

The Public Eye  
"Home is the Place You Forget About"

By  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. THE DUCHESS' BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The room is almost just as we left it in the pilot. Blood has dried on the walls, leaving rusty-brown streaks. The bodies of CHASE and the HOOKER are pasty-white.

REESE (V.O.)

Hey, you've reached Reese. I can't get to the phone right now, but leave a message and I'll get back to you.

BEEP.

PENELOPE (V.O.)

(painfully innocent)

Hey...you probably know who this is.  
I...you didn't come home last night.

As she talks, the door opens and a TEAM OF FIVE MEN dressed in black enter. One carries a black doufflebag. They move quickly.

Two men pick up the hooker's body and slip it into a BODY BAG. They carry it away and are replaced by a man with a spray bottle. He SPRITZES the wall and wipes the blood clear.

PENELOPE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is strange, even for you. If you've met someone else, tell me. If it's something I did. Tell me. You have to talk to me.

The team packs up. A GURNEY is brought in. The body bag is lifted on it. A man wheels it out.

PENELOPE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know your new job is stressful, but you promised me it wouldn't change you. You promised. If you get this message...just...I need you to call me.

As quickly as they came, the team exits.

INT. REESE'S OFFICE - MORNING

In the middle of the cluttered, shared office sits REESE. He's on the phone trying to reason with a reporter, already too flustered this early in the morning.

REESE

No, I told you, Ms. Galloway is not in the building. We have no comments on the events of last night as we are just now learning of them. Good bye.

He slams the phone onto its receiver. It almost instantly begins to RING again, and Reese quickly lifts and drops it.

The ringing stops.

He puts his head in his hands.

KNOCK-KNOCK. Reese looks up wearily to see PENELOPE standing in the door, two coffee cups in hand.

PENELOPE

Someone order a frappucino?

REESE

Just what the doctor ordered.

Penelope smiles and enters the room. She takes the only open seat. Reese's lap.

She hands him the drink and it takes a small sip before setting it down.

REESE (CONT'D)

What are you doing out so early?

PENELOPE

I thought I would see how my favorite boy was doing on his second day of work since I missed the first.

REESE

I chose a hell of a day to start here. It's only--

(checks his watch)

Not even nine o'clock and I have eleven press releases to write and the phone's been ringing non stop.

PENELOPE

Oh, I'm sorry, baby.

She gives him a kiss.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

How's the devil-in-Gucci?

Reese doesn't answer.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

What? If she's standing right behind me I'm going to punch you.

REESE

Jessie's gone. Chase Penn was murdered last night.

PENELOPE

Ohmigod.  
(then)  
Jessie?

REESE

No--I mean, no one knows for sure, but Jessie's at the top of the list. It doesn't look good. The murder weapon's gone and The Duchess was photographed leaving the country last night before the murder was discovered.

PENELOPE

Wow.

Reese looks past her to someone in the doorway. It's DANIELLE, a tough-skinned publicist.

DANIELLE

Sorry to interrupt, but we have a meeting in the war room.

REESE

Uh--okay, just give me a few? Be right there.

Danielle leaves, and Reese looks at Penelope.

PENELOPE

Be home for lunch?

REESE

I don't know. I'll give you a call later? Maybe we go out.

PENELOPE

Stefan's?

REESE

Whatever you want.

He kisses her on the nose before she gets up to leave.

INT. JESSIE GALLOWAY PR - WAR ROOM - DAY

Several people gather around the table, REESE included. Jessie's chair is vacant.

TARRAH COLLINS storms into the room. A NEWSPAPER is thrown onto the desk. It slides to the center.

TARRAH  
Could someone explain this to me?

Reese leans in to his neighbor, DANIELLE.

REESE  
(whispers)  
Who is this?

DANIELLE  
(whispers)  
Tarrah Collins. She runs the LA and Los Vegas branches of Galloway, and is Jessie's second in command at all times.

Reese leans back to the table. ERIK, sitting across from Reese, nonchalantly leans forward to read the headline.

He acts casual about it.

ERIK  
Someone was murdered. This is New York. If someone isn't murdered, the police get bored. What about it?

Tarrah is not impressed.

TARRAH  
Look closer. Anybody recognize that face?

They all lean in. They recognize the picture of CHASE, but are afraid to speak.

TARRAH (CONT'D)  
How does Marty Bloom write an article about the murder of one of our biggest clients before we even get a courtesy call? And that's not all. Turn the page.

Reese leans forward and flips the page. A picture of THE DUCHESS with a giant question mark plastered on her face.

REESE

(reading)

Where in the world is Chelsea Penn?

TARRAH

Where the fuck is she, because I sure as hell don't know. A high-profile celebrity murder and the prime suspect has left the country. Phones are going to be ringing nonstop. We do't give a comment until we get some answers from Jessie.

Tarrah is about to leave when--

DANIELLE

Tarrah?

TARRAH

What, Danielle?

DANIELLE

Where is Jessie?

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

JESSIE stands in her expansive apartment building. She stares coldly out the ceiling-to-floor windows that line the wall.

She's still in her clothes from last episode, but now they are wrinkled. She probably slept in them.

GARNER, Jessie's distinguished and slightly older husband, enters wearing a newly pressed Armani suit. He carries a coffee mug and a glass of orange juice.

GARNER

Work late? I didn't hear you come in last night.

Jessie turns to him. Takes the now offered orange juice. Slowly, she sips it.

JESSIE

I slept at the office. I just stopped by to get a change of clothes. New suit?

Her voice has that "just-woke-up" sound.

GARNER

You got it for me at the new Armani boutique a few days ago.

JESSIE

That's why it looks so good. I have good taste.

She smiles at him.

Garner walks across the room and finds the remote on the coffee table. He turns the TELEVISION on and takes a seat on the plush leather couch. The newspaper is taken from the coffee table and he begins to read it.

Jessie watches in horror from a distance.

A news report from Channel 11 news comes up.

ANCHORWOMAN

Information is still being brought to light after it was discovered late last night, early morning that celebrity actor Chase Penn was murdered in his home. The murder weapon appears to be missing, but authorities have decided that it was a 9 mm handgun that did the job. Meanwhile, Chelsea Penn, Penn's estranged wife more commonly known as The Duchess, has seemingly fled the country. More on this later.

Garner hasn't heard the report, more focused on the newspaper.

GARNER

Who were they talking about, honey?

JESSIE

Apparently Chase Penn was murdered last night.

GARNER

(tries to remember the name)

Chase Penn? Isn't he one of your big-time clients?

Jessie stares out the window, completely at a loss for words.

GARNER (CONT'D)

Honey?

JESSIE

Was.

INT. THE DUCHESS' APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

DING!

The elevator doors open to an eerie hallway. Jessie inspects the empty area.

She steps off.

The hallway is short, but the walk seems interminable. Jessie builds courage with each step towards the door when--

--it opens.

A DETECTIVE closes the door behind him and pushes down the hall. He doesn't acknowledge Jessie.

Shaking it off, Jessie opens the door to--

INT. THE DUCHESS' BEDROOM

--a whirlwind of motion. INVESTIGATORS, POLICE, and FBI swarm the room.

A body bag being zipped up catches Jessie's attention. The pale face of Chase quickly disappears.

A FLASH startles Jessie. It's blinding and dazes her.

A NUMBERED CARD is placed by a dried BLOOD STAIN.

The GURNEY is wheeled out, and Jessie's eyes follow it. She turns--turns--and faces

DETECTIVE NOEL DONAVON, a rugged man who makes it possible to walk safely down a dark alley. He's aged, but looks in his 40s. He has dark circles under his eyes.

Jessie has nearly run into him.

JESSIE

Move.

Donavon doesn't. He intently studies her face.

DONAVON

Are you supposed to be here?

JESSIE

(pushing past)

I was just leaving.

DONAVON

Wait.

He grabs her wrist. Jessie pulls it away.

DONAVON (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

JESSIE  
I certainly hope not.

COP 1 (O.S.)  
Donavon, we need you over here. We  
may have found something.

Donavon makes the mistake of looking away.

DONAVON  
In a sec.

He turns back.

Jessie's gone.

DONAVON (CONT'D)  
Dammit.

He leaves the room, now in pursuit.

INT. JESSIE GALLOWAY PR - MAIN HALL

Tarrah walks with a mission past Reese's office. Reese sees  
her pass and hurries to catch up.

REESE  
Tarrah!

She keeps pace. Reese catches up, surprised by her pace.

REESE (CONT'D)  
I finished the press release you  
asked for on the Cartier account.

He hands her a folder. She flips through it. Hands it back.

TARRAH  
I can't use this.

REESE  
What? Why?

TARRAH  
Well, for one, I didn't ask it for  
the Cartier account, I asked it for  
the Versace account. Cartier doesn't  
make gowns, it makes watches. And  
you misspelled Cartier. It's with  
an 'e' at the end not an 'a'.

Reese makes it a point to drop the failed release in the  
trash as he passes.

REESE

Now what do you want me to do? My phones have been ringing off the hook all morning about the Duchess and Penn. Do you need help?

Tarrah reaches the front desk and snaps her fingers. The receptionist jumps from her desk to retrieve Tarrah's coat. She helps her put it on.

TARRAH

If you lay a finger on that account I will cut it off, along with some other slightly more-favored appendages. I got a call from Jessie, and I'm on my way to pick her up now. We'll know what to do when she gets here. Until then...oh, I don't know...go help accounting sort out old expense reports or something.

She's about to leave but hasn't drawn blood yet. She turns back to the already discouraged Reese.

TARRAH (CONT'D)

I don't see what Jessie saw in you. I would have fired you already.

Tarrah turns and walks out with no remorse.

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

Jessie watches her city from atop. The wind blows slightly, but it's cold and she wraps her arms across her chest.

DONAVON (O.S.)

Don't do anything you're going to regret.

Jessie turns around. Donavon carefully walks up to her.

JESSIE

Don't be stupid. I'm not suicidal. And if I was, I would be doing something more dangerous; not watching the city.

She turns back around.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

How did you find me?

DONAVON

Suspects rarely leave the scene of the crime once they've returned. You weren't in the first place I checked, so I assumed the roof.

He walks up to stand by her.

JESSIE

What was the first place?

She looks at him.

DONAVON

Bathroom.

She laughs at this.

JESSIE

Seriously?

DONAVON

I thought you might be doing drugs.

JESSIE

I'm a little more hygienic when I have a drug binge, and a public rest room is not my first pick, just for future reference.

(beat)

I'm a suspect, huh?

DONAVON

We pieced together the clues. You're Jessie Galloway, head of Galloway PR, and head of the Penn account. You are also friends with Chelsey Penn, also know as the Duchess. I knew I recognized you. Have you ever been to the Grammys?

JESSIE

(flatly)

Six.

DONAVON

Yeah? I worked security at the 48th. Who were you there with?

JESSIE

Alicia Keys, Kelly Clarkson, Jamie Foxx. The normal. I don't like to name drop.

DONAVON  
(flabbergasted)  
Wow.

They both watch the city for a silent moment.

JESSIE  
What do you want, Detective--?

DONAVON  
Uh, Donavon. Noel Donavon.

Jessie holds out her hand.

JESSIE  
Jessie Galloway. Now what the hell  
do you want, because I'm about to  
jump from anticipation.

He shakes her hand.

DONAVON  
Sarcasm.

JESSIE  
(flatly)  
Not at all.

DONAVON  
We need to take you downtown for  
questioning. We suspect you of  
murdering Chase Penn.

Jessie purses her lips. She rocks back and forth.

JESSIE  
Do you know how tall this building  
is, Detective Donavon?

He looks down, estimating.

DONAVON  
I'd suspect only fifteen. Maybe  
seventeen.

JESSIE  
Very good. Do you know how many  
feet that is?

He calculates.

DONAVON  
Not any more that three hundred feet.

JESSIE  
Excellent. Do you know what happens  
to a body at three hundred feet?

He catches on. Studies her facial expression. It's blank.

DONAVON  
Are you threatening me, Ms. Galloway?

JESSIE  
Not at all.

She turns away, begins walking to the stair well. She stops,  
turns back to him.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Detective?

He turns to her.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
We can have that talk when you get  
an arrest warrant.

She walks to the stair well and disappears.

Donavon takes out his cell phone. Dials.

DONAVON  
Yeah, it's Donavon. She's guilty.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Penelope walks to her computer with a drink in her hand.  
She sits down, opens her laptop, and types in her password.

A corny picture of her and Reese is her background. She  
smiles at it. Simpler times.

Then, back to reality, she sips her drink. Opens a command  
prompt. Searches for photos. The infamous ones of Jessie  
appear.

She selects them, carrying them with the mouse.

The hover above the TRASH icon.

Nervous eyes dart between the open desktop and the impending  
doom.

The PHONE rings, startling her. She loses grip. The files  
disappear, replaced with a new prompt.

DELETE FILES? YES. NO.

Yes is highlighted.

RING RING.

Penelope's hand moves the mouse.

She clicks--

--NO.

The prompt disappears, replaced by the files.

Penelope dashes to the phone.

PENELOPE

Hello?

INT. REESE'S OFFICE - DAY

Reese sits at his desk.

REESE

Hey, beautiful.

INTERCUT WITH PENELOPE

PENELOPE

(dreamy)

Hi. How's work?

REESE

It's okay. I'd much rather be with you. What are you doing?

PENELOPE

Work. Sorting through old files.

Penelope walks back to the computer.

REESE

After the wedding, let's run away.

PENELOPE

I wish. Where to?

REESE

(on a whim)

Argentina.

Penelope LAUGHS.

PENELOPE

Argentina?

REESE

(cutsie)

Yeah--why not? I want to ride a camel.

PENELOPE

Camels are in Egypt. Llamas are in Argentina.

Someone hands Reese a paper. He begins to read it.

REESE

I've always wanted to ride a llama.

PENELOPE

Llamas spit.

REESE

So does your Uncle Henry, but we still visit him at Christmas.

Penelope giggles again.

PENELOPE

I'll consider it. It's not going to be the honeymoon, though, got it?

REESE

(laughs)

If that's what you want to think, go ahead. We still on for lunch?

PENELOPE

Of course. See you at one.

REESE

Love you.

PENELOPE

Me too.

He hangs up.

Penelope stays on the phone a moment longer, biting her lip. Thinking about him. Dreaming about him. Then sets the phone down.

INT. REESE'S OFFICE - DAY

Reese gets up to leave as Danielle enters. She strains under a heavy stack of papers. She about topples when--

Reese catches her.

REESE  
Woah!

DANIELLE  
Thanks.

He escorts her to the desk.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)  
Where you headed?

REESE  
Tarrah sent me to accounting for the day to help refile some stuff.

DANIELLE  
You're going to accounting?

Danielle starts to dig through the paper stack, searching.

REESE  
Yeah?

Danielle whips out an inch-thick stack of papers.

DANIELLE  
Take these with you?

She dumps them with Reese.

REESE  
Sure? What are they?

DANIELLE  
Expense reports from the Penn account. I thought I would need them, but I think I'm good. I have his entire account history on this desk.

REESE  
Uh, yeah, cool.

DANIELLE  
Thanks. Frank will know what to do with them there.

Reese leaves, thumbing through the reports.

INT. JESSIE GALLOWAY PR - ACCOUNTING - DAY

Reese walks into the large portion of the office. It's a series of tastefully decorated cubicles. At the end is the office of FRANK.

Frank is a frugal, older gentleman whose balding head is his only trophy for his years of service.

Reese stops a passing ACCOUNTANT.

REESE  
Do you know where I can find Frank's  
office?

The accountant points to the doors at the end of the room.  
Reese's eyes follow the hand.

REESE (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Reese walks towards the doors.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Frank's office is surprisingly clutter free for an accountant.  
Various math-related decoration are obscured in the room,  
not in plain sight, but not to go unnoticed.

Frank has his back to us, sifting through a wooden file  
cabinet.

Reese enters, the door already partly ajar.

REESE  
Mr. Valera?

Frank jumps. Turns to Reese. Frank talks very quickly with  
a heavy accent that is familiar, but can't be placed.

FRANK  
Yeah? Who are you? I didn't hear  
you come in. A person should really  
knock before they enter a room, kid.  
It's not polite to sneak up on people.

Reese timidly enters the room.

REESE  
I'm sorry.

FRANK  
Yeah, shut up. Go away. No. Come  
in here. What did you want?

Reese brandishes the reports.

REESE  
I was told I was working for you  
today.

FRANK  
(surprised)  
You brought your own reports?

REESE  
(confused)  
Yes?

FRANK  
Good.

Frank ushers across the room to Reese, now eager to get him to sit. Reese is pushed into a chair and Frank takes his seat behind his desk, ready for conversation

FRANK (CONT'D)  
That's very good. Sign of a good accountant. No one ever brings there own reports--can you believe that? The decency of people.

REESE  
It's astounding, isn't it.

FRANK  
So, uh, where'd ya study, kid?

REESE  
NYU.

FRANK  
(impressed)  
Oh, yeah, they got a real good accountin' program goin' on there. Professor Berratt still there?

REESE  
I wouldn't know.

Frank stops.

FRANK  
(slowly)  
What?

REESE  
I'm not an accountant.

FRANK  
Well, this must be embarrassing for you. Identity crisis this young!? Just kidding. But not really, those things--they really suck, I should know, I've had TWO! One to forget myself and another to remember!

He holds for laughs, but gets only a quizzical look from Reese.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But what are you doing here,  
seriously, kid?

REESE

Tarrah told me I was going to help  
you sort out your filing system.

Slightly disappointed.

FRANK

Oh, I see. Well, we better get you  
a desk.

EXT. THE DUCHESS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A SEA OF PAPARAZZI. Lights flash, blinding everyone. A  
limp pulls up. They react, clicking and clicking. Flashes  
brighter than lightning.

The door opens. A long leg emerges. The tall black heels  
find the ground. Another leg.

Tarrah swings the door open, steps completely from the car.

In her hand is a large, black UMBRELLA.

She places sunglasses over her eyes and casually opens the  
umbrella. The paparazzi get pushed back.

Tarrah walks with purpose through the sea. It parts for her  
as she walks. It's an interminable distance to the front  
doors, but finally makes it, meeting Jessie there.

Like hawks, they attack. Lights flash. Tarrah holds the  
umbrella close, blocking most picture opportunities. They  
quickly reach the car. Jessie jumps in. Tarrah folds the  
umbrella and closes the door.

INT. CAR

Tarrah puts the umbrella in her oversized purse. She leans  
back, making a drink at the bar.

TARRAH

Would you like something?

JESSIE

Vodka.

Tarrah pours it. Hands it to her. Jessie downs it, hissing  
at the burn.

Tarrah finishes her drink. Leans in her seat across from Jessie. She stares at Jessie over the cup's brim as she drinks.

TARRAH

So.

Tarrah crosses her legs.

JESSIE

Don't give me that look. I know what that look means.

TARRAH

I don't know what you mean.

JESSIE

Bullshit.

TARRAH

(flatly)  
What did you do?

Jessie averts her gaze. She stares out the window.

JESSIE

I'm in trouble.

TARRAH

Clearly.

JESSIE

Bigger than Phoenix.

TARRAH

Phoenix was a fluke.

Tarrah's eyes could burn a hole in you. She sees the truth. Her eyes grow slightly.

TARRAH (CONT'D)

(disbelief)  
Fuck...

JESSIE

Don't make it sound so bad.

TARRAH

Jessie--

Jessie snaps back to her. Their eyes meet.

JESSIE

What.

TARRAH

Who?

Jessie returns to the window.

JESSIE

(distant)

The water looks so beautiful this  
time of year.

TARRAH

Jessie.

Back to Tarrah, a steely gaze.

JESSIE

(hard, almost yelling)

Do I look like a killer to you?

Pause. Tarrah studies her.

TARRAH

You look like a woman without a plan.

Jessie looks away.

TARRAH (CONT'D)

(re: look)

I don't believe you.

Jessie reaches down. Grabs her purse. From it, she produces  
the gun.

Tarrah jumps forward, steals the weapon, and wipes it clean  
with her shirt.

JESSIE

It's already been wiped.

Window rolls down. Holding it with her shirt, Tarrah tosses  
it out the window.

TARRAH

It didn't happen.

JESSIE

Illegal actions won't do anything  
now.

(beat)

I think someone already knows.

TARRAH

Who?

JESSIE  
I'll handle it.

EXT. PATIO - STEFAN'S - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Penelope is led to a double table. The waitress hands her a menu.

Penelope looks through the menu, probably for the sixth time. She looks anxious.

Penelope checks her watch.

Penelope reaches into her purse. Takes her phone. Dials.

The waitress comes back, pad in hand. Penelope waves her away, holding on to hope.

Penelope checks her phone before standing. She walks away, slightly hurt.

INT. REESE'S ACCOUNTING CUBICLE - DAY

Large piles of folders cover the desk. Reese sits, reading through them and sorting them into three piles. He has one open on his lap, studying it.

Danielle walks up and sets another stack down. Reese looks up to her.

DANIELLE  
Hey.

REESE  
More files?

Reese looks forlornly at the new stack.

DANIELLE  
(re: look)  
Penn account. Year two. You're over-joyed, I can tell.

REESE  
It's nothing. I just didn't think I would be doing this.

DANIELLE  
Jessie's grunt work?

REESE  
Yeah.

DANIELLE

Don't worry. We all went through it. Consider yourself lucky, I had to sort through five years of old campaign goodie bags in the Closet. I didn't even know a designer was trying to bring bell-bottoms back in '05.

REESE

Yeah, it was a new designer. Hardigan?

DANIELLE

(thinks)

Mm, I think it was Burstone. How did you know?

Reese holds up a folder.

REESE

Read the account. Did you know they spent \$40,000 dollars on denim to make the goodie-bags?

DANIELLE

Sweet. Find anything else good?

REESE

(sifting)

Um, not too much, just a couple of pregnancy tests bought for some too young celebs and a lot of porn purchases. I still haven't figured out what this column means yet, though.

He points it out. Danielle leans in, examining.

DANIELLE

PP? Prostitute Purchase.

REESE

(excited)

Really?

DANIELLE

Yeah--you didn't know? Who buys the most? Tiger?

REESE

Surprisingly, no.

DANIELLE  
 (dying to know)  
 Who?!

Building the anticipation.

REESE  
 Chase Penn.

Wide-eyed, Danielle leans in, reading it for herself.

DANIELLE  
 No!

REESE  
 Yes.

DANIELLE  
 (laughing, covers her  
 mouth)  
 No way! Ohmigod! I can't believe  
 he liked the hookers.

REESE  
 He really liked the hookers. Look.  
 (points on paper)  
 \$20,000 November 2007.

He opens another folder.

REESE (CONT'D)  
 \$25,000 January 2008

Another folder. More recent.

REESE (CONT'D)  
 \$18,000 June 2009.

DANIELLE  
 Why so low?

REESE  
 This was the month he met the Duchess.

DANIELLE  
 (realizing)  
 So no side-snookie.

REESE  
 Or not as much. But slowly it  
 increases.

Flips open three more folders.

REESE (CONT'D)

\$25,000 August 2009. \$28,000  
September '09. \$32,000 December  
'09. And the most recent, \$35,000  
January 2010.

DANIELLE

Why so expensive? The company pays  
for this, and what we charge him  
yearly doesn't even begin to cover  
this...

REESE

It keeps them quiet. We pay \$4,000  
a time and the prostitute keeps quiet.  
A regular town car is sent to their  
place of work, picks them up, and  
takes them to Penn's hotel room always  
reserved at the Hilton...maybe Trump  
Towers if a conference is in town.  
They stay the night in the penthouse,  
and then the driver takes them home.

DANIELLE

That's got to be \$10,000 a pop. Why  
does Jessie approve this?

REESE

She doesn't. Frank oversees all  
minute expenses. The only thing  
that goes to Jessie is the overall  
expenditures at the end of each month  
or quarter, depending on the size.  
And she also has to sign off on checks  
going out for sums larger than \$50,000  
a time.

(then)

I don't think she knows.

Danielle is incredulous.

DANIELLE

She's going to flip when this hits  
the press.

REESE

Are you kidding me? She won't release  
this. It will be locked away in a  
vault in Switzerland for the next  
century.

DANIELLE

Why Switzerland?

REESE  
They're neutral.

DANIELLE  
Got it. But still, she's going to  
kill you when she finds out you know.

REESE  
It's not like it will be her first.

Danielle gives him a warning eye. Reese thinks nothing of  
it.

REESE (CONT'D)  
What? It's just gossip.

DANIELLE  
Yeah--that's what I'm worried about.  
It's gossip like that that will get  
you booted out of here.

Danielle stands, hearing all she want to know.

REESE  
Where you going?

DANIELLE  
Back to work. I think the boss woman  
has landed. The temperature dropped  
a little.

She begins to leave.

REESE  
(calls after her)  
And jibes like that won't get you  
booted?

Danielle sticks her tongue out before disappearing. Reese  
returns intensely to his work.

INT. JESSIE GALLOWAY PR - HALLWAY - DAY

Jessie strides towards her office. Sophie comes from behind  
her desk to greet her. Jessie gives Sophie her coat.

SOPHIE  
How was your night Miss--

JESSIE  
Clear all my appointments for the  
day. I'm not taking any messages  
either. Don't listen in on my calls.

SOPHIE  
(scared)  
I--I don't do that.

JESSIE  
Like shit you don't. Don't lie to  
me and don't interrupt. If you get  
on my line I'll fire you. Got it?

Sophie is like a beat dog.

SOPHIE  
Yes, Miss Galloway.

JESSIE  
I didn't have lunch. Sushi from  
Yoshi's.

SOPHIE  
Right away, ma'am.

Jessie walks into her office.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jessie quickly dials the phone, reading from a Post-it.

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE  
The number you are trying to reach  
is no longer in service. Please  
hang up and call again or contact  
your provider.

The line goes dead. Jessie sets the phone down. Picks it  
back up.

Jessie has several Post-its on her desk. She takes another.  
Dials

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
The number you are trying to reach  
is no longer in service. Please  
hang up and call again or contact  
your provider.

Jessie tries another.

COMPUTER FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
The number you are trying to--

Jessie slams the phone down. Tears the Post-its to shreds.  
Sets her head on the desk.

Then...

The phone begins to ring.

JESSIE

Sophie.

Sophie enters timidly.

SOPHIE

Yes?

JESSIE

I told you not to let calls through.

SOPHIE

(confused)

I didn't...

Jessie realizes...

JESSIE

Get out.

Sophie's gone.

Jessie quickly brings the phone to her ear.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(hisses)

How did you get this number?

MAN

(thick Albaniann accent)

Women in the media are not difficult to answer.

JESSIE

Stefan.

STEFAN

What are you trying to call me for, Miss Galloway?

JESSIE

Have you done it yet?

STEFAN

I don't know what you are talking about.

JESSIE

Don't play dumb with me. You know exactly what the fuck I'm talking about. Did you do it?

STEFAN  
Meet me at the pier tonight.

JESSIE  
Which one?

STEFAN  
Ninety. Twelve o'clock.

The line goes dead.

INT. JESSIE GALLOWAY PR - ACCOUNTING - NIGHT

All cubicles are dark except for a single one near the back.  
A faint glow of light hangs in the air.

It's Reese's.

INT. REESE'S ACCOUNTING CUBICLE - NIGHT

The glow is from a computer monitor. Reese is completely  
engrossed in it, face inches from the screen.

He doesn't notice Danielle walk in, coat on, ready to leave.

DANIELLE  
Still spying, super sleuth?

Reese jumps, startled. Spins in his chair to face Danielle.

REESE  
Shit! You scared me. What are you  
still doing here? It's--

Danielle walks deeper into the cubicle, trying to get a view  
at the screen. Reese casually blocks sight.

DANIELLE  
10:30. And I could ask the same about  
you. What are you still looking at?  
Accounting files from 1985?

Reese turns back to the computer. Danielle peers over his  
shoulder.

REESE  
2010, actually. Galloway PR wasn't  
here in 1985.

DANIELLE  
(exhausted)  
That was a feeble attempt at sarcasm.  
I know--

REESE

I noticed that when you log into the computer and look at the digital files, you find more details about the purchases.

Danielle, intrigued, slides her coat off. She holds it over her arm.

DANIELLE

Like?

REESE

Well, right here for example.

Reese points to the screen.

REESE (CONT'D)

Jessie purchases botox injections every Friday and Monday and puts it on the company account.

He clicks a new area. A new spreadsheet opens.

REESE (CONT'D)

And after I figured that out, I went back to the Penn account and found out who we purchased the prostitutes from.

DANIELLE

What did you find?

REESE

The payment always went to a place called The Playhouse.

He looks over his shoulder at Danielle.

DANIELLE

I know that place. My ex used to make daily occurrences there.

REESE

Then I looked deeper. Penn always requested the same girl.

DANIELLE

Who?

REESE

I don't know--some girl named Chloe. Anyway, every time he made a request, he would get this girl.

DANIELLE

How long?

REESE

Years. At least a year and a half-- maybe two. Then, suddenly, he switched.

DANIELLE

(excited)

Which month?

REESE

June 2009.

Danielle realizes.

DANIELLE

The month the payment amounts dropped.

Reese looks pleased. He leans back in his chair. Looks at Danielle.

REESE

What d'you think it means?

DANIELLE

I don't know.

Danielle, almost like snapping out of hypnosis, stands up. Puts her coat back on.

REESE

Where you going?

DANIELLE

Home. I'm hungry. I have a cat. It needs me.

REESE

So you're leaving?

DANIELLE

Yes, and you should, too. If Jessie knew--

REESE

Jessie doesn't even know that one of her biggest clients liked prostitutes. I don't think she'd care--

DANIELLE

I bet she'd care more than you know. You'd be smart to just forget the whole thing.

REESE

I'm going to The Playhouse.

Danielle gives him a warning glance.

DANIELLE

Why do you care about this?

REESE

There's an expense report filed for the night of the murder

DANIELLE

What? You think the prostitute did this?

REESE

I have a hunch.

DANIELLE

Don't do this. You're going to regret finding an answer.

Reese stands. Turns the computer screen off.

REESE

I'm going.

INT. NEW YORK POST - MARTY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MARTY hovers above his keyboard, pecking at the keys. He takes his glasses off and rubs his tired eyes. The only light in the room is from the computer.

LINDSEY

Still here?

Marty looks at the doorway. LINDSEY, a fellow editor, stands ready to go. She's pretty, and Marty smiles at her. She returns it.

MARTY

Yeah. Just finishing a piece. What are you still doing here?

LINDSEY

I was at home, but forgot my flashdrive.

She holds up a small piece of plastic and metal. It falls back to her side.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Can't live without it.

MARTY

I know what you mean.

Marty points to the glowing stick attached to his computer. He smiles. Lindsey gives a half-laugh.

She looks behind her shoulder to a glow in the distance.

LINDSEY

Damn. Someone must have left the break room light on.

Jumping at the opportunity, Marty sits up in his seat.

MARTY

I'll handle it. You look exhausted-- in a good way--you look pretty. Just go home and get a good sleep.

LINDSEY

You're a godsend. Don't stay up too late.

MARTY

Don't worry.

Lindsey flashes him one more brilliant smile before disappearing.

INT. NEW YORK POST - BREAK ROOM

Marty flips the light off. Instantly, everything becomes pitch black. He gingerly travels back to his office, a distant room.

PHOOF!

Someone runs past him.

MARTY

Whose there?

Padded footsteps. In front of him. Getting further away.

A door bursts open. Light from the stairwell floods into the room. Marty is quick on the chase, making it to the door.

INT. NEW YORK POST - STAIRWELL

Footsteps echo in the empty area. Marty bursts through the door. He looks down, between the railing and the next flight of stairs.

A PERSON IN BLACK is barely seen several stories lower.

MARTY  
HEY! I'M CALLING THE COPS!

Marty runs back into the void office space.

INT. NEW YORK POST - MARTY'S OFFICE

Marty hurries back into his room. Flicks the lights on.  
Harsh light fills the room.

Hand in phone. Marty dials. BEEP BEEP BEEP. RING RING.

911 OPERATOR  
911. What is your emergency?

Then he notices it--placed neatly on his keyboard--  
--an envelope.

MARTY is scribbled in black marker across it.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)  
911. What is your emergency?

Marty hangs up.

Fat fingers grab the envelope. Pry it open. Rips it. He  
extracts a PAPER. The same black marker is written on it.

It reads "Pier 90. Midnight".

The phone rings, startling Marty.

He answers.

MARTY  
Hello?

911 OPERATOR  
This is 911 emergency, we just  
received a call from this line. Is  
everything alright?

Marty slowly answers, eyes never leaving the paper.

MARTY  
Yes. Yes, I think so.

INT. THE PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark, smoky room covered in tacky red carpeted walls.  
Several circular podiums are placed randomly around the room,  
a DANCER sliding on a polished pole. DISGUSTING FAT MEN  
pleasure themselves.

Reese tries to ignore all. He enters the dingy place. A BOUNCER stops him.

BOUNCER  
Identification.

Reese flashes him an I.D. The bouncer steps back.

Reese slowly walks further into the carnal pleasure palace. A pretty blond wearing nothing but a thong and boob tassels walks by with a tray of drinks. She winks at Reese.

Reese continues walking, heading towards the shabby bar, occupied by a chain smoker and a passed out drunk.

A BARTENDER dries a mug behind the counter.

Reese takes a seat at a tattered bar stool. It squeals under the weight. The Bartender slowly moseys over, still drying his mug.

BARTENDER  
What can I get ya?

He sets the glass down.

REESE  
You probably don't have coffee?

BARTENDER  
(leaning on the bar)  
I got dirty water.

REESE  
I'll have scotch.

The bartender slinks back to the counter.

Reese swivels in his chair, looking at his company. There are three DANCING GIRLS, five GROSS MEN, two OLD MEN, and two BIKERS shooting pool.

A CLASSY MAN in an EXPENSIVE SUIT saunters over. He takes a seat by Reese.

EXPENSIVE SUIT  
Haven't seen you here before.

REESE  
This isn't my normal scene.

EXPENSIVE SUIT  
I bet we can fix that. What's your name?

Reese turns to him.

REESE

Carpenter.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

What's your first name, Carpenter?

REESE

Don't have one.

The Suit eyes him curiously.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

Funny man.

The Bartender sets the scotch down. Reese swivels back around and takes a small sip. Cringes at the taste. Hides it from Suit.

EXPENSIVE SUIT (CONT'D)

Not a scotch drinker, eh?

Suit swivels around.

REESE

Not in a while.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

What can we do you for?

REESE

I'm investigating a murder. I think the victim was one of your dancers. Do you know anybody by the name of Chloe?

Suit knows the name. He sighs.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

I might. Do you have ID?

REESE

I'm not a cop.

Suit leans in, intrigued.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

Then what are you?

Reese takes another sip. Another cringe.

REESE

I'm a publicist.

Suit lets out a short laugh. Seriously?! He looks Reese in the eyes. Laughs louder, harder.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

Okay.

He points to the center dancer, a pretty blond giving an old man a lap dance.

EXPENSIVE SUIT (CONT'D)

That's Rose. She knew Chloe the best. Her shift ends in fifteen minutes or so. You can talk to her then.

Suit stands. He takes Reese's drink with him and downs it in one gulp. Slams it back on the bar. Walks away.

EXT. THE PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

Reese leans against his car. His breath can be seen as he exhales.

The lights are off inside The Playhouse. ROSE, a beautiful blonde, walks out of the building, a little bounce in her step.

She takes her keys out of her pocket, seeing Reese, but choosing to ignore him. She walks slightly faster.

Reese pushes off from his car. He begins to walk towards her with a sweet smile on his face.

Rose sees him and walks faster, her car only feet away.

REESE

Hey! Rose?

Reese walks faster, almost jogging. Rose starts running to her car.

REESE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hurt you! I just want to ask you a question!

Rose reaches her car. Fumbles with her keys. Glances at Reese, fear in her eyes.

ROSE

I have pepper spray!

Reese slows down slightly.

REESE

I don't want to hurt you! I work at Galloway PR. I have a question for you about your friend, Chloe.

Rose stops. She looks at Reese. He stands feet from her, a safe distance.

ROSE

(sad)  
Chloe?

REESE

Do you have someplace warm we can talk?

INT. THE PLAYHOUSE - BACKROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Suit takes the keys out of the door and turns the lights on. A red light fills the small room. SEDUCTIVE MUSIC begins to play from an unheard source.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

There you go. Don't take too long, I wanna get home tonight. I hear it's supposed to snow tonight.

He steps back. Rose walks in, followed by Reese.

ROSE

Thanks, Larry. We won't be too long, will we?

She looks at Reese.

REESE

I just have a few questions.

EXPENSIVE SUIT

Alright.  
(then)  
There's a camera in the corner if you try anything.

He closes the door.

Reese looks around. The room is surrounded by a couch, a stripper pole positioned in front of it. Cheap red fabric lines the walls and floor.

Rose takes a seat on the couch, taking her coat off. Underneath, she only wears a skimpy shirt, underwear, bra, and fishnet stockings.

ROSE  
Does this bother you? It gets so  
hot in this back room.

REESE  
Not at all.

It clearly does.

Reese takes a seat next to her, keeping distance.

REESE (CONT'D)  
So.

Rose smiles.

ROSE  
So you wanted to know about Chloe?

REESE  
Yes.

ROSE  
Well, for one, her name is Alicia.  
Alicia Preston. Chloe is just her  
stage name.

Reese holds up a "just one second" finger. He reaches into  
his pocket and produces a hand-held recorder. Presses RECORD.

REESE  
Okay. Her name is Alicia Preston.  
Tell me, did she ever say anything  
about when she went to Chase Penn's?

ROSE  
Not too much. All she said was it  
was helping her pay the bills and  
she wasn't allowed to say too much  
about it.  
(then)  
She's attending med school in the  
fall.

REESE  
So she isn't a full time dancer.

ROSE  
No, she is, but this isn't what she  
wants to do with her life. Most  
girls don't aspire to staying with  
this profession, you know. I'm going  
to be a vet some day.

REESE

That's a good dream.

ROSE

Yeah, well the way this pays, I'm never going to get there. Working my way with ones, I suppose.

(then)

Why do you care so much?

Reese pauses, repositions himself on the couch.

REESE

Rose, have you talked to Chloe today?

ROSE

No. I called her house a few times but no one ever answered. Why?

REESE

When was the last time you saw her?

ROSE

Uh, last night before she left. I think she was going to Penn's again.

REESE

(pushing)

Rose, are you sure she never said anything about when she went to Penn's?

Rose looks uncomfortable. She knows something.

REESE (CONT'D)

Tell me.

ROSE

She never told me this, so don't quote me, but I think she loved him. He always requested her, and she always seemed so excited about going, you know? And she never said anything bad about him, even though she could. Most guys are jerks, no offense. And then, one night, she came back and she had a bruise on her cheek. When I asked her, she never said anything. She just started crying.

REESE

When did that happen?

ROSE

A couple of months ago, I think.

(then)

Is that all you need? My husband's going to start getting suspicious if I stay out any later. He caught me with Larry one time and hasn't been the same since.

EXT. PIER 90 - NIGHT

A BLACK SUV drives slowly across crackling gravel. A black, unmarked VAN sits feet from the water's edge. The SUV gets closer to it, stops, and parks. Jessie gets out of the SUV. She's looks pissed off.

The side door slides open on the van. Stefan and two large men get out. They walk around the van to meet Jessie.

JESSIE

What the fuck, Stefan? I didn't pay you 26 grand for a fuck-up. Why haven't you dumped the body?

STEFAN

Relax, Miss Galloway. We have it all under control.

JESSIE

Under control? Where's the body?

STEFAN

In the car.

JESSIE

Show me.

INT. PIER 90 - MARTY'S CAR - NIGHT

Marty puts on binoculars.

MARTY POV

Jessie follows Stefan around the van. A body bag is pulled from the van and dropped onto the gravel.

EXT. PIER 90

Jessie looks at the bag.

JESSIE

You sure they can't trace this back to me?

STEFAN  
They can't trace it.

JESSIE  
You're sure?

STEFAN  
Very sure.

JESSIE  
You fucking better be. Get rid of  
it.

INT. PIER 90 - MARTY'S CAR

Marty scrambles to grab a video recorder. He turns it on. Points it up as Stefan's cronies pick up the body bag. They carry it to the water.

PLOP! They drop it, water splashing all around. Jessie and Stefan shake hands. Jessie walks back to her car. Peels out.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Tarrah, behind the wheel, looks at Jessie. Jessie stares straight ahead, a cold look in her eyes.

TARRAH  
What the fuck was that?

JESSIE  
A business arrangement.

Tarrah looks back at the road. Okay?

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Did you get the press conference set  
up?

TARRAH  
Yeah, a breakfast is set up in the  
Sheraton for tomorrow at 10. Are  
you admitting to it?

Jessie continues to stare forward blankly.

TARRAH (CONT'D)  
Jessie?

JESSIE  
Admit to what?

Jessie turns her head slightly. Looks menacingly at Tarrah.

INT. REESE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Reese attaches the voice recorder into the computer. He clicks play.

REESE (V.O.)  
Okay. Her name is Alicia Preston.

Reese presses fast-forward.

Stops. Plays.

ROSE (V.O.)  
Don't quote me, but I think she loved  
him.

Reese presses stop. His eyes focus on the screen.

INT. SHERATON BALLROOM - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Jessie stands on the stage in an empty conference room. A blown up image is projected on a screen behind her. She moves, it moves.

Tarrah walks up beside her. Neither look rested.

TARRAH  
Ready?

Jessie inhales deeply.

JESSIE  
Open the doors.

She stalks off. Tarrah motions. Men open the doors at the far end of the room. POPARAZZI flood into the room.

Tarrah hurries off stage before pictures are snapped.

INT. REESE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Reese sleeps silently at his desk. His phone begins to buzz inches away from him.

REESE (V.O.)  
Hey, you've reached Reese. I can't  
get to the phone right now, but leave  
a message and I'll get back to you.

BEEP.

PENELOPE (V.O.)  
(painfully innocent)  
Hey...you probably know who this is.  
(MORE)

PENELOPE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I...you didn't come home last night.  
This is strange, even for you. If  
you've met someone else, tell me.  
If it's something I did. Tell me.  
You have to talk to me.

(beat)

I know your new job is stressful,  
but you promised me it wouldn't change  
you. You promised. If you get this  
message...just...I need you to call  
me.

INT. REESE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Penelope sits at the kitchen table, looking a wreck. She sets the phone down. Picks up the remote. TV flicks to life.

It's the conference.

Jessie and company takes their seats. Besides Jessie, Tarrah and nameless coworkers are up front. Pictures are instantly snapped.

Penelope turns the volume up several notches.

Jessie begins, clearing her throat.

JESSIE

I understand you are all here for  
me?

She gets several uncomfortable laughs.

INT. REESE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Danielle rushes into the room. She hits Reese awake. He stirs, bringing his head up.

DANIELLE

Quick! Jessie scheduled an emergency  
press conference.

REESE

What?

DANIELLE

Channel 7!

Reese finds the remote. Turns a tv on in the corner. The same view as last scene.

JESSIE

You all--cannot possibly be experiencing what I am feeling at this moment. The surprising murder of Chase Penn was a shock to the entire world.

She pauses for effect.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

He was a close, long time friend of mine. He was one of my first clients at Galloway, and stuck with me when no one else would. He is the reason I am surviving today. Not only was his loss great to me, but to the entire acting community. His films brought laughter and tears. He was critically acclaimed.

She takes a drink from her water.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I do not know who murdered this wonderful man, but I want this person to know that the fullest extent of the law will be brought. We will find you, and we will bring you to justice. I have been in conversation with the law and we know we will win.

Jessie looks dead into the camera.

DANIELLE

Oh my--

REESE

She's crazy.

JESSIE

That is all I have to say. Any and all questions will now be answered by my panel.

Jessie stands and the room erupts in questions. She quickly leaves view.

The television turns off.

Danielle and Reese look at each other with uncertainty.

INT. DETECTIVE DONAVON'S OFFICE - DAY

Donavon works at his desk in his small office. DETECTIVE WHITMORE enters, a small plastic bag in his hand.

Whitmore drops it on the table.

Donavon looks at it.

DONAVON  
What's this?

He examines it.

WHITMORE  
New evidence on the Penn case.

Donavon sets it down, dismissing it. Returns to writing.

DONAVON  
We already found a bullet casing  
from the apartment. This isn't new.

WHITMORE  
I know. This is a new casing we  
found this morning.

Donavon's head snaps up. What?

DONAVON  
How many bullets were found in Penn?

WHITMORE  
Two.

DONAVON  
And this is the third we've found.

Whitmore nods.

DONAVON (CONT'D)  
There was another person shot.

Whitmore takes a seat.

WHITMORE  
What are you thinking?

Donavon looks at Whitmore.

DONAVON  
We need an arrest warrant.

FADE OUT: