

THE GOOD (BAD) SHEPARD

S1:E5

Written by

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S1:E5 "THE PRICE OF AVARICE"

FADE IN:

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Marilyn and GORDON from Procurement chat in Gordon's Office, a small, non-descript cubicle with credenzas piled high with stacks of papers.

GORDON

Don't worry, Marilyn. The expenses for the protection services will not be charged against your budget. It's corporate level.

MARILYN

I hope you can forgive me for being a little paranoid.

GORDON

Let's call it cautious. After what you had to go through... Jeez, I can't imagine my wife, and that guy, and all the other-- I promise, you won't eat any of these substantial costs.

Hannah enters.

HANNAH

Marilyn, how are you?

MARILYN

Ready to get back to KL. I've been away long enough.

HANNAH

When are you heading out?

MARILYN

Day after tomorrow.

HANNAH

What's that? 18 hours?

MARILYN

More, but I'm used to it. I take a quick hop to LA, then on to Tokyo then KL. Goes by fast with the assistance of alcohol.

HANNAH

Well, travel safe. I guess I won't see you for three months.

MARILYN

I wish Matt would ditch these quarterly meetings. Twice a year is plenty.

(beat)

I've suggested it to Tracy, but you seem to have Matt's ear. Bring it up with him sometime. We'd save a lot of time and money.

HANNAH

I'll look into it.

Marilyn hugs Gordon.

MARILYN

Thank you, Gordon.

Marilyn departs.

HANNAH

"Thank you Gordon" for what?

GORDON

She's paranoid Jack will stuff the security expenses onto her division 'cuz it's best positioned to swallow it, financial-wise.

(beat)

It's the kind of stupid turf battle that hollows out start ups. Believe me, happens all the time.

HANNAH

Interesting.

An uncomfortable silence.

GORDON

Look, I know procurement isn't the sexiest department, but I hope you're learning some things that may buttress your career, Hannah.

HANNAH

I have, and I appreciate your patience, Gordon. It never knew we had so many suppliers.

GORDON

It seems the approved vendor list grows every month. Malaysia operations has an outsized share of new additions. I can scarcely keep up.

(beat)

I know they procure a lot of esoteric compounds and chemicals, and such from all over the planet, but I was surprised at that Pacific Rim deal.

HANNAH

You know Marilyn received a lot of scary threats. Not just over the phone, but in person, too. Did you hear about her body guard taking out an armed attacker?

GORDON

I did, and I get it.

HANNAH

Tracy asked me to be a sort-of point person for the protection details.

GORDON

That really should be procurement's job, but I understand her desire to have one of her trusted aides cover it. And she's got the stripes.

(beat)

You know Pacific Rim isn't on the approved vendor list, right?

HANNAH

Time was of the essence. From what I've learned by shadowing you is that it takes a long time to get a new vendor approved.

GORDON

That's true, but we already have a security firm on the approved list. It's kinda unorthodox to engage a new firm so quickly.

HANNAH

Tracy said Matt wanted someone local to KL. She negotiated the contract - that's her specialty.

GORDON

Maybe she should report to me,  
then. Don't tell her I said that.

(beat)

Look, Hannah, I'm not complaining,  
per se. It's just that Pacific  
Rim's contract seems needlessly  
complex, which makes compliance  
evaluation very time-consuming.

HANNAH

I wasn't aware.

GORDON

I don't have the time or staff to  
crawl through all their T's and  
C's, and their 20 page  
indemnification clauses.

(beat)

I'm worried we're... I'm exposed.

HANNAH

Oh. Maybe I can assist.

GORDON

I don't have the bandwidth to  
educate you on--

HANNAH

--I'm a lawyer, Gordon. I've done  
hundreds of contracts. Some for  
Tracy in a past life. I know what  
I'm doing.

GORDON

I didn't know you're a lawyer,  
Hannah. Impressive.

(beat)

OK, I'll take you up on your offer.  
But you might want to get  
permission, approval, whatever from  
Tracy, or Matt, whomever.

HANNAH

I'm not gonna do that - makes me  
look weak. I'll manage.

Gordon hands Hannah a blue folder with a Pacific Rim logo.

GORDON

Your call. Here, start by  
crawling through this packet of  
invoices.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Richards sits in his running car in the parking lot of the Diner situated in Hamilton County. The Evidence Clerk dressed in civilian clothes exits the Diner and heads for the car. He identifies Richards, opens the door and slides in with a strained GRUNT.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The Evidence Clerk places a small envelope on the console. Richards puts it in his pocket, and in return hands over an envelope. The Evidence Clerk examines the contents, and satisfied, jams it in his pants pocket.

EVIDENCE CLERK  
I need that back before Friday.

RICHARDS  
That doesn't give me much time.

EVIDENCE CLERK  
Too bad.

Richards side eyes him.

EVIDENCE CLERK (CONT'D)  
If someone finds it missing I'll lose my job and probably get charged with some kind of felony. And you will too, buddy. I guarantee it.

RICHARDS  
Who's gonna know it's missing? It's been gathering cobwebs for more than a year.

EVIDENCE CLERK  
Have you ever heard of Murphy's Law? A Black Goose event?

RICHARDS  
Swan.  
(beat)  
Yeah, I get it. Would another C-note give me till next Monday? Bright and early.

EVIDENCE CLERK  
Back here Monday. Seven AM sharp. I'm fucking serious. You don't wanna push me, man.

Richards hands over a hundred dollar bill, which the Evidence Clerk swiftly snatches.

RICHARDS  
I don't think I could.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Richards stands at a counter across from a bearded elderly GUNSMITH, and with a latex-gloved hand produces Dad's pistol.

GUNSMITH  
Remington Rand M1911. Lovely  
weapon. You wanna sell it?  
Restore it?

RICHARDS  
Neither.

Richards places a small zip-lock bag containing a spent bullet on the counter.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
I want to know if this gun shot  
that slug.

GUNSMITH  
Why?

Richards reaches into his breast pocket and produces some credentials. The Gunsmith peruses the card. C.U. of the card indicating the false name "Wesley Adams" and his profession as a private investigator.

RICHARDS  
I'm investigating a case. Hoping  
to rule out some things.

GUNSMITH  
Local detectives can do better  
analysis than I can, Mr. Adams.  
Why don't you contact them?

RICHARDS  
It's complicated.

GUNSMITH  
It always is.

RICHARDS  
Look, my client would be very  
relieved if I could show this gun  
and that slug never met each other.

(MORE)

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

It would greatly simplify things for him.

GUNSMITH

I bet.

(beat)

Y'know, anything I come up with ain't admissible in court, if that's what you're lookin' for.

RICHARDS

I know, but you could disqualify the slug, couldn't you?

GUNSMITH

Assuming it's not mashed up I can see whether the lands and grooves align and the twist matches. If not, it ain't your gun's bullet.

RICHARDS

But if they do line up--

GUNSMITH

--If lots of data points align then your slug's a candidate. That's all.

(beat)

Bring me a bucket of 45 slugs and I'll tell ya most are a M1911 candidate. Get it. "No" is easy, "yes" ain't really possible. Not with the equipment I got.

RICHARDS

I get it.

The Gunsmith picks up the zip-lock bag.

GUNSMITH

This is in pretty good condition. Must've gone through some soft flesh. Assuming that's the kinda case you're investigating.

RICHARDS

How much for your expertise?

GUNSMITH

It's none of my business, but when guys like you - PI's and such - come to me instead of goin' to law enforcement, I catch the whiff of impropriety.

(MORE)

GUNSMITH (CONT'D)

Not sayin' that about you, Mr. Adams, but regardless, if you want my expertise, it'll cost.

RICHARDS

Tell me.

GUNSMITH

Three hundred for a one word answer: "no" or "maybe".

(beat)

It'll be a G for as complete a ballistics report that I can muster up.

RICHARDS

You charge three hundred dollars a word? You should write ad copy.

The Gunsmith looks confused. Richards peels off ten hundreds and places them one at a time on the counter.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

I'll need your report - just in case you say "maybe". And I'll need it Sunday by 6. Not a minute later.

The Gunsmith places a blank form on the counter.

GUNSMITH

Can do, but first you gotta sign this here form statin' you're the rightful owner of the slug and the pistol.

RICHARDS

Is that necessary?

GUNSMITH

'Fraid so, Mr. Adams.

(beat)

Look, I couldn't care less how you came to be in possession of them, or why you want a ballistics test. But I won't be a party to malfeasance. I'm sure you understand.

RICHARDS

There's no malfeasance.

GUNSMITH

Good to hear. Now, fill it out and sign at the bottom.

Richards hesitates then starts printing. C.U. of the form showing the spaces for the SSN. Richards fills in the blanks with E A T - M Y - S H I T.

INT. RON'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Ron watches TV in his new, dumpy apartment. A couple cats roam the place. His land-line phone RINGS.

RON

Yeah?

ERSKINE (V.O.)

Is this Ron Slomsky?

RON

Who's asking?

INTERCUT WITH THE SAN DIEGO STOREFRONT.

Erskine sits at his desk talking into a speakerphone. Colby stands off to the side.

ERSKINE

I'm an associate of Grayson Richards.

(beat)

Hello?

RON

What does that cocksucker want?

ERSKINE

Don't you know?

RON

No, I don't-- Wait. Are you his computer expert?

Erskine presses the mute button and addresses Colby

ERSKINE

God, this is way too easy.

He unmutes the phone.

ERSKINE (CONT'D)

That would be me.

RON  
Bart Keyes?

ERSKINE  
Yep. You're a hard man to find,  
Mr. Slomsky.

RON  
That's because some fuckin' cunt  
got me evicted. They gave me 6  
hours to get out. Fuckin'  
bastards.  
(beat)  
Anyway, my life's a nightmare since  
I was framed for havin' child porn  
on my computer.

Erskine mutes again, and addresses Colby.

ERSKINE  
Damn, this just keeps getting more  
and more bizarre.

Erskine unmutes.

RON  
That's why I need your help.  
(beat)  
Don't tell him I called him a  
cocksucker, OK.

ERSKINE  
Course not.

RON  
So what do you need from me, Mr.  
Keyes?

ERSKINE  
Richards's writing is terrible. I  
can't make out the name of the guy.

RON  
Which guy.

ERSKINE  
Y'know, Tracy Shepard... Marilyn--

RON  
--Oh, yeah. Walter Muff.

ERSKINE  
Come again?

RON

Yeah. He got a lotta shit for that fucked up name. It's spelled M O U G H. Sounds like Like rough, not dough.

Erskine dictates to Colby.

ERSKINE

Got it. Walter Muff. M O U G H.

RON

Can you prove I was framed? And find out who put that porn on my computer?

ERSKINE

Well, it's complicated, Ron, but let me explain. By deploying your IP and MAC addresses, laptop serial, and other data unique to you, I can trace DNS entries using proprietary RSA tools to decrypt the internet's WTF decision tree protocol.

Colby stifles guffaws.

ERSKINE (CONT'D)

You're familiar with WTF protocol, right?

RON

Not really.

ERSKINE

The worldwide trace facility. It's an algorithm, well, technically a heuristic, anchored on blockchain. But don't worry - given enough time I can decode it.

(beat)

If you're the victim of a bogus porn plant, which Richards is positive of, I'll prove it.

RON

That's awesome.

ERSKINE

This will take time, so just hang tight. Richards will contact you when I've completed my analysis.

RON  
Tell Richards I appreciate it.

ERSKINE  
He knows. You've been a bigger  
help than you're probably aware.

Both sides hang up.

Erskine and Colby break down in laughter. A cat jumps up on Ron's lap coaxing a placid grin from his master.

INT. YACHT - DAY

Tracy lounges on the deck reading a book ("Kill for Me Kill for You"). A purple cocktail and a bowl of olives sit on a side table. Matt enters from the upper deck.

TRACY  
Is Hannah aboard? I need to talk  
to her.

Matt takes a seat next to Tracy.

MATT  
No. She's enroute to Dubai.

TRACY  
Really? What for?

MATT  
I asked her to prep for a meeting  
I'm gonna have with the FDI. I'm  
finally gonna plant my flag in the  
UAE.

TRACY  
Congratulations. Anyplace else you  
want to plant your flag?

MATT  
Well, from there the whole of the  
Middle East, I say with feigned  
modesty.  
(beat)  
We talked about this, Trace.  
Remember?

TRACY  
I certainly do. I suggested it  
three board meetings ago.

MATT

You did, didn't you.

(beat)

Imagine the advancements we could bring over there to food production, water management, surveillance.

(beat)

Our nano-drones could render terrorism obsolete. Or at least too expensive to bother with. The locals will be tossing flowers at our feet.

TRACY

I keep forgetting you were in diapers during Gulf War I.

MATT

Are you opposed to our move into the Emirates?

TRACY

Of course not. Just don't delude yourself over NanoNano's capabilities. We're not gonna resolve yesterday's problems, let alone those of the last thousand years.

MATT

You're right, babe. I can get carried away.

TRACY

Just one more reason why I married you.

(beat)

What's Hannah gonna do in Dubai?

MATT

Grease the skids for me, I suppose. Cozy up to some sheik. Or his pet falcon. Those birds live better than the hotel workers.

(beat)

Hannah's good. Very energetic. I admire that young spirit. You know what I mean?

TRACY

She's not that young.

(beat)

When are you going?

MATT

Day after tomorrow.

Tracy drinks the remains of her cocktail.

TRACY

My busy man. Get me another  
Aviation, darling, and have Jair  
make it this time. No offense.

Matt, acting like a servile waiter, flops a rag over his  
forearm and departs with Tracy's empty glass. Tracy resumes  
reading. Her phone RINGS; she answers.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Yes?

AIMAN (V.O.)

His name is Walter Muff.  
M O U G H.

Tracy writes it down.

INT. RICHARDS'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Richards on the phone with Tracy.

RICHARDS

I have a solid lead. I came across  
a coroner's report in Hamilton  
County.

END FLASHBACK.

TRACY

Excellent.

AIMAN

Are you available the day after  
tomorrow? I'm flying in from  
Saigon.

TRACY

I gotta go East for some long-  
overdue business in Jersey.

AIMAN

Can you postpone? I have something  
you must hear.

TRACY

Is it Marilyn?

AIMAN

Yes.

TRACY

Shit, I knew it. I fucking knew it.

(beat)

I'll be here. Call me when you get in.

Angry, Tracy hangs up and angrily pops an olive in her mouth. JAIR, the yacht's tanned bartender arrives with a purple Aviation.

INT. GUN SHOP- DAY

The Gunsmith speaks on the phone as he peers at a bullet in a plastic baggie.

GUNSMITH

Mr. Adams?

(beat)

Whenever convenient for you, come by the shop for your "maybe" report.

(beat)

Yeah, very close. Lots of matches.

(beat)

Sure. I'll be here til 8.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

A helicopter lands on the tarmac. Matt and Hannah disembark and head toward the terminal. An ATTENDANT follows with their luggage.

INT. LAX AIRPORT/TERMINAL 4 - DAY

Marilyn walks off a jetway into the terminal, and heads to an arrival/departure board. She scans the board.

MARILYN'S POV: Malaysia Airlines flight XYZ to Kuala Lumpur, Terminal B, gate 140

INT. LAX AIRPORT/TERMINAL B - DAY

Matt and Hannah check in at the Emirates counter. An EMIRATES AGENT hands passports back to the couple.

EMIRATES AGENT

Your flight to Dubai will depart  
from gate 207. Follow the signs to  
the West gates.

(beat)

Have a wonderful trip.

INT. LAX AIRPORT/TERMINAL B - DAY (LATER)

Matt and Hannah walk toward the West Gate connector when Marilyn, dragging a roller bag spots the couple. Matt in his leather jacket and Hannah with her Burberry luggage. She does a double take as the couple disappear from view.

INT. JET - DAY

Matt takes a lay-down seat in first class. After settling in, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT offers him a champagne. Already sitting comfortably, legs extended, he fiddles with some buttons on the seat console when his phone RINGS.

MATT

Tracy, what're you doing up so  
early?

(beat)

That's sweet of you.

(beat)

Absolutely. Next time, I promise.

(beat)

I will.

Matt hangs up.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Tracy makes a call.

TRACY

You can come over now.

INT. JET - DAY

Hannah exits the restroom and takes her seat adjacent to Matt's.

MATT

Y'know, my secretary thinks you're  
already in Dubai. I hope you made  
sure--

HANNAH

--Don't worry. I handled all my own arrangements.

MATT

I'm not worried. I needed you to accompany me for the entire trip, and I didn't want to spin up idle gossip. Or worse.

HANNAH

I completely understand, Matt.

MATT

You're the best, Hannah.

The Flight Attendant offers champagnes and menus.

MATT (CONT'D)

Have you practiced your Arabic?

Hannah raises her glass of champagne, and speaks Arabic with an American accent.

HANNAH

(In Arabic)

To success, to a fruitful partnership, and to bright beginnings in Dubai.

The couple clink glasses and sip the champagne.

MATT

I don't know what that means, but just the sound of it is worth toasting. What did you say?

HANNAH

To success, to a fruitful partnership, and to bright beginnings in Dubai.

MATT

Impressive. Teach me how to say that. I gotta use it.

HANNAH

Of course.

As the plane moves from the terminal, Matt and Hannah lie back in their big seats. He fiddles with his phone; she dons big headphones and opens Vanity Fair magazine.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Aiman and Tracy sit on stools at an island counter. Erskine stands by an open laptop.

TRACY

Somehow I knew she'd throw me under the bus one day.

ERSKINE

It really wasn't difficult to get her to spill the beans.

AIMAN

Keep in mind Marilyn fell for a complicated ruse, whatever that's worth--

TRACY

--It's worth nothing.

ERSKINE

Perhaps under different circumstances she would've kept her word and stayed silent.

AIMAN

Don't be too hard on her.

TRACY

You tested her and she failed. Simple as that. If you hadn't cracked her, someone else eventually would have.

(beat)

As long as she walks the earth, I'm vulnerable.

AIMAN

That sounds rather ominous, Tracy. What are you suggest--

ERSKINE

--Ms. Shepard, as you heard on the tape, our man was able to elicit a useful statement from Ms. Jenk--

TRACY

--Don't say her fucking name.

Erskine looks at Aiman. After a beat, Aiman takes over.

AIMAN

We can edit the tape to isolate the places where Marilyn seems to implicate herself. It would never stand up in court--

ERSKINE

--Inadmissible.

AIMAN

But you could use it to persuade her--

ERSKINE

--Mari... Uh, she's easily persuaded. That's obvious.

AIMAN

Try this on for size, Tracy. Confront her with the betrayal, then reveal the damning parts of the edited tape. No threats. Just passive intimidation. I'm confident she'll be a good doggy going forward.

TRACY

Doggy? I want that rat out of my company.

AIMAN

If you play too rough, she might call your bluff.

(beat)

Sorry. I didn't mean to sound like Johnny Cochran.

(beat)

The tape is a powerful tool of coercion, but it won't put her behind bars.

(beat)

Just think about it before you can her ass and leave her with nothing to lose.

TRACY

Play back that part of the tape again.

Erskine navigates the laptop to the passage on the recording. The laptop plays SOUND from the meeting at La Valencia.

FAKE RICHARDS (V.O.)

An unidentified source named you as the perpetrator.

MARILYN (V.O.)

Oh sure.

(beat)

I shot Cuttbate dead. Then I gouged his fucking face and stomped on his pathetic cock. He absolutely had it coming after what he did.

FAKE RICHARDS (V.O.)

Marilyn--

MARILYN (V.O.)

--He almost, repeat "almost" scammed me so I tracked him down to his shithole house in Jersey and killed him. No remorse. The ultimate retribution for a wet fart of a scam. Totally normal, right? Happens every day.

(beat)

Do you realize that makes no fucking sense?!

Erskine stops the replay, and fiddles around on the laptop for a few seconds. Tracy lowers her head. Aiman stands and rubs Tracy's shoulders. Head still lowered, she touches his hand.

ERSKINE

Listen to this.

He plays new SOUND.

MARILYN (V.O.)

I tracked him down to his shithole house in Jersey and killed him. No remorse.

(beat)

I shot Cuttbate dead. Then I gouged his fucking face and stomped on his pathetic cock. He absolutely had it coming after what he did.

Erskine stops the replay.

ERSKINE

Sounds pretty convincing to me. It should scare the shit out of her.

(MORE)

ERSKINE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Of course she'll know the tape is doctored, but just the fear of having it played for the wrong people should keep her in line.

AIMAN

At a minimum, it strongly suggests she's far from an innocent lamb.

Tracy cradles her head.

TRACY

How did things get so out of hand?

Erskine closes the laptop.

EXT. BURJ KHALIFA - DAY

A shot of the Burj Khalifa panned from top to bottom.

INT. ARMANI HOTEL - DAY

Matt and Hannah, accompanied by two BELLMEN enter an elevator. Moments later they arrive at their respective hotel rooms which adjoin one another.

INT. ARMANI HOTEL/HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah unpacks some clothing. A KNOCK on the connecting door, and Hannah opens it. Matt walks in.

MATT

Let's hit the pool, Hannah. I could use a dip.

HANNAH

Shit. I forgot to pack a bathing suit. Dammit.

MATT

Again?

Matt goes back into his room, returning with a gift wrapped box.

MATT (CONT'D)

I had a feeling you might forget.

Hannah looks at Matt slyly, and opens the box revealing a skimpy bikini.

HANNAH  
It's lovely, Matt, but a little  
tiny, don't you think?

MATT  
I'm positive it'll fit.

EXT. ARMANI HOTEL/ROOFTOP POOL - DAY

Matt and Hannah walk onto the pool deck and are greeted by a POOL BOY who escorts them to a pair of lounges under an umbrella. The Pool Boy sets up their lounges with plush covers.

MATT  
How about a cocktail, Hannah?  
Margarita?

HANNAH  
Sure.

MATT  
(to the Pool Boy)  
Two Margaritas. Tajin on the rim.

The Pool Boy nods and departs.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Spectacular view, huh?

HANNAH  
The architecture is stunning. I  
can't believe how tall the Burj is.

MATT  
A hundred sixty three stories.  
Insane.

HANNAH  
That reminds me: you have a dinner  
reservation with an officer of the  
Dubai Silicon Oasis tomorrow. The  
Atmosphere restaurant on the 122nd  
floor. He wants to take you to the  
Museum of Science in the afternoon.  
(beat)  
It's that weird donut-looking  
building we saw coming in.

MATT  
Cool. When do I go to Abu Dhabi?

HANNAH

Day after tomorrow. It's about an hour away.

(beat)

You have meetings with ATRC and TII. And then a tour of the grand mosque if you want to. And I strongly suggest you want to.

The Pool Boy returns with the cocktails and a food plate.

MATT

That's great, Hannah.

Matt takes a sip of his drink and doffs his shirt exposing a buff body.

MATT (CONT'D)

Enough shop talk. Let's get wet.

Matt hops up and dives into the pool. On the wall behind him is a sign that reads "No Diving". He proceeds to swim laps. Hannah removes her sarong, revealing a sexy bikini, and steps into the pool's zero-entry incline. She dips in up to her neck and navigates to the side of the pool where she drapes her arms over the edge and admires the sleek buildings of downtown Dubai. Matt swims up next to her.

MATT (CONT'D)

The swimsuit fits you perfectly.

Hannah adjusts a strap.

HANNAH

It does.

MATT

I made an informed guess.

Matt captures the attention of the Pool Boy and pantomimes the motion of drinking from a glass.

MATT (CONT'D)

I saw there's a hotel on Palm Jumeira with a wrap around infinity pool on the fiftieth floor.

The Pool Boy delivers the cocktails poolside.

MATT (CONT'D)

Only in Dubai, right? Anyway, I think it's called Aura, or maybe Aqua, Skypool. Phenomenal views. We should check it out.

HANNAH

I know you don't wanna talk shop,  
but I've been looking over some  
contracts. One in particular.

MATT

Oh yeah, I forgot to ask. Are you  
learning anything from that toad in  
procurement?

HANNAH

He's very nice.

(beat)

Have you heard of Pacific Rim  
Security Services?

Matt sips his cocktail.

MATT

Nope.

HANNAH

It's the personal protection firm  
Tracy hired to protect Marilyn.  
Tracy asked me to be the point  
person with them. That was before  
I started shadowing Gordon.

MATT

What about them?

HANNAH

Well, I didn't know it at the time,  
but they're not on the approved  
vendor list. They got the contract  
even though we have another firm on  
the list.

MATT

That list is a crock.

HANNAH

Oh. OK... Well, the contract was  
inked for 500K - due in full upon  
signing. But out of the blue it  
was suddenly changed to 400K  
payable over two years. No  
explanation. No revised contract.

MATT

Hannah, you worked for Tracy. You  
know that's her super-power. She  
saved us a hundred K, and a bunch  
of paperwork.

HANNAH

That's what I assumed. Tracy had cut a great deal. But then I discovered another contract that slipped in simultaneously under the radar. One for a quarter million. I didn't flag it to Gordon. I thought it better to bring it to your attention first.

MATT

What's it for?

HANNAH

The name of the company was left blank, but an address in Saigon appeared in some boilerplate text. It belongs to an LLC mostly owned by Pacific Rim.

Matt finishes his drink and signals the Pool Boy for two more.

MATT

I'm intrigued. What else?

HANNAH

The contract is for something vague like "field operations". There's also a line-item for a short-term storefront rental in downtown San Diego.

MATT

That's odd. So what are you saying, Hannah? Tracy up to something?

HANNAH

Absolutely not.

MATT

I give Tracy a lot of latitude on projects she's passionate about.

EXT. SAN DIEGO MARINA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Aiman proceeds across the gangplank onto the yacht. Shortly thereafter, Hannah, carrying a briefcase, appears on the gangplank unseen by Aiman and Tracy. When Hannah spots the couple in an embrace, Aiman's hand on Tracy's ass, she beats a quick retreat.

END FLASHBACK.

HANNAH

She's a very passionate woman.

MATT

She certainly is. I'm not worried.

Matt finishes his drink and swims away from Hannah. On his return, he rises up from under the water close to Hannah.

MATT (CONT'D)

Stay on top of it and keep me informed.

INT. MARILYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Marilyn sits at her desk poring over papers and charts. Her Assistant buzzes in on the intercom.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Ms. Jenkins, Ms. Shepard is here to see you.

MARILYN

What?! Are you shitting me? I just got back here.

INT. MARILYN'S OFFICE/ANTEROOM - DAY

Holding an expensive-looking briefcase, Tracy looks out a window, her back to the Assistant. The Assistant cups her hand over the receiver.

ASSISTANT

Um, she's not on your calendar. Should I say you're expecting her?

MARILYN (V.O.)

No! Stall her.

The Assistant hangs up and addresses Tracy.

ASSISTANT

Ms. Jenkins will be with you in a moment.

Tracy struts past the Assistant and barges into Marilyn's Office without saying a word.

INT. MARILYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Standing in front of her desk, Marilyn greets an irritated Tracy.

MARILYN

Tracy, what are you doing here?

TRACY

Tell your secretary to hold all calls and clear your calendar. I have some things you need to hear.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MARILYN'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Marilyn paces her office as Tracy sits at the desk in front of an open laptop playing a taped conversation.

MARILYN (V.O.)

Tracy shot Cuttbate. She said it was an accident - and I believe her. She only went there to get him to confess on video tape. He attacked her and the gun went off.

Tracy shuts off the playback.

MARILYN

Where did you get that?

TRACY

Does it matter?

MARILYN

It's all bullshit.

TRACY

Want some more?

She restarts the player.

MARILYN (V.O.)

She got a dire situation under control fast. Dialing 911 using Cuttbate's cell phone. Concocting the prostitute alibi.

She shuts off the player.

TRACY

You hook up with a couple random guys, complete strangers, and in no time you're throwing me under the bus? You're an idiot, Marilyn. An easily compromised dunce. Just the kind of compliant fool I always had you pegged for.

MARILYN

Fuck you.

TRACY

You turned on me, Marilyn. Thank god it was with a couple of imposters and not the real FBI.

MARILYN

What?

TRACY

That's right. You flunked the test, and now you have to go. Whatever trust I might have had is gone.

MARILYN

What do you mean "go"?

TRACY

You're resigning, Marilyn, effective immediately.

Tracy hands Marilyn a letter.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I saved you the trouble of writing a resignation letter. Just sign it. You can blame stress. No one will think less of you - besides me. I'll make sure you keep your options. The vested ones, anyway.

MARILYN

Maybe you didn't hear me: I said "fuck you". I'm not leaving now that I've whipped the division into top shape. Our profit contribution beats every other fucking unit in this company.

TRACY

Life will go on without you. In fact, you've done such a bang-up job, you're redundant now. A chatbot could do your job.

MARILYN

Cut the theatrics. You're already positioning to become the new GM, aren't you?

Tracy stares daggers at Marilyn.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

The Medea of Mediation has nothing to say?

(beat)

Maybe I'll tell the real FBI about what actually happened that night.

TRACY

Oh yeah? Is this the story you'll tell them?

Tracy presses a button on the laptop.

MARILYN (V.O.)

I tracked him down to his shithole house in Jersey and killed him. No remorse.

(beat)

I shot Cuttbate dead. Then I gouged his fucking face and stomped on his pathetic cock. He absolutely had it coming after what he did.

Tracy stops the replay.

MARILYN

Am I supposed to be intimidated by that fake recording?

TRACY

That's you. Saying those words.

MARILYN

Yeah, but--

TRACY

--This recording may not convict you for killing Cuttbate, but I guarantee it will ensure a very unpleasant future as you fight a conspiracy conviction.

(beat)

Maybe we'll be cellmates. How's that sound?

(beat)

Get smart, Marilyn. Resign. Take your severance and options and find another gig.

MARILYN

Well, as long as you're fucking Matt, I guess I don't stand a chance.

(beat)

OK, fine. I'll resign, but I want one last thing from you.

TRACY

Are we negotiating again, Marilyn?

MARILYN

Isn't that the only way you achieve orgasm?

TRACY

Just spit it out.

MARILYN

Matt's in Dubai, right?

TRACY

Yeah, so what?

MARILYN

I saw him and Hannah boarding the flight from LAX together. They looked quite the dashing young couple. Quite chummy.

TRACY

She flew to Dubai before he did to, uh, prep, uh, for him, y'know. The meetings...

MARILYN

I couldn't help admiring the way his tan leather jacket and her Burberry luggage complemented one another.

Shaken, Tracy sits down slowly.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

The look on your face right now.  
That was the one last thing I  
wanted from you.

Marilyn throws a couple items into her briefcase and clasps it shut. She signs the resignation letter and heads for the door, turning around to address Tracy.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You better work on your cock-  
sucking technique, Tracy. You  
might have competition for the GM  
job.

Marilyn walks out the door.

INT. ATMOSPHERE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Matt, Hannah and a few Dubai industry PRINCIPALS enjoy dinner at a table by the windows overlooking the lights of the city.

PRINCIPAL #1

I had to get the stewardess to  
intervene. You should have seen  
the look on this mutakabbir when he  
learned he had to give up his seat  
for my falcon.

Everyone at the table laughs.

PRINCIPAL #1 (CONT'D)

He had a valid passport.  
(beat)  
I'm talking about the bird.

More laughs.

HANNAH

I find your country's love of  
falcons quite romantic.

PRINCIPAL #2

The falcon is our national symbol,  
like your eagle, but they weren't  
born here. They came every winter  
and helped the Bedouins. That's  
why we're proud of them.

HANNAH

That's beautiful.

Sensing business time is frittering away, Matt changes the subject.

MATT

Solar energy production. That's another thing to be proud of. In oil-rich UAE, Dubai is generating, what? A quarter of your electric supply with solar? That's leadership. It's visionary.

PRINCIPAL #1

Thank you, Mr. Blankenshein. It's refreshing to speak to someone from the United States who sees it that way.

MATT

You have big ambitions. Hundred percent renewable by 2050. That's a challenging goal, and we want to help you get there...

Matt's phone BUZZES and he glimpses at the screen.

MATT (CONT'D)

...um, help you get there ahead of schedule, uh, if possible.

MATT'S POV: Text message - "I wanted to let you know I've resigned. You'll get my letter explaining everything shortly. Thanks for all you've done for me, Matt. M."

PRINCIPAL #2

Tell us in broad strokes what--

Frazzled Matt addresses the table.

MATT

--I'm sorry. I have something urgent to attend to.

(beat)

Hannah, please brief our hosts on our new collaboration with, uh, um. You know... the light-trapping stuff we've--

HANNAH

--The National Renewable Energy Lab?

MATT  
 Yeah. That's it.  
 (beat)  
 I'll only be a minute.

Matt heads quickly for a quiet corner of the restaurant.

HANNAH  
 NanoNano just signed onto a  
 partnership with the US Department  
 of Energy - early stages, you  
 understand - to develop new and  
 better ways to reduce sunlight  
 reflection using our proprietary  
 nanoparticles.

INT. ATMOSPHERE RESTAURANT/CORNER - NIGHT

Matt calls Marilyn but it goes to voicemail.

MATT  
 Marilyn, it's Matt. Call me back  
 at once.

He dials again, this time calling Tracy.

INTERCUT WITH TRACY'S ST. REGIS HOTEL ROOM

Tracy sits by the window drinking, a half empty bottle of  
 vodka and a cut-up lemon rest on the table. She's a bit  
 tight.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 I can't believe Marilyn would do  
 such a thing.

TRACY  
 Don't tell me she already told you  
 what she told me.

MATT  
 What are you talking about?

A long pause.

TRACY  
 I don't know. What are you talking  
 about?

MATT  
 She tendered her resignation. Just  
 like that. No notice, nothing.

TRACY

Yeah, I know. I tried to talk her out of it, but--

MATT

--You knew? When did this all start? And why didn't you alert me?

TRACY

She was stressed out from all that harassment bullshit. She wanted out. I mean, what could you have done?

MATT

(sarcastically)

As CEO? Gee, I don't know. Give her a juicy raise, more stock, a new Ferrari. Maybe dinner at Cheesecake Factory would have worked.

(angrily)

SShit, Tracy, I could've done lots of things to keep her.

TRACY

She's gone, Matt.

MATT

You know her. You can change her mind. Offer whatever you think is necessary to keep her on.

TRACY

For your information, I'm in KL at this very moment. I didn't want to distract you from your affair--

(coughs)

--affairs in Dubai.

MATT

You're in Malaysia? Right now?

TRACY

Yes, dear. I did my best to fix it with Marilyn. Would you care to yell at me some more?

MATT

Well, shit. No, of course not. I'm sorry.

(beat)

How was I supposed to know?

TRACY

I flew here as soon as I realized she was serious. I offered her the golden handcuffs but she was adamant.

(beat)

She handed me a resignation letter and said she was off to a new adventure - or something to that effect.

MATT

Goddammit. Now I'll have to get HR going on a search for a replacement.

TRACY

I'll do it.

MATT

Thanks, babe.

(beat)

Anyway, I appreciate you flying half way around the world on short notice. Above and beyond the call, Wonder Woman.

TRACY

How's Dubai?

MATT

Fantastic. The flight was superb, but long and boring. No one to talk to.

Tracy makes a masturbatory gesture.

MATT (CONT'D)

Dubai's an amazing city. I'll tell you all about it later, but I gotta get back to the dinner.

TRACY

My busy boy. I bet your itinerary is full of exciting new business opportunities. Aren't you traveling to Abu Dhabi?

MATT

Day after tomorrow. Hannah laid it all out.

TRACY

It's tight, isn't it?

MATT

Huh?

TRACY

Your agenda. She's good at scheduling. Minimum waste.

MATT

You're right.

TRACY

Maximum joy.

MATT

What are you talking about? Have you been drinking, Tracy?.

TRACY

I guess I'm a bit jet lagged. Sorry. Tell Hannah I'm proud of my little protege.

MATT

She flew back this afternoon.

TRACY

Really? So soon? You're a tyrant.

Matt checks his watch, distressed at the time.

MATT

I missed that.

TRACY

I think I'll take Hannah to lunch when she gets back. She deserves an atta-girl.

MATT

No. I mean, I gave Hannah a long weekend off. She's on her way to, um, Santorini. That's her atta-girl.

TRACY

Looks like you've thought of everything.

MATT

I really gotta get back to the dinner. Bye bye.

Both hang up. Tracy slurps the last of her drink and pours another.

INT. ATMOSPHERE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Matt returns to the table, addressing Hannah away from the others.

MATT  
(whispers)  
Marilyn fucking resigned.

Hannah expresses mild shock.

PRINCIPAL #1  
Is everything all right, Mr.  
Blankenshein?

MATT  
All good.  
(beat)  
Did Hannah tell you about the  
patents we've applied for?

HANNAH  
I didn't get--

MATT  
--A bundle of 21 really innovative  
patents that will give us  
significant competitive advantage,  
as well as licensing opportunities.

PRINCIPAL #2  
That is most definitely an interest  
of ours.

MATT  
Well, that deserves a toast.

All raise their glasses. Matt mangles his toast.

MATT (CONT'D)  
(In Arabic)  
To success, to a fruitful  
partnership, and to scandalous  
beginnings in Dubai.

The Principles look at each other puzzled, then laugh heartily.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Tracy makes a call.

TRACY

Where are you?

AIMAN (V.O.)

Saigon. How about you?

TRACY

KL. I'm heading back to San Diego in a day or two. Can you fly back with me?

AIMAN (V.O.)

Well, I'm going back there through Tokyo tomorrow.

TRACY

Perfect. Send me your itinerary and I'll meet up with you there.

AIMAN (V.O.)

Everything OK, Tracy?

TRACY

I think so. Maybe. Marilyn resigned as we expected.

(beat)

One down, one to go.

AIMAN (V.O.)

I see. I guess we'll discuss the one to go on the plane.

TRACY

It's a long flight. Gotta talk about something.

AIMAN (V.O.)

I'll send you my flight number.

TRACY

And don't forget your seat number.

AIMAN (V.O.)

I won't. See you tomorrow, Tracy.

TRACY

Can't wait.

EXT. ARMANI HOTEL - DAY

Matt and Hannah climb into a limo as a PORTER loads luggage into the trunk. The limo pulls away.

EXT. SHEIKH ZAYED ROAD - DAY

The limo tools along the highway, passing a sign that reads "Abu Dhabi 25 KM".

INT. TOKYO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Near the gate, Tracy greets Aiman with a hug. The couple pass through the check point onto the jetway.

INT. JET (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Tracy and Aiman sit together in their first class seats. Wearing ear buds, Aiman watches the end credits of "The Apartment" on his screen. He removes the ear buds.

AIMAN

Your father loves this movie?  
It was like "Mad Men" on roofies.

TRACY

It is a bit dated.

AIMAN

The women get treated like shit and the main character is a patsy who helps make it happen.

TRACY

I know, I've seen it at least 20 times. A real classic.

AIMAN

Well, that's one way to--

TRACY

--Aiman, I'm glad we could hook up on the way back. On these long flights it's so much nicer when--

AIMAN

--One down, one to go.

(beat)

You arranged to be with me right here, right now. Just tell me, Tracy, what's on your mind?

TRACY

Cutting to the chase, I see. Okay. We have to address Grayson Richards.

AIMAN

The natural next move.

TRACY

And final one, I hope. I can't keep going on with this plotting.

(beat)

With Marilyn and Richards neutralized, I'll breathe easier.

AIMAN

I think the Richards play should be based on the assumption he bribed or coerced someone at the morgue to fork over confidential and privileged records. If we can show that, it becomes his Achilles Heel.

TRACY

I have no doubts he pulled some shit to get Cuttbate's real name. What do you propose?

AIMAN

I have a few ideas. If one works, it works. No need for you to be briefed or involved.

TRACY

I don't want to know.

(beat)

What are you thinking time-table-wise?

AIMAN

Time-table-wise? I guess you have seen the movie 20 times.

(beat)

Time-table-wise I think we can get to the point in the next two or three weeks where you confront Richards and close the whole thing out, once and for all-wise.

TRACY

I have to confront him? Why?

AIMAN

That's the way it works best. Face to face. You did it with Marilyn. You demonstrate you're in control; that you hold all the cards.

TRACY  
Marilyn was different.

AIMAN  
I know. A subordinate. But you have to look at Richards the same way. You hired him, he failed. Then he went off the reservation without your approval. You're in the best position to make him see the errors of his ways. He won't submit to anyone but you.

TRACY  
Shit, it really makes me nerv--

AIMAN  
--Let me go out on a limb. The night you shot and killed Cuttbate--

TRACY  
--Hold on--

AIMAN  
--I bet you were in complete control. You were in charge and he was your bitch. Didn't you tell me he puked all over himself, Tracy?

TRACY  
Will you keep your voice down!

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT passing by inserts herself, eyeing Aiman as she speaks to Tracy.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Can I help you ma'am? Do you need anything?

TRACY  
No, I'm fine.

The Flight Attendant moves on slowly. Tracy addresses Aiman.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
What's your point?

AIMAN  
You're fearless. Richards already knows this.

TRACY  
I suppose.

AIMAN

Let's say Richards suspects you killed Cuttbate. What more could you be capable of doing if pushed too far? He has to consider the madman theory - or I guess the madwoman theory.

(beat)

No. He'll cave once he knows you have him by the balls and you're not fucking around.

(beat)

Checkmate. You win.

TRACY

Sounds more like stalemate. No one wins.

(beat)

You know everything. Too much actually. I suppose I'll have to hire someone to neutralize you. And then someone to neutralize them.

AIMAN

Oh, please.

TRACY

When will I finally be free? When will all this shit end?

AIMAN

It doesn't end, because it never began. We signed NDA's, remember?

(beat)

Hang in there, Tracy. It'll all be over soon enough.

INT. ARMANI HOTEL/MATT'S ROOM - DAY

Matt, fresh out of the shower, talks on the phone.

MATT

I'm glad you made it back safely to San Diego. I hope the flight wasn't too brutal.

TRACY (V.O.)

I'm never going to Malaysia again.

MATT

Even if I make you GM?

TRACY

Hmmm. That's different. Although I don't see why we have to be in Malaysia.

MATT

Wasn't that your idea?

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TRACY

Seemed good at the time.

MATT (V.O.)

Listen, get some rest. I'll be back in a few days. Maybe you can run me through the contract for Marilyn's protection service.

TRACY

Gordon should do it. He handled all the T's and C's.

MATT

Oh, OK. But I'd like you to be there with him.

TRACY

Sure.

MATT

Great. See you soon, Trace.

TRACY

Bye Bye.

INT. ARMANI HOTEL/MATT'S ROOM - DAY

Matt hangs up. He pulls on a pair of pants and knocks on the door to Hannah's Room. Fiddling with his phone, Matt is distracted.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Just a minute.

Matt turns the knob on the shared door.

INT. ARMANI HOTEL/HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah hustles to get dressed. Just as she gets on her panties, but nothing else, Matt enters the Room holding his cell phone. She covers her breasts.

MATT

Oh, gee. I'm sorry. I guess the door wasn't locked.

Hannah stands stunned. Matt looks away.

MATT (CONT'D)

I just wanted to show you the photos from the Skypool.

Matt looks back at Hannah.

MATT (CONT'D)

The sunshine on your face, and the Burj al Arab in the distance, well...

Matt approaches Hannah who maintains composure. He reaches out and caresses her face, encountering no resistance.

HANNAH

Matt--

MATT

--You are so beautiful.

Matt moves in closer.

MATT (CONT'D)

May I kiss you?

Hannah looks deeply into Matt's eyes for a moment. She nods. With her eyes closed, Matt kisses Hannah lightly on the lips.

HANNAH

Kiss me again.

This time Matt gives Hannah a deep French kiss. She wraps her arms around his neck; he pulls her in tight, pressing her breasts against his chest.

INT. ARMANI HOTEL/MATT'S ROOM - DAY

Matt and Hannah romp in bed, Hannah on top riding with abandon. After climax, the couple lie together, breathing heavily, then giggling.

HANNAH  
That was special.

MATT  
More than special. Exhilarating.  
What a wonderful way to wrap up our  
trip together.  
(beat)  
Y'know, Hannah, I've been attracted  
to you since the moment we first  
met. And last night, in the  
desert, under the infinite stars,  
the attraction only grew stronger

HANNAH  
I don't know what to say.

MATT  
I love your energy. Your  
enthusiasm. Your joie de vivre.  
(beat)  
At this moment, lying next to you,  
I feel young again.

HANNAH  
You are young, Matt.

MATT  
A man is only as young as his wife  
allows him to be.

HANNAH  
Oh...  
(beat)  
Tracy's not that old.

MATT  
No, I suppose not. Still, she acts  
like an elder statesman at work.

HANNAH  
I'm sure she wants the best for  
NanoNano.

MATT  
Of course she does - she's a major  
shareholder.

Matt rolls toward Hannah, resting on an elbow, hand  
supporting his head.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Have you ever communicated with a  
dude named Aiman Hakim?

HANNAH

I've never spoken with him, but I know who you're talking about. Tracy negotiated Marilyn's protection contract with him, or maybe one of his--

MATT

--I'd love to know if we've contracted for more than protection services. That lease downtown. What was that for?

HANNAH

Can I tell you something?

Matt sits up.

MATT

Of course.

HANNAH

Tracy's been very good to me - mostly - for a long time.

MATT

OK...

HANNAH

I don't want to, y'know, get anyone in trouble.

MATT

Hannah, if you know something that impacts me or the company, you must tell me. I'll make sure nothing happens to you.

Hannah nods.

MATT (CONT'D)

Now, do you have something to tell me, or not?

Hannah sits on the edge of the bed, facing away from Matt.

HANNAH

I saw Tracy and Hakim alone together on your yacht. The week of the quarterly.

MATT

Is that so? And?

HANNAH

You can't tell anyone I told you this!

MATT

Go on.

HANNAH

I wasn't spying. Honest. I just dropped by to deliver some papers, and I, uh, saw them y'know, hugging, kissing...

Matt rolls onto his back, hands interlaced behind his head, staring calmly at the ceiling.

MATT

Maybe it was just a friendly embrace. I mean, you didn't see them fuck, right?

HANNAH

Oh no. When he grabbed her ass, I left immediately.

(beat)

You're probably right, Matt. Shit, I'm sorry I mentioned it.

MATT

Don't be sorry. I was pushy and I apologize for that, but I'm glad you told me, Hannah. You've given me some things to think about.

Matt reaches for Hannah's shoulder and coaxes her back into bed. He runs his fingers through her hair, kisses her deeply, and slips his hand under the sheets. Hannah moans.

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

On a rainy afternoon, Erskine and Colby enter the Coroner's Office.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

The two fake FBI agents proceed to a window manned by an elderly RECEPTIONIST. She parts the window.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you gentlemen?

Flopping open his fake badge and quickly retracting it, Erskine explains.

ERSKINE

I'm Inspector Erskine of the FBI,  
and this is my colleague, Special  
Agent Colby.

Colby similarly flashes his fake badge for a split second.

ERSKINE (CONT'D)

We'd like to speak to the coroner  
if that's possible.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course. Let me get him.

The Receptionist departs. Erskine and Colby wander about the lobby. The CORONER arrives. He is an elderly man sporting a white goatee and dressed in a three-piece suit and dark tie.

CORONER

What can I do for you boys?

ERSKINE

I'm Inspector Erskine of the FBI,  
and this is my colleague, Special  
Agent Colby. We've received a  
reliable complaint that one of your  
pathologists conspired with a  
private detective to illegally  
transfer confidential information  
regarding a John Doe in your  
custody.

CORONER

Oh dear, that's awful.

COLBY

And unlawful.

CORONER

Yes, of course. When did this  
happen?

COLBY

Allegedly happened, sir.

ERSKINE

Within the past 60 days most  
likely. Do you maintain video  
surveillance of the morgue?

CORONER

We have several cameras in various parts of the building. Video is stored for up to a year.

ERSKINE

Can we see it?

CORONER

I'll have to ask my assistant. It might be in a cloud.

ERSKINE

Do that.

INT. JET (TRAVELING) - DAY

Matt and Hannah sit next to each other in first class. Matt finishes watching "Lawrence of Arabia" while Hannah watches "The Devil Wears Prada". He taps Hannah on the shoulder; she pauses the movie.

MATT

How much do you know about our cosmetics operation, Hannah?

HANNAH

A fair amount, I suppose. I read the status meeting minutes, and I chat with Marilyn on occasion about the business. Why do you ask?

MATT

I need to find a new GM. Tracy felt a woman should run the division, and I agreed. And still do.

HANNAH

Why not Tracy?

MATT

She's on the short list, obviously. But I want choices. And as you may have noticed, there aren't any other females in top positions around here.

HANNAH

Would you like me to work with HR to start an external search?

MATT

Tracy's already on it, but given she's a contender for the job, I'm not sure--

HANNAH

--HR can do it without her, y'know.

MATT

I want to put you up for it. I know you're gonna say something like Tracy deserves it. But you see, deserves got nothing to do with it. That's what Tracy told me once.

(beat)

I think you would make a great GM, Hannah.

HANNAH

I don't know what to say. I'm flattered.

MATT

And?

HANNAH

I'd be honored to be on the candidate's list.

MATT

You'll have to go before the board. Tracy's on the board.

HANNAH

If the process is fair, I'm not afraid. Besides, who knows who'll be on the board when the time comes.

MATT

Sei cattivella.

HANNAH

You, too?

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Erskine, Colby and the Coroner look over the shoulder of the Receptionist seated in front of a screen.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you realize that 60 days is almost fifteen hundred hours of tape? Can't you narrow down the time frame?

COLBY

Our suspect drives a yellow antique car, so if we can buzz through the parking lot video, that might narrow it down.

ERSKINE

Also, most likely he showed up after hours, so we can start with night time video.

RECEPTIONIST

Whatever you say.

The Receptionist loads a video and fast forwards to an evening time, and she and Colby study the tape. Erskine and the Coroner step off to the side.

CORONER

What's this all about?

ERSKINE

A reliable source tells us an extortionist came here to find the identity of a murder victim so he could blackmail the purported killer. It's all unsavory stuff.

CORONER

That wouldn't be the first time something like that happened here.  
(beat)

A couple years ago a rich-looking guy came in offering money to recover his wedding ring from the vagina of a young woman who died under suspicious circumstances.

ERSKINE

Really?

CORONER

We called the authorities, but as far as I know nothing happened to the guy. During the autopsy, instead of a wedding ring we extracted a gold Rolex.

ERSKINE

Jesus.

CORONER

Then there was a John Doe who came in wearing a leather chastity belt with a padlock. A set of dentures was latched onto his, y'know, bitten clean through.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Colby and the Receptionist scroll rapidly through video. Finally, Colby calls out.

COLBY

Stop! Back up!

The Receptionist rewinds.

COLBY (CONT'D)

Erskine, get over here!

Erskine and the Coroner enter the scene. Everyone stares at the screen as the Receptionist proceeds to play tape.

POV - TAPE SHOWING YELLOW KARMANN GHIA PULLING INTO THE LOT.

ERSKINE

That's it. That's his vehicle. Pull the video from all the cameras starting from that day and time.

INT. SAN DIEGO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Aiman and Tracy sit next to each other in a quiet, secluded booth away from other diners. They watch the action on Aiman's open laptop, and listen to voices on the speaker.

CODY (V.O.)

You're asking for privileged shit. Confidential shit. The kinda shit that gets dudes like you and me stripped of our licenses. Possible criminal charges.

(beat)

You carry a leather briefcase with a clasp and a tiny lock, so I know you're prepared to pay for shit.

RICHARDS (V.O.)  
Prepared, yes, and done. Another  
G. That's fair.

Aiman stops the playback.

AIMAN  
I sent you all the video files.  
Encrypted of course.

TRACY  
What a fucking asshole. I can't  
believe I hired him.

AIMAN  
He is a real piece of work.

TRACY  
Piece of work? He's a piece of  
shit.

AIMAN  
Watch this and tell me what you  
think.

Aiman restarts the playback.

TRACY'S POV - Laptop video showing Richards pawing through a  
folder, pulling out a photo of Cuttbate's tattoo, and taking  
a picture of the photo.

RICHARDS (V.O.)  
This is good, real good. I might  
be able to retire on this shit.

Aiman stops the playback.

TRACY  
Retire? I'll tell you what I  
think. He wants to blackmail me.

AIMAN  
I have to agree. But that's not  
gonna happen.

TRACY  
I don't know how you did it, but  
you've given me something to shock  
that slug Richards into submission.

AIMAN  
That's what we promised, Ms.  
Shepard.

TRACY

Well, Mr. Hakim, I appreciate you keeping your promise. Now, I feel emboldened.

(beat)

I'm gonna confront Richards back in New York.

(beat)

Why don't you come with me. We can celebrate afterwards - anywhere you want to go.

Aiman shifts in his seat and adds an inch of distance between him and Tracy.

AIMAN

I can't. I'm leaving for Bangkok tomorrow. I've been promoted to Senior VP of operations covering Malaysia plus Thailand, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam.

TRACY

Congratulations, Aiman. Well deserved. I'm gonna take over as the new GM of our Malaysia operations. We'll practically be neighbors.

Tracy hails a WAITER. He arrives and she places an order.

TRACY (CONT'D)

A bottle of your best Champagne.

The Waiter departs.

AIMAN

Um, now that our work for NanoNano is complete, Tracy... the contract... I mean, I'm gonna be focused on, y'know, lots of... Are you sure you're gonna be GM?

Aiman clumsily gulps his wine, spilling some on his shirt.

TRACY

Are you dumping me?

AIMAN

Dumping? What? No. I just--

TRACY

--You sound like you're dumping me, babe.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I've been dumped once before, and I must say your performance is middle school at best.

AIMAN

C'mon, Tracy, let's--

TRACY

--It's OK, I had fun. I hope you did too.

(beat)

I gotta go to the ladies' room.

Aiman stands up; Tracy brushes past him perfunctorily.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Can you pick up the check for once?

Tracy tosses her napkin on the table and departs, leaving Aiman standing like a dope. The Waiter arrives with a bottle of Champagne, an ice bucket and two glasses.

AIMAN

Take that back.

INT. MATT'S OFFICE - DAY

Matt sits at his desk, Hannah sits across from him. She spreads out some papers.

HANNAH

Another strange invoice just came in. That Pacific Rim LLC is the payee.

MATT

What for and how much this time?

Hannah points with a pen to one of the papers.

HANNAH

Right here: data recovery. 150 K. The rest of the contract is a dupe of the previous contract, again with most of the fields left blank.

MATT

Well, fuck that. I'm not paying.

(beat)

Did we pay the previous bill?

HANNAH  
Yeah. Gordon signed off.

MATT  
Shit.

Matt presses a button on his intercom.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Tell Gordon to come to my office  
ASAP.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)  
Yes, Mr. Blankenshein. Um, your  
wife is here, shall I send her in.

MATT  
In a minute.

Addressing Hannah.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I gotta talk to her. Go out  
through the side door.

Hannah packs her papers and leaves through a side exit.

Matt hits the intercom button again.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Send her in.

Tracy enters and takes the seat Hannah had occupied.

TRACY  
Hmmm, the seat's warm.  
(beat)  
Did you get everything you wanted  
in Dubai.

MATT  
Yes. Overall, a success. I'd give  
it an A minus. The Abu Dhabi  
meetings ended without the solid  
commitments I hoped for. But they  
didn't say no.

TRACY  
Well, they never say no. Not in  
the first meeting.

MATT  
I want to thank you again for  
trying to retain Marilyn.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

Now I gotta ask you about the contracts you negotiated with the Pacific Rim firm.

TRACY

Contracts? More than one?

MATT

Well, yeah.

TRACY

I did the deal for Marilyn's protection service. That's it. What are you referring to?

MATT

We received two additional bills from a company, a subsidiary I guess, of Pacific Rim for odd sounding services.

TRACY

No idea. I hope you didn't pay them.

MATT

I stopped the second one, but Gordon let the money go for the first.

Tracy shakes her head and smirks. Matt rubs his temples.

TRACY

I got HR going on a search to replace Marilyn.

MATT

Call it off.

(beat)

I know you want the position, and so does--

Tracy bursts out laughing.

TRACY

--Where'd you get that insane idea, Matt? The last thing I want is to be exiled to Malaysia.

MATT

For some reason I thought you'd--

TRACY

--You thought wrong. If you want my advice--

MATT

--I do--

TRACY

--My advice is make Hannah the GM. Keeps one of our females in the position, and she's capable enough.  
(beat)  
I'll support her with the board.

MATT

Gee, that makes things a lot easier for me. I thought I'd be sucked into a battle between the two of you.

TRACY

Oh, so you already seriously considered Hannah? I guess I shouldn't be surprised.

MATT

You just recommended her. Why would you be surprised if I came to the same conclusion?

TRACY

You should move fast. Not a good idea to leave the division leaderless for long.

Matt checks his phone and begins scrolling. An uncomfortable silence.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna visit my father this week. I won't be gone long.

Without looking up, Matt responds.

MATT

Tell Charles I said hi. Invite him to come out here for a visit some time. Maybe we can catch up over some classics.

TRACY

I will. Congratulate Hannah for me. I'll miss seeing her around here.

Matt stands and approaches Tracy. He gives her a little kiss.

MATT

Safe travels, Tracy. Call me when you arrive in the big city.

TRACY

I will.

Tracy departs. Matt's intercom BUZZES. He returns to his desk.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Gordon is here to see you.

MATT

Tell him to come in.

Gordon enters and approaches Matt's desk.

MATT (CONT'D)

You're fired, Gordon.

INT. LIMO (TRAVELING) - DAY

Riding in the Limo, Tracy makes a call.

AIMAN (V.O.)

Hello, Tracy.

TRACY

I'm calling to let you know that you're not getting paid for the coroner work. Matt smelled a rat and quashed it.

AIMAN

That's unacceptable, Tracy. That project cost a lot, and involved high risk.

TRACY

Sorry. Just be content with the money you've already been paid.

AIMAN

This could fuck up my promotion. I'll sic our lawyers on your ass, believe me.

TRACY

You really want to go through discovery? With what I know about your techniques?

AIMAN

We have an NDA.

TRACY

What we really have is M A D.

AIMAN

Um...

TRACY

I forgot, you're too young. Mutually assured destruction. I go down, you go down. No one wins. And I'm prepared to go there if you make a stink.

AIMAN

Spoken like a true cunt.

TRACY

C'mon, Aiman. So you make 45 percent profit instead of 50. You're good at deception - fudge the numbers, overcharge another client.

AIMAN

Y'know, I miss you already. Maybe in another timeline we'd be a dashing couple running the world.

(beat)

Did you get that GM gig?

TRACY

I turned it down. Fuck Malaysia. And Laos, and Cambodia, and Viet Nam.

AIMAN

I see.

TRACY

Good bye, Mr. Hakim.

AIMAN

So long, Medea.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Aerial view of NYC skyline. A plane lands on the runway.

INT. NYC HOTEL/LOBBY BAR - DAY

In the early afternoon, Tracy sits in the half-empty Lobby Bar drinking a white wine and perusing her cell phone. She's dressed to perfection in an expensive power suit and her signature heels. Nails sharp; hair professionally styled.

After a moment, Richards walks into the hotel and scans the vicinity. He spots Tracy and heads for her table, taking a seat.

RICHARDS

I had to see this for myself. I said, no way is this for real, but here you are. The lovely and elusive Ms. Shepard. How are you Tracy?

TRACY

Better than you, I'm sure.

Tracy finishes her wine.

RICHARDS

Well, that's not a heavy lift.

(beat)

Y'know, I was rather surprised when you shut me down just when I was about to solve the case... on my own dime.

TRACY

I'm sorry I disappointed you.

RICHARDS

Why am I here? Did you summoned me to resume the investigation? I won't charge you for the work already done.

TRACY

Just drop the whole thing - with prejudice. Your campaign of harassment and intimidation ends right here, right now.

RICHARDS

Whoa... I never harassed... or intimidated you... or anyone else.

TRACY

Cut the shit. Do you deny threatening a NanoNano exec in Malaysia?

Tracy fiddles with her cell phone.

RICHARDS

I never threatened her, I just called to inquire--

TRACY

--Why her? She has nothing to do with my case.

RICHARDS

You know that's not true.

TRACY

Shut up.

Richards's phone DINGS.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I just sent you a link. Click on it.

He checks his screen.

RICHARDS

If I do will my phone explode?

TRACY

Put it next to your head and let's find out.

Richards holds the phone dramatically at arm's length from his head.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Just listen.

Richards taps the screen and watches for a several seconds as audio plays from a prior scene.

CODY (V.O.)

You're asking for privileged shit. Confidential shit. The kinda shit that gets dudes like you and me stripped of our licenses. Possible criminal charges.

Richards places his phone on the table, and hails a WAITER who arrives promptly. Richards points at Tracy's glass.

RICHARDS

Bring a bottle of whatever she's drinking.

The Waiter departs.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

My compliments to whomever you hired to snatch up that video clip. Very stealthy work.

Richards wrings his hands, shakes his head.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

It must've cost you a small fortune to come into possession of such proprietary content.

TRACY

Your PI license and your freedom are on the line, Grayson. Listen to the rest of it. Bask in your clumsy extortion ploy.

RICHARDS

What extortion ploy?

TRACY

Retire? Your blackmail motives are obvious.

RICHARDS

You're wrong about--

TRACY

--Drop your futile crusade, or I will absolutely ensure your demise. My leverage over you far exceeds what you think you have over me.

The Waiter delivers a bottle of wine and pours out two glasses.

RICHARDS

Be cool, Tracy. Consider it dropped. It hardly seems worth it at this point.

Richards hands a glass to Tracy. She checks her watch.

TRACY

Fine.

RICHARDS  
Just one last thing, then we can  
finally call it a day.

Tracy stares glumly at Richards.

TRACY  
What.

RICHARDS  
Reimburse me for my investigation  
expenses... Let's say 50 K.

TRACY  
You're unbelievable, you sewer rat.

RICHARDS  
It's a fair price for the work I  
did... and for me to fuck off  
forever.

TRACY  
Oh, you can fuck off all right. On  
your own dime.

Richards stands up and gulps his wine.

RICHARDS  
Before you dismiss me, think about  
this. It took time, but I  
eventually discovered the identity  
of your con man when no one else  
could. Now try to imagine what  
else I could discover in my spare  
time.

TRACY  
Just go.

RICHARDS  
Until we meet again, Tracy.

Richards departs.

EXT. DAD'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Tracy stands on the stoop and rings the doorbell. Dad opens  
the door, pleasantly shocked to see his daughter.

DAD  
Tracy Rae Shepard! What are you  
doing here? Come in, come in.

INT. DAD'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Tracy hugs Dad and removes her suit jacket, depositing it on a coat rack. The sound of TV movie dialog in the background.

DAD

You look great, Tracy. Why didn't you tell me you were in town. I could have made a dinner reservation, or something.

TRACY

I had a last minute meeting with, uh, a former adviser.

(beat)

Let me get us something. I'll meet you on the sofa, Dad.

Tracy and Dad head to their destinations in the Brownstone.

INT. DAD'S BROWNSTONE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dad drops onto the sofa, and wipes the lenses of his special glasses.

DAD

There's fresh-made lemonade in the fridge. And that bottle of vodka you brought the last time you and Matt visited is still in the freezer.

TRACY (O.S.)

That reminds me - Matt wants you to come to the coast for a visit. Watch some films together. Go out on the yacht, maybe.

DAD

That sounds wonderful. I'd love to get out of the city for a bit.

(beat)

I'll have my executive assistant check my schedule and let you know.

Tracy enters the Living Room with a tray with two glasses and a box of cookies.

TRACY

I found a box of Girl Scout cookies. Thin Mints.

DAD  
I have Trefoils, too, if you prefer  
them.

Tracy sits next to Dad.

TRACY  
Whatcha watching, Dad?

DAD  
The Big Sleep. This is the part  
where Marlowe, the private  
detective, takes a beating.

TRACY  
Hmmm. Perfect timing.

Dad points to the TV.

DAD  
See that guy? Marlowe thinks he's  
blackmailing a woman.  
(beat)  
How long you in town, dear.

TRACY  
Well, I was going to stay for a  
long weekend, but plans changed and  
I'm going back tomorrow.

DAD  
My busy girl.

They watch the movie for a moment in silence.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Oh, do you wanna hear the damnedest  
thing? Remember the gun I sold?

TRACY  
How could I forget. Um, you're not  
in trouble for it, are you?

DAD  
Of course not. The guy who bought  
it just called me not more than an  
hour ago. You're not gonna believe  
this. He said he did some research  
on it, then brought it to an  
auction house. Guess what?

TRACY  
Just tell me, Dad.

DAD

They told him it was bestowed by  
President Truman to none other than  
Audie Murphy.

(beat)

You know who that is, right?

TRACY

Of course.

DAD

Not only that. The gun appeared in  
seven of his movies. Turns out  
it's worth a fortune.

TRACY

Are you kidding me? What did you  
sell it for?

DAD

Two hundred and fifty bucks. He  
said he can get 50 thousand for it.

TRACY

Are you serious? I don't believe  
it.

DAD

He told me he already knows someone  
who will pay that much for it.

TRACY

Jeez, Dad, that's tragic.

DAD

It's not all bad. The guy said  
he'd cut me in for 10 percent of  
whatever it goes for.

TRACY

Really? That's, uh, generous.

DAD

And you thought I sold it to some  
dope dealer.

TRACY

I never said that. I was just  
upset that you didn't even know who  
you'd sold it to.

DAD

Well, now I do. A colorful fellow.  
Grayson Richards.

INT. NYC HOTEL/LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Tracy and Richards sit together at the same table as before. This time the Lobby Bar is busy and noisy. Tracy hunches over the table writing out a check.

TRACY'S POV - ENDORSING A CHECK TO MR. GRAYSON RICHARDS FOR \$50,000.

She rips the check from the book and hands it toward Richards. As he goes to grasp it she drops it on the floor.

RICHARDS  
Demeaning to the end, huh, Tracy?

Richards moves to pick it up but Tracy impales the check with her stiletto heel.

TRACY  
Look me in the eye you invertebrate  
bottom feeder and swear: "our  
business is finished".

Richards holds up his right hand.

RICHARDS  
I swear: "Our business is  
finished".

Tracy lifts her heel off the check. Richards picks up the check and gets a brief look at Tracy's fine foot. He brings the check to the table and flattens the hole in the paper.

Richards retrieves a brown paper bag from his coat pocket and places it on the empty chair next to Tracy. She opens the bag and peers inside.

TRACY  
Audie Murphy. You're almost as  
conniving as Fischer Cuttbate.

RICHARDS  
I know you hate me, but when--

TRACY  
--Hate is a bottomless cup.

RICHARDS  
Huh?

TRACY  
And I will pour, and pour.

A long silence during which Richards shifts in his chair and Tracy stares at him.

RICHARDS

Whatever.

(beat)

What I was saying is that when you try to jam a guy who jams people for a living, you have to expect an unsavory outcome.

TRACY

Are we done here?

Richards stands up and pockets the check.

RICHARDS

As long as this clears, yeah, we're done. It's been a long and bumpy ride, but all's well that ends well.

Tracy gathers her things and rises, towering over Richards.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

And I'll honor my promise to give your old man 5 K. He's a swell guy. We must have chatted about classic movies for--

TRACY

--Shut up, you pitiful piece of dirt. Don't contact him, or me, or anyone else connected to me ever again.

RICHARDS

As you wish.

Tracy begins to leave then doubles back.

TRACY

Death is the only water that washes away dirt. Remember that.

INT. MATT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tracy addresses Matt's Secretary in the outer office.

SECRETARY

Good afternoon, Ms. Shepard. Can I help you?

TRACY

Is Matt busy?

SECRETARY

He's not in today. Was he expecting you?

TRACY

No. I decided to fly back from New York a day early. Where is he?

SECRETARY

At the marina. He's taking a client out on the yacht.

TRACY

Is Hannah around? I need to talk to her about a contract.

SECRETARY

She took a personal day.

TRACY

OK, get me Gordon, then.

SECRETARY

Matt fired Gordon.

TRACY

Why? When?

SECRETARY

A few days ago. I don't know why.

EXT. SAN DIEGO MARINA - DAY

Tracy enters the code and opens the gate and heads toward the docked yacht. She walks the gangplank and boards the vessel. Matt, in a bathing suit, sits at the table on the aft deck scrolling his phone. When he spots Tracy, he jumps up nervously.

MATT

Tracy! What are you doing here? I thought you were coming back tomorrow.

TRACY

You look a little underdressed for a client meeting, Matt.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Matt, honey, do you want salt or  
tajin on the rim?

Tracy crosses her arms and stares daggers at Matt.

MATT

I can explain.

Hannah, in a skimpy bikini, steps onto the deck carrying two  
cocktails, unaware of the dynamic going on.

HANNAH

I made an executive decision and  
went with tajin.

She sees Tracy and freezes, looking at Matt, terrified.

MATT

Go back downstairs, Hannah.

TRACY

Stay, Hannah.

Tracy walks up to Hannah, gets very close to her, looks into  
her eyes and takes one of the cocktails. She sips, then  
turns to Matt.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I had my suspicions, and now I know  
for sure.

MATT

Well, I know you've been fucking  
that guy from Pacific Rim. What's  
his name, Hannah?

Before Hannah can answer, Tracy responds.

TRACY

Aiman Hakim. And that's over with.  
Now, you tell Hannah that it's  
over, too.

MATT

Hannah, bring me that Margarita.

Hannah walks slowly to Matt who takes the cocktail and puts  
his arm around her waist.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you had to find out this  
way, Tracy. I was going to tell  
you.

TRACY

I see. So it's over between us -  
is that what you were going to tell  
me?

MATT

Yes.

TRACY

Well, I'm sure you love birds will  
have a great relationship with her  
running the operation in Kuala  
Lumpur.

MATT

I'm reshoring the cosmetics  
division to San Diego.

Tracy shakes her head in disgust and disbelief.

TRACY

Y'know, I'm having second thoughts  
about Hannah as GM. In retrospect,  
I can see she's not up to the job.  
Fucking the boss? Very poor  
judgement. I'm sure I can convince  
the board to vote this down.

MATT

That's another thing I was going to  
tell you, Tracy. I'm making a  
motion to remove you from the  
board.

TRACY

What are you talking about? You  
can't do that! I'm a major  
stockholder. I will fight and I  
will win.

MATT

When the board learns of your  
involvement with Pacific Rim and  
their fraudulent invoices, I think  
they'll see it my way.

TRACY

There's not a goddamned thing  
untoward with the work I did. It's  
all above board and proper.

HANNAH

What about the two subsequent  
contracts?

TRACY

Don't you dare talk to me!

(beat)

I already told you, Matt, I don't know anything about that.

MATT

The lawyers disagree. Video footage from across the street of the rented storefront shows you walking in, then out of the building.

(beat)

I don't know what went on, but you can't stand there and claim you know nothing about it.

TRACY

I'll fight you.

MATT

You should resign, Tracy. It'll be easier than litigating over something that's inevitable.

(beat)

The board will buy back your shares at a premium, and cover income taxes. You can do whatever you want after that.

TRACY

You'll hear from my lawyers.

MATT

I know.

EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

In the pouring rain, a cab pulls to the curb in front of Tracy's Apartment. She hops out with a roller bag and runs to the entrance, having no umbrella to shield her. As she runs, the heel of her shoe breaks off, and she stumbles to the sidewalk. She stands slowly, picks up the heel, removes both shoes and limps inside.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING/LOBBY - NIGHT

The DOORMAN in a jaunty uniform rises from behind his desk and assists Tracy.

DOORMAN

Ms. Shepard, are you alright? Let me help you with that.

He takes her luggage in one hand, and Tracy's arm in the other. He leads her to a chair.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, you skinned your knee. I'll get the first aid kit.

TRACY

That's not necessary. I'll fix it up myself.

Tracy stands and limps slightly toward the elevator.

DOORMAN

A big package came for you yesterday, Ms. Shepard. Do you want me to have a couple of the boys bring it up to you?

TRACY

In an hour.

Tracy presses the button and enters the elevator.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracy closes the door behind her and sets her keys on the side table. She flings the shoes on the floor and heads to the Kitchen where she takes out a bottle of vodka from the freezer.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tracy soaks in the tub, a washcloth over her eyes, her arm dangling from the tub holding a glass of vodka. A large bandage covers her knee.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tracy lies in bed wearing a white robe, watching TV. A KNOCK at the door.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracy peers out the peephole, then unlocks and opens the door. In the hallway stand two husky, black CUSTODIANS balancing a large rectangular wooden crate on a dolly.

CUSTODIAN #1

Is it OK if we roll this in, Ms. Shepard?

TRACY

I'm not expecting anything, especially something this big. Are you sure it's for me?

Custodian #2 hands her a shipping slip.

CUSTODIAN #2

Has your name on it.

TRACY

OK, roll it in.

The men roll the crate into Tracy's Apartment. She runs her hand along the top of the crate.

TRACY (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to open this thing? It's nailed shut.

CUSTODIAN #1

I brought a crowbar. Figured you might need help.

Custodian #1 pries open the crate, completely removing the wooden side. He pulls away some packing material revealing Tracy's Kandinsky painting. Taped to the frame is an index card. Tracy plucks it off the frame and reads the text.

MATT (V.O.)

Sending your painting back. I never liked it. Matt.

FADE OUT.

THE END.