



TANDEM PRODUCTIONS  
&  
MILMAR PICTURES

present

# TAKE TWO

**Episode 1**

**Production Draft**

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**STUDIOCANAL**

**ACT ONE**

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

DETECTIVE JULES MCNAIR, 32, weapon leveled, moves quickly past stacked crates. Up ahead, light bleeds from the center of the room where a GIRL, 12 years old, is blindfolded and tied to a chair. McNair crosses to the girl, and pulls the blindfold.

JULES MCNAIR

Stacey, it's okay. I'm Detective  
McNair. I'm here to take you home.

McNair works to loosen the rope binds, but freezes when she hears the action of a gun slide back behind her.

MAN'S VOICE

I knew you'd come, McNair.

McNair turns to see VLAD, 40s, staring down the barrel of his 9mm automatic. McNair slowly stands.

JULES MCNAIR

Let her go, Vlad. You have me as a  
hostage now.

VLAD

I'm greedy. I'll take you both. Now  
drop the gun.

McNair doesn't have a play. She drops her weapon. Tense.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Kick it over.

She knows if she does, she's dead. Her eyes burn with the diamond hard look of a cobra about to strike, and then...

With lightning speed, McNair TOE FLIPS HER GUN onto her boot and sends it sailing right at Vlad. As VLAD DUCKS - She pulls a back up piece from an ankle holster on her still-raised kicking leg and FIRES. BAM! BAM! As a shocked Vlad falls, McNair stares down her smoking gun... dead serious.

JULES MCNAIR

I'm greedy too. For justice.

We hear a LOUD BUZZ, and pull back to find we are...

**INT. REHAB FACILITY, RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

... watching a TV show on a monitor. The buzzing is from the ward door opening, prompting the receptionist, THERESA, to quickly click off the show to see...

EMMA SWIFT, early 30s, jeans, T-shirt and baggy sweater. Emma's a natural beauty who looks very much like the Detective we just saw on TV. In fact, she's the actress who played her, but right now she looks a lot more fragile. Emma gives a fond hug to a WOMAN in a Doctor's coat then crosses to Theresa.

EMMA

Looks like they're kicking me out.

THERESA

We're all about the tough love.  
Here are your papers for the court  
and the stuff you came in with.

Theresa slides her some papers and hands her a cardboard box. Emma signs, then looks inside at a glittery purse, silver Loubotin stilettos, and a strappy fringed dress, wincing.

EMMA

Ahhhh, the outfit that trended.  
Hashtag, no underwear. Hashtag, no  
dignity. Hashtag, no memory.

THERESA

Now that you're leaving, can I tell  
you, I'm a huge fan? I loved *Hot  
Suspect*. I wish they hadn't  
cancelled it. And after what your  
fiance did to you...

EMMA

Ex-fiance. But, as they say behind  
that door, we gotta accept the  
things we cannot change... without  
the use of alcohol and opioids.

THERESA

We're all rooting for you, Emma.

Emma acknowledges Theresa, smiling, then heads for the door, but stops a moment, steeling herself for what's to come.

**EXT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY**

As Emma exits, a white convertible Porsche is waiting for her in front. The driver is sharp and sleek, SYDNEY DELAMO, 40, Emma's manager and best gal pal. Emma's glad to see her. Outside the gates, we can see Paparazzi assaulting her with their cameras clamoring for photos, shouting her name. Emma ducks her head, trying to avoid being photographed.

SYDNEY

Jackals. C'mon, get in.

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY**

The Porsche with Syd and Emma cruises past the sandy beaches.

SYD

60 days of sobriety... how are you really feeling?

EMMA

Naked and afraid. I need to put this all behind me, Syd. I need to work. Is there any... work?

Syd glances over at Emma, not sure what to say.

EMMA (CONT'D)

So, I blew off a little steam.

SYD

That wasn't just some steam, honey. You went full Vesuvius.

EMMA

Syd, I was dumped by my fiancé on the red carpet at the Golden Globes, live, in front of 50 million people, the same day my show was cancelled. In rehab they call that a trigger. So yeah, I lost it. Not to mention I was making up for a decade of my life. Does everyone forget that I showed up for 15 hour days every day for eight years?

SYD

Yes, they forget. But, showing up drunk to the Tonight Show, they remember. Breaking into your ex-fiance's house and setting his bed on fire, they remember.

EMMA

Seemed appropriate at the time.

SYD

He was in it! Emma, I'm telling you this as your best friend AND your manager, no one wants to risk hiring you.

EMMA

Then we have to change their perception. Syd, I have to work.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I blasted through most of my savings, and if I can't act... what am I supposed to do?

SYD

Do you trust me?

(off Emma's look)

Reach into my bag, there's a script.

Emma pulls a script from Syd's bag and flips through it.

SYD (CONT'D)

It's an indy noir-thriller by a hot young writer-director. Grew up watching your show. He wants you.

EMMA

"A Kiss for Murder". They want me to play the P.I.?

SYD

It's not a big payday, but if you do this right, it's your ticket back. A chance to show everyone you're serious and can be trusted. But you cannot, you absolutely cannot screw this up, or you're done.

EMMA

I won't screw it up. In fact, I will be the best private investigator to hit the screen in decades, goddamned Oscar worthy.

(has idea)

Hey, Syd, didn't you used to date a P.I.?

**INT. CORPORATE OFFICE, TOP FLOOR OFFICE - DAY**

A man in jeans and a well worn leather jacket stares out a high floor window, sun drenched Los Angeles spread out before him. This is EDDIE VALETIK, mid-30s, weathered good looks, a couple day's stubble on his handsome chin. For Eddie, the glass isn't half empty, it probably isn't even a glass. Makes him a good P.I.

KILLEN (O.S.)

I love the view. It's like being a god looking down from Mt. Olympus.

Eddie turns to see JOHN KILLEN, 50, stride through the door of the office, decorated in modern billionaire. This is his office, and Eddie's the help.

EDDIE

I prefer the street myself.

KILLEN

That's why I hired you Mr. Valetik.  
So have you found my stolen Bugatti?

EDDIE

As a matter of fact, I did.

Eddie tosses a photo of the Bugatti on Killen's desk.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

The thief was keeping it in a  
storage space in Long Beach. Paid  
cash. Nearly untraceable.

KILLEN

Do you know who took it?

EDDIE

Yeah... You did.

The energy in the room shifts.

KILLEN

Me? Why would I steal my own car?

EDDIE

I asked myself the same thing.  
Guy's rich. Doesn't need the  
insurance money. But then I saw the  
damage to the front end.

KILLEN

What damage?

EDDIE

You reported the car stolen the  
afternoon of August 9th. Where were  
you that morning at 2:19am?

KILLEN

I was home, asleep.

EDDIE

I checked flight records. Your  
private jet landed at Burbank at  
1:57am. 20 minutes later an  
unidentified motorist struck and  
killed Dean Copeland, 17, in a hit  
and run less than three miles away.

KILLEN

Hey pal. I don't know what you-

EDDIE

I'm not your pal. You couldn't get the car fixed without attracting attention, so you hid it. But you had to keep up appearances, explain why it was missing. You even hired a detective to complete the picture. Except you hired the wrong one.

A beat, then...

KILLEN

Did I?

(off Eddie's look)

I ran your financials before I hired you. You're getting crushed by the big boys. You'll be bankrupt within a year. I can help.

(beat)

That kid's dead. Nothing's going to bring him back. This is about you now. Tell me, what's your wildest dream, Eddie? Let me make it come true.

And from the looks of it, Eddie's getting seduced.

EDDIE

My wildest dream... is to see people like you get what they deserve.

Behind Eddie, the door opens and cops move, lead by DETECTIVE CHRISTINE ROLLINS, 32. More on her later, but right now she's background as she moves in to cuff and mirandize Killen.

KILLEN

I swear to god, I will destroy you.

EDDIE

Get in line.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, BULLPEN - DAY**

Eddie passes through the door marked **Valetik Investigations**. The office has seen better days. His assistant, ROBERTO "BERTO" VASQUEZ, 21, a little street, peers over an old LAPTOP PC disassembled on his desk.

BERTO

How'd it go?

EDDIE

I don't think Mr. Killen will be paying the balance of his bill.

BERTO

Couldn't you wait and bust his ass after you got the check. Then maybe we could buy new computers.

EDDIE

What's wrong with the ones we have? They worked when we got 'em.

BERTO

We got a new missing persons in the conference room, and there's someone in your office who says she's an old friend.

Eddie looks up intrigued.

**INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Eddie walks in to see Syd standing at the window, texting on her iPhone. He cocks an eyebrow.

EDDIE

Uh oh.

SYD

Nice to see you too, Eddie.

EDDIE

Really? Because the last time you saw me, you told me to go to hell.

SYD

(looking around)  
Looks like you only got half way.

EDDIE

What do you want, Syd? I have a meeting waiting.

SYD

Remember that favor you owe me?

EDDIE

I wondered when you'd call that in.

SYD

You know my client, Emma Swift?

EDDIE

The tabloid trainwreck? What's the trouble now? Blackmail? Sex tape?

SYD

No. That's all behind her now.

EDDIE

Then what do you need me for?

SYD

There's this role.

(Eddie rolls his eyes)

Private investigator. Noble. Fights for the underdog, used to be the best. Sound familiar?

EDDIE

A ride along? With an actress?

SYD

She wants her performance to be authentic.

EDDIE

I'd rather swallow razor blades.

SYD

Eddie. This is my ask. Full access to your process for Emma for a week. The studio will even pay. \$7500. And looking around, I'd say you could use the money.

EDDIE

Not that much. Syd, I take what I do seriously. The people who come here put their trust in me.

As he talks Emma enters from behind, unseen by him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

And I'm not about to risk what's left of my business to baby-sit a spoiled, overprivileged, out of control ego!

(off Syd's face)

She's behind me, isn't she?

EMMA

Yup.

Eddie turns around coming eye-to-eye with Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And I haven't needed a babysitter since I was ten.

EDDIE

Oh right, at your age they call them sponsors.

EMMA

(Dry)

Syd, you didn't tell me he was hilarious.

SYD

Emma, Eddie. Eddie, Emma. Why don't you two get to know each other?

(passing Eddie, whisper)

You're doing this. And then we're even... Oh and Eddie, try not to sleep with her too.

Syd exits, closes the door behind her leaving Eddie and Emma alone, assessing each other. It's awkward.

EMMA

I take it you don't like actors.

EDDIE

No. I like actors. Actors are hard working, talented, under appreciated and underpaid. What I don't like are stars.

EMMA

Come on, Eddie. Everyone likes stars. That's why they're stars.

EDDIE

Not me. I've worked for them. And you know what I hate the most? They think because they're good looking and rich that the rules don't apply.

EMMA

There's the genuine screw-you attitude I wanna study.

Emma strikes a pose mimicking Eddie's stance and attitude.

BERTO (O.S.)

Hey, she looks just like you!

Eddie turns to see Berto at the door and shoots eye-daggers, at him.

BERTO (CONT'D)  
(chastened)  
Missing person in the conference  
room's still waiting.

EDDIE  
Tell him I'll be right there.

Berto retreats.

EMMA  
We have a case!?

EDDIE  
No. I have a potential client. Wait  
here.

EMMA  
You're kidding, right? I came here  
to learn, not wait, and this is  
perfect. I can be in on an  
investigation from the beginning -  
Get to see how you work, how you  
think, crawl under your skin.

EDDIE  
My skin's already crawling.

Emma blocks Eddie.

EMMA  
There's a cream for that and I  
could've sworn Syd said full access.

On Eddie - Yup, Syd did say that.

EDDIE  
Okay, fine. Here's the rule. No  
talking. You want to act? Act  
invisible. You're a ghost. A fly on  
the wall. Got it?

EMMA  
Invisible ghost fly. Got it.

Emma starts after him following Eddie out of the office.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

Emma and Eddie pass through.

BERTO  
Uh, boss? Something I should know?

EDDIE

Yeah. I'm gonna need more antacids.  
What's the client's name?

BERTO

Kyle Rainey.

EDDIE

Please, God. Let this one be simple.  
(to Emma)  
What's the rule?

EMMA

Don't talk. Be invisible.

He opens the door...

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

KYLE RAINEY, 50, rises. He's pale and distraught.

EDDIE

Mr. Rainey, I'm Eddie Valetik.

Rainey notes Emma.

RAINEY

I'm sorry, aren't you-?

EMMA

(smiles, offering her hand)  
Emma Swift. I'm observing Mr.  
Valetik for a new role.

Rainey hesitates. Eddie shoots Emma a look. Did I say talk?

EDDIE

But I assure you, Mr. Rainey,  
everything you say here will be  
confidential. Now, how can I help?

RAINEY

It's my daughter. I think...  
(becomes emotional)  
I think she may have been murdered.

Emma turns to Eddie, her eyes lighting up. OFF: Eddie - what the hell has he gotten himself into?

**END ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****INT. P.I. OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

CLOSE ON: A PHOTO of Lynette Rainey, 19, her arm wrapped around the neck of her horse.

RAINEY

Her name's Lynette. She's a junior at the University of Louisville. She's a good girl. Straight A student.

EDDIE

What was she doing in LA?

RAINEY

She had some interviews, for internships.

EDDIE

Where?

RAINEY

Some media companies, I don't know the names. She called us when she got to her Air BnB to let us know she arrived safe. She was supposed to be back in Kentucky on Tuesday. We waited at the airport, but...

He trials off.

EDDIE

What makes you think she's been murdered?

RAINEY

Because... we haven't heard a word from her in days. She knows we worry. If she was able to, she would've called. We checked all the hospitals...

EDDIE

Did you contact the Air BnB?

RAINEY

(nods)

The guy who rented it said she went out one day and just never came back. Left all her stuff.

Emma's entire demeanor changes, as if she's channeling her Jules McNair character.

EMMA

Have you spoken to the police?

As Rainey nods, Eddie eye-checks Emma. But she's not looking at Eddie. Instead she's intensely focused on Rainey.

RAINEY

They took a statement. Said they'd call when they assigned a detective. I don't want to wait.

EMMA

That's smart. The first 48 hours are the most important. Mr. Rainey, does Lynette know anyone in LA? A friend, maybe or relatives?

As Rainey responds, Eddie shoots Emma a "What the fuck are you doing?" look.

RAINEY

No. And when I went to the AirBnB, I found this.

He pulls out an iPhone, and offers it to... Emma? Emma takes it and examines it. Eddie eyes her again. "Seriously?"

RAINEY (CONT'D)

She never goes anywhere without it. I thought it might have some clue as to where she went, but...

EMMA

(to Eddie)  
It's locked.

RAINEY

And I don't have the passcode. But something's happened to her. Something bad. Please... can you help me find out what?

Emma reaches out to take Rainey's hands in hers.

EMMA

Don't you worry, Mr. Rainey. We're on the case. If your daughter's out there, we'll find her. I promise.

Eddie shoots Emma a look that could kill.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Eddie and Emma watch Rainey exit the office door. The moment he's gone, Eddie spins on Emma.

EDDIE

What part of invisible did you not understand!?

EMMA

I couldn't help it! And you gotta admit, they were pretty good questions. But then, I've done a hundred of those interview scenes on the show.

EDDIE

Except it wasn't a scene, and he's not an actor. He's a real father, whose real daughter is missing.

EMMA

My point exactly. He was hurting. He clearly needed someone to tell him it'll all be okay.

Eddie grows exasperated.

EDDIE

Only we don't know it will be okay! His daughter may in fact be dead. It's very possible we will never find her. In this business, you never promise anyone anything.

EMMA

No wonder business sucks. Why would anyone want to hire you?

EDDIE

Because I tell them the truth, that we will do our best. But you promised we would find his girl, so now, *I* have to deliver.

EMMA

I'm the one who made the promise. That means "we" have to deliver.  
(off Eddie's look)  
Come on, this'll be great. Just pretend like we're a team.

EDDIE

We're not a team.

Eddie hands the iPhone to Berto, with his interview notes.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Berto. Subject's phone is locked.  
See if you can crack it.

(re: notes)

Here's what we know about her. Do a full social media workup. I want to know who she was talking with, who her followers are... any recent unusual activity.

BERTO

Yeah, okay, but seems like we got a lot of unusual activity right here.

Eddie heads towards the door. Emma grabs her coat and races to keep up.

EMMA

Where are you going? To check out that AirBnB? Dammit Eddie!

**INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY**

Eddie drives. Emma's in the passenger seat trying to avoid stepping in old pizza. The car is less than clean. A lot less. She puts her foot through a styrofoam container.

EMMA

You know they have these things called trash bags.

EDDIE

I don't usually have passengers.

EMMA

Unless you count mold as a life form.

EDDIE

Why are you here? After playing a cop for eight years, I'd think you'd have this down.

EMMA

Cop, yes. P.I., no. P.I.'s a whole different mind-set. You work outside the system. No resources to fall back on. No forensics labs, or cyber units. Solving cases with nothing but your wits and imagination. You're like the modern day cowboys of the law.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And as an actor, I need to see it, feel it, and, unfortunately, smell it, because the more real I can be, the more the audience understands and relates to my character. It's all about finding authenticity.

EDDIE

Like in your show "Hot Suspect"?

EMMA

Exactly.

EDDIE

Really? Because none of the cops I know wear designer clothes and five inch heels.

Eddie shoots a triumphant grin at her now sour face as PRE-LAP KNOCKING takes us...

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY**

Eddie knocks on an apartment door, then turns back to Emma.

EDDIE

What are you?

EMMA

Invisible.

EDDIE

And if you say anything?

EMMA

You'll shoot me.

The door opens, revealing DAVE MARSHAK, bespectacled, early-30s, quiet and nerdish.

**INT. MARSHAK'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Marshak shows them around, the clean spare apartment.

MARSHAK

Like I told her father, she booked the room for a week, but about three days in she took off and never came back.

(eyes Emma)

I'm sorry, but do I know you?

EDDIE

(jumping in)

No. Did she say anything about why she was in town?

MARSHAK

I try to leave people alone. They pay for the room, not my company.

Emma makes a little signal at Eddie with her hand. He doesn't know what to make of it, so he ignores it.

EDDIE

Did you notice anything out of the ordinary with her? Any visitors? Nervous behavior?

MARSHAK

No. She seemed like an ordinary college girl.

Now Emma is gesturing a little bigger, and clearing her throat. She's hard to ignore.

EDDIE

Excuse me.

He crosses to Emma.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(whisper)

What the hell are you doing?

EMMA

You told me not to talk.

EDDIE

So instead you thought we should play Charades?

EMMA

Look, I know you don't respect me, but I'm very good at what I do.

EDDIE

Annoying me?

EMMA

Acting. I've studied thousands of subtle physical shifts that convey a character's emotional state. Look.

(re: Marshak)

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

See how his shoulders are up around his ears, he's protecting his jugular. People do that when we're hiding something. And if his eyes are any indication it has to do with that room over there.

Emma subtly nods to a back bedroom.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Eddie, no joke.

He eyes her and nods. Then turns back to Marshak.

EDDIE

Sorry about that. So... Which room was Lynette's?

MARSHAK

Guest bed, back there.

He points to the same one Emma indicated.

EDDIE

Mind if we take a look?

MARSHAK

Sure. But there's nothing to see. Her Dad took all her stuff.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Eddie enters, followed by Emma. They eye the spare but tasteful room. Bed pushed up against the wall. Nothing seems amiss. Emma scans the area, checks under the bed, but...

EMMA

Nothing. I could've sworn...

She looks to see that Eddie's eyes are on a STUFFED BEAR sitting on a shelf above the desk. He walks over, picks it up and turns to Marshak, who's now in the doorway.

EDDIE

Cute bear. What's his name?

Eddie turns it over, opens its back, pulling out a nanny cam.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

"Pervy."

Marshak blanches, and takes off, but Eddie moves faster, tackling him, and twisting his arm behind his back.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Where is she? What'd you do to her?

MARSHAK

I just watched her. That's all I ever do. Watch and make videos. I don't know what happened to her, but I had nothing to do with it. I swear!

EDDIE

I want the files. All of them.

**INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY**

Eddie sits in the driver's seat, laptop open, scrolling through Marshak's videos. We see LYNETTE, doing ordinary things. Brushing her hair. Walking around the room. Changing clothes (tastefully, back to us).

EMMA

I told you he was hiding something. Admit it, you're impressed.

EDDIE

You are aware I would've searched her room anyway, right?

EMMA

Wow. You kick puppies too?  
(grabs her phone)  
That guy's a creep. I'm gonna report him.

Eddie pokes her in the rib, she jumps and drops the phone.

EDDIE

You can't. Not without turning over evidence we currently need. But don't worry. He'll get what's coming to him.

EMMA

He'd better. What are we looking for, anyway?

EDDIE

What all detectives look for. Something out of the ordinary. Something...

He sees something on the recording, and slows it down.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

... Like that.

Lynette is eyeing a newspaper and making a phone call.

EMMA

She's making a phone call. How's that unusual?

EDDIE

She's looking at the back of the local weekly. Classified section.

EMMA

She's dialing a number in an ad.

EDDIE

Yup. So who did she call?

Emma peers at the screen, but can't make out any details of the paper or the phone's face.

EMMA

We need to enhance it.

EDDIE

You can't enhance video resolution. It's scientifically impossible.

EMMA

Cop shows do it all the time.

EDDIE

And each time it's moronic. Here's how we do it in the real world. Watch her hand move. Follow the pattern on the face of the phone.

Eddie plays it in slo-mo. Emma moves in close. Close enough for Eddie to smell her perfume which he does.

EMMA

I see it. It's 213... Go back.

Eddie snaps back from his moment. He winds it back and follows again, the two moving their hands in a silent ballet.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Five five five!

Emma's writing it down on a post-it already taped to Eddie's dash that reads pick-up laundry.

EDDIE

Zero five five oh.

And now Eddie's typing it into his computer. And a website pops up... of SCANTILY CLAD WOMEN in SUGGESTIVE POSES.

EMMA

It's... an escort service? Lynette was a good girl just out of farm country. A Straight-A student. What was she doing calling an escort service?

Eddie eyes an advertisement on the web-page. "Models Wanted."

EDDIE

Maybe her Dad didn't know her as well as he thought. But now we know where to find her.

Eddie hands Emma the laptop and starts the car.

EMMA

Where? There's no address listed.  
(realizes)  
Wait. You know this place?

EDDIE

You seem shocked.

EMMA

Well, I mean... I figured a guy like you - good looking, employed - wouldn't need to, uh...

EDDIE

What? Pay for it?  
(she nods)  
Sad, right? But sometimes, being a modern-day cowboy, I get so lonely and... Oh wait. Maybe I know it because I'm a Private Investigator, and it's not the first time a girl's run away to there.

EMMA

Oh... Right.

**EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - DAY**

Eddie and Emma stand outside the gates to a classic Paul Williams mansion.

EMMA

Seriously? Here? This is one of the priciest neighborhoods in town. I actually know three high powered producers who live on this street.

EDDIE

Hey, maybe you'll see them inside. That'd be awkward.

Eddie grins as Emma pulls her baseball cap down lower, and puts on sunglasses. He rings the buzzer by the gate.

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

A dozen stunningly beautiful women lounge around the pool, as Eddie and Emma walk with MADELINE, 40, elegant, very sexy, who eyes the photo of Lynette.

MADELINE

Yeah. She came here last week. But she wasn't here about a job.

EDDIE

(surprised)  
What then?

MADELINE

Listen, Eddie, we're heading into dangerous waters here.

Emma takes in the place, notices a nearby ESCORT watching them intently.

EDDIE

What can you tell me, Mads?

Madeline looks around, drops her voice to a whisper.

MADELINE

She was looking for someone. Ricky Jenson. Local muscle we sometimes use to help protect the girls if a client gets rough. He's street, knows how to hurt people. Not someone a girl like her should know.

EDDIE

What'd she want from him?

MADELINE

She wouldn't say, so I chose to be unhelpful. Figured I was doing her a favor.

EDDIE

Know where I can find this Ricky?

MADELINE

When I need him, I call my people,  
he shows up.

EDDIE

I don't suppose you could call your  
people now. Arrange a meet?

MADELINE

I like you Eddie, but not enough to  
put my life on the line... What  
about you Ms. Swift? What's your  
stake in this?

(off Emma's surprised look)

The cap and glasses only hide so  
much. If you're looking for a  
second career, you can do much  
better than Eddie.

EMMA

Excuse me?

MADELINE

You'd be surprised at the names who  
come to me to pay the bills after  
they hit the wall. And with your fan  
base, I could make you millions.

(offers her a card)

Call me. That's my private number.

Emma's stung as Madeline walks away.

EMMA

(covering)

Hear that, Eddie? I'm worth  
millions. And lucky you, get the  
pleasure of my company for free.

EDDIE

Trust me. There's a cost.

Emma changes the subject.

EMMA

So why's a straight-A student from  
the mid-west trying to track down  
some LA street thug?

EDDIE

I don't know. But whatever happened to Lynette, this Ricky guy's involved... Check over my shoulder. That girl still looking at us?

Emma looks up at the Escort who was staring earlier. When Emma makes eye contact, the girl looks away.

EMMA

Yeah. She's in back of you. How'd you even notice her?

EDDIE

I'm a P.I. If there's anything I know how to spot, it's a lady looking to relieve her conscience.

Eddie makes eye contact with the Escort as he and Emma pass by.

**EXT. MANSION, DRIVEWAY - DAY**

As Emma and Eddie walk down the driveway, Eddie stops to tie his shoe. Emma turns to look.

EDDIE

Give her a second. She can't just follow us out. It'd be too obvious.

A beat, then... the young woman, CRYSTAL, 22, appears.

CRYSTAL

Excuse me. The girl you're asking about. Is she okay?

EDDIE

We don't know. You knew her?

CRYSTAL

No. I saw her after she talked to Maddie. Outside. She was crying. She seemed so lost. I think I may have done something terrible.

EDDIE

What did you do?

Crystal doesn't want to say. Emma takes her hand.

EMMA

Whatever it is, we won't tell anyone. It can be our secret, okay?  
(starts to tear up.)  
We just want to help her.

Eddie clocks Emma's actor tears, as Crystal nods, reassured.

CRYSTAL

Two weeks back, Ricky was working a job with me. This client sometimes gets a little mean. Afterwards, Ricky asked me to drop him downtown. I saw him go into the Beakman Arms.

EDDIE

You told Lynette?

CRYSTAL

(nods - emotional)

I thought I was doing a good thing. I hope nothing bad happened to her.

Behind her back, Emma gives Eddie a small smug smile and thumbs-up, as a crocodile tear falls from her cheek.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, BULLPEN - DAY**

Berto, in front of the computer, is on the phone.

BERTO

I just got off with Lynette's father. He never heard of Ricky Jensen and has no idea why Lynette would be looking for him. She's never even been to L.A. before.

**INTERCUT: EXT. BEAKMAN ARMS RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY**

Eddie and Emma cross to a shitty residency hotel, a rundown building that's a step above homelessness. Next to Eddie, Emma tries to listen in, but Eddie keeps moving away.

EDDIE

Anything on her social media?

BERTO

I ran a search of her accounts. No mention of Ricky Jensen in any of it. It's all about school activities. Nada about a media internship or why she was in LA.

Emma wins her battle getting close to the receiver.

EMMA

How about her phone?

Berto eyes Lynette's iPhone hooked up to a laptop, its screen cycling through incorrect password attempts.

BERTO

Nothing yet. With 10,000 combinations, it'll take a couple of days. But I was able to pull a mugshot of Ricky Jensen from public records. I'm texting it to you now.

**INT. BEAKMAN ARMS HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY**

The desk clerk sits behind a metal cage, eyeing the mugshot of Ricky Jensen on Eddie's cell phone. Ricky's a mean looking S.O.B. 22, tats up his muscled arms.

DESK CLERK

Yeah, he checked in about two weeks back. Popular guy.

EDDIE

What do you mean?

DESK CLERK

Girl went up to see him a couple days ago. Went running out of there like she was scared for her life.

Eddie shows the picture of Lynette.

EDDIE

This girl?

DESK CLERK

That's the one.

EDDIE

What room's he in?

Silence. Eddie slides a twenty across the counter.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Sounds blare from neighboring rooms, as Eddie pounds on the door to room 217. No answer.

EMMA

Maybe he's out.

EDDIE

Lucky us.

Eddie pulls lock picks from his pocket. Emma's eyes widen.

EMMA

You're actually going to pick the lock! I never got to do that, we always had to wait for a warrant.

EDDIE

You do know you weren't a real cop.

EMMA

And yet, I was voted most trusted cop in America by People Magazine two years running. Lock picking would've been a very useful skill in rehab. Where do I buy one of those? You order it online?

EDDIE

Stop talking.

Click. The lock pops. Eddie pushes...

**INT. SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

...the door open, and moves into the room, followed by Emma.

EMMA

What are we looking for?

EDDIE

Anything that could give us a bead on Lynette.

EMMA

Got it. Metaphorical bread crumbs. A trail of...

Emma gasps and backs into Eddie who turns to see a body lying in bed in blood soaked sheets.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Blood! A lot of BLOOD!

Emma, horrified, has just seen her first real dead person. As she shrinks back, Eddie crosses to the bed, and eyes the familiar face, a bullet wound in the man's head and chest.

EDDIE

Ricky Jensen. I guess he was home.

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

The CLICK FLASH of a camera shutter as CRIME SCENE STILLS fill the frame. Eddie turns and sees Emma tenuously peeking past the UNIFORMS crowding the hotel door.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Eddie emerges, pulling her aside, as looky-loos peer on from down the hall.

EDDIE

I'm guessing this is your first  
real dead body?

EMMA

(a little shaken)

The ones I'm used to seeing get up  
and go to lunch after the director  
calls cut. But this is so... final.

EDDIE

Don't feel like you have to stay.

EMMA

But we have to find out who killed  
him!

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Valetik!

The pair turn to see DETECTIVE CHRISTINE ROLLINS, 34. Her badge hangs around her neck.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Which dubious event do you want to  
explain first? How you just happened  
to stumble onto a dead guy, or why  
Miss clickbait is at my crime scene?

EMMA

Actually, I'm trying to get away  
from the whole drunk with no  
underwear thing. That's why I'm  
following Eddie. Research for a new  
role. I'm Emma Swift.

Christine looks at Eddie and raises an eyebrow.

CHRISTINE

Yeah, I know who you are. Wanna  
tell me about the dead guy?

EDDIE

His name came up on a job. Came by to ask a few questions. Never got a chance.

CHRISTINE

What's the job?

Emma's about to jumps in...

EMMA

Missin-

But Eddie cuts her off.

EDDIE

Simple background check.

Christine reads Emma's reaction.

CHRISTINE

Really? Background check. That's what you're going with?

EDDIE

For now.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(British accent)

Oh my gaaawd! Emma Swift!

They turn to see Medical Examiner MICK ENGLISH, 30, approach. With his British accent, Mick comes across as a young Hugh Grant, brimming with boyish charm. Mick takes her hand and starts pumping it.

MICK ENGLISH

I am a huge, huge fan. I love, love, love your show.

(ala McNair)

"I'm greedy too. For Justice."

Emma soaks it in. This is the response she's used to. Mick realizes that he's still pumping Emma's hand, and let's go.

MICK ENGLISH (CONT'D)

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

EDDIE

Emma, Mick English. He's an M.E. with the L.A. Coroner's office.

EMMA

Ah, the true unsung heroes of justice.

MICK ENGLISH

Brilliant. You know, when you were doing all the...

(indicates nose - cocaine)

... I thought the only time I'd meet you was on my table. But here you are, alive!

EMMA

Uh, yay?

MICK ENGLISH

(re: Eddie)

What the hell are you doing with this moody stiff?

CHRISTINE

She's following him for a new role. Hey Mick, it's her first dead body. You should show her how a crime scene examination is done.

EMMA

Really?

MICK ENGLISH

Are you kidding? I'd be honored!

Christine nods, and Mick leads Emma back into the hotel room. Christine turns to Eddie with a questioning look.

CHRISTINE

So?

EDDIE

Long story, Chris. I'll tell you about it later.

CHRISTINE

Tomorrow night? My date cancelled.

EDDIE

Happy to sub in.

CHRISTINE

Til then, whatever you're working, you should move her off this case.

EDDIE

Why?

CHRISTINE

Your dead guy? He's got a rap sheet  
a mile long. Word is he worked for  
Deacon.

At hearing Deacon's name, Eddie turns to her, alarmed.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Last thing you need is some fake  
cop getting you real killed.

ON Eddie, Oh fuck.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Mick and Emma are examining the chest wound.

MICK ENGLISH

Okay, "Detective McNair". From the  
looks of the wound, where do you  
think the shooter was standing?

Emma eyes the wound.

EMMA

Trick question. There are powder  
marks on his shirt. He was shot  
point blank. That means he probably  
knew the person who shot him, to  
let them get that close.

MICK ENGLISH

(impressed)  
Very good.

EMMA

Well, you can't make 200 episodes  
without picking up a thing or two  
along the way.

MICK ENGLISH

Let's see what secrets the wound  
has to offer.

Mick smiles, and uses his pen to open the shirt, revealing  
Ricky's heavily tattooed chest. Emma's eye falls on a faded  
tattoo of a heart. Inside the initials are R.J. & L.R.

EMMA

Hey, Mick. Can you tell how old a  
tattoo is by looking at it?

MICK ENGLISH

What? That one? It's much more faded than the others. I'd say it's at least five years older than all of these.

Eddie grabs Emma from behind.

EDDIE

We gotta go.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Eddie hustles Emma to his car.

EMMA

What's going on?

EDDIE

Just get in the car.

**INT. CAR - DAY (DRIVING)**

EMMA

Where are we going?

EDDIE

I'm taking you home. You can follow me on some other case. Just not this one.

EMMA

That what your cop girlfriend told you to say?

EDDIE

Who? Detective Rollins?

EMMA

Yeah. You two got a thing going on.

EDDIE

What? No. We're just colleagues. Sometimes she refers cases to me that the cops can't handle.

EMMA

Refers cases. That's what the kids are calling it these days?

(off his look)

My sex vibe radar is infallible. Remember? Body language.

EDDIE

It's wrong this time.

Emma starts to respond, but Eddie cuts her off.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Emma, stop. This is serious. You ever hear of a man called Deacon?

EMMA

You mean the crime boss?

(off his look)

A writer on the show, an ex-cop, told me about him. Said he was heavy into drug trafficking, human smuggling, guns, counterfeiting. Cops have been trying to break his network for years, but no one knows who he really is.

EDDIE

Yeah, well that's who Ricky Jensen was working for, which means this investigation just got a lot more dangerous. This isn't just a missing persons anymore. It's organized crime. Murder. I don't want you to get hurt, or worse.

EMMA

That's sweet, Eddie, but I'm pretty sure Deacon isn't our killer.

Eddie shoots her a look. What?!? Emma smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I know why Lynette was looking for Ricky Jensen.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, BULLPEN - NIGHT**

On Berto's screen is a picture of a very young Ricky Jensen with a very young Lynette Rainey at a Junior High Dance.

EDDIE

Childhood sweethearts?

BERTO

How'd you know?

EMMA

A Tattoo over Ricky's heart. It's classic, a tragic love story.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

Romeo and Juliet, West Side Story,  
the good girl falls for the bad  
boy. Hides it from her parents.

BERTO

Jenson's family must've moved right  
after. There was no record of him  
at her high school.

EMMA

It practically writes itself. Ricky  
was in tinsel town, surrounded by  
temptation. Lynette found out he'd  
fallen for someone new, so she came  
out here to end it.

(light bulb moment)

Berto, can I see Lynette's phone?

Berto disconnects Lynette's phone and hands it to Emma.

EDDIE

What are you doing?

EMMA

Being an actor and putting myself  
in the character's shoes. I'm a  
lovesick girl, hiding my true  
feelings. I'd want something to  
remind me of my secret love  
everyday. Like making my phone  
password...

EDDIE

(finishing her sentence)

Your boyfriend's birthday.

The two look at each other, a moment of connection. Emma taps  
in a code. The phone opens. She hands it to Berto.

BERTO

How'd you know his birthdate?

EMMA

From the M.E. report. Memorizing  
eight pages of dialog a day for TV,  
you develop a photographic memory.

(to Eddie - lighting up)

Hey, I'm pretty good at this.

BERTO

(to an annoyed Eddie)

She kinda is.

EDDIE

Yeah. Except there's a giant flaw in your theory. Lynette didn't kill Ricky.

(off Emma's surprised look)

The hotel clerk told us Lynette was there two days ago. I've been around a lot of bodies and Ricky's been dead longer than that. He was already gone when she got there. Which means there's something else going on here.

Berto eyes the phone.

BERTO

Someone reset the phone. It's been totally wiped. No email, no photos.

EMMA

Why would Lynette reset her phone?

EDDIE

Maybe there was something on it she didn't want anyone to see.

BERTO

Hang on. It looks like some texts came in after the phone was reset.

Berto puts them up on his screen. Eddie and Emma read them.

EDDIE

*"I got what u asked, but it's gonna cost. U have the money?"*

EMMA

*"Yes. Where do we meet?"*

EDDIE

*"Pier. 1 hour."* Look at the timestamp. That's right after she went to see Ricky, on the day she disappeared.

EMMA

"I got what you asked." What do you think she meant?

EDDIE

There's only one way to find out.

Eddie takes the phone and texts back. *"Need help. Have money. Can we meet again?"* A beat, then a little cloud appears on the screen with three dots. Whoever it is, is writing back.

*"Damn girl, figured you was dead."* Eddie and Emma trade looks. Eddie writes back *"Not yet. Can we meet?"* They wait, then... *"Tomorrow. 6am. Under the pier. Come alone."*

**EXT. PIER - PRE-DAWN**

We see the pillars of the pier through the POV of binoculars. A lone man, 25, slinks out of the shadows.

**INT. CAR - PRE-DAWN**

Eddie lowers the binoculars.

EDDIE

That's our guy. Stay here.

EMMA

Are you kidding? This is why I'm following you. To fully immerse myself in moments like this.

Eddie opens the glove compartment and pulls out a gun.

EDDIE

You'll have to immerse from afar. We don't know who this guy is or what he's capable of. He's probably armed and if he is, the bullets are real. You can watch through the binoculars, but above all... stay.

Eddie gets out of the car, leaving Emma pouting.

**EXT. UNDER THE PIER - MOMENTS LATER**

Eddie approaches a man, RACINE, 20s, a bottom feeder looking around for his mark. As Eddie walks past him, he lifts up Lynette's phone and TAKES A PICTURE of Racine.

RACINE

What the...? Did you just take my picture?

EDDIE

Yeah. On Lynette Rainey's phone. Which makes you a prime suspect in her disappearance, if the cops get a hold of this.

Racine's eyes widen, he goes for a gun in his waistband, but Eddie's faster. Has his gun out and leveled.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Don't make this worse, kid.

Eddie takes the gun from Racine.

RACINE

You got the wrong idea. I don't even know her.

EDDIE

You met with her, a few days back.

RACINE

That was strictly a business transaction.

EDDIE

What'd she want?

Racine's eyes dart behind Eddie.

RACINE

First... who's your friend?

Eddie turns around to see Emma lurking behind a post.

**INT. EDDIE'S CAR - MOVING**

EDDIE

Next time I'm cuffing you to the steering wheel.

EMMA

Kinky. If we're talking bondage, I'm more of a silk scarf kind of girl.

EDDIE

Oh, like that book - Fifty Shades of Shut Up and Let Me Think... So Lynette finds Ricky dead, the first thing she does is text this thug to sell her a burner phone and a gun.

EMMA

She must be terrified that the people who killed Ricky are after her too.

EDDIE

No. It's more than that. She asked for something untraceable, which means she was looking to use it for more than just self-defense.

EMMA

(realizing)

She's planning on going after her boyfriend's murderer. She's gonna get herself killed. We've gotta find her.

EDDIE

We don't have a lot to go on.

EMMA

We have the burner phone. You got the number. We can trace it, right?

EDDIE

Another TV fantasy trope.

EMMA

No it's not. Cops can triangulate cell phone calls to cell towers.

EDDIE

I'm not a cop. And even a cop would need a warrant, which in real life, takes a helluva lot longer than a commercial break.

A mischievous look crosses Emma's face.

EMMA

I could get it traced.

EDDIE

You? Ha. No, you can't.

EMMA

Yes I can. I have a friend.

EDDIE

Yeah? What kind of friend?

EMMA

A consultant on my show who works at Homeland Security. We became close. Very, very, very, very close. He can trace it easily.

She pulls up her cell phone and dials.

EDDIE

No. No! Don't. That's a very, very bad idea.

He tries to grab for the phone, but she dodges him.

EMMA

Forest, Hi. It's Emma. I know, I miss you too... Listen, I have a small favor to ask... Can you track a phone signal for me?

A beat, then Emma grins at Eddie, gives him the thumbs up. Eddie rolls his eyes.

**EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY - DAY**

Eddie's car pulls up out front. The pair eye the property.

EMMA

This is it. Forest says the burner signal's coming from inside.

EDDIE

Does your friend know he broke about eleven federal and state privacy laws?

EMMA

Oh please. You're just mad that I have better sources than you.

EDDIE

No. I'm mad because you think the rules don't apply to you.

EMMA

Not all rules. I just ignore the stupid ones. Otherwise I wouldn't have gotten to where I am.

She gets out of the car. He follows.

EDDIE

Where are you going? Stay here.

EMMA

You're kind of a slow learner. I found this place. Our client's missing daughter - the client I made a promise to - may be inside.

EDDIE

At least stay behind me.

Eddie pulls his gun, and opens the door, pushing inside.

**INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY - DAY**

It's not unlike the opening scene with Jules McNair. Crates and old mannequins line the place. They move cautiously, coming to a small area that's been turned into a living quarters. Blankets, a sleeping bag, empty food wrappers.

Beside it, stacked crates serve as a kind of bulletin board. A photo of Ricky Jenson is tacked to it, as are other scraps of paper. At the center is scrawled one word - "DEACON"

As Emma and Eddie eye the make-shift board, BAM! A shot rings out shattering the crate before them. They turn to see LYNETTE in a three-point stance, staring down the barrel of a gun.

LYNETTE

Drop the gun if you want to live.

Emma looks to Eddie.

EMMA

Maybe I should've stayed in the car.

**END ACT 3**

**ACT FOUR****INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY - DAY**

Eddie lowers his gun to the ground, hands outstretched.

EDDIE

Easy, Lynette. We're on your side.

Lynette eyes Emma.

LYNETTE

Wait. Are you Emma Swift? From TV?

EMMA

Oddly enough, yes. And I swear,  
we're the good guys.

**INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY - MOMENTS LATER**

Lynette sits opposite Eddie and Emma, holding Ricky's photo.

LYNETTE

We fell in love in 7th grade and  
that was it... Then Ricky's dad got  
in trouble and moved them out here.  
When his dad disappeared Ricky was  
14. He did what he had to do to  
survive.

EMMA

You kept in touch all those years?

LYNETTE

I was his lifeline. He was mine. A  
few months ago we decided we were  
gonna run away, start over  
together. But that man he was  
working for...

EDDIE

Deacon?

LYNETTE

You don't leave his organization.  
Not alive. But Ricky figured out  
Deacon's real identity. He believed  
exposing Deacon was the only way  
out. But he knew he needed evidence.

EDDIE

What evidence?

LYNETTE

Financial records covering all  
Deacon's illegal deals, kept in a  
safe in his basement wine cellar.

She shows them a torn form with numbers scrawled on the back.

LYNETTE (CONT'D)

Ricky found the combination. They  
had no idea he had it or that he  
knew about the ledgers.

Emma takes it and notices the scrap paper the combination is  
on reads "Office of the County Clerk". Lynette fights tears.

LYNETTE (CONT'D)

All Ricky had to do was get those  
books, and we'd be free.

EMMA

Only Deacon found him first.

EDDIE

Did Ricky tell you who Deacon is?

LYNETTE

No. He thought it would put me in  
too much danger. But that won't  
stop them from coming after me.

EMMA

(to Eddie)

We need to go to the police. She  
needs to be in protective custody.

LYNETTE

You don't get it! He owns the  
police! They know about me now!  
There's only one thing I can do.  
Find him... and kill him myself.

EDDIE

Lynette, if you go after him,  
they'll kill you.

LYNETTE

I'm gonna end up dead anyway. At  
least this way, that man pays for  
what he did to Ricky.

EMMA

What about your folks? Your dad's  
worried about you. Maybe he can help.

LYNETTE

My dad? What's my Dad got to do with this?

EMMA

He hired us to find you.

EDDIE

Me. He hired me.

LYNETTE

That's not possible. My dad had a stroke three months ago. He's still in recovery.

EDDIE

(realizing)

Oh god. We led them here.

Eddie goes on instant alert, then leaps, tackling Lynette and pulling Emma with him, just as BULLETS EXPLODE around them. He pushes them behind some crates and returns fire.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Out the back! Go! Go! Go!

As the two women scramble, Emma's phone starts to ring.

EMMA

Dammit.

Eddie returns fire, glimpsing "Kyle Rainey" as the shooter. And Rainey has an AR-15, with a lot more rounds. Eddie ducks away, and starts to squat run behind the crates, to find Emma fumbling with her phone trying to stop the ringing.

EDDIE

Those aren't blanks! Go!

As Eddie grabs her and pushes her toward the exit, our fake Kyle Rainey keys into the sound of Emma's ringing phone following it with automatic weapons fire.

**EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PROPERTY - DAY**

The three burst from the building and race to Eddie's car. Eddie takes position, and as fake Rainey pops out the door, he squeezes off a couple of rounds allowing Emma and Lynette to jump in the car. Eddie dives in and the trio peel away, leaving... Fake Rainey staring at taillights, pissed.

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Eddie pulls into an alley off a downtown street.

He checks his rearview.

EDDIE

I think we're good.

LYNETTE

You think we're good? You almost got me killed.

Lynette gets out of the car.

EDDIE

Lynette, wait. Don't do this alone. Let us help you.

LYNETTE

I've seen how you help. I'm better off on my own.

She slams the door and takes off. Eddie is stung. Emma tries to make him feel better.

EMMA

At least we found her.

EDDIE

I should've seen it. You know why I didn't? I was keeping an eye on you, instead of on the client. And what the hell were you thinking, taking a phone call in the middle of a gunfight!?!?

EMMA

I was trying to silence it so we wouldn't get shot.

(beat)

It was Syd by the way. When I didn't answer, she texted me. The studio backed out of my movie.

Eddie squeezes the steering wheel, then looks at her.

EDDIE

Great. So all this, and I don't even get paid? I knew this was a lousy idea.

Emma looks at him fuming.

EMMA

Seriously? After everything, that's your take-away?

Pissed, she gets out of the car.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You know, Eddie, you really put the  
dick in detective.

She slams the door, and walks away. Eddie feels like shit.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Emma's drinking alone, a bottle of Perrier by her glass.

UP ON A SOUNDLESS TV, she sees herself on an ET segment, in a mini dress and heels falling off a sidewalk drunk outside a club, then video of her walking out of rehab. The CHYRON READS: JILTED STAR'S HOLLYWOOD WALK OF SHAME. People around her shoot her embarrassed glances, until THE BARTENDER grabs his remote and changes the channel. Emma gives him a nod of thanks. A moment later, Syd slides in next to her.

EMMA

I liked it better when I was a hero.

SYD

I'm as upset about the movie as you  
are, hon. Turns out the studio just  
wasn't ready to take the chance.  
(to waiter)  
Whiskey, up.

EMMA

Honestly, I'm more upset about  
Lynette.

SYD

Who?

EMMA

The missing girl. Only she wasn't  
missing. She was planning to hunt  
down the man who killed her fiance.  
But now his people are after her.

SYD

Seriously? That's a movie.

EMMA

Except it's real. And... it's crazy  
but for the first time in a long,  
long time, it felt like what I was  
doing was important. That it  
mattered.

(beat)

And I was good at it.

The bartender sets down the whiskey and the check. Syd picks it up and scrawls Emma's name on the back, with the date.

SYD

I'm confused. Are you saying you want to be a P.I. now?

EMMA

No, I just...

A realization hits Emma. She grabs Syd's hand and PULLS THE RECEIPT out of it. Then pulls a piece of paper out of her back pocket. It's the scrap paper with the combination on it.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I've gotta go.

Emma bolts from the bar. Syd looks after her, confused.

**INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Eddie and Christine, in bed post benefits.

CHRISTINE

So I guess this is the third time you got screwed today.

EDDIE

This was the only time I liked it.

There's loud knocking on the door. Christina looks at Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm not expecting anyone. Just be quiet, maybe they'll go away.

EMMA (O.S.)

(shouting through door)

Eddie! If you're there I really need to talk to you!

CHRISTINE

I thought she was off the case.

EDDIE

She was.

**MOMENTS LATER** - A shirtless EDDIE, wearing only jeans, cracks open the front door.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What?

Emma stares at Eddie's ripped chest, and is momentarily speechless, until she sees Christine pulling her clothes on in the background. The two women lock eyes.

EMMA

Is that... Detective Rollins? I knew it. My radar never fails.

EDDIE

You came over here to tell me that?

EMMA

No. I had a revelation... about the case.

EDDIE

There is no case, remember? It's a police matter now.

EMMA

What about Lynette? We can't just let her get herself killed!

Christine, now fully clothed, slips by.

CHRISTINE

I'll be going now. Eddie. Emma.

EDDIE

Awwwww, Chris...

CHRISTINE

No. That's okay. We were pretty much done.

As Christine slips out and exits, Eddie turns back to Emma.

EDDIE

This better be great.

**INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Eddie sits at his little table while Emma presents her case.

EMMA

The combination Ricky wrote down. Look what he wrote it on. It's not just a scrap of paper. It's a file request form from the County Clerk's office.

EDDIE

Yeah, I saw it.

EMMA

So what's at the clerk's office?  
Public files. Police reports.  
Arrest records.

(off Eddie's look)

What if no one's been able to find  
out who he is, because Deacon's a  
cop himself, and that's how he gets  
away with it? And what if Ricky was  
combing these files to see if there  
was some kind of pattern that would  
reveal him?

EDDIE

Don't you think I thought of that?

EMMA

So what are we waiting for? We know  
Ricky found him. All we have to do  
is follow his trail-

EDDIE

For what? We have no client.  
There's no case.

EMMA

What about Lynette? We can't just  
abandon her.

EDDIE

We can't help her either if she  
won't let us. Trust me, Emma, "no  
good deed goes unpunished" is a  
universal truth.

EMMA

Is it? Or is this about you? About  
Marnie Stahl.

Eddie turns to her surprised, as the name hangs in the air.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Like I said, I do my research. I  
read the reports. They all said it  
wasn't your fault.

Whoever Marnie Stahl is, it's a painful memory for Eddie.

EDDIE

Doesn't matter. I was hired to  
protect her. I didn't.

EMMA

And to punish yourself, you started saying no. You went from the top P.I. in town to only taking small jobs. Never protection. You had it all, and watched it slip away.

Emma thinks, studying Eddie. Then she leans in.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You're just like me, Eddie. You need a shot at redemption.

EDDIE

Except in the real world, there are no fairy tale endings. Trust me, I know and so do you. Whatever we try to do here, chances are, it won't end well.

EMMA

We know it won't end well if we do nothing. Is it a risk? Yeah. But I'd rather risk everything for a shot at justice, than risk nothing and be nothing. So what's it going to be? Give up and sit around torturing yourself, or are you going to listen to your better angels and make a difference in the world?

A beat, as Emma's impassioned speech hangs in the air. Then -

EDDIE

Wow. That was a powerful speech.

(beat)

Of course, I liked it more when you gave it to your suicidal partner at the end of Season Three. Y'know, when you were hunting down that murderous clown.

A slow smile spreads across Eddie's face. Emma's busted.

EMMA

Okay. Fine. It's the same speech. That doesn't mean it's not true-  
(beat, realizing)  
Waaaaiiit. The only way you'd know that speech is if... You watch the show! You're a fan!

And now it's Eddie's turn to be busted. He blushes.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ooh. You're a big fan!

He picks up his phone and speed dials.

EDDIE

Shut up.

(into phone)

Berto, I need you down at the county clerk's office first thing tomorrow. There's some files I need you to pull.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Emma and Eddie eye files as Berto downloads what he's found.

BERTO

These are copies of all the files Ricky Jenson requested. Not just police records, but warrants and court cases. I ran a few of the subject names - drug dealers, prostitutes, gun runners.

He puts a few of their mugshots up on a white board.

BERTO (CONT'D)

All of them have some link to Deacon's criminal organization.

EDDIE

Any other commonalities in the files? Same detectives working the case, a common arresting officer.

BERTO

No. All the cops were different. But there was something the same. Look at who signed the warrants.

EDDIE

(flips through paperwork)  
Superior Court Judge John B. Stackhouse.

BERTO

And look at who tried the cases.

EMMA

(eyeing a file)  
Stackhouse.

BERTO

Half the trials ended in reduced sentence plea deals for giving up information on Deacon. Information that never paid off.

EMMA

Because he was controlling it. He's Deacon.

EDDIE

Stackhouse is known as one of the fairest men on the bench. His rep is for being tough on crime.

BERTO

He is. On other people's crime.

EDDIE

He's not just above the law. He is the law. And he's always one step ahead, because he issues the warrants. His people know exactly when the cops are coming.

BERTO

That's not all. I found this on his website...

Berto brings up the Judge's website on his laptop. Clicks a photo of the Judge, and points to a guy in the background.

EMMA

Lynette's fake dad! We got him! Right?

EDDIE

What we have is conjecture. We know it's true. But with all the people in his pocket, we'd be signing our own death warrants if we point fingers without proof.

EMMA

Then we do what Ricky was going to do. We get proof. We get the ledgers from his safe.

BERTO

Breaking into his house is a major operation. He has a Level Four security system. It'd take at least a week to plan.

EDDIE

With a bullet waiting if we get it wrong.

EMMA

Or we could just walk in.  
(points to the website)  
Stackhouse is running for re-election. He's having a fundraiser in his home tomorrow night.

EDDIE

And you wanna crash? We'll never get close. Hell, you're a TV star. They'll see you coming a mile away.

Emma's eyes twinkle with mischief.

EMMA

Will they?

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, BULLPEN - LATER**

Eddie and Berto pace in front of a closed door.

EDDIE

This is crazy. It'll never work.

From behind the door we hear Emma...

EMMA (O.S.)

Trust me. It'll work. Ready?

EDDIE

As we'll ever be.

The door opens and a MATRONLY WOMAN in her late-fifties steps out, smiling. If we look closely we can almost tell it's Emma in wig and make-up.

EMMA

How you like me now?

Off Eddie and Berto, we...

**END ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE****INT. CAR/EXT. STACKHOUSE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Eddie and Emma sit in his car opposite a mid-century mansion, decorated with red, white & blue balloons. Eddie eyes "older" Emma as she checks herself out in the visor mirror.

EMMA

I used to be scared of getting older, but damn. I'm a total MILF.

EDDIE

This is a bad idea.

EMMA

Maybe, but it's the best bad idea we've got.

(off his look)

Eddie, I can do this. Worst case, I get caught, and it becomes one more public humiliation in a long list of Emma Swift scandals. But if we manage to pull this off, we'll actually save a life.

Eddie hands her a small earpiece, which she slips in her ear. He puts a matching one in his ear.

EDDIE

Whatever you say, I'll hear. We'll be in constant communication. Now... Do you remember your name?

**EXT. STACKHOUSE HOUSE - DAY**

At the fund-raiser's check-in station, outside the house, Emma writes a fake check for the CHECK-IN WOMAN for \$2,500.

EMMA

(southern accent)

The name's Dixie Burnside.

EDDIE (IN EARPIECE)

Really? A southern accent? Don't you think that's a little much?

EMMA

(sotto)

Just getting into character.

Emma cracks a sly grin as she hands the check to the WOMAN, who finds the name on her list.

CHECK-IN WOMAN

Ms. Burnside. The judge is grateful  
for your support.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLIER**

Eddie and Berto prep Emma on the mission.

EDDIE

Now remember, once you're inside  
the house, mingle. Fit in...

**INT. HOUSE, GREAT ROOM - DAY**

Emma takes a drink. Mingles with the other guests. There are  
several HIGH RANKING COPS in uniform.

EDDIE

Be inconspicuous.

She spots JUDGE STACKHOUSE working the crowd. As she turns,  
she bumps into a man, nearly spilling his drink.

EMMA

Oh, I am so...

She looks up to see that it's Fake Rainey! She covers.

EMMA (CONT'D)

... sorry.

FAKE RAINEY

No harm done. Paul Seaborn. Have we  
met?

She smiles and offers her hand.

EMMA

I don't believe we have. Dixie  
Burnside.

SEABORN

I'm sure you hear this all the time  
but, you have beautiful eyes.

Emma sees he's flirting, and is relieved. She smiles.

EMMA

Aren't you a charmer, Mr. Seaborn.

SEABORN

Please, it's Paul.

The Judge beckons to Seaborn.

SEABORN (CONT'D)  
Will you excuse me? Duty calls.

EMMA  
Of course.

Emma breathes a sigh of relief.

EDDIE (EARPIECE)  
Sounds like you made a friend.

EMMA  
Close call with fake Dad. He was  
happy to see me, but that was  
definitely a gun in his pocket.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Emma, Eddie and Berto are gathered around a conference table.

EDDIE  
At some point, Stackhouse will make  
a speech. When all eyes are on him -

**INT. STACKHOUSE RESIDENCE - DAY**

Stackhouse stands before the assembled crowd.

STACKHOUSE  
I want to thank you all for coming,  
and your deep dedication to justice-

EDDIE (EARPIECE)  
- that's your best shot at slipping  
out unnoticed.

Emma, at the back of the crowd, slips into the hallway.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLIER**

Architectural plans are on the conference table.

BERTO  
In the back of the basement is a  
door to the outside. Steel  
reinforced. Sliding deadbolts.

EDDIE  
Making it un-pickable. I need you  
to open that door for me and return  
to the party. I'll do the rest.

EMMA  
How do I get to the basement?

Berto's finger traces a route across the plans.

BERTO

According to the floor plan, the  
entrance is here -

**IN THE HOUSE** - EMMA passes wait staff as she...

BERTO (CONT'D)

- down at the end of this hallway.

... walks down a long hallway. She pauses at a door, looks  
both ways, and then slips inside.

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLIER**

EDDIE

And if anything goes wrong, you  
turn around and walk away.  
Understood?

EMMA

Okay sunshine. But nothing's going  
to go wrong.

**BASEMENT - DAY**

Emma quickly descends the stairs into the basement, only to  
come face to face with an armed MAN IN A SUIT standing guard.

SECURITY

Sorry, ma'am. You can't be down here.

Emma glances over. Sees the steel door.

EDDIE (EARPIECE)

If that's security, get out. Now.

Emma eyes the guard, then looks ahead to the glass-encased  
wine cellar.

EMMA

I just need to grab a bottle of  
vino and I'll be out of your hair.

SECURITY

I can't let anyone back here.

EDDIE (EARPIECE)

What are you doing? Abort!

EMMA

It's for the Judge... Paul said to  
tell you it was okay.

SECURITY

Mr. Seaborn?

EMMA

You don't believe me, we can go see him. But I hate to keep the Judge waiting. You know how he gets.

The Security Man, suddenly insecure, weighs his options, eyes the stairs. Then...

SECURITY

Okay. Come on.

As he leads Emma across the room toward the wine cellar, her eyes on the door, knowing that Eddie is on the other side.

**EXT. STACKHOUSE RESIDENCE - ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR**

Eddie's waiting.

EDDIE

What the hell are you doing?

**INT. INSIDE THE WINE CELLAR - DAY**

Emma eyes the bottles of wine, anxiously. Sees the safe on the wall.

EMMA

(whispers)

I don't know. Improvising?

She selects a bottle, as the security man grows anxious.

SECURITY

Okay. You got it. C'mon. Let's go.

As he turns to lead her out, Emma eyes the back of his head.

EMMA

Aw, hell.

She winces and swings the bottle against the Security Man's head. It shatters and he drops. Emma looks wide-eyed a second and then races for the door, unbolting it, letting Eddie in.

EDDIE

Are you nuts? You know how many bad things could've happened to you?

EMMA

You can tell me later once my heart stops pounding in my ears.

Eddie races to the wine cellar, unfurling a small duffle.

EDDIE

We gotta move. Watch the stairs.

Eddie goes to work on the safe combination, as Emma watches the stairs. She looks back at Eddie. Then... THUMP. She hears something from behind a nearby door. THUMP. THUMP.

EDDIE has the safe open, revealing a stack of ledgers. He flips through them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ricky was right, this is everything.

He starts jamming the ledgers into his duffle. Meanwhile... THUMP THUMP. Emma crosses to the door. THUMP THUMP. She slowly reaches for the doorhandle, and then throws the door open. Revealing... LYNETTE, in a catering outfit, tied up!!! Gag over her mouth. Eyes pleading.

EMMA

Eddie!

Eddie comes out of the wine cellar clutching the duffle to see Emma quickly trying to untie Lynette's ankles.

EDDIE

Dammit. This is why they had a guard down here. Let's get her loose and get the hell out of here.

Eddie kneels to work on her ankles, Lynette's eyes widen, as she tries frantically to gesture. CLI-CHUNK. They hear the action of a gun. Eddie and Emma turn to see Seaborn staring down the barrel. He looks at Emma.

SEABORN

I knew we'd met before.  
(to Eddie)

The safe has a silent alarm, Mr. Valetik. Gun, please.

Eddie slowly pulls out his gun, and puts it on the ground.

SEABORN (CONT'D)

It's been quite a day. First Ms. Rainey here shows up with the catering crew and a loaded 9mm, hell bent on revenge for her poor dead lover. And now, you two. Makes it easy for me though, all of you in one place. Now, the ledgers.

Eddie doesn't move.

EDDIE

You're not gonna shoot us. Your boss won't like the press.

SEABORN

What, that some has-been actress just out of rehab killed herself after accidentally shooting the P.I. she was shadowing? I mean it'll be sad, sure. But, at the end of the day, given her history playing with guns, it'll be just another stop on Hollywood's Dearly Departed Tour. Now... give me the ledgers.

Eddie tosses the ledgers to him.

EMMA

You won't get away with this.

SEABORN

Yes, we will. You know why? Because we always get away with it.

EDDIE

Not today. You know why? Because I'm greedy... for justice.

Hearing the line, Emma eyes Eddie, then looks down at her feet where Eddie's gun sits. She gets it.

SEABORN

Greedy for Justice? What the hell is that supposed to mean?

With her foot, Emma edges toward the gun...

EDDIE

It means, you should watch more TV.

Mimicking the Jules McNair move from the opening scene, Emma flips the gun on her toes and sends it flying at Seaborn! As he instinctively ducks, Eddie charges, slamming him to the ground, popping his gun into the air. Eddie catches it, holding it on Seaborn.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Like I said. Not today.

Eddie smashes Seaborn in the face with the gun.

EMMA

Did you see that? That was awesome!  
I was awesome. I mean, you too,  
nice catch, but you do this a lot.  
But me...?! Who knew?!

Eddie looks at her, and he actually smiles.

**EXT. STACKHOUSE RESIDENCE - LATER**

It's a circus. A dozen cop cars ring the front, as UNIFORMS escort JUDGE STACKHOUSE and SEABORN from the house.

Cops hold back gathered PHOTOGRAPHERS and PRESS, some yelling questions at Stackhouse ("Judge Stackhouse, do you have any response to these allegations"), as others yell questions at Emma, sans wig, with age make-up mostly removed - as she escorts Lynette through the pack and away - ("Emma, what role did you play in the investigation?") Stackhouse passes Eddie and Christine as he's taken to a waiting LAPD squad car. Stackhouse locks eyes with Eddie.

STACKHOUSE

Eddie Valetik, right? You just made  
my Christmas list.

As the cops push Stackhouse forward toward the squad car, Eddie turns to Christine.

EDDIE

Think he'll knit me a sweater?

CHRISTINE

I think your life just got a lot  
more complicated.

(beat)

At least there's enough in those  
ledgers to put him away for a  
couple of lifetimes. But I gotta  
say, that's the stupidest thing  
you've ever done. How'd she talk  
you into it?

EDDIE

I'm still trying to figure that out.

IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE YARD, Lynette gives Emma a hug.

LYNETTE

If it weren't for you guys, I'd be  
dead. Thank you, Emma.

EMMA

Ricky was the real hero. Standing up and putting his life on the line so he could be with you.

LYNETTE

But getting him justice... You're a hero too.

Lynette breaks away leaving Emma moved, her eyes welling with tears as Eddie joins her.

EDDIE

Wait. Are those real tears?

EMMA

Naw. Just some makeup in my eye.  
(smiles)  
So I guess that's it, huh?

EDDIE

Guess so.

Eddie and Emma lock eyes for a moment. There's something there, a reluctance to part. Then Eddie puts out his hand to shake. She takes it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, you didn't suck.

EMMA

Well, let's not get all sappy, Eddie. Thanks for giving me a shot.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

EDDIE

Good luck, Emma.

Eddie walks away toward his car. Emma smiles as he does, then realizes something and chases after him.

EMMA

Hey, wait! You're my ride!!!!

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING**

The sun rises over the city of angels.

**INT. HALLWAY - MORNING**

Eddie walks toward his office door, unfolds the morning paper to see a picture of himself and Emma on the front page with the headline TV ACTRESS UNMASKS FEDERAL JUDGE AS CRIME BOSS.

Eddie rolls his eyes as he...

**INT. P.I. OFFICES, BULLPEN - DAY**

... enters to find... a half dozen people waiting?

BERTO

They were all waiting when I got here this morning. It's gotta be all the publicity.

EDDIE

Huh. Okay. Send the first one in.

BERTO

Eddie, there's something you should know...

(it's hard for him to say)

They don't want just you.

Off Eddie's "Kill me now" look...

**EXT. MALIBU RESTAURANT, PATIO - DAY**

Emma and Syd have coffee as they overlook the water, the same morning paper on the table between them.

SYD

You keep getting good press like this, who knows, in maybe a year, I might be able to get you a gig.

EMMA

What am I supposed to do til then? And don't say dinner theater!

Just then, Emma's phone rings. Caller ID shows...

EMMA (CONT'D)

(surprised)

It's Eddie.

SYD

What does he want?

EMMA

(answers)

Hello?

Emma listens a beat, and then a smile slowly spreads across her face, as we...

**END EPISODE**