

BETTY BUREAU

"Pilot"

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WRITER'S DRAFT
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. PALMER'S NIGHTCLUB, D.C. 1950 - NIGHT

Lamp light and cigarette smoke. Brass band and mid-Atlantic chatter. Evening jackets and coral tulle. D.C.'s aristocracy lounge in the dark of an intimate night club.

Over it all, a CLUB SINGER on a sparse stage croons out a bright, jazzy rendition of "A Little Bird Told Me."

CLUB SINGER

*A little bird told me that you love
me, and I believe that you do.*

A CIGARETTE GIRL passes a booth with a particularly gaudy set of diners hawing at a joke.

The only woman at the table notes the girl's passing, turning up her nose at the exposed curve of flesh peeking out from under the barely-there skirt.

We follow the girl's "skirt" through a curtain and past a waiter skimming out of the kitchen, up a carpeted staircase.

INT. PALMER'S NIGHTCLUB - GAMBLING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The brighter, glitzier space makes the club below look like a dive. The CLINK of gambling chips backdrops uproarious reactions to card flips, roulette landings, dice rolls.

CLUB SINGER (V.O.)

*This little bird told me we'd be
happy and I believe that it's true.*

The cigarette girl serves a table, lighting the cigarette of a young aristocrat. He writes something on a napkin, folds it and hands it off under a \$100 chip as tip.

The girl slides the chip into her bustier with a smirk.

Across the room and barely visible to the girl, a lean, NARROW-EYED MAN clinging to the far wall watches her.

She moves on to the next table; he steps off his post.

INT. PALMER'S NIGHT CLUB - BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

The Narrow-eyed Man from the wall approaches the horseshoe booth of a stout mobster type, MARTIE VARELLI, early 40s, smoking a cigar and laughing with his crew.

He's flanked on one side by his muscle ANGELO, a robust Italian of 40 with the brute strength and unnerving smile of Jaws. On his other side is CECILE, a blonde seductress of 30.

CLUB SINGER (V.O.)

*We'll have a pretty cottage not too
far, all fenced in like movie stars.*

The Man stares at Angelo, cueing him to get up. Angelo slides out. The Man slides in, leaning in to whisper something under the din of the club.

Varelli listens, looks sideways at Cecile occupying herself with a powder compact, and turns back to the man with a subtle response in his ear. The man nods.

CLUB SINGER

*A goldfish pond and a wishing well --
Everything is gonna turn out swell.*

ACROSS THE BAR

The cigarette girl watches the end of the interaction from the curtain near the kitchen. She ducks out of sight when the man gets up from the booth.

Hastily, she removes the chip and note from her bustier and slips it into her shoe.

The Narrow-eyed Man passes her on his way back up the stairs. No eye contact.

INT. D.C. UNION STATION - NIGHT

The cavernous domed thoroughfare stands eerily still. It's beyond late, the midnight train long emptied.

A lone POLICE OFFICER paces the length of the central corridor, bored.

CLUB SINGER (V.O.)

*This little bird told me I was
fallin', fallin' for no one but you.*

When he reaches the row of phone booths along the wall, he stops. Looks around, and starts down the line.

He checks the booths for spare coins, smiling when he pockets a nickel from one. Down the line he goes, poking each booth open with his baton.

But when he reaches the end of the line, he cocks his head at an unusual sight on the floor.

A thin, dark stream of blood traces the step down from the booth to the tile where it pools.

The officer uses his baton to push the booth door open slowly, his face greying.

CLUB SINGER (V.O.)

*The little bird told me we'd be
happy, and I believe that it's true.*

Inside, slumped on the bench, is the cigarette girl in a bloody coat and one shoe, repeatedly STABBED and very DEAD.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. TRAIN - DAY - 1950

Men in gray suits, fat ties, and fedoras ride blankly alongside full-skirted, gloved ladies with their shopping bags and babies.

CATALINA "CATY" PELAYO, 24, dressed in a bright red shirt dress and coiffed for office work, sits deep in thought.

The train whistle SCREAMS as the car comes to a halt.

Caty gets up to exit.

EXT. D.C. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Caty steps off, gets her bearings, and hustles away.

Paces behind her, a boyish YOUNG MAN (19) in a black suit follows, keeping an eye on her, but not making a scene.

Caught in a throng of people, the Young Man loses sight of Caty. He looks around, but she's gone.

CATY (O.S.)

Got a smoke?

He whirls around, unable to hide his surprise at seeing Caty standing behind him, a playful smirk on her face.

He fishes for his pack.

YOUNG MAN

'Course.

She leads him out of the hustle of the concourse to a bare alcove on the back side of a coffee stand.

He offers a cigarette and extends the lighter.

CATY

Thanks, I owe you one.

YOUNG MAN

It's my pleasure, Miss. I'm--

She leans over the lighter to light, but grabs his wrist and twists it, hard enough to make him wince.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Ow!

CATY

You make a habit of following women
off commuter trains?

YOUNG MAN

Slack sent me!

He raises his free hand in surrender and reaches into his jacket for credentials.

Caty takes the paper card with the DOJ seal, "FBI" in prominent blue letters, and a steely headshot of its owner.

She realizes her blunder, but stays stern.

CATY

I'm fine on my own, thank you.

She lets the kid go, hands the ID back, and hustles off.

INT. FBI D.C. HEADQUARTERS, 1950 - DAY

Down a long corridor strides a lone pair of sensible red pumps. The CLICK CLACK bounces off concrete walls, its only competitor the far-off din of RINGING TELEPHONES and VOICES.

The DIN grows to a ROAR as the corridor gives way to a large, open room:

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: MARCH, 1950

AGENTS, ANALYSTS and SECRETARIES buzz.

With her coat and employment forms in hand, Caty takes in her new home with naive rapture. Her dark features and tan skin attract the gaze of both agents and secretaries around her, but she takes no notice.

She wanders past the desks of analysts, men with their noses in books or charting maps and pacing as they bark into rotary telephones.

Caty looks over the shoulder of an analyst whose desk is covered in grim crime photos. He eyes her with suspicion and leans in over the photos.

In the center of the floor, a dozen women type memos, answer phones, and organize papers. It's frenetic.

A loud WHISTLE pierces through the noise.

Caty looks up to spot SANDIE, late 20s, poised in a tailored dress, and over it, motioning for her to come.

Caty weaves her way through the chaos and reaches Sandie's desk with an outstretched hand, which Sandie ignores as she returns to her work transcribing a coded telegram.

CATY

Hello, Caty Pelayo. Agent Slack's--

SANDIE

I know who you are. Sandie Olson.
Floor manager. You're here.

She points to Caty's desk across from hers, then the corner office behind Caty's open desk.

SANDIE (CONT'D)

Slack's office is there. He's debriefing with Hoover. Did you catch all that downstairs?

CATY

No, I had to get clearance.

SANDIE

The Washington Daily is publishing Hoover's Top Ten most wanted fugitives. Taking it national. Slack approves the dossiers before they go to the field offices.

CATY

Who's compiling the--

SANDIE

--You, kid. Every photo and file that exists on the Ten.

Caty gulps as she looks around the buzzing room. She hangs up her coat and settles in.

CATY

Not a bad first day, huh?

SANDIE

You drink coffee?

CATY

Sure.

SANDIE

Start guzzling.

Just then, an ANALYST smacks a messy STACK OF FILES on the desk before Caty.

ANALYST

Your first cookie, Cookie.
Everything Jacksonville's got on
the Florida State runner.

CATY

Thank you.

He flashes a smile before he walks away, but there's a secretary immediately behind him with her own stack. She drops them and leaves without a word.

Across the floor, GEORGE SEIGER, early 30s, a serious looking agent with a striking bone structure, watches the flurry of activity. He stops the Analyst leaving Caty's desk.

GEORGE

Hey, who's the girl?

ANALYST

Slack's new secretary. Real dish,
huh? Two dollars and a pint if you
can get her number by Friday.

He taunts George with a jab in the arm. George doesn't crack a smile but steps off in Caty's direction.

GEORGE

You're on.

At Caty's desk, FRAN, a prim woman of 25 with a Hepburn pixie cut and a cheeky attitude, approaches with an overflowing box and plops it on the desk. More on Fran to come.

FRAN

Holden's files so far. Chicago's
got four more on the way.

CATY

On one man?

FRAN

Thirty years on the lam makes for a
lot of paperwork.

She leaves. A flood of files and photos pile up as other secretaries, typists, agents, and analysts inundate Caty with information.

She tries to keep the cases straight, but they're coming too fast. George pushes through the buzz.

GEORGE

Come with me.

Caty looks up, temporarily conflicted as George walks off and doesn't look back. She stands, barely remembering pen and paper, and follows him.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY

Caty hustles at twice George's pace just to keep up with him.

GEORGE

Got a homicide from Metro PD that may be tied to a gambling ring in town. Female, eighteen. Found in a phone booth stabbed nine times. Looks like a mugging.

CATY

Nine? That doesn't make sense for a grab-and-run. At least not a very good one.

GEORGE

Excuse me?

CATY

Sorry, nothing. I didn't mean to interrupt, Agent Slack.

A coy smile and a glimmer in George's eye says he's happy to play along.

GEORGE

You squeamish about blood?

They hurry on. Caty smiles.

INT. FBI FORENSIC LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

In a white-washed cinder block basement, the FBI's forensic lab boasts bulky equipment and walls lined with glass-pane cabinets full of beakers and file boxes.

A steel table holds the body of the bloodied victim in the center of the room, still in shreds of her costume.

ROY PHILLIPS, mid-30s with a good-boy comb over and a too-large pair of square frame glasses, kneels before a SECRETARY with her outstretched foot in his hand, removing her shoe.

GEORGE (O.S.)
You're supposed to be putting the
shoe on, Prince Charming.

Roy jumps up with the shoe in hand, embarrassed as George and
Caty approach. Something PLINKS to the floor. The secretary
turns flush as she and Roy both stoop to pick up the small
item: A poker chip.

ROY
There you are. I was just...we, uh,
I just found...here. Take a look.

Roy hands the girl her shoe. She puts it on hastily and
hurries out of the lab, beet red.

Roy focuses a light on a shoe of the victim.

ROY (CONT'D)
There's an imprint of a gambling
chip in the insole of the shoe.

INSERT

The leather insole, ridged and stamped with a distinct
compass symbol, the word "PALMER'S" arched over it.

BACK TO SCENE

GEORGE
Palmer's Nightclub?

ROY
Yep. That's why Metro called us.
They generally don't like putting
their hands in mob business unless
they're on the bankroll.

GEORGE
This the chip?

ROY
No, I grabbed it from the evidence
locker to test. Chip was missing
from the vic.

CATY
This was no mugging. The killer had
to have known about the chip and
followed her. And apparently taken
out some rage in the process.

George and Roy are taken aback.

ROY
I'm sorry, who are you?

Caty extends a hand confidently.

CATY
Caty Pelayo, Agent Slack's new
secretary.

ROY
I see.

He shoots George a sideways look.

GEORGE
Must have been a high dollar chip
to motivate someone to kill for it.

CATY
Or it was about more than the chip.
Look at the entry points. Even if
she fought, it doesn't take nine
thrusts to overpower an eighteen-
year-old girl.

Roy and George laugh.

GEORGE
Depends on the girl, doesn't it?

Caty's face hardens. She leans over the body getting within
inches of Roy's face, but before she can retort...

SLACK (O.S.)
Seiger!

Caty and George wheel around to see the broad-shouldered,
stone-faced, hard-as-nails AGENT NORMAN SLACK (48), making
his way over with a cane and a heavy limp.

SLACK (CONT'D)
Ah, Miss Pelayo. Nice to see you
made it. Norman Slack.

Caty recovers from George's misdirection just in time to
shake Slack's hand.

CATY
Thank you, sir. It's a pleasure to
finally meet you.

GEORGE
You two pen pals?

SLACK

Her brother and I served together
in the Pacific.

(to Caty)

He was a damn good soldier.

He's touched a nerve. Caty forces a smile.

CATY

Thank you, sir.

SLACK

Did he teach you to grapple? The
driver I sent tells me you've got a
mean grip.

Caty blushes.

CATY

I apologize, sir; I didn't realize.

SLACK

Probably did him good. What are you
doing down here?

Caty opens her mouth to speak, but George beats her to it.

GEORGE

I needed her to record Roy's
findings. The other secretaries are
fielding case files for the list.

SLACK

Damn the list. Now Phillips, where
are we on this homicide? Does it
link to us to Palmer's?

ROY

Working on it.

He glances at Caty, who's glaring at a sheepish George.

SLACK

Good. Let's wrap this up.

Slack turns to Caty.

SLACK (CONT'D)

Miss Pelayo, I want this report on
my desk today. And book a meeting
for us to debrief. I want to hear
how the Texas border-lands are
shaping up. Or not.

CATY

Yes, sir.

Slack makes his way out. Caty lingers, her look cutting through George.

CATY (CONT'D)

A *pair* of Slacks?

GEORGE

Uncanny, right?

He holds out a hand, dropping the bit.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

George Seiger. Slack's partner.

CATY

Caty Pelayo. Not your secretary.

Caty exits. Roy looks on, amused.

INT. SLACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Caty scribbles on a note pad as Slack fires off from his office chair, making meat of a wad of paper.

SLACK

Full rap sheets, every sighting, every piece of evidence listed. Anything that can help local law track 'em and bag 'em. And mug shots. Mug shots are key to this whole stunt.

CATY

Stunt?

SLACK

Publicity. Giving Farmer Joe the opportunity to "catch crooks." What a crock.

CATY

You blow enough smoke in the right fox holes, it just might work.

SLACK

You kids and your optimism.

(beat)

I'm glad this worked out, Miss Pelayo.

CATY

Me too, sir. First group will be on
your desk by morning.

She nods with a smile and exits.

Slack lingers a moment, then peeks through his office blind
to watch Caty get to work. He smiles, satisfied.

INT. CATY'S DESK - DAY TO NIGHT

MONTAGE

Caty speeds through files: mug shots and crime scene photos,
rap sheets and warrants.

She scans carefully, jotting down important info, labeling
with notes and cellophane tape.

Agents and typists bring more files. She accepts graciously,
taking phone messages in between and never breaking focus.

Outside her window, the sun fades to night. Inside, the floor
around her desk grows full of organized case files.

END MONTAGE

The buzz of the floor has been reduced to silence. Desks sit
empty, but Caty's still at it, wiping exhaustion from her
brow. A small stack remains.

George approaches and drops a MANILA FOLDER on her desk
labeled "PALMER'S."

GEORGE

Turns out the vic with the poker
chip was a cigarette girl at
Palmer's Nightclub.

He sets a cup of coffee on the file. She looks up, makeup
smudged and hair lopsided.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Owner thinks she may have been
ready to rat out an unsavory
patron, which makes a lot more
sense of all those stab wounds.

This makes Caty smile.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I guess I should say thanks.

Caty brings the paper mug to her lips.

CATY
This will do.

She sips, and grimaces.

CATY (CONT'D)
You make a horrible cup of coffee.

GEORGE
Not my fault the Bureau hasn't
bought fresh coffee since VE-Day.

Caty slugs down a big gulp of tar, winces.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You staying long?

CATY
I think I'll assemble these last
two at home. I promised round one
to Slack in the morning.

She gathers the stack of case files.

GEORGE
Diligent. He'll like that.
(beat)
What's the deal with you two? He
talked about your brother like he
was a legend.

CATY
He was. Their unit got in a tough
spot in the Pacific. Slack was
shot, and Joe saved his life.

GEORGE
I see.

CATY
(quickly)
But that's not why I'm here. I
earned this job.

GEORGE
Sure you're qualified, but so are a
thousand girls in D.C. Slack hired
you to pay a debt of gratitude.

Caty stands, indignant.

CATY

That doesn't make me a charity case. My resume is more than memos and lunch orders.

GEORGE

Border patrol, right?

CATY

I worked for the director three years. Only secretary in the nation armed and dangerous.

George grins and turns away, unconvinced.

GEORGE

A regular Calamity Jane, I'm sure.

He walks off, leaving Caty fuming. She chucks the coffee cup into the trash.

CATY

Annie Oakley, you pompous cad.

INT. AGENT'S PUB - NIGHT

Dark, smoky, and decorated with dart boards and pinups: The ultimate man cave. Clusters of agents off-duty let off steam, deep in their swill.

JACK MEYER, mid 20s, sidles up next to a striking YOUNG WOMAN, barely 21, applying lipstick at the bar. He and his bourbon lean in.

JACK

A girl sweet as you needs a drink in her hand. What'll you have?

YOUNG WOMAN

How about a Try Again on the rocks?

JACK

Ah, I like a woman with sass.

YOUNG WOMAN

Do they often like you?

JACK

Oh, very often.

YOUNG WOMAN

That so? Well ...

She returns her compact to her bag and leans over with a sultry smile.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
... you won't catch me on a line
like that.

JACK
If you didn't want to be hooked,
you wouldn't be here.

The hard-to-get game ends.

YOUNG WOMAN
You G-men are all so clever.

Jack is taken aback.

JACK
Whoa, I'm not a G-man.

YOUNG WOMAN
You're not?!

JACK
Better. I'm a newspaper man.

The woman gets up and gathers her coat and bag.

JACK (CONT'D)
What's so wrong with being a
newspaper man?

She stalks off toward the exit without a word. Jack slumps back to his bourbon and knocks it back.

As the woman exits, George walks in. He looks around and finds his target sunk in a corner: MAX, a nervous, middle-aged gent with a heavy mustache and slouchy tan suit.

Jack notes George's entrance and turns away. He glances over his shoulder to spot George's destination across the bar.

INT. CATY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A modest space half-unpacked with moving boxes and a sparse assemblage of furniture.

A hand-scrawled page of notes labeled "MARTIE VARELLI" sits in front of a typewriter on the dining room table. Photos and files fill the table around it, some neatly closed, a few open and scattered in progress.

Caty enters with a mug of tea. In her pajamas, hair in curlers, face clean. She studies each photo carefully.

MAMA (O.S.)
Dios mio, querida!

MAMA (50) staggers into the kitchen, her bad back making her sway, her round form clutching a robe closed.

CATY
Mama, go back to bed.

Caty gets up to shoo her mother away, but Mama persists, pulling up a chair and examining the photos.

MAMA
Always working. You are your father's daughter.

She shakes her head, genuinely concerned.

CATY
Why does that bother you so much?

MAMA
I'm worried we raised you too much like the boys.

CATY
Mama!

MAMA
It's true! How you gonna get married if you always working and beating up men in train stations?

CATY
That was self-defense.

Mama rolls her eyes.

MAMA
Bull in china shop. All of you. Papa, Pedro, Manuel --

CATY
Jose?

Mama's face falls, suddenly sad.

MAMA
I just want you to be taken care of, Querida.

CATY

I can take care of myself, Ma.

Mama crosses herself with a sigh.

MAMA

Santo Padre, ayudar a mi hija.

She stands with effort, kisses the top of Caty's head and exits, shaking her head and muttering in Spanish.

Caty returns to her work, eyeing an open file by the list:

A. Candid photo, caught incognito, of Martie Varelli straightening his suit jacket as he gets out of a car.

B. Rap sheet of known misdeeds: extortion, assault, money laundering, murder.

She flips through the file to a murder case.

INSERT - POLICE REPORT

"Eye witness plated Varelli's vehicle fleeing the scene."

BACK TO SCENE

She flips to page two of the report -- a photo of the victim, bloodied and white in the street.

Caty puzzles together the familiarity: Young girl, abdominal stab wounds.

She jots down an address in the margin of her notes:

"392 Dewey Rd. 20005"

Caty moves to her messenger bag, digging amid a few folders and emerges with the MANILA FOLDER labeled "PALMER'S."

She splays it open and flips to the police report, scanning until she lands on the information she needs:

CATY

Station at Fifth and Montpelier.

She races to a box occupying the roll top desk and extracts a map and a phone book. The book lands on the kitchen table with a THUD while Caty flairs the map open over the files.

With darting eyes and a quick finger, she deftly identifies the block of the address she jotted down and the street corner mentioned in the PALMER'S report.

She circles both with the pen, then turns to the phone book.
Flip. Scan. BINGO.

INSERT - PHONE BOOK ENTRY

Palmer's Nightclub
496 Halifax St.
Washington D.C. 20005
202-555-3183

BACK TO SCENE

Caty finds the block on the map and circles it -- the three
circles overlap.

Off her disbelief.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. AGENT'S PUB - BOOTH - SAME TIME

George sits in front of Max at one corner of the pub and calls over a waitress.

GEORGE

Max, good to see you. Have a drink.

MAX

Don't say my name. If anyone clocks me, I'm dead by morning.

GEORGE

All the more reason to drink.

The waitress arrives as Max quakes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Couple 'a Gin Rickeys for me and my friend here.

WAITRESS

You got it, boys.

She turns off with a sultry swing. George leans in.

GEORGE

Let's talk about Palmer's.

Max looks around, nervous.

AT THE BAR

Jack hugs the lacquered pine and watches the interaction.

BOOTH - SAME TIME

Over their cocktails, Max leans forward to George, quietly spilling his guts.

MAX

The owner's a real hard ass.

GEORGE

O'Donnell? I talked to him a couple hours ago. He was very cooperative.

Surprised at this response, Max shakes his head.

MAX
You didn't talk to the owner.

JACK (O.S.)
Oooh sounds like you're back to the
starting line, buddy.

Jack approaches, pulls up a chair and sits between them.

MAX
Who's this?

GEORGE
Nobody.

JACK
Eh, just a colleague of George's.

GEORGE
Get lost, Jack.

JACK
Ah, but I came here to see you. You
have some information I need.

MAX
Look, I don't know what scheme
you're pulling, but I'm out!

He stands abruptly. George tries to remain calm.

GEORGE
Wait, Max. He's nobody.

He stands and moves to Max's path, who's manic with fear.

MAX
Forget we ever spoke!

GEORGE
This doesn't have anything to do
with you...

But Max is gone.

JACK
Aren't you going after him?

GEORGE
(seething)
He's an informant.

Jack claps him on the shoulder.

JACK

Ah, you'll get 'em back. George Seiger always gets his man ... and his information.

George won't be bullied. He takes Jack by the lapel in both agitated fists and pins him to the closest wall.

GEORGE

Wise up, paper boy.

He releases Jack.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You'll get the list when everyone else does.

JACK

That's no good for me.

GEORGE

Oh yeah?

JACK

And it's not good for you either. I need a little heads up here or I can't get you what you need.

He pulls a white envelope out of his jacket and waves it in George's face.

GEORGE

Don't make me bring you in.

JACK

You're not gonna do that, Georgey. You know why?

He gets nothing but a twitching jaw from George.

Jack leans in and points a finger in his own chest.

JACK (CONT'D)

Because nobody's closer to the spooks at HUAC than McCarthy and his press corps.

Jack shrugs with a smug half-grin as he puts the envelope back in his jacket. George straightens himself, choosing to back away rather than tear the kid a new one.

GEORGE

Watch yourself, Jackie.

George gives Jack a final shove before storming out of the bar, leaving Jack to regain his composure under a small sea of judgemental stares.

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - MORNING

Caty stands when she sees George enter and head straight for coffee. She approaches with Varelli's file, determined.

George pours his joe, oblivious to Caty. She snaps the file over the steam just as he goes for a first sip.

GEORGE

Hey!

CATY

Martie Varelli is number nine on the list right now. Take a look at the murder charges.

Irritated, he struggles with the folder. She grabs the coffee.

GEORGE

You mean the girl he's wanted for killing who died three months ago a block from Palmer's?

Caty deflates.

CATY

You know?

GEORGE

I did some digging of my own last night. Same profile as the Palmer's girl; age, proximity, stab wounds. Pretty strong similarities.

He closes the file and exchanges it for his coffee, then heads across the floor toward his office. Caty keeps in step.

CATY

What else did you find out?

GEORGE

(gloating)
Just that Martie Varelli co-owns Palmer's Nightclub.

Caty lights up.

CATY

What?!

GEORGE

But no evidence to tie him to the new victim yet.

CATY

Connecting the cases could help us corner him.

GEORGE

Us? There is no "us."

She double-steps to get in front of him. They stop.

CATY

You know what I meant. This is a solid connection to Varelli.

GEORGE

Yes, it is. Which is why I'm bringing in Varelli's girlfriend for questioning.

He sidesteps a surprised Caty into his office.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cecile sits at a wooden table, the only fixture in the room. She smacks her gum, inspects her nails, fully aware -- according to the angle of her cleavage -- she's being watched on the other side of the mirror across from her.

INT. LISTENING ROOM - SAME TIME

George gathers his notes. Two agents watch Cecile: MARSHALL (32), a well-fed husband in a cheap suit, and TUCKER (25), a big kid in his daddy's suit.

MARSHALL

Martie Varelli, you lucky bastard.

GEORGE

Let's hope she knows where he is.

TUCKER

Mmm hmm.

George shakes his head at the pair enjoying the view.

He opens the door, revealing Caty immediately behind it.

GEORGE

I can't get rid of you, can I?

Caty smirks.

CATY
Give it your best shot.

GEORGE
Okay. Bring our guest some coffee.

Caty's smirk falls fast.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Caty enters with a serving tray of coffee.

Cecile's face registers surprise.

CECILE
You shine shoes, too?

CATY
Cream and sugar?

CECILE
Touch of sugar. Watching my figure.

Caty pours. Cecile studies her. After a beat:

CECILE (CONT'D)
I used to be like you. Meekly
schlepping coffee, getting by on
nickels and dimes.

CATY
And now you've hit the jackpot on
the arm of a wanted criminal.

Caty slides the cup to Cecile and sits.

Cecile repostures, leaning in.

CECILE
Hey, I don't know what he's done,
but I'm an innocent victim here. He
comes, he buys me presents, he
tells me nothing, we... ya know...
and he goes.

CATY
If you're smart enough to land him,
you're smart enough to know when to
leave him.

Cecile sits back with a sigh.

CECILE

I wish I was, honey. Sometimes you make compromises to get what you want. This world we live in, it's not ours unless we make it ours --

The door opens and George enters with the case file, prompting Caty to her feet. Cecile checks George out as she finishes her thought...

CECILE (CONT'D)

-- However we can.

George is all business and exchanges a quick look with Caty before sitting across from Cecile.

GEORGE

Miss Baker, thanks for coming in.

CECILE

My pleasure, handsome.

Caty catches Cecile's eye one more time on exiting with the tray. Cecile winks over her coffee.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside the interrogation room, Caty pauses to look down at the tray, jaw knotting with resentment.

Sandie runs up to her with a stack of mail in hand.

SANDIE

Caty! Thank god. I have to un-jam the copy machine. Will you run the mail out?

Caty shifts the tray to one hand and takes the stack.

CATY

Of course.

SANDIE

Thanks a mill'! See you at lunch.

She scuttles off. Caty steps off in a huff.

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - SAME TIME

DING. An elevator opens, revealing Jack.

Jack waltzes onto the floor, clocking the room carefully.
Fran meets him halfway.

FRAN
Can I help you, sir?

JACK
I'm sure you could.

Fran's face turns stern.

FRAN
What can I do for you?

JACK
I'm here to see Agent Slack.
Operator told me he has information
I need.

FRAN
Do you have an appointment? He's
not here.

JACK
May I wait for him?

FRAN
Your time to waste, not mine.

She directs him to a bench near the elevator.

JACK
Thank you, Miss.

He watches Fran leave -- for more than one reason.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Cecile pops a bubble with her gum. George doesn't react.

CECILE
He's in and out and never tells me
when or where he's going. Tells me
not to worry.
(beat)
But a girl hears rumors, you know?

GEORGE
Like what?

CECILE

I assume it has to do with money.
You spooks never could appreciate a
little hard work.

GEORGE

Not when it leads to murder.

He splays open the case folders.

Cecile gasps, the crime scene photos clearly horrifying her.

CECILE

I had no idea... How could this
happen?

GEORGE

Miss Baker, can you tell me where
you were the night of March third?

CECILE

At Palmer's, same as any Friday.

GEORGE

And Mr. Varelli?

CECILE

Right next to me. The whole night,
I swear.

GEORGE

And where is he now?

The breakdown begins. Cecile's eyes brim with tears.

CECILE

I don't know! He left a few days
ago and hasn't been back.

Frustrated, George struggles to maintain his cool.

GEORGE

Think back to that Friday. Did you
notice any strange or different
activity that night?

CECILE

No, nothing. It coulda been me
lying there dead!

George squirms at her tears.

EXT. D.C. STREET - DAY

Sandie and Caty walk with Fran down a busy sidewalk full of men. A few look. One cat calls.

CATY

Are all the men here like that?

SANDIE

We're working women in the nation's capital. What do you expect?

CATY

A little chivalry wouldn't hurt.

SANDIE

All these G's, they look at us and see nothing but future maids and an easy lay. You got a beau?

CATY

Used to. It didn't outlast the war.

FRAN

We all had one of those.

SANDIE

War has a way of making romantics outta all of us. It's disgusting.

FRAN

You dodged a bullet. Men are more work than they're worth.

CATY

That's a little harsh.

SANDIE

It's the truth. A girl's work is either her job or her husband's happiness. Just the way it is. Here we are. Dime a Deli.

They approach a busy street cart, invading the boy's club as Sandie steps up to the counter with a slip of paper.

SANDIE (CONT'D)

I need three turkeys, seven hams, two bolognas, and a pastrami with chili sauce if you've got it.

The deli man looks at her sideways.

SANDIE (CONT'D)

Don't ask. And tack on three of those chocolate chip cookies for me and my friends here.

She gives the deli man a sly grin.

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - SAME TIME

Jack checks his watch, impatient. He looks around.

There's little buzz on the floor, but everyone's well occupied. Tired of waiting, Jack sneaks around the floor's perimeter to Slack's office. Unnoticed, he slides in.

INT. SLACK'S OFFICE

Empty. Jack takes a quick study. The dossiers sit in a stack on his desk awaiting approval.

Jack spreads the files out so the names are all visible, retrieves a camera from his jacket, and starts photographing.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - COFFEE STATION - MORNING

Caty fills her mug. George approaches, looking beat.

Caty offers him the steaming cup. He accepts.

GEORGE

Thanks.

CATY

You look like you need it. Any luck with Cecile yesterday?

GEORGE

Nope. Nothing but tears. I don't do tears.

CATY

They really should have women agents for that kind of thing.

GEORGE

Tell that to Hoover.

CATY

Maybe one day I will.

GEORGE

Have you met Hoover?

CATY

No.

GEORGE

Good. Maintain your innocence as long as you can.

Caty smiles, changes the subject.

CATY

So if the weepy girlfriend's a dead end, is there anyone else who might know where Varelli is?

GEORGE

The Palmer's guys are all shut up. Won't talk and we have no leverage to make them.

CATY
How about with the older case?
Witness? Family? Any clue at all?

George ponders a moment.

GEORGE
Let's take a look.

Off Caty's excitement as she surges off after him.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

A warehouse of sorts, the evidence boxes extend down long aisles of tall shelves. George and Caty enter, George focused on looking up the case box and Caty wandering in awe.

CATY
Wow. This is incredible.

GEORGE
Don't touch anything; we find the case box, get some contacts, and get out. I don't want people asking questions.

Caty disappears down an aisle while George searches the log book. After a moment...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(chiding)
Miss Pelayo?

In the aisle, Caty looks up and down the rows of boxes, mouth agape at the investigative potential of the room.

CATY
I heard you.

Meanwhile, George spends another moment searching and...

GEORGE
Ha! Found it.

As he scrawls down the location, Caty's heels CLACK her eager return. She follows him down the correct aisle.

George pulls the box down and they stoop to open it. Beneath the paperwork, a large envelope bulges with the victim's belongings. Caty immediately opens it and digs in.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hey watch it! You're gonna end up
tampering with evidence.

CATY
Relax.

She clutches a handful of items and pulls it out. Something PLINKS to the bottom of the box. A gambling chip. One face has the distinctive embossed compass with "PALMER'S" on it.

GEORGE
Is that--?

CATY
--Palmer's?

George picks it up for closer examination. He hands it off to Caty and grabs the file, scanning and reading parts.

GEORGE
"Palmer's Nightclub ... Bartender
identified victim as employee ...
Confirmed Varelli left less than an
hour before we got the call."

But Caty's not listening. She's holding an evidence bag with a beat up, but expensive-looking watch in it. A woman's.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What, you looking for a Mother's
Day present?

CATY
I recognize this watch.

GEORGE
Come on, quit messing around.

CATY
I mean it -- my grandmother had a
watch just like this one.

George looks back through the case file, skeptical.

GEORGE
Says here it was found next to the
body. Belonged to the victim.

CATY
A teenage girl couldn't afford
this. I know the jeweler. He's a
local craftsman.

GEORGE

In D.C.? Didn't you just get here
from Texas?

Caty huffs and spouts off quickly:

CATY

My grandparents immigrated to
Arlington from Spain and raised my
mother here. She met my dad in the
first war and they landed in Texas.

GEORGE

So you've met this guy.

CATY

Yes, years ago. And you should talk
to him. Mistress or mule, our dead
girl didn't buy this watch herself.

She hands George the watch before standing with some effort.
George scrambles up to offer a hand, which she doesn't take.

GEORGE

Where are you going?

CATY

To get you the address. At my desk.
For once.

George snickers as she steps over the box and exits.

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - LATER

Slack barrels through toward his office. Caty, opening the
mail, doesn't see him coming.

SLACK

Miss Pelayo!

She jumps in surprise. Slack explodes into his office.

Caty grabs pen and paper and hustles to join him, barely
noticing the embarrassed faces staring.

INT. SLACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Caty sits sheepishly. Slack lays into her.

SLACK

Explain how this happens on your
second day!

He whips the "extra" down on the desk in front of her. The headline reads: "FBI'S TOP TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVES"

CATY

What? I've followed every instruction --

SLACK

Did you share the list with anyone?

CATY

Not a soul, I swear.

SLACK

Did you see anyone suspicious come in? Unauthorized?

CATY

I haven't, sir. If someone came it would have been while I was away from my desk.

SLACK

Doing what?

CATY

(indignant)

Lunch run, mail drop, copy room-- all very much part of my job.

SLACK

Not anymore.

Caty looks up, her worst fears materializing.

Slack's demeanor turns solemn.

SLACK (CONT'D)

Clean out your desk. You're done.

CATY

Please, sir. I can fix this.

SLACK

No, you can't. And neither can I. I wanted to be able to help you. God knows I owe your brother at least that much. But it seems bringing you here was a mistake.

Caty barely holds it together to push back.

CATY

No, sir, it wasn't. You found me because of Joe, but you hired me because I could do the job. Please. Let me prove I still can.

Slack takes in her pleading face a moment.

He caves. Looking down at his desk, he slides the Hoover-scrawled revisions and statement toward her.

SLACK

Type that up and take it down to the Post immediately. Demand a retraction on authority of Director Hoover.

CATY

Yes, sir.

She takes the revisions and turns to leave.

SLACK

Pelayo?

CATY

Yes, sir?

SLACK

If this doesn't work, you're on the next train back to Texas.

Caty's jaw tightens. She nods and ducks out.

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - LATER

Caty takes out her frustration on the typewriter keys, cranking out the revisions.

George approaches her desk with Marshall and Tucker.

GEORGE

Hey, wanna talk to me about this jeweler?

With an aggressive pull of the return lever, the list is freed from the paper feed.

CATY

I gave you all his information. I can't do both my job *and* yours.

Caty gets up and puts the list in a file folder.

GEORGE
(perplexed)
What's wrong, doll?

She halts. Her look sears him to the core.

CATY
Call me 'doll' again.

He throws up his hands.

GEORGE
I'm sorry, it's just like night and
day from this morning.

MARSHALL
Get used to it, brother.

Tucker laughs. Caty glares and puts on her coat.

CATY
My job wasn't on the line this
morning.

GEORGE
What are you talking about?

CATY
The list got leaked.

She storms out with the folder, leaving George baffled, then suddenly burdened with anger.

GEORGE
(under his breath)
Dammit, Jack.

TUCKER
Boy, she is one tough customer.

MARSHALL
Forget criminals -- catch her!

George storms off disgruntled as his colleagues laugh.

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

Caty marches into a loud and chaotic den, buzzing with CLACKING keys and RINGING phones. She approaches the closest typist, but before she can inquire...

JACK (O.S.)
You lost, sweetheart?

Caty turns. Whoa, he's handsome. And familiar. She leans in over the noise.

CATY
Mr. Jack Meyer?

He nods with a smile.

JACK
You're lookin' at him, doll.

She presents a folder with a large FBI emblem on it. Jack takes it and motions to an office along the wall.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack closes the door, muffling the roar of the bull pen.

CATY
Director Hoover demands immediate retraction of the list you published this afternoon. It's unofficial, not to mention illegal.

JACK
Retraction? Honey, extras don't just evaporate. That list is on every street downtown by now.

CATY
How'd you get it?

JACK
I'm sorry?

CATY
We either have a rat or a thief, and I intend to find out which.

JACK
You're off track here, honey. I got the list from my editor.

CATY
And where's his office?

Jack panics as she moves past him toward the door. He steps in her way, holding her arm.

JACK
I'm afraid he's not in today.

Her glare warns him to let go. He does.

CATY

Fine. I need a list of Post employees to cross-check with the Bureau visitor log.

JACK

Slow down! I'm sure we can figure this out between us.

He turns on the charm, stepping close to her.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't know how the list got here, but it seems you went to a lot of trouble to fix it, sweetheart. What'dya say I take you out to dinner tonight to make up for it?

CATY

Miss Pelayo, if you don't mind. And I don't need a date to do my job. I just need you to retract the list and publish this one. Now.

Jack's surprised at her force...and maybe a little turned on.

JACK

No can do. You'll have to wait for the morning paper.

Caty's out of patience.

CATY

Where's your secure telephone line? I'm sure Director Hoover would prefer to hear about your limitations directly.

JACK

Now wait just a minute. We both know that's a bit excessive.

CATY

(defiant)

Is it?

Just then, Jack's office door flies open: It's George.

GEORGE

What have you done, you son of a--

Jack nods in Caty's direction.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Miss Pelayo. I didn't know you were coming here.

CATY
I came to get the list retracted.
What are you doing here?

George and Jack exchange a tense look.

GEORGE
Mr. Meyers is--

JACK
--an informant.

GEORGE
An informant.

Caty looks from one to another. She's no fool.

CATY
And?

George thinks fast, fixing his eyes on Jack.

GEORGE
And I came to advise him that in order to keep his protected status as informant, he should retract the list immediately.

A moment of silent volley between them.

JACK
It's done.

Caty stifles a wave of frustration.

CATY
Good. Thank you for your time.
Agent Seiger?

She moves to the door and exits. George follows suit, but turns back to Jack before exiting.

GEORGE
This isn't done.

INT. NEWS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

George makes a beeline for the door, Caty close behind. They exit through a STAIRWELL DOOR.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The pair descends. Caty races to keep up with George, who's not interested in answering questions.

CATY

What was that about? I had everything under control and then you come busting the door down--

GEORGE

--It's done, isn't it?

CATY

Yes--

GEORGE

Then that's it.

CATY

How did you know he's responsible for the leak?

GEORGE

Lucky guess.

CATY

What's he inform on? He caved in a snap, no questions asked. What kind of leverage do you have on him?

GEORGE

He's my brother.

Caty halts in her tracks, but George keeps going.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. D.C. STREET - LATER

George and Caty walk back toward the bureau, debriefing. Caty again struggles to keep up with George's long stride.

CATY

Does the Bureau know? Slow down.

He adjusts his pace.

GEORGE

Sorry. Not that I know of. I'd appreciate keeping it that way.

CATY

Why the secret?

GEORGE

They'd put eyes on both of us. Keep us from doing our jobs. It's better they don't know.

Caty mulls the situation as they walk.

CATY

Thanks for your help.

GEORGE

He'd have given in eventually. If you promised him a date.

He extends a hand as they approach an early spring puddle at an intersection. She takes it and hops over.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A typical detective's office, rife with clutter and traces of half-baked leads and half-eaten meals under a singular yellow incandescence.

Slack sits across from him, listening.

GEORGE

I'm out of options. Varelli's girlfriend was useless, his place is spick and span, O'Donnell has everybody at Palmers on a gag order -- this is the end of the line.

Slack rubs his forehead, distressed.

SLACK

It's thin.

GEORGE

It's all we've got.

George slowly balls his fist, waiting.

Slack finally nods.

SLACK

Fine. Keep it low profile.

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - MORNING

Caty's opening the mail at her desk when Slack exits his office and approaches.

SLACK

Just got off the phone with Hoover.
He's satisfied with the retraction.

CATY

I can stay?

SLACK

You can stay. Just keep your nose
clean for a while.

CATY

Thank you so much, sir.

He nods and moves off, disappearing down a hallway.

Relieved, Caty sets back to work.

The next envelope is from The Post: a hand-written note
inside reads: "TO MISS PELAYO, WITH LOVE -JACK."

Behind the note is an official notice of retraction.

Caty's still beaming when George comes up eagerly, already
caffeinated.

GEORGE

Hey. I want to talk to your jeweler
friend about the watch, and I want
you to do it.

CATY

Me?

GEORGE
He knows you, right?

CATY
Yes.

GEORGE
Then he'll open up to you more.

CATY
When? After work tonight?

George winces a little.

CATY (CONT'D)
Now?!

GEORGE
I gotta follow up on the victim
this afternoon, so if you want in
on this, it's now or never.

Caty bites her lip in conflict, spotting other secretaries and analysts side-eyeing them. Sandie's desk is empty.

CATY
If I get caught, I'm done.

GEORGE
Please. I can cover for you.

CATY
You can lie for me, but you can't
do my job.

GEORGE
Then you'll have to be as good as
you say you are.

She sees his play, but willingly takes the bait. Jumping from her chair, she grabs her coat.

Sandie returns from a side office in time to intercept.

SANDIE
Where you off to?

CATY
Uh, Agent Seiger needs me to run a
quick errand.

GEORGE
Important case-related business.

SANDIE
You know we have runners for that?

GEORGE
I need Miss Pelayo's *specific* set
of skills for this errand.

Sandie doesn't buy it. She stands her ground.
Caty gets desperate.

CATY
Can you cover me just thirty
minutes?

Sandie sizes George up.

SANDIE
You think it'll take that long?

He flushes.

CATY
Yes, why?

SANDIE
Nothing. And if Slack comes back?

Caty searches the ceiling for a plausible answer.

CATY
Tell him I had lady problems?

GEORGE
Oh, god.

He turns away, embarrassed.

SANDIE
You got a lotta nerve, kid.

Caty heaves a sigh of relief.

CATY
Thank you, thank you, thank you.

SANDIE
Thirty minutes.

Sandie shakes her head as they scurry to the elevators.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

MAC SCHMIDT, the store owner, 70s, hunches over a small table with a focused light on a watch, a magnifier over one eye, tinkering with the delicate parts.

Behind him, the store BELL rings. Caty and George enter. Schmidt doesn't look up.

SCHMIDT

Be with you in a moment.

CATY

Mac?

Schmidt turns at the familiar voice, surprised.

SCHMIDT

Well I'll be.

He sets down the watch and tool, his age showing as he hobbles from behind the counter and into Caty's open arms.

CATY

You have to tell me your secrets.
You haven't aged a day since I last
saw you.

SCHMIDT

Oh, what a liar you are!
(to George)
Better marry this one quick. She'll
lie when you get old and fat to
make you feel better.

George shifts uncomfortably as Caty pushes back.

CATY

Oh, no Mac, this is not my -- we're
not a couple. He's my boss.

Schmidt inspects Caty's left hand with concern.

SCHMIDT

Boss? Isabel's granddaughter became
a career woman, did she? She'd have
died with the thought. Peace be
upon her.

CATY

Yes, well. She wore a watch from
your shop for years. Like this one.

Caty presents the woman's watch from evidence. Schmidt puts the magnifier from his vest pocket on and examines it.

SCHMIDT

I remember. Lovely woman, your grandmother. You look just like her.
(to George)
Isn't she lovely?

George clears his throat and steps in, badge out now.

GEORGE

Sir, I'm Agent George Seiger of the FBI. We're here to ask you about a potential customer.

SCHMIDT

Not Isabel?

George gives him an impatient look and opens the file.

Schmidt takes it and moves back to the light of his setting table. He instantly recognizes Varelli.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Martie Varelli. What's he into?

GEORGE

He murdered a couple young girls.

SCHMIDT

Oh, my. I didn't know ... He's only in here a few times a year.

CATY

When did you last--?

GEORGE

When was the last--?

Caty blushes at her misstep. George glares at her.

GEORGE

--Time you saw him?

Schmidt smiles at their silent interaction.

SCHMIDT

November maybe? Bought an early Christmas present for his lady.

CATY

Cecile Baker?

SCHMIDT

That's the one.

GEORGE
What was it?

Schmidt squints as he remembers.

SCHMIDT
Emerald pendant, maybe? I remember
he asked for pink diamonds, but I
didn't have enough carats for him
at the time.

George jots in his notebook and snaps it shut.

GEORGE
Will you help us catch him?

SCHMIDT
Do I have a choice?

He sighs heavily, turning to Caty.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Of all the offices in Washington,
you had to walk into his.

INT. SLACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Slack leans back in his office chair, skeptical. George lays out the plan. Marshall and Tucker listen.

GEORGE
Schmidt will set up a private
exhibit of rare diamonds and offer
Varelli first look.

SLACK
Think he's greedy enough to take it?

GEORGE
Schmidt said he'd been in looking
for these rocks a few months ago,
so I'm betting on it.

MARSHALL
Your secretary friend's pretty
confident, right?

He nudges George, who recoils at the info spill.

SLACK
Miss Pelayo? What's she got to do
with it?

GEORGE

She just knows the jeweler.

SLACK

So she's an agent now? Can't wait to hear Hoover's reaction to that!

GEORGE

She got us the lead.

SLACK

I don't care if she handed the guy to you in cuffs! She's not to be involved. Ever.

Marshall gives George an apologetic look.

INT. NEWS EDITOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CHARLES DIXON, a frazzled man in his 40s, paces behind his desk, ranting. Jack stands on the other side, chewing a toothpick unfazed.

CHARLES

You put our relationship with the Bureau on the line for a few hours of being first?

JACK

Come on, Charles. Being first is everything in this business. You know that.

CHARLES

Not when it means losing access to the bureau! If they find out, we'll be dead last to report on the espionage investigations. THAT is everything right now.

Jack scoffs.

JACK

You said it. 'If they find out.' But they won't. Believe me, that place was a chaotic mess.

CHARLES

Did you talk to anyone?

JACK

No. Well, yes. One broad. A bombshell of a secretary.

CHARLES

Yeah? On a scale of one to castration, how bad did you piss her off?

JACK

She wasn't flattered. Those Bureau girls. Tough breed... I like 'em.

CHARLES

You better hope she's not that tough. Or smart. If she traces the leak to you, no reporter could get in that building again. Ever.

JACK

Relax, would you? We won't have to. I found a crack in the wall.

CHARLES

A mole?

JACK

Better. New blood.

Off his devious, arrogant look.

INT. FIELD OFFICE FLOOR - MORNING

Caty hangs up her coat and sits at her desk with a yawn.

George bounds up to her with fresh coffee.

CATY

No tar for me, thanks.

GEORGE

Sandie made it this time... We're gettin' Varelli tonight.

Caty's suddenly awake.

CATY

Schmidt already got the diamonds?

GEORGE

Israeli seller came down from New York this morning. Your instincts -- they're spot on, kid. Miss Pelayo.

CATY

You think, since the sting is after hours and all, I might be of use?

GEORGE

No way. Too dangerous. Besides,
Slack's tightened your collar
hasn't he?

Caty bristles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't be mad. You did your part.

Caty notices Sandie and Fran giggling across the room.

CATY

You should probably start sending
memos instead of coming over all
the time. The girls are already
starting to talk.

George stands a little taller.

GEORGE

Really?

She nods with a grin.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So are the guys.

He winks and walks away. She blushes in spite of herself.

Across the room, elevator doors open on JACK, sporting a
charming grin and a coffee in each hand.

Jack makes straight for Caty's desk. Head down, she doesn't
see him until he's close.

JACK

You get my note?

Caty looks up, startled and suddenly nervous.

CATY

I did. Thank you for cooperating.

JACK

I brought you coffee as a peace
offering, but I see you, uh,
already have some.

Caty turns back to her work, ignoring him.

Jack sets the cup down and stoops low to the desk.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, hon--Miss Pelayo--I was up half the night torn up about our meeting yesterday. I was rude. But you took me off guard. I've never had a woman talk to me that way.

CATY

I have a hard time believing that.

JACK

It's true! Nearly lost my lunch when you threatened to call Hoover.

Caty laughs despite best efforts not to.

CATY

What do you want, Mr. Meyer?

JACK

Call me Jack. And all I want's a second chance. Let me buy you dinner and we can start over as colleagues. Maybe friends.

She studies him carefully and with reservation.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on. You'll run out of zingers if you try to hate me every time you see me.

He wins another laugh.

CATY

Don't be so sure. My well of insults runs deep.

He smiles, happily matched in wit.

INT. JEWELRY STORE OFFICE - NIGHT

George watches while Schmidt prepares the diamond collection. The old man is nervous. His hand shakes and he drops a stone. George stoops to pick it up.

GEORGE

Don't worry. It's just you and an old client. It'll be over before you know it. No big show.

SCHMIDT

Let's hope not. My whole life is in
this store.

Schmidt forces a smile.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Marshall and a small contingent of agents stand strategically along the outside of the building. Slack stands apart, but with a good view into the showroom, leaning on and silently cursing his cane.

They watch Varelli and his entourage of 5 or 6 stagger tipsily into the jewelry store.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

Jack and Caty sit across a small table in an intimate, classy bar. The kind with tablecloths and jazz. Caty sips wine, far off in thought. Jack nurses bourbon and tries to reel her in.

JACK

What made you change your mind? I was afraid you might be the Betty Bureau type.

CATY

The Betty Bureau type?

JACK

FBI girls married to their typewriters. Never leave the Bureau.

CATY

Nuns of the government?

JACK

In Truman we trust.

They laugh and fall silent a moment. Then:

CATY

The boys are out catching criminals tonight and I'm ... not. I needed a distraction.

JACK

A distraction? I was hoping for 'friend' but I suppose it's better than 'nemesis.'

CATY

We're not friends. We haven't spoken an honest word to each other since we met.

JACK

That so? Well here's some honesty. I think you're the most intriguing woman I've ever met.

CATY

And I think you'll say anything to get what you want.

She keeps eye contact over her glass as she sips. Jack grins.

JACK

Won't you?

This surprises her. An idea dawns as he continues.

JACK (CONT'D)

With the right stakes, we all do what it takes to get what we want.

She bursts up from her chair.

CATY

You gotta car?

JACK

Yeah, what's wrong--

CATY

We have to go right now.

JACK

Just hold on a minute. What's this all about?

CATY

The biggest scoop of your life.

Jack bursts into action without hesitation, both of them sprinting out the door.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Varelli staggers up to Schmidt, Cecile under one arm, practically holding him up in her stilettos as she smacks gum between fire-red lips.

VARELLI

Schmidt! My friend! Let's see these stones and go home happy tonight.

SCHMIDT

Of course. This way.

He points in the direction of the curtain. The posse crowds around, but Schmidt halts and holds up a hand.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, this is a private showing. The rest of you need to wait here in the showroom.

VARELLI

Come on, Schmidty. Let 'em back.

SCHMIDT

I must insist.

His pleading, nervous look dissuades Varelli.

VARELLI

Hold back, boys. We'll be right out with the biggest one anyway, won't we, darling?

CECILE

Oh, don't tease, baby.

He leans over and gives Cecile a sloppy kiss on the mouth. She leads the way behind the curtain and he follows.

EXT. D.C. STREET - SAME TIME

Jack's 1940s Ford Coupe races down the street.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack drives on full alert as Caty frantically scans each intersection for street signs.

JACK
You wanna tell me what's going on?

CATY
George is walking into a trap.

JACK
What?!

CATY
Turn right!

Jack yanks the wheel, hugging the car around a tight turn.

INT. JEWELRY STORE OFFICE - NIGHT

Schmidt pulls the curtain closed behind Varelli. Tucker clamps a hand over Cecile's mouth and pulls her away.

George makes a swift and silent sleeper hold on Varelli. His large form crumples, unconscious. George stoops to cuff him.

GEORGE
See, Schmidt? Over before it starts.

Just then, Cecile elbows Tucker in the solar plexus, lunges on the stooped George, grabs his gun off his hip and puts the barrel at his neck.

He raises his hands in shock. Cecile lowers herself to Tucker and relieves him of his pistol, slamming the butt against his head and knocking him out cold. She positions herself strategically between Schmidt and George.

CECILE
Men. Never see it comin'.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Slack keeps a hand on his gun. He peeks into the showroom and clocks the posse. Most of them are relaxed, but Varelli's muscle, Angelo, rests a hand on his own holster.

Slack whistles to his team to tighten up. Marshall takes point position near the door.

INT. JEWELRY STORE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

George and Schmidt face Cecile bewildered, hands up.

GEORGE

You. The club, the watch ... the murders?

Cecile ices over.

CECILE

Those little thieves were rats. Traitors. What kind of woman betrays one of her own?

GEORGE

And him?

He nods to Varelli. She smiles again.

CECILE

The perfect cover. Convenient reputation, right anatomy.

MARSHALL (O.S.)

Drop your weapon! Now!

All heads turn to the showroom.

INT. JEWELRY STORE SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Slack, Marshall, and the other agents train their guns on the posse ... and have a big one pointed back at them by Angelo.

Angelo laughs, acquiescing and raising his hands. The agents latch onto their targets, cuffing and pushing them along the wall one by one. Angelo never stops smiling, even as Marshall moves to cuff him.

ANGELO

Cecile, you're missing all the fun!

On cue, George pushes through the curtain, hands up, followed by Schmidt. Cecile emerges with guns outstretched.

Angelo grabs up his gun again and showers the room with cover fire. He bolts for the door.

Everyone hits the floor amid shattering glass.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - SAME TIME

Jack's car comes to a screeching halt beside the store, MUTED GUNFIRE coming from within.

Caty bursts from the passenger seat and immediately makes for the back door. Jack hesitates, calling after her.

JACK
Caty! Damn it. Caty!

As she disappears behind the building, Angelo bursts from the front of the jewelry store.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh God.

Jack sinks down in his front seat out of sight.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

George sticks his head up to find Angelo gone, the room ripped to shreds. The team slowly gets up. Slack struggles to stand without his cane.

INT. JEWELRY STORE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Caty peeps in through the back door. Curtain's closed but bullet torn, no one conscious to be seen.

She spots a pistol on Varelli's hip, removes it and puts a thumb on the hammer, pressing her back to the wall.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - SAME TIME

Slack, now on his feet, takes a painful step toward Cecile, her pistols still at the ready on both Schmidt and George.

SLACK
Drop your weapons.

Cecile presses a pistol to Schmidt's temple. He shudders.

CECILE
That's a game for two.

Reluctantly, the agents' guns drop. Slack's rage simmers.

Cecile backs up toward the curtain, laughing, but stops short when a gun CLICKS behind her.

Caty presses the barrel of Varelli's gun into Cecile's bare back. Cecile gasps at the metallic touch.

CATY
Your turn, sweetheart. Drop 'em.

Cecile panics a little, George panics even more.

Cecile eyes the window. Lowers her guns.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Angelo pulls up in the getaway car, gets out, and SPRAYS BULLETS into the storefront windows with twin TOMMY GUNS.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

The showroom EXPLODES with shattering glass and lead. Everyone hits the floor again.

In the fray, Cecile makes a hard run for it, but Caty hooks her foot around Cecile's ankle and sends her to the floor.

A gun GOES OFF next to Cecile's face.

Cecile scrambles to get up, but Caty yanks her back down, pinning a flailing arm behind Cecile's back.

Red nails catch Caty's cheek. Caty yells out in fury and heaves herself onto the rabid woman, sweeping Cecile's leg out from under her and pinning her neck to the floor.

ACROSS THE SHOWROOM

One of Varelli's CRONIES scrambles to a pistol and steadies his aim at Caty.

George spots him and tackles Caty off Cecile. He pins her to safety but CATCHES THE BULLET in his right shoulder!

George CRIES OUT in pain, giving Cecile a split second to stagger up and bolt to the back door.

The bullets stop, but before George can regain his footing, SCREECHING TIRES indicate he's about to lose her.

He struggles to his feet, gritting his teeth and holding his arm as he runs after Cecile.

EXT. D.C. STREET - NIGHT

George runs after the car as best he can, SHOOTING left-handed at the back window, but he's too late. Cecile is gone.

Caty bursts from the back door of the jewelry store. George turns to her, heaving with equal parts despair and pain.

SIRENS WAIL in the distance, growing louder.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE BACK ALLEY - LATER

The alley behind the store is taped off and flooded with agents, lit by federal police cars and ambulances.

Tucker ices his head.

Varelli's cronies get booked and bandaged.

Varelli -- deliriously conscious now -- sits cuffed on the ground, guarded by agents.

A PARAMEDIC and a NURSE attend to George on a gurney.

Slack checks in, hard-boiled by the evening's events.

SLACK

Good work tonight, son. First book
off the list.

George wearily shakes his head.

GEORGE

Varelli's not the full story.

Slack pats George's good shoulder reassuringly.

SLACK

He is tonight.

Slack moves off toward Varelli. Caty steps in, upset.

CATY

That was stupid.

GEORGE

You're welcome.

Their relieved smiles linger amid the chaos a moment.

MOUTH OF THE ALLEY

Jack flashes his identity to a posted officer at the crime scene tape, pointing to George. The officer lets him pass.

Jack runs up to the gurney.

JACK

What the hell happened?!

George reacts, immediately wincing in pain.

GEORGE
What are you doing here?

CATY
He's my ride.

George lets that register.

JACK
Is it bad?

GEORGE
I'll live.

NURSE
Sir, we're ready for transport.

George nods, catching Caty's gaze again.

When the gurney turns toward the ambulance, Caty turns to Jack, at her breaking point.

CATY
This wasn't supposed to happen.

JACK
George is a tough nut. He'll be fine. I'm just glad you're safe.

He steps in to embrace her. She lets him.

FROM THE AMBULANCE

George catches a glimpse of his brother holding Caty before the ambulance door closes between him and them.

MOUTH OF THE ALLEY

As the ambulance drives past the open crime scene tape, Jack spots Slack talking with Marshall and two other agents, alternately looking at him and a document.

With a nod from Slack, the agents move toward Jack.

His face falls as they approach.

MARSHALL
Jack Meyer?

Caty steps aside.

JACK
That's me.

AGENT

You're under arrest by warrant of
the House Unamerican Activities
Committee.

Agents immediately move to cuff him. Jack struggles.

CATY

What?!

JACK

Wait, no, I haven't done anything!
This is a mistake.
(to Caty)
This is a mistake. I swear!

CATY

Marshall, what are you doing?!

MARSHALL

Hoover's orders, Miss Pelayo. I'm
sorry.

Jack resists as the agents drag him toward a federal cop car.

JACK

No! Get your hands off me!

MARSHALL

It's in your best interest to
cooperate, Mr. Meyer.

JACK

Caty!

Jack receives a stiff DECK in the face as the agents force
him into the back of the car.

CATY

Stop! No!

The car speeds away, leaving Caty in its exhaust.

She looks back toward the scene for help, making eye contact
with Slack. She's met only with his furious glare.

Caty reels alone in the street.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW