

The Public Eye

By

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK

A HEARTBEAT.

Calm. It's the beat of a person at rest. Serene.

Thump-thump. Thump-thump. Thump-thump.

Slowly, it gets LOUDER. More menacing. Someone's in danger.

THUMP-thump. THUMP-thump. THUMP-thump.

LOUDER!

THUMP-THUMP. THUMP-THUMP. THUMP-THUMP!

FASTER.

THUMP-THUMP! THUMP-THUMP! THUMP-THUMP! THUMP-THUMP!

Silence. A deadly silence.

BAM! A GUNSHOT. It's the loudest gunshot we've ever heard. It echoes in the silence.

A SCREAM. A high-pitched, scared shitless scream.

BAM! BAM! Two more, scarier than the first.

Everything is calm again.

Then...a PHONE is heard being lifted from its receiver.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! It's dialed.

RINNNNG. RINNNNG.

It's picked up.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
What is your emergency?

The OPERATOR'S voice is relaxed.

A DISTRESSED GIRL is breathing deeply on the other end of this call.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

No answer. This is creepy.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Unless there is an emergency, do not
 call this line again.

She is about to hang up when...

DISTRESSED GIRL
 (demonic, female voice)
 I just killed my husband.

What the fuck? Before any questions can be asked, the voice
 is replaced by DIAL TONE.

It stays on dial tone for a moment. The operator has to gain
 her bearings.

911 OPERATOR
 Dispatch? Did you get the address of
 that call?

SUPER: 72 HOURS EARLIER

INT. REESE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

POV - HANDHELD CAMERA

We're focused on a man, who is really looks more like a boy
 than a man. This is REESE CARPENTER, 22, adorable.

He grins at us. It could take your breath away. This boy is
 beautiful.

REESE
 Do I really have to do this?

PENELOPE (O.S.)
 Yes! Do you want to work with Emma
 Sexton or not?

REESE
 I do.

PENELOPE (O.S.)
 Then you will submit the audition
 tape like her office requested.

REESE
 This all just seems a little silly.

PENELOPE (O.S.)
 I guess she's a busy woman. This is
 the only way she can hire blood.
 Play by her rules, baby.
 (beat)
 Now. First question. State your name?

REESE
Reese Carpenter.

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Age?

REESE
Twenty-two.

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Sexual preference?

REESE
Seriously? Penny, this is ridiculous!

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Don't question the question!

REESE
I'm straight! How does this pertain
to the interview?

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Just does. Now. Last question. Are
you single?

Reese shoots the camera a crooked smile. He cocks his head
to the left.

REESE
Why? Are you interested?

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Maybe.

PENELOPE, 23, black, gorgeous, dances into view. She dances
to him, sitting on Reese's lap. She seductively wraps her
legs around Reese and the chair. Her hands begin to unbutton
his shirt

BACK TO SCENE

Penelope kisses him hard. Her arms wrap around his head and
she kisses him again. Her hands rub his bare chest.

REESE
Think the real interview will go
something like this?

Penelope leans back and stares into his eyes.

PENELOPE
You better hope not!

REESE

At least then I would know I had the job.

PENELOPE

If you come home with a hickey I'll shoot you.

She gets off his lap. Crossing the room, she enters the kitchen, a tiny mess of counter space complete with mini fridge and microwave oven. She gets a mug out of the cupboard and fills it with coffee.

REESE

You really think I have a chance, though?

PENELOPE

If you take the questions seriously, I think anybody has a shot.

REESE

Do you have to go to work today?

Penelope checks her watch. Shit. She's running late. She down her coffee in one excruciating gulp and sets the mug in the sink.

She walks past Reese, grabbing her suit jacket. Reese follows her to the heavy metal door that leads out of his apartment.

PENELOPE

I'll be home around three, okay? Try to finish the interview and get it sent out before the mail leaves?

REESE

You got it. Love you.

PENELOPE

You too.

She kisses him on the cheek and hurries out of the apartment.

Reese shuts and locks the door behind her. He turns, staring back at his empty apartment. The one roomed studio is spacious, but he has nothing to fill it. It acts as his kitchen, bedroom, living room, and, behind a partition, bathroom.

Walking back to to kitchen, he pours himself a cup of coffee. Takes a sip. It's terrible. He spits it back into the cup. As he walks by the sink, he dumps the liquid into the sink and drops the mug.

The morning issue of the New York Post is on the counter. On the cover is THE DUCHESS, a woman of undisclosed age, who is into eccentric fashion, a la Lady Gaga. Next to her is her new beau, CHASE PENN, ultra rich, classy, and probably the next sexiest man alive. Above them is the shocking headline:

THE DUCHESS' SECLUDED MOUNTAIN-TOP WEDDING WITH CHASE PENN
DONE RIGHT!

A grainy picture of a breathtaking view at the top of a mountain is next to the happy couple.

Reese picks the paper up as he walks by. He flips to Page 6 and begins skimming the sections.

Then, noticing the red light on the camera, he walks back to it.

POV - HAND HELD CAMERA

We're still focused on the chair. The enlarged image of Reese comes into view. He's right in front of us, and we are staring at his crotch.

Suddenly, the screen goes white.

SUPER: POWERING OFF

There's a BEEP. Everything goes black

INT. THE PLAZA - THE PALM COURT - MORNING

A WAITER leads JESSIE GALLOWAY through a sea of powerful people in the dining room the size of an airplane hangar.

Eyes follow as Jessie struts by with such a confidence that makes most men's balls shrivel up in fear.

Jessie's beauty is one that most celebrities yearn for, and it's a wonder why this goddess isn't gracing the cover of PEOPLE magazine.

She isn't old, but the business has made her look it. She's dressed over the "smart casual" code required to get into the room. In her hand is a designer purse-case (a stylish briefcase).

Coming to their final destination, the waiter leads Jessie to MARTY BLOOM, a man, and a large one at that. He's greasy in both looks and personality. His curly hair is slicked behind his ears. A five o'clock shadow from yesterday still upon his chubby face.

He stands at Jessie's arrival.

The waiter pulls the seat out for Jessie. She lowers herself with the utmost poise.

WAITER

What would you like to drink?

JESSIE

A freshly squeezed glass of orange juice. No pulp.

(to Marty)

Have you ordered?

MARTY

Coffee. Black.

JESSIE

He'll also have a glass of orange juice.

WAITER

Freshly squeezed?

JESSIE

Whatever's handy.

The waiter nods and leaves.

JESSIE

I can't stand the smell of coffee unless it's mostly cream. I hope you don't mind me ordering for you.

Marty has something to say. It looks like he's dying to get it off his chest.

JESSIE

No?
(smiles)
Great.

MARTY

What is this, HER? If you wanted the article retracted, you should have contacted the magazine.

She's not listening. Instead, her eyes read on the plus size menu.

JESSIE

I'm not really that starved. Have you tried the egg and sausage souffle? I've heard it's to die for.

MARTY

Jessie.

JESSIE

Business is a drag. Why don't we pamper ourselves to a nice breakfast before getting down to publicity and the niceties associated with it?

(beat)

My treat, of course.

The waiter comes back, two tall glasses filled with orange juice on his tray. He sets them down carefully. Tucking the tray under his arm, turns his attention to Marty and Jessie.

WAITER

Are you ready to order, or would you like a few more minutes?

JESSIE

Marty?

Marty gives her a "What the hell is this?" look.

MARTY

I think we're ready to order.

WAITER

Wonderful!

CUT TO:

INT. THE PLAZA - THE PALM COURT - LATER

Jessie is horrified as she watches Marty shovel food into his trap. Sausage, bacon, eggs. None of it is discernible in the giant, saliva-filled garbage disposal that is Marty Bloom.

Jessie grimaces. Bad idea. Marty tries to return it, only to have mostly chew food drop from his mouth and plunk onto his plate.

Somehow, he swallows.

JESSIE

Finished?

MARTY

(wiping his mouth)

Yes, thank you. Now. Why are we here? Was it the article?

JESSIE

You guessed it!

MARTY

You want it retracted.

JESSIE

BINGO!

MARTY

Fine. Sorry. I shouldn't have written it anyway. I don't even remember where that information came from.

JESSIE

I do. I planted it for you to find.

MARTY

What? Why? Your client--

JESSIE

My client--

The waiter appears and takes the empty plates.

JESSIE

--my client is a whore who made a move on my husband. Although, she can have him. That bitch deserved everything she got.

MARTY

The article exposed her drug addiction. She went to rehab!

JESSIE

And she still hasn't learned her lesson. Rehabs come and go. If I had run over that useful tidbit of information, I would have run with it faster than you did. Don't think I'm mad at you; I'm not. I admire your courage for writing the controversial article.

MARTY

Really?

JESSIE

A little. I even see a portion of myself in your fat, round face.

(beat)

Now, about the article. I want the retraction. Full apology. But, and a big but, I have your next article.

Jessie leans over and picks up the large purse-case. Out of it, she takes two large photographs. They are set face down, in the middle of the table.

Now Jessie leans back and watches Marty squirm with excitement. Clearly, she's loving every minute of this.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Take your pick.

Marty's fat hands hover over the pictures. He flips on over and gasps.

MARTY

(awed)

Is that?

JESSIE

Chelsea Conway. The world's biggest and youngest pop princess.

MARTY

Leaving an abortion clinic.

Fumbling, Marty flips the other photo over.

JESSIE

Connor James. With his sixteen year old's best friends, Abbey and Paige.

MARTY

(slow)

This is a gold mine.

(looks at Her)

Where did you get these?

JESSIE

Where I got them is not important. What is important is that you have them. But I'm only in the mood to destroy one life today, so take your pick.

MARTY

I can't.

JESSIE

(playfully)

Tick-tock, tick-tock. Hurry Marty.

He quickly takes the abortion, as if already planning to.

JESSIE

Good choice! Very sensible. A little cruel, but full of career explosion potential.

She removes the other image from the table and Marty looks like he's going to cry.

MARTY
I can keep it?

JESSIE
Keep it. Burn it. Jack off to it
for all I can. Just do me a favor.

Jesse wiggles her finger. Marty leans in close. Her lips are practically frenching his ear.

MARTY
(whispers)
What?

JESSIE
(seductively)
Write the article.

She leans back. Then, gathers her things and stands. She turns to leave.

MARTY
Is this all a big game to you? Ruin
someone else's life to improve upon
yours?

She turns back to him

JESSIE
Of course not. I don't care if I
lose in Yahtzee, Marty. But if I
lose this, so does everybody else.
(beat)
Send the bill to my office. We should
do this again sometime.

And the devil leaves the child holding his picture.

INT. ALEX'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

FLASH!

SASHA, a very tall, very beautiful Russian model changes poses. She stands in front of a white screen. Her skimpy, stark white ballerina tutu and tight corset fade into the white background make her body look like it's in two pieces.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)
Beautiful, Sasha. A little to the
left.
(Sasha moves)
Wonderful.

The photographer, ALEX, continues to take pictures. Flash! Flash! It's blinding.

Penelope goes to Alex, in her hands are two cans of paint.

PENELOPE

Are you sure you want to do this?
You're going to ruin the set.

ALEX

It's going to be fine. I think it
will really pull the photo together.
Do you have the male models?

PENELOPE

Yes.
(calls out)
Levi! Clay! We're ready for you.

Two shirtless, muscular men walk onto the set. This is LEVI
and CLAY. They only wear blue jeans.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Okay. Stand back for a second. Sasha?

SASHA

(German, subtitles)
Yes?

PENELOPE

Honey. I don't understand you when
you speak Russian to me.

SASHA

(German, subtitles)
What?

PENELOPE

(points to Sasha)
You.

(points to wall Go back against that wall.

SASHA

(German, subtitles)
The wall?

ALEX

(impatient)
WALL! GO AGAINST THE WALL YOU STUPID,
BEAUTIFUL OGRE! THE WALL!

Sasha, a little frightened, goes back to the wall. She looks
confused. This could be bad.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Open the paint. You.

He points to Levi, who obeys and walks over to Penelope, who is already opening a bucket.

She hands him the paint can opener and he pops the top off.

LEVI

Now what?

ALEX

Paint me a mural. What do you think, you beautiful dumbass? Throw it.

LEVI

Where?

Alex is about to bust a blood vessel. Levi, although burly, is a little scared of the tiny gay man about to burst in front of him.

ALEX

WHERE!?!

Penelope, sensing this, intervenes.

PENELOPE

(to Levi)

Just watch what I do.

She turns to the model and gets a little closer to her.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Ready? Close your eyes.

More confused, Sasha obeys.

Quickly, Penelope lifts her bucket of paint and throws it at the model.

The blue paint splatters on everything. It covers Sasha's midsection and the white backdrop behind her.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(to Sasha)

Keep them closed! Levi go!

Levi runs forward and his paint shoots from the bucket and hits Sasha again.

Penelope steps back, examining her work. Sasha opens her eyes.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

What do you think?

ALEX
(sarcastically)
It's fuckin' fantastic. Just get me
a damn camera.

PENELOPE
I think it needs something more.

Slowly, she walks forward, still thinking.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Levi, come over here.

Levi lets Penelope grab his broad arm and lead him by Sasha. Then, with the bucket of blue paint still behind her, Penelope dips her hands in, completely emerging them in the thick, blue liquid.

With a stroke of genius, she places her hands, fingers spread, on Levi's pecs and drags her hands down his body.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Do you care if I get your jeans
painty?

LEVI
Not at all.

Penelope dips her hands in paint again. Then...

She grabs his crotch. Levi's face contorts...in pleasure. Penelope smiles at him in embarrassment.

Dips her hands in paint again.

Getting close to Levi, almost in a hug, she grabs his butt and leaves her hands for a moment.

PENELOPE
Sorry.

LEVI
Not at all.

She's done. Wiping her hands on his front pant pockets, she turns to Clay.

PENELOPE
Come here.

She dips her hands in pant again. Clay stands in front of her.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Ready?

CLAY

Yeah.

SLAP! A streak of blue paint is smacked onto Clay's cheek. His head whips to the side.

PENELOPE

Sorry. It hurts less if your not expecting it.

CLAY

You've got quite an arm.

Penelope ignores the comment.

Alex, impatient, HOUGHS.

ALEX

Penelope! This shoot is for US Weekly, not People. Let's get a move on.

PENELOPE

(engrossed)

I'm...almost...done!

She uses her thumb to smear paint above Clay's brow, under his eyes, and above his nipples. She wipes the remaining paint off on his abs.

Backing away, she looks at her work, pleased.

ALEX

Finished? Yes? Good. Go get me a cappuccino.

PENELOPE

Starbucks?

ALEX

No. I want you to go down to the corner at the Quick Stop and get me a shitty black coffee. OF COURSE I WANT STARBUCKS!

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE - DAY

The line is long. The BARISTA is frantically trying to get his customers their coffee but some bitch is screaming at him. It's Jessie.

JESSIE

DO YOU NOT KNOW WHO I AM?

BARISTA

Ma'am if you can't stop yelling, I'm going to have to kick you out.

JESSIE

Not without my coffee.

BARISTA

(ignoring her)

Can I help the next person.

The next woman steps up.

JESSIE

If you order something, I will cut you.

The woman, scared for her life, turns away and hurries out the door.

BARISTA

Ma'am, don't make me call the authorities.

JESSIE

Do it.

PENELOPE

Excuse me.

Penelope budges to the front of the line.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

This is ridiculous.

(to Jessie)

You're a jessie. Now, I suggest you leave before I kick your ass.

(to Barista)

I need a cappuccino.

JESSIE

Bring it.

In the background, the barista takes a cup of coffee from another worker. He turns back to the fight forming in front of him. He sets the cup on the counter and turns back to a machine.

Quicker than a flash of lightning, the Penelope has the steaming cup of coffee and she throws it in the jessie's face. Steam wisps off her pink face. She stares down her enemy.

Penelope can't believe she did that. Her mouth hangs open.

PENELOPE

I'm so sorry. I--

JESSIE

Get away from me.

Mouth still open, Penelope walks out of the shop.

INT. GYM - DAY

Reese lifts the bar on the bench press up and down, up and down, up and down. Several large weights are on each end. ERIC, his best friend, spots him. His hands waver inches away from the bar at all times.

Sweat drips down Reese's sweaty forehead.

ERIC

One more.

Reese GRUNTS as the bar goes down one final time.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Come on.

Reese grunts louder to get the bar up, and with Eric's help, gets it back on the support bar. Reese sits up. Eric takes a towel from a towel rack in the corner and tosses it to Reese.

ERIC (CONT'D)

How many days you been here this week?

REESE

Four. Maybe five.

ERIC

All arms?

REESE

Yeah. Why?

ERIC

You're beginning to look like a toothpick.

All upper body and no lower isn't good.

REESE

I'll have to remember that.

ERIC

What are you beefing up for, anyway?

REESE
It's just so I fit into something
better.

Reese stands up and walks away, avoiding a question. Eric follows him to an open area with jump ropes. Reese picks one up and begins to jump rapidly.

ERIC
Fit into what?

REESE
A suit.

ERIC
Suit for what?

REESE
Just a suit!

He drops the jump rope, not getting many jumps in. He walks away again. Eric follows like an obedient dog.

They walk to...

A punching bag. Reese begins to wrap his fists with tape.

ERIC
A special suit?

REESE
Why are you being so annoying?

ERIC
I'm just curious about your life,
man.

REESE
Don't be. It's creepy.

Reese walks to a punching bag. Eric supports it, hiding behind it partly for his own personal safety.

ERIC
I just want to know what's going on
with you!

Eric ducks, narrowly missing a punch to the face.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You missed.

An uppercut catches him in the gut. He falls to the ground, gasping for air.

REESE

No I didn't.

Reese walks away, taking the tape from his hands.

INT. GYM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Reese wraps a towel around his wet body. Water drips from his hair. He takes a smaller towel and begins to dry his hair, head focused towards the ground.

His body is strong, not as muscular and defined as the male models, but still...he could knock you out easily.

A naked guy walks by and gets in the shower, and Reese, still new to the locker room, get wide eyed. His head snaps up and he looks straight ahead, determined NOT to see that again.

He walks past several rows of lockers and finds Eric putting his clothes on. Reese unlocks his locker. He reaches in and pulls out a pair of boxers.

Subconsciously, he looks at Eric. He's not looking.

Quickly, he drops his towel and steps into his boxers. He pulls them up as Eric turns his head back. He catches what his friend has done.

ERIC

You know, you shouldn't be ashamed of your body. Everybody gets nude in here. Seeing your tiny dick doesn't make a difference to anybody.

REESE

(sarcastically)

Thank you for that comment. I really needed that.

And I don't have a tiny dick!

ERIC

And that's not your locker or your underwear.

Reese's eyes go wide and he drops his boxers. He completely forgets about his nudity for a moment, then, realizes it and hides behind the locker door.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Dude, I was kidding. But seriously. You do have a tiny dick.

Reese slips his boxers back on behind the comfort of the locker door.

REESE
Why are you looking?!

ERIC
I'm a plastic surgeon. If yours the
last penis I ever see, I will be
happy.

REESE
That's disturbing.

ERIC
It came out wrong.

Reese begins to put on his clothes. When he's finished, he
takes his shoes out of the locker. Accidentally, he knocks a
little black box off the top shelf.

It falls to the ground and pops open.

REESE
Shit!

ERIC
(reaching)
I'll get it.

He has the box and...it's an engagement ring.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Reese? Is this an engagement ring?

Reese snatches it from his friend's hand and closes it.

REESE
Don't worry. It's not for you.

ERIC
Are you going to ask Penny to marry
you?

REESE
No.

ERIC
You are! When?

REESE
Never--when I find out if I get a
job.

ERIC
Wow.

REESE
It's not that big.

ERIC
You're right. Marriage is nothing
these days. People get divorced like
it's nothing.

REESE
They really do.

ERIC
When do you find out if you get the
job?

REESE
When I submit my résumé.

A beeper goes off. Eric digs it out of his locker and checks
the screen.

ERIC
I gotta go. Emergency. We'll talk
about this later.

Eric closes his locker and dashes out of the locker room.

REESE
You're a plastic surgeon! What
emergency can you have?!

Confused, Reese turns back to his locker.

INT. REESE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

A gleaming diamond ring. The engagement ring. It's stunning.
Princess cut.

Reese admires it. He stands in front of the tallest cabinet
in the kitchen.

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Baby? I'm home.

Reese quickly stashes the ring on the top of the cabinet and
pushes it out of sight.

His arm comes down as...

Penelope turns to him.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

He spins, caught.

REESE

Nothing.

She eyes him curiously, not believing it.

PENELOPE

No really, what were you doing?

REESE

Mice.

PENELOPE

We have mice? This building is pure concrete.

How do we have mice?

REESE

I don't know. It's amazing though isn't it?

PENELOPE

I guess.

REESE

Let me help you with that.

She sets her work load down on the counter. It consists of her oversized purse, a large portfolio, and two large black camera bags. Reese grabs her two camera bags and sets them on the floor.

REESE (CONT'D)

What is all this stuff?

PENELOPE

You're never going to believe it.

She moves to the fridge. Peeks inside.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Did you get orange juice?
(closes the door)
Nevermind. I'll have water.

She takes a glass out of the cupboard and fills it with water.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Anyway, Alex got double-booked for a shoot tonight and he asked me to cover one for him.

She takes a sip.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Can you believe it?!
(dumps the water)
This tastes bad.

REESE

Wow.

PENELOPE

I know!

REESE

Where?

PENELOPE

A new club opening downtown. Get dressed.

I have to be there before it opens and I'm already running late. We're on the list.

REESE

I've never been on the list for anything.

PENELOPE

You get that PR job you're sure to get and you'll be on the list to every major club opening you want! That reminds me, did you get the interview tape done?

REESE

Yep.

PENELOPE

Good!

She kisses him. MWAH!

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

I'm so excited! I need to shower.

I spilled some coffee on me today.

Penelope takes a step away, then, turns back to Reese. Her arms slip under Reese's arms and she lifts them up. Quickly, she sniffs his pits and pulls away.

REESE

What?

PENELOPE

You reek.

REESE

I went to the gym today.

PENELOPE

Since when do you go to the gym?

REESE

I go to the gym on occasion.

PENELOPE

Whatever. Come shower with me.

She playfully tugs him towards the shower, unbuttoning his shirt off as she goes.

INT. JESSIE GALLOWAY PR - DAY

The elevator DINGS. They slide open.

She's arrived, now taller in Jimmy Choos that add several inches to jessie already tall stature.

The reception area of JESSIE GALLOWAY PR is modern chic, everything completely white. Assistants run from office to office.

Jessie walks through, not noticing the mayhem surrounding jessie. It's just another day at the office.

She walks past a RECEPTIONIST'S expansive desk.

RECEPTIONIST

(on headset)

Jessie Galloway. Please hold.

(to Jessie)

Good morning, Miss Galloway.

Jessie continues on.

She walks past a staircase that leads to the second level suites for clients hiding from paparazzi.

Past celebrities.

Past a rock garden, that somehow meets the modern chic requirements.

And then, in the back, Jessie walks to her office. Jessie's scared assistant, SOPHIE rushes up, sticky notes attached to her fingers. She holds up. She walks backwards as Jessie goes to her office.

JESSIE

L5.

Indicating the sticky note on her left hand, pinky finger.

SOPHIE

Lindsay Lohan hit a school bus. Low risk.

JESSIE

R2.

Right hand. Index finger.

SOPHIE

Star magazine wants a comment on Megan Fox's collagen injections. Again.

JESSIE

R4.

Right hand. Ring finger.

SOPHIE

Essence is opening tonight.

They've reached the war line. The double doors to Jessie's office. They pause at it. No one is allowed in.

Ever.

JESSIE

The club Emma Sexton got?

SOPHIE

Yes.

JESSIE

Am I on the list?

SOPHIE

I threatened the bouncer with his life.

JESSIE

(takes jessie coat
off)

Hang this up.

SOPHIE

(takes the massive
coat)

Right away. Love your new shoes, by the way. From the Choo collection?

JESSIE

He opened a new boutique last night.
They're specially made. For Me.

SOPHIE

Love them.

JESSIE

Get to work. Kiss my ass later.

Jessie walks into her office.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ESSENCE - NIGHT

A long line of GENERAL PUBLIC, RICH PEOPLE, SLUTS, and CELEBRITIES stand anxiously behind a velvet rope, hoping to be allowed into the exclusive club.

It's cold outside, and a few people have dressed smart, but only the hippest, possibly stupidest, people are dressed in revealing clothes.

Among the warmly dressed are Penelope and Reese. They stand close to the front. Penelope has the two camera bags on her shoulders, and she shifts uncomfortably.

REESE

Here.

He takes one from her, and puts it on her shoulder.

PENELOPE

I'm fine. Really. I just want to get inside before I'm fired.

They move forward. Penelope checks her watch.

REESE

This is stupid. Why don't they just let us all inside? It's cold enough out here to freeze water!

PENELOPE

That's not how these things work. The list checker has to make sure to kill our spirit before we make it to the front of the line so we don't fight him when we aren't allowed inside.

REESE

Then why not cut?

He shrugs and starts to push through the CROWD.

CROWD

(various)

Hey! Ow, my foot! Back of the line ass hole.

PENELOPE

Reese!

She pushes after him. The crowd doesn't like this.

CROWD
 (various)
 Watch it! Hey, lady! Don't push!

They reach the front of the line and...oh my god.

JEROME, 30s, black, and huge, guards the bridge to the motherland. He's terrifying.

JEROME
 Name?

His voice is deep and the bass in it could almost knock you down. Suddenly, Reese is double thinking this bold move.

PENELOPE
 Reese!

She pushes through two SKANKY WOMEN.

REESE
 Yeah honey?

She looks up and...keeps looking up. Penelope barely goes up to Jerome's shoulder.

JEROME
 Name?

PENELOPE
 (completely terrified)
 Tell him your name honey.

REESE
 Reese...uh...Reese Carpenter.

JEROME
 (without checking)
 Not on the list.

PENELOPE
 It might be under Penelope Clark.

JEROME
 Not on the list.

PENELOPE
 Alex Garcia?

JEROME
 Nope.

PENELOPE
 Brad Pitt?

JEROME

Nope.

PENELOPE

Listen. I'm the photographer. Your boss hired me to be here. He's gonna be pissed when he finds out you didn't let me in.

JEROME

I'm willing to take that risk.

REESE

Honey, let's just go.

Reese begins to turn away. Penelope stands her ground.

PENELOPE

I'm not leaving without getting into that club.

Reese pulls on her arm. She doesn't budge.

FEMALE VOICE

If it gets me into this club any sooner, then they're my guests.

Reese and Penelope spin on their heels. They turn to face...

A scary, glowing mass of green and orange clothes. She looks like an alien.

THE DUCHESS...the same woman from the newspaper cover. She's shorter in person.

REESE

The Duchess.

JEROME

Duchess. I didn't see you there.

THE DUCHESS

Let me in, Jerome.

Jerome, quickly correcting his mistake, unclasps the velvet rope. The Duchess strides by Reese and Penelope, who are still in amazement.

She quickly disappears into the club. The glowing disappears. MUSIC blares out of the open doors and quickly is shut out as the doors close.

Reality catching up with them, and Penelope and Reese try to slip past the velvet rope. Jerome, faster than them, snaps it shut.

PENELOPE

She said we could go in with her.

JEROME

She's in. You're out.

PENELOPE

That's not fair!

The glowing reappears. The Duchess is suddenly behind Jerome.

THE DUCHESS

Let them in, Jerome.

Jerome submits to his orders and opens the velvet ropes again. Penelope and Reese slip by.

INT. ESSENCE - NIGHT

The music is loud. Too loud. The bass reverberates off the walls and makes fluorescent drinks bounce around on tables.

Something is for sure. This place is the shit.

Celebrities swarm the place. At the bar. At the booths. On the dance floor.

PENELOPE

Wow.

REESE

This place is amazing.

They both LAUGH. Penelope grabs Reese and kisses him. It's full of lust. She pulls away and takes the camera from him and hands him another one.

PENELOPE

Get me a drink? I'm gonna start working!

Penelope disappears into the crowd. Reese looks around for the bar and finds it tucked into the corner. He heads towards it.

BAR

Fruity drinks line the shelves behind the bar. A few bar stools remain open and Reese sits at one. The BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER

What can I get ya?

REESE
An appletini and a water.

BARTENDER
Got it.

He whisks away, walking down to find his ingredients. Reese leans on the bar and looks at the party scene.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Isn't an appletini kind of gay?

Reese spins to the voice. The woman sitting before him as fiery red hair and several piercings in her ears. Her eyes are a little bloodshot, but she's smokin' hot.

REESE
It's not for me. It's for my girlfriend.

WOMAN
That's a shame. Gay guys are fun.

REESE
Okay?

Reese turns away again, clearly offended.

WOMAN
(extending her hand)
I'm Emma.

Reese turns back to her.

REESE
I told you I'm in a relationship.

EMMA
It's just a handshake.

Reese, seeing her point, shakes her hand. He takes a seat next to her. His drinks arrive.

EMMA (CONT'D)
So how'd you get in here? You don't seem like the type they'd allow into a club opening. They have to maintain a certain image.

She does finger quotes around image.

REESE
How do you know this isn't the next image?

He mimics her finger quotes.

EMMA

Because J. Crew came out with that shirt in the spring issue of last years J. Crew catalogue. These people don't live in the past and they certainly don't live in the J. Crew catalogue. So, really, enlighten me. How'd you get in?

REESE

The Duchess lied at the entrance and said I was her guest. And my girlfriend is taking photos for the PR company that's in charge of this thing.

EMMA

Ah. So what do you do?

REESE

Unemployed at the moment. You?

Reese sips from his drink.

EMMA

PR.

REESE

Really? That's weird. That's what I want to go into. What firm do you work for?

EMMA

Emma Sexton.

Reese nearly spits his drink out. He knows this woman.

REESE

Holy shit! You're Emma Sexton.

EMMA

Yeah I know, I almost forgot. Thanks.

REESE

This is practically your party. Why are you sitting at the bar?

EMMA

I like to keep a low profile.

(getting up)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've been made. I've gotta run.

She walks away. Reese spins on his stool and watches her walk away.

REESE

I submitted a tape to your company!

Emma walks back to him. She pulls a card out of her pocket. Hands it to Reese.

EMMA

Those tapes are ridiculous. Why don't you come in for a real interview sometime?

REESE

Really?

He takes the card.

EMMA

Nice talking to you.

Suddenly, she's gone. Reese, still dumbfounded, sips his drink.

INT. ESSENCE - DANCEFLOOR

POV - CAMERA

We're looking at two beautiful celebrities. One male, grinds up on a girl. The girl laughs and...

CLICK! The image is frozen for a split second before we go back to normal view.

A DJ spins at a turntable. A computer glows next to him, and his headphones hang crookedly on his head. One reaches his ear while the other dangles. He wears sunglasses.

CLICK! CLICK!

Two fruity drinks glow in the dark light. The glow from the dancefloor illuminates a corner booth just enough for us to tell whose sitting there. Two gorgeous celebrities...who shouldn't be together. The girl leans in and...

Plants a kiss on the man.

CLICK!

BACK TO SCENE

Penelope looks at the tiny review screen on her high-tech camera. Pleased with the picture, she smiles and walks away.

In the back of the club is a hallway lined with doors. Curious, Penelope heads back.

HALLWAY

Records line the empty spaces between the doors. Penelope opens a door a crack and peeks inside.

Suddenly, the door is slammed in her face and the sound of two bodies can be heard pounding against it in a seductive manner.

Wide-eyed, Penelope backs away from the door and continues down the hall.

She tries another door and it's locked. She goes to the next.

It's open!

Penelope peeks inside.

INT. ESSENCE - BACK ROOM

POV - CAMERA

The room is dark. But...in the center of the room is an even darker blob.

A BODY. No. TWO.

We ZOOM, focusing on the blob.

CLICK! A brilliant flash lights up the room.

BACK TO SCENE

FEMALE VOICE
SHIT! Whose there?

The voice sounds familiar. Penelope slips the lens out of the door and speed walks away. The door SLAMS behind her.

MALE VOICE
Who cares?

FEMALE VOICE
GET OFF OF ME!

The blob breaks into two bodies. One, the smaller of the two, rushes towards the door. Suddenly, the lights flip on. They're blinding, but the occupants of the room are revealed.

It's Jessie and CHASE PENN.

INT. ESSENCE - BAR

Penelope rushes up to Reese, who still sips his drink at the bar. Her camera now has it's lens cap on it and it hangs at her side.

Reese smiles at her.

REESE
Hey! I got your drink.

PENELOPE
(takes it)
Thank god.

She downs it in one swift motion.

REESE
What's wrong?

PENELOPE
We have to go.

REESE
We just got here.

PENELOPE
Please?

She's scared.

A woman walks up to the bar. It's Jessie. The bartender is instantly all over her.

JESSIE
Get me something strong.

Penelope's eyes go wide at the sight of her.

REESE
What is up with you?

A phone RINGS.

Thank god. It's Jessie's. She answers it.

JESSIE
What the fuck do you want? I'm at an opening.

PENELOPE
That drink went down wrong. I don't feel good.

REESE
Well, yeah, because you just downed
an appletini. That's a lot of
margarita.

They are interrupted by the loud screaming from Jessie.

JESSIE
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT GREEN AT
THE OPENING! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND
WHAT I'M SAYING? COMPRENDE THE
ENGLISH?

PENELOPE
Reese!

REESE
I'm coming. Let me get my coat.

JESSIE
You're fired, you stupid jessie!

Jessie snaps her phone shut.

Then Penelope sees the most terrible thing ever.

Jessie is sitting on Reese's coat.

Reese turns to her.

REESE
You're on my coat.

JESSIE
So?

REESE
It's cold outside.

JESSIE
It's winter.

REESE
My point exactly.

JESSIE
I'm not moving.

REESE
Move.

JESSIE
No!

Penelope grabs Reese's arm and pulls him away.

PENELOPE

Come on. We'll just get you a new coat.

REESE

No. I need that coat. You'll never believe this, but I ran into Emma Sexton tonight

(beat)

She offered me an interview.

JESSIE

Hey, J. Crew Coat. Did you say Emma Sexton?

REESE

Yeah? What's it to you?

JESSIE

Do you want a job?

REESE

Who are you?

JESSIE

Jessie Galloway of Galloway PR.

REESE

(speechless)

Wow. You...are my idol. I didn't recognize you. It's dark in here.

JESSIE

Whatever. Do you want the job or not?

REESE

Yes!

PENELOPE

Reese!

JESSIE

Be at my office tomorrow by seven or you're J. Crew ass is fired.

REESE

Got it.

PENELOPE

You can't be serious.

JESSIE

Dead serious.

(MORE)

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Do I know you?

Penelope steps back, trying to get behind Reese.

PENELOPE

Nope. I don't think so. Just one of those faces I guess.

JESSIE

(unsure)

I guess. Now get out of my sight before I fire you.

Jessie turns to her drink and takes a long, hearty sip. Reese and Penelope shuffle away.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. REESE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Penelope studies her LAPTOP under the warm covers of Reese's bed. We see the computer screen. It's filled with...

The enlarged photo of Jessie having sex with Chase. A look of pure pleasure is captured on Jessie's face.

REESE (O.S.)

Can you really believe she just asked
me right there? I can't believe she
did it!

Penelope barely hears him, completely entranced by the screen.

REESE (CONT'D)

Honey?

His head peaks out behind the screen between the rest of the room and the bathroom. He has a toothbrush in his hand.

PENELOPE

I know. It's crazy. All because
she saw that business card.

REESE

I know. That card didn't even mean
anything, you know? It was just if
I wanted to go into the interview,
but now I don't have to.

He disappears behind the partition again. He SPITS the water starts running again.

REESE (CONT'D)

Did you get any good pictures?

He comes around the partition and walks towards the bed.

PENELOPE

Yeah. Loads.

She closes her laptop as he gets into bed.

REESE

Can I see them?

PENELOPE

Maybe in the morning. I'm kinda
tired.

REESE

Okay? What's wrong with you?

PENELOPE

Nothing.

(beat)

I don't want you working for this woman. I did some research. She's not a good person.

REESE

I know. I know what she's done.

PENELOPE

I don't want her to change you.

She looks at him. Her eyes keep Reese's gaze. She's scared for him.

REESE

Nothing will change. I'll still be the same person you come home to everyday and the same person you fall asleep next to every night.

PENELOPE

You promise?

REESE

I swear.

He kisses her forehead.

PENELOPE

I love you.

They slip further under the covers. Reese leans to a light switch on the wall and turns the lights off.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jessie, eyes bloodshot, finishes work on her computer. Her office is spacious. A large, wooden windchime hangs from the ceiling above a rock garden. Bookcases line the walls. A KOI POND is in the corner

There's a KNOCK at the door.

JESSIE

What?

The door opens. A green glow fills the room. It's The Duchess. Jessie looks to her. The Duchess is crying.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

The Duchess moves closer to the desk. She sets in a chair.

THE DUCHESS
Chase is having an affair.

Jessie stops her work. She looks at The Duchess. She's surprised.

JESSIE
Why do you think that?

THE DUCHESS
Marty Bloom was at Essence tonight.
He said he Chase enter a back room
with some trashy looking girl.
(beat)
This can't get out.

JESSIE
(stands)
Don't be stupid. Of course this
won't get out. I'll make sure of
that.

She goes around to the front of the desk. The Duchess watches her as Jessie goes to koi pond.

RIVER ROCKS are scattered around the pool. Jessie picks takes one and flips it over. Underneath, she slides a hidden bottom away and a silver KEY falls out. Jessie reassembles the rock and drops it.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Here.

She walks back to The Duchess. Hands her the key.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
This key goes to room 706 upstairs.
Inside is a suite. I want you to
stay there until I get this matter
sorted out with Marty. Don't go
home. Don't make contact with Chase
or anybody else. No one can know
where you are. Understand?

The Duchess takes the key. She leaves the room.

Jessie stares at the door for a moment longer. She's planning something. Her phone lies on the desk, and Jessie grabs it. Quickly, she dials. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

It RINGS.

A MAN answers, his voice groggy.

MAN (O.S.)
Hello?

JESSIE
I have a problem.

MAN (O.S.)
Who is it?

We angle on Jessie's LAPTOP. On the screen is a picture from some friend sight.

The picture is of Penelope.

JESSIE
Penelope Clark.

MAN (O.S.)
That it?

JESSIE
Keep an eye on Marty Bloom. I'm going to talk to him right now, but I don't want to lose sight of him.

MAN (O.S.)
What do you want done with the girl?

Jessie casts a glance at the picture.

JESSIE
Do what you have to do.

She hangs up. Looking at the computer again, she slams the lid of it closed.

INT. MARTY BLOOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door flies open.

Jessie stands there. She's not happy.

MARTY (O.S.)
Jessie?

She walks into the grotesquely small apartment.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? It's--
(checks his watch)
Almost five in the morning.

JESSIE
Business, Marty.
(MORE)

JESSIE (CONT'D)
This city never sleeps. And
apparently neither do you.

She sees his laptop glowing on a coffee table near the couch.

MARTY
Do you want some coffee? I just put
a pot on.

JESSIE
Not now.

MARTY
Then what do you want.

JESSIE
What did you see tonight at the party?

MARTY
Nothing.

JESSIE
Don't play with me. I could bury
you.

MARTY
I think you need to go.

He opens the door wide.

JESSIE
That's how you want to play it?

He stands his ground. Brave.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Fine. Don't worry about finishing
that article. No one's going to
want it when I'm finished with you.

She storms out.

EXT. ALEX'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - MORNING

Glass is scattered across the cement. The two large windows
that allowed pedestrians to look into the photography studio
are now broken. Shards of glass are still stuck in the frame.

Police tape surrounds the building. COPS walk in and out of
the building.

Penelope rushes to the chaos. COP 1 stops her.

COP 1
Ma'am you can't go in there. It's
police business.

PENELOPE
No! It's okay! I work here.

She pushes past him and into the building.

INT. ALEX'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

The place is a complete disaster. Pictures are torn from
walls. Sets are in tatters. Paint is smeared everywhere.

COP 2 questions Alex, who is beyond angry at everyone. He
sees Penelope.

PENELOPE
What happened?!?

ALEX
You should know.
(to the police)
She's the one you want! Take her
away!

The police give Alex a quizzical look.

PENELOPE
What are you talking about? I didn't
do this!

ALEX
The police said the vandals that did
this walked through the front door.
You were the last person to leave
last night.

PENELOPE
(hysterical)
The windows are broken!

ALEX
The glass is on the outside! That
means they broke in through the door
that you left open and out through
the windows.

PENELOPE
This isn't my fault.

ALEX
You're fired!

Cop 2 interrupts. He has a pad of paper in his hand.

COP 2
Penelope Clark?

ALEX
She's the one you want!

PENELOPE
Penny, yes.

COP 2
We need to take you downtown for
questioning. Don't worry, your not
in trouble. We just have a few
questions to ask.

PENELOPE
Oh--okay.

He leads her away from Alex.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. JESSIE GALLOWAY PR - DAY

The elevators DING.

Everybody pauses for a second. Breaths are drawn in. They expect the worst.

Slowly, the doors open. Breaths are exhaled.

It's only Reese.

Everybody goes back to work as Reese steps out of the elevator. He walks to the front desk.

REESE

Hi. This is my first day.

RECEPTIONIST

Sit over there.

She doesn't even look at him. Just points to a line of chairs in the corner.

Collapsing in one of the chairs, Reese waits, looking around the beautiful office.

Suddenly, the elevator dings again. Same routine. Everybody holds their breath.

The doors slide open.

She steps out.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Good morning, Miss Galloway.

Jessie continues past her. Past Reese.

Watching her pass, Reese jumps after her, running to catch up. He does, and hands her a paper. They continue walking towards her office.

JESSIE

What's this?

REESE

My credentials.

JESSIE

Don't care.

The paper slips from her hand into a waste paper basket as they walk. Reese is a little stricken by this.

REESE
You don't want to read them?

JESSIE
I don't even know who you are.

A FEMALE WORKER walks up to them. Hands a paper to Jessie, and walks away. Jessie reads it while they talk.

REESE
Last night? At the party? You hired me.

JESSIE
Be more specific.

She crumples the paper and drops it.

REESE
I had a business card from Emma Sexton.

JESSIE
Right. I kinda remember you.

They stop. They've reached the war line. Sophie watches them in anticipation.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Sophie. Get Reese--what's your last name?

REESE
Carpenter.

JESSIE
Carpenter an office and an I.D. card.
And get me a mimosa.
(to Reese)
Come inside. I have a job for you.

They walk inside. Sophie is shocked Reese is allowed in.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE

Jessie crosses to her desk. Reese stares at the room in amazement.

Rifling through her desk, Jessie pulls out a roll of hundred dollar bills. At least six thousand dollars worth.

She drops it on the desk.

Reese's eyes about burst out of his head at the sight of it.

JESSIE

Here's what I want you to do. For a client.

She takes a business card and a pen from another drawer. She begins to scribble an address down.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Go to this address. Ask for the number five special for Jessie Galloway. It'll cost a few thousand, but there should be extra just in case. Then, come straight back here. Don't tell anybody where you are going. Got it?

Reese is confused. He doesn't like this.

REESE

Am I buying drugs?

JESSIE

I'm not a drug addict.

REESE

That's not what I meant.

JESSIE

Get out of my office.

Reese gets the point. He takes the business card and exits the room.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

It's a grungy place covered in garbage, dirt, rats, and probably human excrement. Reese keeps his hands to himself as he walks through the mess to a black door.

The door hangs crooked on it's hinges, and the screen has several tears and holes. The steps that lead to it are crumpled.

Reese KNOCKS on it.

Nothing.

He knocks again.

It flies open. A large man, STEFAN, 50s, hairy, fat, Albanian, stands there, blocking light from inside.

STEFAN

What do you want?

Reese looks at the card. Yep. He has the right address.

REESE
I'm here for Jessie Galloway. She
said the number five special is the
best.

Stefan sticks his head out the door. It jerks to the right.
Left. Steps back in the doorway.

STEFAN
Come inside.

INT. DEALER APARTMENT

It's slightly worse than the alley. The human excrement is
actually visible here. A large pile of shit sits in the middle
of a torn area rug.

Stefan and Reese go past this, to a fold out table in the
corner. Several titanium cases are underneath the table, and
Stefan takes one.

REESE
Is that a pile of shit?

STEFAN
Yeah.
(beat)
The shitter's broken.

Reese nods. He still doesn't understand.

He unlatches it on the table. The lid is lifted and...

Five gleaming HANDGUNS sit in foam. Reese steps back.

REESE
Holy shit!

Stefan gives him an odd look.

STEFAN
You say number five?

REESE
(hysterical)
Yeah--yeah! Number fuckin' five.
Why?

STEFAN
Jessie usually goes with the four.

Reese cannot believe this. He steps back, pacing around the
room. His hand pushes his hair back.

REESE

Usually. Of course. This all makes sense.

STEFAN

Are you alright?

REESE

Am I alright? Of course. This is all normal for me. I love buying guns from Albanians.

STEFAN

This is good.

Stefan takes the gun out of the case. He points it at Reese. Reese flips out. He ducks for cover behind a cardboard box.

REESE

Shit!

STEFAN

What? I am just testing it.

Stefan lowers the weapon. Sets it on the table. Gets another case. Opens it.

Inside are five gleaming SILENCERS. He takes one. Attaches it to the gun.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

All right.

He hands Reese the gun, who pockets it.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Would you like a bag?

REESE

No. I would much rather carry my gun around in my pocket. Of course I want a bag!

Stefan leaves the room. Seconds later he comes back with a brown paper lunch sack. Reese drops the gun inside. Stefan jumps.

REESE (CONT'D)

What?!

STEFAN

Careful! It's loaded!

REESE

Oh god.

STEFAN

Do you have my money?

REESE

Yeah, how much.

He fishes the bills from his pocket.

STEFAN

Twenty-five.

Reese begins to count it out.

REESE

Twenty-five hundred. Okay.

STEFAN

Not hundred. Thousand.

REESE

Listen. Jessie only gave me six thousand.

STEFAN

I need my money.

REESE

I know you need your money, and I need the money, too. You know Jessie's good for it. I know it. I'll have her send the money to you, okay?

STEFAN

I will consider it.

Reese starts to leave.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

REESE

To the safety of public transportation?

STEFAN

No, no, no. You leave when I get collateral.

REESE

Collateral?

STEFAN
You watch! Give me your watch.

Seriously?

Reese shimmies it off and tosses it to Stefan. It's a faux Rolex.

STEFAN (CONT'D)
This is a good watch.

REESE
Keep it.

Reese practically runs out of the room.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

People, mostly police officers, walk in and out of the large building. One of them, Penelope walks to a bench just past the front doors. She sits on it, totally exhausted.

She takes out her phone and begins to dial.

It connects.

PENELOPE
Hi. I didn't know who else to call.

Could you come get me? This has been a crazy day.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Reese storms into the office. Jessie looks up at him, not in the least bit surprised.

Reese stops in front of the desk. The paper bag is in his hand.

He drops it on the desk and marches out.

Jessie only smiles.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The sun is just setting. Penelope sits in a trance, still on the park bench.

Her head turns. Someone's coming.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Penelope?

She smiles at the sight of him.

Levi.

LEVI
What happened?

Penelope stands up. He hugs her. She holds him tight.

PENELOPE
It doesn't matter right now.

Okay? Will you just take me home?

LEVI
Of course.

EXT. REESE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

POV - BLACK AND WHITE CAMERA

Penelope and Levi casually stroll to the front doors of the apartment complex. We follow them.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

We take three pictures.

Penelope giggles with Levi, playfully hitting his chest.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

He grabs her. Embraces her. It's intense.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

She leans in.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

He leans in.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

They kiss. It's a loving, hard, ravenous kiss.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

He reluctantly lets her go. Penelope walks inside the building.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

INT. REESE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Penelope unlocks the door. She enters into

A CANDLE-LIT WONDERLAND.

They line every inch of the place. They sit in cups, bowls, on plates. Hundreds of them. They are the only thing lighting the room.

A trail of ROSE PETALS makes a trail to REESE. Dressed in a suit.

Penelope sees it all. Oh my god.

PENELOPE

Reese.

REESE

Don't speak. Just come here.

He smiles at her. Penelope slowly walks down the trail.

He grabs her hands when she reaches him.

Then he gets down on one knee. Penelope GASPS.

He takes a box out of his pocket. The ring. It's beautiful.

PENELOPE

Oh, Reese.

REESE

Penelope Honor Clark. Will you marry me?

Shit.

Hesitation.

PENELOPE

I don't know what to say.

REESE

Say yes.

PENELOPE

(beat)

Yes.

REESE

What?!

PENELOPE

Yes!

She smiles, crying now.

Reese jumps up and grabs her. He kisses her repeatedly.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jessie sits at her desk again. The PICTURE TAKER enters.
Jessie looks at him. We only see his back.

JESSIE

I wondered when you would get here.

He drops a manilla envelope on her desk. She opens it. Smiles.

PICTURE TAKER

Good?

JESSIE

Very. I'll wire the money to your
account.

The Picture Taker quietly leaves the room.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. FIVE RESTAURANT - BATHROOM AREA - NIGHT

The room is super hip, even though it's only a hall to a bathroom. A toilet FLUSHES. The MEN'S DOOR opens. Reese walks out. A mirror is at the end of the hall, and he fixes his hair in it.

Suddenly, the FEMALE DOOR opens. Emma walks out, nearly bumping into him. Reese almost jumps at her. Emma looks at him with surprise.

EMMA

Hello, Reese.

REESE

Ms. Sexton!

She begins to reapply her make up.

EMMA

I've heard you took a job at Galloway.

Brave, stupid, but brave. What drove you to it? Blackmail? She threaten you with your life?

REESE

No--it was nothing like that. She offered me a job on the spot. I realize I probably burned the bridge that was forming between us, and I don't mean in anyway to offend you. But--

EMMA

It's a girl.

REESE

How did you know?

EMMA

It's my job to read people. I know them.

And I saw the ring on her finger. It's large.

She snaps her compact closed. Turns to him. Smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Don't worry about bridges now. They'll come.

But, don't be so lackadaisical about building them. You'll need them when you leave Jessie.

Reese is taken aback. What?

REESE

What do you mean when I leave Jessie'?

EMMA

You'll see. But I need to go back to my client. I'll see you soon.

She leans forward, giving him two air kisses, close, but not touching Reese's cheeks. Then, she marches away.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jessie, like usual, is finishing up work on her computer.

The Duchess bursts into the room. She doesn't look normal. She wears a skin-tight, white jumpsuit. Her fingernails are painted white. Her wig is bleach white. Everything. White.

Jessie looks up, acting like she expects it all.

THE DUCHESS

He's doing it. Tonight. I know she will be there tonight.

JESSIE

Sit down.

The Duchess collapses into a chair, totally exhausted.

THE DUCHESS

What do I do?

Jessie opens a desk drawer and digs in. She slowly pulls out...

THE GUN.

She sets it on the desk between them. The Duchess looks at it.

THE DUCHESS (CONT'D)

What's that for?

JESSIE

I want you to go confront Chase. If he has a girl with him, use the weapon in front of me as you wish.

THE DUCHESS

(unsure)
Jessie?

JESSIE

Do it. Nothing will happen to you. I promise. Remember to wear gloves.

INT. THE DUCHESS' APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Duchess walks, almost in slow motion, towards the BEDROOM. GIGGLES can be heard on the inside.

Thump-thump. Thump-thump. Thump-thump.

She gets closer to the door.

THUMP-thump. THUMP-thump. THUMP-thump.

The manicured hand touches the golden doorknob. Slowly...

THUMP-THUMP. THUMP-THUMP. THUMP-THUMP.

It opens. SQUEAKS.

THUMP-THUMP! THUMP-THUMP! THUMP-THUMP!

INT. THE DUCHESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

A girl SCREAMS!

CHASE

Holy shit!

He jumps out of bed. A CUTE HOOKER stands half naked in the corner. Chase still has on underwear, but not much of anything else.

The gun dangles by The Duchess' side. It shakes in her hand. She's crying angry tears.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Chelsey!

THE DUCHESS

How could you? After all I did for you.

CHASE

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean for you to find out.

He eyes the gun.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Don't do anything stupid, okay? We can work through this.

THE DUCHESS
Is this the first time?

CHASE
What?

THE DUCHESS
Have you fucked anybody else in my
bed?!

CHASE
Not in your bed.

THE DUCHESS
WHO?!

The gun is brought a little higher up, almost to the point
of being aimed.

CHASE
There was someone else. Someone I
met before you.

THE DUCHESS
WHO?!

CHASE
It was...

The door bursts open again. Chase is interrupted. Jessie
marches in, going to stand by The Duchess. She almost seems
surprised by Chase's actions.

THE DUCHESS
I can't do it.

She drops the gun. It lands hard on the floor.

JESSIE
I knew it.

Jessie picks up the gun. Aims.

BAM!

The bullet smashes into the Cute Hooker. She SCREAMS. Crumples
to the floor.

The Duchess' eye grow wide. Jessie points the gun at Chase.
He's scared, and tries to back away. He can't.

BAM! BAM! Blood sprays as he falls back, hits the wall hard.
Slowly, he slides down the wall, leaving smears as he goes.

Jessie then takes a handkerchief from her pocket. She begins to wipe the gun down.

Knees buckle and The Duchess falls to the floor. She gasps for air, forgetting how to breath. It's all so sudden. Suddenly, she lets out a long SOB. She is almost screaming.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Reese sits across from Jessie. The clock ticking on the wall shows the time. 3:45 a.m.

JESSIE

I'm happy for you. Truly.

She smiles at him. It's kind of terrifying, but Reese mistakes it for actually sincerity.

INT. THE DUCHESS' BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Crawling, The Duchess goes to Chase. Blood pools around him, and large, red pools of blood form on The Duchess' white jumpsuit. She grabs him. Holds him. CRIES into his bloody neck.

Her eyes turn back to Jessie, who is carefully placing the gun in the hands of the cute hooker.

THE DUCHESS

What have you done?

JESSIE

I just saved your ass--and your husband's.

He was cheating on you with every cheap hooker in the city. I just saved you from a world of embarrassment.

THE DUCHESS

What are you going to do?

JESSIE

What I always do. Spin it. You were in a three-way with your faithful husband and his hooker when she pulled a gun on the both of you. Chase, in an effort to save you, took the first two shots, giving you enough time to get the gun out of the wall safe, and attack the hooker.

THE DUCHESS

(in disbelief)

I don't believe you.

JESSIE
You'll have to leave the country.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - PRESENT

REESE
I just wanted to thank you for helping
me pay for the ring. I don't know
how I could ever repay you.

JESSIE
All I want you to do is be happy and
do your best.

REESE
I feel like I have so much to learn
from you.

INT. THE DUCHESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

JESSIE
Don't worry. It will just be until
the heat cools down. I will make
sure your not a suspect in the courts.
I need you to do some thing for me
first though.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - PRESENT

JESSIE
You will. It all takes time. And
trust.

INT. THE DUCHESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A CELL PHONE is in Jessie's hand. She holds it in front of
The Duchess.

JESSIE
Make the call.

The Duchess thinks about it. She takes the phone. Dials.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

RINNG. RINNG.

It's picked up.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
What is your emergency?

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - PRESENT

REESE

Well, I've taken too much of your
time.

He stands up.

INT. THE DUCHESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The phone is raised to The Duchess' ear. She stares at
Jessie, who gives the commanding NOD.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hello?

A tear slowly slips down The Duchess' cheek. Her BREATHING
becomes loud. It's extremely labored.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Unless there is an emergency, do not
call this line again.

The jumbling of the phone can be heard. The BREATHING of
The Duchess becomes louder, building up to one point and
then...

THE DUCHESS

I just killed my husband.

She hangs up.

Her hand lets go of the phone, and it CLATTERS to the floor.
Jessie watches her for a moment, studying her.

JESSIE

Change your clothes. Get to my limo
without anyone seeing you. The driver
will know where to take you. The
tickets are waiting at the airport.

INT. JESSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Reese has reached the door. His hand is on the doorknob.
He's almost free.

JESSIE

Reese?

Shit. He spins around.

REESE

Yes?

Jessie smiles.

JESSIE

Tell Penelope hi for me, will you?

Reese gives her a confused look. Whatever.

REESE

Okay. Good night, Ms. Galloway.

JESSIE

Good night.

Reese leaves. Jessie stares at the spot in which he was standing. Then, she grabs the PHONE and dials.

It rings.

Picked up.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Marty Bloom please.

The call is placed.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Yes, Marty. Sorry to call so late,
but I have your next story.

FADE OUT:

END ACT FIVE