squad, Miss Polly
Boone.

Polly breathes in sharply and does that winning smile,
gritting her teeth as she makes her way through the curtain
to the dais. Her POV is over throngs of people and their
applause. Polly grips the podium.

POLLY
Thank you all. Thank you, Dean
Feeney, and my congratulations to
the incoming class of 2022.

Polly takes a moment to refer to them and clap, the audience
does the same. A close of Polly shows her fear, but she takes
an inhalation and closes her eyes for a moment--then charges
forth as boss lady.

POLLY (CONT'D)

It is an honor be here. As someone who has made it her mission to celebrate the creativity and independence of young people, to be amongst you all today, and the promise you hold for your future, is humbling.

(beat, referring to a card)

In the dark ages before BooneSquad, I started a Livejournal page to keep me connected to my very best friends from High School.

A projection behind her, TEEN POLLY with a bunch of high school girls. All smiling. Polly's smile is smallest. Is it...retouched the tiniest bit? The next slide quickly replaces it.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I never could have imagined that my little blog would become the multi-platform empire that it is now. What eventually became Boone Squad grew beyond the Pillsbury High School class of [mumbles]--

The audience laughs.

POLLY (CONT'D)

--to an ever-widening circle of girls, who could connect and grow with other like-minded young women, supporting each other and sharing their stories.

(beat)

In the many years that have followed, Boone Squad has turned into something extraordinary. It transformed from one girl's desire to keep her friends close... into a worldwide community of girls across the globe helping each other, having their voices heard and empowering them to be the people they want to be.

(beat)

My wish for you on this remarkable start to your journey--is to let your weaknesses open the doors to your strength. To let your heart lead you, always. To dream without limits or borders.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

And to always, always, be there for
each other. Here's to the class of
2022.

Polly smiles broadly and the audience and students applaud.
Off her beaming smile--

FADE INTO:

INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN - DAY

An almost-abandoned traincar. Her 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 also...SAM.

Wherever she lives, it is quiet and sparsely populated. An
announcer calls:

CONDUCTOR (OC)

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 projection--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.

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 she takes a pill.

She flops on the couch and opens her voicemail app.

MOM

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 DVR'd *Today Show* and starts taking notes on the anchors.

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

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 GREG 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--an increasingly introverted--Polly pulls out a bright, scuba dress, high, chunky heels, bright big jewelry and places it on the door. 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 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 approaches. Her phone rings and she picks it up.

POLLY

Hey! I'm not late, I'm just a block away, but I practically memorized Hoda's patter, and--what's that?

Polly plugs her ear and tries to hear as she approaches the construction zone. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS behind her guide an iron beam. She glances at her REALLY NICE WATCH. She is safely out of the way...

POLLY (CONT'D)

Hang on, JT--I'm in a, uh... hold on-- oh, let me just--

She turns around on her heel and the beam knocks her straight in the head. She falls, we hear an airhorn, the workers gathering around her as we zoom out into the air and whiteout--

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.

As we zoom out and up, we see her in a small twin bed with retro '80s comforter and sheets. A day bed, one of those giant watch clocks on the wall and an overall '80s/'90s aesthetic.

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

INT. - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

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
What time is it?

FAYE
6:30, so we--

Polly jolts up.

POLLY
Oh my God! The Today Show! Oh
Christ, fuck! I'm gonna be late!
Fuck! Wait--how--

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

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

POLLY
Mom! Mom, I need an Uber, I need
to--wasn't this was a sewing room?
(beat)
Wait, why am I here?
(beat)
What am I doing 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 and
the decor. She looks for her pocketbook and phone, finding
only clothes and stuffed animals.

She looks at the clock, lingering on a few framed pictures of
her and high school friends. She cringes and puts the frames
face-down, scrambling to find something. She opens the closet
and it's just tee shirts and jeans, maybe one button-down
shirt and a little velvet dress.

Frustrated and confused, she chooses the dress, holding it up
dubiously. She tries it on and is shocked that it fits. She
grabs some platform loafers and leaves--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Polly leaves her room and calls down the hallway.

POLLY

Mom! Have you seen my phone or my
purse? Is that Uber on the way?

She walks into the kitchen, where her mother is sipping a mug
of coffee and looking at the clock.

FAYE

You can't just KEEP the phone in
your room, Polly.

POLLY

Why? Did you plug it in somewhere?

FAYE

(confused)
No honey, it's charging on the
wall.

She points to the cordless landline, docked in its wall
cradle. Polly looks.

POLLY

No, Mom. My iPhone. Where is it?

FAYE

I just told you! And it's NOT "You
Phone." It's WE phone, so you need
to put it back--in the kitchen.

Dismissing this, Polly sees the coffee pot and perks,
relieved.

POLLY

Oh thank God, coffee--

FAYE

Not yet, young lady, it'll stunt
your growth. Now grab your bag and
get in the car, chop chop.

POLLY

Where is it?

FAYE

On the chair in the living room.

Polly dashes to the living room, but her Kate Spade bag isn't
there. Instead, it's a purple monogrammed LL Bean bookbag.

POLLY
 What? Mom, where's my Kate Spade? I
 can't bring this!

We hear the ignition of a car start and a quick honk. Polly
 shakes her head, grabbing the bag and dashing out the door,
 tripping over a cat and shrieking as she stumbles out.

CUT TO:

INT. FAYE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Polly crashes into the passenger seat.

POLLY
 Thank you so much for taking me, I-
 - I feel like I'm losing my mind--

FAYE
 Seatbelt.

POLLY
 Oh, right--sorry, used to cabs.

She buckles in and continues to rifle through the bag.

POLLY (CONT'D)
 I can't find ANY of my stuff, Mom--

FAYE
 Well, maybe you should have
 listened to me and cleaned your
 room this weekend.

POLLY
 --and I--
 (beat)
 Wait, where are you going? We've
 gotta get on 78.

FAYE
 Why would we do that?

POLLY
 Because, I have to get to NBC, I'm
 on The Today--

Polly flips down the passenger mirror to adjust her hair. The
 mirror reveals TEENAGE POLLY, a soft, round, cherubic-faced
 14-year-old. She is stunned.

POLLY (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 --Show.

Polly stares. Touches her face--it's real.

She flips the mirror back up. Looks out the window, and they pass some very outdated marketing--think old Burger King or Taco Bell.

She squints hard at her mom, who looks remarkably younger than the avatar we saw earlier on her cell phone.

Her eyes wide, she slowly opens the mirror again, seeing the same young face. She flips it closed with a snap.

FAYE
 What are you talking about?
 (beat)
 Honey, don't play with that, you'll break it.

Polly's eyes wide, she pinches herself. Closes her eyes tight. Opens, she's still there.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 Are you feeling okay, honey?

POLLY
 (eyes squeezed shut,
 white-knuckled)
 I need my pills. I need my pills right now. Where are they?

FAYE
 What pills?

POLLY
 The ones in my PURSE--where are they?

FAYE
 Polly Reese, are you on DRUGS?

POLLY
 No, it's my *prescription!*

FAYE
 The only prescription you have is for that acne cream.

They drive a beat. Polly darts her eyes.