Guilt By Association

Pilot

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Based on the novel written by
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REV. FIRST DRAFT
June 12, 2013

ACT ONE

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS:

CARTRIDGES are laid out on a table, gleaming even in the dimly lit room. A SMITH & WESSON 686, cylinder released. THROUGH ITS EMPTY CHAMBERS, we glimpse tasteful wallpaper. CLOSE ON EYES, intense and focused on the task at hand. ROUNDS are carefully loaded one by one. CYLINDER snapped into place. CURTAINS yanked shut. DO NOT DISTURB SIGN hung from a doorknob. DEADBOLT set from inside. SECURITY LOCK flipped.

It's only now that we see the agent of these actions, or rather, this ritual -- **RACHEL KNIGHT**, who's somehow managed to make it to her 30's. In sweats and a tee shirt, gun in hand, she sits on the side of her bed. Sets the gun down on the night stand. Kills a tiny bottle of honor bar Scotch. Steels herself for what's to come.

RACHEL (O.S.; PRELAP)
Some people deserve to die...

INT. LOS ANGELES CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - COURTROOM - DAY

Rachel, now in an elegant skirt suit, faces a Male Defendant. The gallery's full but CAMERA FINDS **DETECTIVE BAILEY KELLER** (30's) on the prosecution side, watching with fond respect. Behind the bench, **JUDGE J.D. MORGAN**, 40, stern but handsome.

RACHEL
Michelle Lassen didn't. And guess what? Neither does her killer.
(turns to jury)
Now it may surprise you to hear me say that. But it's true. Death would be too fast for this defendant. What he deserves... is to be locked in a cage for 28,470 days -- the length of the average human life. What he deserves... is to suffocate in its stale air for 683,280 hours. To be aware that his life is over for every one of those 40,996,800 minutes. You have that power. Use it. Find him guilty of murder in the first degree. Damn him to life without the possibility of parole. And pray he stays healthy... for a very long time.

Rachel nods to a quietly impressed Morgan: I'm done.

JUDGE MORGAN
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that concludes closing arguments...

BAILEY (O.S.; PRELAP)
Think you'll get the conviction?

INT. CORRIDOR BEHIND COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A busy hallway between judge's chambers and courtrooms. Rachel walks with a chip-eating Bailey.

RACHEL
Wouldn't have brought the case if I didn't, but there's this crazy little thing called a jury --

BAILEY
And cross contaminated DNA -- surprised you even filed it at all.

RACHEL
Evidence is for pussies.

Rachel snags Bailey's bag of chips, helps herself.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
By the way, I ever tell you how much I hate your metabolism?

BAILEY
Daily.

TONI (O.S.)
A hundred calories worth of chips now or a refreshing cocktail later?

They turn to see 30-something **TONI LACOLLETTE**, looking more private practice than county prosecutor.

BAILEY
Drinks at the Biltmore?

RACHEL
Nah, need to get out of the house.

TONI
And I need to medicate.
(to Bailey)
J.D. asked me to move in again.

As the women go, they clock J.D. chatting with and towering over **KARL PROVOST**, both men in judicial robes.

BAILEY
What an awful, awful man.

RACHEL
And, of course, you said no. But a real friend would've waited til after closing arguments to break up with my presiding judge.

TONI
Yeah, sorry about that.

Despite Toni's glibness, she's conflicted about the break up. Rachel waves at the judges; only Provost returns the favor.

RACHEL
Couldn't have dated Provost instead? He's single.

TONI
And a foot too short. Either way, never trust a man in a robe.

RACHEL
Unless he rocks it with pearls.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

JAKE PAHLMEYER (early 30's) taps at the open door. Rachel sits at her desk, looks up at her colleague as he drops into a chair. Bullpen is visible through the glass.

JAKE
So. What's your best guess?

RACHEL
That they'll deliberate over pizza today and Chinese food tomorrow.

JAKE
Last jury I had ordered deep dish, walked the guy right after lunch.

He enjoys ribbing her. And vice versa. CLOSE ON HIS EYEGLASSES, as Jake takes them off, cleans them.

RACHEL
Thanks for jinxing me. How close are <u>you</u> to trial so I can return the favor?

JAKE
On the Densmore case? Not. Primary suspect's not even in custody yet -- investigation's been fun though.

RACHEL
You have an extremely twisted idea of a good time.

Jake turns to look to make sure no one is within earshot. As he does so, a scratch on his neck becomes visible to Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Probably good you aren't in court with that anyway. Rough night?

JAKE
Cat. Stray that comes around sometimes. No good deed, right?

Jake is anxious now, needs to get to the reason for his visit. Puts on his glasses.

JAKE (CONT'D)
So, listen I need your advice on something... unofficial.

RACHEL
(mock horror)
Dear God -- does the great Jake Pahlmeyer actually have a personal problem he wants to discuss?

Jake grins, likes her a lot. Before he can confirm or deny --

ASSISTANT
(at door; to Rachel)
Sorry to interrupt. Verdict's in.

Rachel shoots Jake a look -- maybe he did jinx her.

MALE COURT CLERK (O.S.; PRELAP)
We the jury in the above entitled action...

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The courtroom has re-assembled entirely. The defendant and his defense team stand as the **MALE COURT CLERK** reads:

COURT CLERK
... find the defendant, Paul Easton, guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree...

The gallery erupts in relief and subdued cheers. A **FAMILY MEMBER** jumps up, throws her arms around Rachel, emotional.

FAMILY MEMBER
Rachel, thank you so much...

JUDGE MORGAN
Order...

RACHEL
(to Family Member)
You're very welcome.

JUDGE MORGAN
Please remain in your seats, let the clerk continue.

MALE COURT CLERK
On the count of rape, we find the defendant, guilty as charged...

Pleased and triumphant, Rachel studies a menacing Easton. This is why she does what she does for a living.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - BULLPEN - DAY

Rachel is met with applause and hoots of appreciation as she enters, the conquering hero. Toni, at her office door holds out a hand for their traditional post verdict high five.

TONI
D.A.'s out in front of it again.

RACHEL
Already? What'd he do? Teleport?

Rachel peeks into Toni's office. TV is on and the L.A. County D.A. **BILL VANDERHORN** (45) gives a press conference.

VANDERHORN (ON TV)
Justice has been served today with the conviction of Paul Easton. Our heartfelt thanks go to the jury for their diligence and to our Special Trials Unit for its work on some of my office's most difficult cases.

JAKE (O.S.)
Congrats, buddy.

RACHEL
(turns to see him there)
Wouldn't know I had anything to do with it. Hey, few of us are gonna drown our sorrows. You coming?

JAKE
Can't, other plans.

TONI
Code for the man's got a real life. What's her name, Jake?

Jake just grins, starts to go. Rachel calls after him.

RACHEL
Hey wait, you still need to talk?

JAKE
We can do it tomorrow.

RACHEL
Might wanna reconsider, I give good counsel after a martini or two...

EXT. PERCH - NIGHT

A rooftop bar downtown. Laughter as Rachel, Bailey and Toni are mid-discussion and a few drinks into the night.

TONI
J.D. threatened me with contempt in my first 10 minutes of meeting him.

RACHEL
Tone, you practically called him a jerk in open court -- you kinda deserved it.

BAILEY
So he wants to be exclusive -- what're you afraid of?

TONI
It's not fear. It's practicality. He doesn't want kids.

RACHEL
I'm with the judge. World's full of predators, why bring kids into it?

BAILEY
Come on, cynics, it's not that bad.

RACHEL
Says the L.A.P.D. Detective who sees murder and mayhem every day.

TONI
And with that, we've reached the agree to disagree part of the evening. Shall we call it a night?

BAILEY
I know I'm over the legal limit.

As is Toni. And Rachel. A beat, then --

RACHEL
So who's driving?

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rachel and Bailey are tipsy in the back. A flirty Toni sits up front with a cute but young **PATROL OFFICER.**

RACHEL
Sorry you pulled drunk female duty, appreciate the lift though.

PATROL OFFICER
Glad to be of help, Ma'am.

RACHEL
Wait, when did I become a ma'am?

TONI
When you started dressing like one-- were you born in a navy blue suit?
(to Patrol Officer)
What'd you say your name was, hon'?

BAILEY
It's Officer Jensen but that's not what his wife calls him.

RACHEL
Day one into her break up and she's already gone cougar on us.

TONI
Don't make me come back there because I will knock your punk asses out.

Rachel and Bailey disintegrate into laughter to Toni's amused annoyance. But as they turn the corner, Rachel catches sight of crime scene activity at a seedy motel -- a police line, lookiloos, patrol cars, coroner's van, crime scene techs.

RACHEL
Helluva lot of protect and serve for this neighborhood.

PATROL OFFICER
Murder/suicide. Heard it on the radio earlier.

And it's caused some gridlock. A traffic cop comes to the aid of his brethren, allows our patrol officer to slowly pass.

TONI
Uh uh. If the defendant's dead, ain't our concern.

