

RECKLESS

PILOT

Written by

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

She has a sexy southern purr to her voice.

OFFICER
You been drinking?

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

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

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

OFFICER
Step out of the car, please.

6

EXT. VACANT LOT - MOMENTS LATER

6

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

OFFICER
Turn around, put your hands on the
fence.

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

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Higher.

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

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Spread your legs.

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

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

LEE ANNE
What are you doing?

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

LEE ANNE (CONT'D)
No!

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

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

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

He nuzzles her neck and ear.

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

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

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

7 **EXT. INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY - MORNING**

7

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

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

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

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

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

8

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

9 **INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAYS - SAME**

9

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

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

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

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

BENNETT

Sweet baby Jesus. I cannot let you in.

JAMIE

(all Chicago)

C'mon, Bennett. I brought donuts.

She holds up a little bag from Dunkin Donuts.

10

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

10

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

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

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

As she straightens, she hears the courtroom door OPEN.

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

ROY

Counselor. You look lovely, as usual.

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

JAMIE

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

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

ROY

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

Off her look we CUT TO:

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

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

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

TREY
Thanks, Billy.

12 **INT. PRECINCT - DAY** 12

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

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

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

LEE ANNE
Hey there. You around later?

TREY
I gotta be in court.

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

LEE ANNE
Check your email.

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

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

We HEAR a VOICE OVER:

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

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

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

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

ROY

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

TREY

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

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

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

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

TREY (V.O.)

Computer records show that someone entered the building with a security card key at 1:23 a.m.

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

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

TREY (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

TREY (V.O.)

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

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

TREY (V.O.)

The router was still in her neck - it had stabbed all the way into her spinal cord.

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

Roy stands near Trey in the witness box.

ROY
Was anything missing from the
studio?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Roy glances at Jamie, who betrays nothing.

ROY
Can we get the jury some pencils?

18

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

18

Jamie stands, questioning Trey.

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

TREY
They were found on the kitchen
plumbing and counters.

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

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

JAMIE

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

Trey scowls. He doesn't like her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Were his fingerprints on the murder weapon?

TREY

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

JAMIE

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

TREY

...no.

JAMIE

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

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

TREY

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

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

JAMIE

Is this the ring you found?

TREY

It is.

JAMIE

Tiny ring. Must be a size five.

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

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

Jamie walks to the gallery railing, stands before Brenda.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Brenda, will you try this on?

ROY

Objection, your honor, immaterial.

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

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

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

JAMIE
May we approach?

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

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

19

INT. COURTHOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

19

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

ROY (O.C.)
Need quarters?

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

JAMIE
Thanks.

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

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

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

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

ROY

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

JAMIE

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

One puff of shocked laughter escapes him.

ROY

How would you know?

JAMIE

I just...watch you. I know.

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

ROY

I watch you too, Jamie.

(a beat)

And you know what I see? A Yankee lawyer in expensive shoes who doesn't know how to work a southern jury, or a southern DA.

JAMIE

Assistant DA.

ROY

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

Jamie smiles her little half smile.

JAMIE

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

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

20

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

20

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

SHAUNEE

Daddy not behind the window.

DESHAUN

Not today, baby.

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

DESHAUN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

JAMIE

No problem.

DESHAUN

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

JAMIE

We're gonna win.

21

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

21

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

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

JAMIE, who stands there, caught staring.

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

We HOLD ON JAMIE...her wheels turning.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

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

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

 DETECTIVE
I need to see the gun from 486.

 LEE ANNE
Might take me a minute.

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

 LEE ANNE
Is that part of my job description?

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

He watches knowingly as she walks into the evidence room.

She leans against the wall, stunned at his implication.

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

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

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

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

 MAUREEN
Roy Rayder...you look terrible!

 ROY
(amused)
And you get prettier every year.

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

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

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

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

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

ROY
Maybe Dec should take this down.

MAUREEN
He thinks she'll come back to you.

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

DEC
There he is! Where ya been, Roy?

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

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

25

INT. DEC'S OFFICE - DAY

25

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

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

ROY
Tom, nice to see you.

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

PEEL
Heard a lot about you, Roy.

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

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

ROY
That's the rumor.

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

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

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

ROY

Me?

DEC

It's a big prize...

ROY

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

DEC

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

Roy looks at Dec. Then at Tom.

ROY

...is this because of my father?

DEC

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

DAVIS

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

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

ROY

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

Roy looks at them.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'd consider it...if you'd make me a full partner, Dec. So I have somewhere to practice if it all goes to hell.

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

DEC
That's what I meant, son.

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

Tom shares a quick, but significant look with Peel.

26

EXT. UNION HEIGHTS - TWILIGHT

26

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

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

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

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

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

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

BRENDA
...wasn't bothering me.

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

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

Brenda looks at her.

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

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

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

BRENDA

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

JAMIE

And did you? Do what he wanted?

BRENDA

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

JAMIE

We have to lodge a complaint...

BRENDA

No. No way...

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

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Is that for me, baby? Thank you!

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

BRENDA (CONT'D)

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

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

CUT TO:

27

EXT. SHEM CREEK - NIGHT

27

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

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

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

28

EXT. BRUSH AND UNDERGROWTH - NIGHT

28

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

KENNY

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

Helen looks down, emotion in her voice:

HELEN

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

JAMIE

I have reason to believe the detective in this case is not telling the whole truth about his investigation. I'm heading down to the precinct to re-examine everything...his reports, evidence.

(to Helen and Kenny)

Anything you can think of, anything from Carrie's life we might have overlooked, please...call me.

32

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

32

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

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

LEE ANNE (O.S.)

You gonna forward that one to your buddies too?

He looks up. Lee Anne herself is standing there.

TREY

I didn't forward anything.

LEE ANNE

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

TREY

Lee Anne...

LEE ANNE

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

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

TREY

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

LEE ANNE

You'll go right down with me.

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

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

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

Lee Anne leaves. Trey watches, recognizing Jamie.

33

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

33

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAMIE
So she was buried with it?

LEE ANNE
You'd have to ask them.

Lee Anne looks at the ring in the photo again.

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

JAMIE
Does that happen?

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

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

LEE ANNE
(nonchalant)
Sure. I know him.

JAMIE
Is he one of the assholes?

Her expression darkens.

LEE ANNE
He's the King Asshole.

CUT TO:

34

INT. ROY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

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

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

ROY
Hello?

JAMIE (V.O.)
It's Jamie Horn.

ROY
Aw, geez...

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

ROY
Jamie, it's late...

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

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

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

JAMIE
Can I come in?

ROY
Hell no.

JAMIE
Why? You having a date?

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

JAMIE

Real estate transactions are public record.

ROY

You got three minutes.

JAMIE

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

ROY

Deep water.

JAMIE

What?

ROY

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

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

JAMIE

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

Roy just squints at her. A beat.

ROY

The Mayor wants to appoint me City Attorney.

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

JAMIE

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

ROY

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

JAMIE

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

ROY

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

JAMIE

Not by DeShaun. The detective's credibility is totally impeached...

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

JAMIE
I saw them together.

ROY
Maybe she wanted you to see them.

JAMIE
You drive me crazy.

ROY
The feeling's mutual.

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

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

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

She smiles. Him too. A beat.

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

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

Their eyes stay on each other for a moment.

JAMIE
See ya in court, Roy.

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

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

35

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

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

TREY
Did you talk to that woman lawyer?

LEE ANNE
I helped her in the evidence room.

TREY

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

LEE ANNE

I'll tell her whatever I want.

TREY

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

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

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

36

EXT./INT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

36

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

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

PRESTON
Hey Counselor.

JAMIE
Hey Detective.

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

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

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

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

They clink beers.

PRESTON
You look good.

JAMIE
So do you.

He touches her hand. A beat, and then:

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

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

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

He has to smile. She is who she is.

PRESTON

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

He sees her wheels are turning.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

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

JAMIE

You're not my booty call.

PRESTON

(disappointed)
Really?

JAMIE

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

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

PRESTON

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

JAMIE

(coy)
Were you?

PRESTON

I was...

JAMIE

Keep talking. I'm listening...

He smiles. They both laugh a little.

FADE TO:

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

37

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

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

38

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

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Babe, can you come out here?!

JAMIE

What the hell's a columbarium?

VI

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

JAMIE

Can you print me out some directions to Oaks Cemetary?

42

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

42

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

LEE ANNE

You wanted to see me, sir?

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

KNOX

Close the door.

She closes it. Sits.

KNOX (CONT'D)

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

LEE ANNE

(flushing)
Why?

KNOX

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

LEE ANNE

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

KNOX

Fraternizing with a fellow officer is a serious offense.

LEE ANNE

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

KNOX

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

LEE ANNE

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

A beat. We see Knox struggling with this.

KNOX

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

She stares at him. She's trembling.

KNOX (CONT'D)

These officers will escort you out.

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

LEE ANNE

You're gonna regret this.

43

INT. COLUMBARIUM - DAY

43

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

JAMIE

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

SUITED MAN

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

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

SUITED MAN (CONT'D)

Do you have the family's permission?

Jamie hands him a paper.

JAMIE

I have a court order.

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

SUITED MAN

I will go look for my notes.

He starts off, then turns back:

SUITED MAN (CONT'D)

We have security cameras. And a microchip in every urn.

He smiles creepily and leaves her alone.

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

JAMIE

Sorry, Carrie.

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

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

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

VI (V.O.)

Topaz and diamonds melt?

44

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

44

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

JAMIE

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

VI

The victim was making fake jewelry?

JAMIE

Maybe. But...why?

VI

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

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

JAMIE

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Marisa St. Cloud. That'll do it.

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

45

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

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

MARISA

Well hey there, darlin!

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

JAMIE

This is Lester, he's a jeweler.

LESTER

Beautiful home.

MARISA

(all smiles)

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

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

46

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

MARISA

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

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

JEWELER

The stones in these necklaces are
fake.

A beat. Marisa stares at them.

MARISA
I beg your pardon?

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

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

47

INT. CITY ATTORNEY OFFICE AT CITY HALL - DAY

47

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

PARALEGAL
City Attorney's office.

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

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

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

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

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

DARREN
Pleasure, sir.

ROY
What are y'all working on?

DARREN
Discovery on City of Charleston vs. Crane Chemicals.

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

Darren hands over three thick files.

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

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

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

ROY
Jamie Horn?

ANGIE
She's the litigator on the porn
shop.

ROY
Sounds like her speed.

48

INT. CITY HALL - COUNCIL CHAMBER - EARLY EVENING

48

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

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

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

KNOX
They'll let anybody in here these
days.

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

They're friends, old friends.

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

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

CUT TO:

49

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

49

Roy and Knox eat dinner.

KNOX
City Attorney. I can't believe it.

ROY

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

KNOX

Guess he thought wrong.

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

ROY

How's Susie, the kids?

KNOX

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

ROY

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

KNOX

...I hate this for you, Roy.

ROY

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

A pause.

KNOX

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

ROY

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

KNOX

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

ROY

I'll need to see all that.

KNOX

I'll send it over. To the house?

ROY
Just forward me the emails.

KNOX
You don't want me to do that.

ROY
How many are there?

KNOX
I don't know. Thousands?

Off Roy's surprised look, we CUT TO:

50

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

50

Jamie and Vi are walking toward her office together.

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

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

VI
To keep it a secret? From Helen?

JAMIE
I think I'll talk to Helen again.

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

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

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

JAMIE
Of course I remember.

LEE ANNE
I think I need a lawyer.

51

EXT. ROY'S BACKYARD - SULTRY NIGHT

51

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

52 **EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

52

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

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

COP

Where do you want 'em?

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

53

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

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

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

IT'S LEE ANNE.

END OF ACT TWO

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAMIE
She modeled for you?

KENNY
Yes.

Jamie feels suddenly wary of being alone with him.

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

JAMIE
...does Helen know about this painting?

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

He recovers the stack of nudes with the drop cloth.

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

JAMIE
Were you involved with her?

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

JAMIE
Did the police ever question you?

KENNY

No. Why would they?

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

JAMIE

I have to be in court.

He follows her to the door.

KENNY

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

JAMIE

Oh, I will.

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

57

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

57

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

JAMIE

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

VI

Today? Why? It's gonna pour.

JAMIE

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

VI

Where am I supposed to get a photo of Kenny?

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

VI (CONT'D)

You stole this?

JAMIE
I borrowed it.

VI
You woulda made a good criminal.

CUT TO:

58 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

58

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

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

JUDGE GARNER
You just had a day.

JAMIE
I need another one.

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

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

Roy takes the brief, a little concerned.

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

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

ROY
What did I do?

JAMIE
You didn't help!

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

JAMIE
With what?

63 **EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY**

63

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

64 **INT. SHOP - SAME**

64

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

VI

It's goddamn biblical out there.

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

VI (CONT'D)

What's your nametag say, "Shoot?"

He looks down at his nametag, embarrassed.

SHOOT

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

VI

Nah. You're manly enough to be Sherman.

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

VI (CONT'D)

Seen this gal around in the last year or so, selling gems?

SHOOT

You police?

VI

Nope. I work for a lawyer.

SHOOT

I ain't seen her.

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

VI

What about this fella?

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

SHOOT

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

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

VI

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

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

SHOOT

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

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

SHOOT (CONT'D)

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

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

65

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

65

The phone is ringing. Jamie picks it up.

JAMIE

Horn and Associates.

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

VI

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

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

JAMIE

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

VI

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

JAMIE

No...not all night.

We HOLD on Jamie's face, thinking.

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

66

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

JAMIE

You gonna let me in this time?

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

67 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

67

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

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

ROY

Okay...

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

JAMIE

What's all this about?

He gestures her attention toward the TV.

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

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

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

ROY

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

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

ROY (CONT'D)

There's a cut or something...right here, a bump...

JAMIE

That means there's missing footage.

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Turn it off.

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

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

ROY

What do you think?

JAMIE

I think we need that beer now.

68

EXT. BEACH ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND - NIGHT

68

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

JAMIE

How long have you had that little tape?

ROY

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

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

JAMIE

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

ROY

Maybe...

JAMIE

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

ROY

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

JAMIE

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

ROY

So far.

JAMIE

You think they sit around watching that video?

ROY

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

JAMIE

...did you?

ROY

Did I what?

JAMIE

Get off on it?

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

ROY

Did you?

JAMIE

I asked you first.

They both laugh a little, awkward now.

ROY

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

JAMIE

Deal.

ROY

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

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

JAMIE

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

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

ROY

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

JAMIE

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

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

ROY

...you got a boyfriend?

JAMIE

(amused)

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

ROY

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

She nods. A beat.

JAMIE

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

ROY

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

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

ROY (CONT'D)

Better get back.

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

CUT TO:

69

EXT. RAVENEL BRIDGE - NIGHT

69

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

70

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

70

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

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

71

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

71

Two uniform cops approach Jamie's car.

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

JAMIE
I wasn't speeding.

COP TWO
Step out of the car, please.

WIDE SHOT as Jamie steps out of the car.

JAMIE
What's this about?

COP ONE
You were driving erratically.

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

COP ONE
You been drinking tonight, Ma'am?

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

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

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

BIG COP
What have we got here?

Now four men with guns are surrounding her.

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

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

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

BIG COP
Something in there we need a
warrant for?

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

It's a BAGGIE OF COCAINE.

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

JAMIE
You put that there!

BIG COP
Get her in the car.

JAMIE
This is bullshit!

COP ONE
Turn around ma'am.

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

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

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

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

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR72 **INT. COUNTY JAIL - EARLY MORNING**

72

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

FEMALE GUARD

Jamie Horn?

73 **INT. WAITING AREA - SAME**

73

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

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

PRESTON

I'm sorry it took so long, babe.

JAMIE

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

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

PRESTON

You want to come back to my place?

JAMIE

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

He puts an arm around her. Escorts her out.

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

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

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

74

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

JAMIE

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

VI

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

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

JAMIE

What did you tell Helen?

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

VI

That you're calling her as a witness because she discovered the body.

(sets a thick file on the counter)

Here's the research I did last night.

Jamie starts to read through it.

JAMIE

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

VI

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

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

VI (CONT'D)

Do you think Helen killed her?

JAMIE

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

Vi chooses the righteous high heels.

VI

I think you need the kick-ass heels.

75

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

75

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

JAMIE

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

She hands it to Helen, who looks at it.

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

HELEN
Of course. My partner made it.

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

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

JAMIE
Thank you.

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

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

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

JUDGE GARNER
Miss Horn...

HELEN
What are you doing?

She carries the burning dish to Helen.

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

HELEN
(confused, worried)
Nothing.

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

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

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

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

JAMIE

Diamonds don't burn. Or melt.

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The effect the fire had on this ring is proof that the so-called "gems" in the setting were fakes. Nothing but paste.

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

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Did you know the jewels were fake?

HELEN

Of course not.

JAMIE

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

ROY

Objection, your honor...

JUDGE

Overruled...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Did Carrie find out that you were switching her gems? Is that why you went to the studio that night?

ROY
Objection!

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

JUDGE
Sustained! Ms. Horn...

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

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

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

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

JAMIE
Who's Perry Mason?

Roy rolls his eyes.

JUDGE GARNER
What have you actually got on this witness?

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

ROY
All hearsay...

Jamie barrels through.

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

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

ROY

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

JAMIE

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

JUDGE GARNER

Where was Helen the night of the murder?

JAMIE

She says she was home alone, asleep.

A beat. The Judge glances over...

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

Garner turns back to Roy.

JUDGE GARNER

She's got you by the balls, Roy.

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

ROY

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

JAMIE

I want him released. Immediately.

JUDGE GARNER

We can make that happen.

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

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

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

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

76

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

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

PRESTON
McCandless!

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

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

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

Trey grunts in pain.

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

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

TREY
Yes sir.

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

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

77

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

SHAUNEE
You coming home, Daddy?

DESHAUN
(eyes welling)
Coming home, baby.

Brenda hugs Jamie.

BRENDA
Thank you. I knew you could do it.

JAMIE

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

BRENDA

I just want to go home.

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

ROY

Don't you want to savor your moment?

JAMIE

Didn't get much sleep last night.

ROY

Hard to sleep in jail.

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

ROY (CONT'D)

A coke possession charge against you came into the DA's office this morning.

JAMIE

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

ROY

Are you okay?

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

JAMIE

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

ROY

It's a big place but a small town.

(beat)

Can I give you a ride?

She holds his eyes.

JAMIE

I have one.

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

ROY

See ya, Jamie.

LEE ANNE

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

JAMIE

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

LEE ANNE

(fresh tears come)

Because...I loved him. I don't have a great life...at home. I was afraid I would have nothing without him.

JAMIE

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

LEE ANNE

(wiping tears away)

How can you believe them, after what they did to you?

We HOLD on Jamie, feeling that sting.

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

81

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

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

KNOX

Congratulations, buddy.

ROY

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

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

82 **INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY**

82

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

JAMIE

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

CUT TO:

83

INT. CITY ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

83

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

ROY

Okay, Jamie. Game on.

He flicks off the TV in disgust.

DARREN

Roy, this package came in the mail.

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

HIS OFFICE

He sits at his desk.

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

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

A FINGER DRIVE FALLS OUT.

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

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

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

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

PRESTON DURELL, Jamie's boyfriend.

ON ROY, shocked and dismayed.

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

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT.