

NOTORIOUS

Written by

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ACT ONE

PITCH BLACK.

We HEAR the rustling of a satisfied couple in the last throes of sex -- presumably in the comfort of a bedroom.

JULIA'S VOICE

Welcome back.

ERIC'S VOICE

That's what I call a homecoming.

Laughter. As our eyes adjust to the dark, we see the silhouettes of two entwined bodies on a sofa. A slender arm reaches for a cell phone on a coffee table. The cell lights up: 4:46 PM. Off the glow, we see JULIA's face. She's beautiful --

JULIA

Damn!

She slaps a switch; automatic blinds OPEN to REVEAL we're in --

INT. LHL STUDIO TOWER - JULIA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Simply decorated, overlooking downtown LA. An Emmy on her bookshelf. In the light, we meet JULIA GEORGE, 30s, the driven producer of America's number one news talk show. She's squeaky clean on paper but fights in the mud when necessary. She's wearing a bra and slip, accompanied by her man ERIC JESSUP, late 30s, Ivy League good looks, swimmer's build, in boxers.

ERIC

What's wrong, babe?

JULIA

Our quickie went into overtime. You have to go, now.

She's up. Eric stays seated, playing the devil on her shoulder.

ERIC

Come on, I was gone two weeks. I missed you. Take the night off.

As she gets dressed, she simultaneously checks email, tames her sex hair on her computer's FaceTime, and finds Eric's pants under her desk -- tosses them to him.

JULIA

If I take the night off, the show takes the night off.

Reluctantly, Eric starts to get dressed.

ERIC

Well, that was fun.

JULIA

Yes. It was. But we can't have sex again... at work. Ever. Consider it a celebration -- my boyfriend is now a federal judge.

ERIC

You sure like saying that, huh?

JULIA

I'm just proud of you, Your Honor.

She kisses him and then pushes him, along with his ROLLING SUITCASE, toward her office door. When she opens the door, on the other side, we meet Julia's most trusted producer, MEGAN BYRD, 28, confident, attractive, and loyal. Megan has a questionable past, and Julia helped her turn her life around.

MEGAN

Julia, we have a problem. Louise is locked in her office.

As Megan talks to Julia, Megan's focus shifts to Eric, inside the office. THEY SHARE A LOOK OF CONFUSED RECOGNITION. Julia clocks it, but doesn't have time for introductions.

JULIA

I'm on it.

Julia starts moving -- and now she's not going to stop moving until the night is over. CAMERA races to catch up to --

INT. LHL - HALLWAY/GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia, on her way to Louise's office. A FEMALE VOICE CALLS OUT --

BETSY (O.S.)

Julia!

Julia slows, pokes her head in the GREEN ROOM to see SERGEANT BETSY POWELL, 40s, strong features, intense, happy to see Julia.

JULIA

Hey, Betsy --

BETSY

Thanks for inviting me back.

JULIA

Of course. Heads up: Jake Gregorian's your counterpoint. He's gonna give you a hard time on the enforceability of the new paparazzi laws.

BETSY

I can handle Jake. If he hits below the belt, so will I.

JULIA
That's what I like to hear.

And Julia's off again --

INT. LHL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She gets a few steps further, before running into RUFUS MILLS, 60s, the network president, her rigid, entitled boss.

RUFUS
I've been looking for you.

JULIA
Mr. Mills, what do you need?

Rufus is flanked by RYAN, 22, hot with a touch of dork; he grew up in his father's shadow and yearns to escape from under it.

RUFUS
I'd like to introduce you to your new PA.

JULIA
Interviews are set for next week --

RUFUS
As the network president, I saved you the trouble.

RYAN
I'm Ryan Mills. Nice to meet you.

JULIA
(realizes; to Rufus)
Your son? Come on, I have a Phi Beta Kappa from Columbia coming in --

RUFUS
Ryan's your man.

Rufus claps his son on the shoulder and leaves.

RYAN
I'm very excited for this opportunity. Anything you need --

JULIA
Go to the commissary and get a blueberry smoothie for our guest in the Green Room.

RYAN
Yes, Ma'am.

Ryan heads off as Julia calls after him --

JULIA
Submit your receipt... to your dad.

Julia continues down the hallway.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
"Ma'am."

As Julia passes Megan's office door, CAMERA veers off into --

INT. LHL - MEGAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Megan sits at her DOUBLE SCREEN computer. She reviews video -- PAPARAZZI CHASING A CELEBRITY WITH HER BABY. She isolates an image, types *CHILD ENDANGERMENT?* in the CAPTION WINDOW and moves the image to the other screen. A STAFFER knocks and enters.

STAFFER
Line one's for you.

MEGAN
Take a message.

STAFFER
She sounded pretty insistent.

MEGAN
(reluctantly answers)
This is Megan... Wait, slow down.
What?

As her EYES GO WIDE, PRE-LAP KNOCKING --

INT. LHL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julia bangs on an office door. A POSTER for Louise Herrick Live, featuring LOUISE HERRICK, 30s, hangs beside it. On camera, Louise is the brilliant host of LHL; off camera, she's a partier who owns her sexuality and seeks out trouble.

JULIA
Louise, you have eight minutes till
air! Let's go...! Come on! Hair and
makeup are on their way up, now.

Nothing. Julia whips out a KEY RING, finds a MASTER, and enters.

INT. LHL - LOUISE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A madhouse. A naked Louise is covered in only a sheet, on an opened sofa bed; an empty champagne bottle is on her desk. IMRAN, diamond stud earrings, shirtless and super-hot, not the brightest crayon in the box, grills steaks on a portable grill.

LOUISE
Now it's a party. My boss is here!

JULIA
You have seven minutes.

LOUISE
Meet Imran, my boyfriend.

JULIA
We've met. I introduced you last week when he was a quest on your show.

IMRAN
I like your vibe. Very... sexy guidance counselor.

JULIA
I like your... earrings.

LOUISE
That's not all he's got pierced.

Julia's so done.

JULIA
Come on, Lou, this is beyond inappropriate. Sex in your office minutes before air is not okay.

Yes, there's a hint of hypocrisy here.

LOUISE
I'll be ready. Don't worry.

IMRAN
Hey, Boss Lady, how do you like your meat?

Julia spins around and LEAVES.

INT. LHL - HALLWAY/CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia barrels down the hallway when she sees Megan approaching --

JULIA
Is Jake here yet?

MEGAN
Three minutes out. Listen, I have something --

CAMERA stays with Julia as she ducks into the CONTROL ROOM, dogged by Megan. CONTROL PANELS on two rows of desks, which face a WALL of TWENTY-ONE MONITORS. (A larger, middle monitor is the KEY MONITOR which broadcasts what viewers at home are seeing.)

Julia snaps on a HEADSET and talks to a REPORTER IN A MONITOR, who stands in front of the Chinese Theatre, tourists in the b.g.

JULIA
 Greg, you heard we moved your
 segment up to the C-block?

He gives her a thumbs-up.

MEGAN
 Julia --

Julia isn't ignoring Megan, she's just focused.

JULIA
 (to a technician)
 Can I get a graphics preview on 14?
 (to another technician)
 The copy says Governor "Gary
 Brown." The man's name is Jerry.

Megan WHISTLES loudly to get Julia's attention. It works.

MEGAN
 I have something big. About Oscar
 Keaton.

JULIA
 The Redtail guy?

MEGAN
People's Richest Sexiest Man Alive.
 His car was spotted on traffic cams
 at 2 AM last night at a hit-and-run.
 A 15-year-old boy's in critical. My
 LAPD contact confirms the police were
 just dispatched to arrest Oscar, but
 he's barricaded himself inside his
 home. They've got him surrounded --
 big-ass standoff in the Palisades.

JULIA
 Does Jake know?

MEGAN
 I don't think anyone knows.

JULIA
 (excitedly)
 Billionaire runs down a kid, and
 his attorney happens to be our
 guest tonight. Karma is real.

MEGAN
 Are we throwing out the rundown?

JULIA
 You bet. But Jake can't know. If he
 finds out before he's on camera,
 he'll bolt.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. LHL - VALET STAND - MOMENTS LATER

JAKE GREGORIAN, late 30s, handsome and charismatic, pulls up in his Porsche Carrera. He's the nation's top defense attorney, winning cases at any cost. He's a brilliant manipulator of public opinion with an almost pathological need to be "on top" in all areas of his life. He exits the car as the VALET takes his keys. Jake's friendly with everyone, including the Valet --

JAKE

Hey, Tony. How's your son at Loyola?

VALET

Made Dean's List. Three semesters
in a row.

A near-by elevator opens. Julia emerges and approaches --

JULIA

What the hell, Jake? You've got two
minutes to get in the chair.

As Julia tries to DRAG him toward the elevator, Jake continues to chat with the valet --

JAKE

Call me when he needs an internship.
(then, calls back)
Talk to you later, buddy. I'm being
assaulted.

Julia literally pushes him into the elevator. The doors shut.

INT. LHL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Alone, Jake turns to Julia with a mischievous grin --

JAKE

I saw your boyfriend's confirmation
on CNN. He shook hands with the
President.

JULIA

Don't.

JAKE

(laughing)
What?

JULIA

I know what you're thinking.

JAKE

How could you possibly know I'm
thinking he's a boring elitist and
you could do better?

These two are close. They joke like best friends, with sexual attraction just below the surface.

JULIA
(teases)
You know I'm saving myself for you,
right?

JAKE
Great. Let's go to Vegas for the
weekend. Hell, make it a full week.
We'll need it.

JULIA
You're impossible.

The elevator arrives with a DING.

JAKE
And we're here.

They walk off separately. CAMERA stays with Jake, heading to --

INT. LHL - STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Jake calmly takes a seat opposite Louise, now completely professional. As Jake gets powdered, Louise turns to him --

LOUISE
Cutting it a little close, huh?

Jake just shoots her his million-dollar smile.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. LHL - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia does her best to remain calm. As THE LHL MAIN TITLES ROLL, with dramatic MUSIC, Julia focuses on -- TOP RIGHT MONITOR: A HELICOPTER POV of a Palisades mansion, surrounded by COP CARS.

JULIA
Manuel, can the chopper go lower?

TOP RIGHT MONITOR: AERIAL SHOT gets tighter.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(to Louise, via headset)
Louise, we're throwing out the
rundown. Fix your earring if you
copy.
(as she fixes earring)
Oscar Keaton's barricaded in his
home. Jake doesn't know. Read your
pocket screen.

Louise eyes her POCKET SCREEN: a small monitor just below the table top. It's only visible to her. She looks directly into CAMERA and smiles -- *Julia knows the smile is meant for her.*

As THE MAIN TITLES come to an end, the show begins.

LOUISE

Good evening. We start with breaking news: An arrest warrant has been issued for Oscar Keaton, the founder and CEO of Redtail, a microblogging service with over 150 million registered users. Mr. Keaton is suspected of a hit-and-run which has left 15-year-old Nathan Lloyd fighting for his life.

ON THE KEY MONITOR: A PHOTO of NATHAN LLOYD, smiling in a Boy Scout uniform, FLASHES onto the upper-left of the screen.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, Mr. Keaton has resisted arrest, barricading himself in his Palisades mansion...

INT. KEATON ESTATE - SAME TIME - STYLIZED POPS - MOS

WE MEET OSCAR, 30s, sexy, pouring himself a glass of water at a bar sink in his family room. He catches his tired reflection in a mirror. Splashes water on his face.

LOUISE

We understand he's not alone. He's accompanied by his wife Sarah...

INT. KEATON ESTATE - SAME TIME - STYLIZED POPS - MOS

MEET SARAH, 30s, gorgeous, watching LHL intently. Worried, she turns to look at Oscar -- he avoids her eye contact.

LOUISE

As well as Redtail's VP of Human Resources and Mr. Keaton's longtime friend, Levi Young.

INT. KEATON ESTATE - SAME TIME - STYLIZED POPS - MOS

MEET LEVI, 30s, uptight. He enters the family room, notices the red and blue lights of a cop car flickering outside the window. He closes the drapes. He joins Sarah in front of the TV.

LOUISE

We have Keaton's attorney, Jake Gregorian, with us tonight. Jake, what the hell is going on?

PUSH IN ON JAKE, ambushed. He stares at Louise for a beat. An uncomfortable silence. *Is he going to fall apart?* Then...

JAKE

I haven't spoken with Oscar, but I can assure you that this is all one giant misunderstanding.

EXT. KEATON ESTATE - GARAGE - SAME TIME - STYLIZED POPS - MOS

CAMERA FLIES PAST SEVERAL LUXURY CARS, LANDING ON OSCAR'S BMW I8. A HEADLIGHT SMASHED. BUMPER DENTED.

INT. LHL - STUDIO/CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JULIA
(to Louise, via earpiece)
Don't let him off the hook, Lou.

WE CONTINUE TO INTERCUT BETWEEN THE STUDIO, CONTROL ROOM, AND THE KEY MONITOR --

LOUISE
What kind of "misunderstanding"
leads a client to evade law
enforcement?

JAKE
If Oscar were guilty, I wouldn't be
here right now, I'd be with him.

JULIA
(to Louise, via earpiece)
Ask him about the traffic cam.

LOUISE
If he's innocent, how do you
explain the video footage that
places Oscar's car at the scene?

JAKE
I don't dispute that Oscar's car
was involved in this tragic
accident. But Oscar was not behind
the wheel. Maybe his car was stolen
last night and the creep took it
out for a joyride. After all, there
were three break-ins at Oscar's
over the last two years. But I'm
sure you know that.

Jake has scored massive points for his client. Louise can't help but acknowledge Jake's impressive response.

JULIA
(to Louise, via earpiece)
Oscar is surrendering. We have it
live.

LOUISE
I've just been told that Oscar is
being taken into custody. We have a
helicopter on scene...

KEY MONITOR: HELICOPTER POV of Oscar exiting his home, hands in the air. PUSH IN TO THE MONITOR, MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. KEATON HOME - CONTINUOUS

Oscar is ushered by COPS to a waiting SQUAD CAR. He's cuffed.

BACK TO THE MONITOR as Louise narrates the coverage --

LOUISE (V.O.)
 ...You're looking at Oscar Keaton being escorted to a squad car in handcuffs. Keaton is perhaps one of the most famous names to emerge from the recent dot com boom. Growing up poor in East Palo Alto, he received a scholarship to Stanford University where he caught the attention of Silicon Valley...

Under the above, Jake STORMS OFF THE SET, running into Julia, who emerges from the control room. He's irate.

JAKE
 How could you ambush me?!

JULIA
 It's breaking news. I'm doing my job!

JAKE
 Next time I have a story, I'll call Greta. I'll call Diane. You know I will.

As STAFFERS watch the fight escalate, Julia pulls Jake into -

INT. LHL - GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She closes the door and turns to Jake with a HUGE SMILE.

JULIA
 That could not have gone better.
 (off her cell phone)
 The show's already trending.

JAKE
 (thrilled)
 I got to plant the seeds of doubt before the country rushed to judgment. I owe you, once again.

For the first time, we see that Jake and Julia are in cahoots. They orchestrated the entire segment.

JULIA
 Are you kidding? We're the only network with live coverage. Every morning show will be running our clips. Though you had me on edge -- your "source" didn't call Megan till 4:52, what happened?

JAKE
That source was my housekeeper, and
apparently her pilates ran late.

JULIA
(amused)
Only in America... Between us,
why'd you have Oscar barricade
himself in his home?

JAKE
Would you have 'thrown out the
rundown' if he was simply taken
into custody?

JULIA
(understands, impressed)
Probably not.

Just then, Ryan ENTERS, smoothie in hand, looking for Betsy. For
appearances, Jake ramps up again --

JAKE
If you ever do that to me again, I
will come after you, so help me God.

Julia grabs the smoothie. Shoots Ryan a look. Ryan flees.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I gotta run. Tell Louise I went to
see my client, who peacefully
surrendered.
(teases)
And tell your boyfriend-slash-Judge
he doesn't deserve his job. Or you.

JULIA
(teases back)
I'm sure Eric doesn't even remember
your name.

No doubt, there's genuine affection and mutual admiration
between these two. As Jake exits, Julia sips Betsy's smoothie.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jake barrels through the precinct like he owns the place. He
finds his brother, BRADLEY, 40s, smart but with the constant
gnaw of insecurity in his gut, given that Jake, his younger
brother, has always been top dog. Bradley's talking with
DETECTIVE LIN, mid-30s, a law enforcement lifer.

JAKE
Lin, I like the new shoes. Where's
Oscar?

DETECTIVE LIN
Holding Room "B" and he refused to
speak without a lawyer present.

BRADLEY
I'm right here.

DETECTIVE LIN
(to Bradley)
I mean, he refused to speak without
talking to your brother first.

JAKE
Every once in a while, they listen.

As Jake races off, we hold on Bradley -- feeling diminished.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - MINUTES LATER

A disheveled Oscar sits, a coffee cup on the table. Jake enters.

OSCAR
Jake, thank God.

JAKE
How you holding up?

OSCAR
('not well')
There were two dozen cop cars on my
street. They put me in cuffs in
front of Sarah. Was the barricade
really necessary?

JAKE
It got us on the news before the
police could hold a press
conference. Before anyone's said
you're guilty, I got to tell the
world why you're not.

At the moment, that doesn't mean much to Oscar.

OSCAR
I swear to you, I was home asleep,
all night. You believe me, right?

Jake lets the question hang. Instead, he asks a question --

JAKE
Who else had access to your car?
(off his look)
We know it wasn't really stolen. PD
found it in your garage.

OSCAR
I'm not stingy with the keys. I
mean, you've driven my cars. It
could've been anyone.

JAKE
And just to be clear -- you're
still on the wagon? No booze.
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
 No drugs. Even the smallest slip is
 enough for the Redtail Board to
 dismiss you for cause --

OSCAR
 I have my five-year chip in my
 pocket. I'm sober.

JAKE
 Can Sarah verify you were home last
 night?

OSCAR
 ('no')
 I've been sleeping in the guest
 house.

JAKE
 You two having problems?

OSCAR
 It's not like that -- we're getting
 through it.

A beat as Jake studies Oscar. Then as Jake gets up to leave --

JAKE
 Okay. I'll go talk to Lin. See if I
 can get a look at the case file.

As Jake heads for the door, Oscar calls out.

OSCAR
 There's something else...
 (off Jake's concern)
 Inside my car, under the driver's
 floor mat, there's a hollow
 compartment...

JAKE
 (mounting concern)
 And...

OSCAR
 There's a bag of cocaine in it.

JAKE
 (scream-whispering)
 Oscar, you just said --

OSCAR
 It's not mine. Look, my brother's
 in bad shape. Last week, we had an
 intervention. I took his stash so I
 could dump it...
 (emphatically)
 I swear, I never touched the stuff.

A KNOCK at the door. Detective Lin sticks his head inside.
Before he can say a word --

JAKE
Detective, we're not done.

DETECTIVE LIN
Sorry to interrupt. But the boy --
Nathan Lloyd -- he died twenty
minutes ago. Mr. Keaton, you're
being charged with second-degree
murder.

Detective Lin leaves. Oscar is devastated, overwhelmed.

OSCAR
What do we do now?

JAKE
You listen to me carefully, and do
exactly what I say.

Off Jake, preparing for battle.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN - BULLPEN - NEXT MORNING

Jake, tie undone, arrives at the office. It's early but it's already chaotic. A dozen paralegals and assistants mill about the interior, open concept space that encompasses the entire top floor of the downtown office building. Bradley intercepts Jake, just outside Jake's office.

BRADLEY
(conspiratorial)
Have you seen her yet?

JAKE
Seen who?

BRADLEY
Come on.

JAKE
No, not yet.

Jake pushes past Bradley and into --

INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN OFFICES - JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Furnished like an extremely expensive man cave. Wood paneling. Framed sports memorabilia. A clear view down the Wilshire Corridor toward the Pacific Ocean.

BRADLEY
I know I don't have to tell you to tread lightly, but --

JAKE
The answer is 'no'.

BRADLEY
I think you should let me handle Oscar's case.

JAKE
I said --

BRADLEY
Jake, you were in love with his wife --

JAKE
A long time ago.

BRADLEY
If any other lawyer at this firm were in your position, you'd make them hand off the case.

JAKE
I've been handling Oscar's legal
affairs for years --

BRADLEY
We're talking Murder Two. This case
is different and you know it.
(off Jake's silence;
Bradley sits)
Fine. Convince me you don't have
feelings for Sarah Keaton and I'll
let it go.

Before Jake can respond, they're interrupted by ELLA BENJAMIN,
26, an associate. She's a straight shooter and loyal to Jake,
whom she first met while he was defending her father on criminal
charges. Her fucked up family may be the reason she drinks a bit
too much in her off hours.

ELLA
Excuse me, Councilman Davis is in
the conference room. He seems
upset.

BRADLEY
I'll take it.

JAKE
I'll sit in.

BRADLEY
I can handle it. Your hands are
full.

JAKE
The Councilman's an important
client. It's fine.

CLOCK Bradley, annoyed. As Jake tightens his tie and they head
off, CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A VIDEO MONITOR: A MAN, pants down to his knees, is
PISSING on the DOORMAT of a CRAFTSMAN HOME. PULL BACK TO:

INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake, Bradley, and COUNCILMAN DAVIS, 40s, watch the video. We
realize that Councilman Davis is the Man urinating in the video.

JAKE
Councilman, why are we watching you
... relieve yourself?

COUNCILMAN DAVIS
It's my neighbors house. He emailed
me the video this morning. Said if
I didn't pay him half a million
bucks, he'd go to the press.

JAKE

You still haven't answered --

COUNCILMAN DAVIS

My neighbor owns three Rottweilers that have been defecating on my front lawn for years. My kids can't play unless we pooper-scoop first. I've tried talking to my neighbor but he literally doesn't give a --

BRADLEY

We get it.

COUNCILMAN DAVIS

A few nights back, Linda and I came home from a fundraising dinner. We were walking to the front door when she stepped in a pile. I had a couple of drinks, and I was fed up.

JAKE

So you went over to your neighbor's and decided to what? Mark your territory?

COUNCILMAN DAVIS

I'm not proud of it. And I certainly didn't realize he caught me in the act.

Jake and Bradley exchange a look. Then, Ella enters --

ELLA

Excuse me. Jake, the court clerk just called. Oscar's been processed. You should head over.

Jake's never been so relieved to get interrupted. He stands.

JAKE

Councilman, you're in good hands with my brother here.

BRADLEY

(surprised)
What?

COUNCILMAN DAVIS

(to Jake)
I was hoping you could handle this one. If the tape leaks out...
(hears himself)
bad choice of words ... it will ruin my career. I'll be a joke.

JAKE

Don't worry. Bradley will make this go away.

Jake pats Bradley on the back and heads out. As Bradley turns back to the Councilman and puts on a smile --

INT. LHL - LOBBY - MORNING

Julia emerges from the elevator when she's stopped by Megan --

MEGAN

Good morning --

JULIA

It *is* a good morning. Clips from last night are running on the morning shows and our overnights are through the roof.

MEGAN

(excited)

The team's already working on tonight's follow-up, a full hour of Oscar Keaton. But right now, you need to come with me.

(off Julia's confusion)

Julia, Amy Chang has agreed to speak with you.

Julia's eyes go wide. Megan walks with Julia --

JULIA

Amy Chang. As in the Olympic gymnast who --

MEGAN

Who recently found out she was switched at birth. Insane story. Couldn't make it up. And every producer in town's been chasing her first interview --

As they arrive outside a conference room, Julia looks through the interior glass -- she sees several people inside.

JULIA

(impressed)

And you got me a meeting.

MEGAN

(nods proudly, then)

She's all yours.

INT. LHL - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julia sits across from AMY CHANG, 32, sympathetic. Amy's flanked by MS. RITA WOO, 60, tired; and Amy's lawyer, JOE LEVIN, 30s, slightly unctuous.

AMY

...Don't get me wrong. I love my parents...

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)
 the man and woman who raised me.
 But I never felt like I really
 belonged. Just didn't know why,
 till I met Rita, my biological mom.

MS. WOO
 (tears up)
 I don't have any other children. I
 was told my baby died, right after
 she was taken to the nursery.

Julia is touched. Sympathetically, she addresses Amy --

JULIA
 I always like to ask: *why do you
 want to share your story?*

AMY
 Last month, while donating blood, I
 found out my blood type was
inconsistent with my mom and dad. I
 later learned that the hospital,
 where I was born, made a mistake.
 They gave me to the wrong couple.
 That's when I started looking for
 my birth parents...
 (pained)
 But I was too late to meet my
 biological father.

MS. WOO
 He passed away last year.

Ms. Woo tears up, Amy sweetly puts her hand on Ms. Woo's arm.
 Julia is moved. Joe pulls a piece of paper from his pocket.

AMY
 I want to tell my story to honor my
 birth parents. To honor the father
 I never got to know.

Julia wants this interview. Amy is compelling and she knows
 Louise's viewers will hang on her every word.

JULIA
 I'm glad you came to me.

JOE
 Before we go further, we have a
 list of pre-approved questions.

JULIA
 We don't curtail Louise's interviews.
 That's non-negotiable.

JOE
 Then I'm sorry, but we're done.

Off Julia, something not sitting right with her.

INT. LHL - HALLWAY/MEGAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Track Ryan as he walks to Megan's office. She's at her computer.

RYAN
Hey -- Megan, right? Can I ask you something?

MEGAN
I guess I have time for my boss's boss's son. What's up?

RYAN
I don't want to fetch smoothies forever. How can I... advance?

MEGAN
(thrown)
Dude, you've worked here for 15 hours and you want a promotion?

RYAN
I want to get ahead on my own, not because I'm your *boss's boss's son*.

Megan realizes that Ryan is earnest. She softens.

MEGAN
Ryan, what do you think Julia does all day?

RYAN
She produces the show.

MEGAN
She produces the news. She decides what the country cares about. She creates heroes and monsters. She decides who's the victim and who's the villain and which stories are worth telling. Help her do that and she'll notice.

Off Ryan, wheels already turning --

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - MORNING

OPEN on a REPORTER --

REPORTER #1
...Oscar Keaton's bail hearing has concluded, and we've learned his wife has paid the million dollar bond. Mr. Keaton's release is...

Behind the Reporter, the courthouse doors FLY OPEN, revealing Oscar and Jake coming down the stairs. PULL WIDE as Jake navigates Oscar through the horde of press.

REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)
Mr. Keaton, have you been
offered a plea deal?

REPORTER #2
Did you hit that boy? Is it
true you'd been drinking?

REPORTER #3
Oscar, do you have anything to say
to Nathan Lloyd's family?

Oscar surprises everyone when he stops at Reporter #3. He looks
directly into camera and responds --

OSCAR
The accident was a tragedy. While I
was not in my car at the time and
had nothing to do with it, my heart
goes out to Nathan's parents.

With that, Oscar and Jake disappear into --

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Oscar climb in to find Sarah and Levi. Oscar hugs Sarah
close, and we watch Jake watch them embrace. He's uncomfortable.

JAKE
Oscar, that was great. Even better
than we rehearsed.

Oscar nods and we realize Oscar's comments weren't spontaneous.
Jake planned the whole thing.

JAKE (CONT'D)
No one else talks to the press.
Right now, that's the only sound
bite out there, so it's the only
sound bite the news can play.

SARAH
Thanks, Jake. For helping us.

JAKE
It's what I do.

Oscar reaches out for Sarah's hand. Sarah slowly pulls her hand
away. Jake clocks it.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Oscar, don't answer your phone
unless you know who's calling. And
you'll be taking a short leave of
absence from Redtail.

LEVI
I'll talk to the Board. They'll
understand.

OSCAR
I just want to go home and take a
shower.

JAKE

No way. The press has your place surrounded, and there's only so many times you can say 'no comment' before you look guilty.

(hands Oscar a key card)

We're dropping you at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Bungalow 3's under the name 'Ken Williams'.

OSCAR

(groaning)

Jake --

JAKE

I got you through the bogus paternity claim, the handyman slip and fall, and the Maui incident. I will get you through this, too.

LEVI

Is there anything I can do to help? Anything at all?

JAKE

Actually, there is.

INT. LHL - STUDIO - EVENING

TIGHT on Levi as a technician hooks a microphone to his jacket. He sits opposite Louise. Jake stands across from them.

JAKE

You have one purpose here today. To convince the world that Oscar's one helluva guy. Hit the high points: how you chose him as your son's godfather, his charity work. Got it?

LEVI

No problem.

JAKE

Levi, you never know what future judge or juror might be watching.

As Louise gets settled, Jake takes off and we follow him into --

INT. LHL - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Jake enters, Julia looks up.

JULIA

You know you shouldn't be back here.

JAKE

Thought I could help.

JULIA
 (smiles)
 Okay. I'm thinking we do this one
 like we did the Petraeus interview.

JAKE
 Works for me.

The DRAMATIC LHL MUSIC CUES, and the camera ZOOMS in on Louise.

LOUISE
 Tonight my guest is Levi Young,
 Oscar Keaton's boyhood friend and an
 executive at Redtail. Levi, you were
 with Oscar during the Palisades
 standoff, weren't you?

LEVI
 I wouldn't exactly call it a
 standoff, but yes, I was there.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE STUDIO, CONTROL ROOM, AND THE KEY MONITOR.
 It's a fast-paced seamless dance as Jake feeds information to
 Julia who feeds information to Louise.

LOUISE
 Oscar's a generous guy, isn't he?

LEVI
 He's one of the most unselfish
 people I've ever known.

LOUISE
 I hear he's got a fleet of luxury
 vehicles. Did you ever drive them?

LEVI
 Yeah, sure.
 (tries to change subjects)
 Look, Louise, did you know that
 Oscar is my son's godfather?

Under the above, Jake continues to feed Julia questions --

JAKE
 He drove the i8 at least once a
 month.

JULIA
 (to Louise, via earpiece)
 Ask about the i8.

LOUISE
 Have you driven the i8 recently?

LEVI
 You're asking me about the car from
 the accident?

LOUISE
You've driven it, right?

Levi nods but stammers. Louise seizes the moment and goes off book, directly at Levi's jugular --

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Mr. Young, where were you last night? The night of the accident?

JAKE
(impressed; to Julia)
Great question, Louise.

JULIA
(to Jake)
She's at her best when she smells blood.

LEVI
What... Why would you ask a question like that? I... I resent the implication...

JAKE
(seizes moment; to Julia)
Tell Louise to have him show her his keys.

JULIA
You didn't... Jake, that's so transparent.

JAKE
Oscar needs reasonable doubt.

JULIA
(reluctant, into earpiece)
He may have the i8 key on him.

LOUISE
May I see your key chain?

LEVI
What?

LOUISE
If you have nothing to hide...

As Levi reaches for his keys, Julia gets an idea --

JULIA
(to the tech)
As soon as Levi takes out his keys, cut his mic and go tight on Louise.

As Levi dumps the keys on the tabletop, we SEE a BMW key amongst them. Louise picks it up. She looks right to camera --

LOUISE
Viewers, this is a BMW i8 key.

LEVI
(furious)
That's not mine. Someone put it on
my key chain.

However, because we're tight on Louise and Levi's mic is off, we only hear and see Louise. The evidence appears damning.

JULIA
Go to commercial.

LOUISE
And we'll be right back.

JULIA
(to a near-by staffer)
Clip it for the morning shows and
digital.

Jake heads in to the studio to check on Levi.

JAKE
Nice job, Levi.

LEVI
You son-of-a-bitch. You set me up.

JAKE
Relax, we all know you didn't hit
the kid. That's not even Oscar's car
key... But like you said, anything
for Oscar, right?

Jake walks away, leaving a stunned Levi behind.

EXT. THE ANGELICA BAR - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

On the ground floor of the Gregorian office building.

INT. THE ANGELICA - NIGHT

A few patrons mill about. Ryan enters, eyes his PHONE, where he has JAKE'S FIRM'S WEBSITE pulled up. A photo of the firm's attorneys, including Ella, whom we met earlier.

He matches the photo with A WOMAN AT THE BAR; she's alone and READING a HEFTY BOOK. Ryan checks out her outfit on approach.

RYAN
A dark fitted suit, stud earrings,
close-toed shoes. Let me guess,
you're an attorney.

ELLA
And you're a fashion expert?

RYAN
Three sisters and my mother's a
lawyer.

ELLA
You're cute, but I'm reading.

He reads the book's title. Flashes her a smile.

RYAN
The Economics of Corporate Law. If
you don't give me five minutes, I'm
gonna ruin the ending.

Ella can't help but smile. She might think he's smug, but she's
intrigued and he's sexy...

ELLA
One drink.

INT. THE ANGELICA - LATER THAT NIGHT

A few empty glasses sit on the bar, along with Ella's forgotten
book and Ryan's CELL, lit up with a new text.

ELLA
Your phone's been blowing up. Your
girlfriend's gonna be pretty mad.

RYAN
Don't have a girlfriend. It's my dad.
(checks his phone)
Seven texts, two emails, and a
voicemail about Sunday dinner. I
should've moved to the East Coast.

Before she can respond, her CELL RINGS. She eyes her CALLER ID:
A PHOTO OF JAKE.

ELLA
I gotta answer mine.
(into her cell)
Hey Boss, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN - BULLPEN - NIGHT

JAKE
The police are done with Oscar's
car. Bradley's outside. I want you
to go with him to the impound lot.

ELLA
I'll be right out.

She hangs up and turns back to Ryan, grabbing her stuff.

ELLA (CONT'D)
Gotta go.

RYAN
Can I get your number --

But she's gone. Ryan takes a beat, then finishes his beer in one sip, lays a hundred-dollar bill on the bar, and PURSUES ELLA.

INT. PIERRO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Julia and Eric at an intimate table, finishing their meal.

ERIC
...Twenty-nine judges waiting on
Senate action. Sixty-seven
vacancies.

JULIA
I know.

ERIC
Thirty judgeships with a backlog a
hundred cases deep.

JULIA
I know that too.

ERIC
Why not do a show about our
judicial system run amok?

JULIA
Not very sexy.

ERIC
That's why you invite a sexy
federal judge to be the guest.

JULIA
Where would I find someone like that?

He smiles and leans in for a kiss. They're interrupted by his CELL, a text CHIRPS. He grabs it and reads --

ERIC
Damn it. Gwinn wants an emergency
bail hearing. I gotta go.

JULIA
Right now? I thought we'd go back
to my place. I made dessert.
(off his dubious look)
I defrosted a pie. That counts.

ERIC
Sorry, babe. Justice calls.

She's understanding. He kisses her one last time. As he exits --

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Don't forget you're meeting my
 parents on Sunday for brunch. Mom's
 knitting you a 'knee blanket'. She's
 convinced all women have cold legs.

JULIA
 (warm smile)
 Can't wait. Don't work too hard.

He shoots her a smile and exits. Hold on Julia, disappointed her
 night's been cut short, but happy about her future with Eric --

EXT. IMPOUND LOT - NIGHT

Ella and Bradley stand at slot #218. Oscar's BMW i8. They're
 surrounded by rows and rows of impounded vehicles.

ELLA
 ...You think it's still here?

BRADLEY
 The LAPD leaks like a sieve. If
 they found drugs, we'd've heard
 about it.

Bradley opens the driver's door, pulls up the floor mat, and
 removes the carpet. He takes a knee and tries to remove the top
 of the compartment.

ELLA
 So, how's the Councilman's case?

BRADLEY
 (not happy)
 He peed on the neighbor's porch.
 It's a real winner.

ELLA
 The case is a dog, the client
 isn't. And hey, at least you're
 flying solo.

BRADLEY
 (annoyed)
 Ella, I know there's a cult of
 personality around my little
 brother, but my father started the
 firm and I'm an equal partner.

ELLA
 I didn't mean to suggest --

BRADLEY
 (on an emotional rant)
 Jake's everyone's best friend. Hell,
 even the DAs want to take him out
 for a drink.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 And God bless him, he's the first
 call for every friggin' TV
 interview. Most of the time, I don't
 hate him for it. I know he keeps our
 lights on. But I shouldn't get stuck
 with a politician who pissed on his
 neighbor's doormat.

Before Ella can respond, the lid to the compartment POPS off.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 Got it.

Bradley reaches down and pulls out the baggie of cocaine. Hands
 it to Ella. PULL BACK WIDE TO REVEAL:

Ryan has FOLLOWED ELLA to the impound lot. From a discreet
 distance, he uses his cell to ZOOM and SNAP PHOTOS of Ella,
 HOLDING THE BAG OF COCAINE. Off Ryan's smile --

INT. LHL - HALLWAY/MEGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

TRACK Julia heading to her office when she sees Megan at her
 desk, through an open door. She enters --

JULIA
 Hey. You're working late.

MEGAN
 Filling out the Oscar Keaton file;
 I figure it's going to be all
 Oscar, all week long.
 (then)
 How'd it go with Amy Chang?

JULIA
 Non-starter. Her lawyer wants to
 censor the questions.

Under the above, Julia notices a file on Megan's desk labeled
 "Eric Jessup". Then, she sees an LA TIMES on Megan's desk,
 turned to a page with an article about Eric's confirmation
 hearing, including a photo of Eric.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Megan, why do you have a file on my
 boyfriend?

Megan flinches, quickly pulls the file toward her.

MEGAN
 Um. It's nothing.

JULIA
 If it's nothing, let me see it.

MEGAN
 (earnest)
 Please, let this go.

JULIA
Tell me what's going on, now.

Megan knows she's about to hurt Julia; it's tearing her up.

MEGAN
I had no idea you were dating Eric till I saw him in your office. It took me a minute, but I recognized him from my old job... at the escort agency.

Julia's face immediately falls.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I wasn't sure if I should say anything, but I also didn't want you to get blindsided. You're the greatest boss ever, you've given me every opportunity --

Julia can't hear anything Megan's saying. She swallows hard.

JULIA
Was Eric your client?

MEGAN
Only once and it was five years ago.

JULIA
(emotional)
God, you think you know someone.
(processing; then)
Well, maybe it was just that one time. I should go talk to him.

Megan remains quiet. Julia understands the implication --

JULIA (CONT'D)
If it were only one time, you wouldn't have a file.

MEGAN
(difficult to say)
I called a friend who still works at the agency. Eric goes by the name "Henry Wolf" and he's still active... Hired two call girls in DC last week. The night before his confirmation.
(hands Julia the file)
I'm so sorry.

Julia nods. She's devastated.

JULIA
I need some air.

She heads off. HOLD ON Megan, feeling for her boss and friend.

INT./EXT. JULIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Julia, still in pain, pulls into her driveway. As she exits her car, she's shocked to find Ryan on her doorstep. Ryan's timing couldn't be worse, and Julia unloads her displaced anger --

JULIA
Are you kidding me? Ryan, what are you doing at my house?

RYAN
I have something to --

JULIA
Did your dad give you my address? Because this is completely inappropriate. I'm gonna call him.

RYAN
(holds up his cell)
Look at this!

Julia stops. Eyes his phone. A PHOTO OF ELLA WITH THE COCAINE.

JULIA
That's Ella Benjamin.

RYAN
And she's holding cocaine. I followed her to the impound lot. It was in Oscar's car.

Julia's expression changes from dejection to ferocity.

JULIA
I need you to go, now.

Ryan starts to head off, Julia calls after him.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Ryan... Good job.

Off Ryan's smile --

INT. JAKE'S TOWN CAR - MINUTES LATER

Jake's being driven home. A partition separates him from the driver. He's on a speaker phone while looking at the Ella-Cocaine photo on his iPad, emailed from Julia.

JAKE
What's it going to take to keep the photo off your show?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Julia paces as she talks with Jake --

JULIA
An exclusive with Oscar. By Friday.

JAKE
Absolutely not... How'd you get it?

JULIA
(doesn't answer)
I won't wait for tomorrow's show.
I'll put it online. Right next to a
link to Ella's bio on your website.

JAKE
The photo is irrelevant to the hit-
and-run, but it could destroy
Oscar's career. You know me. We
don't lie to each other.

Julia opens a drawer in a console, removes an article from the LA Times, the same article we saw on Megan's desk. As she looks at Eric's photo, her blood boils. She channels her emotions --

JULIA
I believe you. But I have to make
the decisions that are best for my
show, not your clients.

Jake knows she's dead serious. It's time to negotiate.

JAKE
I can give you Sarah Keaton.

JULIA
Deal, but for Thursday's show.

JAKE
(realizes)
You wanted Sarah all along.

JULIA
Have a nice night.

She tosses the Times article into her recycling bin and hangs up. Jake, annoyed, presses the driver's intercom.

JAKE
Change of plans. We're going to the
Keatons'.

EXT. KEATON HOME - DRIVE WAY - POOL - NIGHT

PAPARAZZI are held far back from the FRONT GATE by barricades. Jake's town car pulls up and he exits. Jake knocks at the front door. When no one answers, he heads around back to find Sarah swimming in their secluded POOL. He watches her for a beat. When she warmly smiles, his heart races.

As she finishes her lap, he waits for her with a towel, which she doesn't take. As she crosses to a lounge chair --

SARAH
What's going on, Jake?

JAKE
I need a favor and I'm not sure how you'll feel about it... I'd like you to be a guest on Louise Herrick Live. It'll help Oscar.

Sarah considers for a beat. Then, seemingly goes on a tangent.

SARAH
Remember the train from Salamanca to Barcelona?
(off his nod)
Only the first six cars were going to stop in Madrid, so we had to change cars while the train was moving.

JAKE
Yeah, you did not like doing that.

SARAH
You jumped and then you held my hand while I jumped. I've never trusted anyone like that. Before or since.
(then)
If you want me to go on that show, of course I'll do it. Whatever you need.

They watch each other for a second. He breaks the spell --

JAKE
I should probably go.

SARAH
Stay for a glass of wine.

As Jake considers, CUT TO:

INT. KEATON HOME - LATER

Sarah pours the last drops of a bottle into Jake's glass.

JAKE
...That first night in Barcelona. You came to bed in nothing but my blue tie, and I had never been more in love in my entire life.

SARAH
Well, it was your one good tie.

JAKE
You know that's not what I meant.

SARAH
I loved you, too.

She takes his hand. He watches her lace their fingers together.

JAKE

When you asked me to take on Oscar
as a client, I should've said no.

SARAH

What? Why?

JAKE

It's too hard to see you and not
miss you. Miss us.

The moment stretches out, and it's Sarah who goes in for the
first kiss. Jake moves away, but Sarah pulls him back in --

SARAH

I need something good, Jake. I need
you.

He watches her, eyes going from their hands to her lips. Then he
goes for it -- kissing her back in earnest. As they get heated --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. KEATON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

FIND Jake and Sarah asleep. A CELL, on the night stand near Jake, LIGHTS UP as it VIBRATES. Jake wakes and reaches for it, knocking over a PICTURE FRAME.

JAKE

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BAR - SAME TIME

Oscar, disheveled, sits at the empty bar. A glass of Scotch, untouched, in front of him. He's in bad shape.

OSCAR

Hey, buddy. I could use your help right now.

JAKE

Where are you?

OSCAR

Hotel bar. I need a drink, real bad.

JAKE

No, you don't. Go back to your room. I'll meet you in 20 minutes.

Under the above, Jake picks up the picture frame: SARAH AND OSCAR AT THEIR WEDDING. He looks over at Sarah. *Did he make a terrible mistake?* PRE-LAP: KNOCKING.

EXT./INT. ERIC'S CONDO - NIGHT

FIND Julia banging on Eric's door. A sleepy Eric answers --

ERIC

Babe, what's going on? You okay?

JULIA

You sleep with prostitutes.

ERIC

What? Julia, what the hell?

He pulls her inside, keeping her quiet. Shuts the door.

JULIA

I just took a two-hour shower, but I still feel dirty. And that's because you... "Henry Wolf" hired two prostitutes to meet you at the Hay-Adams on Tuesday night.

ERIC
What's happening right now?

JULIA
What's happening right now is that I have proof you paid for sex the night before your confirmation to the tenth seat of the US District Court for the CDCA.

ERIC
Are you going to tell anyone?

JULIA
You're serious? Those are the first words out of your mouth?

ERIC
Look, I really like you, I do. But I also have a really high sex drive. It's a problem and --

JULIA
I'm going to forget about you, Eric. I'm going to forget I ever cared about you. I'm going to forget you ever mattered to me. But every day, you're gonna wonder if today's the day I share your dirty, disgusting secret with the world. Maybe I'll wait till you run for Congress or the night before the Senate confirms you to the Supreme Court. Who knows?
(off his stunned silence)
I will forget you, but you will never forget me. That's what's happening right now.

And she leaves, closing the door shut behind her.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - OSCAR'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A one bedroom suite. Jake sits across from Oscar, stressed.

OSCAR
...I'm sorry I called so late.

JAKE
I'm on the clock 24/7. You know that.

OSCAR
Thanks for getting the coke out of the car. For coming over here. You're a good... friend.

Given that he just slept with Oscar's wife, Jake cringes. Then, Oscar tears up, surprising Jake.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
 Jake, man, I've never felt so lost.

JAKE
 You didn't kill that boy, and I'm going to get the charges dropped. I promise.

OSCAR
 You once told me a good lawyer never makes promises.

JAKE
 Yeah, well, I'm not a good lawyer. I'm a great lawyer.
 (off Oscar's smile)
 Now, what's really going on?

OSCAR
 Honestly, it's Sarah.

JAKE
 Sarah? What about Sarah?

OSCAR
 She's everything to me. You know that, right?

Jake feels sick to his stomach. He nods, uncomfortably.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
 She's changed. Maybe it's me. Maybe I'm working too many hours. But we don't talk anymore and now I'm stuck here, away from her... Jake, I told you we were working through some things, but God, I used to know what she was thinking just by looking at her. Now I haven't got a clue.

Jake's overwhelmed by guilt. *What has he done?*

JAKE
 You're isolated in a hotel room. I've seen this with my clients in the past; your mind goes to dark places. Look at 'this' as a wake up call.

OSCAR
 Maybe you're right.

JAKE
 (stands)
 I should probably get going.

OSCAR
 Will you stay?
 (off Jake's surprise)
 (MORE)

OSCAR (CONT'D)
 Bill me for the hours. I don't care.
 I just don't want to be alone.

JAKE
 Yeah, sure, not a problem.

Off Jake's face, strained by the last 24 hours.

INT. LHL - JULIA'S OFFICE - MORNING

TIGHT on a COMPUTER MONITOR: An article from the Indian newspaper The Sikkim Express. It's dated May 2, 2004: *American Olympian Amy Chang Injured in Taxi Collision*. There's a photo of Amy. PULL BACK to include Julia reading. As Megan enters --

MEGAN
 I got your text.

JULIA
 Call Amy Chang. Set up another meeting.

MEGAN
 But I thought you said --

JULIA
 I know what I said. But --

MEGAN
 But Julia George never gives up.
 (then)
 What do I tell Amy to get her back to the table?

JULIA
 Whatever it takes.

Megan nods and starts to exit when Julia calls after her.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Megan, last night... the file...
 Thank you.

Megan shoots her a sincere smile and heads off --

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - OSCAR'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

Jake, sleeping on the sofa, is awoken by his CELL VIBRATING. It's 7:45 AM. Jake sees Ella's PHOTO and NAME on the caller ID.

JAKE
 Ella?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Ella, on her cell, rummages through files.

ELLA
Councilman Davis is asking for you
to be in his 8 AM meeting.

JAKE
Bradley's got it covered.

ELLA
I know. And Bradley says he has it
under control, but the Councilman
is insisting.

JAKE
I'll be right in.

Jake drags himself off the couch and assesses himself briefly in
the mirror. He's looking pretty bedraggled. As he heads off --

INT. LHL - BREAK ROOM/HALLWAY - MORNING

Julia pours herself coffee as Louise enters.

JULIA
Good morning. You're here early.

LOUISE
Imran and I are going to the beach.
I came for supplies.

Louise picks up an entire fruit arrangement.

JULIA
By raiding our kitchen?

LOUISE
Gonna need sustenance... So, what
are we doing tonight?

JULIA
Oscar Keaton follow-up. Did you see
the ratings? We own the story and
the viewers can't get enough.

They share a smile. Julia's cell RINGS. CALLER ID with PHOTO:
Sergeant Betsy Powell, whom we met during Act One.

JULIA (CONT'D)
LAPD. I gotta take it.

Julia walks away, back toward her office, on her cell.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Hey, Betsy, what's up?

BETSY (O.S.)
I'm calling about the Oscar Keaton
case. We need to meet.

Off Julia, intrigued --

INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Bradley, Councilman Davis, his neighbor SHANE STAMPS, 30s, and Stamps's attorney CASSIE MANHEIM, 40s, sit around a table.

BRADLEY

We want the video destroyed.
Blackmail's a felony.

MANHEIM

Nobody's blackmailing anyone. We're offering Councilman Davis the right of first refusal.

Under the above, Jake enters. They all look to him --

JAKE

Sorry I'm late. Cassie, you were distinguishing *blackmail* from *first refusal*. But we both know it's a distinction without a difference... Like a rhino and hippo.

MANHEIM

Rhinos have horns, Jake.

JAKE

I can't get anything by you, can I?

Jake's banter was an attempt to interrupt Manheim's train of thought and it works. Jake sits as Manheim makes a threat.

MANHEIM

If the Councilman doesn't wish to purchase the video, TMZ will.

A beat. Bradley smartly shifts tactics and addresses Stamps --

BRADLEY

It would be a shame if you lost your brand new job.

MANHEIM

What are you getting at?

BRADLEY

Your client posted his resume online. He claims he graduated from UCLA, but we've discovered he's two credits short. Of course, we'd like to offer you *first refusal* before we share this information with interested parties.

Bradley proudly eyes his brother.

STAMPS

My boss knows the truth. I came clean during the interview.

Bradley deflates.

MANHEIM

You have 24 hours before we sell the video to the highest bidder.

EXT./INT. BETSY'S CAR - DAY

Betsy sits in her car in the middle of a Costco parking lot -- the LA SKYLINE in the background. Julia gets in.

JULIA

I came as quickly as I could.

BETSY

Julia, you know how much I appreciate you having me on your show. Because of you, the Commissioner knows my name and I'll be a lieutenant by end of the year.

(then; serious)

I've got something to show you. The LAPD isn't releasing it till they get their ducks in a row. Probably tomorrow morning. But I owe you.

JULIA

My heart's racing; what is it?

BETSY

Security footage from a house two blocks from the Keatons'. It was captured 20 minutes prior to the hit and run... Look who's driving Oscar's car.

She pulls out a TABLET, presses PLAY. ON THE MONITOR: A suburban street. Then the MONEY SHOT. A BMW i8 drives into frame. Betsy FREEZES the image. And we finally see the driver's identity --

BETSY (CONT'D)

You recognize her, don't you?

JULIA

(shocked)

Oscar's wife. Sarah's the driver.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. LHL - RECEPTION/HALLWAY - DAY

Jake and Ella wait.

JAKE

Julia wants to talk logistics for Sarah's interview tomorrow. I need you to back me up and take notes.

STAFFER

Mr. Gregorian, Julia's ready for you.

As they walk toward Julia's office, Ella spots Ryan in the Breakroom. They lock eyes. She's floored. *She had no idea he worked here!* Just then, Julia approaches.

JULIA

Thanks for coming.
(re: Ella)
I need Jake for a second, in private.

As soon as Jake heads off with Julia, Ella beelines into --

INT. LHL - BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Full of steam, Ella charges up to Ryan who's pouring a soda.

ELLA

You... You work here!?

RYAN

I do. And I never got your number.

ELLA

You followed me? You met me at the bar, pretended to hit on me, and then you followed me. That's how Julia got the photo.

RYAN

All true. And seriously, I owe you.

ELLA

You're a jerk, you know that?

RYAN

You would've done the same thing -- for a client or *to impress your boss*.
(as she softens)
And I wasn't pretending to hit on you... Come on, let me take you out for dinner. Who knows? Maybe you could turn the tables and use me for something.

ELLA
What would I possibly use you for?

RYAN
(sexy smile)
Whatever you want.

As Ella turns and walks away, we see that she's smiling.

INT. LHL - JULIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Julia faces off with Jake --

JULIA
I want Sarah on the show tonight.

JAKE
Our deal is for tomorrow.

JULIA
She won't be available tomorrow.

JAKE
Wait, what do you know?

A stalemate. Neither knows how much the other knows. Finally --

JULIA
Sarah Keaton isn't going to be available, because an arrest warrant will be issued in the morning. Jake, she drove that car.

JAKE
No. No way.
(off her nod)
Are you sure? How do you know?

JULIA
I saw surveillance tape. She'll be on the show tonight, right?

JAKE
(nods)
I gotta go.

As he EXITS, we HOLD on Julia, happy to be a step ahead of Jake. Then, a beat. Her CELL RINGS. CALLER ID: A PHOTO of LOUISE.

JULIA
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH: EXT. SHUTTERS HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - SAME TIME

Louise, in a bathing suit, eats the fruit arrangement, as Imran, half-naked, rubs oil on her back.

LOUISE
I need condoms and a bottle of
Bailey's.

JULIA
Come again?

LOUISE
I'd go buy them myself, but Imran's
paparazzi is crawling around the
hotel, and --

JULIA
(holding it together)
This is completely irresponsible.

LOUISE
No. "Completely irresponsible"
doesn't involve condoms.

Julia's not keen to help with Louise; Louise pleads her case.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Men can have sex with anything that
isn't nailed down, and no one
judges them. But if I go downstairs
to buy condoms, I'll end up in
InTouch Weekly with the caption:
"Cougar Pounces!" That's not good
for the show, and the show always
comes first. Right?

Her logic is warped, but Julia knows she has a point.

JULIA
Fine. You win.

LOUISE
Love you. Ciao.

Julia, exasperated, dials an extension on her phone --

JULIA
Ryan, come to my office. I've got
an errand for you to run.

INT. KEATON HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

PICK UP Sarah and Jake mid-conversation.

SARAH
...I understand what you're saying,
but I wasn't the driver.

JAKE
Sarah, I have a reliable source...

Sarah grabs Jake by the hand. Jake's uncomfortable, but her touch is somehow reassuring.

SARAH
Stop. It's me. Why would I lie to you? Especially after last night...

JAKE
The cops have evidence --

SARAH
(mind spinning)
The night of the accident, I went to bed around 10:30. Took a sleeping pill with some hot chocolate and drifted off... I swear to you, Jake. On my life.

A beat. They lock eyes. Sarah's plea is heartfelt, and he desperately wants to believe her.

JAKE
Hold on, what kind of sleeping pill?

SARAH
It was an Ambien. I take 'em once in a while. I haven't been sleeping well... Why does it matter?

JAKE
Sarah, Ambien messes with your brain. There's evidence it causes sleep walking, sleep eating, even sleep driving.

SARAH
Oh God. That would mean... Jake... I killed that boy. I killed him.

JAKE
Listen to me. There's legal precedent for Ambien use as a defense against vehicular manslaughter.

SARAH
Will you help me?

JAKE
(a beat, then)
I'm going to call Julia George, she runs Louise Herrick Live and she's the only news producer I trust. I'll tell her what you told me, and then you'll go on air to share your story, tonight.

Off Sarah's frightened nod --

INT. LHL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TIGHT on Julia --

JULIA

I appreciate you coming back here.

REVEAL she's across from Amy Chang, Ms. Woo, and Joe Levin.

JOE

I assume you agree to our terms?

JULIA

I'm sorry but -- no.

(off their surprise)

You see, when someone submits a list of prepared questions, it often means they've got something to hide --

AMY

I'm not hiding anything.

JULIA

After the 2004 games, you took a trip to India. You were in a car accident, spent a week in a hospital.

JOE

That's not a secret.

JULIA

Confidentiality laws aren't the same in India. I spoke with the hospital's administrator who pulled your file. He told me you needed a few liters of blood. Both your parents were with you, but neither could donate because they weren't compatible.

(at Amy; lays it down)

If I know it now, you knew it then.

JOE

If that's true, why would my client wait so long to go public?

JULIA

Great question.

(to Amy)

I checked the court docket. You're suing St. Anne's Hospital, where you were born, for the mix-up. Twelve years ago, that hospital was in bankruptcy. A lawsuit would've been fruitless. But last year, St. Anne's was purchased by a hospital chain with deep pockets. Cha-Ching.

MS. WOO
 (to Amy; tears up)
 You knew for twelve years?
 (off Amy's silence)
 Amy, you could've met your father.

JULIA
 I'm so sorry, Ms. Woo.
 (eyes Joe)
 Now, let me be clear -- if Amy
 appears on a competing show, I'll
 tell the world her secret. That
 being said, she's always welcome on
 LHL, but nothing's off limits.

Then, through the conference room glass, Julia spots Megan in the hallway. Megan clearly needs to speak with her.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Excuse me.

INT. LHL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

PICK UP Julia as she confidently approaches Megan --

MEGAN
 How'd it go?

JULIA
 (proudly)
 If Amy grants an interview, it's
 ours. What's up?

MEGAN
 I've been working on the Ambien
 piece for Sarah's interview. I went
 to the pharmacy closest to her
 house and the pharmacist confirmed
 she bought it there.

JULIA
 Good. Although pharmacists are
 under oath not to disclose.

MEGAN
 I turned on the charm. But here's
 the thing, she bought it the day
 after the car accident.

JULIA
 Maybe it was a new prescription?

MEGAN
 I thought the same thing so I
 called my source with PD. He
 checked the PDMP database; it was
 her first ever prescription.

JULIA
 (on her feet)
 I'm going to kill Jake.

INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN - JAKE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jake is working at his computer when an irate Julia barges in.

JULIA
 You son of a bitch... I'm so tired
 of being lied to this week, and you
 of all people. I know we don't
 always tell the whole truth, but --

JAKE
 Whoa. Slow down. What's going on?

JULIA
 Sarah Keaton wasn't on Ambien.
 You've concocted some ridiculous
 defense and I almost fell for it.

JAKE
 Julia, I don't lie to you. Come on.
 Eight years ago, when you saved my
 ass, and my client's, and then
 leveraged my exclusive into your
 own show, we made a deal --

JULIA
 To never lie to each other --

JAKE
To never lie to each other. So, I am
 looking you in the eye and swearing
 to you -- Sarah was on Ambien.

JULIA
 Her prescription wasn't filled till
yesterday. And it was her first.
 (off Jake, color drains)
 You didn't know.

JAKE
 She played me.

JULIA
 (feels badly)
 I'm sorry, Jake. And I shouldn't
 have accused you of lying. It's
 been a rough few days, and I'm not
 just talking about work.

Jake takes a beat. He realizes what she might be saying.

JAKE
 Let me guess, problems with *the*
boring elitist?
 (MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (off her nod)
 Say the word, I'll kill him. Or at
 least have the DWP turn off his water.

JULIA
 Thanks, I'll think about it.

JAKE
 I'm going to see Sarah. Don't worry,
 she'll be on your show tonight.

JULIA
 I won't go easy on her.

JAKE
 For all I care, throw her to the
 wolves.

INT. KEATON HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Sarah sits at her vanity, applying makeup. Jake stands nearby.

JAKE
 ...Don't let Louise get you off
 track. Just stick to your story.
 (re: diamond earrings)
 And swap out your earrings. Those
 rocks scream rich and unrelatable.

As Sarah crosses to a jewelry box, Jake SEES HER CELL. He
 quietly takes it and TEXTS Ella A SCREENSHOT OF SARAH'S CALL
 LIST. As Sarah returns --

SARAH
 We should talk about last night. It
 meant something... to me.

JAKE
 (uncomfortable)
 I've gotta head back to the office.
 But I'll meet you here, later.

INT. JAKE'S TOWN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As Jake's being driven back to the office, he dials.

ELLA'S VOICE
 Hey, Jake. I got your text.

JAKE
 It's Sarah Keaton's call log from
 the night of the crash. See if you
 can figure out where she was going
 when she hit the kid.

As Ella clicks off, hold on Jake -- conflicted.

INT. LHL - JULIA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Julia REVIEWS AN AUDIO FILE for tonight's show.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
A bombshell in the Oscar Keaton
case. Tonight. Only on Louise
Herrick Live.

Julia rewinds the file as Megan enters --

MEGAN
Julia, have you seen Sarah? She's
not in hair and make-up.

JULIA
I thought she was with you? We're
on in twenty.

They both panic. Julia grabs her cell and dials.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Jake, where the hell is she?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jake is at his desk, on his cell.

JAKE
I left her an hour ago. She was
heading to the studio.

Jake gets another call. He eyes the caller ID: Oscar Keaton.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'll call you back...
(beat)
Oscar, what's up?

INT. KEATON HOUSE - SAME TIME

Tight on Oscar, upset --

OSCAR
I need to see you right away. I'm
at my house.

JAKE
You shouldn't be there --

OSCAR
Sarah called. Said she needed me.
Please get over here, now.

INT. LHL - LOUISE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Louise, now sober, is seated. Julia paces. Megan enters --

MEGAN
 ...I just checked with the valet.
 She's definitely not here.

Julia's cell CHIRPS. She eyes the text, then --

JULIA
 Text from Jake. He has no idea
 what's going on. He can't reach her.

LOUISE
 So we have no show. And 8 minutes.

MEGAN
 (tentative)
 We are sitting on a huge story.

JULIA
 What?

Then, off Megan's look, Julia knows exactly what she's talking about. Julia makes a decision to come clean to Louise --

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Federal Judge Eric Jessup has sex
 with prostitutes.

LOUISE
 Your boyfriend likes hookers?

JULIA
 Ex-boyfriend... And I'm not going
 on the show. No way.

LOUISE
 Jules, he's a *public figure*
dickhead with no integrity. We need
 you in my chair.

JULIA
 Not gonna happen. Megan, back me up.

MEGAN
 If you don't want to do it, we
 support you. But --

LOUISE
 But the show comes first... So
 unless you have a better option.

JULIA
 I don't have any other option.
 (reluctantly)
 Megan... call hair and make-up.

INT. LHL - STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Julia sits next to Louise and anxiously eyes a COUNTDOWN CLOCK, ticking down MINUTES and SECONDS - 2:08.

JULIA
We're two minutes to air. Oh God,
I'm not sure I can do this.

LOUISE
You're a tough-ass bitch. You can
do anything.

Just then, Julia's cell beeps with an ENCRYPTED EMAIL MARKED: URGENT. SUBJECT: "JULIA, FOR YOU." There's an ATTACHMENT. Curious, Julia clicks it. As it begins to download --

EXT./INT. KEATON HOUSE - SAME TIME

Jake arrives at Oscar's house. The door is slightly ajar. He pushes into the FOYER.

JAKE
Oscar?

OSCAR
In here!

Jake follows Oscar's voice to THE KITCHEN. As Jake enters, he RECOILS when he sees Oscar, COVERED IN BLOOD.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
She's dead. Someone killed her.
Help me.

Jake follows Oscar's POV to REVEAL: SARAH'S DEAD BODY, stab marks to her chest. Jake knows how bad this looks for Oscar not to mention there's a dead woman with his own DNA all over her.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. LHL - STUDIO - SAME TIME

Back on Julia, staring at her cell screen. Under her breath --

JULIA
Oh my God.

REVEAL: A PHOTO of Sarah Keaton's body. The same grisly scene Jake is standing over. She's HORRIFIED, but there's no time to process. The countdown clock says 0:33. She quickly calls Jake.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Jake, Sarah Keaton is dead. I go
live in 30 seconds. Do you have a
comment?

Off Jake, standing over Sarah's dead body.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. KEATON HOUSE - EVENING

CAMERA PANS from Sarah's body TO a somber Jake, on his cell, flanked by Oscar.

9-1-1 OPERATOR VOICE
9-1-1. Please state your emergency.

JAKE
I need to report a homicide.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. LHL - STUDIO/CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Julia's in the Control Room, while Louise reports on the story.

LOUISE
...Only a few minutes ago, we learned that Sarah Keaton is dead from an apparent homicide. She was scheduled to be a guest on our show tonight...

JULIA
(into earpiece, to Louise)
The cops have just responded to a 9-1-1 call.

LOUISE
Police, responding to a 9-1-1 call from Jake Gregorian, her husband's attorney, are now arriving on scene.

Back at THE KEATON HOUSE, we're TIGHT ON Jake, keeping it all together, despite the tragedy. He knows he must remain professional at all costs --

JAKE
The front door was open. We pushed inside. Called out for Sarah, and that's when we found her body.

PULL BACK to include DETECTIVE LIN with UNIFORMED OFFICERS in the BG. Lin addresses Oscar, emotional, sitting next to Jake.

DETECTIVE LIN
Is that accurate?

OSCAR
Yes. I tried to revive Sarah... but we were too late.

Under the above, CORONERS remove Sarah's body. It's devastating for both Oscar and Jake. Jake catches his reflection in a mirror. Uncharacteristically, he's disheveled. Sweat pours down his temples. He grabs a handkerchief, pats himself dry, fixes his hair, and does his best to regain his stoic facade.

As the murder aftermath plays out, we RAPIDLY CUT BETWEEN LOUISE at the studio and JAKE AND OSCAR at the KEATON ESTATE...

LOUISE
At this time, we have no idea if her murder is in any way related to the ongoing investigation into last Sunday's hit-and-run...

Detective Lin has left Jake and Oscar alone.

JAKE
Oscar, there's something I need to tell you. It's about Sarah...

LOUISE
We can now confirm that an arrest warrant was about to be issued for Sarah in connection with that hit-and-run that killed 15-year-old Nathan Lloyd...

OSCAR
Why wouldn't she tell me? I would've supported her. I would have done anything for her.

JAKE
I don't know. Time will tell.

LOUISE
LHL will continue to bring you up-to-the-minute news as this story continues to unfold...

Detective Lin returns to Jake and Oscar. He addresses Oscar --

DETECTIVE LIN
The DA's dropped the charges, but you're a person of interest in Sarah's murder. Don't leave town.

Oscar nods. Detective Lin heads off. Jake's phone CHIRPS. He looks down at it: Seven missed calls from Ella.

JAKE
Excuse me.

Jake steps away from Oscar and dials --

INTERCUT WITH: INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

ELLA
Jake, finally.

On the phone with Ella, Jake finally has a private moment to be emotional. We hear it in his voice, so does Ella.

JAKE
Have you seen the news? Sarah's
dead.

ELLA
Yes, it's awful. And I'm sorry, but
that's not why I'm calling.
(a beat, then)
Bradley's freaking out about
Councilman Davis. He's got less than
half an hour to pay up.

As Ella talks, Jake watches as Detective Lin heads outside. He
gets an idea.

JAKE
Get everyone together. I'll be there,
soon as I can.

Jake clicks off, takes a deep breath and gathers himself
together. Then, he races out to --

EXT. KEATON ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

As Detective Lin is about to get into his car, Jake calls out --

JAKE
Detective, you got a second?

DETECTIVE LIN
I'm heading back to brief the Chief.

JAKE
You a fan of Councilman Davis?

DETECTIVE LIN
What?

JAKE
The Councilman. He's always
supported the union, got you guys
unlimited overtime in your last
contract. I was hoping to ask a
favor, on his behalf.

Off Jake, about to make his case --

INT. LHL - JULIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Changed for the night, Louise enters to find Julia packing up --

LOUISE
How you holding up?

JULIA
(buzzing)
What a night, huh?
(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

This story's going to run for months and we're out in front.

LOUISE

Great. But I was asking about you. You were almost my guest tonight. After eight years, you were going to step out from behind the camera.

JULIA

Anything for the show, right?

LOUISE

It was brave. I'm not sure I could've done it. And for what it's worth, I'm sorry, Julia. I know you were happy with him.

Julia is caught off guard by Louise's genuine sympathy. She grows emotional and then deflects with a half-joke --

JULIA

Not every guy can be Imran.

LOUISE

I'm having a good time. Nothing wrong with that.

Julia nods; Louise takes off --

INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bradley, Manheim, and Stamps sit around the table. Jake enters with Detective Lin --

MANHEIM

Jake, what's going on here? I don't like being jerked around.

JAKE

Cassie, this is Detective Lin.

DETECTIVE LIN

Mr. Stamps, I understand that your dogs have been defecating on the Councilman's lawn. As you may know, under the laws, dogs are de facto extensions of their owners.

JAKE

Hence, each time one of your dogs pooped on the Councilman's lawn -- another count of trespass.

MANHEIM

Oh, come on. That's absurd.

Jake's had enough. He's done his best to keep it together since Sarah's death, but now he lets it all out in a tirade --

JAKE

Cassie, normally I like to dance with other lawyers, figuratively of course. The push and the pull, the *tussle*. Hell, I get off on it. But right now, given the day I've had, I don't have the time or the patience. So, let me be perfectly clear about what I think of your case --

Bradley clocks that Jake is overwrought. He jumps in --

BRADLEY

Jake, I assume the detective is here to spell out Mr. Stamps' options.

Jake nods. Lin turns to Stamps.

DETECTIVE LIN

You're looking at six months in jail per infraction. I'm prepared to make the arrest right now.

STAMPS

(a beat, then)

You know what, this isn't worth it.

JAKE

And we're done.

As everyone gets up to leave, Councilman Davis excitedly shakes Jake's hand, sidestepping Bradley to get to him.

COUNCILMAN DAVIS

That was impressive. It's why I wanted you from the start.

JAKE

Glad it all worked out.

Jake sees Bradley, head hung low. He approaches. Bucks him up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You put up a damn good case, I just got us over the finish line.

Jake exits --

INT. GREGORIAN & GREGORIAN OFFICES - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

As Jake emerges from the conference room, Ella meets him.

ELLA

I know where Sarah was going.

JAKE

What?

ELLA
 Forty-eight minutes before the hit and run, she made a call to a residential landline. The route from Oscar's house to that location goes right through the crash site.

JAKE
 Call Julia. Tell her to be outside her building in ten minutes.

EXT. LHL OFFICES - NIGHT

Julia waits as Jake's car pulls up. He rolls down the window --

JAKE
 Let's go for a ride.

JULIA
 What's going on, Jake?

JAKE
 Jump in. We'll talk on the way.

EXT./INT. BUNGALOW HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake and Julia walk up to a nondescript house.

JULIA
 Why would one of the richest women in America drive here in the middle of the night?

JAKE
 We're about to find out.

Jake KNOCKS on the door. SCOTTY CASTRINE, 19, edgy-hot, answers.

SCOTTY
 What do you want?

JAKE
 I'm Jake Gregorian, and this is Julia George. We're here about a woman named Sarah Keaton.

SCOTTY
 Never heard'a her.

JULIA
 We know you called her three nights ago. She was driving here to see you. Can you tell us why?

JAKE
 (off Scotty's silence)
 She's dead. So whatever you're hiding: drugs, sex, we don't care.
 (MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
 We're not cops. We just want to
 know the truth. She was a friend.

SCOTTY
 I don't mouth off on other people's
 business. We're done.

Scotty starts to shut the door when Jake stops him --

JAKE
 You close this door, you're going
 to hear sirens out front in about
 five minutes.

The door stops. Scotty reopens it and reluctantly motions them --

INSIDE -- A sty. Empty pizza boxes. Beer bottles. A few old
 school arcade games and pinball machines. He crosses to a CARD
 CATALOG DRAWER, rifles through it, and pulls out a US PASSPORT.

SCOTTY
 She was on her way over, to pick
 this up.

Scotty hands it to Jake, who OPENS IT. It's Sarah's photo but --

JAKE
 "Claire Gibson." Fake birthday.
 Fake place of birth.

JULIA
 Why'd she want a fake passport?

SCOTTY
 I don't ask questions. She was in a
 hurry. Paid double. Homegirl seemed
 freaked out or somethin'.

JAKE
 Can I take this?

SCOTTY
 How much cash you got?

INT. JAKE'S TOWN CAR - NIGHT

As Jake and Julia head back, Jake stares at the passport.

JAKE
 What was she doing?

JULIA
 I don't think we'll solve that
 tonight.

JAKE
 Why couldn't she use her own
 passport?

JULIA
All good questions. For tomorrow.

JAKE
Come on. Spitball with me. You're
the investigator.

JULIA
I want to have a drink and hot bath
and not think about Sarah Keaton
anymore today.

JAKE
(ignoring Julia)
I need to know everything she's
done for the past month. Everywhere
she's been. Everyone she's talked
to. Ella will work up a timeline
and --

JULIA
Whoa, whoa -- Jake.

She grabs his hand and squeezes.

JULIA (CONT'D)
It's okay... You saw a friend's
dead body. That's enough for one
day. You need to go home and get
some sleep, all right?

He nods. And lets her rest her head on his shoulder, the rest of
the trip to be traveled in silence.

INT. LHL - JULIA'S OFFICE - MORNING

TIGHT ON the TV, on *Good Morning America* --

ROBIN ROBERTS
Police confirmed this morning that
Sarah Keaton was about to be named
their prime suspect in Sunday
night's hit and run. It was Louise
Herrick Live that first reported on
Keaton's involvement in that deadly
crash.

PULL BACK to find Julia at her desk. Then, the MAIL CART stops
by her office. Ryan enters, puts a stack of mail on her desk.

RYAN
Good morning, Ma'am.

JULIA
It's Julia. Thanks.

Ryan smiles. Julia LEAFS THROUGH the mail. Magazines, flyers,
and then a large ENVELOPE. Scrawl on the envelope reads:

TO: JULIA GEORGE, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, LOUISE HERRICK LIVE

FROM: SARAH KEATON

Julia's heart pounds. Anxiously, she rips it open. She slides out the contents: A USB stick with the label "Redtail Vegas 2014"; a photo of Sarah with bruises across her neck; and then a long lens photo of Oscar in bed with another woman. WTF? Julia's mind races. Then, catching her off guard, Jake enters --

JAKE

Hey --

Julia jumps.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Didn't mean to startle you.

(then)

Sorry I was a downer last night.

Can I take you to breakfast?

(eyes her desk)

Unless you're busy?

Julia's eyes land on THE FINAL ITEM: a POLAROID of JAKE MARKED "1997." He's smiling, shirtless. Then she looks back up at Jake. Her friend.

JULIA

I'm good. Let's go.

Julia pushes the envelope into a desk drawer, and locks it. As they take off together, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END