Bailey spots **LT. GRADEN HALES** (handsome, late 30's) speaking to detectives.

BAILEY
Oh shit -- my new lieutenant. Keep driving.

But Rachel can't help herself --

RACHEL
Stop the car.

BAILEY
You nuts? He can't see me drunk.

RACHEL
He won't.

TONI
Girl, you ever off the damn clock?

RACHEL
(ignoring; to Officer)
Take these two home. I'm close.

Rachel climbs out. Toni sighs, follows suit.

EXT. ST. VINCENT MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The two women stand outside the car; Bailey still hiding.

TONI
My feet already hate you but even with the fire power you got in that bag, you ain't walking home alone.

BAILEY
(from within car)
He looking this way?

RACHEL
Actually, he's walking this way.

BAILEY
Dammit, Rachel.

RACHEL
Go. Go. Go.

The patrol car takes off as Graden approaches, solemn, maybe even pissed. Rachel flashes her D.D.A. badge, as does Toni.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
What's going on here?

GRADEN
It's a closed crime scene.

RACHEL
Maybe I'm not being clear -- we're Special Trials. We pick up the case the day the body's found so it's not closed to us.

TONI
I'm Toni LaCollette and this is Rachel Knight.

GRADEN
I know who you are.

Graden's looking at Rachel when he says this, and she finds it both electrifying and unsettling at the same time.

GRADEN (CONT'D)
If you don't have access to a ride, I'll arrange for --

RACHEL
Are you seriously trying to keep us out of a crime scene --

GRADEN
Yes, I am. You can't be here.

Rachel's ready to punch him in the face, but her attention turns to the Coroner's Team rolling out a couple gurneys with CORONER'S INVESTIGATOR **SCOTT FERRIER** chasing after them--

SCOTT
The glasses! I need the glasses...

They stop to oblige, unzip the body bag, exposing the face of the corpse. A latex-gloved Scott, reaches in and removes the eye glasses of the deceased. Rachel is hit in the gut by the sight. She knows the victim, or the killer -- she's just not sure which label applies yet. <u>It's Jake Pahlmeyer</u>.

<u>END OF ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

INT. GRADEN'S UNMARKED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rachel and Toni in the back seat, sitting in stunned silence. Graden drives, checking them in his rear view mirror.

GRADEN
Obviously, your office can't go near this but given what you saw, I'll tell you what I know.
(beat; then)
Female's name was Katherine "Kat" Chalmers, known prostitute. Working theory is he strangled her to death in a rough sex encounter. She dies, he panics, can't live with the consequences, shoots himself.
(no response)
You said the Biltmore Hotel, right?

RACHEL
Yeah.

GRADEN
Painting? Fumigating? Evicted?

RACHEL
I live there.

Graden takes this in, curious.

GRADEN
What about you?

TONI
I'm in Westchester but... Rach, you mind if stay --

Rachel nods. Graden pulls up in front of the historic --

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

ANGEL the doorman opens the door for Toni, who bolts past.

ANGEL
Good evening --

TONI
Excuse me.

Rachel climbs out after her, barely holding herself together.

ANGEL
Miss Knight, everything okay?

But she goes in without a word. Graden offers to Angel:

GRADEN
Someone she knows died.

EXT. UNDETERMINABLE LOCATION - NIGHT

Tight impressionistic shots. Only glints of light. Bad things are happening. A struggle. A beating. Gasping. Thrashing. Eyes. Gloves. A screaming mouth, stuffed with a gag.

Rachel wakes up with a start in --

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - RACHEL'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Breathing hard. What was she dreaming about?

TONI (O.S.)
You okay?

Rachel looks at hotel-robed Toni, who stands at the closet.

RACHEL
Nothing, nightmare, I guess.

TONI
Lot of that going around. Some of it right here in your closet. Where do you shop? Big Lots?

Rachel wants to smile. So does Toni. But neither can today. Just then, Bailey appears in the doorway -- coffees in hand.

RACHEL
When'd you get here?

BAILEY
Minute ago. Toni let me in.

Rachel looks at the clock, taking this in, huh. Six a.m.

RACHEL
We know anything?

BAILEY
Jake paid for the motel room. And both of them were nude.

The notion hits Rachel and Toni hard.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

A roomful of dark suited prosecutors, including Rachel and Toni. Shock, grief. **ERIC NORTHRUP** (50, warm, decent, Head Deputy of Special Trials) addresses the gathered.

NORTHRUP
The U.S. Attorney will be handling the case with the FBI's assistance as it's a conflict of interest for us. That said, the circumstances of these deaths aren't fully known and I'd ask that judgment be withheld until the investigation is complete. But I will say this much, the Jake I knew was a good man and a fine lawyer.

Some agree, some question. Eric wends through the room, handing out case files to various D.D.A.'s, including Toni.

ERIC
Jake had ten open cases, only four really need to be worked up.

Eric's got one more file left. Rachel waits for him to hand it over to her but he doesn't. He locks eyes with her paternally, knows she's rocked by all this. Then --

ERIC (CONT'D)
Come by my office.
(then; to room)
That's it for now everyone. Thanks.

The room starts clearing out. And the moment it does, a nearby colleague, **D.D.A. SWOOTZ**, blathers to another D.D.A.

D.D.A SWOOTZ
Guess he was into the rough stuff. You see those scratch marks he had on his neck last week?

RACHEL
Hey. Withhold judgment, remember?

Rachel and Swootz lock eyes, clearly of differing POV's.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - ERIC'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Eric endures Vanderhorn's diatribe while waiting on Rachel.

VANDERHORN
So what was it -- this guy into S&M or something? Because maybe we're not vetting our deputies enough.

ERIC
You certainly slipped through the cracks.
(off Vanderhorn's glare)
Just a joke, Bill.

VANDERHORN
We can't afford this kind of a black eye to the department, not in an election year.

Rachel steps in, unhappy to see Vanderhorn. To Eric:

RACHEL
You wanted to see me, boss?

VANDERHORN
I've asked Eric to put his best deputy on a high profile case Jake Pahlmeyer was handling.

RACHEL
It's the Special Trials Unit -- all our cases are high profile. Nice press conference the other day.

No love lost between them. Eric, as always, is the salve.

ERIC
The victim was the unintended target of a drive-by shooting. Frank Densmore, Jr.

VANDERHORN
Frank Densmore Senior's a dear friend of mine.

RACHEL
Right, and campaign contributor.

She just can't help herself. Eric sighs; Vanderhorn glares.

VANDERHORN
Bad enough his son's case was being handled by a sex freak. Last thing Frank wants is for it to stall. He wants closure on it. And so do I.

A warning. Vanderhorn goes, leaving Eric with Rachel.

RACHEL
He does realize the primary suspect's still in the wind, right?

ERIC
Apparently, that's irrelevant.

RACHEL
I don't know why you didn't run against him.

ERIC
Because it's more fun to stay here and run interference for you.
(then)
You doing okay with all this?

RACHEL
If you're talking about Jake, no.

ERIC
Me either. But... the F.B.I. has its job to do and we have ours.

RACHEL
Which I'd be okay with if they ever lived up to their last letter, but this crazy murder/suicide theory --

ERIC
I know it's hard for you, but this time, Rach? Stay in your lane.
(hands her file)
Frank Densmore, Jr.

Meaning steer clear of Jake's case. She opens the file to a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of a man sprawled on the street.

RACHEL
Just so you know, I'm gonna try and pull my own I.O. on this.

ERIC
(grins; then)
Tell Detective Keller I said hello.

INT. BAILEY'S SERVICE VEHICLE - MOVING - DAY

Bailey behind the wheel. Rachel riding shotgun, case file in her lap, but that's not what's on her mind.

RACHEL
So the F.B.I. just running with the murder/suicide theory, I assume.

BAILEY
Leave it alone, okay?

RACHEL
Meaning what?

BAILEY
Meaning don't dig. Or at least don't get caught.

RACHEL
Why does everyone think they know me so damn well?

BAILEY
Because we do, Rach.

RACHEL
Trust me, you don't.
(opens file)
Frank Densmore, Jr. Male, 24, shot outside his car, couple of GSW's to the chest in Locos territory. Gang Unit believes Luis Revelo of the Echo Park Eights was the trigger man in a drive-by meant for some other folks who managed to not get hit.

The file's open to a mug shot of **suspect Luis Revelo**, but Rachel gets out her phone, scrolls through her contacts.

BAILEY
So this rich kid just happens to be in East L.A. -- doing what?

RACHEL
According to dad, Junior was recently sober and on his way to volunteer at an risk youth center.
(into phone)
Scott Ferrier please.

BAILEY
And that organization's legit?

RACHEL
Densmore Senior's on its board of directors -- and Vanderhorn's pal.

BAILEY
No pressure there.

RACHEL
But Junior was no angel -- autopsy report showed traces of heroin in his urine, but not in his blood.

BAILEY
So he used a few days prior --

RACHEL
Which qualifies as recently sober if you're from Beverly Hills. Junior may not have been in East L.A. to volunteer after all.
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(still holding on phone)
Nearest Michelin star restaurant.

BAILEY
Water Grill. And why're you calling the Coroner's Office if you already have Densmore's autopsy report?

RACHEL
To get Jake's.
(into phone)
Scottie. How's my favorite foodie? Think you'll be hungry later?
(off Bailey's look)
After work, of course.

Bailey shakes her head, amused by Rachel in spite of herself.

EXT. EAST L.A. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Bus stop, graffiti, cracked sidewalks. Rachel and Bailey watch as LAPD Gang Unit Detective, **RICK WELKY** exits his car, Starbucks in hand.

WELKY
Sorry I'm late, ladies.

And yet he's sipping a piping hot latte. Rachel and Bailey hate him already.

RACHEL
Detective Welky, Detective Keller. I'm Rachel Knight.

WELKY
Always interesting when you Special Trials types come out to play, though I don't get why you wouldn't leave the field work to us.

RACHEL
Because we don't have to.

Welky nods, taking the hit. Walks them to the crime scene.

WELKY
So you're the one they gave Pahlmeyer's case to, huh?

RACHEL
Yep.

WELKY
Sure didn't see that coming.

RACHEL
Still an open investigation.

Meaning this conversation's over. Welky nods, proceeds:

WELKY
Okay so what we got out here is a bunch of little cliques working in and around the area. This spot in particular is up for grabs.

RACHEL
Prime suspect's Luis Revelo of the Echo Park Eights?

WELKY
Patrolman tagged a 1998 Buick Regal registered to him near here at the time of the shooting. And if one of the Eights is in this neck of the woods, it's not for a good reason.

BAILEY
No surveillance footage?

WELKY
Bit of a blind spot unfortunately.

RACHEL
Four shots fired from a 9mm semi-automatic in broad daylight but no witnesses.

WELKY
None that are gonna come forward.

BAILEY
So you're thinking Densmore wasn't the true target. Any idea who was?

WELKY
Anyone from the Loco 13's. Word on the street that the Eights are trying to move in on their turf.

RACHEL
Big drug territory here?

WELKY
Huge. That's why the Eights are trying to move in.

BAILEY
Then isn't it possible the victim was out here to score?

WELKY
Of course, he was. We all know the kid was a junkie. But he was at the wrong place at the wrong time.

RACHEL
You check into whether or not he'd ever been seen in the area prior?

Welky obviously hasn't, sips his coffee, weakly offers --

WELKY
Haven't found anything so far.

Rachel and Bailey swap looks. This guy's lazy.

BAILEY
I'm on it.

WELKY
(clocking it)
Look, Densmore's dead. It's Revelo we need to be focused on.

RACHEL
Thanks for the tip. Appreciate your time, Detective Welky.

Not. As they step away from the detective --

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Unbelieveable. Does <u>anyone</u> go the extra mile anymore?

BAILEY
You set a pretty high bar, Rach. Not even I'm willing to watch Scott Ferrier eat.

INT. WATER GRILL - EVENING

Secluded corner. Rachel sits across from Scott Ferrier, who's torn between paranoia and the culinary nirvana of short ribs. Rachel picks at a salad during their hushed conversation.

SCOTT
Cause of death was strangulation.

RACHEL
But there were older wounds, meaning the woman Jake was with had been beaten recently.

SCOTT
Contusions and lacerations at least two weeks old, I'd say.
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
But the specificity of the targeted anatomy suggests it was more a case of torture than random beating.

Which doesn't help Rachel's appetite. Scott, aware of local government types a few tables over, raises his voice a bit.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You really should try the profiteroles... they alone merit its Michelin rating, my opinion.

RACHEL
What about Jake?

SCOTT
Point blank shot to the temple, GSR on his hand.

Pretty damning and Rachel knows it. The waiter drops the leather check folder off at the table.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Let's go Dutch, shall we?

Rachel shoots him a look -- this bill was always going to be on her. She plunks down a credit card while Scott "pays" via an envelope which he slides under the table to her.

RACHEL
Any signs of sexual activity?

SCOTT
Other than his being buck naked, no. But that's not surprising. A lot of sadistic types are impotent.

Rachel hates that Jake's already been convicted by everyone.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Oh my God, this is sooo good.

RACHEL
Enjoy your profiteroles.

Rachel rises to go, brings her purse and the envelope with --

INT. WATER GRILL - LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel slams into a stall, rips open the envelope and studies two autopsy reports -- Jake's and Kat's.

CLOSE ON VARIOUS AUTOPSY REPORT ENTRIES: **decedent, female, age 22, multiple lacerations, strangulation by ligature, evidence of IV drug use, white male, scratches on neck, gunshot wound to the head, manner of death: suicide.**

And finally, a crime scene photo. Tawdry and disturbing. Off Rachel, sagging against the wall as reality sets in.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - TONI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Toni still at work, grabs her ringing cell phone.

TONI
Toni LaCollette.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BILTMORE - GALLERY BAR - SAME TIME

Bailey, on her cell, sits before **DREW RAYFORD (late 20's)** who deposits a drink in front of her with a wink and a smile.

BAILEY
Hey, is Rachel there?

TONI
No, why?

BAILEY
Because the Bureau's dusting Jake's case off as a deviant sex thing.

TONI
What'd they do? Take all of ten minutes to investigate?

BAILEY
If she's not with me, you or Drew --

TONI
She's probably trespassing.

EXT. JAKE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Rachel steps up to the front door where a **POLICE OFFICER** is posted. She shows him her badge.

RACHEL
D.D.A. Knight, like to get inside for a moment, thanks.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry, I've been instructed to allow only select personnel into the crime scene.

RACHEL
First off, it's not the scene of the crime. And second, I've been instructed to try one of Mr. Pahlmeyer's court cases which requires my having access to any documentation he may have on it inside his home.
(off his hesitation)
Would you like me to get the District Attorney on the line?

A beat as the rookie considers this. Then --

POLICE OFFICER
No, Ma'am.

RACHEL
And by the way? It's Miss. Or Ms. Just not... what you said.

INT. JAKE'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark. The Officer tips the front door open, turns on the lights. Reveals a tidy, furnished townhouse. Rachel crosses the threshold, pushes inside. Finds it void of personality; clearly it was just a way station for Jake.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

It's late. Rachel and Jake working late, sleeves rolled up.

RACHEL
Though I'm in no hurry to get home, I say we call it a night.

She pulls a bottle out of her drawer, sets out coffee mugs.

JAKE
Agreed, if for no other reason than you'll pour the scotch.

RACHEL
I don't need no stinkin' reasons.

As Rachel pours, Jake considers her, tentative.

JAKE
All the hours we've spent together here -- you realize we've only ever talked about what happens here?

RACHEL
(raises her glass)
You say that like it's a bad thing.

They share a smile, clink and drink.

RESUME as Rachel shakes off the memory. She turns to see that the Police Officer is nowhere to be seen. She takes advantage of the opportunity, sifts through the paperwork. Finds a file on the Densmore case. Flips it open. Sees typed notes**: Met with Welker -- lazy.** Rachel can't help but smile. Reads on**: Victim faced eviction, threatened landlord with legal action as father is connected.**

She spots hastily handwritten note elsewhere on the desk: **5542.** Written beneath that**: white male, 40-50, 5' 7ish.** Hmmm. Discreetly snaps a pic of it with her cell phone.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You don't have permission to be here.

She doesn't turn around, too focused on taking pictures.

RACHEL
Asking's not my M.O.

Finally, she deigns to face the speaker, sees it's Graden standing there. Oops. Pockets her phone. Quickly --

RACHEL (CONT'D)
And there wasn't time. I was given one of Jake's priority cases.

GRADEN
F.B.I.'s still processing this scene. It's hands off until they're done.

He locks eyes with her. It's unsettling somehow.

GRADEN (CONT'D)
There something in particular you're looking for?

Time's up and she knows it. WHIP PANS as Rachel scans the place, hoping for a glimpse of anything else that might help. She sees a clean kitchen with gourmet oils and spices, a mens' magazine on the coffee table, an unmade bed through the open bedroom door. And then... **A CAT** -- scratching at the French doors to get inside. Rachel smiles.

RACHEL
Actually, no, I'm good. Thanks.

Rachel goes. Off Graden.

BAILEY (O.S.; PRELAP)
So where were you last night?

INT. BAILEY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Bailey behind the wheel. Rachel riding shotgun, preoccupied.

RACHEL
Jake's. Ran into your boss there.

BAILEY
Perfect. He threaten to tell yours?

RACHEL
He was pretty cool about it -- as in ice. He always that way?

BAILEY
A little. Why?

RACHEL
Nothing. What do you make of this?
(shows her cell grab)
5542. Pin code? Address? Not sure about the description.

BAILEY
You took photos -- of evidence -- at Jake's place.

RACHEL
Saw a cat, too, which means he probably wasn't lying about the scratch on his neck.

A beat. Bailey hesitates but needs Rachel to hear this:

BAILEY
Rachel, they found photos on his cell. Nude shots of Kat Chalmers taken before she died.

It just keeps getting worse. They pull up to a house. Beat.

RACHEL
I want to see them.

BAILEY
(not a good idea; beat)
How about we get back to the case you're supposed to be --

But Rachel's out before she can finish. PRELAP DOG BARKING.

EXT. ECHO PARK HOUSE - LATE DAY

Rachel and Bailey stand at a chain link fence, behind which is a very unhappy pit bull. Bailey checks her watch.

BAILEY
Revelo's parole officer's supposed to meet us here.

RACHEL
Does this foster mom still take in kids? 'Cause I'm thinking they'd be appetizers for this guy.

BAILEY
Believe Revelo was her last.

RACHEL
Assault, burglary and possession -- no wonder she didn't want to repeat that success story.

BAILEY (O.S.; PRELAP)
Ms. Horner, we asked Tyrone to coordinate this meeting...

INT. ECHO PARK HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Modest, cluttered. Owned by **OLIVE HORNER** (60's) who sits with her dog across from Rachel, Bailey and **TYRONE JACKSON**, a beefy probation officer, sits adjacent.

RACHEL
Because we need to find Luis.

TYRONE
As you know, he's a person of interest in the Densmore shooting.

OLIVE
And I told you, he hasn't been around for weeks. Said the same to this parole officer and the police-- don't you people share information?

RACHEL
Not always. You live alone here?

OLIVE
Over 30 years. Used to be a better neighborhood than it is now.

RACHEL
Yeah, doesn't seem terribly safe. Even with... your little friend.

OLIVE
Luis gave her to me for protection. Works pretty well.

BAILEY
Helps that his gang runs the area.

OLIVE
(defensive)
He's trying to put all that behind him. Goes to L.A. City College now, wants to get an MBA.

TYRONE
It's true that he enrolled. And up til a few weeks ago, his attendance was perfect. But he hasn't been to class since Densmore got shot.

OLIVE
He's getting all A's. Whether you believe it or not, he's not a thug.

RACHEL
(she doesn't; rises)
Well, thanks for your time. If Luis contacts you, tell him he's only making it worse by not coming forward. Implies guilt.

EXT. ECHO PARK HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel and Bailey head for the car. Take note of some GANGBANGERS across the street giving them the stink-eye.

BAILEY
I'll find out what I can from City College, see if Luis has kept in touch with any classmates.

RACHEL
You buy the straight A student bit?

BAILEY
People can have two sides.

RACHEL
You talking about Revelo or Jake?

BAILEY
I was speaking generally.

RACHEL
(yeah; right)
Is it five yet? Time for therapy.

INT. BILTMORE - GALLERY BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A DRINK poured by Drew, who serves as Rachel's therapist and favorite bartender.

DREW
Men compartmentalize. Especially when it comes to sex.

RACHEL
And if we were talking about some schlub getting serviced by a hooker ‘cause his wife won’t blow him, that’d be one thing --

DREW
You have an amazing way with words.

RACHEL
-- But a sadistic pervert? I just don’t believe Jake could be that twisted and not show it.

She turns to see the **DESK CLERK** there, envelope in hand.

DESK CLERK
Ms. Knight? This just came for you.

Rachel opens the envelope, partially pulls out a photo with a post it on it: Images of Kat Chalmers found on Jake’s phone. Rachel edges the photos up, sees the murdered prostitute, only in these pictures, she’s very much alive. And topless. A sad smile on Kat’s face, bruises and marks on her body. Rachel shoves the pics back inside. Rattled, disappointed.

DREW
Care for a refill?

RACHEL
Think I’ll go out, grab something to eat, get some fresh air.

DREW
Really -- in Downtown L.A.

RACHEL
Buy yourself something pretty, Doc.

Rachel leaves a tip, gathers her bag, goes.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A cement ghost town. Rachel walks alone, purse slung over her shoulder, bag of take-out Chinese in hand. Rachel approaches a clump of humanity on the sidewalk -- an older black man, **CLETUS** with his shopping cart, makeshift cardboard shelter and tons of collected junk.

CLETUS
Hey, Missy. Smells like you got some Chow Mein in there.

RACHEL
And Orange Chicken.

CLETUS
Hope you got more than steamed veggies for yourself tonight.

Nope. She keeps one carton for herself, hands the rest over.

CLETUS (CONT'D)
You know life's supposed to be some kinda banquet, right?

RACHEL
Have a good one, Cletus.

Rachel heads off, appreciates her funny little friendships. As she reaches the corner, she hears --

CLETUS
You forgot your duck sauce.

RACHEL
I'll live.

Rachel turns the corner when, out of nowhere, a blanket is thrown over her head. A beefy GANGBANGER bear hugs her toward a waiting SUV as an accomplice presses a hand over Rachel's mouth. Together they shove her into the back seat. And in a few seconds, the SUV and Rachel... are gone.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Two gangbangers work hard to keep Rachel from getting free.

RACHEL
Let me go! Help! I need help!

A gun is butted up against Rachel's temple. She instantly stills herself. Breathing hard. After a beat, the blanket is lifted and **LUIS REVELO** stares down at her from above.

LUIS
Name's Luis Revelo.

RACHEL
Yeah, and you're wanted for murder.

LUIS
Never killed anybody in my life. Not yet anyway.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SUV - PARKED - MACARTHUR PARK - NIGHT

Rachel surrounded by 3 GANGBANGERS, one of whom has a .38 pointed at her. The other, MANNY, goes through her purse, finds Rachel's Smith & Wesson. Impressed.

LUIS
My apologies for the uncivilized intro, but I needed you to know that I was nowhere near that part of town when the dude got shot --

RACHEL
You were home studying, right?

LUIS
Exactly.

RACHEL
But somehow your car happened to be in East L.A.

LUIS
Because of my pendejo cousin, yeah. And by the way, he didn't shoot nobody -- anybody -- either.

RACHEL
Wasn't out there trying to make his bones, impress you with a drive-by.

LUIS
Nah, man, Hector wouldn't do that.

RACHEL
You try asking him?

LUIS
Couldn't. He got picked up for possession with intent to sell day or two after. Never got a chance to talk to him, much less discipline the bitch for taking my ride.
(to Gangbanger)
You think Hector got it in him to do something like that?

With a gun still pointed at Rachel, Manny shrugs. Maybe.

LUIS (CONT'D)
Whatever, look -- I'm finally getting my act together, right? Just want the cops to know they're looking at the wrong guy for this.

RACHEL
So you kidnap a D.A. to explain.

LUIS
What was I gonna do? Walk into the station and tell ‘em that so they can put my ass in jail and pretend to investigate while I get shanked by some Peckerwood or Crip?

RACHEL
You might have a point.
(re: gun)
Hard to know with this at my head.

LUIS
Manny, back off the piece already.

Manny does, to Rachel’s relief. She considers Luis.

LUIS (CONT’D)
If I’m on the run, I can’t do school, can’t do nothin’ but hide. Figure I take this one shot with you. It don’t work, I fly south.

RACHEL
Your cousin ever interact with Densmore before?

LUIS
Guy like that? Doubt it. But if he did, it was prob’ly to sell to him.

Which piques Rachel’s interest mightily.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - TONI’S OFFICE - DAY

Toni’s at work at her desk. Rachel pops in at the open door.

RACHEL
Remember when we went to that dance club in WeHo and you wore that wig?

TONI
Blonde is beautiful, baby.

RACHEL
Need to borrow it.

TONI
What the hell are you up to?

RACHEL
Trust me, some things are best left unknown.

INT. L.A.P.D. - GRADEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Graden at his desk, studying Rachel's DMV photo and record. He pulls up another screen, plugging her name into a state database, **finds a record: RACHEL KNIGHT/TRUE NAME: RACHEL HANFORD.** Along with records suggesting she changed her name after high school. Curious.

Graden plugs Rachel Hanford into a search engine. Scrolls until he finds the link to an archived newspaper article.

We see a photo and headline: ***GIRL ABDUCTED IN SEBASTAPOL, Romy Hanford, 11, pulled into a car by a stranger as younger sister looked on.***

He scrolls down, sees a ***school photo of the younger sister in question -- 7 year old Rachel Hanford witnessed crime.***

Graden moves onto the next article: ***GIRL REMAINS MISSING ONE YEAR LATER.***

Graden considers this, scrolls back to the former article. Studies the photo of young Rachel... intrigued.

BAILEY (O.S.)
Lieutenant, you wanted to see me?

Graden minimizes his screen. Did Bailey see it?

GRADEN
I want to make sure you're aware that under no circumstances are you to involve yourself in the Jake Pahlmeyer investigation.

BAILEY
Sir, I --

GRADEN
I know your friend's upset, and I'm sure she wants to get to the bottom of a situation that's probably rocked her view of him. But doing so will put you in very hot water. Am I making myself clear?

BAILEY
Yes, sir.

GRADEN
Just stick to working the Densmore case and you'll both be better off.

Bailey nods, goes. Off Graden.

EXT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Rachel, now a blonde, walks with a nervous Luis, who's wearing a dark suit and carrying a briefcase. Sotto.

LUIS
I dunno, man. Hector's already lawyered up -- couldn't you get disbarred for this?

RACHEL
Among other things. Just remember, you've been my paralegal for three years. Got your buddy's license?

LUIS
Yup. But what's your angle?

RACHEL
My friend Beatrice practices civil law -- they wouldn't know her here. And with the wig, I'm close enough.

LUIS
Had no idea you D.A. types got so down and dirty. Between you and the dude who offed the ho --

RACHEL
Allegedly --

LUIS
There's some malfeasance going on.
(off her look)
I'm taking a class in law.

RACHEL
Just let me do the talking.

INT. COUNTY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - LAWYER'S WINDOW - DAY

With the right amount of arrogance, Rachel drops an ID, State Bar Card and visitor form into a metal tray. A **FEMALE SHERIFF** on the other side of the plexi retrieves it.

RACHEL
Beatrice Danziger to see Hector Revelo. This is my paralegal. We'll need an attorney room.

The Female Sheriff scrutinizes her, then looks at Luis.

FEMALE SHERIFF
His ID?

Luis drops his friend's driver's license into the tray.

FEMALE SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Enrique Velasquez...

She studies them -- a long terrifying moment for both. Then --

FEMALE SHERIFF (CONT'D)
He'll be in room five.

Rachel nods to Luis, who could pee his pants right now.

INT. COUNTY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - PRIVACY ROOM - DAY

Rachel and Luis wait; he fidgets, uncomfortable in his suit.

RACHEL
Try wearing this catcher's mitt.

Finally, the door is opened. **HECTOR REVELO** (skinny and all of 19) is ushered in by a Guard, though he's not sure why he's there. Rachel rises, as does Luis. Hector's eyes go wide -- a cross of WTF and holy shit.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Mr. Revelo, good to see you.

All this is way more than Hector can handle. Despite his confusion and fear, Hector finds his way into a chair.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(to Sheriff)
Thank you.

The Sheriff considers this rather curt blonde, goes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
As far as anyone knows, I'm your attorney and Luis works for me.

Hector looks to Luis, who's staring daggers at him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'm actually a prosecutor working on the drive-by shooting that took Frank Densmore, Jr.'s life. And because Luis' car was spotted in that area, it gave the police the unfortunate impression that your cousin was responsible for it.

LUIS
Pissed me off good, ese. Top of that, you go get your ass arrested for selling, too?

HECTOR
I just wanted to help make money, you know? Like increase your sales.

LUIS
(to Rachel)
It's a service. People who need to medicate usually got good reasons for it. I'm phasing it out though.

Rachel looks at him -- she should care about this why?

LUIS (CONT'D)
Where was the respect, Hector?

HECTOR
Sorry, man. It was stupid, I know. I shoulda asked you first...

RACHEL
(getting antsy)
Hug it out later, guys. Were you present during the shooting?

He looks at Luis for approval, gets it. Shakes his head.

HECTOR
Didn't do nothing, saw even less.

RACHEL
Then why were you there?

HECTOR
To meet somebody. Friend said a guy named Smoke was dealing H real cheap, figure I sell it up by us, make some extra. Dude never showed and when I saw the 5-O, I split.

LUIS
Think vato -- <u>think</u>. Some dude's gonna let <u>you</u> turn a profit on dope and it don't occur to you that maybe it's too good to be true? That there's a set-up, dumb ass.

RACHEL
Sounds like someone wanted to make you look like the trigger man. Know what the guy you were supposed to meet looked like?

HECTOR
No, we just talked on the phone.

Rachel shows him a photo of well-heeled Frank Densmore, Jr.

RACHEL
Could this be him?

HECTOR
No way this guy's Smoke. Guy I talked to was definitely an OG.

Rachel considers Hector, decides to take a chance.

RACHEL
Hector, how tall are you exactly?

HECTOR
Six foot, why?

RACHEL
The number 5542 mean anything?

HECTOR
(checks his jumpsuit)
Is it like my prisoner number or something?

LUIS
That's on your wrist, pendejo.

HECTOR
Oh.
(checks wrist tag)
In that case, no.

Luis shakes his head. Off Rachel, quietly grabbing at straws.

EXT. OUTSIDE TWIN TOWERS CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Rachel and Luis exit the building. Rachel's on the phone.

LUIS
Not the sharpest tool in the shed.

RACHEL
(no shit; then into phone)
See what you can find out about a banger named Smoke who lives near the scene of the Densmore shooting.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. L.A.P.D. - MAJOR CRIMES UNIT - BAILEY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bailey's on the other end, curious as hell..

BAILEY
Okay... but where's this coming from? How'd you get this info?

RACHEL
Don't ask, Bails. Just do it.

BAILEY
Nice. By the way, Luis Revelo is enrolled at City College. Straight A's last semester. Not that he'll be attending class if he knows the police are after him.

RACHEL
Yeah, doubt school's his priority.

Rachel doesn't enjoy keeping secrets from Bailey. But she probably wouldn't understand why Rachel is walking alongside the prime suspect in her murder trial.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
For now, let's focus on this Smoke character. Gotta go.

Rachel hangs up. Off Bailey, puzzled by Rachel's behavior.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Toni's in the gallery waiting for the prelim before hers to end, listens with mild interest as Provost addresses DEFENSE ATTORNEY and his GANGBANGER IN A SHIRT AND TIE CLIENT.

JUDGE PROVOST
In consideration of this motion...

As Provost drones one, Toni's tapped on the shoulder by Eric.

ERIC
I'm concerned about Rachel, given her feelings about the F.B.I.'s take on Jake.

TONI
She's not the only one with feelings about it.

ERIC
I know. But you play by the rules.

Toni shoots him a look -- don't be so sure.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I know she's digging.
(no response)
She should know about Jake's time in Juvenile Court -- apparently he met Kat Chalmers there. He was her prosecutor but cut her a sweetheart deal, got her off on a misdemeanor.

Toni takes this in, disappointed to hear it.

TONI
And you're thinking if I share this with Rachel she'll stop?

ERIC
Her baseline is bucking authority. Might be best if she hears it from a friend, not her boss.

Eric nods in respect to Provost, who returns the favor.

JUDGE PROVOST
Next case number 45995. Are the People ready?

TONI
Yes, Your Honor.

Off a troubled Toni as she takes her chair at the table.

TONI (O.S.; PRELAP) (CONT'D)
Maybe we didn't know him at all.

INT. BILTMORE - GALLERY BAR - NIGHT

Rachel, Bailey and Toni at the bar. Drew serving.

DREW
How much does anyone know anyone?

Drew shares a smile with Bailey, one that unsettles her.

BAILEY
What are you saying, that we're all secretly serial killers?

TONI
Think about it. Jake never talked about what he did in his spare time, never talked about his past.

RACHEL
Which is a crime how?

Rachel's in a prickly mood. Her friends tread lightly.

TONI
At 16 Kat Chalmers was charged with possession and solicitation. Jake gave her a pretty inexplicable plea deal back when he worked in juvenile court -- they had history.

Which piques Rachel -- mostly because how does Toni know?

RACHEL
I don't believe it, okay? I don't believe Jake was some sadistic, hooker-using killer, I just don't.

TONI
I don't want to either, but people do have their secrets, Rach.

RACHEL
A secret that big -- I could tell.

A beat as this hangs in the air.

TONI
Know what I did when I was sixteen?

BAILEY
Got drunk for the first time?

RACHEL
Robbed a bank?

TONI
Had a baby.

The last thing either Rachel or Bailey expected to hear.

TONI (CONT'D)
At the time, I was young, dumb and had no means. So I gave her up so she could have a better life.
(with true guilt)
Guess I did better than I thought I would. Point is, you wouldn't know it to look at me, but I'm a mother.

Toni drains her drink, still haunted by the decision. Rachel and Bailey consider their friend's secret, both affected.

RACHEL
Okay, that's surprising but it's not shocking. But having a close friend turn out to be some perverted killer? No.
(rises to go)
And by the way, you did the best you could with what you knew at the time.

Toni appreciates the absolution. Rachel goes, determined. The raw honesty of the moment is interrupted by a TEXT.

BAILEY
Looks like she'll be able to close the case she was assigned anyway.
(MORE)

BAILEY (CONT'D)
Our straight A gangbanger decided to finish out a course online.

INT. WIRELESS CAFE - NIGHT

Luis is at a computer, doing homework and drinking coffee.

MALE OFFICER (O.S.)
Freeze!

Chaos as Luis whips around to see officers with weapons. Instantly bolts toward the back of the cafe but is tackled to the ground by a third cop who's come in from the rear.

LUIS
Get your hands off me! I didn't do nothing!

MALE OFFICER
You're under arrest! Keep your hands on the ground!

As he's cuffed, Bailey enters, leans down to Revelo.

BAILEY
Mr. Revelo, think it's fair to say you're going to be a drop out.

Off Bailey, pleased with the apprehension of a chief suspect.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. L.A.P.D. - DAY

Officers and Detectives coming and going. Rachel blasts out of the front doors, supremely annoyed. Bailey on her heels.

RACHEL
You should've called first.

BAILEY
Excuse me but the prime suspect is in custody -- you're welcome.

RACHEL
Revelo didn't do it but I don't have the evidence to clear him yet.

BAILEY
And you know this how exactly?

RACHEL
He told me when he kinda sorta kidnapped me --

BAILEY
What?!

RACHEL
To tell me his cousin borrowed his car the day Densmore got shot --

BAILEY
Wait, wait --

RACHEL
Because this Smoke character offered him a great deal on dope --

BAILEY
Are you even hearing yourself?

RACHEL
I think it was a set up to make Hector look like the trigger man, but because he drove Luis' car there, the cops assumed Luis was responsible for the shooting.

BAILEY
So you talked to both Revelo and this cousin of his. Where?

RACHEL
County lock up. Had Luis pretended to be my paralegal -- only way Hector would talk.

BAILEY
Oh. My. God. You took the prime suspect -- and your kidnapper -- and faked your way into an attorney's room with him?

RACHEL
It was a little more artful than that, but... yeah. Regardless, the key to this whole thing is this Smoke character. Any luck on putting Densmore Junior in that neighborhood on prior occasions?

BAILEY
Checking all surveillance cameras within a half mile of the area.

A beat as Bailey considers her friend. Stunned.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
You realize you could lose your license. Or get fired.

RACHEL
Only if they find out.

Rachel walks off, leaving Bailey concerned for her friend.

INT. L.A.C.D.A. - SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - BULLPEN - DAY

Rachel strides through the bullpen, crosses Toni who steps out of her office to nod her head toward Eric's office.

TONI
We got company. And not the good kind. F.B.I. guy wants to see you.

Hmmm. Rachel looks across the bullpen, sees Eric seated in his office along with a stern gentleman, who stands. Uh oh.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - ERIC'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel raps on the door frame. Notes F.B.I. AGENT TURBIN studying Eric's wall of commendations.

RACHEL
What's up?

ERIC
Special Agent Turbin's advised me of an incident at the Coroner's Office. Seems one of its workers, Scott Ferrier, supplied autopsy records to someone with no legal right to see them.

RACHEL
Look, Eric, I can --

TURBIN
This breach in ethics is ultimately Mr. Ferrier's responsibility and he's since been reprimanded --

ERIC
But if you have copies of said report, they need to be turned over to the F.B.I. Now.

Rachel considers her choices -- has none.

RACHEL
They're at home. I can bring them in tomorrow.

TURBIN
Do that.
(then; to Eric)
And please have your deputies stop interfering with our investigation.

Turbin goes.

RACHEL
Is there an investigation? Because I haven't seen those guys do squat.

ERIC
From here on out, everything by the book. Understood?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sorry to interrupt.

Rachel sees a blonde female (**BEATRICE DANZIGER**) standing just outside her office, with arms crossed. Holy fucking shit.

BEATRICE
But it's quite important.

RACHEL
Oh, hey... Eric, this is Beatrice Danziger.
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Beatrice, this is the head of Special Trials, Eric Northrup.

ERIC
Pleasure to meet you.

RACHEL
(whisking her away)
Um... what can I do for you?

BEATRICE
Seems “my client,” Luis Revelo, called from county jail wanting to speak with his attorney.

INT. COUNTY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - COUNSEL ROOM - DAY

Rachel, back in her blonde wig, sits across from Luis.

RACHEL
I didn’t know, okay?

LUIS
You expect me to believe that?

RACHEL
You got a choice?

Luis looks at her, shakes his head.

RACHEL (CONT’D)
I’ll get you out but you gotta work your connects in there, help me find this guy Smoke.

LUIS
Think any of these dudes is gonna spill just cuz I ask?

RACHEL
Depending on how you do it, yeah.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - COPIER ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a color copy of the Jake/Kat crime scene. REVEAL Rachel making copies of the autopsy report, so engrossed, it takes her a second to answer her ringing cell.

RACHEL
(into phone)
Knight.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. L.A.P.D. - BULLPEN - DAY

Bailey looks over the shoulder of a DETECTIVE as he scrolls through surveillance video. On it we see a gangbanger, SMOKE, conversing with Frank Densmore Jr. on the street.

BAILEY
We found footage of Densmore chatting up a guy we've identified as Roberto Guzman, a.k.a. Smoke, a Locos 13 shotcaller now in the wind. So far, they met on three different occasions prior to the shooting.

RACHEL
So he was a regular customer. And if he owed his dealer a lot of money, he could've gotten taken out for nonpayment. So why isn't Smoke on any surveillance footage on the day of the shooting?

BAILEY
Works pretty invisibly -- no criminal record beyond getting picked up for possession a few years ago. By Welky no less.
(sensing something)
Rach, what are you doing?

RACHEL
Making copies of Jake and Kat's autopsies so I can give these back to the F.B.I.

BAILEY
Glad I asked. What about later?

RACHEL
Um... I'm hooking up with a friend.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT NEAR DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Sketch. Rachel's car cruising slowly. But it's Drew who's behind the wheel. Rachel sits down low in the back seat as they cruise a street dotted with hookers.

DREW
Some say railroad men brought their signaling lanterns to brothels, thus the term red light district.

RACHEL
Thanks for the history lesson.

DREW
Why are we in this particular one?

RACHEL
Kat had been arrested out here a couple times. I'm hoping she had friends and not just johns.
(points)
Ask that one, over there.

Rachel points out a **SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN** at a bus stop.

DREW
Okay but, I don't know how much longer I've got in me. We've been at it for an hour and this is pretty depressing stuff, Rach.

RACHEL
They're gonna be more receptive talking to you than to me.

But the minute she spots Rachel in the back, she walks away.

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
Un uh, nothin' freaky.

RACHEL
I rest my case.

DREW
(pulls up alongside her)
Wait, wait -- can you at least just tell me if you knew this woman?

Drew shows her a photo of Kat. It gets her attention.

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
I told Kat to be more careful.

RACHEL
Did she tell you about any trouble she'd had with a john recently?

A beat as she remembers, saddened by the thought.

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
Yeah, but it happens sometimes.

RACHEL
What?

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
Rape. Johns like that know we won't report 'em. It's even worse when they threaten to report us.

RACHEL
What do you mean?

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
Kat said the guy who raped her promised to put her away for a long time if she talked to the cops.

Not what Rachel wants to hear. She shows her a photo of Jake.

RACHEL
Was it him?

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
This takes much longer and money needs to be involved.

Rachel fishes out a twenty, hands it to the woman, who looks at Drew, curious. Then, back to the photo of Jake.

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN (CONT'D)
(nods; then)
Didn't seem the type. But those are the scariest ones, I guess.

And the woman pushes off. Drew rolls the window back up.

DREW
What were you hoping for?

RACHEL
I don't know. Not that.

A RAP on the window startles both of them. It's Bailey.

BAILEY
Do you have a death wish?

RACHEL
No, that's why I have a gun.

BAILEY
Rach, you have to stop doing this.

RACHEL
I happen to be working --

BAILEY
No, you're grabbing at straws. Go home. Get some rest. And don't make me go looking for you again.

Rachel is sufficiently chastened. Then, to Drew:

BAILEY (CONT'D)
This what you do in your spare time?

INT. BILTMORE - RACHEL'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Rachel's asleep when her phone rings. She grabs it, groggy.

RACHEL
Hello?

AUTOMATED VOICE (ON PHONE)
This is a collect call from the Los Angeles County Jail from...

LUIS (RECORDED ON PHONE)
Luis Revelo.

AUTOMATED VOICE (ON PHONE)
To accept the charges, press one. To decline --

RACHEL
(presses one)
You couldn't call at a decent hour?

LUIS
Maybe you're not aware, but there's not a lot of personal freedom here.

RACHEL
You find him?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL - PHONE ROOM - SAME TIME

Luis, in jail jumpsuit, licks his thumb so as to be able to wipe the dried blood off his knuckles.

LUIS
Frogtown. Ripple Street. You're welcome.

Off Rachel, smile on her face.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.; PRELAP)
This is the Los Angeles Police Department, open up!

INT. FROGTOWN - RIPPLE STREET - HOUSE - DAY

BOOM. A door is kicked open and officers swarm inside, including Bailey and Welky.

POLICE OFFICER
Everybody freeze!

Screams and curses as gangbangers and girlfriends scatter.

WELKY
I got the back --

Welky takes off down the hall. Controlled chaos as officers take down and cuff one and all.

BAILEY
Get on the ground! Now!

Then, BOOM BOOM BOOM. Bailey flies down the hall and into --

INT. FROGTOWN HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Welky stands, breathing hard, gun pointed at a bed where Smoke lies dead, bullet to the chest, **9mm in hand**.

BAILEY
What happened?!

WELKY
He pulled it on me. Meet Smoke.

EXT. FROGTOWN HOUSE - LATER

Rachel arrives, walks past Vanderhorn who's somehow already made it here and is speaking with the press.

VANDERHORN
... the weapon identified in the shooting of Frank Densmore Junior was found on the person of one Robert Guzman, a.k.a. Smoke, a known gangbanger, now deceased.

Rachel finds Bailey.

RACHEL
He travel with the press or what?

BAILEY
Good news is, we broke the case.

RACHEL
Yeah. Too bad the suspect won't make it to trial. Where'd they find the murder weapon?

BAILEY
9mm Sig found right in Smoke's hot little hands.
(MORE)

BAILEY (CONT'D)
Could've gotten a lot uglier if Welky not done what he did.

RACHEL
Glad no one else got hurt.

Meaning Bailey, who grins -- this is a rare show of mushiness on Rachel's part. Just then, Welky steps up, awkward.

WELKY
Guess I was wrong about Luis Revelo being the shooter.

RACHEL
Yeah. You were.

WELKY
Well, we all make mistakes. Hope I made up for it today.

Rachel glimpses the badge on Welky's waistband: **number 4452**.

WELKY (CONT'D)
Better go -- lot of paperwork to fill out when you shoot someone.

Welky goes. Bailey notices Rachel's stunned expression.

BAILEY
What's wrong?

RACHEL
The note I found at Jake's house -- 4452. It's Welky's badge number.

Off the two women, what the hell?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON THE TV where Vanderhorn, flanked by Densmore Senior and Detective Welky, gives an official press conference in front of flags and the District Attorney's seal.

VANDERHORN (ON TV)
Mr. Densmore's son, an innocent victim of gang violence, can hopefully rest in peace now that justice has been served, and served swiftly. I want to thank the Special Trials Unit along with Detective Rick Welky, for his bravery today...

Rachel's watching this bit of theater, not with disdain, but with uneasiness. Toni and Bailey watch as well.

TONI
Well, at least he actually gave somebody credit for something.

Bailey turns to Rachel, sees her preoccupation. File folders open on her desk, cell grab of Jake's note in hand.

BAILEY
You're still obsessing on that note, aren't you?

RACHEL
Jake singled out Welky, too. It has to mean something.

TONI
Maybe he was just documenting a cop's badge number for a case he was working.

RACHEL
But it wasn't in his case file. And why include someone else's height and weight?

BAILEY
Look, the facts are these: Densmore Junior was killed with the same gun that Smoke had in his hands when --

RACHEL
Badge number 4452 killed him.

BAILEY
In self defense.

TONI
Rach, look, you're tired, it's been a rough week. Maybe you should --

RACHEL
Get the hell out of here? Yeah, maybe I should.
(to Bailey)
And don't follow me.

Rachel blows out of there. Off Toni and Bailey.

EXT. JAKE'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Rachel steps up, surprised there's no longer police presence. Checks the doorknob. Locked. Dammit. But then she hears something inside. Concerned and curious, she knocks. Reaches into her purse, takes hold of her gun -- just in case.

RACHEL
Hello?

Beat, then a prim **LESLIE PAHLMEYER** (60's) opens the door.

LESLIE
Yes?

RACHEL
I'm with the District Attorneys Office -- do you have permission to be here?

LESLIE
I do now...

INT. JAKE'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Leslie considers the room. Rachel considers Leslie.

LESLIE
They told me their investigation was over and I could claim my son's things. Not sure what I'm supposed to do with all of it.
(beat)
I live out of state.

RACHEL
I'm sorry for your loss. Jake was a friend of mine.

LESLIE
Was he?

Rachel takes this odd response in.

RACHEL
Mrs. Pahlmeyer, I'm looking into what happened to him. I'm not sure what you've been told by the F.B.I. but I was hoping I could see if there was anything here that might shed light on --

LESLIE
I was told Jake killed a woman and then himself.

Rachel studies the rather unemotional woman.

RACHEL
Do you believe that to be true?

LESLIE
Well, I can't deny that my son struggled with his demons.
(then)
We were estranged. I hadn't seen him for years. Obviously, I never approved of his perversions.

Rachel's face falls -- maybe it is true.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I will say I was relieved, to some degree, that it was with a <u>woman</u>.

RACHEL
I'm sorry?

LESLIE
While still pre-marital, at least he'd moved away from the abomination of lying with men.

It hits Rachel like a ton of bricks.

RACHEL
Wait, are you saying he was --

LESLIE
Maybe I'll just donate the rest of it. The detective took the only thing of any real value, though it looked like a rather old laptop.

RACHEL
You mean the F.B.I. Agent?

LESLIE
No, they're the ones who dropped it off earlier -- said something about having mirrored its hard drive.

RACHEL
Did the detective identify himself?

LESLIE
Welker? Welky? He just said he needed it because he was looking for information on another case.

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott Ferrier emerges from it, instantly accosted by Rachel.

SCOTT
No.

He tries to walk past her but Rachel keeps pace.

RACHEL
Look, I'm really sorry about the wrist slap you got for giving me Jake's autopsy report --

SCOTT
It was a little more than a slap on the wrist -- and certainly not worth a plate of short ribs --

RACHEL
I wouldn't bug you again but I need to know --

SCOTT
And the profiteroles sucked --

RACHEL
About the gangbanger who was killed by Detective Welky yesterday --

Scott opens his car door, climbs in. Rachel holds the door.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
How many times did he get shot?

Scott tries to close the door, but Rachel won't allow it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Scott.
(contrite)
Please.

SCOTT
He had two bullets in his chest.

RACHEL
But three shots were fired.

SCOTT
Grazed on the wrist first, likely defensive posturing.

RACHEL
Which wrist?

SCOTT
Right, as I recall.

RACHEL
The one holding the gun?

Scott considers this, hmmm... maybe he needed to be a little more thorough.

SCOTT
Yeah.

RACHEL
Hard to hang onto a gun when your wrist gets clipped by a bullet.

Scott can't deny it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
And if he had a gun in hand, why did he take a defensive position instead of firing first?

SCOTT
I'm a coroner's investigator, not a psychologist, okay?

Scott closes this car door, but rolls his window down.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm never eating with you again.

He drives off. On Rachel, wheels turning.

RACHEL (O.S.; PRELAP)
It's starting to make sense.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - RACHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rachel has gathered her troops: Bailey and Toni.

RACHEL
Jake was in the closet. That's why we never talked about his personal life. So he's probably not going to get naked with a female hooker, much less kill her.

Toni's stunned; Bailey confused.

BAILEY
Wait, wait, how do you know this?

RACHEL
I met his mom at his house. Not the sweetest woman on earth but she was going through his things. Mentioned that a Detective Welker or Welky had come by and taken Jake's laptop.

TONI
Badge number 4452.

RACHEL
(yes)
Here's the thing. Smoke was a shotcaller in that neighborhood, right? But he only got arrested once five years ago -- by Welky. And somehow miraculously stayed out of trouble since.

TONI
You saying Welky's on the take?

RACHEL
I'm saying maybe Densmore got killed <u>not</u> because he's a junkie who can't pay but because he threatens to blow the whole operation up if Smoke makes him. According to Jake's file, Junior threatened to use his dad's connections to get him out of trouble before.

BAILEY
I'm listening.

RACHEL
The weapon used to shoot Densmore gets planted on Smoke, who is also now dead --

BAILEY
Wait, you're saying the gun was a throw down?

RACHEL
(yep)
Because Welky, who's allowed Smoke to do business knows that if we nail Smoke, he gets nailed too. Smoke doesn't fire on Welky first because he thinks he's a friend. Welky kills him, sticks the gun in Smoke's hand and the Densmore murder is solved.

TONI
Okay, but what does any of it have to do with Jake dead with a hooker?

RACHEL
I don't know yet. But it does.

Rachel looks up, see Vanderhorn at the door with Eric.

ERIC
Rachel. Bill was just telling me how much he appreciated your work on the Densmore murder --

VANDERHORN
Realized I hadn't thanked you personally. Being able to close a high profile case like this will help repair our department's recently tainted image.

RACHEL
Actually, I'm not closing it. I'm not sure Guzman was the shooter, but I do think he was his dealer --

VANDERHORN
What are you talking about --

RACHEL
Which, understandably, neither you or his father would want being made public knowledge --

VANDERHORN
The gun used to shoot the man's son was found in the killer's hand. I've gone on record publicly saying we'll have closure on this in the next 48 hours.

RACHEL
Guess you better call for a press conference then. Or I'll have to.

ERIC
Rachel, what are you doing?

RACHEL
My job. Thoroughly.

VANDERHORN
Not anymore. You're suspended as of right now.

RACHEL
What?

VANDERHORN
(to Eric)
Get her badge.

Vanderhorn blows out of there. A beat, then --

ERIC
Right or not, you don't get to threaten the D.A.

RACHEL
Look, I'll just --

ERIC
I can't fix this one, Rachel. I'm sorry.

Instead, he holds out his hand for her badge. She hands it over to him. Toni and Bailey are stunned. Off Rachel, having stepped too far over the line this time...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. BILTMORE - RACHEL'S ROOM - MORNING

Case files spread out all over the floor. But Rachel's in bed, in pajamas, depressed as hell. She checks her gun -- fully loaded. Sets it down on the night stand. Stares for a moment. Thinking. Remembering.

FLASHES. Not memory, but worst fears: ***Hands grabbing thin wrists. A screaming mouth. Terrified eyes.***

Rachel sits up, stares at the cell grab she took of Jake's note. Enlarges it. Something clicks. She bolts out of bed.

INT. L.A.P.D. - BULLPEN - BAILEY'S DESK - DAY

In casual clothes, Rachel shows the note to Bailey.

RACHEL
There's a slight smear of ink to the right. It was written by a lefty. Which Jake wasn't, but Kat Chalmers was.

BAILEY
And you know this because?

RACHEL
Autopsy photo -- noticed a bump on her left index finger, the kind my sister had. She was a lefty, too.

BAILEY
I didn't know you had a sister.

But Rachel's lost in thought for a second.

RACHEL
Kat's the connection. I talked to one of her hooker friends. Kat said she'd been raped by a john who threatened to put her away. And this friend told Kat no one would care about a hooker crying rape. But maybe Jake did. Maybe that sweetheart deal he gave Kat was because he was a good guy and she remembered that.

BAILEY
Which, I guess, could explain the nude pictures on his cell phone.

RACHEL
He needed proof of her claim.

Bailey's head is spinning with all this. Just then, Graden passes through. Does a double take at Rachel.

GRADEN
Thought you'd been suspended.

RACHEL
I have. I'm just... visiting.

Graden doesn't believe her, but drops it, goes. Then, sotto:

BAILEY
So you're saying Welky's not only a dirty cop who killed his gangbanger pal, but he could be a rapist, too?

RACHEL
And Jake and Kat's murderer.

EXT. RACHEL'S CAR - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Rachel and Bailey emerges from her car.

BAILEY
Thought she wouldn't talk to cops.

RACHEL
She wouldn't talk to an D.D.A. either so let's do ourselves a favor and forget any oaths we might've taken for the moment.

BAILEY
You are a very bad influence.

They approach the Scantily-Clad Woman that was seen earlier.

RACHEL
Hi, we spoke the other day. Can my friend and I talk to you for a sec?

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
Rather not.

BAILEY
It's about Kat and the man who may have killed her.

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
Yeah, and then he killed himself -- what's there to talk about?

RACHEL
Not that man, <u>this</u> man. Have you seen him before?

Rachel hands her a photo of Welky. She studies it, impassive.

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
Yeah. Always wants to take you someplace else for a friend who doesn't get out much. Pass.

RACHEL
Did Kat tell you anything else about the john who raped her? Describe him at all? Coloring, height, weight?

The Scantily Clad Woman tries to think.

SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN
Guess I shoulda asked.

The Scantily Clad Woman walks off, leaving Rachel frustrated.

BAILEY
So Welky picked Kat up, but was he doing it for himself or a friend?

RACHEL
Or maybe a business associate.
(then)
If he was keeping his thugs out of jail, he'd probably need help from the bench. You said Welky only arrested Smoke once. What judge did he appear before?

Bailey goes to the car, searches for her iPad. Rachel studies the cell grab of the note: **5542 white male 40's-50's 5'7ish"**

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Because I'll bet he's 5 foot 7ish.

BAILEY
(iPad in hand)
The shrimp you told Toni to date -- Judge Karl Provost.

Rachel takes out her phone, dials.

RACHEL
(into phone)
Toni. I need you to do me a favor-- Make up with your ex-boyfriend.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - TONI'S OFFICE - DAY

Toni uploads files from a thumb drive; Rachel and Bailey standing by.

TONI
Wasn't easy getting J.D. to sign off on a search warrant for another judge's house.

RACHEL
At least Provost wasn't there when they mirrored his hard drive.

TONI
He's none the wiser. But you do realize I could get fired for this.

BAILEY
Join the club.

RACHEL
Why's it taking so damn long to download?

BAILEY
Happens with a lot of visual data.

RACHEL
Just pull up whatever he's uploaded in the last few weeks then.

TONI
Here we go. Looks like he's into --

BAILEY
He's a rape fantasist.

On the screen, S&M sites, all with a focus on rape fantasies.

RACHEL
And a Superior Court judge. If he wanted to rape a woman, he'd want to make sure she wouldn't go to the authorities. And hookers don't. Provost didn't want cash or drugs from Welky. He wanted victims.

Then, we HEAR O.S. SCREAMS from the computer.

KAT (O.S.; ON COMPUTER)
Help me, oh my god... stop! Please stop!

ON THE SCREEN, Kat is shackled in a basement torture chamber. Camera's fixed on her in a medium shot, clearly on a tripod.

TONI
This file was created 2 weeks ago.

BAILEY
Looks like a basement. Let's see if it's his.
(grabs her phone)
Sending a unit over there now.

RACHEL
Provost's probably in court by now.

BAILEY
I'll track down Welky.

Bailey steps away to make the call.

TONI
So this dirty cop gets kickbacks from gangbanging drug dealers in return for getting them sweetheart deals in court. Judge Provost was happy to play along if provided a running supply of women who'd never report him. But Kat did. She went to Jake with a badge number and a description so --

RACHEL
Both Jake and Kat had to die.

BAILEY
Hey, you'll never guess where Detective Welky is today.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Judge Provost is behind the bench, mid-trial. On the witness stand, Detective Welky. At the defense table, a GANGBANGER.

JUDGE PROVOST
Objection's overruled.
(to witness on stand)
You may answer the question.

WELKY
I can't say I could positively identify the defendant, no --

RACHEL (O.S.)
That's because you don't want him to serve time, Detective.

Rachel pushes into court. In the b.g., Bailey and police officers ease in from the back. Murmurs.

PROVOST
What is the meaning of this?

RACHEL
And your robe-wearing buddy's about to dismiss the case because that's the way it always works, isn't it?

PROVOST
Bailiff, remove her from my court!

RACHEL
Not gonna be that easy this time.

BAILEY
(to Provost)
Put your hands behind your back.

WELKY
(rising to go)
This is nuts. She's been suspended--

RACHEL
And you're about to be arrested -- for the murders of Frank Densmore Junior, Kat Chalmers, Roberto Guzman and Jake Pahlmeyer.

The room's aghast as police move to subdue Welky. Bailey, meantime, has the judge in cuffs, perp walks him past Rachel.

BAILEY
(to Provost)
No need to feel left out, Judge -- you're under arrest for rape, and torture, solicitation and obstruction of justice.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - BULLPEN - DAY

Applause and high fives for Rachel's return to the office.

RACHEL
Knock it off already.

TONI
Take your applause like a man. You deserve it. Even he thinks so.

Meaning Eric, who's visible in Rachel's office.

INT. SPECIAL TRIALS UNIT - RACHEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Eric absently stares Rachel's wall of commendations.

RACHEL
Hello.

A beat as they consider each other.

ERIC
I have something for you.

Eric extends a badge to Rachel. She takes it.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Though you did well without it.

RACHEL
Girl's gotta do what she's gotta do.

Eric considers this, and her. Can't help but like her.

ERIC
District Attorney's about to give a press conference. Care to crash it?

RACHEL
Actually, there's somewhere else I need to be...

INT. BILTMORE - GALLERY BAR - NIGHT

Rachel, Bailey and Toni at the bar. Drew brings drinks over.

TONI
All I can say is my gaydar must be way off -- no idea Jake played for the other team.

BAILEY
Maybe he was just bi.

RACHEL
Doesn't matter. Doesn't matter that he never told us either. None of our business really.

DREW
Dinner is served.

RACHEL
(plucks olive out)
I'll save the vegetables for last.
(raises her glass)
To Jake. One of the best of the good guys.

TONI
And to Rachel, for making sure everyone knew he was.

BAILEY
To good friends.

The women clink their drinks and sip.

TONI
Well -- friends -- guess you should know J.D. and I are seeing each other again.

RACHEL
Wondered how you got that search warrant.

TONI
Get your minds out of the gutter. No, I just... told him the truth. Kids, past and present. And he said he's open.

RACHEL
That's great. Congrats, Tone.

BAILEY
Well, in the spirit of full disclosure, I guess now's a good time to come out with something I've been meaning to tell you both.
(beat)
Drew and I are dating.

DREW
What, for about a week now?

RACHEL
Of all the men in L.A., you pick my bartender?

Apologetic shrug. But Rachel and Toni are happy for them.

TONI
What about you, Rach? Anything you'd like to share with the group?

RACHEL
Nah, you know all there is to know.

FLASHBACK. 7 year old RACHEL watches her sister ROMY struggle as she's thrown into a truck by a man. Rachel stands powerless, meets her sister's eyes as the truck drives off.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
To looking forward, not back.

They clink and drink once more. Off Rachel, still in a world of secrets, despite being surrounded by good friends.

END OF SHOW