RECKLESS

PILOT

Written by

Dana Stevens

Network Script
12/27/2012

SANDER/MOSES PRODUCTIONS

TEASER

1 **EXT. CHARLESTON SKYLINE - STARRY NIGHT** 1

It's a city surrounded by water; deep harbor waters that can submerge a multitude of sins. The camera MOVES toward the skyline, stealthy, as Charleston juts up, a swathe of shimmering lights like colored jewels against the night sky.

2 **EXT. DOWNTOWN CHARLESTON - NIGHT** 2

It's summer. It's the south. And it's hot. Even at one a.m.

Down by the concrete waterfront, narrow streets are lined with brick buildings housing clubs and rooftop restaurants. Parties extend to the street; girls in bare dresses, laughter and occasional drunken shrieks bubble up. The city is full of good-looking people, all different races, with a sexy vibe; everyone checks each other out, but we focus on...

A WOMAN...emerging from a thumping dance club. She's thirty, with big, smoky eyes. She carries her strappy heels and tiptoes across the asphalt. A thick-necked bouncer watches as she tugs down the edges of her tight dress. This is LEE ANNE HUNTER. She gets into a used Mustang.

3 **INT. LEE ANNE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT** 3

Lee Anne accelerates through a no-man's land of abandoned buildings and freeway overpasses leading away from downtown. She has her window open...a breeze blows back her hair and her drowsiness. She doesn't see A RED CHERRYTOP in her rearview mirror. After a moment, through the open window, she hears THE SIREN whine. Her eyes flick to the mirror.

LEE ANNE
Shit.

4 **EXT. SIDE OF DESERTED BOULEVARD - NIGHT** 4

Lee Anne's car sits quietly, waiting, parked next to a vacant lot, the squad car pulled up tight behind her.

5 **INT. LEE ANNE'S CAR - SAME** 5

She hears the officer's boots crunching on the gravelly shoulder, sees his muscular frame in her side mirror.

OFFICER
License and registration?

She leans over to search the glove compartment.

HIS P.O.V. Her skirt rides up; he sees a flash of lace.

She hands him the license and reg.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
You know how fast you were going?

LEE ANNE
Officer, please don't give me a ticket. I told my husband I was working late and I kinda...wasn't.

She has a sexy southern purr to her voice.

OFFICER
You been drinking?

Again, his eyes crawl over her body. She sees it.

LEE ANNE
If you could just let me go this time. I'd do anything...

She OPENS HER LEGS, ever so slightly. Their eyes meet.

OFFICER
Step out of the car, please.

6 **EXT. VACANT LOT - MOMENTS LATER** 6

They walk to a dark corner near a fence, out of the light. She wears her heels. No one speaks, but the tension is thick.

OFFICER
Turn around, put your hands on the fence.

She glances backward, then faces the fence. Her fingers curl around the chain link.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Higher.

She swallows. Raises her arms, grabbing the fence higher up.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Spread your legs.

She moves her feet apart. She looks a little scared now, as she hears him walk toward her. He places both hands on her waist and starts to "frisk" her...his hands coming up to feel her breasts, lingering there, pinching her nipples, then patting down, rubbing her thighs...hands go UNDER HER SKIRT.

We hold on HER FACE...she's intensely titillated, her eyes close as he plays under her skirt and then, she hears the jingle of HANDCUFFS. Her eyes snap open.

LEE ANNE
What are you doing?

He CUFFS HER TO THE FENCE...she tugs away...

LEE ANNE (CONT'D)
No!

He comes up against her, grabbing a fist full of her hair and pulling it back...but instead of seeing fear in her face, we see something we don't expect...

A SMILE. We begin to understand that they know each other.

LEE ANNE (CONT'D)
I like the cuffs, Trey, nice addition.

He nuzzles her neck and ear.

TREY (OFFICER)
Don't say my name, you'll ruin it.

The fence rattles as he moves in steady, growing rhythm - she pushes back against him, moaning in pleasure...but we stay on HER HAND...twisting in the cuff, grabbing at the fence as WE CUT TO:

TITLE CARD...letters burn large: **RECKLESS**

7 **EXT. INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY - MORNING** 7

The full grandeur of Charleston Harbor is visible in the hot summer sun. Huge CONTAINER SHIPS come in to unload, DOLPHINS play among a peppering of pleasure boats and trawlers...on a speedy little launch, leaping across the water, we find:

ROY RAYDER, 37, with piercing eyes and a manly Blake Shelton look. He might be a fisherman in painter's overalls, a baseball cap and a face-full of wiry stubble. He cuts the engine as he approaches the concrete public docks of a city park. Steers easily into a slip, ties the boat off.

He unzips the overalls to reveal THE SUIT he wears beneath. He tucks the overalls and his deck shoes into a locker, pulling out his loafers, a briefcase and an electric razor.

Hopping ashore, he walks toward town, shaving as he goes.

8 **EST. SHOT - CHARLESTON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HOT DAY** 8

The imposing, all-white building dominates the square, baking in the heat. It was designed by the same colonial architect that built the White House, and we can tell.

9 **INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS - SAME** 9

It's just before 9:00 a.m., and the hallways are jammed with lawyers, families, witnesses and plaintiffs, waiting their turn on judges' dockets. People shift, nervous and bored, and then, something interesting happens. Someone's walking down the hall...someone people want to look at...

JAMIE HORN, 33, strides easily through the center of the crowd, wearing sky-high heels, a pencil skirt and confidence like French perfume. She has old-school beauty and new-school street smarts. Men admire her legs; women admire her cool in the heat.

She meets the eyes of a particularly bold male admirer, who steps out of her way...then she stops at the door to...

COURTROOM 9. Her impeccably manicured fingers grip the door knob, but it is locked. She knocks. A sweet-faced old BAILIFF with a thick country accent peeks out; his face falls.

BENNETT
Sweet baby Jesus. I cannot let you in.

JAMIE
(all Chicago)
C'mon, Bennett. I brought donuts.

She holds up a little bag from Dunkin Donuts.

10 **INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 10

Jamie is alone in the quiet, empty courtroom. She walks around, going through her questions in her head, preparing. She looks into the jury box.

HER P.O.V. Laid in the leather seat of each empty arm chair is A SHARPENED PENCIL and a blank steno pad.

Jamie calmly collects up the pencils in the front row, then goes to the defense table, opens her satchel briefcase and takes out a little bundle of pens. Goes back to the front row of the jury box and lays a pen in each seat.

As she straightens, she hears the courtroom door OPEN.

ROY, now clean-shaven, enters the courtroom. Their eyes meet as he walks to the prosecution table. Roy has an educated southern drawl.

ROY
Counselor. You look lovely, as usual.

She takes her place at the defense table. They are opposing counsel.

JAMIE
Save the gentleman shtick for the press, Roy. Or the waitresses at Hooters or whoever it works on.

He just smiles to himself as he takes out his files.

ROY
Don't be dissin' Hooters. You might be working there someday.

Off her look we CUT TO:

11 **EXT. CHARLESTON P.D. - VEHICLE DISPATCH LOT - DAY** 11

Behind the department headquarters is a large open-air parking lot full of new, compact sedans; Interceptor squad cars, black and whites with bold blue writing. The cars are being washed and cared for by five dispatch guys as ONE SQUAD CAR drives slowly up the lane. It stops.

Trey emerges from the squad car, now in a plainclothes suit. CLOSE ON HIS HANDS as he slips the dispatcher a TWENTY.

TREY
Thanks, Billy.

12 **INT. PRECINCT - DAY** 12

Trey walks through. The department is bustling with life, arrests being processed, Detectives on the phone, uniformed officers hustling to get into the morning briefing.

ON TREY as he ogles one of the passing female cops...we PAN with his eyes up her body until we see a face we recognize...

IT'S LEE ANNE, his sex game partner from the night before. She's a fellow cop. They talk breezily, discreetly; they don't want anyone to know they are involved.

LEE ANNE
Hey there. You around later?

TREY
I gotta be in court.

She glances back once as she passes into the briefing room.

LEE ANNE
Check your email.

He sits at his desk. Types some commands. Leans back in his chair to watch:

ON SCREEN, a provocatively sexy picture of Lee Anne pops up, in tiny lace panties and a barely-there top with "KITTEN" in pink script across her breasts. She slouches, her smile open.

We HEAR a VOICE OVER:

ROY (V.O.)
Prosecution calls Detective Trey McCandless.

13 **INT. COURTROOM NINE - DAY** 13

Ceiling fans and air-conditioning barely make a difference in the courtroom, crowded and close.

IN THE WITNESS BOX, Trey is questioned by Roy, who is in his shirtsleeves, tie loosened.

ROY
Take us through the facts of the case, if you would, Detective.

TREY
Carrie Baker was working late in her studio on the night of February 6th.

14 **FLASHBACK - QUICK IMAGES - INT. JEWELRY STUDIO - NIGHT** 14

In a brick storefront space, the shades drawn, an attractive woman in her thirties, CARRIE BAKER, sits at a long, wide table, making JEWELRY with a slender soldering iron.

Camera PANS with quick flashes; diamonds, precious gems and gold are strewn on the table.

TREY (V.O.)
Computer records show that someone entered the building with a security card key at 1:23 a.m.

15 **FLASHBACK - EXT. TWO STORY BRICK BUILDING - NIGHT** 15

CLOSE ON A CARD KEY swiped through a reader by a GLOVED HAND.

TREY (V.O.)
The card key used was the victim's own. There was no sign of forced entry into her studio.

16 **FLASHBACK - INT. JEWELRY STUDIO - MORNING** 16

Camera PANS THE TABLE...the soldering iron, still sputtering a blue flame, lies on the wood, burning a black mark on it. The gems and gold are gone, stool toppled, and ON THE FLOOR:

Carrie lies, DEAD, eyes open, BLOOD LEAKING OUT from behind her head, her pony-tail dragging in the slick red puddle.

TREY (V.O.)
Her business partner found her body when she came to work in the morning. Carrie was stabbed with one of her own tools...a long, sharp knife. It's called a router.

Camera ZEROES IN on the back of Carrie’s neck...the slender ROUTER with it’s pencil-thin wood handle is BURIED into the base of her neck up to the hilt.

TREY (V.O.)
The router was still in her neck - it had stabbed all the way into her spinal cord.

17 **PRESENT - INT. COURTROOM - DAY** 17

Roy stands near Trey in the witness box.

ROY
Was anything missing from the studio?

TREY
We estimate eighty thousand dollars worth of precious gems, gold and jewelry.

IN THE JURY BOX...a JUROR clicks her pen to write notes...but the pen has no INK. It scratches on the paper...

ROY
And you found one of these pieces of stolen jewelry on the defendant, DeShaun Linares, when you went to his home to question him.

He points out a young, tough-looking man sitting next to Jamie at the defense table. This is DESHAUN.

TREY
Mr. Linares was the handyman in the building, and his fingerprints were found in the victim's studio...

Trey doesn't finish his sentence. His attention is drawn to the JURY BOX. Roy too.

ROY'S P.O.V. The entire front row is absorbed with their DRY PENS. They're not listening at all as they whisper, asking to borrow the pencils of the jurors in the rear...

Roy glances at Jamie, who betrays nothing.

ROY
Can we get the jury some pencils?

18 **INT. COURTROOM - LATER** 18

Jamie stands, questioning Trey.

JAMIE
Detective, where exactly were DeShaun's fingerprints in the victim's studio?

TREY
They were found on the kitchen plumbing and counters.

JAMIE
Records show that DeShaun had repaired a leak in the studio's kitchen that week. Perhaps that's how the fingerprints got there?

TREY
That's also how he could have stolen her card key.

JAMIE
He has his own card key, doesn't he? He works there.

Trey scowls. He doesn't like her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Were his fingerprints on the murder weapon?

TREY
There were no prints on the weapon. We believe the killer wore gloves.

JAMIE
Is there any fiber or DNA evidence linking DeShaun to the crime scene?

TREY
...no.

JAMIE
But you arrested him because you found a ring in his pocket. Did he tell you that Carrie Baker made him that ring, personally, for him to give to his girlfriend?

Jamie gestures to a delicate young woman, BRENDA, in a white sundress, sitting in the front row of the gallery.

TREY
Right. She just gave the handyman a ring that sells for five grand.

Jamie picks up a PLASTIC BAGGIE from the evidence table in front of the judge's box. Jamie opens the baggie and takes the ring out. Examines it. She holds it up for Trey.

JAMIE
Is this the ring you found?

TREY
It is.

JAMIE
Tiny ring. Must be a size five.

She tries to put it on her own finger. It doesn't fit.

ON THE MEN; Roy, Trey, even the judge, a sleepy, overweight guy named GARNER, are all wondering what she's doing.

Jamie walks to the gallery railing, stands before Brenda.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Brenda, will you try this on?

ROY
Objection, your honor, immaterial.

JUDGE GARNER
I find it relevant.
(to Brenda)
Go ahead, young lady.

Jamie gestures for Brenda to stand. She takes Brenda's small hand and SLIPS THE RING perfectly onto her ring finger.

Brenda looks down at the ring. It's beautiful, diamonds and white gold. She smiles. Jamie turns to the Judge.

JAMIE
May we approach?

The Judge gestures her forward. Roy throws his pen on the table, as Jamie leads Brenda over to the jury box, where the sweet girl shows the jurors the pretty ring on her finger, one by one. The jurors are smiling, especially the women, enchanted by Brenda. They glance over at DeShaun, who looks down, smiling shyly too.

Trey, on the witness stand, annoyed, shakes his head.

19 **INT. COURTHOUSE BASEMENT - DAY** 19

The basement is cool and quiet. There's a bank of vending machines. Jamie steps out of her heels, feeling the cold stone floor. She searches her purse for change.

ROY (O.C.)
Need quarters?

She turns. Roy is there, much taller than her now that her heels are off. He holds out a handful of quarters.

JAMIE
Thanks.

She carefully picks out only as many as she needs. Plugs them into the machine and makes her selection.

ROY
What's with the ring, Jamie? You trying out for the Home Shopping Network?

Her can thumps into the well. She takes it and presses the cold aluminum to her neck.

JAMIE
I'll tell you a secret they don't teach you at Wake Forest. A jury remembers what they see, not what they hear. You can blah blah blah all you want. But you know what they're going to remember? The ring fits, like it was made for her. Just like DeShaun said it was.

ROY
Who cares if the ring fits? It has nothing to do with the facts of the murder.

JAMIE
What facts? All your evidence is circumstantial. State doesn't have a case. All I have to prove is reasonable doubt, and you're done. I know you agree, because you've been phoning it in the whole trial.

One puff of shocked laughter escapes him.

ROY
How would you know?

JAMIE
I just...watch you. I know.

He looks at her. There's chemistry between these two.

ROY
I watch you too, Jamie.
(a beat)
And you know what I see? A Yankee lawyer in expensive shoes who doesn't know how to work a southern jury, or a southern DA.

JAMIE
Assistant DA.

ROY
See, that's what I'm talking about.

Jamie smiles her little half smile.

JAMIE
Believe me, Roy, under the right circumstances, I would know exactly how to work you.

She eyes him a minute longer, then picks up her shoes and walks out. He's feeling the heat and it's not the weather.

20 **INT. COURTROOM - DAY** 20

Jamie returns. Brenda and DeShaun talk at the railing. She has their little daughter, SHAUNEE, in her arms. She's two and adorable. She's touching DeShaun's face.

SHAUNEE
Daddy not behind the window.

DESHAUN
Not today, baby.

He kisses her. Brenda takes the girl away. He watches them leave; it's hard to let them go. He sits down next to Jamie, who gives him the coke. She got it for him.

DESHAUN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

JAMIE
No problem.

DESHAUN
Are we gonna win, Ms. Horn? Cause I can't stand to think of my baby growing up without me.

JAMIE
We're gonna win.

21 **EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY** 21

The white steps bake in the mid-afternoon. Jamie, heels on, walks down the steps, checking her smartphone. As she gets to the street level at the bottom, HER EYE is drawn away...

HER P.O.V. BRENDA, her client's girlfriend, stands on the curb, some distance away, under a tree. She's talking to the detective, Trey. Trey touches Brenda's arm; she looks down, stepping back. He speaks more sternly, then turns to walk away, right toward...

JAMIE, who stands there, caught staring.

Trey knows she saw them. He throws Jamie a dirty look and gets into an unmarked police car, peeling away.

We HOLD ON JAMIE...her wheels turning.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

22 **INT. CHARLESTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY** 22

A DETECTIVE, 50, passes through an open door marked EVIDENCE ROOM and finds Lee Anne Hunter working the desk.

DETECTIVE
I need to see the gun from 486.

LEE ANNE
Might take me a minute.

DETECTIVE
Hey. Can't a guy get a smile?

LEE ANNE
Is that part of my job description?

DETECTIVE
You smile for McCandless, don't you? Kitten.

He watches knowingly as she walks into the evidence room.

She leans against the wall, stunned at his implication.

23 **EXT. MANSION-LINED STREET - AFTERNOON** 23

Old oaks dripping with Spanish moss meet in a canopy over the street, lined with antebellum mansions. Roy Rayder walks up the steps of one, past a discreet brass plate under a stone lion: ANDERSON, FORTNUM, AND DOBBS, A LAW CORPORATION.

24 **INT. LAW FIRM - DAY** 24

Roy is greeted by a coifed receptionist, MAUREEN, 55.

MAUREEN
Roy Rayder...you look terrible!

ROY
(amused)
And you get prettier every year.

MAUREEN
You need to eat, young man. I'll tell Dec you're here.

She goes off. Roy waits. Looks at photos on the walls.

HIS P.O.V. Most depict a handsome, silver-haired man, DEC FORTNUM, with politicians: Bush, Clinton, John Edwards...

There's also a studio photo of...Roy himself, with his wife, NINA, and his two daughters, JULIA and MICHELLE, 9 and 6.

Pain crosses over Roy's face. Maureen comes back in. He gestures to the photo of him and his wife.

ROY
Maybe Dec should take this down.

MAUREEN
He thinks she'll come back to you.

Before he can respond, DEC FORTNUM himself appears...

DEC
There he is! Where ya been, Roy?

ROY
I don't know whether you remember, but your daughter's divorcing me.

DEC
My daughter's a fool, come on in...

25 **INT. DEC'S OFFICE - DAY** 25

Very "Old South" -- heavy wood desks, oil paintings of partners, a bar with crystal decanters, a Persian rug, leather couches, TWO OTHER MEN seated there, who rise:

DEC
Roy, you know Tom Johnson, he's the Mayor's Chief of Staff. And this is Davis Peel, he's the head of the Democratic Party in South Carolina.

ROY
Tom, nice to see you.

He shakes hands with both men; he was not expecting them.

PEEL
Heard a lot about you, Roy.

They all sit. Everyone's smiling at him, a little too hard. Dec gestures for Tom to begin.

TOM
You probably know that the Mayor is finally gonna retire.

ROY
That's the rumor.

PEEL
It's highly likely he is not gonna be replaced by a Democrat. So, he plans to make as many appointments as he can on the way out.

DEC
He wants you, Roy. He wants to appoint you City Attorney.

Roy looks at them, a puff of surprise escaping him.

ROY
Me?

DEC
It’s a big prize...

ROY
...I’m in the DA’s office. How can I represent the city when...I don’t even have a firm...

DEC
I want you to come work here, for us. In one step, we'll be picking up a great lawyer and Charleston’ll get the perfect City Attorney.

Roy looks at Dec. Then at Tom.

ROY
...is this because of my father?

DEC
You do not belong in the bullpen at the DA's office. The City Attorney is both prosecutor and defender. You defend the city against lawsuits, and you go after the gangs, drug dealers and slum lords who tear up this city. You’re gonna be the guy defending any city employee, any policeman, any fireman. Roy, you will represent the city of Charleston. We need someone like you; someone who knows it, loves it, and is tough enough to defend it.

DAVIS
Your dad was a great City Attorney. We think you will be too.

Roy pauses. He can't shake a feeling that he's being played.

ROY
What I remember about Dad being City Attorney was that we never had enough money to pay the mortgage.

Roy looks at them.

ROY (CONT’D)
I’d consider it...if you’d make me a full partner, Dec. So I have somewhere to practice if it all goes to hell.

Dec stares at him, the polite sheen gone from his eyes...for a moment, we see pure steel. But then he puts on the smile...

DEC
That's what I meant, son.

Roy smiles. He and Dec continue to talk over the details.

Tom shares a quick, but significant look with Peel.

26 **EXT. UNION HEIGHTS - TWILIGHT** 26

Low chain link fences surround weedy patches of yard in front of run-down bungalows, many with porches and windows barred. It's busy and hot. Kids play baseball. A fire hydrant gushes up. Everyone's door is open in the summer heat.

In one of the yards, we find little Shaunee playing with a hose...using the water to make a mud pie. WATCHING FROM THE PORCH are Brenda and Jamie.

BRENDA
I told the cops, DeShaun was with me, the whole night. Why won't they listen?

JAMIE
You're his girlfriend. You could be lying. And you were asleep...it's not an airtight alibi.

Brenda looks out over the railing. Jamie takes her opening.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I saw you today. With Detective McCandless.
(no response)
Was he bothering you?

BRENDA
...wasn't bothering me.

She's stony, blank almost. Jamie comes to stand beside her.

JAMIE
I grew up on a street like this. South side of Chicago. My mother was high or drunk most of the time. I know what it's like to fend for yourself. To avoid attention. Especially from cops. I know how they can make life bad for you.

Brenda looks at her.

BRENDA
You're white. You don't know nothin' about how bad cops can make it.

JAMIE
Brenda, do you want DeShaun to come home? Then you have to speak up.

Fat tears well up in Brenda's eyes. She wipes them away.

BRENDA
He's been coming around here. Calling. I told him I don't want nothing to do with him, but he keeps telling me that...if I go with him and...do the things he wants me to do, he'll help DeShaun.

JAMIE
And did you? Do what he wanted?

BRENDA
I met him, for a drink, but... I couldn't do it. Then he started threatening me. Threatening Shaunee.

JAMIE
We have to lodge a complaint...

BRENDA
No. No way...

The little girl comes toddling up the steps with her mud pie.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Is that for me, baby? Thank you!

She scoops up the little girl. Holds her, turning to Jamie.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
You're a good lawyer. I got faith in you. But I don't got no faith in me taking on the Charleston P.D.

ON JAMIE...hearing her, deciding not to push it.

CUT TO:

27 **EXT. SHEM CREEK - NIGHT** 27

A happening creek across the harbor from Charleston, lined with restaurants where people can drive their boats right up.

Roy steers his launch down the lit-up creek. People wave at him...an old fisherman working on his trawler, some pretty southern belles with perfect hair and short shorts.

He moves out of the commercial area, slowing as he nears a dilapidated old dock, marked by one light in the darkness.

28 **EXT. BRUSH AND UNDERGROWTH - NIGHT** 28

Roy walks a narrow trail through the thicket of trees until he emerges from the underbrush and into a CLEARING. We see a modest brick home, and there's a BOAT, a clapped-out trawler, 30 feet or so, set up on cinder blocks. He pats it as he goes by. We HEAR a message being played:

JULIA'S VOICE
Hi Daddy! I made goalee! I had to try out with six other girls and they only picked three!

29 **INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER** 29

Roy is in the kitchen, listening to his phone messages...

MICHELLE'S VOICE
Daddy, Mommy's making me eat peas, I don't like peas...

Roy smiles sadly. It's so hard to be without them.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. QUEEN STREET - CHARLESTON - NIGHT** 30

A P.O.V. through a lighted window. Stencilled on the glass pane is a simple logo, CARRIE BAKER DESIGNS. A woman, HELEN MARCKS, a glamorous brunette who was Carrie's partner, removes velvet displays showing Carrie's necklaces and rings.

31 **INT. STUDIO SPACE - SAME** 31

Moving boxes everywhere. Helen is closing up the business.

HELEN
She was so talented.

She's talking to...JAMIE, who is there with her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
We had pre-orders from stores for twenty of these necklaces. Now they want their money back, and I don't have the cash.

JAMIE
Helen -- I know this is hard for you, but...DeShaun is not the killer. He didn't steal that ring.

A guy in jeans and a T shirt comes in from the back, carrying some empty boxes he's just put together.

KENNY
That's what I keep telling her.

Jamie looks at him. Helen introduces her.

HELEN
This is Kenny. He's my boyfriend.

JAMIE
You know DeShaun?

KENNY
We all know him. He's a good kid.

Helen looks down, emotion in her voice:

HELEN
I don't know what to believe. I just...wish she was still here.

JAMIE
I have reason to believe the detective in this case is not telling the whole truth about his investigation. I'm heading down to the precinct to re-examine everything...his reports, evidence.
(to Helen and Kenny)
Anything you can think of, anything from Carrie's life we might have overlooked, please...call me.

32 **INT. CHARLESTON P.D. - DETECTIVE BULLPEN - NIGHT** 32

Trey works at his computer. An email pings. He opens it...

On SCREEN: It's a photo of Lee Anne, but in this one, she's FLIPPING HIM OFF.

LEE ANNE (O.S.)
You gonna forward that one to your buddies too?

He looks up. Lee Anne herself is standing there.

TREY
I didn't forward anything.

LEE ANNE
You think I don't see the way some of the guys around here are looking at me?

TREY
Lee Anne...

LEE ANNE
I'm done, Trey. I should have ended it a long time ago.

She turns to go, he gets up, walking after her...he takes her arm, pulls her aside, to a secluded corner. His tone is cold.

TREY
It's over when I say it's over. I can forward those pictures. I can forward 'em right to Chief Knox. That wouldn't be too good for your career, now would it?

LEE ANNE
You'll go right down with me.

They are interrupted by a cop at reception, calling over:

RECEPTION COP
Officer Hunter, this attorney wants to get into the evidence room.

THEIR P.O.V. JAMIE stands in the foyer. She doesn't see them.

Lee Anne leaves. Trey watches, recognizing Jamie.

33 **INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT** 33

An industrial basement room lined with metal shelves and lockers. Jamie sits at a table. She has Trey's investigation report laid out and is comparing it to a LIST of evidence from Carrie Baker's murder scene. Jamie picks up the crime scene photos...she looks more closely at something...

ON THE PHOTOS -- there's a RING on the victim's finger.

Jamie looks up as Lee Anne comes in with another box.

JAMIE
Where's this ring? This one she's wearing, in the picture?

Lee Anne looks at the photo, then looks at the evidence manifest.

LEE ANNE
It's not in here. Maybe the body was released to the family with the ring still on it.

JAMIE
So she was buried with it?

LEE ANNE
You'd have to ask them.

Lee Anne looks at the ring in the photo again.

LEE ANNE (CONT'D)
It's a pretty nice ring. Maybe an officer stole it. Cops know more fences than anybody.

JAMIE
Does that happen?

LEE ANNE
Sometimes. There's a few assholes on this force. Generally it's a good department, but...

JAMIE
Do you know the detective on this case, Trey McCandless?

LEE ANNE
(nonchalant)
Sure. I know him.

JAMIE
Is he one of the assholes?

Her expression darkens.

LEE ANNE
He's the King Asshole.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. ROY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 34

Like most newly-divorced men, his house is sparsely furnished; couch, big screen TV. An Atlanta Braves game plays on the television, his CELL PHONE buzzes against the glass coffee table. Roy comes into FRAME and picks it up.

HIS P.O.V. The LED reads CAROLINA LOTTERY. He frowns.

ROY
Hello?

JAMIE (V.O.)
It’s Jamie Horn.

ROY
Aw, geez...

JAMIE (V.O.)
Sorry to trick you, but opposing counsel never takes my calls.

ROY
Jamie, it’s late...

JAMIE (V.O.)
It'll only take a minute. I'm standing at your front door.

Roy looks toward the door, then walks over and opens it.

HIS P.O.V. There she stands, leaning against the alcove in the warm porch light.

JAMIE
Can I come in?

ROY
Hell no.

JAMIE
Why? You having a date?

ROY
I’m gonna kill whoever told you where I live.

JAMIE
Real estate transactions are public record.

ROY
You got three minutes.

JAMIE
Although I don't know why you'd want to buy a dump like this.

ROY
Deep water.

JAMIE
What?

ROY
Deep water dock. So I can have a real boat. Now it’s two and a half.

Jamie straightens, hands in her pockets. Time for business.

JAMIE
McCandless is harassing my client's girlfriend. Offering to change his testimony in return for sex.

Roy just squints at her. A beat.

ROY
The Mayor wants to appoint me City Attorney.

A non sequitur, but he doesn’t have anyone to tell. She smiles, genuinely pleased for him.

JAMIE
Wow. That's...that's great, Roy. That's really good for you.

ROY
Yeah. Being an ADA sucks. Especially with you around.

JAMIE
Perfect. You can just drop the case against DeShaun and get on with your next gig.

ROY
Jamie. I can't drop the case. Carrie Baker was murdered.

JAMIE
Not by DeShaun. The detective’s credibility is totally impeached...

ROY
Maybe Brenda cooked up the harassment thing to help DeShaun get a mistrial down the road.

JAMIE
I saw them together.

ROY
Maybe she wanted you to see them.

JAMIE
You drive me crazy.

ROY
The feeling's mutual.

They just stare at each other. The truth is, they like each other. A lot more than they should.

ROY (CONT'D)
How come I never see you sweat?

JAMIE
I'm sweating right now. In little private places you can't see.

She smiles. Him too. A beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Don't you wish we could just...have a beer? Like two regular people?

ROY
When this case is finished, I'm coming right over with a six pack. And you better not like that bullshit European beer, cause I ain't bringing that.

Their eyes stay on each other for a moment.

JAMIE
See ya in court, Roy.

He watches her walk down the path and disappear in the dark.

35 **EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT** 35

Less cars this late at night. Rising above it, nearby, is a tall RADIO TOWER with red lights. Lee Anne, carrying her uniform on a hanger, walks to her car in a summer dress and flip-flops. She sees her Mustang. Chirps off the alarm, when:

TREY appears. He's been standing in the shadows.

TREY
Did you talk to that woman lawyer?

LEE ANNE
I helped her in the evidence room.

TREY
You don't tell her anything about me, or about us, understand?

LEE ANNE
I'll tell her whatever I want.

TREY
Don't fight me, Lee Anne. Or next time I cuff you, you'll wish it was a game.

He sneers at her and walks off. Lee Anne is afraid.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

36 **EXT./INT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT** 36

Jamie sits at a high top near the edge of the roof, having that beer. In the distance, we see the dramatic outlines of the epic and modern Ravenel Bridge, lit-up in the night. She turns away from the night lights over the water to see...

HER P.O.V. PRESTON DURRELL, handsome, wiry, with an urban sophistication, walking toward her.

PRESTON
Hey Counselor.

JAMIE
Hey Detective.

PRESTON
(kissing her)
This isn't our regular night.

JAMIE
I know. I just needed to talk to someone without a southern accent.

PRESTON
I hear that. Maybe we should both go back to New York.

JAMIE
Nah. Where would we get a good dish of grits?

They clink beers.

PRESTON
You look good.

JAMIE
So do you.

He touches her hand. A beat, and then:

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You got a guy in your department named McCandless?

PRESTON
Is that why you called me? To work me for the 411?

JAMIE
No, no.
(beat)
You got any?

He has to smile. She is who she is.

PRESTON
Trey McCandless is a good ol' boy. Chief loves the ex-marines, but this kid got promoted too fast. He's already messed up two cases cause he's so arrogant.

He sees her wheels are turning.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Jamie...I do not want to be your man in the department. I'd rather be your booty call than that.

JAMIE
You're not my booty call.

PRESTON
(disappointed)
Really?

JAMIE
(laughing)
I mean...you know what I mean. You're more than that.

This pleases him. He presses his knee to her's.

PRESTON
I was thinking...maybe it's time we start seeing each other more often.

JAMIE
(coy)
Were you?

PRESTON
I was...

JAMIE
Keep talking. I'm listening...

He smiles. They both laugh a little.

FADE TO:

37 **EXT. OLDER HOME - FOLLY BEACH AREA - MORNING** 37

Folly Beach is a suburb of Charleston, more rural, with wood homes, many in disrepair; big, untamed yards between them, junk and hot rods in the weeds. Redneck country.

38 **INT. LEE ANNE'S BEDROOM - MORNING** 38

Lee Anne dresses for work. Looks at herself in the mirror, at the toughness of the uniform, the authority it gives her. She hears a voice calling her.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Babe, can you come out here?!

39 **INT. KITCHEN - MORNING** 39

Her husband, ARLISS, is handsome, bearded, and in A WHEEL CHAIR. He sits before the open fridge, pressing himself up on the arms of his chair to get higher.

ARLISS
How many times I gotta tell you to put the milk on the low shelves?

LEE ANNE
I'm sorry, baby...

She gets the milk and the cereal. Pours him a bowl...

ARLISS
I can do it.

She looks at him as he wheels himself away from her.

40 **EXT. CHARLESTON ROW HOUSE - DOWNTOWN - DAY** 40

A cobblestoned street of row houses, with gates and glimpses of secret gardens within. One is covered in scaffolding, in the midst of a remodel. Jamie's office is on the bottom floor, and she LIVES on the top two.

41 **INT. JAMIE'S ROW HOUSE - DAY** 41

Jamie's paralegal, VI, a super-skinny redneck chick in acid wash jeans, with fried hair and the gravelly voice of a lifelong smoker. She works at a computer as Jamie comes downstairs, barefoot, in the midst of getting dressed.

VI
Got you coffee and a biscuit. You in court today?

JAMIE
No. One of the jurors in DeShaun's case was given a personal day.

Vi is looking through some papers.

VI
You asked me to find out about Carrie Baker's burial -- she was actually cremated.

JAMIE
(eyebrow raised)
Hmm. Do you know what they did with the ashes?

VI
They're in the columbarium at the Oaks Cemetary.

JAMIE
What the hell's a columbarium?

VI
I love it when I know something you don't know. It's one of those buildings with all the drawers in the walls...where they keep people's ashes.

JAMIE
Can you print me out some directions to Oaks Cemetary?

42 **INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY** 42

Lee Anne walks through the precinct. A few of the officers look at her...glance her way...she feels uncomfortable, or is she imagining it? She presents herself in the doorway of the Chief's office...

LEE ANNE
You wanted to see me, sir?

Her superior, CHIEF HOLLAND KNOX, looks up. He is in his early forties, a little pudgy, southern accent. He's a family man and he radiates integrity.

KNOX
Close the door.

She closes it. Sits.

KNOX (CONT'D)
Lee Anne, you're a good officer. I am more than happy to write glowing recommendations to any department you ever apply to. But I think ...it's time for you to move on.

LEE ANNE
(flushing)
Why?

KNOX
You know why. But for your future as a police officer, I'm gonna call it budget cuts.

LEE ANNE
Chief Knox. I can't get fired...

KNOX
Fraternizing with a fellow officer is a serious offense.

LEE ANNE
(tightening)
What about Trey? Does he get fired?

KNOX
He has been reprimanded, but you are a bad influence in this department...

LEE ANNE
Whatever he's told you, he's lying.

A beat. We see Knox struggling with this.

KNOX
I'm sorry. I'm giving you the opportunity to walk away with a clean record. But I need your badge and your gun.

She stares at him. She's trembling.

KNOX (CONT'D)
These officers will escort you out.

Two faceless cops come in, wait like military police. Lee Anne takes off her badge...there are tears in her eyes as she looks down at it and lays it on the desk. The gun too. Embarrassed and angry, she wipes the tears away.

LEE ANNE
You're gonna regret this.

43 **INT. COLUMBARIUM - DAY** 43

Jamie walks with a SUITED MAN through the halls. The walls are lined with drawers that have engraved memorials to the deceased. Fans have been set up in corners and blow a meager breeze through the hot rooms. The SUITED MAN takes out a handkerchief and wipes his brow.

JAMIE
Do you have any records on her body before the cremation? Would there be any mention of a ring on her finger?

SUITED MAN
I keep copious, detailed notes, which you may not see without the family's permission. Here we are.

Carrie's memorial plate: Beloved sister, daughter and friend.

SUITED MAN (CONT'D)
Do you have the family's permission?

Jamie hands him a paper.

JAMIE
I have a court order.

He takes keys out of his pocket. Opens the drawer and takes out the urn. He carefully hands it to Jamie.

SUITED MAN
I will go look for my notes.

He starts off, then turns back:

SUITED MAN (CONT'D)
We have security cameras. And a microchip in every urn.

He smiles creepily and leaves her alone.

Jamie sits down on a bench. Takes out a folded up piece of newspaper and spreads it out. Then she carefully opens the urn. DUMPS THE ASHES OUT onto the newspaper...dust puffs up.

JAMIE
Sorry, Carrie.

With one delicate finger, she searches through the ashes. She sees nothing, just grit and dirt and then...

A GLINT OF METAL...she takes a pencil and fishes it out.

IT'S A RING. Well, the remains of a ring. The band is still there, if charred and bent, but the gem stones are gone; MELTED BROWN AND WHITE GOO is all that's left on the setting.

VI (V.O.)
Topaz and diamonds melt?

44 **INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY** 44

The ring now lies on a table between Jamie and Vi.

JAMIE
No, they don't. The gems were fake. They were just...paste.

VI
The victim was making fake jewelry?

JAMIE
Maybe. But...why?

VI
I did that search of their business records at the city registry, like you told me, and I guess these ladies hadn't been paying their bills. One of their gem suppliers is suing them to get them to pay.

She and Vi look at each other, trying to puzzle it out.

JAMIE
We need to see more of her pieces. Bring up Carrie's sales records. Who recently bought from her.

Vi goes to the computer. They both look at the screen. Jamie's finger scrolls down a list of names.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Marisa St. Cloud. That'll do it.

45 **EST. SHOT - GRAND MANSION - DAY** 45

Jamie's car, a sleek Mercedes coupe, emerges from a long, tree-lined driveway to park in front of a grand, pillared mansion. As she gets out of the car, she's greeted by...

MARISA ST. CLOUD - standing on the verandah. Marisa has the creamy complexion of the very rich; she wears a sheath dress and a little sweater over her shoulders.

MARISA
Well hey there, darlin!

Jamie is not alone. She has a PASSENGER; a short, fat man in a suit. He labors up the stairs as Jamie and Marisa hug.

JAMIE
This is Lester, he's a jeweler.

LESTER
Beautiful home.

MARISA
(all smiles)
Yes it is. And it's all mine, thanks to Jamie, sticking it to my ex-husband every which way to Sunday.

46 **INT. MARISA'S MANSION - DAY** 46

Several necklaces lay out on a rich walnut dining table. The jeweler's eye is HUGE in the loupe as he examines them.

MARISA
I loved that little Carrie. She was so fashionable. She bought her dresses couture, you know. She came to every society do. They wanted to build up clients.

Jamie takes in this new information as the jeweler sets down the loupe.

JEWELER
The stones in these necklaces are fake.

A beat. Marisa stares at them.

MARISA
I beg your pardon?

The jeweler pops one of the diamonds out of the setting. Sets it on one of his cloths and SMASHES IT with a small hammer. It's reduced to a pile of dust. Marisa and Jamie look at each other.

MARISA (CONT'D)
I think he enjoyed that.

47 **INT. CITY ATTORNEY OFFICE AT CITY HALL - DAY** 47

The outer office is a mess, with four desks jammed into a small space. Staff is busy -- the phone is ringing but no one's answering. Finally, a paralegal grabs it up.

PARALEGAL
City Attorney's office.

ROY and the Mayor's guy, Tom Johnson, tour the office suite.

TOM
This is all the space we have, but you'll also have an office at Fortnum and Dobbs...

ROY
I'd rather spend my time here. We'll manage.

Two young lawyers, a girl, ANGIE, who's pretty in an athletic way, and a guy, DARREN, a know-it-all law nerd, come forward.

TOM
Angela, Darren, I'd like you to meet Roy Rayder.

DARREN
Pleasure, sir.

ROY
What are y'all working on?

DARREN
Discovery on City of Charleston vs. Crane Chemicals.

ROY
Crane who's giving people cancer? It's about time we went after them. What else?

Darren hands over three thick files.

DARREN
Someone is accusing the harbor patrol of being pirates, we're defending them.
(MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)
Got an illegal porn shop we're trying to shut down, we're prosecuting two Chinese cargo ships smuggling in people...

Roy looks through them...notices one of the cases has Jamie Horn's letterhead all through it.

ROY
Jamie Horn?

ANGIE
She's the litigator on the porn shop.

ROY
Sounds like her speed.

48 **INT. CITY HALL - COUNCIL CHAMBER - EARLY EVENING** 48

The City Council is meeting, sitting up on a horseshoe-shaped dais. Citizens fill the audience; one speaks at a microphone. IN THE BACK, Roy watches with Tom Johnson.

TOM
You'll have to attend some meetings. Nothing major...

The Chief of Police, Knox, slips into the room from the back. He sees Roy. Comes up behind him.

KNOX
They'll let anybody in here these days.

ROY
(glad to see him)
Hey, what are you doing down here?

They're friends, old friends.

KNOX
Gotta do my dog and pony show for these bozos. What about you?

ROY
I got a new job that's gonna cut into our surfin' time, Holly, let me put it that way.

CUT TO:

49 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT** 49

Roy and Knox eat dinner.

KNOX
City Attorney. I can't believe it.

ROY
You remember when my dad refused to pay for my law school cause he thought I was such a screw up?

KNOX
Guess he thought wrong.

Roy eats. His father isn't his favorite subject.

ROY
How's Susie, the kids?

KNOX
They're great. Boys always ask about Julia and Michelle. When are they coming for a visit?

ROY
I'm gonna go down there. See their new school.

KNOX
...I hate this for you, Roy.

ROY
I'm fine. I just...miss my girls.

A pause.

KNOX
Listen, if you're taking the City Attorney gig, something's coming down the pike pretty quick that you might have to deal with. I had to fire an officer. A female officer. She's complaining to the EEOC. That's the federal agency, Equal Employment Opportunity Commission...

ROY
I know what the EEOC is, Holly. Does she have a case?

KNOX
No. This woman was not harassed. Anything that happened was purely consensual. We have emails, texts sent on Department cell phones, we even have video tape.

ROY
I'll need to see all that.

KNOX
I'll send it over. To the house?

ROY
Just forward me the emails.

KNOX
You don't want me to do that.

ROY
How many are there?

KNOX
I don't know. Thousands?

Off Roy's surprised look, we CUT TO:

50 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT** 50

Jamie and Vi are walking toward her office together.

VI
Okay, let's say Carrie was making and selling jewelry with fake gems.

JAMIE
And then she sells the real jewels, that gives her double the money, double the profit. But why does she even go through the motions of buying the gems in the first place?

VI
To keep it a secret? From Helen?

JAMIE
I think I'll talk to Helen again.

Vi's attention has been caught by something up ahead. She nods for Jamie to look.

JAMIE'S P.O.V. A woman is waiting outside the office, in front of the scaffolding. IT'S LEE ANNE.

LEE ANNE
Ms. Horn...I don't know whether you remember me...

JAMIE
Of course I remember.

LEE ANNE
I think I need a lawyer.

51 **EXT. ROY'S BACKYARD - SULTRY NIGHT** 51

Roy, shirtless, a sheen of sweat on his chest, works hard, rubbing away the grit from the fiber glass hull of his old trawler. He stops as CAR HEADLIGHTS stripe across the trees.

52 **EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT** 52

Roy comes around the side of the house, wiping his hands.

HIS P.O.V. A COP is there, with a dolly, wheeling five stacked file boxes up the walk to his front door.

COP
Where do you want ‘em?

53 **INT. ROY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 53

The boxes are open, papers strewn about. Roy reads some of the emails, eyes widening at a few of the things. Then he removes a DVD from the box.

He takes it over to the DVD player and slips it in. Sits on the couch. We stay ON HIM as the light plays over his face.

ON THE SCREEN: A home-made sex video plays. It looks like they are in some kind of garage...there’s a black and white police car in the shot. And there are three police officers, in various states of undress. One of them we recognize as TREY. The men have TIED A NAKED WOMAN, spread eagle, to the hood of the squad car. She moans as they caress her. The camera creeps in on her face as she smiles...

IT'S LEE ANNE.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

54 **EXT. CHARLESTON SKYLINE - MORNING** 54

A summer storm is approaching. Thunderheads loom over the city. The water under the bridge is choppy with whitecaps.

55 **EXT. CARRIE BAKER'S STUDIO - MORNING** 55

Jamie is at the front door, buzzing. No one answers. She goes to the window and peers in.

HER P.O.V. The studio is now full of CANVASES...all sizes, from very large to small, grouped in stacks against the walls. There are drop cloths, brushes and pallettes. Jamie sees a figure moving around in back.

Jamie knocks on the window...

The person inside turns; it's Kenny, Helen's boyfriend.

56 **INT. STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER** 56

Kenny escorts her in.

KENNY
Hey, sorry I didn't hear you buzz.

JAMIE
I'm looking for Helen.

KENNY
She's not here. Is everything alright?

JAMIE
Yes...I just...have some questions.
(looking around)
Are these your paintings?

KENNY
Yes, I'm taking over the studio. The sublease helps Helen out, and with a storefront I might actually sell something. Charleston has a pretty lucrative art scene.

Jamie smiles.

JAMIE
Do you mind if I look?

KENNY
Please do. I think I have a catalogue somewhere...

He goes off into the back. She looks through the stack he pointed to. They are nice landscapes. She looks around, her attention drawn to...

A stack of large canvases COVERED IN A DROP CLOTH. But not quite covered...she can see the long, BARE LEG of a nude figure on the corner of the front one.

She walks over. Takes off the drop cloth: the paintings are NUDES, about seven canvases.

She looks around. These are the only nudes she sees in the whole studio. She glances toward the back...he's not coming. She quickly flips through them. The second to last one causes her HEART TO CLUTCH...

It's a nude painting of the murder victim, CARRIE BAKER. She pulls it out to see it better. It's definitely her. She looks seductively right at the viewer.

KENNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's Carrie, if you're wondering.

Jamie turns. He's behind her. They stare at each other.

JAMIE
She modeled for you?

KENNY
Yes.

Jamie feels suddenly wary of being alone with him.

HER P.O.V. Behind Kenny, on a desk, she sees a framed photo of him with Helen.

JAMIE
...does Helen know about this painting?

KENNY
No, and I'd rather she didn't.

He recovers the stack of nudes with the drop cloth.

KENNY (CONT'D)
It's not what you think.

JAMIE
Were you involved with her?

KENNY
Look. I love Helen. I messed up, I hooked up with Carrie. It was nothing. I don't want her to know.

JAMIE
Did the police ever question you?

KENNY
No. Why would they?

A stand off. Jamie can't read him. She picks up her bag.

JAMIE
I have to be in court.

He follows her to the door.

KENNY
What's your next question, what's my alibi? I was with my buddies, at the Pour House, til around 4 a.m. You can ask them.

JAMIE
Oh, I will.

She leaves. We hold on KENNY -- fear or anger on his face, we can't tell.

57 **EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY** 57

The clouds are thickening. The air is close and hot. Jamie and Vi walk up the steps. Vi is handing Jamie three copies of a bound brief, some files and other items.

JAMIE
I'm gonna ask the Judge for a recess, but we have to work fast. Check out Kenny, his alibi, his background. Then get out on the road. Today.

VI
Today? Why? It's gonna pour.

JAMIE
We have to find out if Kenny was involved in the whole jewel scheme. Maybe he was in on it with Carrie. I want you to hit every "We Buy Gold" shop in the county, if you have to. Show them a picture of Carrie. Kenny too. See if either one of them were fencing any jewels.

VI
Where am I supposed to get a photo of Kenny?

Jamie produces the FRAMED PHOTO of Kenny and Helen from her bag. It's the one she had seen on his desk. Vi takes it.

VI (CONT'D)
You stole this?

JAMIE
I borrowed it.

VI
You woulda made a good criminal.

CUT TO:

58 **INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER** 58

Jamie and Roy sit opposite Judge Garner, whom we recognize as the Judge in DeShaun's case.

JAMIE
Judge Garner, I have new evidence that can possibly exonerate DeShaun and I need a day of recess to present it properly.

JUDGE GARNER
You just had a day.

JAMIE
I need another one.

She produces the briefs Vi had given her on the steps.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I've prepared a brief. I have evidence that the victim may have been engaged in an elaborate fraud, that she was having an affair with her partner's boyfriend. He may be the actual perpetrator...

Roy takes the brief, a little concerned.

JUDGE GARNER
You've got today. That's it. Mr. Rayder and I will look over your brief this evening. But you will be presenting your case in the morning.

Garner takes the brief and leaves. Jamie shoots a look at Roy.

ROY
What did I do?

JAMIE
You didn't help!

ROY
I don't want to read your stinkin' brief. I'm busy tonight.

JAMIE
With what?

ROY
With you.

She looks at him.

ROY (CONT'D)
Are you taking on the case of Lee Anne Hunter vs. the Charleston Police Department?

JAMIE
How do you know about that?

ROY
She informed the EEOC that you were her council.

JAMIE
I met with her. I haven't taken her case. Yet.

ROY
Well, before you do, I'd like you to come by my place tonight. I want to show you something.

JAMIE
Your place?

ROY
Shall we say nine o'clock?

He leaves, knowing he has her guessing.

59 **INT. VI'S CAR - POURING RAIN - DAY** 59

Poor Vi white knuckles her car through the pouring rain. She can barely see through her flapping wipers.

60 **INT. GOLD AND GEM SHOP - DAY** 60

Vi slips the lady behind the counter a twenty, shows photos of Carrie and the photo of Kenny and Helen, now taken out of the frame, but the woman shakes her head.

61 **EXT. DIFFERENT SHOP - LATER** 61

Vi runs out of a shop, toward her car, cowering in the hood of her jacket.

62 **INT. THIRD SHOP - LATER** 62

Vi, soaking wet, gets another refusal. The clerks are getting more redneck, as she gets farther out of the city.

63 **EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY** 63

A sign on one of the shops in the mall reads: "WE BUY GOLD!" in both Spanish and English. We PAN OFF IT to see VI dashing from her car to the store. Rain still pouring.

64 **INT. SHOP - SAME** 64

The store is ugly and old, with peeling linoleum. Signs that let you know it also pawns valuables and cashes paychecks for 80 cents on the dollar. There are two clerks behind bullet-proof windows, like bankers, one woman and one man. Vi doesn't hesitate...she picks the GUY.

VI
It's goddamn biblical out there.

She takes off her coat; her button-down shirt is plastered to her, revealing her lacy bra. She smiles at the clerk on the other side of the window. He's a big shy type.

VI (CONT'D)
What's your nametag say, "Shoot?"

He looks down at his nametag, embarrassed.

SHOOT
Real name's Sherman. Might as well get a tattoo that says "kick me."

VI
Nah. You're manly enough to be Sherman.

He blushes, smiling. Vi slips a photo of Carrie under the window so he can see it.

VI (CONT'D)
Seen this gal around in the last year or so, selling gems?

SHOOT
You police?

VI
Nope. I work for a lawyer.

SHOOT
I ain't seen her.

She takes back Carrie's picture and slides Kenny's in.

VI
What about this fella?

She watches his face. Is that a blush rising on his neck?

SHOOT
I ain't seen him. We aren't supposed ta...

He pushes the photo back. Vi watches him. She takes out a money clip and peels off a twenty...

VI
I understand, honey, but just so you know, I'm running out of these.

She puts it under the photo and slides it back. He looks around, to see if any superior is watching him.

SHOOT
I ain't seen him, but I seen her.

Vi looks at the photo...HELEN SMILES UP AT HER.

SHOOT (CONT'D)
The lady, in the photo. She comes in here every other Friday. She's one of our best customers.

CLOSE ON VI...the chill of discovery in her veins.

65 **INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY** 65

The phone is ringing. Jamie picks it up.

JAMIE
Horn and Associates.

We intercut with Vi, IN HER PARKED CAR, as she talks on her cell phone.

VI
Jamie, it's Helen. Helen's the one changing up the jewels. I got a positive ID from a gold shop.

On Jamie, a feeling of triumph; it's starting to make sense.

JAMIE
Okay, Vi. Awesome work, come back in as soon as you can. We have a lot of pieces to put together.

VI
We're gonna be working all night, aren't we?

JAMIE
No...not all night.

We HOLD on Jamie's face, thinking.

66 **EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 66

He opens the door. Jamie stands there, in soft, faded jeans and a white V neck, holding a closed umbrella.

JAMIE
You gonna let me in this time?

He opens the door wider. She props the umbrella by the door and walks by him...passing close.

67 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 67

Jamie sits on one end of the couch, a little uncomfortable to be in his house.

HER P.O.V. Roy stands by the TV, messing with it.

ROY
Okay...

He comes over and sits on the couch...at the other end. They are both hyper-aware of being there, alone together.

JAMIE
What's all this about?

He gestures her attention toward the TV.

ON SCREEN...THE VIDEO STARTS. There's no sound. We see a clear close-up of Trey as he makes a knot in some ropes.

ON JAMIE...watching. Roy glances at her. She glances back.

ON SCREEN...we see Lee Anne, being led to the car. The men come around her...touch her, kiss her, start to undress her.

On the couch, Jamie shifts in her seat. Stays quietly.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Where did you get this?

ROY
The Chief of Police. He's one of my best friends.

The two of them sit there, watching, the light from the TV plays on their faces. Each is keenly aware of the other as the sex plays out on the screen. Jamie crosses her legs. They don't look at each other. Roy tries to be business-like

ROY (CONT'D)
There's a cut or something...right here, a bump...

JAMIE
That means there's missing footage.

ON SCREEN...Lee Anne is now tied spread eagle to the car. One of the men is on top of her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Turn it off.

He pauses it. The image on the screen is LEE ANNE'S FACE, in ecstasy.

They sit there, silent. Not looking at each other. Watching this, alone, with someone you're attracted to is...not easy.

ROY
What do you think?

JAMIE
I think we need that beer now.

68 **EXT. BEACH ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND - NIGHT** 68

The rain has stopped and left the night cooler. Jamie and Roy walk on the sand, each with a beer in their hand. The moon appears, tingeing the leftover clouds with mysterious silver.

JAMIE
How long have you had that little tape?

ROY
Couple days. But I've watched it over 25 times.

She looks at him. He laughs. She does too.

JAMIE
Why is there missing footage? Is there someone else at the party the cops don't want us to see?

ROY
Maybe...

JAMIE
The tape is really...embarrassing for them. If the cops are spending their evenings in dispatch making porn, who's looking after the citizens?! And why does everyone have to put their every move on video? I'll never get that.

ROY
It just seems like everyone's gone crazy. Nothing's secret -- and anyone from Generals to Congressman to these cops right here think sex is the most important thing there is...even if it ruins their lives.

JAMIE
It's her life that's ruined. She's the only one who got fired.

ROY
So far.

JAMIE
You think they sit around watching that video?

ROY
Someone's shooting it, maybe that's the person who's getting off on it.

JAMIE
...did you?

ROY
Did I what?

JAMIE
Get off on it?

Now they're getting personal. He looks at her.

ROY
Did you?

JAMIE
I asked you first.

They both laugh a little, awkward now.

ROY
Okay. If I answer this question totally honestly, will you answer one from me, totally honestly?

JAMIE
Deal.

ROY
The tape is...you know, fine but...sitting next to you and watching it was...intensely hot.

They stop walking. The waves bust white and frothy near the shore. They are keenly aware of each other, so close.

JAMIE
You know, Roy, I really...
(slightly teasing)
...can't understand why any woman would ever want to divorce you.

Soft laughter from him. He sits down on the sand. She sits beside him.

ROY
Nina likes money. And he's rich. Private jet rich. Now here's my question to you. Why'd you pick Charleston?

JAMIE
I grew up pretty rough. Foster care, all that. All I ever wanted when I was a kid was a home that was...all mine. When I came here, it was...different from any of the cities in my past. It's warm, it's old, it's on the water...the men are manly...I can carry a concealed weapon...

They both smile. It would be so easy to touch.

ROY
...you got a boyfriend?

JAMIE
(amused)
Are you really asking me that? A lot of guys wouldn't even care.

ROY
The gentleman thing...with me, it's not an act.

She nods. A beat.

JAMIE
...I do have a boyfriend. He's a homicide detective. Maybe you know him. Preston Durrell.

ROY
Sure, I know him.
(beat)
Well. He's a lucky guy.

She smiles, but we can see, there's conflict in her face; she is so drawn to Roy. He looks at his watch.

ROY (CONT'D)
Better get back.

He stands...holds a hand out to her and helps her up. They walk back down the sand together, toward the lights of Charleston.

CUT TO:

69 **EXT. RAVENEL BRIDGE - NIGHT** 69

Jamie's Mercedes is one of very few cars driving over the dramatically arching bridge, back toward the city.

70 **INT. JAMIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT** 70

She exits the bridge and drives through a dicey, deserted industrial neighborhood. She's lost in thought; she doesn't notice THE RED CHERRYTOP growing brighter in her mirror.

The light finally hits her eyes. She squints and looks behind. There's a cop car following her. Jamie pulls over.

71 **EXT. ROAD - NIGHT** 71

Two uniform cops approach Jamie's car.

COP ONE
Evening ma'am. You mind stepping out of the car?

JAMIE
I wasn't speeding.

COP TWO
Step out of the car, please.

WIDE SHOT as Jamie steps out of the car.

JAMIE
What's this about?

COP ONE
You were driving erratically.

JAMIE
I wasn't. You know I wasn't.

COP ONE
You been drinking tonight, Ma'am?

JAMIE
Give me the test. Do you carry a breathalizer? You're supposed to carry a breathalizer.

They just stand there, staring at her. She hears ANOTHER CAR APPROACH...she sees IT IS ANOTHER POLICE CAR.

It pulls to a stop. TWO MORE COPS GET OUT. Saunter up to her.

BIG COP
What have we got here?

Now four men with guns are surrounding her.

JAMIE
Four cops for a traffic ticket? Hope no one's robbing a bank.

The Big Cop walks to her car and opens the door.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hey, you don't have a warrant.

BIG COP
Something in there we need a warrant for?

The Big Cop searches with a flashlight in the glove compartment, under the seats. He whistles low and comes out holding something...he shines his light on it.

It's a BAGGIE OF COCAINE.

BIG COP (CONT'D)
Well, lookie here.

JAMIE
You put that there!

BIG COP
Get her in the car.

JAMIE
This is bullshit!

COP ONE
Turn around ma'am.

One of them turns her around and the other handcuffs her hands behind her back.

JAMIE
You think I don't know what's going on here?!

COP TWO
At least she doesn't have to call a lawyer.

They push her roughly into one of the squad cars. The other guys hop in their's and the two cars DRIVE AWAY.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

72 **INT. COUNTY JAIL - EARLY MORNING** 72

Jamie awakens as a ray of HOT SUN hits her face through a window. The other women in the cell are a motley crew of hookers, young toughs and homeless women. They are all sweating. It's stiflingly hot, with no water and nothing to use as a fan. A FEMALE GUARD appears, keys jingling.

FEMALE GUARD
Jamie Horn?

73 **INT. WAITING AREA - SAME** 73

Jamie comes out into the lobby, eyes searching, falling on:

HER P.O.V. PRESTON waiting for her. She goes to him and hugs him tightly.

PRESTON
I'm sorry it took so long, babe.

JAMIE
I'm so happy to see you. Thank you.

He kisses her. She turns back to the counter and signs for her belongings...her purse and car keys, mostly.

PRESTON
You want to come back to my place?

JAMIE
I have to go home. I have to be in court in an hour.

He puts an arm around her. Escorts her out.

As they pass out of the jail, Jamie sees TREY MCCANDLESS standing over by the counter, watching her. She glares at him, and he infuriates her by actually smiling.

ON PRESTON...seeing this wordless interchange. It makes his blood boil.

74 **INT. JAMIE'S ROW HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MORNING** 74

Jamie is upstairs in her bathroom, RUSHING to get ready for court. Vi has come up and is helping her, picking up her discarded clothes while Jamie blow-dries her hair.

JAMIE
Please throw those in the washer. They stink of jail.

VI
I knew if I worked in a home office, the lines would start to get blurry, but I draw the line at laundry.

Jamie turns off the dryer. She takes the clothes from Vi and stuffs them in a hamper.

JAMIE
What did you tell Helen?

Vi offers Jamie dressing choices on hangers: this or that blouse, this or that skirt. Jamie points to the ones she wants.

VI
That you're calling her as a witness because she discovered the body.
(sets a thick file on the counter)
Here's the research I did last night.

Jamie starts to read through it.

JAMIE
Thanks. You really stepped up. I appreciate it. What about Kenny's alibi?

VI
It checked out. He's innocent of everything...except cheating.

Vi holds up two different pairs of HEELS for Jamie to choose.

VI (CONT'D)
Do you think Helen killed her?

JAMIE
Carrie was more talented, better-looking, and had sex with Helen's boyfriend. What do you think?

Vi chooses the righteous high heels.

VI
I think you need the kick-ass heels.

75 **INT. COURTROOM - MORNING** 75

Jamie, in those heels, walks from the defense table to the witness stand. The principals are all here: Roy at the prosecution table, DeShaun at the defense table, Helen on the witness stand, Brenda in the gallery. Kenny too. Jamie picks up the ring from the evidence table.

JAMIE
Can I ask you to examine this ring, Ms. Marcks?

She hands it to Helen, who looks at it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Have you ever seen it before?

HELEN
Of course. My partner made it.

JAMIE
(to courtroom)
Restate for the record this is the ring Detective McCandless found in my client's pocket. A ring he said the victim made for his girlfriend.
(to Helen)
Can you identify the precious gems in this ring?

HELEN
These are sapphires on the rim, and in the center is a diamond. About a karat, maybe a little more.

JAMIE
Thank you.

Jamie takes the ring. On her defense table is a crystal ashtray with a ball of shredded paper in it. She puts the ring in the dish, takes out a lighter and LIGHTS THE PAPER ON FIRE. A FLAME IGNITES.

People in the courtroom are shocked. We scan some of their faces, Brenda, DeShaun, HELEN, who looks alarmed, and...

ROY...who watches Jamie, almost admiring. What is she up to?

JUDGE GARNER
Miss Horn...

HELEN
What are you doing?

She carries the burning dish to Helen.

JAMIE
What happens to precious gems when they are exposed to fire?

HELEN
(confused, worried)
Nothing.

JAMIE
So what will happen to this ring in the fire? Will it be harmed?

HELEN
(defensive)
I'm not an expert. I'm just a business woman.

Jamie blows out the fire. Takes a pair of tweezers from her pocket and holds up the hot ring, showing it to Helen.

CLOSE ON THE RING...the “gems” are literally melting into jelly before our eyes.

JAMIE
Diamonds don’t burn. Or melt.

She sets the ring in the dish. Comes to the jury with it.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
The effect the fire had on this ring is proof that the so-called “gems” in the setting were fakes. Nothing but paste.

She hands it to the jury, who pass it from one to the next.

ON ROY...he’s tightening. He sees that the jury is fascinated -- they study the ring.

ON JAMIE...as she presents two of Marisa St. Cloud’s pieces.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
These necklaces are owned by a local woman, sold to her by Ms. Marcks and Ms. Baker, along with a report from a jeweler who certifies that every so-called diamond in them is a fake. I’ll submit these into evidence, if I may...

The Judge looks at the jewelry. Jamie turns to Helen.

JAMIE (CONT’D)
Did you know the jewels were fake?

HELEN
Of course not.

JAMIE
Are you sure? Because I have an affadavit from a gentleman in Greensville who says you’ve been coming in every other Friday for a year to sell him loose gems.

ROY
Objection, your honor...

JUDGE
Overruled...

JAMIE (CONT’D)
Did Carrie find out that you were switching her gems? Is that why you went to the studio that night?

ROY
Objection!

JAMIE
Or was it because you found out she was sleeping with your boyfriend?

JUDGE
Sustained! Ms. Horn...

There's a rumbling reaction from onlookers. Judge Horn takes control.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Order! Miss Horn, Mr. Rayder, please approach.

Helen wipes away tears as Jamie and Roy walk by her. Judge Garner looks down at them sternly from the bench.

JUDGE GARNER
(sotto, annoyed)
I don't know how they run their courtrooms in Chicago or New York, but down here we don't allow our attorneys to play Perry Mason.

JAMIE
Who's Perry Mason?

Roy rolls his eyes.

JUDGE GARNER
What have you actually got on this witness?

JAMIE
Carrie was the artist. Helen handled all the money. She did all the selling of the jewelry. She'd order the real gems, give them to Carrie, who would make the jewelry and return the finished pieces to Helen to distribute and sell. And that's where Helen took the opportunity to make a little extra cash.

ROY
All hearsay...

Jamie barrels through.

JAMIE
I've got phone bills and shipping receipts signed by Helen to a company in Mexico that manufactures counterfeit gems.
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I've got two jewelers in Florida who will testify, in return for immunity, that they took the real diamonds out of Carrie's pieces and replaced them with fakes.

ROY
You don't have all that, you're bluffing...

JAMIE
She would have gotten away with it too, but she got greedy. Lived too high, stopped paying the bills, and Carrie found out. And Helen's boyfriend will testify that he had an affair with Carrie.

JUDGE GARNER
Where was Helen the night of the murder?

JAMIE
She says she was home alone, asleep.

A beat. The Judge glances over...

HIS P.O.V. A stoned face Helen stares at him. Has she heard?

Garner turns back to Roy.

JUDGE GARNER
She's got you by the balls, Roy.

Roy is not happy. He hates to lose. But the Judge is right.

ROY
In light of the new evidence, the State of South Carolina will have to drop its case against DeShaun Linares.

JAMIE
I want him released. Immediately.

JUDGE GARNER
We can make that happen.

Jamie tries to maintain her joy. But we can read it, in her face, when she looks over her shoulder at...

HER P.O.V. DeShaun, looking at her, anticipating.

Jamie finally smiles...and TEARS come into DeShaun's eyes. He turns to look at BRENDA...whose eyes shine with tears of relief right back at him.

76 **EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT - DAY** 76

Trey is walking out to his car. He hears footsteps behind him. He turns.

HIS P.O.V. PRESTON is walking after him.

PRESTON
McCandless!

TREY
I'm in a hurry, dude...

Preston is right behind him now. He grabs Trey and SLAMS HIM UP AGAINST A CAR.

PRESTON
I'm not your dude, I'm your worst nightmare. You stay away from Jamie Horn, understand me?

Trey grunts in pain.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
And fix the cocaine trick you played or I will have you demoted so far down the food chain you'll have to reach up to find your dick. Are we clear?

Preston jams his arm up. Trey grits his teeth in pain and spits out:

TREY
Yes sir.

Preston releases him. Walks away, leaving Trey rubbing his arm, angry and humiliated.

77 **INT. CHARLESTON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY** 77

The doors to Courtroom Nine are flung open, the spectators in the gallery have already poured out and are filling the hall. Outside the doors, DeShaun is picking up his daughter Shaunee and spinning her around. She touches his face.

SHAUNEE
You coming home, Daddy?

DESHAUN
(eyes welling)
Coming home, baby.

Brenda hugs Jamie.

BRENDA
Thank you. I knew you could do it.

JAMIE
We can still go after Trey. Make sure he never does this to another woman.

BRENDA
I just want to go home.

Jamie is disappointed, but happy for the little family. She watches them, and in this moment, we see how utterly exhausted she is from her rough night. She picks up her things, intending to slip away, but as she starts out, moving through the crowd, she finds herself face to face with ROY.

ROY
Don't you want to savor your moment?

JAMIE
Didn't get much sleep last night.

ROY
Hard to sleep in jail.

She's upset that he knows. Her face gets tight.

ROY (CONT'D)
A coke possession charge against you came into the DA's office this morning.

JAMIE
It's completely fabricated. I got a firsthand look at how the Charleston PD does business.

ROY
Are you okay?

She's a proud woman. She maintains her tough front.

JAMIE
I'm fine. News travels a little too fast around here.

ROY
It's a big place but a small town.
(beat)
Can I give you a ride?

She holds his eyes.

JAMIE
I have one.

She gestures, and he turns...PRESTON is standing there, waiting for her. He nods a greeting to Roy.

ROY
See ya, Jamie.

ON ROY, surprised to feel a sharp pang of envy, watching her walk away with another man.

CUT TO:

78 **INT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT - DAY** 78

CLOSE ON AN OVERNIGHT BAG, being hastily packed. Pan up to reveal the packer is HELEN, looking stressed and tense. She grabs up the overnight bag and goes out.

79 **EXT. CHARLESTON STREET - DAY** 79

As Helen exits her building, she sees, across the street, TWO COPS emerge from a squad car.

SHOT WIDENS as they walk across the street toward her. Without words, we see them address her, take her bag, and handcuff her hands behind her back, arresting her.

80 **INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY** 80

Jamie sits down at her conference table. A digital DICTAPHONE lies in the middle, its light on, and sitting across from her is LEE ANNE HUNTER, who looks different, smaller and more vulnerable, in jeans, with no make-up.

JAMIE
Lee Anne, they have a tape. It's footage of you and three other men, including Trey, having sex on a police car.

Lee Anne looks like she's been punched in the stomach.

LEE ANNE
That didn't happen...

JAMIE
I've seen it. It's you.

LEE ANNE
(tears coming)
I swear to you. I did not do that.

JAMIE
Then how...

LEE ANNE
(struggling to think)
I remember...one night, I went out drinking with Trey and some of the guys. I got so drunk I blacked out. But...maybe I wasn't just drunk. Maybe they slipped something in my beer.

JAMIE
Like what?

LEE ANNE
Roofies, oxy-contin. It's all over the evidence room. They brag about the stuff they can get.

JAMIE
If this is...who he is, why did you stay with him?

LEE ANNE
(fresh tears come)
Because...I loved him. I don't have a great life...at home. I was afraid I would have nothing without him.

JAMIE
These cops are saying your involvement in the group sex was consensual.

LEE ANNE
(wiping tears away)
How can you believe them, after what they did to you?

We HOLD on Jamie, feeling that sting.

81 **INT. CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY** 81

Roy stands, looking handsome in a suit, in the center of the chamber, the gallery full of friends and onlookers, as he is sworn in as the new City Attorney of Charleston. His friend Knox, the police chief, is there in his dress blues.

As people clap, Roy shakes hands, gets pats on the back.

KNOX
Congratulations, buddy.

ROY
Thanks. I want to talk to you about the materials you sent, there's some missing stuff...

Others, including Dec, Tom Johnson and city council members take Roy away from the conversation. Knox watches Roy.

82 **INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY** 82

Cameras flash as Jamie, with Lee Anne by her side, holds a "Gloria Allred" style press conference in a hotel ballroom.

JAMIE
Ms. Hunter will be suing the City of Charleston and the Charleston police department for sexual harrassment, wrongful termination and defamation of character.

CUT TO:

83 **INT. CITY ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY** 83

Roy sits in the outer office with his paralegals, Angela and Darren, watching THE PRESS CONFERENCE on a television. He's not happy.

ROY
Okay, Jamie. Game on.

He flicks off the TV in disgust.

DARREN
Roy, this package came in the mail.

Darren hands him a small envelope. Roy carries it into:

HIS OFFICE

He sits at his desk.

CLOSE ON THE PACKAGE. A padded envelope. It's addressed to "The City Attorney" -- hand-written. No return address.

He cuts it open. Looks in...seems like there's nothing in it. He shakes it upside down.

A FINGER DRIVE FALLS OUT.

Roy picks it up, looks at it. After a moment, he sticks it in HIS COMPUTER. Sits back and waits to see what he will see.

ON SCREEN...footage of Lee Anne on the police car, the men stroking her. It's the MISSING FOOTAGE from the DVD.

The camera wobbles, then is set on a table, stationary. The CAMERAMAN WALKS INTO FRAME. We can only see HIS BACK at first, as he strokes Lee Anne. His hand closes around her throat as he leans in, whispering, kissing her mouth.

He then turns to walk back to the camera, and we see, quite clearly, who it is...

PRESTON DURELL, Jamie's boyfriend.

ON ROY, shocked and dismayed.

Who sent this to him? And what will he do with it? Camera PUSHES IN on his face, thinking.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT.