

THE DISGUISED BILLIONAIRE

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EXT. MONTAGUE FAMILY GRAVEYARD - DAY

The camera opens on a sprawling, solemn graveyard, set against a cloudy sky. The scene is quiet, except for the distant murmur of wind rustling through the trees. Rows of carefully tended gravestones line the land, each marking the passage of time for the Montague family.

At the center of it all, a freshly dug grave stands next to a simple, yet elegant gravestone—Seraphina Montague's final resting place.

PASTOR (O.S.)

We gather today to bid farewell to
a mother, a wife, and a friend,
whose life touched so many...

The camera pans over the gathered mourners. The Montague family is all present, though Adrian is conspicuously absent. **Isabella** stands at the front, her posture regal, her face a mask of sorrow, but with an undercurrent of something darker beneath the surface.

Standing beside her, **Olivia** looks lost, her hand clutching a tissue as she tries to hold back tears.

CUT TO

THE BUFFETTS—Jett, Tim, and Christopher—stand a bit farther back, their expressions respectful, but their eyes have a sense of unease. Christopher glances at Olivia from time to time, his face conflicted.

THE ASTORS—Alexandra and Penelope—stand nearby. Penelope, visibly shaken, clutches her mother's arm.

WORKERS AND MAIDS—Ignatius, Miss Rhonda, Dorothy—stand quietly at the back, their eyes downcast, paying their respects, though the weight of their presence seems almost as heavy as the loss itself.

THE WALTONS—Dirk and Eamon—stand together, slightly off to the side, their focus mostly on the family, not the ceremony.

PASTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... but though she is gone, her
spirit remains in those she loved,
and those who loved her. We commend
her soul to the earth, to rest in
peace.

The camera slowly zooms in on **Isabella**, whose eyes are filled with a quiet determination as the pastor finishes.

PASTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ... In the name of the Father, the
 Son, and the Holy Spirit, Amen.

The crowd murmurs softly, some sniffing quietly. Isabella
 wipes a tear from her eye, then turns to Olivia.

ISABELLA
 (quietly, with urgency)
 Olivia... We need to call Adrian
 back.

OLIVIA
 (confused)
 But... Adrian's been in the UK for
 so long. Why now?

ISABELLA
 (speaking in a low, urgent
 tone)
 Your father is... not well, Olivia.
 And Seraphina... she's gone. It's
 time for Adrian to step up, whether
 he's ready or not.

OLIVIA
 (panicked)
 But he's barely spoken to us. How
 could we just... pull him back into
 this?

ISABELLA
 (steely)
 We don't have a choice. Your father
 needs him—he **IS** the heir. This
 family will crumble without him,
 and we can't afford that.

Olivia looks at her aunt, her face a mixture of reluctance
 and fear.

OLIVIA
 (slowly)
 I... I'll call Uncle Nathaniel.

Isabella nods, a cold resolve in her expression as she
 watches the pastor begin to walk away from the grave,
 signaling the end of the ceremony.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - LATER

The mourners begin to disperse, some exchanging hushed words, others lost in their own grief.

The camera focuses on **ISABELLA** who turns to **Jett Buffett**, who approaches her with a grave look.

JETT

(softly)

Is it really time? Should we rush it?

ISABELLA

(low voice)

We don't have a choice. If we wait any longer, it'll be too late.

JETT

(sighing)

I'll get the plane ready.

ISABELLA

(steely, her eyes fixed on the horizon)

Make sure it's fast.

FADE OUT

INT. ROCKEFELLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A cozy, elegant living room bathed in the soft glow of warm lighting. The windows are closed, and the outside world is dark and quiet. A fire crackles in the fireplace, casting flickering shadows on the walls.

Nathaniel Rockefeller, the patriarch, sits in a leather armchair, a glass of whiskey in his hand. **Brain**, his spouse, lounges on the sofa, a book in hand, though her focus is clearly on the conversation unfolding. **Lucy**, their daughter, sits on the other side of the room, staring pensively out of the window.

NATHANIEL

(seriously)

It's Olivia. She called earlier. They need Adrian back in the US immediately. His mother has passed... and his father's in the hospital.

BRAIN
(frowning)
I see... It's urgent then.

NATHANIEL
(gravely)
More than urgent. They're calling
him back to take charge of the
family... of the legacy.

LUCY
(cutting in, hesitant)
But why now? Why after all these
years? We've taken care of him.
He's been with us for ten years...
why the sudden rush?

Lucy's voice is filled with confusion, but there's also a hint of pain in her eyes. She crosses her arms defensively.

BRAIN
(quietly)
You know how it is. The Montagues
have their way of doing things.
They wouldn't dare make a move like
this unless it's critical.

NATHANIEL
(looking at Lucy)
You know as well as I do, Lucy.
Adrian is the heir. He has to take
his place. That family needs him,
whether he's ready or not.

LUCY
(skeptical)
But why now? After all these years,
why does it matter that he goes
back now? Why can't he stay with us
any longer?

Nathaniel doesn't immediately answer. Instead, he takes a slow sip from his glass, pondering. Lucy looks at him, hoping for some reassurance.

NATHANIEL
(softly)
Because this time, it's not just a
call to come home. It's a call to
take over.

Lucy remains quiet, torn between her love for Adrian and her worry about what this change will mean for them all.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ADRIAN'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Adrian enters his room, where **Lucy** is sitting on the edge of the bed, fidgeting with her hands. He closes the door behind him and turns to her, a determined look on his face, though his eyes betray his anxiety.

ADRIAN

(firmly)

I'm going to the States, Lucy. It's time.

LUCY

(softly)

But why now? I... I don't understand. We've had you here for so long. Why does it have to be now?

Adrian walks over to his desk, gathering a few things for his trip. He pauses, looking at Lucy, his expression conflicted.

ADRIAN

(sighing)

It's not like I have a choice. Olivia called. It's... it's the family. I can't ignore it anymore.

LUCY

(tearfully)

But we've been a family too, Adrian. Don't you care about that? Don't you care about what this means for us?

Adrian walks over to her and sits beside her on the bed. His voice softens.

ADRIAN

(quietly)

You know I do, Lucy. I've always cared. But this... this is my responsibility. I have to face it.

Lucy looks at him, her eyes filled with worry and confusion.

LUCY
(whispering)
I just... don't want to lose you.

ADRIAN
(holding her hand)
You won't. But I have to go.

Lucy nods, though her heart is heavy with uncertainty.

LUCY
(sighing)
This family... we are your family
too. Don't forget that.

ADRIAN
(softly)
I won't forget, Lucy. I promise.

Adrian stands up, moving toward the window, his mind clearly elsewhere. Lucy watches him, her sadness only growing as she realizes the inevitable changes on the horizon.

FADE OUT

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - DAY

Adrian sits in his first-class seat, his gaze out the window as the plane begins its ascent. The luxury of first class surrounds him—plush leather seats, a glass of champagne in his hand. He's staring out, a mix of determination and worry on his face, as the flight attendants go about their duties.

The **FASTEN SEATBELT SIGN** flickers on. Adrian looks down at the message on the screen in front of him, feeling the unsettling weight of the situation.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(approaching)
Sir, can I get you anything else?

ADRIAN
(smiling faintly)
No, thank you. I'm fine.

The flight attendants move down the aisle, but Adrian's gaze lingers outside the window, his mind elsewhere.

Suddenly, there's a jolt in the plane. The seatbelt sign flashes brightly, causing a few passengers to gasp.

PILOT (V.O.)
 (through intercom, voice
 shaken)

Ladies and gentlemen, we've
 encountered a... situation. As we
 take care of it, please stay calm
 and remain seated. Crew, take your
 positions immediately.

The passengers stir nervously. There's murmuring, and the atmosphere shifts from calm to tense. Adrian's face tightens with concern, clearly unsettled but trying to keep himself composed, walks towards the bathroom. He clutches his toiletry bag in his hand, his mind racing as he tries to ignore the growing sense of dread.

As the plane jerks in the air, Adrian stumbles slightly but steadies himself, clutching the bathroom door handle.

**FADE IN: (THE
 TOILET SIGN)**

INT. AIRPLANE - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Adrian steps back out of the restroom, his face clouded with unease. He notices a man—**Sebastian DuPont**—standing in the aisle, speaking in a loud, condescending tone to a pregnant woman sitting nervously in her seat.

SEBASTIAN
 (annoyed)
 It's not that complicated. Just sit
 down and shut up, don't bother me.

The pregnant woman, **Nadia Van Dijk**, is clearly distressed, her hands pressed to her stomach as she trembles.

NADIA
 (softly, shaking her head)
 Please... just leave me alone. I...
 I'm not feeling well.

Adrian, annoyed, steps forward and quickly places his toiletry bag in Sebastian's hand, startling him.

ADRIAN
 (cutting in)
 Hold this for me, and give space.

Sebastian gives him a confused look, but Adrian doesn't wait for a response. He walks over to Nadia, gently but firmly helping her back into her seat.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

(soothing)

It's alright, you're okay. Just breathe.

He helps her strap in, and as the plane shakes more violently, he places a hand on her shoulder, trying to comfort her through the turbulence.

The passengers around them are in a panic. The shaking intensifies, causing the plane to jolt wildly in the air. The fasten seatbelt signs flicker in rapid succession.

Suddenly, there's a deafening crash—the entire plane shudders as though hit by an invisible force.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The plane's trajectory is erratic. The wings tilt dangerously, the fuselage twisting as it plummets toward the earth.

INT. AIRPLANE - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The crash happens in an instant. The world tilts on its axis, and everything goes black.

EXT. WRECKAGE SITE - DAY

The sound of cracking branches and distant sirens. Adrian groggily opens his eyes. His head is spinning, his body aching from the impact. He looks around in confusion.

He sees **Nadia**, still unconscious but breathing, lying nearby, covered in dirt and debris. The plane is in pieces, scattered across a remote area surrounded by trees.

Adrian gets up, his body aching, his head pounding, but he forces himself to his feet. He stumbles over to Nadia, checking her pulse, relief flooding his chest when he feels it.

Nearby, Sebastian is sprawled on the ground, motionless and the toilet bag beside him. Adrian ignores him for now, focusing on Nadia. He picks her up gently, cradling her against him as he begins to move away from the wreckage.

He holds her close, trying to block out the chaos around him. In the distance, the sound of sirens grows louder.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - EXTERIOR DINING AREA - MORNING

The morning sun casts a warm glow over the Grand Montague estate. The lush greenery around the exterior dining area shimmers in the early light. The family, still processing the grief from Seraphina's passing, sits at the long, elegantly set breakfast table.

Isabella Montague, now acting as the head of the family in her brother's absence, sits at the head of the table. Richard, Olivia, Julian and the staff are present, maintaining their composure despite the tension in the air. The staff—Ignatius, Miss Rhonda, and Dorothy—serve the family, their professional demeanor barely hiding their concern.

Suddenly, Ignatius walks briskly toward the table holding a phone, his face is grim.

IGNATIUS
(softly, urgent)
Excuse me, ma'am—there's urgent
news from Andalusia.

The Montagues stop what they're doing and turn to him, their attention shifting immediately.

ISABELLA
(looking up, concerned)
What is it?

IGNATIUS
(looking at the paper,
grave)
It's the plane... the one Adrian
was on. There's been an accident.

**FADE TO:
(SHOCKED OLIVIA)**

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - EXTERIOR DINING AREA - MORNING

A hush falls over the table. Olivia's face pales, and she stands abruptly, knocking over her water glass.

OLIVIA
(stammering)
Adrian...?

RICHARD
(frowning)
What happened? Is he alright?

Ignatius hesitates, glancing at the phone once more.

IGNATIUS
 (after a pause)
 They say he's safe. He's being
 transferred here for further
 treatment.

A collective sigh of relief, though still mixed with worry,
 flows through the room.

ISABELLA
 (sternly)
 We need to speak to someone.
 Immediately.

Ignatius hands her a phone. She dials, her hands slightly
 trembling with the weight of the situation.

Isabella paces back and forth, her expression tense as she
 speaks on the phone. Olivia stands nearby, her hand on her
 chest as she listens, trying to steady her breathing.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 (into the phone, urgently)
 Yes, yes... please confirm again.
 Adrian Rothschild Montague... he
 was on that flight? He's in New
 York now?

There's a long pause before the response comes through.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 (picking up her tone)
 Yes. Yes, we understand. Thank you.

She hangs up the phone, visibly relieved but still
 apprehensive.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 (relieved, but with an
 edge)
 They've confirmed it. Adrian is
 already in the hospital... he's
 getting treatment in New York.

A sense of fragile relief washes over the room, but
 Isabella's mind races as she considers the next steps.

RICHARD
 (frowning)
 I think we need to get there.
 Immediately.

ISABELLA

(nods)

Yes, we should be there for him.
All of us.

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

The camera briefly shifts to a sterile hospital room in New York. The figure of **Sebastian DuPont**—groggy, disoriented, and battered from the crash—awakens in a hospital bed. His clothes are tattered, his face bruised, and the name "Adrian Rothschild Montague" is on the chart at the end of his bed.

He blinks, confusion clouding his features. He looks around, trying to gather his bearings. His mind is foggy, but there's an overwhelming sense of disbelief. He doesn't know what happened, only that he's somehow alive, and in a place that feels... different.

SEBASTIAN

(muttering to himself,
confused)

Where am I...?

He sits up, eyes scanning the room. His gaze lingers on the opulent surroundings—a sense of luxury he's never known. He glances down at the chart again, his eyes widening as he reads "Adrian Rothschild Montague."

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAYTIME

The sterile, white corridors of the hospital are bustling with activity. Doctors and nurses rush by, but the atmosphere is heavy with uncertainty. Isabella, Richard, Olivia, and the rest of the Montague family have just arrived at the hospital in New York. They walk briskly down the hall, their faces filled with a mixture of worry and hope.

ISABELLA

(focused, to the nurse)

Is he awake? Can we see him?

NURSE

(nods, guiding them)

Yes, Mr. Montague is in room 212.
He's been asking for you.

They follow the nurse to the room. The door opens with a soft creak, and the family enters.

The room is filled with soft white light. A man is lying in the bed, covered in blankets. His face is bruised, and his eyes are still bleary from the accident. It's Sebastian DuPont, but to the Montagues, he appears to be Adrian. They stop in the doorway, their eyes trained on him, each struggling to recognize the man they've been waiting for.

ISABELLA
(softly)
Adrian...?

Sebastian slowly blinks his eyes open, and his gaze scans the room, confused. His brow furrows slightly as if he's trying to process who these people are and what's happening.

SEBASTIAN
(hoarsely, confused)
Who... are you?

His voice is strained, as though speaking is an effort.

OLIVIA
(tearfully, approaching
him)
Adrian... it's us. It's Olivia.
Your sister.

Sebastian stares at her blankly, his expression distant. He doesn't seem to recognize her.

RICHARD
(softly, reassuring)
It's alright, son. We're here.
You're safe now.

Sebastian glances around the room at the family, still unsure of who they are. He tries to speak but falters.

SEBASTIAN
(weakly)
I... I'm sorry. I... I can't
remember.

The Montagues exchange uneasy glances, confusion spreading across their faces.

ISABELLA
(to the doctor, stepping
forward)
Doctor, what's happening? Why
doesn't he recognize us?

The doctor enters the room, holding a chart. He looks at Sebastian, then at the family.

DOCTOR

(to the family, calmly)
He's suffering from memory loss.
The accident caused some trauma,
and it's likely that he's
experiencing short-term memory
loss. It may take a little time for
him to piece things together.

ISABELLA

(frowning)
Memory loss?

DOCTOR

(nods)
Yes, it's possible that his
memories will return gradually, but
for now, he might have difficulty
recognizing people or remembering
events from the past. It's common
after a traumatic event like this.

The Montagues take this in, still not fully understanding what's happening. Isabella walks closer to Sebastian, her voice gentle.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ANDALUSIA, SPAIN - DAYTIME

Adrian Rothschild Montague sits by the bed of **Nadia Van Dijk**, the pregnant woman he helped during the crash. She's awake now, propped up with pillows, still a little dazed but slowly recovering. Adrian is seated in a chair next to her, glancing out the window as he holds a cup of water. The sound of the TV in the corner catches his attention, but Nadia speaks first.

NADIA

(gently, her voice still
weak)
How are you holding up? You didn't
get hurt, did you?

Adrian turns his head to her, giving a small, reassuring smile.

ADRIAN

(softly)
I'm fine. Just a few scratches,
nothing serious. But you... you're
lucky you weren't more seriously
injured.

Nadia smiles faintly, grateful.

NADIA

(still recovering)

I'm lucky, indeed. I can't believe what happened. It's like something out of a nightmare...

Adrian nods, his gaze drifting to the TV, which is currently showing footage of the crash. The anchor on the screen is speaking about the Montague family and their son, Adrian.

TV ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)

-In breaking news, the world famous billionaires, the Montague family is expressing relief after their son, Adrian Rothschild-Montague, was rescued from the wreckage of a plane crash earlier today. The heir to the Montague fortune is currently receiving treatment at a hospital in New York, where he is expected to make a full recovery.

Adrian stiffens at the mention of his name. His eyes narrow as he stands up from his chair, walking toward the TV. He listens to the report with increasing confusion, his thoughts racing.

TV ANCHOR (CONTINUES) (CONT'D)

-The family has confirmed that Adrian, who was previously feared dead, is now safe, though his injuries require medical attention. His family is deeply relieved and thankful for his survival.

Adrian is clearly troubled now. He glances at the screen again, a slight frown forming on his face.

ADRIAN

(muttering to himself)

Wait... what? That doesn't make sense.

He turns back to Nadia, who is watching him closely. She notices the change in his demeanor.

NADIA

(concerned)

What's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost.

ADRIAN
 (staring at the TV, still
 confused)
 They're saying... they're saying...
 it's nothing. Just someone I know
 survived the crash.

Nadia looks at him, then at the TV, trying to piece things together. Adrian stands still, staring at the screen, his mind swirling with questions.

TV ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)
 -The Montague family has expressed
 their gratitude for the quick
 recovery of their son, Adrian, and
 they are preparing to welcome him
 back home.

Adrian shakes his head, his frustration mounting.

The camera lingers on Adrian's face as he looks determined. His next move is unclear, but his resolve is solidifying.

FADE OUT.

EXT. GARDEN - OLDHAM, UK - EVENING

Nathaniel Rockefeller is seated in the serene garden of his home, the evening sun casting a warm glow over the landscape. His phone buzzes, breaking the quiet. He checks the caller ID and sees **Adrian Rothschild Montague** displayed on the screen. He answers the call immediately, his face serious.

NATHANIEL
 (quietly)
 Adrian? Is everything alright?

ADRIAN (V.O.)
 (low, urgent)
 You've seen the news, haven't you?

Nathaniel's expression shifts, concern deepening.

NATHANIEL
 I have. But I thought you were in
 New York...

ADRIAN (V.O.)
 I'm not in New York, Nathaniel. I'm
 in Spain. The person they have at
 the hospital is not me. They think
 whoever he is, is the one, but it's
 all wrong.

Nathaniel listens intently, his eyes narrowing in understanding.

NATHANIEL

So what do you need from me?

ADRIAN (V.O.)

I need you to keep this quiet. Don't tell anyone, especially not the Montagues. I'm trying to figure out what's really going on. There's something fishy happening to my family, and I need to get to the bottom of it.

NATHANIEL

(gravely)

I understand. What should I tell my family? They are bound to come across the news as well.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

Tell them I'm planning something... that's why they have the fake Adrian in New York. I'll handle the rest, but I need you to protect this secret. No one can know that they have the wrong person, especially not the Montagues.

Nathaniel's face hardens with resolve as he nods.

NATHANIEL

I'll take care of it. You can count on me.

There's a brief pause before Adrian speaks again, his tone quieter but firm.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

Thank you. I'll be in touch.

Nathaniel hangs up and looks out over the garden, deep in thought. He sighs, then pulls his phone from his pocket and dials his wife, **Brain**.

NATHANIEL

(somberly, to Brain)

We have to keep this quiet.

(MORE)

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
Adrian's planning something, but we need to make sure no one else finds out. He's in Spain, and there's more going on than we know.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - DAY

A sleek black car pulls up to the grand gates of the Montague estate. **Sebastian**, posing as Adrian, steps out first, his demeanor a mix of uncertainty and reluctant acceptance. Ignatius, the Montague butler, opens the door for him, bowing slightly.

IGNATIUS
Welcome home, sir.

Sebastian looks up at the majestic mansion, his gaze lingering on the sprawling grounds. It's a life he never imagined, one of wealth, power, and grandeur. For a moment, he hesitates, almost as if questioning whether this is real.

SEBASTIAN
(tentative)
I... I don't know what to say.

IGNATIUS
(smiling kindly)
You don't need to say anything, sir. It's been a long journey. We're just relieved you're safe.

Sebastian nods, trying to regain his composure. The Montagues step forward: **Isabella**, **Olivia**, and **Julian**. They all look at him with a mixture of joy and confusion. They still haven't fully accepted that this is their brother, and nephew, but the resemblance is uncanny.

ISABELLA
(softly)
Adrian, we've missed you.

SEBASTIAN
(sincerely)
I've missed you too. It's just... everything's a bit overwhelming.

Olivia watches closely, still unsure about the situation. She hesitates before stepping closer to Sebastian, her voice low.

OLIVIA

(quietly)

It's been ten years... It's hard to believe it's really you.

Sebastian looks at her, a flash of guilt crossing his face. He smiles, trying to appear confident, though there's an unmistakable uncertainty in his eyes.

SEBASTIAN

I know. It feels the same for me too. But... I'm here now. That's what matters, right?

Isabella smiles warmly at him, as though to reassure him.

ISABELLA

(softly)

That's right. We're all here for you. You've had enough time away from us. Let's focus on getting you back to your life.

Sebastian looks at the Montague family, each one of them watching him, waiting for him to settle into his new role. He takes a deep breath, steeling himself.

SEBASTIAN

I'll try. I promise.

He steps into the mansion, the door closing behind him with a soft thud. He stands for a moment, looking around the grand foyer, the portraits of the Montague ancestors on the walls, and the opulent decor that seems to echo through the halls.

For a split second, his expression falters as he realizes the weight of what he's walked into. But he quickly regains his composure, taking a deep breath.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(whispering to himself)

This is it. This is the life I've always wanted...

FADE OUT.

EXT. MONTAGUE HQ - DAY

The grand building of **Montague HQ** towers over the city. A sleek black car pulls up, and **Isabella Vanderbilt-Montague** steps out first, followed by **Sebastian**, the fake Adrian.

He looks up at the towering structure, his eyes filled with a mix of awe and uncertainty. Isabella walks confidently ahead, motioning for him to follow.

ISABELLA
 (gesturing to the
 building)
 This is Montague HQ, Adrian. Your
 father's legacy... and now, yours.

Sebastian nods, trying to appear at ease. He feels the weight of the responsibility but can't quite shake the feeling that he doesn't belong here. They enter through the grand entrance, and the sleek modern interior of the building is a stark contrast to the world outside.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is bustling with activity. Employees walk hurriedly, while others stop to exchange brief greetings. **Imogen Kodak**, the secretary, is standing at her desk, typing away on her computer. She looks up as Isabella and Sebastian approach, offering a warm, professional smile.

ISABELLA
 (to Imogen)
 Imogen, meet Adrian. He'll be
 stepping in to oversee things while
 Oleander is still recovering.

Imogen smiles, but there's a hint of curiosity in her eyes as she studies Sebastian. The man who survived a plane crash.

IMOGEN
 (slightly cautious)
 Of course, Mrs. Vanderbilt. Welcome
 back, Mr. Montague. It's... good to
 have you back.

SEBASTIAN
 (nods, smiling)
 Thank you, Imogen. I... I don't
 remember much about this place, to
 be honest. It's been so long.

He looks around the spacious office, unsure of what to focus on.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 (looking to Isabella)
 Would it be possible for me to get
 a tour? I... I'd like to get
 reacquainted with everything here.

Isabella smiles warmly at him, as if reassured that he's taking the role seriously. She turns to Imogen.

ISABELLA

Give him a tour, Imogen. Show him everything—anything he needs. Adrian needs to be well-catered to now that he's stepping into his father's shoes.

Imogen nods and stands up from her desk. She motions for Sebastian to follow.

IMOGEN

Absolutely. Right this way, Mr. Montague.

As they begin walking through the sleek hallways, Isabella watches them go, her expression unreadable. Sebastian, meanwhile, feels the weight of the Montague legacy around him, the corporate empire that he is now part of—whether he's truly ready or not just for the case of mistaken identity.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - DAY

The sleek, polished interior of **Montague HQ** gleams under the bright office lights. **Imogen Kodak** is at her desk, typing away on her computer. The atmosphere is calm, professional—until the door to the office opens, and a man enters, looking a bit uneasy.

This is **Adrian**, the real Adrian Rothschild-Montague, now in New York. He steps into the room, his expression serious, as he scans the room briefly before walking toward Imogen.

ADRIAN

(quietly, as if unsure how to start)

I'm a guy from the plane... and I have something I need to tell Adrian Rothschild-Montague.

Imogen looks up at him, confused. He looks almost identical to the man she's been working with—Sebastian. She furrows her brows, unsure of what to make of this.

IMOGEN

(uncertain)

I'm sorry, without reservation—

ADRIAN

(urgent)

Tell him that I was in the plane crash. And that I have something important to tell him about it. Something he needs to know.

Imogen looks even more puzzled, but she can sense the gravity in Adrian's tone. She hesitates for a moment before standing up.

IMOGEN

(nods, but confused)

Alright... I'll let him know.

She turns and heads toward Sebastian's office.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

In a corner office filled with expensive furniture and sweeping views of New York City, **Sebastian**—the fake Adrian—is sitting behind a desk, flipping through papers. His hands shake slightly, his mind preoccupied with his new life and responsibilities.

He hears the knock on the door.

IMOGEN

(softly, from outside)

Mr. Montague, I... I have someone here who says he was on the plane. He has something very important to tell you.

Sebastian looks up, eyes widening in surprise and unease. He's not sure what to expect, but his nerves are on edge.

SEBASTIAN

(fidgeting)

What? Someone from the plane?

He hesitates before standing, smoothing out his shirt, trying to appear calm. His mind races, thinking through the possibilities.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(nervous, forcing a smile)

Okay. Uh, show him in. And keep... keep everyone out.

Imogen nods, opening the door and stepping aside to let Adrian in.

As Adrian enters, Sebastian's face briefly falters. His eyes flicker between confusion and recognition, unsure of what's going on.

ADRIAN
 (stepping forward, tone
 sharp and direct)
 Sebastian DuPont... I am Adrian
 Rothschild-Montague.

FADE IN:
(ADRIAN'S FACE)

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The words hit like a thunderclap. Sebastian freezes, eyes widening in shock. His mouth opens as if to speak, but no sound comes out. The truth lands heavy between them.

SEBASTIAN
 (voice shaking)
 Wh-what... What do you mean? How
 can you be...?

Adrian takes a step closer, his expression a mix of confusion and frustration.

ADRIAN
 I don't know how this happened, but
 I'm the one who was on that plane
 with you. And that's **my** name you've
 been using.

Sebastian stands up, his hands trembling. He tries to process the impossible situation he finds himself in. For a moment, both men just stare at each other, the silence deafening.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
 (steely, determined)
 There's something going on here,
 something you're involved in... and
 I need answers.

Sebastian gulps, his mind racing to understand how everything has spiraled out of control. Adrian's gaze hardens as he takes in the sight of the man who has been posing as him.

SEBASTIAN
 (stammering)
 I... I don't understand. I... I
 thought...

Adrian cuts him off, voice sharp.

ADRIAN

(steely)

Don't pretend you don't know.
You've been living my life, haven't
you?

Sebastian's eyes flicker, uncertain but realizing he's been found out. The game is over. The facade he's been putting on crumbles as the truth sinks in.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

(firm, angry)

You've been posing as me. I need to
know what's happening, who's behind
this, and why you're in my place.

Sebastian falters, stepping back a little, his confusion and fear evident.

SEBASTIAN

I... I didn't mean to. I didn't
know who you were...

But Adrian isn't interested in excuses. He's focused, determined.

ADRIAN

(firmly)

Then it's time you found out.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The tension in the room is palpable. Adrian stands firm, his gaze locked on Sebastian, who sits slumped in his chair, shaken and guilt-ridden. The weight of the confrontation from the previous episode still hangs in the air.

SEBASTIAN

(softly, almost breaking)

I'm sorry... I got carried away.

Adrian crosses his arms, his expression unyielding, waiting for more.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(looking up at Adrian)

When I woke up, everyone thought I
was you. I didn't plan this. I
didn't mean to take your life. I...

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
I just thought, for once, I could
live the kind of life I've always
dreamed of just for a few minutes.

Adrian's eyes narrow, his skepticism clear.

ADRIAN
(seriously)
You thought you could just step
into someone else's shoes? My
shoes? Did you think there wouldn't
be consequences?

Sebastian looks down, his shame evident.

SEBASTIAN
(quietly)
I didn't think... not really. And
now that you're here, I'll leave. I
don't want to get in the way of
your family or your life anymore.

Adrian takes a step closer, his expression softening slightly
as he leans against the desk.

ADRIAN
(after a beat)
You're right—you don't belong in my
life. But something doesn't feel
right about all this. My family
accepted you so easily. They didn't
even question it. They haven't seen
me in ten years, and they didn't
think to ask for proof.

Sebastian nods slowly, his guilt turning into curiosity.

SEBASTIAN
(earnestly)
What are you saying?

ADRIAN
(seriously)
I'm saying... something's off. And
if I walk in there now and tell
them who I really am, they'll close
ranks. I won't get the answers I
need.

Sebastian frowns, confused.

SEBASTIAN
(hesitant)
So... what are you going to do?

Adrian pauses, weighing his words carefully.

ADRIAN
(slowly)
You're going to stay Adrian
Rothschild-Montague.

Sebastian's eyes widen in shock.

**FADE IN:
(SEBASTIAN)**

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

SEBASTIAN
(stammering)
What? You want me to... pretend to
be you?

ADRIAN
(firmly)
For now. It's not like you haven't
pretended to be me. You'll keep
acting like me. And while you do
that, I'll stay in the background.
I'll be... Sebastian DuPont.

Sebastian blinks, taken aback.

SEBASTIAN
(uncertain)
I... I don't know if I can do that.

ADRIAN
(steely)
You've already been doing it. All I
need from you is to keep it up a
little longer.

Sebastian hesitates, clearly torn.

SEBASTIAN
But your family... they're going to
expect things from me. I don't know
them. I don't know how to handle
any of this.

Adrian smirks slightly, stepping away from the desk.

ADRIAN

That's where I come in. I'll help you navigate them—tell you who's who, what they want, and how to deal with them.

Sebastian exhales deeply, running a hand through his hair. The idea feels impossible, but the determination in Adrian's eyes is undeniable.

SEBASTIAN

(after a beat)

Okay... okay, I'll do it. But only because I don't want to screw things up for you.

Adrian nods, satisfied.

ADRIAN

Good. But understand this—this isn't about helping me. This is about the truth. I need to know who I can trust, who's working against me, and why my family hasn't asked the hard questions.

Sebastian straightens up, the gravity of the situation sinking in.

SEBASTIAN

(earnestly)

I'll follow your lead.

Adrian walks to the door, pausing before he opens it.

ADRIAN

One more thing. No one can know about this arrangement—not the staff, not the family, no one. As far as they're concerned, you're Adrian Rothschild-Montague.

Sebastian nods firmly, a hint of determination on his face now.

SEBASTIAN

Understood.

Adrian glances back at him, his expression unreadable.

ADRIAN

Let's hope you can handle it.

With that, Adrian leaves the office, leaving Sebastian alone to process what just happened.

Sebastian exhales deeply, standing up and pacing. He looks out the window at the city below, a mix of fear and determination flickering in his eyes.

SEBASTIAN
(to himself)
What the hell have I gotten myself
into?

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sebastian sits at his desk, pretending to focus on a document. Imogen walks in, holding a sleek planner.

IMOGEN
Mr. Montague, just a reminder—you
have a lunch date with Penelope
Astor in an hour.

Sebastian freezes, the name unfamiliar.

SEBASTIAN
(trying to sound casual)
Penelope... Astor?

Imogen gives him a curious look.

IMOGEN
Yes, Penelope Astor. Your fiancée.

Sebastian coughs, hiding his panic.

SEBASTIAN
Right. Of course. Thanks for the
reminder, Imogen.

She nods and leaves the room. Sebastian exhales deeply and immediately picks up his phone.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - LOBBY - DAY

Adrian is about to step out of the building when his phone buzzes. He answers with an annoyed tone.

ADRIAN
What is it, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

(on phone)

There's a problem. Imogen just told me I have a lunch date with Penelope Astor.

Adrian stops in his tracks, his expression darkening.

ADRIAN

Penelope? You mean my betrothed?

Adrian pinches the bridge of his nose, exasperated.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll handle it.

Adrian hangs up, muttering to himself as he heads back toward Sebastian's office.

INT. RESTAURANT - PRIVATE DINING AREA - DAY

The elegant room is adorned with fine china and floral arrangements. **PENELOPE ASTOR**, a poised and stunning woman in her mid twenties, sits at the table, glancing at her phone.

The door opens, and Sebastian, followed by Adrian, enters. Sebastian fakes a confident smile, while Adrian stays in the background, observing.

PENELOPE

(smiling warmly)

Adrian. It's been so long.

Sebastian's smile tightens, and he quickly glances at Adrian, who nods subtly from behind Penelope.

SEBASTIAN

Yes, Penelope. It's good to finally meet you.

He pulls out a chair and sits across from her, trying to hide his nerves. Adrian takes a seat a few tables away, keeping an eye on them but out of earshot.

PENELOPE

(sincerely)

I was so surprised when Olivia sent me your photo. You've grown into quite the man.

Sebastian chuckles awkwardly.

SEBASTIAN
(half-joking)
I guess ten years can do that to a
person.

Penelope smiles, oblivious to his unease.

PENELOPE
(softly)
I've always wondered what it would
be like to meet you. I mean, after
all these years, knowing we're...
meant to be together.

Sebastian's throat tightens. He looks briefly toward Adrian,
who motions for him to keep going.

SEBASTIAN
(awkwardly)
Yeah, well... life can be
unpredictable.

Penelope tilts her head, noticing his hesitance.

PENELOPE
You seem... different than I
imagined.

ADRIAN
(to himself)
This is going to be a disaster.

FADE OUT.

INT. RESTAURANT - PRIVATE DINING AREA - DAY

Sebastian and Penelope are seated across from each other at a
cozy table. Their conversation is light and polite, though
Sebastian seems slightly nervous, still adjusting to his
role. Penelope, oblivious to his discomfort, smiles warmly as
she sips her tea.

PENELOPE
I feel like we've missed so much
time.

SEBASTIAN
(chuckling awkwardly)
Yeah... catching up is definitely
overdue.

The door suddenly opens, and Alexandra Astor, a commanding
and elegant woman in her 50s, strides in unannounced.

ALEXANDRA

There you are!

Both Sebastian and Penelope look up, startled. Alexandra sweeps over to the table, giving Sebastian a radiant yet calculating smile.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

Adrian, darling, I hope you don't mind me joining you.

Without waiting for an invitation, she pulls out a chair and sits beside Penelope, placing a manicured hand on Sebastian's arm.

SEBASTIAN

(uneasy)
Of course not, ma'am.

ALEXANDRA

(smiling tightly)
Alexandra, please. After all, we're practically family.

Sebastian exchanges a quick glance with Penelope, who looks slightly embarrassed but doesn't object.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

(to Sebastian)
I was just telling Penelope the other day how wonderful it is that the two of you are finally reconnecting.

PENELOPE

(softly)
Mother...

ALEXANDRA

(ignoring her)
Now that you're back, Adrian, we should start planning the wedding. Don't you think?

Sebastian freezes, his eyes widening slightly.

SEBASTIAN

The... wedding?

ALEXANDRA

Yes, dear. It's been long enough, don't you think?

(MORE)

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
With everything your family has
been through, a celebration is
exactly what we all need.

Sebastian struggles for words, glancing around for an escape.
Adrian's jaw tightens as he stands and strides toward them.
Sebastian tries to respond, his voice faltering.

SEBASTIAN
I think... we should take things
slowly-

ADRIAN
(cutting in)
That's enough.

FADE IN:
(ADRIAN'S FACE)

INT. RESTAURANT - PRIVATE DINING AREA - DAY

All three turn to see Adrian standing there, his presence
commanding. Alexandra's confident smile falters slightly,
though she quickly recovers.

ALEXANDRA
(surprised)
And who might you be?

Adrian steps closer, his eyes fixed on Alexandra.

ADRIAN
A friend of Adrian Montague.

Sebastian visibly relaxes at Adrian's intervention, though
Penelope looks confused.

ALEXANDRA
(adjusting her tone)
Well, this is a private
conversation-

ADRIAN
(steely)
It was, until you intervened.

Alexandra straightens, clearly unused to being challenged.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

(to Alexandra)

With all due respect, Mrs. Astor, don't you think it's a little presumptuous to push someone into a marriage when they've barely had time to breathe?

ALEXANDRA

(sputtering)

I'm simply looking out for my daughter-

ADRIAN

(cutting her off)

Then let her decide for herself. Penelope deserves the chance to get to know Adrian on her own terms, not yours.

Penelope looks surprised but touched by Adrian's words, while Alexandra narrows her eyes, clearly displeased.

ALEXANDRA

(trying to regain control)

I think you're overstepping.

ADRIAN

And I think you're underestimating Penelope's ability to make her own choices.

A tense silence falls over the table. Alexandra rises, her composure intact but her frustration evident.

ALEXANDRA

(to Penelope)

We'll talk later.

She brushes past Adrian, shooting him a cold look before exiting the room.

AT THE TABLE

Penelope watches her mother leave, then turns to Adrian with a grateful smile.

PENELOPE

Thank you for standing up to her.

Sebastian nods in agreement, his voice more confident.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, thanks.

Adrian looks at them both, his expression neutral but his mind clearly racing. Sebastian gives a sheepish nod. Penelope, still unaware of the truth, smiles warmly at both men, oblivious to the tension between them.

ADRIAN

(quietly to himself)

This is just the beginning.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A sleek black car glides through the bustling streets, heading toward the Montague estate.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian is behind the wheel, his phone resting in the cupholder. Adrian sits in the passenger seat, scrolling on his phone. The atmosphere is quiet but tense.

Sebastian chuckles nervously, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY

The car cruises along a scenic route, heading toward the Montague estate.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian adjusts his grip on the steering wheel and clears his throat.

SEBASTIAN

So... how are we going to do this?

Adrian looks at him, expression calm but calculating.

ADRIAN

Do what?

SEBASTIAN

The introduction. You showing up at the house. Won't it raise questions?

Adrian leans back in his seat, crossing his arms.

ADRIAN

It's simple. You tell them I'm your friend. Someone you brought along for support after everything that's happened.

Sebastian frowns, nodding slowly.

SEBASTIAN

And when they ask questions?

ADRIAN

We keep it vague. You stick to what we agreed on. They'll chalk it up to you needing familiar faces around to feel grounded.

Sebastian exhales sharply, his grip tightening on the wheel. He swallows hard, his nerves clearly building.

SEBASTIAN

And you're okay with that?

ADRIAN

(calmly)

I'm okay with whatever keeps them from knowing the real me until I'm ready.

Sebastian exhales, nodding again.

SEBASTIAN

Fine. So... I just say you're my friend, Sebastian DuPont. And if they ask why I didn't mention you earlier?

ADRIAN

You tell them we just reconnected recently, right before the accident.

Sebastian chuckles nervously, shaking his head.

SEBASTIAN

You make this sound way easier than it feels.

ADRIAN

(flatly)

Maybe it is.

Sebastian gives Adrian a side glance, unsure whether to laugh or feel insulted.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - GRAND FOYER - DAY

The Montague family gathers in the expansive grand foyer, a stunning display of wealth and sophistication. Isabella stands near the entrance, her commanding presence making her the center of attention. Olivia and Julian whisper quietly off to the side. Miss Rhonda, the sharp-eyed head maid, lingers nearby, observing everything.

The sound of the front doors opening draws everyone's attention. Sebastian enters with Adrian trailing behind him, both wearing composed expressions.

SEBASTIAN
(firmly, to the room)
Everyone, I'd like you to meet
someone.

The room falls silent, all eyes on them.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
This is Sebastian DuPont.

The family exchanges puzzled glances.

ISABELLA
Sebastian DuPont?

Sebastian nods, stepping aside so Adrian can come forward.

SEBASTIAN
Yes. He's an old friend of mine
from my time away. We recently
reconnected, and I thought it would
be good to have him here for a
while... for support.

Adrian steps forward, his demeanor calm and confident.

ADRIAN
(softly, with a nod)
It's a pleasure to meet you all.

The Montagues murmur amongst themselves. Isabella steps closer, her eyes narrowing as she studies Adrian.

ISABELLA

(charmingly)

Well, any friend of Adrian's is a friend of ours. Welcome, Sebastian.

Adrian inclines his head politely, his calculated composure making it hard to read his thoughts.

Everyone settles in the living room after the introduction. Tea is served by the maids, including Dorothy. Miss Rhonda enters with a tray, her sharp gaze flitting between Sebastian and Adrian.

Sebastian fidgets slightly, avoiding eye contact, while Adrian sits comfortably, his posture relaxed as if he's been there forever.

MISS RHONDA

(casually, but pointedly)

It's funny, isn't it?

Everyone turns to her.

ISABELLA

What's funny, Rhonda?

Miss Rhonda sets the tray down carefully and looks at Sebastian, then Adrian.

MISS RHONDA

How Mr. Montague seems a bit... nervous, like he's uncomfortable in his own home.

Sebastian stiffens, his hand twitching as he picks up his teacup.

MISS RHONDA (CONT'D)

And yet his friend... Mr. DuPont, is it?

Adrian glances up, meeting Miss Rhonda's piercing gaze.

MISS RHONDA (CONT'D)

He seems entirely at ease. Almost as if he's the one who belongs here.

The room goes quiet. All eyes dart between Sebastian and Adrian.

SEBASTIAN

(clearing his throat)

Miss Rhonda, it's just...

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 a lot to take in. Coming back after
 so long, you know, and the
 accident.

He forces a chuckle, but it comes out strained.

ADRIAN
 (smoothly)
 Exactly. Adrian has been through a
 lot recently. Returning home can
 stir up unexpected feelings.

Adrian's calm tone diffuses some of the tension. Miss Rhonda
 nods slowly but doesn't look entirely convinced.

MISS RHONDA
 Of course. Forgive me. It was just
 an observation.

She bows her head slightly and steps back, her sharp eyes
 still darting between the two men.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The grand dining hall is adorned with shimmering chandeliers,
 elegant floral centerpieces, and an air of tension masked by
 polite smiles. The Montagues sit at the head of the long
 table, with Sebastian (posing as Adrian) seated between
 Isabella and Olivia. Across from them, the Buffetts and the
 Astors sit, their respective positions at the table
 suggesting an unspoken rivalry.

The Waltons sit further down with Adrian, maintaining their
 usual low profile. Olivia chats warmly with Christopher
 Buffett, her fiancé, while Penelope Astor looks across the
 table at Sebastian, smiling shyly. Alexandra Astor, however,
 has a sharp glint in her eye, one that matches Jett Buffett's
 calculating gaze.

ISABELLA
 (toasting)
 To family, friends, and the bonds
 that keep us united. May this
 evening strengthen them further.

The group raises their glasses, murmuring their agreement.

JETT
 (chuckling)
 Well said, Isabella.
 (MORE)

JETT (CONT'D)
 Though, if I may, I'd say the
 Buffetts have always had the
 strongest bond with the Montagues.

Alexandra's eyes narrow slightly as she sets down her glass.

ALEXANDRA
 (smiling thinly)
 Oh, really, Jett? I wasn't aware it
 was a competition.

JETT
 (grinning)
 It's not a competition, Alexandra.
 It's just a fact. The Buffetts and
 Montagues go way back. My father
 and Oleander's were practically
 brothers.

ALEXANDRA
 (sweetly, but with an
 edge)
 Ah, but isn't it Penelope who's
 been betrothed to Adrian for years?
 That sounds more like family to me.

The tension sharpens as the other guests glance between them.

CHRISTOPHER
 (defensively)
 And Olivia and I are engaged.
 That's a bond that's already in
 place.

PENELOPE
 (cutting in)
 Engagements can be broken.

The room falls silent, the statement hanging in the air like
 a challenge. Olivia bristles but doesn't respond, her eyes
 darting to Christopher.

ISABELLA
 (interjecting)
 Now, now. This dinner is a
 celebration of unity, not division.
 Let's not—

JETT
 (overlapping)
 With all due respect, Isabella,
 some of us have invested more in
 this family than others.

ALEXANDRA
 (sarcastically)
 Oh yes, because business
 investments are the same as actual
 relationships.

JETT
 (leaning forward)
 And yet, those business investments
 have done more for the Montagues
 than your so-called relationship
 has.

The argument escalates, voices rising as Jett and Alexandra trade barbs. Penelope sides with her mother, while Christopher defends his father. The Waltons exchange uncomfortable glances, while Sebastian tries to sink into his chair unnoticed.

SEBASTIAN
 (whispering to Olivia)
 Is this... normal?

OLIVIA
 (flatly)
 Sadly, yes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - DINING HALL - NIGHT

Sebastian looks to Isabella, who sips her wine calmly, clearly accustomed to such disputes.

ALEXANDRA
 (loudly)
 If anyone deserves to be favored,
 it's the Astors. After all, we've
 been loyal to this family for
 generations.

JETT
 (smirking)
 Loyal? Is that what you call
 waiting for a payout from a
 marriage?

PENELOPE
 (standing abruptly)
 How dare you!

The sudden movement startles Sebastian, who knocks over his glass, spilling wine across the table.

SEBASTIAN
 (awkwardly)
 Uh... sorry about that.

The room goes silent, all eyes on him.

ISABELLA
 (cutting through the
 tension)
 Enough. This conversation has gone
 far enough.

She stands, her commanding presence silencing the room.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 This is not how we behave under
 this roof. The Montagues value all
 of you equally, and any suggestion
 otherwise is both disrespectful and
 untrue.

Her sharp tone leaves no room for argument. The Buffetts and
 Astors exchange tense glances but hold their tongues.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 (sitting back down)
 Now, let's enjoy the rest of the
 evening like civilized people.

The dinner continues in strained silence, the earlier
 camaraderie shattered though the aftermath of the tense
 family dinner lingers. Conversations are hushed, with
 occasional glances exchanged between the Buffetts and Astors.
 Adrian (posing as Sebastian) stands near a fireplace, sipping
 a glass of wine, his expression tight with frustration.

Eamon Walton notices and approaches him, drink in hand.

EAMON
 (leaning casually)
 You've been awfully quiet tonight,
 Sebastian. I figured a man like you
 would be better at handling family
 politics.

Adrian shoots him a sharp look.

ADRIAN
 (calmly, but with an edge)
 I'm not quiet, Eamon. I'm
 observing. Watching how everyone in
 this room treats Adrian Rothschild
 Montague as if he's not a human
 being but a damn commodity.

The room falls quiet as heads turn toward them.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(voice rising)
You talk about him like he's a trophy, something to be fought over and claimed. But not one of you sees him for who he is—or, at least, who he was.

Eamon narrows his eyes, his posture stiffening.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eamon advances towards Adrian looking furious and agitated.

EAMON
(quietly, but firmly)
Don't act like you know Adrian better than me. He's my childhood best friend.

ADRIAN
(smirking bitterly)
Oh, is that what he was? Then it's about time you stop being children, because from what I've seen tonight, none of you treat him—or anyone else—as a friend. You're all too busy fighting over whose family is more important.

Eamon steps closer, his voice dropping.

EAMON
You've known Adrian for what—five minutes? Don't stand there pretending you understand him better than someone who grew up with him.

ADRIAN
(firmly)
Maybe I haven't known him long, but at least I see the mess he's walking into. You? You're too blinded by your own self-importance to even notice.

The tension between them crackles, and suddenly Eamon shoves Adrian.

EAMON
 (angrily)
 You don't know a damn thing about
 him—or about me!

Adrian, fueled by his own frustration, pushes back.

ADRIAN
 You think you're the authority on
 Adrian just because you played tag
 together as kids? Grow up, Eamon!

The two men exchange heated words as the room erupts in chaos. Olivia tries to step in, but Eamon's temper flares again, and he takes a swing at Adrian. Adrian dodges, grabbing Eamon by the collar.

ISABELLA
 (sternly)
 Enough!

Her commanding voice cuts through the noise, and both men freeze, releasing each other.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 You two are acting no better than
 the Buffetts and Astors tonight.
 This behavior is beneath both of
 you.

Adrian glares at Eamon, who reluctantly steps back, straightening his suit.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 (to the room)
 This dinner is over. Clearly,
 everyone here has forgotten how to
 behave like civilized people.

She turns to Olivia and Penelope, her voice steady but authoritative.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 Olivia, Penelope, I want a welcome
 party planned for Adrian. We'll
 hold it next month, and it will be
 a chance for us to properly welcome
 him back home—and back to the
 company.

Olivia nods, glancing nervously between Adrian and Eamon. Penelope looks startled but quickly agrees.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
(gesturing)
Everyone else, I suggest you leave
for the night.

The guests begin to file out, murmuring among themselves. Eamon throws one last glare at Adrian before walking away. Adrian stands by the fireplace, his jaw tight, while Isabella watches him carefully.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
(softly, to Adrian)
You're learning what it means to be
a Montague.

Adrian doesn't respond, simply nodding as the room empties.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - ADRIAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Adrian sits at a desk near the window. The morning sun streams in, but his expression is dark, his mind churning with thoughts from the chaotic dinner the night before.

He picks up a notepad and jots down names: Buffetts, Astors, Waltons. Beneath them, he scribbles: What do they want? Why are they here?

ADRIAN
(muttering to himself)
This isn't just about old alliances
or family pride. There's something
more.

He leans back in his chair, tapping his pen thoughtfully, before pulling out his phone.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
If I'm going to figure this out, I
need someone who can dig deeper.

Adrian scrolls through his contacts and dials a number.

INT. DETECTIVE AGENCY - GORDON'S OFFICE - MORNING

A small, cluttered office. GORDON VAUGHAN, a seasoned private investigator with sharp eyes and a weary demeanor, sits at his desk, flipping through a case file. His phone buzzes, and he picks it up.

GORDON
Gordon Vaughan speaking.

ADRIAN
(on the phone)
Mr. Vaughan, I need your expertise.

Gordon leans back, intrigued.

GORDON
That depends. Who's asking?

ADRIAN
I'd rather keep my name private for now. Let's just say I'm part of the Montague family, and I need you to look into something for me.

Gordon's eyebrows raise slightly at the mention of the Montagues.

GORDON
The Montagues, huh? Big shoes to fill. What exactly do you need?

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - ADRIAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adrian stands, pacing as he speaks into the phone.

ADRIAN
There are three families I want you to investigate: the Buffetts, the Astors, and the Waltons. They've been close to the Montagues for years, but after last night's dinner, I'm certain there's more to their loyalty.

Gordon's voice comes through the line, calm but calculating.

GORDON
Alright. What exactly are you looking for?

ADRIAN
Anything. Business deals, debts, scandals. I want to know what they're hiding and what they want from my family.

Gordon pauses, considering.

GORDON
This won't be cheap.

ADRIAN
Money isn't an issue. Just get me answers.

GORDON
Fair enough. And if I find something you don't want to hear?

Adrian's jaw tightens.

ADRIAN
(steadily)
Then I'll deal with it.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - ADRIAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Adrian is seated at his desk, reviewing notes he's made about the Buffetts, Astors, and Waltons. There's a knock at the door, and without waiting for a response, Sebastian steps inside.

SEBASTIAN
Hey, Adrian, we're visiting Oleander at the hospital today. Isabella said it's about time I showed my face.

Adrian closes his notebook quickly, masking his irritation with Sebastian's casual intrusion.

ADRIAN
(visibly composed)
Alright. Let's go.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Adrian and Sebastian walk toward the hospital entrance. Adrian scans the area, his gaze sharpening as he spots a man in a janitor's uniform pushing a cart near the side entrance.

ADRIAN
(subtly)
Sebastian, keep walking.

Sebastian looks confused but doesn't stop. Adrian keeps his eyes on the man, recognizing him as Dirk Walton, despite the attempt at a disguise.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What the hell is Walton doing here?

He commits the sighting to memory but says nothing, following Sebastian into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - OLEANDER'S ROOM - DAY

Adrian and Sebastian stand at Oleander's bedside. Oleander lies unconscious, his face pale and gaunt. A doctor enters, reviewing the chart at the foot of the bed.

DOCTOR
Good afternoon, Mr. Montague.

SEBASTIAN
(stiffly)
Doctor. How's... my father?

The doctor pauses, glancing between Adrian and Sebastian.

DOCTOR
We've run every test we can think of, but his condition doesn't match any known illness.

Adrian steps forward, his voice steady.

ADRIAN
What does that mean?

The doctor hesitates, then lowers his voice.

DOCTOR
In my professional opinion, this is not a natural illness. It's possible that Mr. Montague has been poisoned.

Both Adrian and Sebastian stiffen, their eyes locking briefly.

SEBASTIAN
Poisoned? Are you sure?

DOCTOR
I can't say for certain without further testing, but the symptoms suggest it. I've already alerted the hospital's toxicology team.

Adrian's mind races as he processes the information. He glances at Sebastian, who looks utterly bewildered.

ADRIAN
(calmly to the doctor)
Keep us updated. And don't let this information leave this room.

The doctor nods, his expression serious, before leaving the room.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Adrian and Sebastian walk silently down the corridor.

SEBASTIAN
(quietly)
Poisoned... Who would do that?

Adrian doesn't respond, his mind flashing back to Dirk Walton in disguise outside the hospital.

ADRIAN
(to himself)
There's more to this than just greed or rivalry.

Sebastian glances at Adrian, who is deep in thought.

SEBASTIAN
What do we do now?

Adrian stops walking, turning to face Sebastian.

ADRIAN
We figure out who's behind this.
But first, we don't say a word to anyone. Not yet.

Sebastian nods, his usual carefree demeanor replaced by genuine concern.

EXT. WALTON ESTATE - MORNING

Adrian arrives at the Walton estate, his demeanor calm but focused. He sees Eamon Walton outside, pacing with a cup of coffee in hand.

As soon as Eamon spots Adrian, his expression hardens, and he strides toward him, hostility evident in his posture.

EAMON

What the hell are you doing here?

Adrian stops, raising his hands in a gesture of peace.

ADRIAN

Look, I know we got off on the wrong foot last night. I came to apologize.

Eamon narrows his eyes, still clearly agitated.

EAMON

Apologize? For what? Acting like you know Adrian better than me?

ADRIAN

I wasn't trying to step on your toes. I just... I'm concerned about what's happening to him. To the family.

Eamon hesitates, his anger softening slightly.

EAMON

Why do you even care? You're just a friend.

ADRIAN

Exactly. I'm a friend. And Sebastian—he's not used to all of this. The pressure, the expectations. I just want to make sure he's okay.

Eamon sighs, still wary but less confrontational.

EAMON

Fine. But don't think I'm buying whatever you're selling just yet.

Adrian nods, letting Eamon lead him inside.

FADE OUT.

INT. WALTON ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is spacious but cluttered, a mix of old family heirlooms and modern furniture. Dirk Walton is seated at the dining table, looking over some documents.

Dirk looks up as Adrian and Eamon enter, his expression instantly suspicious.

DIRK
(to Adrian)
What are you doing here?

EAMON
He says he's here to apologize.

Adrian steps forward, addressing Dirk directly.

ADRIAN
Mr. Walton, I am Sebastian DuPont.
Adrian's friend, we met yesterday.

Dirk's expression remains guarded.

DIRK
And? What do you want?

Adrian takes a breath, choosing his words carefully.

ADRIAN
I think I saw you earlier at the
hospital where Mr. Montague is.

Dirk's eyes narrow, and Eamon glances between them, confused.

DIRK
What are you talking about?

ADRIAN
I'm not accusing you of anything. I
just... I can't shake the feeling
that something isn't right with Mr.
Montague's condition.

Dirk leans back in his chair, crossing his arms.

DIRK
You're not the only one who's
concerned. Oleander and I have
worked together for years. He's a
friend. A mentor.

Adrian studies Dirk's reaction, searching for any hint of
deception.

ADRIAN
Then maybe you've noticed it
too—how his illness doesn't make
sense.

Dirk hesitates, then nods slowly.

DIRK

I've been thinking the same thing.
But I'm not a doctor. I wouldn't
know where to start.

Adrian takes a step closer, lowering his voice.

ADRIAN

Neither am I. But I'm trying to
figure this out. For him. For the
family.

Dirk's posture relaxes slightly, though his suspicion doesn't
completely fade.

DIRK

If you're serious about this, then
tread carefully. Oleander's
situation is... delicate.

Adrian nods, sensing he's pushed as far as he can for now.

ADRIAN

Thank you. That's all I needed to
hear.

Dirk gives a curt nod, and Eamon looks at Adrian with a mix
of curiosity and unease.

EXT. WALTON ESTATE - LATER

Adrian steps outside, the cool air hitting him as he
processes the conversation. He glances back at the house, his
resolve strengthening.

ADRIAN

(to himself)

Something's definitely going on.
And Dirk knows more than he's
letting on.

He walks toward his car, determined to dig deeper into the
truth.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sebastian sits at his desk, staring at a pile of documents
with a blank expression. His attempt to play the role of
Adrian Montague is wearing on him.

Just as he sighs, the door opens, and Isabella steps in, her heels clicking sharply against the floor.

ISABELLA

Adrian. Do you have a moment?

Sebastian straightens up, forcing a smile.

SEBASTIAN

Aunt Isabella. Of course. What can I do for you?

Isabella closes the door behind her, her expression calm but calculated.

ISABELLA

I wanted to talk to you about your... friend.

Sebastian tenses, already anticipating the direction of the conversation.

SEBASTIAN

What about him?

ISABELLA

He doesn't belong here.

Sebastian leans back in his chair, frowning.

SEBASTIAN

He's my friend, Isabella. He's been with me through everything—the UK, the plane crash. He's my support.

Isabella crosses her arms, her voice firm.

ISABELLA

Support is one thing. But this is your family, Adrian. Your legacy. And your so-called friend doesn't seem to understand the weight of that.

Sebastian narrows his eyes, struggling to hold his ground.

SEBASTIAN

He understands more than you think. He's been through the same things I have. He knows me.

ISABELLA

(knitting her brows)
Does he?

(MORE)

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Because from where I'm standing,
he's nothing more than a
distraction. A liability.

Sebastian stands, his frustration evident.

SEBASTIAN
He's not a liability! We were on
the same plane. We've been friends
for years. He's...

ISABELLA
He's holding you back.

Sebastian pauses, taken aback by the cold finality in her
tone.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
You are Adrian Rothschild Montague,
the heir to this family. Your focus
should be on your responsibilities,
not some tagalong from the UK.

SEBASTIAN
He's not just a "tagalong." He's my
friend.

ISABELLA
And that friendship is costing you.
Every decision you make reflects on
this family. Can you honestly tell
me he's helping you live up to the
Montague name?

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sebastian hesitates, his confidence wavering. Isabella steps
closer, her voice softening slightly but remaining insistent.

ISABELLA
You have a duty, Adrian. To your
father, to your mother's memory, to
all of us. It's time to let go of
anything that's holding you back.
That includes him.

Sebastian lowers his gaze, the weight of her words sinking
in.

SEBASTIAN

You really think he's that much of a problem?

ISABELLA

I know he is. And if you don't do something about it, he'll drag you down with him.

Sebastian sighs, defeated.

SEBASTIAN

Fine. I'll talk to him.

Isabella smiles, satisfied.

ISABELLA

Good. Do it as soon as you get home. The sooner, the better.

She places a hand on his shoulder, giving it a reassuring squeeze before leaving the office.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The Montague family is gathered in the lavish living room. Isabella sits on one of the grand armchairs, composed and observant, while Olivia, Richard, and Julian occupy the nearby couches. A tense air lingers as Sebastian, pretending to be Adrian, paces in the center of the room.

Adrian stands by the doorway, his arms crossed, his expression a mix of defiance and suspicion.

SEBASTIAN

(avoiding direct eye contact)

I've been thinking... and I believe it's time we part ways.

Adrian stiffens, narrowing his eyes.

ADRIAN

Part ways? What are you talking about?

Sebastian hesitates, glancing briefly at Isabella, who maintains her calm demeanor, watching silently.

SEBASTIAN

It's not that I don't appreciate everything you've done for me. You've been... a good friend.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
But everyone here has made it
clear—
(he falters slightly, then
forces confidence into
his tone)
—your presence is a problem.

Adrian smirks, disbelief flashing across his face.

ADRIAN
Everyone? Or just one person in
particular?

Sebastian swallows hard, trying not to glance back at
Isabella.

SEBASTIAN
You've been... a distraction, and I
can't afford that right now.

Adrian steps closer, lowering his voice but making sure
everyone can still hear him.

ADRIAN
A distraction? That's what you're
calling me now? After everything
we've been through?

Sebastian exhales, guilt flickering across his face, but he
quickly masks it.

SEBASTIAN
It's not personal. It's just...
you're not a good influence on me.

Adrian's jaw tightens. Isabella tilts her head slightly, her
lips curling into a subtle, knowing smile.

ISABELLA
(softly, to no one in
particular)
He does have a point.

Sebastian glares at her briefly before turning back to
Adrian.

SEBASTIAN
I need to focus on my family, on my
responsibilities.

Adrian lets out a sharp laugh, the bitterness in his tone
undeniable.

ADRIAN
Responsibilities? Since when do you
even care about those?

Sebastian stiffens, his voice rising slightly in frustration.

SEBASTIAN
I'm trying to do what's best for
me, for everyone here!

Adrian steps even closer, locking eyes with Sebastian.

ADRIAN
Best for you, or best for them?

The room grows uncomfortably silent. Richard shifts in his seat, and Olivia looks between the two men, her concern evident.

OLIVIA
Adrian... maybe this isn't-

SEBASTIAN
(interrupting)
It's done, Olivia.

He turns back to Adrian, his voice firm but tinged with regret.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
You need to leave. Tonight.

Adrian stares at him, his gaze piercing.

ADRIAN
You're making a mistake.

Sebastian hesitates for a split second but then gestures toward the door.

SEBASTIAN
Maybe. But it's my decision.

Adrian glances around the room, his eyes meeting Isabella's smug expression, Olivia's worried gaze, and Julian's indifference.

ADRIAN
(to the room)
You're all going to regret this.

With that, he turns and walks out, slamming the door behind him.

ISABELLA
(smoothly)
Well, that went better than
expected.

Sebastian doesn't respond. He just stares at the door, guilt weighing heavily on his shoulders.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - NIGHT

Adrian stands outside, looking up at the grand estate. His hands clench into fists.

ADRIAN
(softly)
This isn't over.

He walks into the darkness as the screen fades to black.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Adrian approaches the hidden back door of the Montague estate, shrouded in darkness. It's a narrow, ivy-covered entrance that blends seamlessly into the estate's stone walls. He glances around to ensure no one is watching before unlocking it with a small key he's carried for years.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is quiet, its warm lighting contrasting with the tension Adrian carries. Ignatius, Miss Rhonda, Dorothy, and Freddie sit at the large kitchen table, their faces etched with curiosity and concern.

Adrian steps fully into the room, closing the door softly behind him.

ADRIAN
(quietly)
Good evening, everyone.

The group looks at him, confused.

IGNATIUS
Mr. DuPont? What brings you—

Adrian shakes his head, cutting him off.

ADRIAN
That's not my name.

The room falls silent. Adrian takes a deep breath, his voice steady but firm.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm Adrian Rothschild Montague.

The maids exchange shocked glances. Miss Rhonda narrows her eyes, studying him closely.

MISS RHONDA
(realizing)
It's you... isn't it? The way you carry yourself. The way you look at people. I should've known.

DOROTHY
(stammering)
But... but how? Everyone thinks—

ADRIAN
(interrupting)
Everyone thinks Sebastian is me because I put him up to it.

The group leans in, hanging on his every word.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
There's something wrong in this house. Something wrong with my family. I couldn't come back after ten years and just... walk into it blind. I needed someone to play the role, to see how everyone would act when they thought I wasn't looking.

FREDDIE
And that's why you brought in Mr. DuPont?

ADRIAN
Yes. He's a decoy, and he's doing his part. But I can't do this alone.

IGNATIUS
(leaning forward)
What do you need from us?

Adrian looks at them, his determination shining through.

ADRIAN

Your trust. And your eyes and ears. You've worked for this family long enough to know when something's off. You've probably noticed it already.

Miss Rhonda nods slowly.

MISS RHONDA

We've noticed. The whispers. The tension. And Mr. Montague... Oleander's illness isn't natural.

ADRIAN

Exactly. I need to know who's behind it and why. I can't trust anyone upstairs. Not yet. But you—
 (looking at each of them)
 —you've always been loyal. To me, to my father, and to my late mother.

Dorothy's eyes well up at the mention of Seraphina.

DOROTHY

She'd want us to help you. She'd want us to protect you.

FREDDIE

(nodding)
 I'm in. Whatever you need.

MISS RHONDA

Me too.

IGNATIUS

(solemnly)
 You have my word, young master.

Adrian exhales, relief washing over him.

ADRIAN

Thank you.

He pulls out a small notebook from his jacket.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Here's the plan. I'll stay in the shadows, gathering information. Sebastian will keep playing his role.

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
 But I need you to tell me
 everything you see and
 hear—especially from Isabella,
 Richard, and Julian. And keep an
 eye on Olivia.

The group nods, their expressions serious.

MISS RHONDA
 And what about Oleander?

Adrian's jaw tightens.

ADRIAN
 I've already started looking into
 that. If someone's behind his
 condition, we'll find out. But
 until then, not a word about this
 to anyone outside this room.

DOROTHY
 (whispering)
 Not even Olivia?

Adrian hesitates but shakes his head.

ADRIAN
 Not even her.

The group nods again, the gravity of the situation sinking
 in.

IGNATIUS
 We'll do our part, young master.
 But be careful. If someone's
 willing to hurt Mr. Montague, they
 won't hesitate to come after you.

Adrian meets Ignatius's gaze, his resolve unwavering.

ADRIAN
 Let them try.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Adrian exits the kitchen, disappearing into the night.
 Inside, the maids exchange determined glances, ready to
 protect the heir they've always known.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - MORNING

Sebastian walks into the grand executive office, his posture confident but tinged with unease. The weight of his new role as "Adrian" hangs heavy. Inside, Imogen stands near his desk, a clipboard in hand.

IMOGEN

Good morning, Mr. Montague. The board meeting is scheduled in 20 minutes. Shall I walk you through the agenda?

SEBASTIAN

No need, Imogen. I know what needs to be done.

He walks past her, his demeanor cool and authoritative.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - BOARDROOM - LATER

The boardroom is filled with the senior members of the Montague Enterprises leadership. Among them are Dirk Walton and Jett Buffett, seated at opposite ends of the long mahogany table. The tension in the air is palpable.

Sebastian takes his seat at the head of the table, glancing around with a deliberate pause before speaking.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you all for being here today. Let's get straight to the point. Montague Group is in a transitional phase, and with transition comes necessary change.

Dirk shifts uncomfortably in his seat, sensing the shift in tone.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Dirk Walton, you've served this company for years. But as of today, your services are no longer required.

The room falls silent, stunned.

DIRK

(standing)

Excuse me? Mr. Montague, I don't understand—

SEBASTIAN
(cutting him off)
It's nothing personal, Dirk. This
company needs fresh leadership,
someone aligned with the vision I
have for our future.

Dirk glares at him, his voice tight with anger.

DIRK
You're making a mistake.

Sebastian remains unflinching.

SEBASTIAN
Noted. Security will escort you
out.

Two security personnel step forward. Dirk stares at
Sebastian, his face a mix of fury and disbelief, before
grabbing his briefcase and storming out.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(to the room)
Effective immediately, Jett Buffett
will assume Dirk's role as head of
the managerial committee.

Jett looks genuinely surprised but quickly masks it with a
grateful smile.

JETT
Thank you, Adrian. I won't let you
down.

Sebastian nods, then stands, signaling the meeting's end.

SEBASTIAN
This company needs to move forward.
That's all for today.

The board members begin to file out, whispering among
themselves.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - HALLWAY - DAY

Sebastian walks down the hallway, exhaling sharply. Adrian
leans against a wall near the boardroom, having overheard
everything.

ADRIAN
So, you fired Dirk. That's bold.

Sebastian stops, startled but quickly recovers.

SEBASTIAN
 (quietly)
 You told me to act like Adrian.
 That's what I'm doing.

ADRIAN
 (smirking)
 I didn't think you'd shake the tree
 this hard. Jett? Really?

Sebastian glances around to ensure no one hears them.

SEBASTIAN
 Isn't that the point? Stir things
 up, see how they react?

Adrian's smirk fades to a look of cautious approval.

ADRIAN
 Fair enough. Just don't lose
 control. This isn't a game.

Sebastian nods, his confidence wavering slightly.

SEBASTIAN
 I won't.

Adrian watches as Sebastian continues down the hall, his expression darkening as he contemplates the growing tensions within the company and his family.

EXT. MONTAGUE HQ - OBSERVATION POINT - DAY

Adrian stands outside, watching the Walton family car drive away in the distance, Dirk in the backseat. His gaze hardens, his mind racing.

ADRIAN
 (to himself)
 So, the Waltons are out... and the
 Buffetts are in. Let's see where
 this takes us.

He pulls out his phone and dials a number.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Gordon?
 (MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on the Buffetts. Things
are shifting faster than I
expected.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WALTON ESTATE - BACKYARD - DAY

Adrian stands near the garden, reviewing his thoughts after his tense encounter with Dirk the day before. His focus is broken as Eamon Walton storms out of the house, his expression livid.

EAMON
(angrily)
What the hell are you doing here,
DuPont?

Adrian straightens up, calm but wary.

ADRIAN
I came to clear the air.

EAMON
Clear the air? Don't insult my
intelligence. You came here
yesterday, poked your nose where it
didn't belong, and ran back to your
Montague puppet master. Now my
father's out of a job, and you're
here to play nice?

ADRIAN
(sighs)
You've got it all wrong, Eamon.

EAMON
(mocking)
Oh, do I? So it's just a
coincidence that Adrian fired my
father right after your little
visit?

Adrian clenches his fists, struggling to stay composed.

ADRIAN
Listen to me. I didn't come here to
sabotage anything. I came to
understand what's really going on.

EAMON
(laughs bitterly)
Spare me the act.
(MORE)

EAMON (CONT'D)
You're just another Montague
lapdog, doing their dirty work.

Adrian's restraint snaps, and he steps closer to Eamon.

ADRIAN
You don't know what you're talking
about. I'm trying to fix the mess
your father helped create!

EAMON
(fuming)
You don't get to talk about my
father like that!

Eamon shoves Adrian, and the two men launch into a heated fight. Fists fly as they wrestle, the tension of family, betrayal, and misunderstanding exploding into physical confrontation.

EXT. WALTON ESTATE - FRONT DRIVEWAY - SAME TIME

PENELOPE arrives, stepping out of her car with an air of calm curiosity. She hears the commotion and rushes toward the backyard.

EXT. WALTON ESTATE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Penelope runs in just as Adrian and Eamon are grappling, their faces flushed with anger.

PENELOPE
(shouting)
What on earth is going on here?
Stop it, both of you!

She steps between them, forcing the men apart. Adrian takes a deep breath, trying to calm down, while Eamon glares daggers at him.

EAMON
(fuming)
This isn't over, DuPont.

He storms off toward the house, leaving Adrian and Penelope alone.

EXT. WALTON ESTATE - GARDEN PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope and Adrian walk along the garden path, the tension still palpable.

PENELOPE

(serious)

I don't understand you, Sebastian.
At lunch, you were... civilized and
very reasonable. And now, here you
are, picking fights with the
Waltons?

Adrian glances at her, his expression softening.

ADRIAN

(choosing his words
carefully)

Sometimes, Penelope, people aren't
exactly what they seem.

She stops and looks at him, trying to decipher his cryptic
tone.

PENELOPE

(softly)

I suppose that's true. I used to
think I knew Adrian better than
anyone. Now, I'm not so sure.

Adrian smiles faintly, his heart heavy.

ADRIAN

Time changes everyone. Sometimes,
we need to step back to see the
full picture.

PENELOPE

(studying him)

Maybe.

Adrian hesitates, feeling the weight of her words, then nods.

EXT. WALTON ESTATE - FRONT DRIVEWAY - DAY

Penelope watches Adrian leave, her thoughts conflicted. She
places a hand on her chest, her gaze lingering on him as he
walks away.

Adrian gets into his car, his face a mix of determination and
frustration. He clenches the steering wheel, whispering to
himself.

ADRIAN

(to himself)

One step at a time.

He drives off, the tangled web of family, identity, and deception growing ever more complicated.

FADE OUT.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - DAY

The room is dimly lit, with stacks of papers and files cluttering the desk. Adrian enters, looking sharp and focused. Sitting behind the desk is Gordon, the private investigator Adrian hired. Gordon stands to greet him, offering a firm handshake.

GORDON

Mr. DuPont—sorry, Adrian. It's good to finally meet you in person.

ADRIAN

(nods)

Gordon. I'm glad you could make the time. I need answers, and I'm hoping you have some.

GORDON

(gesturing to the chair)

Have a seat. I've been digging into everything you asked for—the Montagues, the Buffetts, the Astors, and the Waltons. There's... a lot.

Adrian sits, his expression sharp and curious.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon opens a folder, revealing photos, documents, and handwritten notes.

GORDON

Let's start with the Buffetts. I worked for them a while back—mainly for Jett and his brother Tim. They're not exactly saints, especially Tim.

ADRIAN

(leans forward)

What do you mean?

GORDON

Tim Buffett has always been the shadow behind Jett's shine.

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)
He's involved in some underhanded dealings—embezzlement, blackmail, you name it. And Jett? He's not as oblivious as people think. He's just better at hiding it.

Adrian's jaw tightens.

ADRIAN
What about Christopher?

GORDON
(smirks)
Christopher's the only innocent one in that family. He's clueless about what his father and uncle are up to. They keep him in the dark, use him as a pawn. It's a shame, really—he's a good kid.

Adrian looks away, processing the information.

ADRIAN
And their connection to my family?

GORDON
That's where it gets tricky. Tim's been pushing to solidify ties with the Montagues for years. He wants control—access to your family's wealth, influence, and power. The engagement between Christopher and Olivia? That's just the tip of the iceberg.

Adrian's expression darkens.

ADRIAN
So they're playing the long game.

GORDON
(nods)
Exactly. And Jett's no different. He's positioning himself as the trustworthy ally, but trust me, he's just as dangerous as Tim.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - LATER

Gordon hands Adrian a USB drive.

GORDON

Here's everything I've got on them so far—transactions, meetings, even some phone calls I managed to trace. It's not everything, but it's a start.

Adrian takes the drive, his resolve firm.

ADRIAN

Good work. Keep digging, especially into Tim. I want to know how far this goes.

GORDON

(serious)

Understood. But Adrian, be careful. These people don't play fair. If they even suspect you're onto them—

ADRIAN

(interrupts)

They won't.

Adrian stands, his gaze unwavering.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I've dealt with worse.

Gordon watches him leave, a mix of admiration and concern in his eyes.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE MANSION - EVENING

Sebastian enters the house, visibly exhausted from the day. He loosens his tie as he walks into the living room, where Olivia is waiting. She looks anxious, her hands clasped together as she stands.

OLIVIA

Adrian, you're home. We need to talk.

Sebastian sighs, not in the mood for any conversation.

SEBASTIAN

(avoiding eye contact)

Not now, Olivia.

OLIVIA
(firmly)
No, we need to talk. It's
important.

Sebastian stops and looks at her, irritated.

SEBASTIAN
Fine. What is it?

OLIVIA
(sincerely)
I feel like you've changed. You're
distant, cold... You're my brother,
Adrian. What's happening to you?

Sebastian stiffens. He looks away, unsure how to respond.

SEBASTIAN
I'm just tired. Work's been...
overwhelming.

OLIVIA
That's not an excuse. You've always
been busy, but you never treated me
like I don't matter.

Sebastian snaps, his voice sharp.

SEBASTIAN
Maybe because you keep prying into
things you don't understand! Stop
trying to fix everything. It's not
your job.

Olivia flinches, her eyes brimming with tears.

OLIVIA
(voice breaking)
I just want my brother back. Is
that too much to ask?

Sebastian softens for a moment, guilt flickering across his
face, but he quickly suppresses it.

SEBASTIAN
(quietly)
I'm not who you think I am.

Before Olivia can respond, Sebastian storms off, leaving her
standing there, heartbroken.

INT. MONTAGUE MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER

Olivia walks into the kitchen, wiping her tears. Dorothy is there, arranging plates on the counter. She notices Olivia's distress immediately.

DOROTHY

Miss Olivia? Are you all right?

Olivia shakes her head, sitting at the kitchen table.

OLIVIA

It's Adrian. He's not himself. He's so... cruel now.

Dorothy hesitates, glancing around to ensure they're alone. She sits down across from Olivia.

DOROTHY

(softly)

Maybe it's because he's not Adrian.

Olivia looks up, confused.

OLIVIA

What do you mean?

Dorothy realizes she's said too much, but Olivia's tearful gaze compels her to continue.

DOROTHY

(whispering)

The man you think is Adrian... he's not your brother.

Olivia's breath catches.

OLIVIA

(whispers)

What are you saying, Dorothy?

Dorothy hesitates but eventually spills everything.

DOROTHY

There's another man here—Sebastian.
He's... pretending to be Adrian.
But the real Adrian is...

She stops, realizing she might have gone too far.

OLIVIA

(firmly)

He's what? Tell me!

Dorothy looks down, guilty.

DOROTHY
He's here. Watching everything.
He's not far, Miss Olivia. But he
has a plan.

Olivia leans back, her world spinning.

OLIVIA
(softly)
Why didn't anyone tell me?

DOROTHY
Because he needed to know who he
could trust.

Olivia's tears return, but this time, they're mixed with anger.

OLIVIA
(quietly)
I need to speak to Adrian. The real
Adrian.

Dorothy reaches out, squeezing Olivia's hand.

DOROTHY
You will, Miss Olivia. But you have
to keep this quiet. For everyone's
safety.

Olivia nods, determination replacing her heartbreak.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE MANSION - KITCHEN - EVENING

Adrian slips through the hidden door into the kitchen, where Ignatius, Rhonda, Dorothy, and Freddie are already waiting. They greet him warmly but cautiously, understanding the gravity of his secret.

IGNATIUS
Master Adrian, it's good to see you
safe.

ADRIAN
(serious tone)
Good to see you all too. Let's keep
this quick.

Before they can begin discussing their plans, raised voices echo from the living room. Everyone exchanges worried glances.

DOROTHY

What now?

Adrian motions for them to follow him quietly toward the source of the noise.

INT. MONTAGUE MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The scene is chaotic. Yvette stands at the center, her face flushed with anger, glaring at Sebastian, who looks caught off guard. Penelope is standing nearby, her hands on her hips, furious.

YVETTE

(seething)

I came here for you, Sebastian! Are you seriously going to stand there and pretend you don't know me?

The Montague family—Isabella, Richard, Olivia, and Julian—are watching with various levels of confusion and shock.

PENELOPE

(to Sebastian)

What is she talking about? Why is this woman claiming you're her boyfriend? And why is she calling you Sebastian?

Sebastian stammers, unsure of how to respond.

SEBASTIAN

It's... it's not what it looks like, Penelope.

PENELOPE

(furious)

Not what it looks like? You've been acting strange since you came back, but this? This is too far! You're supposed to be Adrian Montague, my betrothed, and here you are, running around with other women!

The argument escalates, and just as it seems things might spiral further, Adrian steps out of the shadows, entering the living room.

ADRIAN
(raising his hands)
Everyone, stop.

All eyes turn to him. Adrian strides forward, calm but authoritative.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(to Penelope)
I'm sorry. This is my fault.

PENELOPE
(confused)
What?

ADRIAN
It was my idea. I suggested
Sebastian use my name. It was a
stupid plan to help him... win over
someone he liked.

He glances at Yvette, who looks both surprised and skeptical.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(to Yvette)
Even you being here—it's probably
my fault. I'm sorry for dragging
everyone into this.

Sebastian watches Adrian, a mixture of gratitude and guilt on his face.

YVETTE
(turning to Sebastian)
Is that true?

Sebastian hesitates, then nods.

SEBASTIAN
(softly)
Yes. But... there's more to it.

He turns to Penelope, who looks ready to burst with anger.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Penelope, I'm sorry. But... I can't
do this anymore.

PENELOPE
(aghast)
Do what?

SEBASTIAN
This arrangement. This... facade.

He looks at Yvette, then back at Penelope.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Yvette has been there for me in ways I can't explain. She's made me feel... alive. Penelope, I know we're supposed to be something, but I can't keep pretending.

PENELOPE

(voice trembling)

Pretending? Pretending what? That we're betrothed? That you respect me enough not to humiliate me in front of everyone?

Sebastian steps closer to her, his voice low but firm.

SEBASTIAN

Penelope, you and I have always been distant. Maybe this isn't what either of us truly wants. I need time to figure things out, and I think Yvette is part of that journey. Please... don't interfere while I sort myself out.

Penelope stares at him, her eyes filling with tears, but she says nothing. She turns on her heel and storms out of the room.

INT. MONTAGUE MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER

Adrian returns to the kitchen, where the maids are waiting.

RHONDA

That was risky, Master Adrian.

ADRIAN

(calming himself)

It had to be done. We can't afford to let things spiral any further out of control.

Freddie places a reassuring hand on Adrian's shoulder.

FREDDIE

We'll do our part to help you, sir.

Adrian nods, determination burning in his eyes.

ADRIAN

Thank you. This is far from over.

Adrian stands by the counter, deep in thought, as Dorothy hesitantly approaches him.

DOROTHY
(sheepishly)
Master Adrian, I... I think I might
have made a mistake.

ADRIAN
(turning to her)
What kind of mistake?

DOROTHY
I was comforting Miss Olivia last
night, and I may have let something
slip... about you.

MISS RHONDA
(unbelieving)
Dorothy! What the hell!

Adrian closes his eyes, letting out a deep breath.

ADRIAN
(serious)
What exactly did you tell her?

DOROTHY
Not much, but enough for her to
suspect that you're not just
Sebastian.

Adrian paces for a moment, then stops, looking resolute.

ADRIAN
This complicates things, but I'll
handle it. For now, I need to get
on the party planning committee.

MISS RHONDA
(stepping forward)
They were supposed to meet at
Penelope's place today, but after
last night's fiasco, I doubt she'll
still want to participate.

Adrian grabs his coat.

ADRIAN
Then I'll go to her place and
convince her.

EXT. PENELOPE ASTOR'S ESTATE - DAY

Adrian arrives at the elegant Astor estate. He's about to knock when he hears voices inside.

INT. PENELOPE ASTOR'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Penelope sits on a plush sofa, looking dejected, while Olivia paces in front of her, trying to cheer her up.

OLIVIA

Penelope, listen to me. Adrian is... complicated. But you two are meant to be. He'll come around, I'm sure of it. You just need to have faith and show him that you're still the Penelope he fell for.

PENELOPE

(sighing)

I don't know, Olivia. He's changed so much.

Before Olivia can respond, Adrian steps into the room.

ADRIAN

(softly)

Penelope, Olivia's right.

Both women look up in surprise.

PENELOPE

(confused)

Sebastian?

Adrian nods and sits across from her, his expression serious.

ADRIAN

Sebastian has made mistakes. A lot of them. But one thing I know for certain is that your betrothal wasn't just some casual arrangement—it's something deeply tied to both your families. Breaking it isn't as simple as it seems, and I don't think either of you truly wants that.

Penelope listens, her defenses slowly breaking down.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't leave the party planning committee.

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Not for me, but for yourself. Show everyone the strong, determined Penelope as always known. And maybe... just maybe, you'll remind him why this arrangement was made in the first place.

Penelope hesitates, then nods slowly.

PENELOPE

Alright. I'll do it.

Adrian smiles warmly at her before turning to Olivia.

ADRIAN

Olivia, can I have a word?

EXT. PENELOPE ASTOR'S GARDEN - LATER

Adrian and Olivia walk a few steps away from the house. Olivia turns to him, her arms crossed.

OLIVIA

Alright, spill. I know who you are, Adrian. Dorothy told me enough.

Adrian stops in his tracks, his expression guarded.

ADRIAN

(quietly)
So you know.

OLIVIA

Yes. But I don't understand why. Why are you doing this? Why are you pretending to be Sebastian while he pretends to be you?

Adrian looks around, ensuring they're alone, then leans closer.

ADRIAN

I need to find out what's happening in this family, Olivia. Something doesn't add up— our parents' misfortunes, the fights, the strange alliances. Everyone's hiding something, and the only way to uncover the truth is to stay in the shadows.

OLIVIA

And the plan Dorothy mentioned?
What's that about?

ADRIAN

It's simple. The staff and I are
keeping tabs on everything. They're
my eyes and ears in the house while
I keep the focus on everything
else.

Olivia studies him, her expression softening.

OLIVIA

(softly)
You're risking everything for this.

ADRIAN

(earnest)
Because it's worth it. For this
family, for our future... for you,
Olivia.

Olivia looks down, conflicted, but finally nods.

OLIVIA

Alright. I'll keep your secret. But
you'd better know what you're
doing, Adrian.

Adrian nods, determination etched on his face.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE HQ - DAY

Adrian walks through the lavish hallways of Montague Industries, his steps purposeful. He enters Sebastian's office without knocking.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian looks up from his desk, surprised to see Adrian.

ADRIAN

(serious)
We need to talk.

Sebastian gestures for Adrian to sit, but Adrian remains standing.

SEBASTIAN

(sighing)

What now?

ADRIAN

(angrily)

Why didn't you tell me about Yvette? About everything that's been going on?

Sebastian looks away, uncomfortable.

SEBASTIAN

It just... happened. I didn't plan for her to be here, Adrian.

ADRIAN

(leaning forward)

I've been open with you about my life—every detail—so you could know how to handle things when I'm not there. And this is how you repay me? By keeping secrets?

Sebastian stands, his tone defensive.

SEBASTIAN

I didn't mean to keep it from you. She just showed up. I didn't even know she was coming.

Adrian glares at him, his frustration evident.

ADRIAN

This isn't just about just me and you, Sebastian. This is bigger than us. If Yvette keeps showing up and causing scenes, she'll blow everything.

SEBASTIAN

(sincerely)

I'll talk to her. I promise.

ADRIAN

(leaning back, crossing his arms)

No, you'll talk to her now. Call her.

Sebastian hesitates but finally picks up his phone.

INT. MONTAGUE OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Imogen walks past Sebastian's office, holding a stack of files. As she nears the slightly ajar door, she hears Sebastian's voice. Curious, she slows her pace.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian speaks into the phone, while Adrian watches him closely.

SEBASTIAN

(on phone)

Yvette, listen. I need to talk to you about what's happening here.

Imogen pauses outside the door, tilting her head to catch more of the conversation.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

This whole thing it's part of a plan, okay? A plan that we are working on together. You showing up like this could ruin everything.

Imogen's eyes widen as she hears this, and she quickly steps away before she's noticed.

INT. MONTAGUE RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Imogen hurries to her desk, her mind racing. She picks up her phone and dials Isabella's number.

IMOGEN

(on phone)

Mrs. Montague, I need to speak with you. It's about Adrian...
Something's not right.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian ends the call, turning to Adrian.

SEBASTIAN

I told her. She understands now.
She won't interfere again.

Adrian nods but doesn't look entirely convinced.

ADRIAN

Good. But this is your mess. If anything else happens, you clean it up.

Sebastian looks down, ashamed, as Adrian turns and leaves the office.

INT. ISABELLA'S PRIVATE STUDY - LATER

Imogen stands before Isabella, recounting what she overheard.

IMOGEN

(urgently)

He was talking about working on some plan. I don't know what's going on, but I thought you should know.

Isabella leans back in her chair, her face calm but her eyes sharp with intrigue.

ISABELLA

(smiling faintly)

Interesting. Very interesting. Keep an eye on him, Imogen. And let me know if you hear anything else.

IMOGEN

(nodding)

Of course, Mrs. Montague.

Imogen leaves, and Isabella sits in thought, a sly smile playing on her lips.

FADE OUT.

INT. PRIVATE MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Adrian sits alone at a small table in a dimly lit, discreet room. The tension in his eyes is unmistakable. The door opens, and Gordon walks in, carrying a file.

GORDON

(serious)

Thanks for meeting me on such short notice.

Adrian gestures for him to sit.

ADRIAN

What's this about, Gordon?

Gordon places the file on the table and slides it toward Adrian.

GORDON
I've been digging into Oleander's situation, as you asked. And I found something—something you need to know.

Adrian opens the file, scanning the documents and photos inside.

ADRIAN
(confused)
What am I looking at?

GORDON
(pulling out a photo)
That's Alexandra Astor, meeting with Dr. Elwood, the lead physician at the hospital where Oleander is being treated.

Adrian's eyes narrow as he studies the photo.

ADRIAN
(skeptical)
So, Alexandra knows the doctor. That's not enough to jump to conclusions.

GORDON
(nods)
It's more than just knowing him. I found a series of financial transactions—Alexandra has been funneling money to Dr. Elwood's private account. Large sums.

Adrian's expression darkens.

ADRIAN
(quietly)
You think she's paying him to harm my father?

GORDON
(leaning forward)
I don't think—I'm certain.

Gordon pulls out another document.

GORDON (CONT'D)
This is a transcript of a conversation I intercepted between Alexandra and Elwood. She's pushing him to "speed things along." She wants Oleander dead, Adrian.

Adrian's hands tighten around the file, his jaw clenched.

ADRIAN
(angrily)
Why? Why would she do this?

GORDON
(shrugging)
Power, money, leverage—take your pick. But whatever her reasons, she's not working alone. There's more to this than just her vendetta.

Adrian leans back, his mind racing.

ADRIAN
(quietly)
If she's connected to the hospital, it means my father isn't safe. We need to stop this.

GORDON
(nods)
I've already started pulling records on everyone connected to the hospital staff. I think there's someone inside the family helping her as well.

Adrian looks at Gordon, his resolve hardening.

ADRIAN
We need to move fast. If she's speeding things up, that means we're running out of time.

GORDON
(pulling out a small device)
There's one more thing. I found this—a recording device hidden in Oleander's hospital room. Someone's been listening in on your family's conversations.

Adrian stares at the device, his anger boiling over.

ADRIAN
(calmly but coldly)
We'll use this against them.
Whatever Alexandra is planning,
we'll be one step ahead.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - SECRET KITCHEN ENTRANCE - LATER

Adrian sneaks back into the estate through the hidden door.
He finds Ignatius and the other staff waiting for him.

IGNATIUS
Did you find out anything?

ADRIAN
(grimly)
It's worse than we thought.
Alexandra's trying to kill my
father.

The staff exchange shocked looks.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(continuing)
We need to keep dad safe. But
first, I need to figure out who is
working with her.

DOROTHY
(stepping forward)
What can we do to help?

Adrian looks at them, determination in his eyes.

ADRIAN
We'll find a way. But for now, keep
your eyes and ears open. Anything
you hear could be the key to
stopping her.

FADE OUT.

INT. ASTOR ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Adrian enters the Astor estate, the weight of the night's
revelations still lingering. Penelope is sitting on a
luxurious couch, sipping tea. She looks up, surprised to see
him.

PENELOPE
(surprised)
Sebastian? What are you doing here
this early?

Adrian hesitates, then sits across from her.

ADRIAN
(serious)
I needed to talk to you. About
Adrian and you.

Penelope raises an eyebrow, skeptical.

PENELOPE
Adrian and me? What do you mean?

ADRIAN
I think we need to work on your
relationship. Make it look...
authentic. The only way to win
Adrian back is to show him how much
he's missing out on.

Penelope studies him, her suspicion softening into curiosity.

PENELOPE
(softly)
Why the sudden change?

ADRIAN
(sincerely)
Because you're supposed to be
together. It's what's expected. And
if both of you don't act the part,
it'll raise questions neither of
you want to answer.

Penelope nods slowly, considering his words.

PENELOPE
(reluctantly)
You're right. We don't have much of
a choice, do we?

Adrian shakes his head.

ADRIAN
We'll figure it out together. But
making him jealous is a great first
step.

Penelope offers a small smile.

EXT. ASTOR ESTATE - GARDEN - LATER

Adrian and Penelope are standing close, discussing their plan. Their conversation is filled with nervous laughter and light banter as they try to get comfortable with the idea of their "relationship" as a move to have Sebastian back with her.

As Penelope leans in for a friendly hug. At that moment, Alexandra appears, watching them from a distance. Her expression darkens.

ALEXANDRA

(venomously)

Well, well. What do we have here?

Penelope looks confused, while Adrian maintains his composure.

PENELOPE

(defensively)

Mother, it's not what it looks like.

ALEXANDRA

(cutting her off)

I don't care what it looks like. Penelope, you are betrothed to Adrian Montague, the real heir to the Montague fortune. Not some... hanger-on pretending to be relevant.

Adrian's expression tightens, but he remains silent, observing her closely.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

(to Adrian)

I don't want you anywhere near my daughter. Do you hear me? You've already overstayed your welcome.

ADRIAN

(calmly)

With all due respect, Mrs. Astor, Penelope and I were just discussing the engagement.

Alexandra narrows her eyes.

ALEXANDRA

(mockingly)

Discussing? It looked more like plotting.

She stands, pacing the room.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(to herself, but loud
enough to hear)
Adrian will be the head of the
Montague family soon, and
everything will finally be in our
favor. If he even dares to step out
of line, he won't live to regret
it.

Adrian's face hardens as he processes her words. Penelope looks startled.

PENELOPE
(confused)
Mother, what are you talking about?

Alexandra freezes, realizing she's said too much. She quickly composes herself.

ALEXANDRA
(snapping)
Nothing you need to concern
yourself with, darling. Just
remember where your loyalties lie.

She glares at Adrian before storming out of the room.

INT. ASTOR ESTATE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Adrian and Penelope are left in stunned silence.

PENELOPE
(quietly)
What did she mean by all that?

Adrian forces a reassuring smile, masking his concern.

ADRIAN
It's nothing. Don't worry about it.

Penelope nods, but doubt lingers in her eyes. Adrian, however, looks determined as he watches Alexandra disappear down the hallway.

FADE OUT.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adrian sits on the edge of his bed, phone in hand, his expression grim. He dials Gordon, who answers after a few rings.

GORDON
(through the phone)
Adrian, what's the update?

ADRIAN
I have confirmation. Alexandra is up to no good, my father's life is in danger, Gordon.

Gordon's voice becomes more serious.

GORDON
We need to act fast. But you can't do this alone, Adrian. You'll need allies.

ADRIAN
(skeptical)
Who? Everyone in the family is either complicit or oblivious.

GORDON
Not everyone. What about Eamon and Olivia? They might not know the whole truth, but they have reasons to distrust the Montagues. Tell them what you can about Alexandra's plans—just not about yourself.

Adrian leans back, considering Gordon's suggestion.

ADRIAN
(reluctantly)
It's a risk, but I'll try.

EXT. WALTON RESIDENCE - DAY

Adrian arrives at the Walton residence. He hesitates before knocking on the door. Moments later, Eamon answers, his expression instantly souring.

EAMON
(flatly)
What do you want, Sebastian? I'm getting tired of this.

Adrian looks past Eamon and sees Dirk in the background, seated at the dining table.

ADRIAN
I came to apologize.

Eamon crosses his arms, unimpressed.

EAMON
Apologize? For what? Getting my father fired or ruining our lives?

ADRIAN
(sincerely)
For all of it. And for not being honest with you.

Dirk looks up, intrigued.

DIRK
Eamon, let him speak.

Eamon hesitates but steps aside to let Adrian in.

INT. WALTON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adrian stands awkwardly while Dirk and Eamon sit across from him.

ADRIAN
I need your help.

Eamon scoffs, but Dirk gestures for him to stay quiet.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I know it's hard to believe, but there's something going on in the Montague family—something dangerous. Alexandra is plotting against Oleander.

EAMON
(sarcastic)
And why should we care?

ADRIAN
Because it's bigger than just that. If Oleander dies, it could trigger a chain of events that affect the business, the staff, and everyone tied to the Montagues—including you.

Dirk leans forward, his interest piqued.

DIRK

He's telling the truth, Eamon. I've seen enough in my time working for them to know that there's always more going on than meets the eye.

Eamon looks conflicted but doesn't respond.

ADRIAN

(pleading)

I'm not asking for much. Just hear me out and help me if you can.

Dirk places a hand on Eamon's shoulder.

DIRK

Eamon, forgiving him might be the first step toward making things right.

Eamon sighs heavily, glaring at Adrian.

EAMON

Fine. I'll listen. But this better not be another Montague trick.

Adrian nods, a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

EXT. WALTON RESIDENCE - PORCH - LATER

As Adrian leaves, Dirk catches up to him outside.

DIRK

(sincerely)

If you're serious about protecting Oleander, you have my support. Just be careful. People like Alexandra don't leave loose ends.

Adrian nods, appreciating Dirk's warning.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - STUDY - DAY

Isabella stands in front of a large window, gazing out at the sprawling estate. The tension in the room is palpable as Sebastian enters, the door slamming shut behind him.

ISABELLA
(firmly)
We need to talk.

Sebastian folds his arms and stands defensively, his eyes narrowing.

SEBASTIAN
(irritated)
I'm busy, Isabella. What is it now?

Isabella turns, her expression hardening as she takes a step toward him.

ISABELLA
You've been acting strange lately. Too distant. Too erratic. I'm not sure I believe you're really here to help the family. If you came back from the UK just to ruin things, you might as well go back to where you came from.

Sebastian's posture stiffens, his jaw clenched. He takes a step forward, his voice rising in anger.

SEBASTIAN
(angry)
You've been telling me what to do since I got here. I've followed every order you've given, and now you're accusing me of something I haven't even done? There must be some mistake. I didn't come back for you to control me.

Isabella raises her brow, unfazed by his anger. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a phone, showing him a text message. It's a conversation between someone from the hospital and an unknown source, discussing things about Adrian's identity and questioning his return.

ISABELLA
(quietly)
What is this?

Sebastian looks at the phone in shock, but tries to hide his reaction.

SEBASTIAN
(slightly defensive)
What are you implying, Isabella?

ISABELLA

(skeptical)

I'm not implying anything. I'm demanding proof. You're not acting like Adrian. And I don't believe you're him anymore.

Sebastian glares at her, his eyes flaring with frustration.

SEBASTIAN

(through gritted teeth)

I am Adrian Montague.

Isabella stands tall, her voice unwavering.

ISABELLA

Then prove it. A simple DNA test. You have no idea how much you've been slipping up lately. If you really are Adrian, then take the test and show me.

Sebastian takes a step toward her, fury in his eyes.

SEBASTIAN

(furious)

I can't do everything that you tell me! You are neither my father or my mother. You have no right to order me around. I am the heir to the Montague legacy!

He pauses for a moment, his words sharp.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(dismissive)

So please, stay in your family, and don't come knocking at mine. Because, Isabella, it's starting to feel like you are not... my family.

The words hang in the air. Isabella's face hardens, her eyes narrowing in disbelief and hurt. She takes a long pause before responding, her voice calm but cutting.

ISABELLA

(sternly)

You may be the heir, but you'll never be the head of this family. Not if you can't prove who you are.

Sebastian's chest rises and falls with anger, but there's a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

He turns sharply and storms out of the room, leaving Isabella standing alone, holding the phone with the incriminating message.

EXT. MONTAGUE MANOR - DAY

Sebastian exits the house, walking with purpose. His anger bubbles beneath the surface, but a lingering unease gnaws at him. He's been confronted, and despite his bravado, something about Isabella's words stings.

He pulls out his phone, dialing Adrian.

SEBASTIAN

(agitated)

We need to talk. I think things are getting out of hand.

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Isabella sits in front of the desk, staring at the phone in her hand. Her mind races. She is no longer convinced that Sebastian is really Adrian, and the evidence is stacking up against him. She thinks back to the text she saw the clues that have been mounting up.

ISABELLA

(to herself)

Who are you really, Sebastian?

The screen fades to black, leaving Isabella with more questions than answers.

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adrian and Olivia sit in the cozy, well-lit living room, the weight of the situation clear on their faces. Adrian leans forward, speaking in a hushed but urgent tone.

ADRIAN

(serious)

We can't wait any longer. I've confirmed what's going on. Alexandra is planning to kill dad. We need to act fast and get him out of that hospital.

Olivia listens intently, her hands clenched in worry.

OLIVIA
(determined)
How do we do this?

Adrian looks around, making sure no one else is nearby,
before speaking again.

ADRIAN
(whispering)
We'll move him. I've already made
arrangements for the nurses and
transport. We're moving him from
the hospital in New York to our
house in Bar Harbor. He'll be safe
there.

Olivia nods, her face set with determination.

OLIVIA
We need to do this quickly. If
Alexandra finds out, we won't get
another chance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The sterile, quiet atmosphere of Oleander's hospital room is
broken only by the soft beeping of machines. Oleander lies
unconscious in the bed, unaware of the escape being planned
for him.

Nurses move with precision, carefully preparing him for
transport. Adrian and Olivia are present, watching over the
preparations as everything is arranged to move Oleander
without raising suspicion.

NURSE 1
(softly, to Adrian)
Everything's ready, Mr. Montague.
He'll be safe on the way.

Adrian nods, his jaw clenched in resolve.

ADRIAN
(quietly)
Thank you. We need to get him to
Bar Harbor as fast as possible.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A black car pulls up in the parking lot, and the driver carefully looks around before opening the door to reveal a team of nurses pushing Oleander in a hospital bed towards the car.

DRIVER
(whispering)
All clear. Let's get him out of
here.

The nurses load Oleander into the car, making sure he is settled. The car pulls away into the night, disappearing into the shadows.

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - NIGHT

By the time the car carrying Oleander reaches the Montague estate in Bar Harbor, the house is eerily quiet, save for the soft sounds of the night. Adrian and Olivia, standing in the foyer, watch as Oleander is carefully brought inside.

ADRIAN
(whispering)
He'll be safe here. No one will
find him.

Olivia gives him a quick, determined glance.

OLIVIA
We need to make sure no one knows
about this.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

The scene shifts to Alexandra, who stands at the entrance of Oleander's hospital room, a cold, calculating look in her eyes. She holds a clipboard, flipping through it as she walks into the room with two doctors.

ALEXANDRA
(firmly)
Where is he?

The doctors glance at each other, confusion evident on their faces.

DOCTOR 1

(panicked)

We... we can't find him, Ms. Montague. He was here just a few hours ago.

DOCTOR 2

We've checked every room. There's no sign of him anywhere. We've looked through the entire building. He's gone.

Alexandra's eyes narrow as she scans the room, her frustration building.

ALEXANDRA

(angrily)

This is impossible! How could he just vanish?

The doctors shuffle nervously, unsure of how to respond. Alexandra steps forward, her voice sharp and commanding.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

(snarling)

Find him. Now. I don't care how, just find him!

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - OLEANDER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Back at the manor, Oleander is settled in a comfortable bed, surrounded by a few of the Montague staff who have been told to keep the secret. Nurses are tending to him, making sure he is stable.

Adrian stands nearby, watching over his father. He exchanges a glance with Olivia, both of them knowing they've just narrowly avoided disaster.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

At the hospital, Alexandra's search intensifies. She paces the hallways, barking orders at hospital staff, demanding answers, but no one has any explanation for Oleander's sudden disappearance.

ALEXANDRA

(frustrated)

Where could he have gone?

She stops in front of Oleander's room and stares inside, her gaze cold.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(whispering to herself)
Who took him?

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - NIGHT

As the night falls, Adrian and Olivia stand by the window, watching the peaceful surroundings of Bar Harbor. They know their plan has worked, but the danger is far from over.

OLIVIA
(sighing)
We've bought some time. But for how long?

Adrian doesn't answer immediately, his eyes still on the horizon. He knows that what they've done will set off a chain of events that could change everything.

ADRIAN
(quietly)
We'll deal with it when the time comes. For now, we keep Oleander safe.

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - STUDY - NIGHT

The camera pans over a dimly lit study, filled with shadows and mystery. Adrian sits at a desk, the weight of the situation on his shoulders. The file that Gordon handed him is spread out before him, full of confidential details. His fingers trace the names of people who are involved in the sinister plot surrounding Oleander's disappearance.

ADRIAN
(whispering to himself)
This has gone too far. It's time to take control.

He grabs his phone and begins typing furiously, sending an anonymous text to the group of people that they've been investigating. The message reads:

TEXT MESSAGE:
"Meet tomorrow night. Oleander's disappearance is no small matter. We need to discuss the next steps. This is not something we can ignore. Be there, or face the consequences."

Adrian presses send and leans back in his chair, a knowing smirk playing on his lips. He knows this will set everything into motion.

EXT. MONTAGUE MANOR - NIGHT

The camera shifts to a wide shot of the manor, dark and foreboding against the night sky. Adrian steps out into the night and heads toward the car. As the wind blows through the trees, the text message is sent to the group:

- Jett Buffett
- Tim Buffett
- Alexandra Astor
- Imogen Kodak

Each of them receives the mysterious message, and the tension begins to build.

INT. WALTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Inside the Walton residence, Eamon and Olivia are seated on a plush couch, the atmosphere tense with uncertainty. They speak in hushed tones, going over everything that has happened so far.

OLIVIA
(skeptical)
Do you really think this will work?

EAMON
(resolute)
We don't have a choice. If we want to stop Alexandra, Jett, and the others, we need to outsmart them.

The doorbell rings. Adrian enters, stepping into the room with an air of determination. Eamon stands and faces him.

EAMON (CONT'D)
(cautious)
What now, Adrian?

Adrian walks over to them, a confident smile on his face, and leans against the wall.

ADRIAN
(quietly)
You two are going to help me take
back control.

Eamon looks at him, confusion growing on his face.

EAMON
(stern)
Take control? What are you talking
about?

Adrian looks around the room, making sure no one else is present, then finally takes a deep breath. He walks over to Eamon and Olivia, his voice steady, but with an intensity that matches his expression.

ADRIAN
(slowly)
I'm not Sebastian DuPont.

Eamon and Olivia exchange a glance, confused. Adrian takes a step closer to them, his tone now more serious.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(slowly revealing)
I am the real Adrian Rothschild
Montague. THE Adrian.

Eamon stares at him, shock overtaking his face. Olivia's expression changes as well, realizing the gravity of what Adrian is saying.

EAMON
(astonished)
Wait... you're really Adrian? But I
thought... I thought you were
Sebastian.

ADRIAN
(sighs)
I was forced to watch from the
shadows. Everything has been
orchestrated, and I couldn't just
stand by. But now? Now, I'm taking
back what's mine.

Eamon shakes his head, still processing the revelation.

EAMON
(quietly)
This changes everything.

Adrian nods.

ADRIAN
It's time to get to work.

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - SECRET LIBRARY - NIGHT

Adrian, now fully aware of the conspiracy surrounding his family, standing in the shadows of the Montague manor's secret library. The library, hidden deep within the estate, is an opulent room filled with towering bookshelves, antique furniture, and an eerie sense of secrecy. Adrian's pulse races as he tries to remain unseen, waiting for the group to arrive.

He checks his phone once more, making sure that the text he sent to the group has been received. The plan is in motion, but he's uncertain about what exactly will unfold.

ADRIAN
(whispering to himself)
They've got to show up. They won't
know who's watching.

The sound of footsteps echoes faintly in the distance. Adrian pulls himself further into the shadows, making sure he's well-hidden.

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - HALLWAY OUTSIDE SECRET LIBRARY - NIGHT

One by one, the members of the group begin arriving at the secret library. Jett and Tim Buffett are the first to appear, looking tense. Alexandra Astor follows, her demeanor cool and calculating. Imogen Kodak arrives last, scanning the surroundings with suspicion. As they gather in the library, they look around in confusion, clearly expecting someone else.

JETT
(looking around)
Is this it? No one else is here.

ALEXANDRA
(agitated)
I don't know. We've been waiting
long enough. Where's Isabella?

They begin to fidget and murmur among themselves. The tension is palpable as the clock ticks on, and still, no one arrives.

Adrian watches from the shadows, his suspicion growing. He watches as the group looks around, increasingly uneasy.

IMOGEN
 (quietly, to herself)
 This doesn't feel right.
 Something's wrong.

Adrian tightens his grip on the edge of the bookshelf he's hiding behind. He knows something is off. They're clearly waiting for someone – but who?

Suddenly, Imogen stands up, her voice cutting through the tension.

IMOGEN (CONT'D)
 (calmly)
 I think we've waited long enough.

The group falls silent, turning to her as she speaks with a knowing look on her face. The room goes silent. Jett and Tim exchange uneasy glances. Alexandra's face hardens, but she doesn't deny it.

ALEXANDRA
 (quickly, trying to regain
 control)
 Enough, Imogen. I'm going to call
 her.

Alexandra pulls out her phone and dials Isabella, her eyes narrowing as she waits for the call to connect.

Adrian, hidden in the shadows, watches the unfolding scene. He's piecing everything together in his mind. He knows now that Isabella has been pulling the strings, but there's something else that doesn't feel right. He can hear Alexandra's conversation with Isabella as it unfolds.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
 (into phone, urgent)
 Isabella, where are you?

On the other end of the line, Isabella's voice comes through, confused.

ISABELLA
 (on the phone, oblivious)
 What do you want? I'm home.

The others in the room freeze, realizing that Isabella had no idea about the meeting. Alexandra's face falls as she tries to cover up the awkward situation.

ALEXANDRA
 (quickly)
 Never mind, I'll see you tomorrow.

She hangs up the phone, her eyes darting nervously. The group is left stunned, their plan unraveling before their eyes.

The atmosphere turns cold. Everyone knows they've been made. Their secret meeting, their carefully laid plans, have all been compromised. Adrian, still hidden in the shadows, watches as the group begins to look at each other suspiciously.

JETT
(under his breath)
Someone knows.

IMOGEN
(nods, quietly)
We've been compromised.

ALEXANDRA
(voice shaking, trying to
regain control)
No one talks about this.
Understand? We can't let Isabella
know what happened here.

TIM
(skeptical)
You're telling us to stay quiet
about all this?

Alexandra glares at him, then looks at everyone in the room.

ALEXANDRA
(firmly)
Yes. If anyone breathes a word to
Isabella, there will be
consequences. We leave here, and we
go on high alert.

INT. MONTAGUE MANOR - SECRET LIBRARY - AFTER THE MEETING

As the group quietly exits the library, Adrian steps out from his hiding place. He watches them leave, his mind racing. He's pieced together a crucial part of the puzzle - Isabella's involvement and the group's treacherous behavior. But there's still much more to uncover.

Adrian's face hardens as he thinks back to the text he received from Gordon. This meeting, the secrecy, the manipulation—it's all part of a bigger plan.

ADRIAN
(to himself, quietly)
It's not over yet.

He begins to walk toward the exit, determined to take control of the situation. The pieces are falling into place, but the real battle is just beginning.

EXT. BAR HARBOR - MONTAGUE FAMILY ESTATE - DAY

A sweeping shot of the Montague estate in Bar Harbor, Maine, set against the backdrop of the stunning coastline. The sun shines brightly, and the air is crisp, signaling the arrival of the Welcome Back Party. The mansion is buzzing with preparations for the grand event. Tents have been set up on the sprawling lawn, and elegant decorations line the pathway leading to the entrance.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN HALL - DAY

Inside the grand Montague home, Olivia is directing the staff as they make last-minute adjustments to the decorations. The guests are arriving, and the atmosphere is filled with excitement and anticipation.

Olivia, dressed in a chic evening gown, glides through the hall, her face a mask of poise. She greets each guest with a warm smile but can't help but feel a little nervous as she prepares for the evening ahead.

OLIVIA
(whispering to herself)
It's all coming together... just
keep it together, Olivia.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - LAWN - LATER

The lawn is now filled with guests, all dressed in elegant evening wear. The sound of light conversation and laughter fills the air as champagne glasses are clinked and introductions are made. Business partners, close friends, and family all gather, mingling and exchanging pleasantries.

ALEXANDRA stands near the refreshment table, eyeing the guests with a calculating gaze. She exchanges a few words with Jett and Tim, who are standing beside her. Their conversation is soft, but there's an undercurrent of tension.

ALEXANDRA
(quietly to Jett)
The welcome party's not just for
Adrian, you know. This is about
securing our place.

Jett gives her a sidelong glance, unsure of what exactly she means but nods in agreement.

JETT

You're right. If we're going to secure everything... we need to make sure he's on our side.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN HALL - LATER

Adrian enters, finally arriving at the venue after a long journey. His presence immediately commands attention. He's dressed impeccably, exuding confidence, but there's an edge to him as he surveys the crowd. His eyes briefly meet Olivia's, and she smiles warmly, relieved to see him.

ADRIAN

(smirking)

So, this is the big welcome party?

OLIVIA

(softly)

It's just the beginning. We've got a lot of work to do tonight.

Adrian's expression softens as he takes in the guests surrounding him. The mix of old friends, business partners, and family members, each with their own intentions, makes him wary. He knows that he must tread carefully.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - OUTDOOR GATHERING AREA - NIGHT

The party moves outside as the sun sets, casting a golden hue over the event. The guests mingle, enjoying cocktails and appetizers, while the soft hum of jazz music fills the background.

Penelope stands by the edge of the crowd, talking to Christopher. Their conversation is lighthearted, but there's an underlying tension. Penelope catches sight of Sebastian, talking to several business associates near the center of the lawn.

PENELOPE

(whispering to
Christopher)

You know, it feels odd. All this attention on... him.

Christopher looks at her with a slight frown.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you still uncertain?

Penelope hesitates for a moment, her eyes flicking toward Sebastian, who smiles and laughs with guests. She takes a deep breath.

PENELOPE

I'm trying to stay focused. But something doesn't sit right.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adrian enters the living room, which is more intimate and quiet compared to the festivities outside. He leans against the doorframe, observing the ongoing party through the open windows.

Eamon approaches him from behind, a look of concern on his face.

EAMON

(quietly)

You're not enjoying yourself, huh?

Adrian chuckles darkly, turning to face his old friend.

ADRIAN

(smiling thinly)

I didn't come to enjoy the party. I came back to figure out what's really going on.

Eamon nods, understanding the gravity of the situation.

EAMON

Are you sure about everything?

ADRIAN

(nods)

The truth will come out, one way or another.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - LAWN - NIGHT

The night draws on as the guests continue to mingle and enjoy the party. The atmosphere is festive, but there's a palpable sense of tension under the surface.

Isabella enters the scene, gracefully making her way through the crowd. She smiles warmly at the guests, but her eyes quickly scan the crowd for Sebastian.

ISABELLA

(whispering to Imogen)

Where's Adrian? I haven't seen him yet.

Imogen glances toward the main entrance and then back at Isabella.

IMOGEN

I think he's still inside. He doesn't seem like the party type.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

As Adrian steps outside once again, he's greeted by an unexpected sight - Sebastian, talking to a few key business partners. Adrian watches him for a moment, his expression hardening. He knows that soon, he will need to reveal the truth to everyone.

The Rockefeller family finally arrives for the party. The family rolls up in a sleek, black limousine, stepping out one by one. The mansion is alive with activity as staff rush to greet them. The Rockefellers have always held a special place in the Montague family's circle, and today is no different. Nathaniel, the patriarch, stands tall with a welcoming smile. His wife, Brain, follows closely behind, elegant as always, with their daughter, Lucy, looking both poised and intrigued.

Olivia stands at the entrance, ready to greet the Rockefellers. Her eyes brighten when she sees them approach, and she moves forward to offer her warmest embrace.

OLIVIA

(grinning)

Uncle Nathaniel, Brain, Lucy, welcome! It's been too long.

NATHANIEL

(smiling)

Indeed, Olivia, it's good to be back.

They exchange pleasantries, and as they enter the house, they take in the grandeur of the estate once more.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Rockefellers join the others in the main living area. The party is still in full swing, but the air is charged with an underlying tension. The guests mingle, but the focus of the room is on Sebastian, who is in the center.

The Rockefellers approach, and as their eyes land on Sebastian, their expressions shift. There's a subtle change in their demeanor, a sense of recognition – and then, confusion.

LUCY
 (eyeing Sebastian)
 Wait a minute... Adrian? You're not him.

BRAIN
 (raising an eyebrow)
 No. You're not Adrian. We know Adrian for years. This man... He's not him.

The room falls into stunned silence. All eyes are now on Sebastian, who has been trying to hold his composure as he listens to the Rockefellers' words.

ISABELLA
 (striding in, clapping her hands)
 Well, well, well... What do we have here?

Everyone turns to Isabella, who enters the room with an air of triumph. She holds a small envelope in her hand and opens it with a flourish. The room watches in silence as she reveals a DNA test result, clearly marked with the Montague family crest.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 (smirking)
 It's quite simple, really. I took a hair sample from "Adrian" here, and had it tested. The results are clear: This Adrian is not a Montague.

A collective gasp erupts from the room.

JETT
 (stunned)
 Wait, what? This isn't Adrian?

TIM
 (whispering)
 Who... who is this then?

The room buzzes with disbelief, the revelation hanging heavy in the air.

IMOGEN

(quietly)

So who is he? If he's not Adrian,
then who are we really dealing
with?

As the whispers spread, Sebastian raises his hands slowly, trying to regain control of the situation. The room falls silent again as his arms are raised in surrender.

SEBASTIAN

(calmly)

I think it's time you all know the
truth.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

The tension in the room is palpable as Sebastian, standing before the guests, drops the bombshell about his true identity. The once-pretender now stands vulnerable, knowing the truth is no longer a secret.

SEBASTIAN

(sighs, defeated)

It's true. I'm not Adrian
Rothschild-Montague. My name is
Sebastian DuPont.

The room erupts into gasps and whispers as everyone tries to process what they've just heard. But before Sebastian can explain further, the doors of the main hall swing open, and the real Adrian enters. The change in his appearance is unmistakable.

Adrian is dressed in an impeccably tailored suit that commands authority and confidence. His presence alone radiates power. Every inch of his attire screams leadership and a man who is in control – the true heir to the Montague family.

As Adrian steps forward, all eyes lock onto him in shock.

ADRIAN

(firmly, with a commanding
presence)

And I am not Sebastian DuPont. I am
Adrian Rothschild-Montague.

The room is in complete chaos as people try to comprehend what they're witnessing. The Buffetts, the Astors, and Imogen exchange confused glances.

DIRK
(voice trembling)
Wait... what? You can't be Adrian!

ADRIAN
(smiling knowingly,
looking around)
Oh, really? Then tell me this: Why
do I know more about this family
than anyone else in this room?

His eyes pierce through each person in the room, daring them to question his claim. The room falls into stunned silence, the weight of his words sinking in.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
(leaning forward slightly,
voice unwavering)
But you know what? I won't say much
more. I have something special to
show you all.

He turns to Olivia, who had been standing to the side, watching with a knowing look in her eyes.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Olivia, may I ask you to bring the
gift?

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Upstairs, Olivia is already preparing for the reveal. She walks down the stairs with purpose, a smile creeping up as she carries with her the most unexpected of gifts.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Olivia steps into the room, the crowd falls silent. She's not alone. In tow, she brings Oleander Montague, who looks perfectly healthy, standing tall and vibrant, a far cry from the frail and sickly man they had believed to be lying in a hospital bed.

The room erupts in disbelief.

JETT
(voice shaky)
Wait, what?! Oleander... how...? How
is he here?!

TIM
 (gripping Jett's arm)
 But he... he disappeared! How is
 this even possible?

The guests exchange looks, trying to piece it all together.
 Imogen steps forward, her suspicion growing.

IMOGEN
 (whispers to herself)
 Was this part of Adrian's plan?

ADRIAN
 (cutting through the
 confusion)
 It was never a plan, it was a
 necessity. And now, everything is
 back in place.

LUCY
 (in disbelief)
 But... Uncle Oleander... we heard you
 are too sick... How did you—?

ADRIAN
 (smiling confidently)
 A lot happens when you know the
 right people and take control. As
 for Sebastian—he was just part of
 the puzzle, a distraction.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN GARDEN - DAY

The camera pans over the estate as the echoes of the stunned
 guests reverberate through the halls. They are grappling with
 the unexpected revelation: the real Adrian has returned, and
 the man they thought was him was nothing more than an
 imposter.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone is still reeling from the shock of seeing Oleander
 alive and well. His sudden appearance has left the room in
 stunned silence.

ISABELLA
 (rushing toward Oleander)
 My brother... you are alive!

As Isabella makes her way to Oleander, Adrian interrupts, his voice cold and commanding.

ADRIAN
 (stepping forward, firm)
 Stop where you are, Isabella.

The room goes quiet as all eyes turn to Adrian. His voice carries authority, and his presence fills the space like the head of the family he's always been.

Adrian gestures to Gordon, signaling him to step forward. The private investigator who has been at the heart of this plan, now takes the stage with Adrian.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
 (turning to the group)
 You've all been living under a lie,
 and it's time to reveal the truth.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - NIGHT (PAST)

NARRATOR (ADRIAN'S VOICE)
 (voice-over as the
 flashback begins)
 It started long before any of you
 knew. It started with Seraphina
 Montague's death, a death
 orchestrated by none other than
 Isabella Vanderbilt-Montague.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PAST)

The scene shifts to a shadowy kitchen where Isabella and her accomplices are gathered. She stands over a vial, containing the deadly poison meant for Seraphina, her mother.

ISABELLA
 (whispering to herself)
 This is the only way. It has to be
 done.

She places the poison into Seraphina's drink and watches, coldly, as it dissolves. Her plan is set into motion.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - OLEANDER'S ROOM - NIGHT (PAST)

The next flashback shows Oleander in his room, surrounded by his caretakers. Isabella is shown talking to a doctor in secret, giving him orders to poison Oleander as well.

The aim: incapacitate Oleander so that they can control the family and its legacy.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

The room now listens intently as Adrian and Gordon continue.

GORDON

(speaking with gravity)
Isabella didn't just stop at killing Seraphina. She had plans to take over everything. She poisoned Oleander, putting him in a state where he could easily be declared dead. The family, unaware of her plot, believed everything was going according to her scheme.

ADRIAN

(sternly)
While I was gone, she manipulated the situation to create chaos. But I was always two steps ahead.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT (PAST)

The flashback shifts to the plane crash where Adrian's life was supposed to end. The scene reveals that the crash was no accident, but a carefully staged attempt to kill Adrian and frame it as just another tragedy.

ISABELLA

(whispering to Jett)
If Adrian dies in this crash, we'll have no one left to challenge us. Olivia will be all we need.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Adrian looks around the room, his gaze piercing.

ADRIAN

(voice rising)
They didn't want me to return. They wanted Olivia vulnerable so they could control the Montague legacy. They wanted to force her into submission, to take everything from her and use it to their advantage.

The room erupts in shock as everyone processes the revelation.

MISS RHONDA

(stunned)

You staged the plane crash? But... why?

ADRIAN

Because they thought I was gone for good. They never anticipated my return.

ISABELLA

(defensive, but trembling)

That's not true! I only wanted what was best for the family!

ADRIAN

(cutting her off, coldly)

You wanted power, Isabella. You couldn't lead the family, so you tried to destroy it from within.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - NIGHT (PAST)

The final flashback shows Isabella standing in front of Seraphina's body, a sinister smile creeping across her face. The plot has succeeded. She has everything in place to take control of the family.

ISABELLA

(whispering)

Finally, it's all mine.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

The flashback ends as everyone stares at Isabella in horror.

ADRIAN

(voice low)

Now, everyone will see the truth. And the Montague legacy? It's back where it belongs.

ISABELLA

(defeated, shaking her head)

You don't understand... I had no choice. I had to do it.

ADRIAN
(standing tall, coldly)
You had every choice. And you chose
betrayal.

FADE OUT.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The atmosphere is still heavy from the revelations about Isabella's treachery, but there's a sense of resolution in the air. Adrian stands tall, the weight of the family legacy now firmly on his shoulders.

OLEANDER
(stepping forward, his
voice shaky but
determined)
I owe you all an apology... But I
have also come to a conclusion.

Adrian, standing beside him, watches intently as his father speaks.

OLEANDER (CONT'D)
(voice steady)
I have proven to be flawed in many
ways, and for that, I take full
responsibility. But my son...
Adrian... He has shown me that he
is more than capable of leading
this family.

The room is silent as everyone processes Oleander's words.

OLEANDER (CONT'D)
(continuing)
As Nathaniel Rockefeller himself
said, Adrian is ready to lead. So I
relinquish my position and my
legacy. It is Adrian's now.

There's a pause as Adrian stands in a moment of contemplation. He's always known this moment would come, but hearing his father say it aloud makes it real.

OLEANDER (CONT'D)
And as for Penelope... If Adrian
wishes to marry her, he will. But
know this - I did not have him
betrothed for my own benefit. He
can choose what he wants.

Adrian turns toward Penelope, who stands at the back of the room, watching him with a hopeful, but uncertain, gaze.

ADRIAN
(speaking to Penelope)
I believe I am the one who made the
promise that I would marry you. And
so, I will. We will marry, and
together, we will carry the
Montague legacy forward.

Penelope smiles softly, her eyes filled with a mix of relief and joy.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

As the room absorbs the weight of Adrian's words, the sound of footsteps interrupts the moment. Adrian raises his hand, signaling for security to enter.

ADRIAN
(speaking firmly,
commanding)
Security, please escort Isabella
Vanderbilt-Montague, Richard
Vanderbilt, Alexandra Astor, Jett
Buffett, and Tim Buffett to the
police station. They have a case to
answer to.

The security guards move swiftly, stepping forward to carry out Adrian's orders. The group of conspirators, once so powerful, are now reduced to mere criminals facing justice.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The traitors are escorted from the estate, their faces grim as they realize that their scheme has crumbled.

JETT BUFFETT
(angrily, to Adrian)
You won't get away with this! We'll
fight this!

But Adrian stands unmoved, his face hardening with determination.

ADRIAN
(voice low, resolute)
You've already lost. It's over.

As the conspirators are led away, Adrian turns back to the remaining members of the family. The room is filled with a sense of calm and relief, but also anticipation for the future.

INT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - MAIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

With the traitors gone and justice on its way, Adrian stands with Penelope by his side, both ready to take on the mantle of leadership. Oleander watches his son with pride, finally at peace with the decision he's made.

ADRIAN

(quietly, to Penelope)

This is just the beginning. The Montague family is stronger than ever, and we'll face whatever comes next together.

PENELOPE

(smiling, nodding)

Together.

EXT. MONTAGUE ESTATE - DAY

The camera pans out from the mansion, capturing the serenity of the estate as the sun sets in the background. The family has been restored, the legacy reclaimed, and the future now belongs to Adrian Rothschild-Montague.

FADE TO BLACK.