

BLACK

1 **INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY** 1

A KNOCK ON A DOOR. Then--

 VOICE
 Mademoiselle?

A SPLASH. Someone stirs in a bathtub. MORE KNOCKING.

 VOICE (CONT'D)
 Mademoiselle Harmon? Etes-vous La?

We can just make out a A FACE in the dark. Breathing. Watching. *FRANTIC POUNDING ON THE DOOR*. Followed by--

 VOICE (CONT'D)
 Mademoiselle! Ils vous attendent!

Finally, from the darkness--

 BETH
 I'm coming...

MORE SPLASHES and SPILLING WATER as she hoists herself out of the tub. A BOTTLE GETS KICKED OVER--

 BETH (CONT'D)
 Shit--

2 **INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - DOOR/HALLWAY - NEXT** 2

She stumbles through the dark room. THE DOOR IS CRACKED OPEN and over her shoulder is the face of a MAN in a suit, out in the hallway, clearly mortified at the sight of her.

 BETH
 Je descend tout-de-suite.

She shuts the door, taking us to black again. More stumbling.

3 **INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NEXT** 3

THE BATHROOM LIGHT IS TURNED ON and there she is, staring at herself in the mirror-- BETH HARMON. All of 20. In the same dress she wore the night before, but now soaking wet.

 BETH
 Fuck.

Yeah, *fuck*. She looks awful. Well, she looks like what she is: *still drunk, high, whatever*. Her hair, stringy and wet. She starts to pull the soggy dress over her head--

4 **INT/EXT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - MINUTES LATER** 4

She comes back into the room and opens the curtains to reveal a grey PARIS morning outside. Having changed into a different dress, she steps into one shoe, hunts for the other...

She shakes A GREEN PILL from a vial, spots a mini bar-sized bottle of Vodka on the dresser with a bit still left inside, puts the little bottle to her lips when--

SOMEONE STIRS ON THE BED.

She turns, sees a shape under the covers. She stares, clearly trying to do the math as to just who the fuck is in her bed.

She pops the pill. Drains the bottle. Grabs her shoes...

5 **INT. PARIS HOTEL - HALLWAY - SAME** 5

FOLLOW HER DOWN THE HALL to a grand staircase. She holds her shoes in one hand, runs the other over her dress, smoothing the wrinkles the best she can.

Beth hurries down the stairs, passing a MAN holding the hand of a LITTLE GIRL on the way up. The little girl stares up at Beth as they pass...

Beth crosses the ornate lobby, heads for another hallway--

6 **INT. PARIS HOTEL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - SAME** 6

As Beth hurries along the quiet hallway, pauses in front of large pair of doors and pulls on her shoes. She then pushes through the doors into--

7 **A GIANT BALLROOM** 7

As a hundred heads turn towards her. While the room is packed with people, it's dead silent. They've been waiting. For *her*.

And now we hear *one* sound: THE WHIR OF CAMERAS. A DOZEN PHOTOGRAPHERS gathered at the entrance snap her picture.

The crowd parts to reveal A TABLE at the very center of the room. A CHESSBOARD sits on top. TV CAMERAS have been set up. The size/look hinting that it's sometime in the **mid sixties**.

Seated at the table waiting for her is VASILY BORGOV, forty. A frightening figure in a dark suit, Borgov is all eyebrows and frown. Beth approaches, quickly shakes his hand and sits down across from him.

BETH

I'm sorry.

He nods, says nothing. A few more photos and then SILENCE. Beth watches Borgov make his first move. PUSH IN ON HER--