

See You In Court

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INT. BALLPLAYER PETIE JANSSEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Petie, a country-boy type, late 20's with an overgrown blond crewcut and in need of a shave, climbs out of bed while a dressed Miranda, brunette, late 20's, looking like the sophisticated city girl she is, reapplies her smudged eyeliner and slips a government badge around her neck.

PETIE

Got a lotta free time with the baseball season being over.

MIRANDA

Mhmm. I'm sure I'll see you around.

Petie looks surprised at her nonchalance.

PETIE

You blowin' me off? Just a wham, bam, and gone?

His tone is genuine but his expression reveals he's TEASING.

MIRANDA

I have a feeling you won't be lonely.

He grins. Definitely not.

PETIE

I guess Homeland Security can't do without its most fabulous budget analyst any longer. But how about some coffee for the road?

MIRANDA

I'm all right. I can get some at work.

They smile but the flirtation has run its course. There's not much to say.

As she turns to go, there's a FIRM KNOCK at the door.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Tightly booked today?

Petie shakes his head.

PETIE

I was only expecting you.

Petie heads toward the door, Miranda lingering in the bedroom.

INT. PETIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Petie swings the front door open to reveal TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN.

POLICEMAN #1
Mr. Janssen?

PETIE
Yeah?

POLICEMAN #1
We'd like you to come with us,
please.

The policeman steps aside, gesturing toward the waiting patrol car.

PETIE
What the hell for?

POLICEMAN #1
We have a few questions we'd like to
ask you in regard to the disappearance
of your teammate, Manny Chavez.

Off Petie's reaction, the second cop tries to temper him.

POLICEMAN #2
It's routine, Mr. Janssen, but quite urgent.

Miranda appears behind Petie in the foyer, clearly surprised at both the police presence and Manny's name.

PETIE
This is some kinda prank, right?

Their faces remain serious.

PETIE (CONT'D)
I didn't do shit.

POLICEMAN #2
Then you shouldn't mind helping us out
by accompanying us to the station.

MIRANDA
I'm coming too.

POLICEMAN #2
Ma'am? I'm sorry, but -

MIRANDA

I'm Jessica Austen's sister. Her fraternal twin sister. She's the sportswriter who's engaged to Manny.

POLICEMAN #2

Oh, yes. I know about Ms. Austen. But who're you again?

MIRANDA (exasperated)

Miranda Stone. I'm Manny's fiancée's sister!

POLICEMAN #2 (brow furrowed)

Oh, both her sister and Mr. Janssen's girlfriend. Interesting.

MIRANDA

Besides, I work for Homeland Security.

POLICEMAN #2

Really? Do your bosses know you're sleeping with someone who might be a person of interest in a possible kidnapping?

MIRANDA (swallowing hard)

A kidnapping?

EXT. PETIE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Miranda follows the policemen and Petie toward the patrol car.

One of the policemen turns to her.

POLICEMAN #1

Ms. Stone, it would be best if you followed in your own vehicle.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - A BIT LATER

Jessica, late 20's, blonde, as conventionally pretty as a television personality, paces in Detective Adams' office, alone. He joins her inside.

Jessica is immediately on him, EXPECTANT.

DETECTIVE ADAMS

Janssen's here. Uniforms picked up him and his girlfriend about twenty minutes ago.

JESSICA
Girlfriend? Why?

DETECTIVE ADAMS
Sounds like she wanted to come in.

This sparks Jessica's interest. Detective Adams turns as Petie becomes visible on the other side of the glass.

Behind him trails Miranda. Jessica just stares at her through the window.

JESSICA
That's not his girlfriend. It couldn't be.

DETECTIVE ADAMS
You recognize the woman?

JESSICA
Yeah. I do.

Jessica marches out of the office, Detective Adams on her heels.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Detective Adams approaches Petie. But Jessica aims right for her sister.

JESSICA (to Miranda)
What are you doing here?

Detective Adams watches them expectantly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Detectives, this is my sister, Miranda Stone. Mrs. Stone.

DETECTIVE ADAMS
Okay, Mrs. Stone. Why don't we leave you with Ms. Austen while we speak to Mr. Janssen.

Petie rolls his eyes at the formality.

PETIE
Can we hurry this up?

DETECTIVE ADAMS

Certainly, Mr. Janssen. Right this way.

As they walk off down the hall, Jessica is left with a REDFACED Miranda.

JESSICA

Him? Really?

Miranda blushes harder but can't find words. Finally, a response, if half-hearted.

MIRANDA

He's not a bad guy.

JESSICA

Oh no? Then it's just a coincidence that the police are talking to him in connection with Manny's disappearance? Someone took him, Miranda.

MIRANDA

Yeah, I guess so.

JESSICA

Yeah, and now I know why you weren't taking any of my calls this morning.

Miranda stiffens.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

How could you do this to Tommy?

Miranda shakes her head.

MIRANDA

Come on. You know Tom checked out of our marriage long before I did. Ever since he started doing legal work for the team, he's been fooling around with the owner's daughter.

JESSICA (covering ears)

I don't want to hear it. It's no excuse.

MIRANDA

Judge away. But you're wrong about Petie. There's no way he had anything to do with Manny's disappearance.

JESSICA

That's interesting, because you were also sure last night that there was nothing to worry about. That Manny just had an appointment he forgot to tell me about, and would turn up. Right, Miranda?

Jessica's steely and this STINGS.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry. I was wrong. But you were so upset ... I was just trying to help.

Jessica maintains a POKER FACE.

JESSICA

Yeah, great job.

Her voice is SLICK with sarcasm.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Manny was set to testify at the steroids hearing. He was going to out the super great guy you've been sleeping around with for using. I think Petie knew it and decided to do something.

MIRANDA

Petie's not using steroids. If he had a beef with Manny, it'd end with a black eye, not a kidnapping.

Jessica shakes her head, UNCONVINCED.

JESSICA

This is what I do, Miranda. I'm a reporter. Something's up, and it involves Janssen. I can feel it.

MIRANDA

You sniff out backroom deals and trades between baseball teams. I work for the Department of Homeland Security, remember? (Points to badge.)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

If anyone should investigate Manny's disappearance, it should be me.

JESSICA

You're fantasizing again. You keep forgetting you're not an agent, just a bureaucrat. Besides, you have a personal relationship with a suspect.

MIRANDA

What about you? You have a business relationship with the team owners. They've always given you special access. And something tells me *they* might know more about Manny's situation than they're letting on.

JESSICA

Why would they—

MIRANDA

Who knows? Manny's testimony might have affected some of their real stars—better players than Petie.

Jessica and Miranda try to stare each other down. Who will give way first?

JESSICA

Well, Miranda, we've been competitive all our lives. We're twins, after all. But competing investigations would beat everything.

MIRANDA

You got that right. And I say, game on.

The sisters leave the bullpen area, give each other one last glare, and head in opposite directions.

MIRANDA (CONT'D, pausing and turning back)
Jess, I just thought of something. What if we're both right?

JESSICA (turning back with a sneer)
Miranda, get this through your head. I'm the one who's right. I'm a professional investigator, and you're not. So I'll

just leave you with this. I'll see you in court, one of these days, and it won't be pretty.

MIRANDA (frowning her brow)
Yeah, see you in court.