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HONEY WEST

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**Based on the novels
By G.G. Fickling**

HONEY WEST

FADE IN:

A prison cell. A shape on a bench, huddled beneath an ugly gray blanket. Sound of FOOTFALLS approaching.

COP O.S.

Hey.

Nothing.

COP O.S.

Hey there you.

The blanket rustles slightly.

COP O.S.

West.

Slowly. Tousled blonde hair emerges from beneath the blanket. Followed by blue eyes, chiseled cheeks, and better breasts. We know this about the breasts, because her blouse is unbuttoned. And she doesn't care.

This is HONEY WEST. She is 24ish. Sizzling sexy. And she's about the last thing we expected to see from underneath this worn blanket.

Honey's confused eyes skirt around the cell.

HONEY

What. Am I doing here?

COP O.S.

Long story short -- you were arrested for being drunk, disorderly, indecently attired, resisting arrest, attempted assault and for creating a hazard on a state highway.

She shrugs.

HONEY

A girl can't be good all the time.

COP O.S.

Button up your blouse. Let's go.

FREEZE FRAME.

HONEY V.O.

So. That's me. But not quite.

CUT TO:

HONEY WEST.

Her hair tight. Her suit high. Her breasts hidden.
Her heels flat.

HONEY V.O.

That's me too. Not so very long ago. I look like a goddamned lawyer, don't I? That's because I was studying to be one. Before the bomb went off in my life.

CUT TO:

The bomb, of sorts. A MAN. Dark against the blue of the night sky.

HONEY V.O.

He's either falling or flying.
Turns out, a little of both.

The Man lands hard on the concrete ground. Head cracks. Blood pools. Now he's a body.

HONEY V.O.

That was my father. Two weeks ago.
(beat)
But let's go back even further --

CUT TO:

A LITTLE GIRL.

Honey blonde hair. Smiles at a shadow of a MAN. Then looks back to a glowing TV screen.

HONEY V.O.

I was a cute kid. A friendly kid who chased the ice cream truck and watched cartoons.

The cartoons fade from the TV screen. In fact, the whole room goes DARK.

HONEY V.O.

Here's what I remember about my father. The lights went out. And when they came back on. He was gone.

The lights come back on. And, as promised, the shadow man is gone. The little girl frowns in confusion.

HONEY V.O.

Here's what my mother told me about my father. The lights went out because he didn't pay the electric bill. She kicked him out. Paid the bill. The lights stayed on.

(beat)

But no matter what. As I sat there in the dark. I was somehow convinced, that it was all my fault.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. USC CAMPUS - LAW SCHOOL

Honey West, with her tight bun hair and simple conservative suit, exits a classroom with several other students. She is unrecognizable from the sizzling sex woman in the jail cell.

HONEY V.O.

So let's just start here. About two weeks ago. I'll tell it forward, because if I tell it backward, I'll get confused.

A snooty male student, CRAIG BAXTER, cranes his neck around Honey to get gander at a posted notice:

FALL INTERNSHIP FINALISTS: CRAIG BAXTER. RUSSELL ALTERMAN. ANNA WEST.

CRAIG

(to Honey)

May the best man win.

Honey forces a smile. Craig low-fives another student.

FEMALE STUDENT

(to Craig)

You going to the pool kegger?

CRAIG

But of course.

HONEY

There's a party?

CRAIG

Yes, there is.

It is clear that Honey has not been invited.

HONEY

I. Like parties.

CRAIG
Who're you kidding, Anna? You
sleep in that suit.

Several of the other students laugh as they walk off.
Leaving Honey alone with her books.

INT. HONEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - LATE THAT AFTERNOON

One of those off campus apartments for graduates not quite
ready to leave the happy college world behind. A balding GUY
in a Simpsons t-shirt posted at the lobby counter. MR.
KELLER is the official lobby counter guy.

KELLER
(mumble)
Rent increase.

HONEY
What was that?

He hands her a cheery orange flyer. That informs of a --

HONEY
Rent increase? How can -- I can't
afford this. I'm on scholarship.

He shrugs. Sneaks a smoke. She pulls out her dayrunner.

HONEY
I have my financial schedule all
worked out. To the dollar.

She even has a little graph. Bottled water, yes. Cable, no.

KELLER
Tommy Trojan. He make the rules.
I only collect.

HONEY
I'm about to get this great fall
internship with the DA's office,
after that I'll be able to afford --

KELLER
You got two weeks. Sorry.

He isn't. Just then, Craig and a couple bikini BABES wander
through the lobby. Heading for the aforementioned kegger by
the pool.

KELLER
(mumbling to Craig)
Rent increase.

CRAIG

Whatever. Send the bill to my dad.

Honey's face sinks.

INT. HONEY'S APARTMENT - SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Honey's decorating can best be described as library. Piled law books, but not without an alphabetical order to them. And files. Color-coded files. On the far wall, a bulletin board, where Honey tacks her tests.

From the group pool down below, comes the LAUGHTER of Friday night youth. Honey tacks her latest test to the apartment wall. It is a wall of A's. She steps back. Staring at her wall.

HONEY V.O.

This. Was an exciting Friday night for me.

INT. COLOR ME MINE - THAT NIGHT

A do-it-yourself paint and pottery place. A small TV is mounted on the far wall.

NEWSCASTER

Know your rolling blackout number!
If your number is posted, you're
going dark. Tune into Channel
Seven for the latest information on
California's energy crisis!

A CHILD, badly painting a vase, turns to his MOTHER.

CHILD

Mom, what's a backout?

MOTHER

Blackout. Remind me to buy
batteries.

Honey enters, carrying her laptop and law book. A WOMAN with crazy red hair, removes her Color Me Mine apron. And hands it to Honey.

WOMAN

I'm so glad you could work tonight.
It'll be a mad house.

HONEY

What? Why? I was hoping to study.

WOMAN
 Tomorrow is Father's Day. Kids
 will be making mugs and other crap.

As if on cue, a group of KIDS enter.

HONEY
 Father's Day. Right.

A LITTLE BLONDE GIRL takes her finished plate off a shelf.

LITTLE GIRL
 (to Honey)
 Do you think he'll like it?

The plate, dotted with tiny painted flowers, reads:
TO THE BEST DAD EVER. LUV, ERIN

HONEY
 He'll love it, sweetheart.

Just then, the Little Girl's FATHER enters. She jumps into his arms. And Honey smiles, a little sad.

EXT. COLOR ME MINE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Honey, now speckled with paint, locks the place. Her computer underneath her arm.

An UNSEEN SOMEONE, snaps a long lens photo of her.

Next door, a kick boxing class is in action. She pauses for a moment, staring through the plate glass window at men and women in various states of clothing, kicking the hell out of bags. There's also a rock climbing wall, which some are scaling.

INSTRUCTOR O.S.
 Wanna try?

She turns, didn't see him.

HONEY
 Oh, no. I don't. Kick things.

INSTRUCTOR
 How about climbing the rock wall?

HONEY
 I'm pretty much a sit and think girl. Thanks anyway.

She notices a little wiry MAN urgently pulling on the door of Color Me Mine. Goes toward him.

HONEY

Let me guess. You're dying to make
a vase in the shape of a puppy dog.

MAN

No. I'm looking for Honey West.

HONEY

My last name is West. But my first
name is Anna.

He frowns.

MAN

You sure?

HONEY

Of course, I'm --

He shuffles through a file folder.

MAN

This is you.

He shows her a picture of herself.

MAN

And this is your birth certificate.
Which makes you, Honey West. Yes,
good.

He hands her a manila envelope.

HONEY

Where did you get all this --

MAN

Your father died.

HONEY

My father.

She blinks, her brain has stopped.

MAN

Yes, sorry to say. And he left you
this.

He taps the aforementioned envelope.

HONEY

But -- I haven't seen him since I
was five. Why would he --

MAN

Sign here.

She does, still in a daze.

HONEY
How -- But. What is this?

She holds up the envelope.

MAN
Hey, hey, do I look like the sort
who would peek inside a private
envelope?

He does.

HONEY
I -- Why did my father think my
name was Honey?

MAN
The more important question is --
why do you think your name is Anna?

And he walks off.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - PRETTY MUCH ANY STREET - NEXT
MORNING

Driving. Honey checks the address.

HONEY V.O.
The invisible man who called
himself my father, had left me a
slutty new name. And something
else.

Turns a corner, revealing --

EXT. MINI-MALL

A dreaded mini mall as defined as: Korean Nail Palace. Jamba
Juice. Starbucks. Travel Agency. Subway Sandwiches.
Detective Agency. Dry Cleaners.

Huh.

She again stares at the street address. Pulls into the mini-
mall. Gets out. Wearing her signature conservative suit.

HONEY V.O.
He had left me --

She pushes open the pink frosted glass door.

HONEY V.O.
 -- a Korean nail place.

INT. KOREAN NAIL PALACE

A sea of Korean manicurists stare at Honey, staring at them. She frowns down at her piece of paper.

HONEY
 Is this -- 2C?

KOREAN LADY
 2C! No! No 2C! 1C! 2C up!

Honey frowns. The annoyed woman points with her emeryboard. UP.

HONEY
 (brightening)
 My error. Sorry.

She leaves the nail place of spite and heads up a set of concrete stairs.

EXT. MINI-MALL - SECOND FLOOR

Stops. In front of a door labeled: **WATCHFUL EYE INVESTIGATIONS**. Checks her paper again.

HONEY V.O.
 All things being equal. I preferred the nail place.

The door is locked. So she digs into her manila envelope and pulls out a single KEY.

INT. DETECTIVE AGENCY

HONEY V.O.
 It was a bad office. Filled with worse furniture, stolen travel agency posters, shag carpeting that ceased to be its own definition -- and some guy lying behind the bad furniture desk.

HONEY
 Oh God!

Only the guy's shoes are visible. She quickly rounds the desk. He's DEAD.

HONEY

Oh my. God!!

Honey leans down next to him, not entirely sure that she wants to touch a dead body -- she grabs a PEN from the desk. And pokes him with it several times. Nothing. Fast pulls out her cellphone. Dials 911. And gets --

RECORDING

(over the phone)

You have reached the Los Angeles 911 emergency line. If you are not calling about an emergency, please hang up and dial your local police station.

Honey is rushing around the office, unsure what to do. So she slides a pillow under the dead guy's head.

RECORDING

(over the phone)

An emergency is defined as anything that cannot --

HONEY

For God's sake!

OPERATOR

(over the phone)

What is your emergency?

HONEY

There's a dead man here! He looks terrible. Gross. Clammy. And --

The DEAD MAN suddenly reaches up. And grabs Honey's wrist.

NOT DEAD MAN

You're talking too loud.

And Honey SCREAMS. Real loud.

NOT DEAD MAN

Shit. Right in my ear.

The guy is JACK GEDDES. Jack is basically Jack Nicholson from "Chinatown" all grown up, and not very happy about it. Cement frown. Bushy eyebrows. Sturdy chin. Sweat stained dress shirt, cheap suit pants.

HONEY

You're not dead.

JACK

(sitting up)

No.

HONEY
You're --

She can smell the alcohol now.

HONEY
Drunk.

JACK
Napping.

He gets up, moving for his desk. Where his bargain booze and tired fan can be found.

OPERATOR
(annoyed/over phone)
If this is not an emergency you can
be heavily fined for --

HONEY
(into phone)
Sorry. Sorry. He only looks dead.

She hangs up.

JACK
(sarcastic)
Thanks for your concern.

He burps.

HONEY
It's awful in here. In a smell bad
awful way.

She opens a window. He closes it.

JACK
The door. That door. My door.
Was locked.

HONEY
I have a key.

She shows it to him. He stares at her key. Takes her key.
Puts it in the door lock. It fits.

JACK
Leave.

HONEY
What?

He hands her back the key.

JACK

Leave. I see trouble. I don't want to hear your sob story that starts with you in a big hat at the racetrack and ends with this key. I will change the lock and go back to my happy cave.

HONEY

My father sent me this key.

JACK

Say again?

And then, THE LIGHTS GO OUT. THE FAN STOPS WHIRRING.

HONEY

You didn't pay your electric bill?

JACK

Just like a woman. Go straight for the bill jugular.

(beat)

Rolling blackouts. Energy crisis? Ring any distant bells?

HONEY

(proud)

I own batteries.

JACK

I bet you do.

(beat)

Jump back to the part where you're a daughter.

HONEY

Hank West.

JACK

Yes.

HONEY

My father.

JACK

Oh, you're the daughter that he talked about endlessly until my fuckin ears bled.

HONEY

(surprised)

Really?

JACK

No. Never heard of you.

HONEY

The emotion is mutual. He was a
crap father.

JACK

Glad to hear it. Door. You
leaving. Bye.

He takes a few peanuts from a bright orange LOPSIDED ASHTRAY.
Uses his stapler to crack the nuts.

HONEY

Other than annoying. You are?

JACK

Hank's partner, Jack.

HONEY

Mold seeks same.

JACK

Don't know what that means. Don't
care.

She stares around the dark office. Papers trying to escape
from the file cabinet. Stained ceiling tiles. Dead
windowsill bugs.

HONEY

What do you mostly do here? Other
than "nap".

JACK

Scratch around after people, take
pictures of them doing the nasty.
Mostly.

Honey looks mostly disgusted.

HONEY

If you accessed a few sober brain
cells, Jack. You'd realize that my
father left me more than just a
key. He left me half of this so-
sad agency.

JACK

Fuck. Me.

He pastes a fast grin on his face.

JACK

Have a seat, won't you?

He clears a pleather chair for her. Which includes vacating
a couple dead moths and some green stuff. She starts to sit.

Then instead pulls an antiseptic wipe from her purse. Wipes the chair. Sits. Jack has watched this with bemused horror.

JACK

Drink?

He holds up his bottle of bourbon.

HONEY

I do not drink.

JACK

That's. A shocker.
(beat/sarcastic)
Swell suit.

She adjusts her turtleneck top. He plops his feet up onto the desktop.

JACK

Here's the thing. The thing is,
I'm selling it.

HONEY

Selling what?

JACK

Franchise name. Case files.
Equipment. And my expertise.

She looks back to him.

HONEY

(ironic)
All that and shoe gum too.

He does, in fact, have a wad of gum stuck to the sole of his shoe. Begins trying to pry it off with a letter opener.

JACK

So. Guess I gotta buy you out.

HONEY

You have another illustrious career
in mind?

JACK

Goin to Cabo to start a tequila
welcome that never ends.

HONEY

And you consider that a solid goal?

JACK

Abso-fuckin-lutely.

The gum pops from his shoe and hits her in the chest.

HONEY

I'm sure the women will swoon.

She flicks the gum back at him. Pulls a thick notebook from her purse. Opens it.

HONEY

I'll write up some basic legal forms to transfer title and --

JACK

(dread)

You're a lawyer.

HONEY

(proud)

Almost.

JACK

Just what the world needs. Another rabid female with a license to sue.

The PHONE RINGS.

JACK

(into phone)

Watchful Eye.

(beat)

Sorry sweets, lost track of time.

Honey wanders over toward her father's desk. Like going to a foreign country without a passport. She stares at the desk, but does not touch anything.

JACK

(into phone)

Start without me, I'll be right there.

(beat)

Use the battery operated one.

Honey's face reddens.

HONEY

Okay. Enough.

He hangs up.

JACK

Does that mean you're selling to me?

HONEY

I'll meet you back here tomorrow at --

She opens her Palm Pilot, pokes at it. Jack frowns at her.

HONEY

3:15.

JACK

I have something at 3:15. Make it
3:17.

She does not smile, leaves. Jack shakes his head.

JACK

Dames.

INT. SYLVIA'S HOMEY-HOME - LA CANADA - THAT NIGHT

SYLVIA KRAMER is Honey's best friend. Sylvia went the recognizable traditional route: marriage, kids, labrador dog.

SYLVIA

Okay. Wait. Say that all again.

HONEY

Which part?

SYLVIA

The part where your name is Honey
and you own part of a detective
agency with some nasty guy.

A SMALL BOY runs past the kitchen, clutching two popsicles.

SYLVIA

(at the boy)

Use a napkin!

(to Honey)

Are you sure you weren't being
punk'd?

HONEY

It's real. I checked the hall of
records. My Mother had my name
legally changed when I was five.

SYLVIA

From Honey to Anna?

HONEY

Just after my father left. Her
final act of defiance.

SYLVIA

And you don't remember this?

HONEY

I have a hard time knowing what's real about him. And what I made up to tell other kids. I think I remember him calling me a name. A funny sort of name.

Sylvia checks her casserole, happy in the oven.

HONEY

It's ironic. Now that both my parents are dead, now I have the questions.

(beat)

In the back of my mind, I always imagined, that someday he'd just show up. Explain everything.

SYLVIA

You never asked about your father?

HONEY

I was. Scared.

Sylvia gives this air.

HONEY

I thought. Maybe. If I had been better, prettier, faster, smarter, taller. Maybe he would have stayed.

(beat)

Kid stuff.

But clearly, it isn't.

SYLVIA

Some hurts never grow up.

Sylvia leans in, and holds her girlfriend. Honey takes it back inside.

HONEY

Anyway. He wants me to sell the agency to him.

SYLVIA

The nasty guy? Perfect. Good answer.

HONEY

Except.

Honey opens the refrigerator, pours herself some of the kid's green Kool-Aid.

SYLVIA
Except what?

HONEY
I. Don't know. Why would my
father leave me this agency?

SYLVIA
Who cares? You don't have time for
this. You have a plan. You're
going to be a lawyer. A very good
lawyer.

HONEY
I know. But still. The idea of a
detective agency is kind of
strange. Fun.

Sylvia stops poking at her casserole.

SYLVIA
Fun? Since when do you like fun?

HONEY
I like fun.

Sylvia stares at her.

SYLVIA
You throw up on rollercoasters.
Anything over PG is too harsh. And
a choice between alcohol and fruit
punch -- fruit punch always wins,
even if it's green.

HONEY
Those things don't define fun.

SYLVIA
You're right. Parties. Clubs.
Concerts.

HONEY
(admitting)
All no.

SYLVIA
And there's nothing wrong with
that. You are who you are. You
love the law. And order.

Sylvia hugs her.

SYLVIA

You'll be Anna, the perfect lawyer.
Any client will be lucky to have
you.

Honey blinks at her. And during this blink, we see the
fastest flashback ever:

*It is Honey as a very young girl, on a rollercoaster, arms
sway free in the air with abandon, she loves it. It is real.*

Honey opens her eyes. She has seen this memory.

HONEY

Sylvia. I used to --

SYLVIA

Eye on the ball. You'll make a
great lawyer.

EXT. MINI-MALL - NEXT AFTERNOON

As Honey gets out of her car, that UNSEEN SOMEONE once again
snaps multiple pictures of her with a long lens camera.

She passes by a guy handing out flyers. He has bad teeth.
He should be named WALDEN.

WALDEN

I got cheap tickets to good places!
Cheap. Cheap. Cheap.

He shoves a flyer into her hands. **SUNSPOT TRAVEL. SECOND
FLOOR. CHEAP. CHEAP. CHEAP.**

EXT. WATCHFUL EYE OFFICE - 3:15 EXACTLY

Honey is now at the office door. It's locked. Her PALM
PILOT begins beeping at her. Reminding her --

HONEY

(proud to her Palm Pilot)
I'm already here.

She turns off the beeper. Pulls out the key. Goes inside.

INT. WATCHFUL EYE OFFICE

Honey stands in the middle of the dark room, then goes over,
and slowly twists the blinds open. Light creeps across her
father's desk. She takes a moment, then sits behind his
desk. Breathes. Opens a file drawer.

Staring down at her father's files. She pulls a few folders, browsing through them. Frowns.

THE OFFICE DOOR OPENS. Jack enters, humming offkey to himself.

HONEY
You're late and offkey.

JACK
You're on time and --

He double-takes.

JACK
-- still wearing that same ass-ugly suit.

HONEY
It's not the same suit. It's a different suit that is exactly the same.

JACK
Is there a big crowd at the crazy house?

Jack peels off his jacket, hangs it on the back of the door. She ignores him, holds up the file folders.

HONEY
All of my father's files are marked -- To Be Continued. Except for a few marked: Too Hard.

JACK
Yeah. Hank, he wasn't so hot at finishing stuff. Ready to sell?

A pair of woman's lace panties has fallen out of Jack's coat pocket. She stares at them, lying on the floor. Jack tucks them back into his pocket without a word.

HONEY
Who does that? Who collects women's panties?

JACK
Sweetheart, women are good for one thing. And it isn't detective work.

HONEY
I find it deeply troubling that men like you exist in this world.

JACK
They do. I'm him.

HONEY
You are aware. That women are running major corporations, holding important political offices, going to the moon?

JACK
And look what a big fat fuckin mess the world is.

He whips out his checkbook. Grins.

JACK
Let's ne-gotiate.

HONEY
Fine.

And the door opens. It's the chatty Chinese Woman, MIRA, from the downstairs dry cleaners. She's carrying a suit, still in its happy dry cleaning bag.

MIRA
Hello Mr. Jack!

JACK
(very unenthused)
Yeah, hi.

He's slouching behind his desk.

MIRA
You been robbed? Many have been robbed, you know.

JACK
No, but I could use the insurance money.

HONEY
(interested)
Someone's robbing the mini-mall?

MIRA
Yes, yes. Took creased pants and starched shirts last night. Who you?

HONEY
I'm Anna. My father used to work here. With Jack.

MIRA
Your father? Mr. Hank? This is
his suit. This is why I come. To
drop it off.

HONEY
His suit?

MIRA
Yes. Left off four days ago. So
sorry for your loss.

Honey nods.

MIRA
Hard to lose a parent. Especially
to self-death.

JACK
Goodbye, Mira.

Jack's now hustling her out the door.

HONEY
Self-death?

MIRA
How do you call it? Suicide?

And right there, Honey's heart freezes.

JACK
(pushing her out the door)
So long, Mira.

MIRA
See you, Anna girl.

Honey nods, vacantly. Mira is gone. But she's left a
weighty trail behind. There's a long beat of silence where
both Honey and Jack avoid looking at the dry-cleaned suit.

HONEY
You didn't tell me that my father
killed himself.

JACK
Does it matter?

HONEY
I. Don't know.

But somehow, it does.

HONEY

I was picturing something much more. Something else. Peaceful.

JACK

Jumped off a building downtown. Couldn't fly. Death is never peaceful in my world, Anna.

She stares at the suit. Gingerly touches it through the plastic.

HONEY V.O.

All I had left of my father was a cheap plastic wrapped suit, the bill still attached.

HONEY

He left when I was five.

JACK

You need to go. This is not a good place for you. Sell it to me.

Honey stares at that dry cleaning bag for a moment too long.

HONEY

Why would he have his suit dry-cleaned, if he was going to kill himself?

JACK

Planning ahead. For the funeral.

HONEY

Did he do that a lot? Plan ahead?

JACK

No.

HONEY

But --

JACK

Stop your big brain right there. He's dead. You didn't like him. Leave it.

HONEY

I didn't know him.

JACK

Same difference.

HONEY

You knew him.

JACK
Not if I could help it.

HONEY
He was your partner.

JACK
I don't have partners. We shared office space. Rent and paperclips.

HONEY
What kind of person doesn't know his own partner?! You're like some shell guy. With stale breath and a missing conscience.

JACK
And you. Probably wasted your entire youth waiting on the curb for a daddy who wasn't comin' home. You had wild hair and no shoes and no structure. So now you've got all those things in spades, including two same suits. Give it up, sweetheart. He packed for good this time. Go back to your pathetic bubble wrapped world. And sell this goddamned place to me.

Honey's face contorts. He has said the truth. And it really pisses her off.

HONEY
Fuck. You. Buddy. Fuck you.

And she leaves, slamming the door. Hard.

JACK
(to himself)
Probably too harsh.

And he drinks from his bottle.

EXT. MINI-MALL - SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Honey stalks toward an open elevator. Dialing her cellphone.

OPERATOR
(over phone)
LAPD.

HONEY
(into phone)
Yes, hello. I need some information on a recent suicide --

OPERATOR
 (over phone)
 Hold.

Honey gets into the elevator. Pokes at the button, still angry. Still on hold.

INT. ELEVATOR

A discarded yogurt cup melting on the floor.

HONEY
 (into phone)
 Yes, hi. I'm trying to get some
 informa--
 (frustrated)
 Hello?!

Too late. She's on hold again. The elevator doors are about to close when --

A MITT OF A HAND STOPS THEM.

The mitt belongs to a big GUY, whose face has spent too much time kissing concrete. He has a stud through his lower lip.

AS HE STEPS

inside the elevator, Honey's first instinct is to leave. But lip stud guy grabs her by the throat. And squeezes. Making exit difficult. Slams her up against the side of the elevator. Her phone clattering to the floor. Her feet dangling. Doors are now closed.

LIP STUD GUY
 Hello, Miss West. I'm going to
 tell you my name now.

He's got her plastered into the wall. Still holding her by the throat.

REN
 My name is Ren.

He pulls out some of those long lens snapshots. One of the wiry guy giving Honey the envelope from her father.

REN
 I followed this gentleman. To you.

Things are starting to splinter in Honey's brain, like images. And time.

REN

Your father owed me money. A lot of money. Now you owe me a lot of money.

She's losing too much air.

REN

I'm giving you a week. That's a week longer than I gave him. Twenty-five thousand, sweetheart.

The elevator doors open. And there stands Jack.

JACK

What the --

Ren pops Jack hard and simple in the nose. Blood sputters out of both nostrils. Ren rockets toward the parking lot.

JACK

My fuckin nose!

Honey slides down the side of the elevator wall. Jack turns tail after Ren. Honey staggers to her feet, grabs her cellphone, following the trail o' blood.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

Ren has jumped into an El Camino. Jack has jumped into his shit Pontiac.

HONEY

Wait!!

She's in his car, pushing old Krispy Kremes aside.

Jack's splattered with red, shoving pieces of a stray napkin up his nose to stymie the bleeding. Lays rubber for the busy street. Honey puts on her seatbelt.

HONEY

I think he dislocated my -- you should have made a left there for the hospital --

JACK IS NOW DRIVING SIDEWAYS. CHANGING LANES LIKE A MADMAN.

HONEY

AHHHH! Careful!

JACK

We're in a car chase. Careful is not applicable.

HONEY
 (panicked)
 Car chase?! I thought -- What are
 you -- ?!

JACK
 Someone punches me in the nose. I
 hunt and beat the crap out of them.

Ren swerves left. So does Jack. Honey leans over and puts
 on his left blinker.

HONEY
Let me out.

JACK
 Jump anytime.

Jack's head-on for another car. Honey begins frantically
honking Jack's horn.

HONEY
 Watch out little blue car!! And
 red car! Get out of the way!

He swats her away from the horn.

JACK
 Now I know why I drink.

Ren has turned into a JUNKYARD.

EXT. JUNKYARD

Dirt lot piled high and mighty with trash, old cars, a creaky
 crane and several large trash compactors.

JACK SLAMS INTO THE LOT. REN'S OFF AND RUNNING.

JACK
 (yelling)
 Ren! You multi-shit! Quit makin'
 me run!

HONEY
 (stunned)
 You know him?!

But Ren doesn't stop. Slips through a metal door.

JACK
 Your dad knew him. Ren's a bookie.

HONEY
 I'm calling the police.

She pulls out her cellphone.

JACK
You might get lucky. Find a cop
who isn't investing his 501K with
Ren.

HONEY
(stops calling)
So. What do we do?

They reach the dimpled metal door. It's locked. Jack gives
the DOOR a powerful center kick. IT SLAMS OPEN. Honey's
impressed despite herself.

JACK
Hurt him.

On the other side of the door -- the rest of the junkyard.
Piled high with large lumps of smell worthy GARBAGE, which
lead around a chainlink fence.

HONEY
Cut through here!

He grabs her by the suit sleeve, it rips.

JACK
Never go through garbage. No
matter how bad it gets. Never.

Ren can now be seen briskly climbing an exterior set of
rickety stairs. So Jack charges the nearby chainlink fence.
Starts to scale it. Honey tries, and falls.

HONEY
(admitting)
I was good in all subjects. Except
gym.

JACK
Christ.

He jumps down. And gives her ass a magnificent push. She
topples over the fence. He follows. Pretty good on his
feet.

HONEY
(annoyed at herself)
I hate that you helped me.

JACK
So do I.

Ren's still on the stairs, bulleting toward a large trash compactor and crane. Jack and Honey mount the steps two at a time --

HONEY
(realizing)
Ren killed my father.

JACK
Bookies don't tend to do that.
They don't get their money that way.
(beat/pausing)
Where'd he go?

Suddenly a LARGE CRANE ARM barrels directly at them. Almost taking off two heads at once. They're trapped out on the narrow stair platform.

HONEY
He doesn't seem to care about killing me.

JACK
Actually. I think it's me he's trying to -- DOWN!

He grabs the back of Honey's suit, shoving her flat to the platform, just as the CRANE again swings mighty for them. WARILY MISSES.

HONEY
Why's he trying to kill you?!

JACK
I maybe. Might have slept with his wife.

HONEY
WHAT?!

JACK
By accident.

Ren has now lowered the crane arm. It's sweeping directly for them -- no damn choice -- grab onto the arm -- or die trying.

JACK
Know what time it is?!

HONEY
(afraid)
To die?

JACK
Time to get good at gym!

THEY GRAB. HANGING OFF THE ARM OF THE CRANE. WHIRLING
MID-AIR. ABOUT 100 FEET UP. REN STOPS THE ARM. AND JUMPS
FROM THE CRANE'S CAB.

REN
(yelling)
Was the snag bitch worth it, Jack?!

JACK
(to Honey)
He's definitely upset.

Far below, Ren's car peels out in a puff of dust.
Honey and Jack are stranded. Dangling in clouds.

JACK
I just want to go to Cabo.

HONEY
I just want --
(beat)
-- actually, an hour ago I knew
exactly what I wanted. But a lot's
happened in the last hour.

They hang there. Staring at each other.

HONEY
That stuff you said back at the
office.

JACK
We're gonna talk about this now?!

HONEY
While mean, it was true.

JACK
Make sure that goes on my grave.

HONEY
I used to dream about my dad,
except in the dream he always had
different faces because I was never
exactly sure what he looked like.

JACK
(incredulous)
You want a goddamned picture of
him?!

HONEY

I want to know why he left me. And I want to know why he died. I want to finally put a face on him that fits.

JACK

Good luck with all that.

HONEY

And I want you to help me.

Police cars are arriving below them.

HONEY

I will sell you my half of the agency, if you help me investigate my father's death.

JACK

Really.

HONEY

You introduce me to my dad. You get Cabo. Deal?

JACK

You are one cracked broad.

INT. HONEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STUDY ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Honey hurries into a cramped group study room. Her suit arm ripped. Dirt on her face. Craig and several other law students sit about with strong coffee and law books.

CRAIG

(pissy)

You're late, Anna. You were supposed to lead the study group tonight.

HONEY

I know, I ---

She stops. Sees a MAN in an expensive suit and shiny shoes.

CRAIG

This is Harry Zimmerman. From the DA's Office. He's here considering the final internship candidates.

HONEY

Hi, hello.

She shakes his hand. Her suit arm falls off into Harry's hand.

HONEY
(to Harry)
I'm usually much -- cleaner than this.

Craig shit grins.

EXT. MINI-MALL - NEXT MORNING

Honey arrives to find a cop car sitting in the red zone, talking to the owner of the Nail Palace. Honey tries to overhear. Fails.

HONEY
(to Korean manicurist)
What happened?

MANICURIST
Robbed. Someone took waitress red.
All the waitress red.

HONEY
Waitress red?

MANICURIST
Most popular nail color.

INT. WATCHFUL EYE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack's almost singing, but it could pass for talking, under his breath. He's also trying to type on an ancient typewriter.

JACK
(sorta singing)
Her name was Lola. She was a showgirl. But that was thirty years ago when there used to be a --

Honey enters carrying a cardboard box. And is greeted by a partition literally separating the office. Jack sits behind it.

HONEY
Quite the loner statement.

JACK
Get used to it.

She leans over the partition, handing him a list: 1) Ren
2) Father's death 3) Office protocol

JACK
This is?

HONEY
The order in which I think we
should deal with topics today.

JACK
Does the sound of your own wheels
ever drive you crazy?

HONEY
(ignoring)
First, Ren.

Jack makes a line through "Ren".

JACK
I'll take care of Ren. You don't
worry about Ren.

HONEY
He wants money from me. And I'm
having nightmares about his lip
jewelry.

JACK
Next.

She moves behind her father's desk. Starts unpacking her
cardboard box. Color coded files.

HONEY
Let's thinktank about my father's
death. What's first? Who do we
start with? Maybe the coroner --

Jack puts the list on FIRE. Lays it into the ashtray.

JACK
I got one rule.

She unpacks an Ionic breeze air purifier.

HONEY
You have a rule? That's very
civilized of you, Jack.

Orange IMAC laptop.

JACK
Get to know the person. Before you
can solve the crime.

Jack pokes his head over the partition.

JACK
What. Are you doing?!

HONEY
Getting organized. Work is not
productive in a cluttered
environment.

She turns on the air purifier, it starts to HUM.

JACK
It's not productive in a tight-ass
environment either.

He switches off the air purifier.

HONEY
We're partners, Jack.

JACK
We are not. Partners. I do not
have partners. I work alone.

HONEY
What happened to you, Jack? How
did you get here? Being you?

JACK
Here's my list: Number one -
I'm not talking to you about
anything real. Number two - I am
only helping you understand your
father's sad narrow life. So you
will - number three - give me my
agency.

She stares.

HONEY
(sotto)
Get to know the person. Before you
can solve the crime.

JACK
Correct.

A UPS DELIVERY GUY ARRIVES WITH A DOLLY FULL OF BOXES.

JACK
Wrong office, Joe Box.

UPS GUY
(ignoring/reading form)
Anna West?

She smiles. Signs. Jack frowns.

HONEY

I was doing research on a respected how-to website. And it suggested some purchases for the modern detective.

JACK

You didn't just actually say all of those words, did you?

She starts to open boxes. The first thing she unpacks is a PHONE.

JACK

We already have a phone. It even works.

HONEY

This is a truth phone. Blinks red if the person on the other end of the line is lying. Works on the same concept as the lie detector.

JACK

Now I know who buys all the infomercial crap.

And now she takes out --

JACK

Night vision goggles? Who do you expect to be following?

She next pulls out a pair of GLASSES.

JACK

Prada glasses?

HONEY

With a pinhole video camera mounted in the bridge.

She smiles, puts them on. Stares at herself in the mirror.

HONEY

This is kind of fun.

JACK

Random thought: How are you going to pay for all this?

HONEY

Thirty day return policy. Just like with prom dresses.

JACK
You are making me. Afraid.

He hands her an address.

JACK
Go scratch around daddy's place.
Get the super to let you in. I'll
meet you there around five.

HONEY
Why is it. I don't trust you?

JACK
Trust no one. You'll be ahead of a
losing game.

HONEY
You're like a Hallmark card come to
life.

EXT. WOODLAND APARTMENTS - FIVE O'CLOCK

These are, in no uncertain terms, bottom barrel apartments.
Bars on the windows to keep people out, and others in.

HONEY
(into cellphone)
Jack. I'm here. You're not.

AND HANGS UP.

Knocks on the manager's door. A large WOMAN in a muumuu
opens the still-chained door. She's eating Coco-Puffs from
the box.

HONEY
Hello, I --

LARGE WOMAN
No vacancy!

She slams the door in Honey's face. So Honey knocks again.
The Woman opens it again, looking pretty annoyed.

HONEY
(fast)
My father, Hank West, lived in
Apartment 12. I'm his legal next
of kin, and according to --

Honey checks her notepad.

HONEY
-- Code 347, I have the right to --

LARGE WOMAN

You have the right to kiss my Coco
Puff ass!

And she slams the door again. Honey stares at the closed door. Turns on her heels.

HONEY V.O.

She had combined a breakfast cereal
and ass into the same sentence. My
new world was full of educational
surprises.

She approaches Apartment 12. Honey tries peeking in the dirty window. Can't see a damn thing. Looks around. The place seems pretty deserted. She tries the doorknob. Locked.

Walks away. A moment passes. And then --

She walks back into frame. Pulling her USC LIBRARY CARD from her Dayrunner. She slips it between the front door's moulding and doorjamb. Working it around, when suddenly --

THE CARD BREAKS.

Half of it now stuck inside the door. She frowns, poking at it. Tries jiggling the door. Her library card is pretty well stuck.

HONEY

But. I need that card.

She stands, staring at the door that ate her library card.

HONEY

I really need that card.
(utter frustration)
Crap!

She stares around, still alone with herself. Her eyes narrow at the door.

HONEY

Looks like a hollow core door.
(beat)
Jack did it.

So. Honey kicks the door. The door doesn't move.

HONEY

Holy shit.

Pain whistles through her foot, up her leg. She crumples.

HONEY
 (pained)
 Not. Hollow.

Her eyes find -- a large rock.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER.

Honey has removed her suit jacket. Wrapped the large rock in it. And is now using said wrapped rock, to break the apartment window.

HONEY V.O.
 (fast)
 Technically, it wasn't exactly breaking and entering. Since I should have been allowed access, and could eventually get a court order, I was just -- okay, that's all bullshit. I knew it was wrong. I did it anyway.

She opens the now broken window. Climbs in. Picks up her broken library card.

INT. HANK WEST'S APARTMENT

One room. Denim futon that also doubles as a bed and kitchen table. Beanbag chair. Ali poster. Misplaced rosary beads. Playboy porno.

HONEY V.O.
 As expected. There was no trace of me, anywhere. No pictures. No cute baby trinkets. No daughter existed in this apartment.

She moves for a laminate chest of drawers. Opens the top drawer. Shirts, socks, underwear. The second drawer is full of -- CIGARETTES AND BUBBLE GUM.

She takes a piece of bubble gum. Puts it into her mouth. Blowing a bubble, as --

COP
 FREEZE!!

The bubble pops over her face. A strong light pierces Honey's eyes. As she is --

HONEY V.O.

Thrown down. Handcuffed. Frisked.
(beat)
And the guy doing it, wasn't bad
looking either.

DETECTIVE MARK STORM. Easy on the eyes. Mark's solid.
Respected. A few ideals still left standing. And he's
currently frisking and cuffing Honey.

HONEY V.O.

If I hadn't been so freaked. I
might have even enjoyed it.

INT. LAPD HOLDING CELL - LATER

Honey paces. Her dress shirt hanging out. Hair askew.
She's careful not to touch anything. There's another woman
in the cell with her. TINA's in a tiny mesh top and matching
almost skirt.

TINA

Jail virgin?

HONEY

Yes.
(trying to be nice)
You?

TINA

Haven't been a virgin anything for
a very long time.

Honey nods.

TINA

Whadda you do?

HONEY

The technical charge is breaking
and entering, but -- I was actually
looking for someone. My father.

TINA

I had a father. Once.

HONEY

Me too.

Two girls, in a jail cell, consider it all.

COP O.S.

(yelling)
Anna West! Your phone call's on
the way.

TINA

Anna West.

(beat)

Any relation to Hank? You kinda look like him.

HONEY

I do?

HONEY V.O.

It was the first lame scrap of information I had gotten. And it was from a hooker.

HONEY

What was my father like?

TINA

Was?

Honey nods. Dead guy nod. Tina gets it.

TINA

Sorry. Can't tell you great things.

HONEY

The truth will be fine.

TINA

He gambled. He drank. He often smelled like moss. And he listened.

HONEY

What was the last one?

TINA

He listened, most don't. He did. He was okay. As scummers go, he was okay.

Honey nods. Scummers. Okay.

JACK ENTERS THE HOLDING CELL HALLWAY. HIS VOICE BOUNCING OFF WALLS.

JACK

You're a pretend detective for exactly one half day and you're already in prison.

The cell door opens. Honey steps out.

HONEY

Where were you?! You were supposed to meet me at his apartment!

JACK

Go home. Be girly. Wax something. Forget the detective thing.

HONEY

I don't do girly. Bail out Tina.

JACK

Who?

TINA

(hanging through the bars)
Me, handsome frog.

Jack sneers.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - LATER

Honey is collecting her stuff. Carefully checking her wallet. Jack shuffles in. Not so amused.

JACK

Alright, I bailed out the hooker with the heart of goldleaf. Let's go, Nancy Fuckin Drew. Time to go back to your own playground.

HONEY

I did the card. It broke. I kicked the door. It hurt. I --

JACK

Boo-hoo. Poor you. He left. It's all crap. Get over it.

HONEY

It's all crap.
(beat/realizing)
It's all crap. Isn't it?

Honey suddenly sits down on a bench. Lost. And --

JACK

Are you. What are you doing? Are you *crying*?

HONEY

Yes. I deserve it.

JACK

Detectives don't cry.

Nevertheless, she is. Jack doesn't know what to do. Stay?
Go? Sit?

HONEY
(heartfelt/crying)
I was -- this was -- I'm not good
at this. I was just trying to find
out something about my father. And
it turns out, a hooker knew more
about him than I did.

JACK
I could have told you that.

Now she's on her feet. Uncoiled emotion.

HONEY
Then why didn't you?! You haven't
told me *anything* about *anything*. I
don't even know anything about you.

He says nothing, starts moving down the police hallway.

HONEY
I just want to know. I just want
to know why he left me. Twice.

This is maybe her most honest moment.

JACK
Jesus, okay. Stop. Stop
blubbering. And telling
me...things.

He turns into a cubicle filled area of the station.

JACK
Follow me. And -- just -- follow
me.

She does.

JACK
(to a passing cop)
Detective Storm?

The Cop hooks his thumb toward the corner. And there sits
Detective Mark Storm.

MARK
Jack Geddes. I thought you were
dead.

JACK
Still tryin'.

Honey almost smirks.

JACK
(re: Honey)
This is --

MARK
We've met.

HONEY
Bent over a chair with a pair of
handcuffs.

Jack frowns. Mark grins. Honey hasn't checked a mirror, doesn't realize that she has kind of a Courtney Love thing going on, with her runny mascara and messed clothes. It's actually kind of sexy, in an odd way.

JACK
I have some questions about Anna's
father. He was a jumper last week.

MARK
Bradbury building?

HONEY
Hank West. It's the reason I was
in his apartment tonight.

MARK
Guilty with an excuse.

HONEY
Exactly.

Honey smiles. Mark smiles. Jack rolls his eyes. They sit at Mark's desk. He has a picture of his dog in a frame.

JACK
Did you handle the case?

MARK
I did. Wasn't much to it.

Mark hands Honey a Kleenex.

MARK
Mascara.

She wipes at her drippy mascara.

HONEY
Thanks.

Jack can't take much more nice.

JACK
Can I see the file?

Mark pulls the file jacket. Jack's about to ask about witnesses, when Honey beats him to it.

HONEY
Were there witnesses?

MARK
Three people saw him go up onto the roof alone. With a bottle of whiskey. An hour later --

Honey nods.

JACK
Crime scene?

MARK
Back alley. Confused bum saw it. He cried when he gave his statement then asked for a steak dinner.
(beat/to Honey)
This city can be pretty rough.

Mark hands the file to Jack. Photo of the body. A man with a cracked head. Leaking a pool of blood. Not pretty in any type of lighting.

MARK
The file doesn't list a daughter as a relative.

HONEY
I get that a lot.

Mark nods. Honey looks at the framed dog photo.

HONEY
Your dog looks like you. Especially around the eyes.

MARK
I get that a lot.

Mutual grin.

MARK
Listen, I'll see what I can do about having the charges against you dropped. It shouldn't be a problem.

HONEY
I'd appreciate that.

Jack belches.

JACK
Okay, then. We'll get out of
your hairdo.

Jack rises --

MARK
(to Honey)
Actually. I'm about to clock out
for the night. Maybe we could
catch some food. I could tell you
detective stuff.

JACK
She's had a real rough day --

HONEY
I --

JACK
Needs her girl sleep. Otherwise,
she's a real grouch.

She stares down Jack. Annoyed.

HONEY
(to Mark)
I'd love to.

JACK
(to Mark)
You buying?

EXT. ENCOUNTER RESTAURANT - LAX - LATER THAT NIGHT

The 70-foot high monster that looms and spins like a giant insect over the proceedings at the nation's third busiest airport. A theme building since 1961. Neon inside.

INT. ENCOUNTER RESTAURANT

Mark, Honey and Jack, eating a meal. Correction, Mark and Honey are eating. Jack has opted to drink his meal. He flicks his wine glass.

JACK
(to the waiter)
More wine.

Honey glances over at Mark, gives a nervous smile. She's about to say something, when --

JACK
You're not eating.

HONEY
I'm eating.

MARK
Is your salad alright? Do you want something else?

HONEY
It's fine. I'm just not that hungry.

Jack stabs a piece of her salad, eats it.

JACK
(mouthful)
You're one of those girls. Who gets nervous and bird picks in front of her date and then eats a whole pie when she gets home.

HONEY
I am not.
(to Mark)
He knows nothing about me.

The waiter brings Jack another bottle of wine.

JACK
(to the waiter)
A pie for the lady. To go.

HONEY
Kidding. He's kidding.
(to Jack)
Don't you think you've had enough?

Mark smirks. Jack finishes off a new glass of wine.

JACK
So. Detective Mark Storm. How are you settling into the City Of Angels?

MARK
Fine, thanks for asking.

HONEY
Where were you before?

Mark opens his mouth to answer -- but Jack beats him to it.

JACK

Mark here was a big hotshot up in San Francisco. Got a couple nice gold stars underneath his name. Governor transferred him down here special.

HONEY

Impressive.

MARK

Not the way Jack tells it.

Jack snort laughs. He's borderline drunk.

JACK

Where's the can?

Mark points. Jack leaves.

MARK

Somehow. This isn't quite the meal I had in mind.

HONEY

I know. My first date in a year and -- I mean, I didn't mean -- not a year, more like --

MARK

What's a nice girl like you doing with a scary guy like Jack?

HONEY

He was my dad's partner. He's helping me out with details.

MARK

Advice: run. Run even if you are holding scissors. Jack's news, and not the good kind.

HONEY

How do you mean?

MARK

He was an insurance investigator, gone solo after a scuttle over some missing merchandise. He's had a partner before. That didn't end well either. And he hates smart women. Like you.

Honey smiles at the compliment.

MARK
Basically, he's "angry at the world
guy."

Jack has returned. Pours himself some more wine. When suddenly the Waiter shows up -- with a piece of CAKE, a burning candle atop it. He sets it in front of Honey.

WAITER
(singing)
Happy Birthday to you.
(Jack joins in)
Happy Birthday to you. Happy
Birthday dear Anna! Happy Birthday
to you!

Honey forces an annoyed smile.

JACK
Make a wish!

HONEY
(sarcastic)
Oh, I'll make a wish alright.

She closes her eyes. Blows out the candle. Opens them, sees Jack.

HONEY
It didn't come true.

The Waiter wanders off.

MARK
I had no idea it was your birthday!

HONEY
Neither did I.

JACK
Free cake!

And he takes the cake, eating it.

MARK
Next time, we'll do this solo.

HONEY
I'd like that.

They're staring at each other. Kinda googley eyed. Jack burps.

JACK
Your kids will be gorgeous.

EXT. JACK'S DUPLEX - LATER SAME NIGHT

Nothing special. Especially in the dark. Honey helps a weaving Jack from the car.

INT. JACK'S DUPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Living room. Half-kitchen. Two bedrooms. Lots of cowboy stuff.

JACK
(singing)
I shot the sheriff, but I did not
shoot the de-pu-ty...

Honey dumps him onto the sofa. Starts to remove his shoes, then thinks otherwise.

JACK
You can do better.

HONEY
Excuse me?

JACK
Than Storm. He has aspirations.
Girls without pedigrees get in the
way.

HONEY
Thanks for lifting my ego pie-sky-
high, but I don't need a father.
Never have.

Honey moves into the kitchen, washes her hands.

JACK
You father was one odd duck. Every
damn Sunday, he went to the park.
Like church, except with trees.

She wipes her hands on Jack's dishtowel, but it's so gross, she has to re-wash her hands. This time, wiping them on her shirt.

JACK
Then after, he always went and
played the horses. Go figure.

HONEY
I thought you said you didn't know
anything about him?

HONEY'S EXITING THE KITCHEN, WHEN SHE NOTICES --

A small, faded picture of a woman taped to the kitchen window. A little BOY peeks from behind the woman. Could be Jack and his mother. Could be someone else.

Jack's now SNORING to raise the rafters. Honey peels the picture off the window; nothing written on the back. Again presses it into the window pane.

HONEY

Night Jack. Whoever you are.

INT. HONEY'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING - SATURDAY

Yips and yells and giggling screams. Honey cracks open her eyes. Checks the clock. 10AM. And there's apparently already a party at the pool.

Honey moves to the window, to close it -- sees Craig and several other law school types in the pool. With Jack. Who's floating on a raft, with a beer, chatting with them.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Honey barrels through in her flannel pajamas, heading for the pool. Mr. Keller, the lobby manager, frowns.

KELLER

You still owe for rent!

She keeps moving.

KELLER

I will have to evict!

EXT. POOL - SECONDS LATER

Honey throws a BIG RUBBER BALL at Jack's head. He's still floating in the pool. Surrounded by cute coeds.

HONEY

What. Are you doing here?!

JACK

(bullshit)

Wanted to make sure you got home alright.

CRAIG

(re: her pajamas)

Hey! You didn't sleep in your suit!

JACK

You failed to mention that you had a pool. And so many cool friends.

FEMALE COED

Your dad was telling us about the time you won the state spelling bee.

HONEY

He's not --

(tense to Jack)

Can I have a word with you?

Jack floats over to her. Out of earshot.

HONEY

You are not here.

JACK

I'm not?

He gets out, toweling off.

HONEY

You are not *supposed* to be here. This is my place.

JACK

You're at my place all the time, thought I'd see how the other half lives. It's nice. And your friends are nice too, except for that little pisser in the red trunks.

HONEY

Craig.

JACK

What's this internship he's all jacked about?

HONEY

We're both up for it. And I'm going to get it.

JACK

He seems to think he has it in the bag. So I told him that you're a Rhodes Scholar. That shut him up.

HONEY

Do not. Help me. Do not talk to people. Stay out of this life. It's mine. And I'm late for work.

JACK
Work?

HONEY
My real work. I mean, not my real
work. My stupid paying job.

JACK
See you later.

HONEY
What? You're staying?

Jack grins, puts his sunglasses on, and saunters back for the pool.

INT. COLOR ME MINE - THAT AFTERNOON

Honey sits against the fall wall, going over her father's old case files. Only one TEEN GIRL in the place. The TV is once again full of good news --

NEWSCASTER
...has called for an investigation
of Carl Luxe, vice president of the
DWP, who petitioned to have the
state's energy price caps lifted --

Through the wall, Honey can hear the MUSIC and punching going on at the kick boxing place next door.

NEWSCASTER
With no information on when the
rolling blackouts will end,
California remains the darkest
state in the US, with the highest
electric bills.

Honey finds a case file, dated last week. Dials her cellphone.

JACK
(annoyed/over phone)
What?

HONEY
(into phone)
My dad's last case.

JACK
(over phone)
I'm a little busy right now --

HONEY
 (into phone)
 I think we should go talk to the
 last person who hired him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Jack is mid-sex, on his cellphone. An unseen woman bouncing
 fun and naked on top of him. The woman sex GIGGLES.

HONEY
 (over phone)
 Are you? What are you -- ?

JACK
 (into phone)
 Don't ask the question. If you
 don't want the answer.

HONEY
 (into phone)
 I -- meet me at -- you don't have a
 pen, do you?

JACK
 (into phone)
 Nope.

HONEY
 (annoyed/into phone)
 I'll leave it on the office
 machine.

JACK
 (into phone)
 Good idea.

INT. COLOR ME MINE - SAME TIME

Honey hangs up. Exasperated.

HONEY
 Who answers the phone in the middle
 of sex? Who?!

The Teen Girl stares at her.

HONEY
 Sorry.

The Girl puts her painted bowl on the shelf. And leaves.
 Honey sits for a moment, listening to the rhythmic kicking
 coming from next door.

EXT. COLOR ME MINE - MOMENTS LATER

Honey fast flips the sign to closed.

HONEY V.O.

For the first time in my life, I
closed early. Retroactive guilt
flooded me. Ah, the good ole days.

Honey lingers by the kick boxing window. Takes a deep breath
-- pushes open the door.

INT. KICK BOXING PLACE

The hunky Instructor who approached her the other day is
inside.

INSTRUCTOR

You wanna climb? Or kick?

HONEY

Both.

INSTRUCTOR

Let's start with the kick. Put
down your stuff.

She sets down her case files. Stands in front of the bag.

HONEY

Now what?

INSTRUCTOR

Kick it.

So she does. But not really. It's a little kick.

INSTRUCTOR

Technique.

(beat)

Retract. Set. Balance. Twist.
Kick!

He kicks the bag so hard. It flies back and knocks her over.

INSTRUCTOR

Sorry. You okay?

HONEY

Yes, fine.

She straightens herself. Stares at the bag.

INSTRUCTOR

Pretend it's someone you hate.

She smiles. Goes to the case files, sorts through. And finds a picture of Jack, standing in front of the just-opened agency. She tacks the picture to the bag.

HONEY

Retract. Set. Balance --

INSTRUCTOR

Twist your foot slightly.

HONEY

Kick!

And she kicks Jack, right in the face. The bag flies. And she kicks it again.

HONEY

(surprised)

That was. Fun.

She kicks it a couple more times. Damn hard.

INSTRUCTOR

See? You do like kicking things.

EXT. MANSION - BEVERLY HILLS - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

A big solid mansion house with a terra cotta tile roof, white stucco walls, rolling lawns and big unfriendly gates. The suddenly friendly gates swing open.

INT. MANSION

Jack pulls open the door to the polished marble foyer. Inside a sunken living room stands -- EVA LUXE. Sexy brunette. Curves in all the right places. Botox face.

HONEY V.O.

From 30 feet away, Eva Luxe looked like a lot of class. From 10 feet away, she looked like something made up to be seen from 30 feet away.

Jack doesn't care from any distance. Eva looks good to him.

JACK

Thank you for seeing us.

They sit onto a way plush sofa. Honey pulls out her Palm Pilot, ready to take notes.

JACK
You hired my partner to follow your
husband.

EVA
Carl, yes.

Eva lights a match, to light her Marlboro.

HONEY
(realizing)
Carl Luxe? The same Carl Luxe
being investigated for causing the
worst energy crisis in California
history?

Eva just stares at Honey.

JACK
(to Honey)
Very smooth.

HONEY
(to Eva)
Sorry.

EVA
(annoyed)
What exactly do you want?

Eva sucks on the end of her cigarette. Smoke rings her head.

JACK
Why did you have your husband
followed?

EVA
Carl stopped coming home regular.
So I hired Mr. West. He'd been
following Carl for a few days, when
Mr. West killed himself.

JACK
Did West give you a report?

EVA
No.

Smoke drifts. Honey punches some information into her Palm
Pilot, it BEEPS.

HONEY
Did he find out if your husband was
cheating on you?

EVA

No. But I kicked Carl out just the same.

Honey pokes more notes into her Palm Pilot, it again BEEPS.

EVA

Right before the whole energy scandal broke. Carl's a stupid, stupid man.

And BEEPS. Jack jerks the Palm away from Honey.

JACK

Use. Your. Memory.

Embarrassed, Honey stares across at Eva who snuffs out her cig.

EVA

Your partner's death has nothing to do with me. Nothing at all.

JACK

Any idea where your husband might be now?

EVA

Now? Right now? No. Tonight. Try Lipstick. He likes the pretty whores.

She smiles. Swings her shapely leg. Stands.

EVA

Yawn. I'm tired now. Goodbye.

And Eva leaves. Jack watches her hips go. Honey pokes him with her elbow.

HONEY

Breathe.

He does.

EXT. LIPSTICK - PARKING LOT - THAT NIGHT

Jack and Honey sit in the car. In the parking lot.

HONEY

I need my Palm back.

He doesn't respond, keeps staring out the window.

HONEY
Jack? I need my Palm Pilot back.

JACK
No.

HONEY
No is not an option. I have to have it back. My whole life is on it.

JACK
That's very sad. But no.

A BMW pulls up. Parks.

JACK
Our whore man has arrived.

CARL LUXE gets out of his car. Non-descript guy, if there is such a thing.

JACK
Wait here.

HONEY
Like hell.

JACK
It's a men's club.

He *slams* the car door on her.

JACK
Wait here, like a good little girl.

EXT. LIPSTICK - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

An exclusive men's club. The kind of place where you can get a lap dance while sipping Dom Perignon. A large ROPE RABBIT blocks the entry. Jack makes an attempt.

ROPE RABBIT
Nope.

Jack spots the guy a twenty.

ROPE RABBIT
Nope.

INT. JACK'S CAR - SAME TIME

Honey's pissed. And she can see Jack getting stymied.

HONEY
(sarcastic)
Good little girl.

She rips off her suit jacket. Starts unbuttoning her blouse.
With gusto and anger.

HONEY
Good. Little. Girl.

EXT. LIPSTICK CLUB - SAME TIME

Jack's still working the Rope Rabbit.

JACK
I'm with Carl.

ROPE RABBIT
Nope.

HONEY O.S.
Hi there!

Rope Rabbit turns, sees Honey. Jack turns, sees someone who
looks like Honey except -- SHE HAS UNBUTTONED HER SHIRT TO
NEW LOWS, AND HIKED HER SKIRT UP TO NEW HIGHS. HER BREASTS
AND LEGS BOTH PASS THE BABEAGE TEST.

Jack's jaw falls.

HONEY
(with confidence)
New hire.

ROPE RABBIT
Yep.

She gives Jack a shit-eating grin, and waltzes past. Leaving
Jack holding his jaw and his crisp twenty at the door.

INT. LIPSTICK CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Individual dance platforms, with individual dance poles.
Mostly naked girls in pretty colored lights. Music.

HONEY STARES

sort-of aghast at the entertainment. Recovers -- does a
quick scan, looking for Carl. Instead, she sees Ren at the
bar. Her face loses some blood.

HONEY QUICKLY MOVES

to the other side of the club.

Just in time to see Carl and another man, DALE, move through a spangly curtain. Honey moves for the curtain, where several waitress/strippers are heading.

HONEY
 (quiet/to herself)
 You graduated top of your stupid class. You can do this.

AND SHE MOVES BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

INT. LIPSTICK HALLWAY - BEHIND CURTAIN

A long hallway dotted with doors. Carl and Dale disappear behind a private door on the right. Honey notices a COCKTAIL WAITRESS dressed as a French Maid, exiting one of the other rooms.

HONEY
 I'll take the order in Room 5.

WAITRESS
 Not like that you won't. Didn't Luke explain theme clothing?

INT. LIPSTICK LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Theme clothing hangs on a rack. Mostly made of assorted satin, mesh, marabou and leather. Honey fast sorts through the teeny costumes -- her expression growing more perturbed with each one.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Honey now emerges -- dressed as a Dominatrix. Leather top. Tight leather shorts. Shiny spiked boots. Whip.

The French Maid Waitress gives her a look.

HONEY
 Better?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
 Make sure you crack the whip. Men love that.

She hands Honey her order pad and tray.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
 I'm on break.

Honey heads for Room Five.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
 Hey! Room Four first. Bachelor
 Party.

EXT. LIPSTICK - BACK ALLEY - SAME TIME

Jack attempting to gain entrance. Tries the side door,
 LOCKED. The window, BARRED. Just then, A HEFTY BAG OF
 GARBAGE, pops from the club's trash shoot, into a dumpster.

He stares at it for a moment. No way. Tries the door again.
 Gives it a kick. Nothing. Stares back at the TRASH SHOOT.

JACK
 Aw. Fuck.

INT. LIPSTICK - ROOM FOUR - SAME TIME

The bachelor party. Men in various states of sobriety.
 Women doing lap dances in various states of undress. Thick
 cigar smoke. Swirling light.

HONEY
 (to no one in particular)
 Drinks?
 (beat)
 Drinks?

A Guy turns.

GUY
 Bourbon and -- ANNA?!

It's Craig, the snooty law student.

HONEY
 (matter-of-fact)
 Hi Craig.

She cracks the whip hard against his thigh. He jumps.

HONEY
 Got tired of my suit.

The cigar falls out of his stunned mouth. He actually looks
 like he might faint.

INT. ROOM FIVE - SAME TIME

A much more subdued room. An opaque wall, behind which,
 naked chicks make out with each other. Shadows intertwine.
 Arty and slutty at the same time.

GUYS IN SUITS

around a table, barely take notice of the naked-making-out-chicks. A bottle of Tequila sits center. Carl is one of the men. Dale, a blonde guy, is another. There is also a DARK HAired GUY. And they all seem tense in a bad way.

DARK HAired GUY
...computer files?

DALE
Dealt with.

Honey enters the room. No one seems to notice.

CARL
But hard copies of the Ricochet memo exist.

DARK HAired GUY
Prison or death, Carl?

CARL
(afraid)
What -- are you talking about?

He doesn't answer. Smiles kinda scary.

CARL
(panicked to Dale)
What's he talking about?

DARK HAired GUY
Those are your glorious choices. If that memo gets out. Personally, I would opt for a capable death if I were you.

HONEY
Drinks?

Carl is now screaming tense.

CARL
Listen. I had nothing to do with Ricochet, it --

DARK HAired GUY
Be ever so quiet.

INT. LIPSTICK - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Meanwhile. The TRASH SHOOT door pops open. And out crawls Jack. Covered in -- stuff you don't really want to be covered in.

JACK
 (mocking himself)
 Never go through garbage. No
 matter how bad it gets. Never.

He shakes something slimy brown from his hand. Pokes his
 head around a corner. Moves toward the multi-door hallway.
 When he is suddenly yanked backward by the hair.

And dragged out an alley door.

INT. ROOM FIVE - ALMOST THE SAME TIME

Honey taking drink orders. None of the men even glance at
 her.

CARL
 Water.

DARK HAired GUY
 (to Honey)
 What other mescals you got?

HONEY
 (no idea)
 Um. Let's see. Mescals --

The Guy pauses. Now staring at her.

DARK HAired GUY
 (suspicious)
 You don't know what mescal is?

HONEY
 Of course, I --

DARK HAired GUY
 Where's the big titty French Maid?
 I've never seen you here before.

HONEY
 Luke just hired me.

DARK HAired GUY
 (creepy)
 Nice.

He pinches her ass. Hard.

HONEY
 (nervous)
 I'll just go ask the bartender --

She starts to leave, but he grabs her by the arm. And yanks
 her into his lap. She can see a GUN inside his coat.

DARK HAIREG GUY
Have a shot with us. All the
newbees do.

He pours her a shot of Mescal Tequila. A big shot.

HONEY
Ah. Okay, sure.

She picks up the glass. About to drink --

HONEY
What is that? Is that a worm?!

DARK HAIREG GUY
(ominous)
Special for you. Drink.

He presses the glass to her lips. And Honey drinks. She
isn't sure what's worse -- the Mescal or the slimy worm. She
gags.

DARK HAIREG GUY
Good eh?

HONEY
Yeah. Very.

And he pours her another large shot.

DARK HAIREG GUY
Again.

HONEY
I appreciate the sharing. But I
have to get back to work.

He secretly pokes at a CALL BUTTON underneath the table.

DARK HAIREG GUY
Want me to gripe to Luke on your
first night?

She fast downs ANOTHER shot. Too fast. Her head spinning.

JUST THEN,

the DOOR opens. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS enters. Dressed as a
School Girl.

SCHOOL GIRL
You rang?

DARK HAIREG GUY
(to other waitress)
Who's this fuckin girl?!

And to our shock --

SCHOOL GIRL
That's Anna. She's okay.

Honey does a double take. It's Tina, her prison pal. The Dark Haired Guy shoves Honey away. Satisfied.

DARK HAIREG GUY
Get us some goddamned drinks.

Honey exits fast with Tina.

INT. LIPSTICK HALLWAY

Scantly clad girls rush past on their way to pole performances.

TINA
You picked the wrong room, sweetie.
They've been comin' here for a
month of Saturdays. And they're
always in a sour mood.

The booze is actually hitting Honey pretty hard. Things are starting to spin wrong.

TINA
You okay?

HONEY
Sure.
(trying to focus)
Thanks. For.

TINA
I owed you for the bail out.

The Room Five door starts to open.

TINA
Get gone.

Honey grabs a nearby trenchcoat from a rack. And moves toward the alley door --

EXT. ALLEY

Where the Rope Rabbit is beating the crap out of Jack. Using hands, his fist and a nearby box lid. Jack's doing badly, his breath sawing in and out. When suddenly --

HONEY O.S.
 (under her breath)
 Retract. Set. Balance. Twist.

ROPE RABBIT
 (turning)
 Who you talkin to, girlie?

HONEY
 KICK!

And she does. A surprised Rope Rabbit, gets a well placed foot right in his face. His head snaps back. He's down. Landing hard on some delivery boxes.

HONEY
 It worked!

The Rabbit stares up at Honey -- Trenchcoat. Leather. Boots. Backlit.

ROPE RABBIT
 Who the hell are you?!

HONEY
 (with a flourish)
 I'm Honey West.

And she is.

A BOX FALLS, KNOCKING THE RABBIT OUT.

Jack squints up at her through a bloody forehead.

HONEY
 I just saved you.

JACK
 (not happy)
 I know. Honey.

Jack struggles to get to his feet, fails.

HONEY
This detective stuff is fun!

JACK
 (stunned)
 Are you -- drunk?!

She is, but before she can respond, the ALLEY DOOR opens and two HUGE BOUNCERS glare at her. Take a look at their buddy on the ground -- and charge for Honey.

HONEY
 Ahhhhh!

EXT. CLUB - PARKING LOT

Honey runs as fast as her spiked boots will carry her. Bolting through shrubs. Losing her trenchcoat in the process. The world swirls with Tequila and noise. And CARS.

She emerges from the shrubs out onto the center of the HIGHWAY.

Cars jerk and honk, swerving around her. One of the BOUNCERS rushes her -- steel arms -- trying to pick her up -- but Honey impales his foot with her spiked heel.

ANOTHER BOUNCER

tackles her, center street, where they roll around. Honey yanks hard on his hair implants -- then bites his EAR.

BOUNCER

SHIT ME!

And this is pretty much when the LIGHTS HIT THEM.

COP

FREEZE!

Police spotlights. Honey straggles to her feet, drunk. Disorderly. Her leather blouse popped open.

HONEY

(out of it)

I can explain. Ossifer...

MARK

Oh. My. Jesus.

Yes, one of the cops, is Mark.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Where we started. Honey and her blanket and her breasts.

COP

Button up you blouse. Let's go.

Honey, still groggy, slowly buttons her leather blouse.

COP

Hurry up, Anna.

HONEY
Call me Honey.

And she moves past him.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Honey's getting her stuff back, pulling on her trenchcoat, when Mark walks up.

MARK
We have to stop meeting like this.

HONEY
I have an explanation.

MARK
I look forward to it.

He means it.

MARK
You have a ride home?

JACK O.S.
Yes. She does.

Jack looks about as good as Honey. Cut head. Cherry black eye.

MARK
(to Honey)
Take care of yourself.

And he walks. She turns on Jack.

HONEY
Where the hell were you while I was getting the shit beat out of me in the middle of the highway?!

JACK
Saving you.
(beat)
I called the cops.

She holds her leather boots.

HONEY
(sarcastic)
My hero.

INT. JACK'S PONTIAC - MOMENTS LATER

Jack drives. Honey holds her head.

HONEY
(sotto)
I drank a worm.

JACK
That's what you're worried about?!
You've been in jail twice in the
last two days. You now have a list
of charges against you --

HONEY
Those charges will never stick.
Those guys were attacking me. The
DA will never go for it.

He stares at her, a little surprised.

JACK
I expected you to start blubbering
about now.

HONEY
I've discovered something better.

JACK
What's that?

HONEY
(smile)
I like kicking things.

Jack frowns at her, maybe a little worried now. He pulls
into the LIPSTICK PARKING LOT.

HONEY
What are we doing back here?

JACK
Did you think the night was over?

Honey slowly smiles. 2AM The club is just closing. Men
straggle out.

JACK
Before the traumatic worm incident.
Did you find out anything?

She's still trying to steady her head.

HONEY

They mentioned. A memo.
(remembering)

Ricochet.

(beat)

Oh, and Ren was in the club. You think he was following me?

JACK

That. Or he likes naked women.

(beat)

This whole thing could just be a lotta second hand smoke.

HONEY

How so?

JACK

It could have nothing to do with what happened to your dad.

Jack grabs something from the backseat -- Honey's night vision goggles.

HONEY

Hey. Those are --

JACK

-- surprisingly useful.

He set the goggles over the top of his head. As our tense guys start exiting the club.

HONEY

Which one do we follow?

JACK

Always leave the dance with the same girl you came with.

The Dark Haired Guy walks out --

HONEY

That's him. That's the shitbag who made me drink a worm.

Gets into a Jag. Jack writes down the license plate number.

Carl is last to leave with Dale. He and Dale speak for a few moments; it is not a happy conversation. Dale gets into his car and drives off. Leaving Carl.

Carl gets into his BMW. Sits for a beat. Then tries to start his car. It doesn't.

HONEY
Something's wrong with his car.

JACK
That's because I put a banana in
the tailpipe.

Honey laughs, yeah. But then notices --

HONEY
(shocked)
There is banana in his tailpipe.

JACK
Low tech, sweetheart. Works every
time.

Carl slams his fists onto the steering wheel. Pulls out his
cellphone.

JACK
Now let's see who gives sorry Carl
a ride home.

CUT TO:

A CAR ARRIVING.

A figure inside. Carl nears the car, opens the door.
Illuminating -- Eva in the driver's seat.

HONEY
That. Is unexpected.

JACK
Yes. It is.

Jack follows Eva's car. To --

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER - PARKING LOT

Carl gets out. Eva waits in the car. Smoking. Jack, parked
across the street, exits his car.

HONEY
I'm coming with you.

JACK
(annoyed)
I know.

EXT. DWP BUILDING - SIDE DOOR

They move toward a side/rear door.

The same door that Carl used moments ago. Propped partially open.

INT. DWP STAIRWELL

It's one of those classic old LA buildings with the stairwell that seems to twist up to heaven. Dim lighting. Jack presses against the wall. Peers upward.

HONEY
(whisper)
Do you see him?

Jack moves up the first two flights of stairs. Honey following, a few steps behind.

AND THEN, THE STAIRWELL LIGHTS GO OUT.

Dark like hell. Silent as smoke.

HONEY O.S.
(whisper)
Jack?

Eyes squirming to see. And now things start to happen. Somewhere nearby, feet beat. Up? Down? Honey grips the railing. A sickening THUD.

HONEY O.S.
Jack?!

She reaches out in blind terror. Tripping up stairs. Something heaves. Whisper soft, passes by her face.

A STIFLED CRY.

Honey whirls. Listening to silence.

HONEY O.S.
Jesus Christ! Jack!

Her voice echoes up. And from the black air -- comes a single tiny flame. Jack has gotten his lighter to function.

HONEY V.O.
And then, I screamed. It was the loudest scream in the world.

Inches from Honey's face, hangs CARL from the end of a rope. Limp. Blue. Pretty darn dead.

JACK
I'd like to revise my earlier statement.
(beat)
(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
This may have something to do with
your father.

CUT TO:

A THOUSAND POINTS OF LIGHT.

And all of them in the DWP parking lot. Cops everywhere.
Yellow tape. Official stuff. And Honey sitting on a curb.
With Mark Storm.

MARK
Where exactly was Jack?

Honey stares, mascara askew. She's pretty freaked.

HONEY
I'm not sure exactly. He was in
front of me on the stairs before
the lights went out.

MARK
And you called to him?

HONEY
Yes. But I couldn't find him. It
was pitch dark.

MARK
What did you hear?

HONEY
I -- I'm not sure -- there was this
thud sound -- I guess that was --
Carl.

She breathes.

HONEY
And then I felt something sort of
pass by my face -- I guess that was
Carl too.

MARK
Who else was in the stairwell?
Carl's wife? Did she leave the
car?

Honey shakes her head, unknown.

MARK
There are two angles here.
Suicide. Or murder.

HONEY
Just like my dad.

MARK

Yes. Just like your dad.

She weighs this.

MARK

We have to consider both. And with that. Everyone who was in the stairwell.

(beat)

You said that Jack didn't answer you.

HONEY

I -- really just want to go home.

He nods. Understands.

MARK

I'll get someone to drive you.

(beat)

And I'm re-opening your father's case.

She kisses him on the cheek.

EXT. MINI-MALL - LATE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

Honey exits her car. Wearing sunglasses. A sweatsuit. Toting a duffle bag. Still tired from her life. When Walden, the travel agency guy, sidles up to her, with another flyer.

WALDEN

Hawaii. Bahama. Istanbul. Cheap.
Cheap. Cheap.

She stops, staring at him.

HONEY

Nice shirt.

He smiles; he is wearing a nice shirt.

INT. WATCHFUL EYE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits hen typing a surveillance report on his manual typewriter. Honey enters.

JACK

It's five o'clock.

HONEY

I was tired.

JACK
It's five o'clock.

HONEY
I was really tired.

She sits into her chair. Wakes up her laptop.

HONEY
Mark re-opened my father's case.

JACK
Good. Now you can leave it to him.

She starts up a broadband news conference:

INTERNET NEWS
This is what Luxe's boss, Dale
Lockheart, had to say earlier
today:

DALE ON LAPTOP
Carl was a friend and co-worker; we
are all deeply saddened by his
suicide. I spoke to him just last
evening and know that he was deeply
sorry for the state's mounting
energy crisis --

INTERNET NEWS
Later, the Governor commented --

GOVERNOR ON LAPTOP
I am working on a bail out plan for
the state as we speak. But
Californians should know that
rolling blackouts will continue and
power rates will remain high for
the foreseeable future.

The broadcast pauses.

HONEY
(mulling)
Suicide.

Jack says nothing.

HONEY
What did you tell the cops?

JACK
I told 'em what happened.

Honey holds her breath. Suspicious. Then.

HONEY
What did happen?

JACK
Carl died.

HONEY
Why didn't you answer me? When I called to you in the stairwell, why didn't you answer me?

JACK
I didn't hear you. I wasn't in the stairwell. I stepped out onto the second floor landing.

HONEY
That's strange, I thought you were right in front of me.

JACK
Whatta you got there?

Honey has pulled a file from her duffle bag. Several 8x10 black and white photos of Carl at work.

HONEY
Pictures my dad took while tailing Carl.
(looking at them)
There's Lockheart. And the dark haired caveman from the club.

JACK
I called his license number into a buddy of mine at the DMV, he should have the name by morning.

Honey's punching away at her keyboard.

JACK
What are you doing?

HONEY
Googling Carl.

JACK
Sounds nasty.

And Carl's life pops onto the screen. Every press release. Every notable moment. Including his mortgage payment. Driving record. And who he voted for in the last election.

JACK
That is. Unfucking believable.
All that. Is online?

HONEY

The year is 2004. Welcome.

She's punching through various press releases, until she finds a photograph of a group dinner. With the Dark Haired Guy. Celebrating the millennium.

HONEY

And our dark haired creepoid is --
(reading caption)
Lewis Blade, Estes Power Corp.

JACK

A buyer and a supplier of power eating together. Nothing unusual about that.

HONEY

Unless they're meeting in secret and threatening nice leather cocktail waitresses.

The truth phone on Honey's desk rings.

JACK

Oh, for Godsakes.

He picks it up before she can.

JACK

Hello?

As the person on the other end speaks, the light on the phone blinks RED. Honey points proudly at the light. Jack swats at her.

JACK

(into phone)
Uh-uh. You sure about that?

Still blinking RED. Honey is getting more excited.

JACK

(into phone)
Okay, then. Thanks anyway.

He hangs up.

HONEY

Who was it? Eva Luxe? The police?

JACK

Winner's Pizza. Apparently they're lying to me about being out of pepperoni.

She stares at the phone.

HONEY
Maybe it wasn't my best purchase.

JACK
You think?

She pulls some clothes from her duffle bag.

JACK
You want pizza?

HONEY
No thanks, I have a date.

And she disappears into the bathroom with her outfits.

JACK
A date.

Left alone, Jack moves over to the computer...and
googles...himself.

JACK
Jesus.

His life onscreen, looks worse than he thought it really was.

HONEY O.S.
Are you googling yourself?

JACK
My mother told me I'd go blind.

She exits the bathroom wearing a mini-skirt, blouse and red
high heels. Jack double-takes.

JACK
What in the tiny hell are you
wearing?!

HONEY
I went shopping.

JACK
At Sluts R' Us?

HONEY
I think I look nice.

JACK
You'd be wrong. For starters, only
children and horses wear red shoes.

She checks her new look in the mirror.

JACK

What happened to I-Love-My-Ugly-Suit-Anna?

HONEY

Honey kicked butt. Honey had fun.

JACK

Honey almost got killed.

She checks her backside. Tugs at the skirt.

JACK

Schizo-girl. There is a middle ground here that you are missing.

HONEY

(sarcastic)

Thanks, dad.

He takes hold of her forearm.

JACK

Seriously.

He is.

JACK

Shit happens. But you don't have to revise your whole life.

She considers it.

JACK

Unless. Of course. You want to.

She kicks off her red heels.

JACK

You don't really like being a lawyer, do you?

HONEY

Of course I do.

(beat)

You're right. I can't pull off this look.

She disappears back into the bathroom.

JACK

What lawyer stuff do you like?

HONEY O.S.

Rules. And order. And the certainty of the law.

She doesn't sound very convincing. He grabs a peanut from his lopsided orange ashtray. Crushes the shell with his stapler.

JACK
Nothing is certain. Even the law
is open to interpretation.

HONEY O.S.
How would you know?

JACK
I went to law school.

He pops the peanut into his mouth. Honey emerges, dressed in her suit, but wearing a lower cut blouse than usual. This new Jack information has vastly surprised her.

HONEY
You. Went to law school.
(beat)
Did you pass?

He grins.

JACK
I have no problem hitting a girl.

HONEY
I have a very hard time imagining
you hunched over law books.
Thinking.

JACK
And I, had an equal amount of
trouble imagining you as a leather
dominatrix. But no more.

HONEY
What happened?

JACK
I revised my life.

She shakes her head. Checks herself in the mirror. Adds lipstick.

JACK
Honey --

He's actually thinking about his words here.

JACK
You did good last night.

She smiles.

HONEY
Thanks. See you tomorrow.

JACK
(wry/calling to her)
Be home by midnight!

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

High up in the hills. All glass and chrome and neat angles.
A pretty fabu home.

HONEY
This place is wow.

Mark takes her coat.

MARK
Rental.

HONEY
You should lie about that.

He grins.

MARK
You're right. It's mine.

He's opening red wine.

HONEY
So. Did you learn anything about --

MARK
Tonight. We are high schoolers on
a first date. We do not have
serious problems in the world.
Okay?

HONEY
Okay. Though high school kinda
sucked.

He laughs.

MARK
Peer pressure.

HONEY
Glasses.

MARK
Acne.

HONEY
Setting the grade curve.

She stifles a yawn.

MARK
Tired?

HONEY
Sorry. Still in recovery from last night.

He hands her the wine. Steals a kiss.

MARK
Hope that woke you up.

And they fall onto his plush sofa. Kiss some more.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SOFA.

Honey lies on it, in front of a roaring fire. Covered with a blanket. Fully dressed. She glances around. The clock reads 3AM.

HONEY
(incredulous)
I fell asleep?!

She gets up, trailing into the bedroom, where Mark is fast asleep in his own bed.

HONEY
(disappointed)
Anna West strikes again.

She turns --

Just off Mark's bedroom, is his unkempt desk. Files piled high. Honey glances back at him, but can't help herself. Flips through them.

Nothing stops her. Until one labeled --

JACK GEDDES

This one, she opens. Bunch of random stuff. Then a newspaper clipping:

HONEY V.O.
Zolton Franks, Jack's illustrious first partner, had died while tailing a suspect.
(MORE)

HONEY V.O. (cont'd)
 Bullet to the left lobe. Murder
 unsolved.
 (beat)
 Jack really was a lousy partner.

INT. WATCHFUL EYE OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Honey searches through Jack's desk. Jack's files. Jack's old sandwich wrappers. Honey sees the MESSAGE LIGHT blinking on the answering machine. Hits it:

WOMAN ON MACHINE
 Jack, it's me. Where's the money?!
Call.

Honey now notices a book bulging in a wrong way. Opens it. The pages of "The Long Goodbye" are filled with credit card receipts. She sorts through them. Noticing. Many receipts for the Roosevelt Hotel.

HONEY V.O.
 Jack was getting laid. A lot.

The door opens. Honey leaps across the room. Jack squints.

JACK
 You didn't come home last night.

HONEY
 How do you know that?

JACK
 I'm a detective.
 (beat)
 You want this thing to last? Leave something to the imagination. Guys love that.

HONEY
 Thanks for the hot tip.

He hits the ERASE button on the machine, without playing the message.

HONEY V.O.
 Bottom line: It was time to find out exactly who Jack Geddes really was. And Honey West was just the girl for the job.

EXT/INT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - HOLLYWOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

Old glam Hollywood at its best. Or at least, you can imagine it that way once. In reality: shiny red leather upholstery, worn carpet tracks, elevator with an arrow indicating floors.

Except that the arrow is stuck. Everyone is apparently on the third floor all the time.

Honey enters. She's once again slipped into Honey West mode: Mini-shirt. Skirt. UGG boots. It's a look.

She scans around the lobby. Immediately picks -- CLIFF, the unsuspecting bellboy. Name tag. Wannabe actor. Frat boy alum.

HONEY
(sexy)
Hi there, Cliff.

CLIFF
(day is now much better)
Hello.

HONEY
I'm a detective.

CLIFF
(very interested)
Really? Like Pam Anderson?

HONEY
Yeah, just like that.

CLIFF
Sweet.

She crooks her finger. He leans into her.

HONEY
This guy.

She shows him a picture of Jack.

CLIFF
I knew it! I always thought something was up with him. Comes here every Tuesday.

HONEY
With...?

CLIFF
A woman.

HONEY
I need more than that, Cliff.

CLIFF
Right. She's about this high.
Major rack. Brunette.

HONEY
 Okay. Good details. But it would
 really help me. If I had her name.

Cliff is staring down Honey's shirt. She is aware of this.

HONEY
 Could you check the computer for
 me, Cliff?

CLIFF
 Oh. Right, right. Sure.

He moves a little too quickly behind the front desk. Cliff
 smiles at the DESK MANAGER, who does not smile back at him.
 Cliff hen types into the computer.

Returns.

CLIFF
 No name on her. Just him.
 (lowering voice)
 Phillip Marlowe.

Honey smiles. Appreciates the reference. Cliff, no idea.

HONEY
 Marlowe. Thanks.

She slips Cliff a lollipop, the kind that kid doctors hand
 out. Winks.

CLIFF
 Sweet.

And he sucks on the pop as she goes.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Honey doesn't see him coming. Ren flattens her against a
 stucco wall. His breath sour in her face.

REN
Money.

HONEY
 (stifled)
 Jack said he was taking care of it.

REN
 Jack said that? He lied.

Ren sorts through her purse. Finds two dollars.

REN
Everyone knows how Jack makes his money. Why would you trust that?

He strong arms her across the throat.

REN
I want. My money.

HONEY
Before your tatoo comes off on my neck. Could you clarify. How does Jack make his money?

REN
Killing partners.

She blinks.

REN
Insurance. You are dumb. Post dumb.

HONEY V.O.
Maybe I was. But now I was also pissed.

She gives Ren a solid KNEE KICK. Incorporating the loins and lowers. He doubles over.

REN
Fuuuuuuck!

HONEY
Listen up, scary asshole. My father left me drawers filled with bubble gum. I don't have any money. In fact, I have less than that. I owe money to people with no lip jewelry. So leave me the hell alone.

She has done this with great and correct force. Walks off, leaving Ren on the concrete.

INT. HONEY'S VW BUG - LATER

Evening encroaches. Honey tries to use her cell and drive Mulholland at the same time.

HONEY
(into cellphone)
Mark? It's Honey. Can you hear me?

He cannot.

HONEY
 (into cellphone)
 Mark? If you can hear me. I found
 out something about Jack and --

HEADLIGHTS BEHIND HER. SPEED UP. IN A BAD WAY.

HONEY
 Hello...?

Lost call. Her VW is suddenly nudged -- *hard* -- from behind.

HONEY
 What the --

Again. Metal meets metal. A Doberman vs. a Chihuahua.
 Honey rides the wheel. Trying to control. But her Chihuahua
 car is no match for --

WE LOSE ALL SOUND.

Honey goes slamming over the side of the hill. Down a
 ravine. Skidding madly. Trees claw at the windows. Plowing
 directly into --

A POWER POLE.

Wires drop and crackle nasty. Honey's head greets the wind
 shield. Eyes rocking from side to side. Thick blood. The
 world swims away.

A rag doll in a real bad situation.

But she isn't dead. And SOMEONE is there to fix that. Just
 beyond Honey's eyelids, she can hear that someone. Rooting
 around outside the car.

Eyes open. She fights to focus.

A SHADOW FIGURE.

Somewhere beyond her sight. Her door jammed. Honey creeps
 across the front seat. She can do this. If she can only
 remember how to use her hands. Grips the passenger side
 handle.

Tumbles head first from the car.

A LIVE WIRE. INCHES FROM HER FOREHEAD.

She's upside down. Footfall. Not hers. Get up. Her gaze
 hardens. She has to get up. *Mooooove*.

She does. Groping for a tree branch. Something grabs at her legs --

BUSHES. BRAMBLES. AND HER MIND.

She bolts. Steep hillside. Plummeting through mad brush. Loses her footing. Falling ass over end -- into an open gate. Into someone's backyard.

Through the fucking screen door. Clean through. A FAMILY eating meatloaf dinner. Stops mid-bite. Stares.

HONEY

Help.

And she collapses.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lights blind her. Too many goddamned lights. And nothing is standing still.

DOCTOR

You are at LA County Hospital.

HONEY V.O.

(confused/slow)

Did Wonder Woman have a cape? I can't remember.

DOCTOR

Can you tell me your name?

HONEY V.O.

If she didn't, she should. Batman had a cape, Superman had a --

DOCTOR

Do you know your name?

She snaps back. Sort of.

HONEY

(rough)

Honey.

DOCTOR

Your name. Can you tell me your name?

HONEY

Honey.

DOCTOR
(to nurse)
She doesn't know her name.

MARK O.S.
That is her name. Or so I've
learned.

Mark appears above her. Honey manages a small smile.

INT. MARK'S MERCEDES - LATER SAME NIGHT

Honey has a bandage on her head. Arm in a sling. For a moment, they both just contemplate the stoplight together.

MARK
You didn't see the car? Or the
person?

HONEY
No.

Honey is unusually quiet in a sad way.

HONEY
About Jack.

MARK
Honey. Things don't always make
sense in this upside-crack world.
Bad guys don't get redeemed. Good
guys don't always win.

HONEY
What are you saying?

MARK
We're officially ruling Carl's
death a suicide. But on further
investigation, I think that Jack
may have killed your father.

HONEY
For the insurance money.

MARK
Yes. How did you know that?

HONEY
From an unlikely source.

MARK
Jack had a business insurance
policy.

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
 If one of them kicked, the other
 collected. And plus, he's anxious
 to sell the agency.

HONEY
 (knowing)
 Which he could only do once my
 father was dead.

MARK
 Until you came along.

HONEY
 Yes. Until that.

They both consider her latest wounds. Mark reaches across
 and squeezes her hand.

MARK
 Be careful.

HONEY
 Could you take me to my friend's
 house?

EXT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Sylvia's smarty young son opens the door. Takes one look at
 Honey --

KID
 Mom! It's Aunt Anna! And she's
 broken!

Sylvia appears.

SYLVIA
 Oh my God. What --

HONEY
 Sylvia this is Mark.

He shakes Sylvia's hand.

HONEY
 He's a detective. He saves me a
 lot.

SYLVIA
 (no idea)
 I -- Come in.

MARK
 I have to go. I have to go stop
 bad people from doing this again.

SYLVIA
 (no idea)
 Oh. Okay, go do that.

He gives Honey a little kiss.

MARK
 If you need anything --

HONEY
 Thanks.

Sylvia helps her friend into the house.

INT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Honey lays back on the sofa.

SYLVIA
 You've been to a hospital?

Honey nods. Regret is starting to fill her.

HONEY
 You're a real person. You have an oven. And kids. And a college degree.

SYLVIA
 Double major. Economics and urban planning. Sounded good. Not so useful at Mommy And Me. What the hell's going on?

HONEY
 Bad stuff.

SYLVIA
 Last time I saw you, you were going to sell the detective agency.

HONEY
 That didn't exactly happen. Then I got arrested a couple times.

Sylvia's eyes bug.

HONEY
 And then people started trying to kill me. Tonight especially.

Sylvia gets up, grabs a bottle of cooking sherry. And takes a stiff drink. Honey grabs the bottle from her, takes a bigger drink. Surprising Sylvia.

HONEY

And I drank a worm.

SYLVIA

I don't -- know what any of that means.

HONEY

I was just trying to find out what happened to my father.

SYLVIA

So basically your dad died, and messed up your life all over again.

HONEY

Okay.

SYLVIA

Walk away. Let your handsome cop figure it out.

Honey closes her eyes. A single tear leaks out.

SYLVIA

Anna? Okay?

HONEY

(quiet)
Honey.

SYLVIA

What was that?

HONEY

Okay.

INT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

Moonlight aches across the floor. Honey on the sofa. Anything but asleep.

HONEY V.O.

But it wasn't okay. The truth is supposed to explain the more experienced world. And the truth was. I liked Jack. In his own offbeat way, he was honest to a code called himself. And his being guilty, made me feel like I had lost a father all over again.

EXT. JACK'S DUPLEX - SAME NIGHT

A taxi crawls down the street. Stops in front of Jack's place.

HONEY V.O.
So I decided to do what any good partner would do. I decided to ask him.

Front door unlocked.

INT. JACK'S DUPLEX

Same place as before. Living room. Half-kitchen. Two bedrooms. Lights on.

HONEY
Jack?

Nobody at home.

HONEY
Jack?

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM

Small. But worthy. She sees a school photograph crammed in the mirror frame. OF A BOY, THE SAME BOY FROM THE EARLIER KITCHEN PICTURE.

HONEY V.O.
The boy from the kitchen window was making a second appearance. Except this time, he was little older. And a little sadder.

Honey now notices a pile of papers. Most of them labeled: ESTES POWER CORP. She finds her PALM PILOT under the pile. Grins. Pockets it.

AND THEN, THE FRONT DOOR OPENS.

Honey's mind flees, along with her body, into the bedroom closet. Rustling sounds in the front room. Humming off-key. And then --

JACK enters the bedroom. Peels off his jacket, unbuttoning his shirt, when the PHONE RINGS.

JACK
(into phone)
Yeah?

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 (beat)
 Sweets, hear me. It's fine.
 Everything is fine.
 (beat)
 I told you I would take care of it.
 I'll take care of it.
 (beat)
 Eva, breathe. Take some of your
 pretty pills. I'll call you
 tomorrow. Nite.

And he hangs up.

INT. CLOSET - SAME TIME

Honey, of course, has heard all this. She has heard the
 Sweetheart. And the Eva.

HONEY V.O.
 The dots now connected, I knew that
 the Roosevelt brunette was Eva. I
 knew that Jack had some very bad
 secrets. And I knew --

HER PALM PILOT STARTS BEEPING.

Jack stares at the desk, where it no longer is -- follows the
 noise --

HONEY V.O.
 -- that he was about to open the
 goddamn closet door.

Which he does. Honey and Jack are now face to face. She's
 holding the Palm, trying to turn it off.

HONEY
 Found it.

Jack has a very scary look on his face. Honey's unsure.
 We're unsure. So Honey has to make a fast decision --

She kick boxes Jack, hard center stomach, which literally
 sends him flying across the room. Onto his ass. He makes a
 bad sound as this happens.

And Honey runs. For everything's she's about. She runs.
 But Jack. RISES.

JACK
 (fury)
 GET. BACK. HERE!

And makes his feet work --

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

The taxi, has sadly abandoned Honey. She pounds down the pavement, heading for darkness. Jack, not doing so well. That kick hurt like a son of a bitch. Honey reaches -- a DEAD END. Chainlink fence, oil pump sawing behind it.

JACK
(gloating/threatening)
Know where you're goin, before you
run there.

Honey looks back, Jack's closing in. So Honey mounts the fence. And *climbs*. She climbs so fast, furious and hard, she looks like she was born on this fence.

JACK
What the fuck. When did you learn
climb?!

Jack's in no condition. And Honey -- is gone.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Mark opens the door. Hair in a squirrely way. He was asleep. Honey stands under the bug light.

HONEY
It's Jack.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Honey paces. Mark enters through the front door. Up all night.

MARK
He's gone. Packed and gone. We've
got an APB out on him. We'll get
him.

HONEY
What about Eva?

MARK
She's not going anywhere. And
she's all lawyered up with the
expensive kind. We need to find
Jack first.

HONEY

I can't believe he's sleeping with her.

MARK

Jack had Eva hire his own partner to tail her husband.

HONEY

And now both men are dead.

MARK

We already know that Jack had a policy on your father. And I'll bet this rented house that Eva had a policy on Carl.

(beat)

Shit. I should have figured this. Oldest story in the oldest book. Two horny lovers committing murder and getting rich.

HONEY

(sinking in)

Jack ran me off the road.

MARK

Be careful. You're in Jack's way. And he's in a very bad mood.

EXT. HONEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - THAT AFTERNOON

Honey pushes open the lobby door. Dragging herself inside.

HONEY V.O.

So that was it. Jack killed my father and Carl.

(beat)

But saying it outloud --

HONEY

Jack killed my father and Carl.

HONEY V.O.

Sounded false somehow.

KELLER

You got that fat internship, eh?

She hadn't even noticed him behind the counter.

HONEY

What? No. It hasn't been decided yet.

KELLER

Oh. I thought when he paid your
rent --

HONEY

My rent? Who paid my rent?

KELLER

That guy. A few nights ago. He
was here waiting around for you.

HONEY

Jack? Jack paid my rent?

SMASH CUT TO:

HONEY

at the office. Yellow Pages out. On the phone.

HONEY

(into phone)

No one fitting that description?
Sure? Okay, thanks.

Then she notices -- the ANSWERING MACHINE LIGHT BLINKING.
Hits it.

WOMAN ON MACHINE

Jack. Shit. Where's the money?!
Call me. 555-3400.

Honey goes online, to a REVERSE PHONE DIRECTORY. Punches in
the woman's number and gets --

STACY HAWKINS. 112 Lucus Street, Los Angeles.

Honey now types Stacy into a Search Engine. Discovers:

HONEY V.O.

Turns out, the surly voice I had
been hearing on the answering
machine was the Ex-Mrs. Jack.

CUT TO:

HONEY PULLING UP IN FRONT THE HOUSE ON LUCUS STREET.

A BOY, about 17, exits the house. Gets into a ratty car.

HONEY V.O.

It was the boy from Jack's photos.
No longer a boy. The world had
gotten in the way.

(MORE)

HONEY V.O. (cont'd)
 He had grown up. And I was willing
 to bet, he had grown up without the
 benefit of a fucking father.

EXT. MOTEL SIX - THAT NIGHT

Stray cats roam. Honey knocks on Room Six. Jack opens the door.

JACK
 How'd you find me?

HONEY
 I'm a detective.

Slowly, he smiles.

INT. MOTEL SIX - ROOM SIX

Pizza. Bourbon. Bad TV reception, all the things you'd expect to find in a Motel Six.

HONEY
 I called every Bargain Booze in the state until I found one that recognized you. Then I called the nearest Motel Six.

He sits onto the bed. She chooses to stand.

JACK
 Not bad.

HONEY
 I got to know the person I was looking for.

Unease fills the air.

HONEY
 I found someone else too. Your son.

He doesn't respond.

HONEY
 You've been lying to me about a hell of a lot.

JACK
 Yeah. Maybe.

Honey's fury leaves her body --

HONEY

Maybe shit maybe. You don't need the agency money for Cabo. You need that money to give your ex-wife for your son. Who you abandoned. Who you owe a lifetime's worth of goddamned child support.

JACK

(level)

She tell you that?

HONEY

Some stuff I figured on my own. Do you really think that money is going to make up for *anything*?! You were supposed to be there for him to get rid of the monsters. To play airplane. To hold me when --

She stops herself. About to break.

HONEY

You're all the same pieces of crap with different faces.

JACK

It's the not the same.

HONEY

It is.

JACK

Honey. Believe me. It's not the same.

She stares. Sensing something off in his words. Like maybe something sad.

JACK

I was so stupid in love with my wife, I would have broken out in fuckin song. She got pregnant. We did all the happy couple baby crap. And for a year I loved that kid like the world had exploded from inside my heart.

(beat)

Then the matter of blood type came up.

He takes long drink from a bottle.

JACK

The boy wasn't mine.

Even now, it kills.

JACK

Turns out, my wife, who cared so deeply about the exact placement of glow stars on the nursery ceiling, cared a lot less about who the father of her son was. I even knew the fuckin' guy. I had fished trout with him for Christ's sake. She moved in with him.

The world settles around Honey's feet.

HONEY

(quiet)
That's. Terrible.

JACK

That's life, kid. Maybe if I had been richer, smarter --

HONEY

(knows)
Prettier, taller.

JACK

Yeah. Fuck. It's all uneven. Trust no one.

HONEY

So the money. For the agency --

JACK

He's not goin' to a community college like I did. He's gonna have a chance in this godawful world.

Honey nods.

HONEY

Do you. See him at all?

JACK

He has a father.

She breathes. He looks out the dirty window. She feels like crying. Finally:

JACK

You came alone.

HONEY

You paid my rent.

JACK

Don't read too much into that. I was afraid you'd try and move in with me.

She cracks a small smile.

JACK

Let's go get somethin to eat.

HONEY

The cops are looking for you.

JACK

Life's inconvenient. And I'm hungry.

INT. FATBURGER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Empty. Except for Honey and Jack. And a drunk eating trash fries. Jack has a large paperbag with him.

JACK

So. Say what you really came to say.

Okay.

HONEY

Did you kill my father?

JACK

The fact is, I probably did.

She flinches.

JACK

I'm unlucky. I've always been unlucky. And my unluck spreads to people around me. My first partner --

She nods, she knows.

JACK

I was supposed to be the tail that night. But my crap car wouldn't start, so Zolt took the tail. And the bullet. Shoulda been my bullet.

HONEY

Tell me about Eva.

JACK
Honey, why'd you come? To hear me
say I didn't do it?

HONEY
Yes.

JACK
I didn't do it.

She stares.

JACK
See? Didn't help. Did it?

HONEY
(tough)
Tell me about Eva.

JACK
First time I saw Eva, she gave me a
smile I could feel in my hip
pocket.

Honey waits.

JACK
She came into the office. Wanted
me to follow her husband. I
suggested a different arrangement.

HONEY
Which was?

JACK
We get even with her husband. Hank
could follow him.

HONEY
So she gets you to knock off a
partner and a husband. Nice
playmate you picked.

JACK
I'd have to like her an awful lot
for all that, don't you think?

He hands Honey the paperbag.

JACK
I've been digging. This is what I
found.

She opens it, assorted papers, letters and photos.

JACK

The photos, you've seen. Except for this one.

The only photo not taken in the office. Carl. Dale. Lewis.

JACK

Your dad had papers and crap shoved under the seat of his car. It's all in there.

HONEY

And?

JACK

I'm giving you the pieces. I don't know how they fit together. And I can't do it with Storm on my ass.

She sorts through the file.

JACK

You have to figure this one out on your own.

HONEY

How am I supposed to trust you, Jack?

JACK

You're not. I'm trusting you.

The air passes between them. It's a real moment for him.

JACK

I hate it like poison. But I need your help. I need you to look at this thing one more time. One more time, before you hand me to Storm.

She considers it.

JACK

I'll be here. With my burgers and bargain booze.

HONEY

So you're leaving it up to me. A dame. To clear you.

JACK

Turns out, you're better than the average dame. You're Honey West.

She almost smiles. Deep breath. Takes the bag, heads for the door.

JACK
Good luck, partner. To both of us.

HONEY V.O.
He had called me a partner. Maybe
he had done it without thinking,
but I doubt it.

And she goes.

INT. WATCHFUL EYE OFFICE - LATER THAT SAME NIGHT

Honey enters. Immediately stops. A SHADOW is silhouetted
against the blinds. She flips on the light.

WALDEN

stands behind her desk. Laptop underneath one arm. Air
purifier under the other. Deer in the headlights.

HONEY
(annoyed)
For Godsakes, put my stuff down and
stop robbing the mini mall.

He sets down the laptop and air purifier.

HONEY
What do you do with the stuff
anyway? All that nailpolish?

WALDEN
I sell it on Ebay.

HONEY
Except for the shirts.

He looks down at his nice shirt.

WALDEN
Yes. Except for the shirts.

HONEY
Well cut it the fuck out.

Walden starts to move past her --

WALDEN
Um. Are you going to...report me?

HONEY
I've got other things on my mind.

WALDEN
Yes, I know about that.

He heads for the door.

WALDEN
If you ever want some nailpolish --

HONEY
What do you mean, you know about that?

WALDEN
I know about your father. I know he died. And I know the cops are looking for Jack; they were here earlier.

She nods. Waits.

WALDEN
And I know that Jack was here, passed out, the night your dad died.

HONEY
What?

WALDEN
Jack was here that night. Passed out. I was robbing the mini-mall that's how I know.

HONEY
Why didn't you say anything?!

WALDEN
I was robbing the mini-mall.

She starts dialing her cellphone.

WALDEN
Who are you calling -- ?

The OFFICE TRUTH PHONE rings.

HONEY
It's me. Pick up.

WALDEN
(no idea)
What...?

HONEY
Pick up the phone.

Walden answers the truth phone.

HONEY
 (into her cellphone)
 Tell me exactly what you just said.

WALDEN
 But --

HONEY
 NOW.

WALDEN
 (into truth phone)
 Jack was here the night your dad
 died.

THE TRUTH PHONE BLINKS GREEN. WALDEN IS TELLING THE TRUTH.

HONEY V.O.
 He had verified what I already
 knew. Jack was the good guy.

She grabs Jack's bottle of bourbon. Takes a swig. Honey's
 now flipping through the new file that Jack gave to her.

WALDEN
 One other bit. That night --

She looks up from the file.

WALDEN
 -- just before your dad left. Ren
 was here, making some ugly
 promises.

HONEY
 I would kiss you. But it seems
 like an overall bad idea.

Walden leaves, taking the pencil sharpener with him.

Honey continues sorting through the new file. Stopping on
 that new black and white 8x10 of Carl, Dale, and Lewis. The
 only picture taken outside the office, apparently at
 someone's home. She's about to flip past it --

When she notices a Post-It note stuck to the back of the
 photograph.

JACK, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

- Hank

HONEY V.O.
 A note from a ghost.

What does she see? Honey pulls out a magnifying glass. And sees a memo on the table in front of the men. Ricochet.

INT. DWP - HUMAN RESOURCES - NEXT MORNING

Honey stands about with several other girls. Honey, however, is special, because she's wearing her Prada glasses with the video camera in the bridge. Sadly, they don't fit so well. Keep slipping down her nose.

HUMAN RESOURCES DIRECTOR
It's temp time! My oh-so-favorite
time of the morning.

The Resource DIRECTOR is an emotional cross between the purple and yellow Teletubbie.

HUMAN RESOURCES DIRECTOR
Everyone here from U-Temp?

All the girls nod. Including Honey. Honey's wearing her signature suit -- with one noticeable change -- the hem is now much shorter. Which makes her look both professional and way sexy.

HUMAN RESOURCES DIRECTOR
Everyone knows Word and can type?

All the Girls nod. Honey raises her hand.

HONEY
I also know Quicken. Microsoft
Office. Adobe. And can operate
peripherals.

The other Girls stare at her, no idea.

HUMAN RESOURCES DIRECTOR
Excellento! We have several
assistants out today with the nice
weather flu.

Stares at his temp assortment. Walks straight to Honey.

HUMAN RESOURCES DIRECTOR
Executive floor.

He loops a pass card around Honey's neck.

INT. DWP - EXECUTIVE FLOOR

Honey walks past a door labeled: **DALE LOCKHEART: CEO**

Just as Dale himself walks up. He stares at Honey in passing. Stops. Thinks he recognizes her...but then not. After all, she is sans her dominatrix leathers.

Honey moves quickly to a door labeled: **ANDREW DOBAY: VP**

INT. DOBAY'S OFFICE

HONEY
Mr. Dobay? I'm your Gal Friday for Tuesday.

Dobay's load lightens. Likes what he sees.

INT. DWP - DOBAY'S OFFICE - LATER

Honey at the phone, keeps pushing her chair back, peaking down the hallway, to see if Lockheart's Assistant has gone to lunch. Door is still closed.

Dobay appears from his inner office. He's recently used a breathe stripe, making his tongue a bright shade of blue.

DOBAY
Can I take you to lunch?

HONEY
Thanks. But I'm bagging it today.

She pulls a brown bag from her purse.

DOBAY
Okay. See you in 54 minutes.

He leaves.

HONEY
54 minutes? What an asshole.

HONEY NOW SEES LOCKHEART LEAVE HIS OFFICE.

Waits. The door opens again, Lockheart's ASSISTANT leaves. Honey grabs her brown bag, moves like a swarm of herself.

Fast down the hall, placing her foot gingerly against Lockheart's closing office door -- just before it locks.

INT. LOCKHEART'S OFFICE

Honey steps inside. To the computer.

HONEY V.O.
Lockheart's leggy assistant had
left herself signed in.

Honey begins to type away.

HONEY V.O.
I was pinning my hopes on the great
internet filing cabinet in the sky.
The one that happily keeps
everything that people delete.

FILE CABINET HISTORY appears onscreen. She hits enter --
YOUR FILE CABINET IS EMPTY.

HONEY V.O.
Which in retrospect, seems like a
crap thing to pin my hopes on.

Honey opens her brown bag. And takes out -- a sandwich.
Starts to nibble on it while she passes into Lockheart's
inner office.

Lots of smiling kids in frames. And a not-so-smiley wife.
Engraved pen set. Picture of Lockheart with the Governor.
Honey opens the desk drawers. Antiseptic wipes. More pens.
Altoids. Wanders back out into the Assistant's area.

HONEY V.O.
As much as I hate to admit it,
there was only one single thought
running through my head: What would
Jack do?

Her eyes stop on --

HONEY
Low-tech, baby.

A row of beige file cabinets.

HONEY V.O.
So I decided to try the real filing
cabinets, though that seemed too
stupid to be true.

She looks under Estes Power Corporation. Thick file. Lots
of contracts and trade records and legal crap.

HONEY
Blah. Blah. Blah.

Honey decides to go for broke -- and looks up Ricochet. And
to her shock, very real shock, there is a slim file labeled
as such. She drops her sandwich.

HONEY V.O.
Lockheart's super efficient
assistant had tucked the file away,
probably never even knowing what it
was.

Honey stares at a hard copy of a lengthy e-mail. Subject
Heading: **Final Procedures For Ricochet**

HONEY V.O.
What was it?

INT. MARK STORM'S LAPD OFFICE - THAT EVENING

Honey enters.

HONEY
Jack didn't do it.

Plops the e-mail MEMO onto Mark's desk.

HONEY
While I was temping at the DWP
today, I made some interesting
copies.

He gives her a look.

MARK
Should I ask about that last
statement?

HONEY
No, just read.

MARK
(reading memo header)
Final Procedures For Ricochet.

HONEY
Based on that e-mail, there seems
to be a quiet deal between the
Estes Power Corporation and the DWP
called "Ricochet". And that deal
caused the energy crisis.

Mark's still reading, trying to make sense of it.

HONEY
The entire energy crisis has been
created for profit.

MARK
What does this have to do with --

HONEY

Carl was the fall guy. Except he realized that didn't like being the fall guy, so they killed him.

MARK

They who?

HONEY

Dale Lockheart. Lewis Blade. There have to be others.

MARK

Someone a lot smarter than me needs to look at this memo right away.

HONEY

Jack also found this additional file and a photograph --

Mark takes them. Realizing.

MARK

When did you see Jack?

A COP POPS INTO THE DOORWAY.

COP

Found him! Jack's at a Motel Six just outside the county line.

Mark takes the memo with him, along with Honey's CASE FILE and PHOTOGRAPH. Gets up.

HONEY

Mark, he didn't do it.

MARK

I know. I still have to bring him in. Figure this whole mess out. Stay here. Wait for me. You did good.

Kisses her. Leaves. Honey paces around his office. Pulls a copy of her father's CASE FILE from her purse. She also has a Xerox of the PHOTOGRAPH.

HONEY V.O.

Patience has never been my virtue. But making extra copies is. So I decided to go visit the one person who could possibly understand all the funny numbers and city speak.

She writes a quick note, telling Mark where she's gone.

EXT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Honey pulls her rental to the curb.

HONEY V.O.
Sylvia, with her fancypants double
major.

INT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - LATER SAME NIGHT

Sylvia has just read the Ricochet memo.

SYLVIA
(matter of fact)
Mega-watt laundering.

She puts it down.

HONEY
Explain.

SYLVIA
This company --

HONEY
-- Estes.

SYLVIA
Yes. Buys megawatts under the
state's price limits for say, \$250.
Then they ship the power outside
the state, only to buy it again and
sell it back to the state for
around \$1000.

HONEY
Got it.

SYLVIA
It creates the appearance of an
energy crisis because the megawatts
are taken out of state. And some
bad people get very rich.

HONEY
While the rest of us sit around in
the dark.

Sylvia pours herself and Honey a glass of water. The file
open on the table.

SYLVIA
What is this, some sort of test for
school?

Honey sips at her water. Staring at that 8x10 Photograph.
WHAT DO YOU SEE?

She sets her water glass on it, which magnifies -- A FOURTH
MAN in the photo. Previously unseen. Only a piece of him
reflected in a mirror.

The air stops in Honey's throat.

HONEY V.O.

I knew now. That Mark was a very
bad guy in detective's clothing.
The fourth man in the picture. And
he was headed straight for --

INT. JACK'S ROOM - MOTEL SIX - SAME TIME

Jack opens the door to Mark.

JACK

(disappointed/pissed)
She told you where I was.

MARK

Sold you right out.

Mark closes the door behind him.

MARK

You have some explaining to do,
Jack.

JACK

Downtown.

MARK

Here.

Jack's PHONE begins to RING.

INT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Honey's frantic.

HONEY

(into the ringing phone)
PickupPickupPICKUP!!

INT. JACK'S MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Mark eyes the ringing phone. Jack glances out the motel
window, notices that Mark has arrived in a PLAIN BLACK CAR.
Not a police car.

JACK
Where's your back-up?

MARK
Where'd you find this extra file,
Jack?

Mark holds up the file. Jack senses something off.

JACK
File?

MARK
The case file. The one Honey just
gave to me.

JACK
Printed it out myself.

MARK
Oh?

JACK
It isn't real.

MARK
I think. Maybe it is.

JACK
I think. Maybe she didn't sell me
out.

Jack dives for his GUN. But Mark yanks a SPADE from his
coat. Cracks Jack over the head. Skull breakage.

The PHONE keeps ringing...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - LATER

Honey on the phone, pacing a runway.

HONEY
(frenzied/into phone)
I've been ringing the room for over
fifteen minutes. He doesn't
answer. Lock the lobby and go down
there --

SYLVIA
Tell me what's going on!

Honey holds her breath --

HONEY
 (to Sylvia)
 The night manager's going down to
 Jack's room --

SYLVIA
 Why?! What's --

Honey's now listening to the Night Manager on the other end
 of the phone:

HONEY
 (death/into phone)
 The door's standing open. And the
 room's empty. You're sure?

Honey hangs up. With horror.

SYLVIA
 Breathe. And tell me --

HONEY
 This picture. My father took it
 while he was following the megawatt
 guys -- and I just noticed --

Sylvia squints to look at the photo, when --

SYLVIA'S SON
 Mom! Look! A real detective!

Mark stands in the living room doorway, his hands on the
 boy's shoulders. Honey screams inside her head.

SYLVIA
 Mark. Thank God. Perfect timing!

Mark's grip on the boy's shoulders tightens, only something
 that Honey notices.

HONEY V.O.
 He could grab the boy at any moment
 and shatter Sylvia's naive world.
 I had no choice, but to leave with
 him.

MARK
 (to the boy)
 Want to see my gun?

HONEY
 No.

KID
 Yes! Yes!

Mark pulls back his coat, flashing it. Again, a threat to Honey. That no one else catches. The Kid grins. Honey rises.

HONEY
We have to go.

She takes her Prada glasses from her purse, and puts them on.

SYLVIA
(confused)
But -- what about --

HONEY
Thanks for the girl talk.

Honey pushes the boy toward his mother; a prisoner exchange that Sylvia is never aware of.

HONEY
I'll call you later.

EXT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A black car sits out front. Honey gets silently into the backseat with Mark. A DRIVER pulls from the curb.

INT. LIMO

HONEY
Where's Jack?

MARK
Patience. I'm taking you to him.

She assumes this can only be bad. Mark holds up the photo.

MARK
I looked all over the goddamned place for this.

He lights the photo on fire. It sings into the air. Honey stares out the tinted window, which make the night look even darker.

HONEY
Why?

MARK
A few men run this state. A few men have all the real power. And I'm very interested in being one of them.

HONEY

But the Governor already loves you.
He gave you awards and had you
transferred down here.

Mark just smirks at her. And it all comes together in
Honey's head.

HONEY

(knowing)

You were transferred down here
because of the energy scheme. In
case the Governor needed someone
inside the department.

And the car stops. Further realizations hit --

HONEY

That night at your place. You left
that folder out on Jack knowing I'd
look through it.

(beat)

And I thought I was being so
clever.

MARK

I was cleverer.

HONEY

That's not a word, asshole.

The door opens. The LARGE DRIVER yanks Honey from the car.

EXT. HILLSIDE

High above the angels of LA. Next to the famed Hollywood
sign. It lights up the world like fake day.

Honey stares at Mark. Wind whipping. And she has to ask:

HONEY

My father.

MARK

Your father was a dumb guy in the
wrong place at the right time.

HONEY

You killed my father.

MARK

And Carl.

The car's trunk is popped.

MARK

And Jack.

Jack lies in the trunk. Bloody, messed, and dead. Honey's windpipe gives way to a sob.

MARK GRABS HER BY THE ARM. SHINY GUN IN HAND.

MARK

Did you know that almost twenty
people kill themselves every year
jumping off this sign?

He's dragging her for the ladder.

MARK

Broken dreams and all that crap.

Forcing her up the ladder at gunpoint.

HONEY

Why would I kill myself?

MARK

Like father. Like daughter.

A GUNSHOT.

JACK O.S.

Like hell.

Mark jerks around. Jack, like the living dead, is sort of alive. He's gotten the Driver's GUN. And put a bullet in the center of the Driver's fat fleshy forehead.

JACK

takes aim at Mark. SHOTS. But hell, he's seeing two of everything. So he misses. Hits the big "H" instead.

THE LETTER EXPLODES.

Honey slams her elbow into Mark's solar plexus. Rips away. As Mark takes aim at Jack -- and Mark isn't seeing two of everything. He's seeing very clearly.

Jack is a rather perfect target.

HONEY

JACK!

Honey rushes toward a weaving Jack. He's not quite with us --

And now several things happen at once:

MARK SHOOTS AT JACK.

HONEY LUNGES AT JACK.

AND ALL OF LOS ANGELES LOSES POWER.

The sign, the hills, basically, the world, is plunged into darkness.

WE LISTEN TO THAT SINGLE SHOT ECHO IN DARKNESS FOR A MOMENT.

And then, the only man with a lighter, uses it. Jack's lighter, inches from Mark's face. Which Mark did not expect.

JACK

Broken dreams. And all that crap.

Jack thwacks Mark backward off the hill's cliff. Mark piss screams. It is a scream that all of LA could hear, if they were listening.

HONEY V.O.

Turns out, bullets have a sound all their own.

JACK

(realizing)

Honey?

HONEY V.O.

When they go into you.

Jacks sees Honey on the ground. Bleeding bad. Cradles her.

JACK

Sweetheart.

Sweeps his hand along the side of Honey's face.

JACK

You're the best partner I ever had.

He means this.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Honey's eyes creak open. Stare up. Cheap tile ceiling. Florescent light. A hospital.

The ROOM DOOR bumps open. Jack wheel-chairs inside. Arm sling. Head bandaged. Black eye stuff. Nothing pretty.

JACK
She lives.

HONEY
I hurt in wrong places.

JACK
I know the feeling.

Honey stares out the window for a beat.

HONEY
Mark?

JACK
Dead.
(beat)
And thanks to your nifty Prada
video glasses. All hell has broken
loose in the City of Angels.

Jack hands her a newspaper. **Headline: ENERGY CRISIS A FAKE**

JACK
The Governor. Lewis. Lockheart.
They're all having a grand ole time
in silver bracelets.

A SUB-HEADLINE: HONEY WEST TURNS THE POWER BACK ON

HONEY
What's this?

JACK
Reporters asked me a few questions.
I think the city's planning a
pretty parade in your name.

And then, Ren walks through the door. His nose bandaged.
Broken. Which we can safely assume, Jack caused.

HONEY
(angry to Ren)
Don't you ever give up?

JACK
Relax. Ren owes you.

REN
The energy crisis was killin my
business. Races weren't running.
And it's hard to play cards in the
dark.
(beat)
We're square.

He nods to Jack; Jack nods back.

JACK
(to Ren)
Beat it.

He does. Another MAN enters. Suit and tie.

HONEY
(to Jack)
And who's this?

JACK
This one isn't mine.

PAYNE
Honey West. I'm Michael Payne.

He extends his hand.

HONEY
The District Attorney.

PAYNE
I wanted to personally thank you
for what you've done for the city.
And to offer you the internship.

HONEY
The internship.

Seems like a lifetime ago.

PAYNE
I know you were one of the USC
finalists. Consider it yours.

She shoots Jack a long look.

HONEY
Actually. I think I've decided to
revise my life.

PAYNE
Oh?

CUT TO:

A YELLOW PAGES AD. A PICTURE OF HONEY AND JACK, TOGETHER.
WATCHFUL EYE INVESTIGATIONS

INT. WATCHFUL EYE OFFICE - WEEK LATER

HONEY
(excited)
The ad looks really good!

JACK
Still think I should have used the
magazine guy as me.

Jack's eating peanuts from his lopsided orange ashtray.

HONEY
With all the publicity we're
getting, you'll be able to send
your son to the Ivy League college
of his choice.

Honey pauses, staring at Jack. Staring hard.

JACK
What? Why are you staring at me?
You're makin me nervous.

HONEY
It's been here the whole time.

She crosses for his desk.

HONEY
That ashtray.

JACK
What ashtray?

HONEY
The one you keep your peanuts in.

JACK
Is that what this is?

HONEY
I made it.

Jack stares at the orange ashtray, which is suddenly now much more than that.

JACK
You. Made it.

She picks it up.

HONEY
I made it at sleepaway camp when I
was five years old.
(MORE)

HONEY (cont'd)

(beat)

I always wondered if he took anything of me with him.

(beat)

This is it. This is what he took.

She sits. Closes her eyes. We see that fast flashback again. The same one from earlier, but not exactly:

It is Honey as a very young girl, on a rollercoaster, arms sway free in the air with abandon, she loves it. Except this time, her father sits beside her. Both smiling. It is real.

She opens her eyes.

HONEY

For the first time. I can see his face. He liked rollercoasters.

JACK

You okay?

HONEY

People leave injuries. He left my life early to leave less of them.

Jack nods. Sounds fair.

HONEY

And he did give me one thing.

JACK

What's that?

HONEY

He gave me you.

If Jack were the crying sort, he would. But he isn't.

JACK

Ah, hell.

So instead, he opens his bottle of Bourbon. And pours one for the both of them. They clink.

And they both drink to that.

END