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

By
Quentin Bangston
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 it. 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 beings 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 PENELlope 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 don'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 restroom 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 that $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?
DANIELLE
Got it. But still, she's going to kill you when she finds out you know.

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

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

REESEx (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.

REESEx
Where you going?

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

She begins to leave.

REESEx
(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 Albanian 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 as 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

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.

REES
You probably don't have coffee?

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

REES
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.

REES
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.
RESE
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?

RESE
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 to 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.

RESE
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
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.

REESEx
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: