

NEW YORK STATE OF MIND

by
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Draft 3

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Tiny, neat. Two cheap chairs and a 13" TV. "An Affair to Remember" poster, beautifully matted and framed, is the lone piece of decor.

VIRGINIA (GINNA) RICHARDS, late twenties, long straight hair, simple make-up. Her outfit fits her Midwest roots. What she lacks in NY flair, she makes up for with brains.

Standing at the nook, she finishes her cereal and turns to the sink. Washing the bowl, she notices a roach crawling in the sink. She adjusts the water stream and flushes it down the drain.

She goes to the phone and makes a call. BEEP.

GINNA

Hello, Mister Reynolds, this is Virginia Richards in 5E. There was a roach in my sink this morning. Please have an exterminator come. Thank you.

She hangs up. Picks up a notebook and writes a note.

Heads into -

GINA'S BATHROOM

She checks herself in the full-length mirror hanging on the door.

Adjusts her outfit.

GINNA

You got this.

EXT. GINNA'S APT - DAY

Lower East Side NYC. The rush-hour crowd moves with flow, purpose, and entitlement. Ginna is off-tempo in this dance.

She stops to gawk at a construction site blocked off with crime scene tape. Uniformed officers stand guard. An officer heads her way, and she continues on. Down into -

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Ginna stands against the wall. She waits as passengers exit and enter the train.

She's just able to slide into the overpacked car. She's uncomfortably pressed up against the closing door.

EXT. MIDTOWN CORNER - DAY

Blindly following a pedestrian, Ginna steps off the curb and jumps back as a speeding cab comes through the intersection.

Composing herself, the walk sign lights, and businessmen knock past her.

INT. CB SKYSCRAPER - DAY

LORI, late twenties, perfect features.

CHRISY, late twenties, African American with long, gorgeous curls.

MADELINE, late twenties, perfect in every way.

All three (The Clique) are smart, classy, and experienced in NYC ways. They enter the already crowded elevator.

Ginna rushes behind -

GINNA

Please hold...

The three smirk as the door closes.

GINNA (CONT'D)

I got this.

INT. CB RECEPTION - DAY

Connor and Bigelow Advertising.

Ginna's mid-western appearance is an eye-sore among the metropolitan applicants.

EVELYN, early twenties, enters with a clipboard.

EVELYN

Virginia Richards?

INT. CB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ginna tries to read -

JACKIE FENN, mid-forties, confident, intelligent, a lifelong New Yorker perusing her resume and two-page recommendation letter.

JACKIE

Top honors at Akron University. Eight years, one position at...

GINNA

Teltronics. They manufactured integrated memory chips. A four hundred and fifty million dollar corporation.

JACKIE

One point three billion -- Mr Hampton must have hated to see you go.

GINNA

I was offered a substantial raise. An extra week of vacation. New York City was always my goal.

JACKIE

If you can make it here.

GINNA

That's my plan.

JACKIE

Tell me about it?

GINNA

To learn from the best. I believe if you hired me, you'd have an Executive Assistant twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. For at least the next five to ten years. Then I could go anywhere in the country, and land a CFO position at a midsize company, and live happily ever after.

JACKIE

Why not CFO here?

GINNA

You're young.

JACKIE

Has the cosmopolitan glamor met your expectations?

GINNA

And so much more. I began budgeting when I started at Teltronics.

(MORE)

GINNA (CONT'D)

Since I arrived six months ago, I have found ways to save. I managed an extra month of sightseeing, and a host of Lincoln Center performances.

JACKIE

Enjoying the nightlife?

GINNA

Matinees. I saw Phantom of the Opera four times.

JACKIE

I say that because late nights are the norm here.

GINNA

I don't have a social life. Who'd think in a city of eight million, it'd be hard to make a friend?

JACKIE

It's New York. Friend today. Competition tomorrow.

Ginna liked that.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ginna exits with her takeout. TWO THUGS, in their late teens, drinking forties, follow her.

THUG 1

Hey baby, I got an egg roll for you.

THUG 2

Yeah, bitch. I bet you can suck two at a time.

Ginna walks faster.

THUG 1

You be the cream in our Oreo.

THUG 2

Creame all over that.

They pass her apartment. Ginna makes a quick U-turn and runs up the stoop past MELVIN, a rotund gay man in his thirties, exiting with his pug.

THUG 2 (CONT'D)

Fuck you, bitch!

The thugs continue on.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator has an OUT-OF-ORDER sign on it. Ginna heads for the -

STAIRS

Detective BROWNING and WHALE, both (40s) perennial cops, are on their way down. Whale wears a tie with cats.

They smile at each other.

BROWNING

Excuse me. Miss...

He shows her his badge.

GINNA

Virginia Richards. I live in 5E.

WHALE

We're investigating a murder...

GINNA

The construction site?

BROWNING

Yes, Mame. We were wondering if you might have heard or seen something last night?

GINNA

No, I'm sorry.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

The Thugs sit in an empty car. Thug 2 plays a beat with his mouth.

THUG 1

(rapping)

At the time of the fires, burning bridges
and stone. Flesh flushed through temples
long gone.

A hooded man enters and sits across from them.

The thugs stop their performance and glare at him.

Thug 1 rises and approaches. The man rushes away.

THUG 2
Fucking cracker. Whack rat packer.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ginna swats a roach on her fridge with paper.

She goes and grabs the phone. The message light blinks 2.
She presses play.

MOM (V.O.)
Hi Ginnie, it's mom. Just calling to see
how you're doing. Give me a call. Love
you. Bye.

BEEP.

EVELYN (V.O.)
Hello Ms. Richards. This is Evelyn from
Connor and Bigelo...

EXT. 125TH ST - NIGHT

A cop car, SIREN BLARING, speeds down the block. The
thugs duck into a doorway until it passes. They continue,
and head up a stoop.

Thug 1 notices the hooded man approaching.

The thugs head for the man.

THUG 1
What the fuck you...

They stop in their tracks, seeing the gun with silencer.
Before they can run, they're shot and killed.

INT. CB COPY ROOM - DAY

The light turns on. A room full of copiers.

Jackie and Ginna enter.

JACKIE
Here's your copy card.

Jackie hands her a credit card sized card.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You have to insert to copy. Some people
mistook us for Kinkos.

GINNA looks around, gives a slight yelp, seeing HOWIE, late forties, the handyman sleeping in the corner.

Jackie goes, hovers over him.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Hey. Wakie, wakie. Time to work.

Howie opens his eyes, rises, rushes from the room.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

That's Howie, the handyman. -- Moving on.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

The Clique sits, drinking coffee. Jackie and Ginna enter.

JACKIE

The break room. Good morning, ladies. This is Virginia Richards, my new assistant. Ginna, this is Lori Tambler, marketing lead. Chrisy Johnson, accounting assistant. And Madeline Stone, Mr. Connor's executive secretary.

Pleasantries are exchanged.

GINNA

(to Jackie)

Can I get you a cup of coffee?

JACKIE

Black.

The women watch as Ginna pours a cup. She hands it to Jackie, and waves to the girls as she follows Jackie out.

The women smile until Ginna's out of view. They LAUGH.

CHRISY

No smoke.

LORI

No fire.

MADELINE

That's tumbleweed.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

A frazzled Ginna searches the mess that is her desk.

DWAYNE, late teens, approaches pushing a mail cart.

DWAYNE

Good morning.

GINNA

Good morning, Dwayne.

He hands her a stack of mail. She looks confused. She looks at the mail, her desk, and then Dwayne.

DWAYNE

You alright?

She flips through the mail and pulls out an envelope.

GINNA

Yeah. I'm fine... I thought...

(re:envelope)

Waiting for this. Thanks.

Dwayne exits. Ginna rises and goes into -

JACKIE'S OFFICE

Neat, minimal, gorgeous skyline view. Jackie is hidden behind the Wall Street Journal.

GINNA

The Caldwell letter arrived.

Jackie puts down the paper, takes the letter.

JACKIE

How's Natesburg coming?

GINNA

I'm working on Hallis. Would you...

JACKIE

Natesburg takes priority. Mr. Robinson will be back Monday, and I need their report.

GINNA

I'll get right on it.

Ginna hurries toward the door.

JACKIE

Ginna?

Ginna halts and turns.

GINNA

Yes?

JACKIE

You're doing a fine job.

Ginna smiles, exits.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE

Ginna closes the Hallis spreadsheet and opens another.

Dwayne wheels by.

GINNA

It's funny. I thought you delivered earlier. I'd swear I spoke to you.

DWAYNE

It was probably Carver. You know, we all look alike.

GINNA

What? No. Dwayne, who's Carver?

Dwayne nods and continues on.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Dwayne enters with his bagged lunch and newspaper. He heads for "The Clique." Chrisy's glare sends him in the opposite direction.

Howie sits alone, eating, reading the paper. Occasionally, he eyes Ginna at the next table.

Dwayne sits across from Ginna. As he unpacks his sandwich, Ginna is taken by the newspaper's headline -

HOMICIDES LINKED with victim photos. An overweight black man smiling in front of a muscle car. Middle school photos of the two thugs.

Ginna takes the paper to look at the photos closely.

GINNA

I've seen these guys before.

Dwayne takes the paper away from her.

DWAYNE

You might not know it. But you're racist.

GINNA

I am not.

Ginna grabs the paper from him.

GINNA (CONT'D)

This guy was a construction worker who was found right outside my apartment. He was pretty rude to women.

Howie reads the article on the killing.

GINNA (CONT'D)

These two... Well, they don't look like the choir boys here... They said some pretty vile things.

Dwayne looks at the paper.

DWAYNE

All three of these guys came onto you?

GINNA

Yes.

DWAYNE

You own a 44?

GINNA

No. I have this.

She pulls on her necklace and produces a whistle.

DWAYNE

Where you from again?

GINNA

Ohio.

DWAYNE

Let me see that?

Ginna hesitantly removes the whistle and hands it to Dwayne. He inspects and gives it a light blow.

GINNA

Don't.

Dwayne blows into it with GUSTO. It's LOUD. Ginna's the only one who reacts.

DWAYNE

Maybe they didn't hear.

He does it again, even LOUDER.

There's only one reaction -

MADLINE
Quit that fucking racket.

Dwayne wipes off the whistle, gives it back to Ginna.

DWAYNE
Boil that for an hour. Get all the black
germs off it.

Ginna puts it back around her neck.

GINNA
Seriously. Do you think I should tell the
police about these guys?

DWAYNE
Oh yeah, absolutely.

GINNA
I'll go after work.

Dwayne is speechless.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ginna steps up to the desk sergeant. She changes
direction, seeing Whale and Browning enter. She
approaches them.

GINNA
Excuse me, Detectives.

WHALE
Yes?

GINNA
I might have some information about those
killings.

BROWNING
Let's go inside.

They head in.

INT. WHALE'S DESK - NIGHT

The Detectives eye Ginna with intrigue and suspicion.

BROWNING

Do you remember what time you saw them at the restaurant?

GINNA

It was right before we spoke.

BROWNING

We've met?

GINNA

In my lobby last week.

The Detectives look at each other. They don't remember her.

WHALE

Do you remember the time?

GINNA

About 7:30.

They contemplate the timeline.

BROWNING

Do you know anyone who owns a gun?

GINNA

Not in New York.

WHALE

Maybe you have a boyfriend you told these incidents to?

Ginna nods no.

WHALE (CONT'D)

You don't own a gun?

GINNA

No. Of course not.

WHALE

Well, thank you for coming in. Thank you for the information.

Ginna shakes their hands and exits.

BROWNING

What do you make of that?

WHALE

Attention seeker? -- You remember her?

Browning shakes his head no.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ginna thumbs through the mail Dwayne gave her.

DWAYNE

You made yourself prime suspect number one.

GINNA

How?

DWAYNE

By involving yourself in something that has nothing to do with you.

Dwayne feels a hand on his back. He turns. FRANK ROBINSON, late thirties, handsome, charismatic, and ambitious owns the hand.

FRANK

Hey Dwayne.

DWAYNE

Hey Mr. Robinson. Welcome back. Enjoy your vacation?

FRANK

Excellent. Thank you. And who is this?

DWAYNE

This is...

Ginna rises, smitten.

GINNA

Virginia Richards. Ms Fenn's assistant. You must be Frank Robinson COO. Jackie... Ms. Fenn said you'd be back today.

FRANK

Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Is she in?

GINNA

Yes. I'll announce...

FRANK
It's fine. Thank you.

Ginna watches till he disappears into Jackie's office and shuts the door.

Dwayne pulls a tissue from the box on Ginna's desk and holds it out for her. She takes it.

GINNA
What?

DWAYNE
For the drool.

Ginna gives him a sarcastic smirk. He heads off. She dabs both sides of her mouth with the tissue.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits across from Jackie perusing a spreadsheet.

FRANK
And material cost is up ten.

He makes a note on the sheet, puts the report on her desk. He rises, turns to leave.

JACKIE
You're passing right by Ginna's desk.

FRANK
She's not Suzy.

JACKIE
Ginna has a brain.

FRANK
Better than nothing.

He exits.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ginna waves as Frank passes. He's looking away.

Instant message, Jackie: COME HERE pops on her screen.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

Lori is putting on lipstick.

A FLUSH. Ginna exits a stall and washes her hands. She stares at Lori in the mirror.

LORI

Hello?

GINNA

I'm sorry. Your face is absolutely gorgeous. You remind me of Deborah Kerr.

LORI

Thank... you.

GINNA

I've tried different types of makeup, and it all comes out like this. With your bone structure, make up just accentuates the natural beauty. Something I couldn't even dream of.

Lori takes a paper towel and puts it under the faucet for a moment.

LORI

Hold still.

She wipes the pale lipstick off Ginna and hands her lipstick.

LORI (CONT'D)

Try this.

Ginna puts it on. It doesn't do much for her.

GINNA

See.

LORI

You should go to Sachs. They have the finest cosmeticians. They'd help you... They're underpaid miracle workers.

Lori exits.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ginna works on a spreadsheet. Jackie exits her office, stops at the desk, and hands Ginna a folder.

JACKIE

I have a dinner engagement. Madeline will stop by for this.

GINNA

Okay.

Jackie gives her a quizzical look.

JACKIE

(re: lipstick)

That's not your color. Have a good night.

She exits.

GINNA

Bye.

Ginna takes a tissue and smears the lipstick, trying to remove it.

Frank tries to slip by.

GINNA (CONT'D)

She's gone for the day.

Frank turns to her, seeing the smeared lipstick.

FRANK

Thanks.

He hurries away.

Ginna begins typing and catches a glimpse of her face on the monitor. She grabs her bag, gets a compact, and sees her face. She's mortified.

INT. CONNOR'S RECEPTION - NIGHT

Ginna approaches Madeline's neat and clean desk. No one is in the area. She hears NOISE from inside Connor's office.

She goes to the door and gently KNOCKS.

CONNOR (O.C.)

Come in.

Ginna enters -

CONNOR'S OFFICE

Massive with a magnificent view. CONNOR, mid fifties, distinguished, sits in a large leather chair behind his desk. He smiles, doesn't move.

GINNA
I'm sorry to bother you. This is from
Jackie.

Ginna places it on his desk.

CONNOR
You're her new assistant?

GINNA
Yes. Virginia Richards.

CONNOR
Are you enjoying the work?

GINNA
I love it. I'm learning so much.

CONNOR
Jackie speaks very highly of you.

Ginna smiles at this.

Connor hunches over with a GRUNT.

GINNA
Are you okay?

CONNOR
I'm fine. Have a nice night, Ms.
Richards.

GINNA
Good night.

Ginna heads for the door.

CONNOR
Please close the door.

She does.

Connor looks down at Madeline, who is giving him head.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
She speaks very highly of her. Remember
that.

EXT. GINNA'S APT - NIGHT

Howie looks around the crime scene area. He eyes the surrounding area and heads up Ginna's stoop. He runs his finger over the buzzer tags. Richards 5E.

He tries the door, it's open. He enters.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Ginna's alone. A vacuum runs off in the distance. She's looking at photos of models. Nothing impresses her.

She goes to the Connor and Bigelo website.

Clicks personnel, and scrolls to Lori Tambler. She clicks her name.

A photo of a perfect face. She clicks on the photo and presses print.

INT. CB COPY ROOM - NIGHT

Ginna enters and is shocked to see Chrisy making copies.

GINNA

Hi. Sorry, I thought I was the only one working late.

CHRISY

End of the month.

GINNA

Right.

Ginna goes to the furthest copier from Chrisy as possible, inserts her card. Ginna looks up, Chrisy's leaning on the copier.

CHRISY

What are you printing? I hope it's nothing personal. We count paper here.

GINNA

A letter. Single page.

CHRISY

You need letterhead.

GINNA

No. It's a rough draft. Regular paper is fine.

CHRISY

Okay.

Chrisy walks back to her copier.

Ginna hits some buttons, looking for the print job.
There's nothing pending.

She looks at Chrisy watching her. Ginna heads for the door.

GINNA
I must have forgotten to press print.

CHRISY
I don't think so.

Ginna freezes.

CHRISY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I printed your job by accident.

Chrisy holds up Lori's photo.

GINNA
I can explain.

CHRISY
Please do.

GINNA
She let me try her lipstick on and it did nothing for me. So, she told me I should go to Sachs, they could make me look... like I fit in. But how do you explain that?

CHRISY
Cosmopolitan.

GINNA
I figured a picture would be easier.

Chrisy hands her the photo. Ginna takes it. She's a moment from sobbing.

CHRISY
I won't tell her.

Ginna mouths thank you and exits.

INT. SACHS - NIGHT

A clean faced Ginna looks at the makeup. SHARON, mid twenties, cute and bubbly approaches.

SHARON
May I help you find something?

GINNA

A new face.

SHARON

You have a lovely face.

GINNA

I want to look like this.

She hands Sharon the photo of Lori.

SHARON

Her bone structure is completely different.

GINNA

That style. The look.

SHARON

Cosmopolitan. I gotcha. Come have a seat.

Ginna follows Sharon.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ginna is filing papers in her draw.

Jackie enters.

JACKIE

Good morning. Could you get me a cup of coffee? Frank will be here in a few minutes.

Ginna lifts her head, and the new makeup gives her a wonderful cosmopolitan look.

GINNA

Sure.

JACKIE

Ginna? Wow... I'm... Wow.

GINNA

Too much?

JACKIE

No. You look great.

GINNA

Thank you.

Ginna hurries away.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

The Clique is having their morning coffee when Ginna enters. They're all taken aback by her new look.

GINNA
Good morning.

Ginna pours two cups of coffee.

LORI
Sachs?

CHRISY
Very cosmopolitan.

GINNA
Yes. Thank you. You were so right.

LORI
They are the finest.

GINNA
I meant miracle workers.

Ginna exits.

Madeline eyes Lori with contempt.

LORI
What?

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ginna puts the coffee on the desk. Jackie is looking over a report.

Frank enters.

FRANK
Good morning.

Ginna turns with a smile.

GINNA
Good morning.

The girlishness amuses Jackie.

FRANK
Hello. I'm Frank.

The stupidity astonishes Jackie.

JACKIE

Frank Robinson, my assistant Virginia Richards.

Ginna holds out a hand, Frank shakes.

An awkward pause.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Ginna shut the door on the way out. Hold all calls for half an hour.

Frank watches Ginna exit. He's back the moment the door shuts.

FRANK

God Bless Estee Lauder.

JACKIE

Did Leslie enjoy Acapulco?

Frank's smile fades.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator has a few people in it.

CARVER, an older black man with graying hair, is behind a mailcart.

Howie is next to him, and behind Ginna. He's smelling her hair.

Lori gets in and stands next to Ginna.

LORI

Hey Carver.

Carver smiles. Ginna turns and takes a good look at him.

GINNA

You're Carver?

CARVER

Yes.

GINNA

Dwayne had mentioned you. We've never met. I'm Ginna.

CARVER

Hello.

LORI
What shade is that lipstick?

GINNA
It's called London Blast.

LORI
I've never seen that. It makes your lips pop... In the best way. -- Chrisy, Maddie and I go to the Cat Club on 48th and 10th. We usually get there around eight if you'd like to join us.

GINNA
I've never gone out at night.

LORI
It's the City when the sun goes down... We'll be there. Drunk and disorderly.

The doors open and everyone files out.

INT. GINNA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ginna's wrapped in a towel, applies her makeup. She hears a noise. Exits to -

GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

She cautiously looks around. She jumps when she sees the door handle moving.

GINNA
Who's there? ... I said, who's there? ...
I'm going to call the police.

FOOTSTEPS rush away.

She steps slowly to the door, looks through the peephole.

She SCREAMS seeing an eye staring back at her.

POUNDING on the door.

GINNA (CONT'D)
Who is it?

MELVIN (O.C.)
Melvin from 5D.

Ginna looks through the peephole and opens the door.

GINNA
I'm sorry. I thought...

MELVIN
I saw the creep coming out. You alright?

GINNA
Yes. Thank you.

The pug tries to pull Melvin along.

MELVIN
Hold on little mister. Damn junkies. Only
set back to living in paradise.
(re: her towel)
Friday night party?

Ginna smiles, making sure she's covered up.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
You should consider a dog for protection.

GINNA
I'm more of a cat person.

Melvin nods in agreement.

INT. CAT CLUB - NIGHT

The Clique sit at a booth watching the men eye them.
Madeline notices a long-haired artsy type staring at her.

MADELINE
He'd cry afterward. Hold tight and never
let go.

CHRISY
You'd be his muse.

LORI
Madeline, take off your clothes. Turn
your cheek a little to the left.

Madeline turns her face to the left.

LORI (CONT'D)
Not those cheeks. Your ass dearest.

MADELINE
You know what I want to see an artist
paint? A realistic three-dimensional
clitoris a split-second before the
orgasm.

Ginna approaches wearing a red dress. It's better than her work clothes. But still Midwest.

GINNA

Hi.

LORI

You made it. Have a seat.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

What can I get you?

GINNA

I'll have a Coca Cola.

LORI

No. She'll have one of these.
(points to her beer)

GINNA

I don't drink.

MADELINE

And four shots of vodka.

GINNA

Really, I don't drink.

LORI

Make that four beers.

The waitress exits.

LORI (CONT'D)

A beer and shot won't kill you. Was it scary getting here?

GINNA

I took a cab.

LORI

How long have you lived in Manhattan?

GINNA

Seven months, two weeks and three days.

LORI

She's never been out at night.

CHRISY

New York is all about the nightlife.

GINNA
New York is all about success.

MADELINE
You want a nameplate. Ginnie Richards
CFO.

GINNA
Virginia. One day, yes.

MADELINE
Forget about CB. Frank's got his nose
firmly up Jackie's ass.

Everyone notices Ginna's blush.

The waitress arrives, puts down the drinks.

Ginna mimics Lori as they pick up their shots in toast.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
To Ginnie fucking Frank.

The three down their shots and wash it with beer.

GINNA
Ginna.

Ginna drinks her vodka and COUGHS. Lori picks up the beer
and puts it in Ginna's hand.

LORI
Drink.

The clique LAUGH at and with her.

LATER

Everyone is drunk, especially Ginna.

GINNA
There'd be these little notes with red
hearts on my desk... Never knew who they
were from.

CHRISY
Sexual harassment in the workplace is
countrywide.

GINNA
They were creepy. But also sweet.

The waitress brings another round.

They all drink.

A moment later, Ginna jumps up and runs to the bathroom.

MADELINE

Let's go downtown.

The girls get up and head toward the door.

The person in the booth behind them, raises a hoodie over his head and follows them.

INT. CAT CLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ginna vomits into the toilet. She flushes, rises, vomits again.

INT. CAT CLUB - NIGHT

Ginna returns to an empty table.

The waitress brings the check. Betrayed, Ginna feels around her large pocketbook. She dumps the contents onto the table, rifles through.

The waitress picks out the wallet and hands it to Ginna. She removes a credit card and gives it to the waitress.

INT. GINNA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ginna lays in bed, pale and sickly. She hears a noise from the other room. She rises and goes into -

GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

She eyes the room. She extends an arm to the wall, stopping her from falling.

GINNA

You idiot.

She goes into -

GINA'S BATHROOM

She sits and pees. She notices slight movement from the closed shower curtain. She hesitantly peeks into the tub. Empty.

She wipes, flushes, washes her hands. She's startled from a DOOR CLOSING.

She rushes into -

GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

She eyes the area. Moves to the door and tries the knob, it's unlocked. She looks through the peephole.

She slowly opens the door, and peeks out, both directions clear.

She shuts, locks and chains the door.

GINNA

You idiot.

She leans on the door and shuts her eyes. Opening them, she sees the closet door.

She goes to the closet, reaches to open it. Stops.

She goes to the kitchenette and gets a knife. She goes back to the closet and moves about, trying to position herself and the knife for the worst-case scenario.

Knife grasped firmly up and in a stabbing position. She needs to stretch her arm full length to grab the knob. With a quick turn, she flings it open, jumps back and raises the knife with a "KARATE CRY".

There are only clothes.

She relaxes.

INT. GINNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Wrapped in a towel, Ginna opens her make-up bag and is surprised to find it has her old cosmetics.

She checks the medicine cabinet. Looks under around the sink floor.

She exits to -

GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

Eyes the room. She grabs and feels around in her pocketbook. She empties it on the kitchenette counter. Seeing everything empty...

GINNA

Oh, you idiot.

She checks her wallet and sees her credit card with receipt wrapped around it. She unravels the receipt - \$560.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Oh, you stupid idiot.

INT. SACHS - DAY

Sharon hands Ginna her bag of cosmetics.

SHARON

Have a great day.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Ginna enters, presses her floor.

LORI (O.C.)

Hold the door.

Ginna doesn't. Lori's arm gets between the closing doors. She gets on.

LORI (CONT'D)

Hey. You get home all right?

Ginna nods.

LORI (CONT'D)

Sorry for leaving. Maddie...

GINNA

It's fine.

Silence.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Oh, we're going over expenditures. What's the stand out difference between Verisync to Extosyncor? They seem to be exact, except at cost.

LORI

Time management. Exto is seconds. Veri's minutes.

GINNA

Got it. Thanks.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ginna's spreadsheet is covered with notes.

GINNA

I sampled both, and the time difference was just a few minutes.

JACKIE

Time is important.

GINNA

Yes. But, given the work that follows, there are steps that can be performed during processing. Plus, Veri is updating in the next few months to improve speed. Lori's team wouldn't be twiddling their thumbs.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ginna types furiously. She highlights a note after updating the sheet.

INT. CB COPY ROOM - DAY

Ginna runs off copies of the report.

Lori enters.

LORI

Hey.

Ginna gives her a thumbs up.

LORI (CONT'D)

Was it a hard sell?

GINNA

She's still on the fence. But, I sold the time management. You can't be sitting around twiddling your thumbs because the system is slow. This is CB, not some mom and pop shop in Akron using dial up.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Jackie hands Ginna the report.

JACKIE

Excellent work.

GINNA

Thank you.

JACKIE

Madeline will be down to pick it up. Have a good night.

GINNA

Good night.

Jackie exits.

She sits quietly and hears the elevator CHIME. She takes the report and heads for the elevator.

She presses up.

Frank approaches and stands next to her.

FRANK

What shade is that lipstick?

GINNA

Thinking of getting it for your wife?

He smirks.

GINNA (CONT'D)

For yourself?

The door opens. They enter -

ELEVATOR

The door shuts. She presses two floor buttons.

GINNA

It's London Blast.

FRANK

It's fetching.

GINNA

Fetching?

FRANK

What are you doing Friday night?

GINNA

Nothing.

FRANK

How about dinner?

Ginna inappropriately GIGGLES.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Is that a yes?

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Madeline approaches. She steps to Jackie's door and KNOCKS. She tries the door, it's locked.

She goes back to Ginna's desk and sits.

INT. CONNOR'S RECEPTION - DAY

Madeline returns empty-handed.

She sits at her desk and hears VOICES from Connor's office.

She KNOCKS and enters.

CONNOR'S OFFICE

Ginna is sitting across from Connor. Each has a copy of the report.

Ginna rises.

CONNOR
I've been waiting.

MADELINE
I was downstairs waiting.

GINNA
Sorry. I thought you forgot again. I brought them up. Good night.

Ginna hands Madeline the report.

CONNOR
Good night and thank you.

GINNA
Anytime.

Madeline stares daggers at Ginna as she exits.

INT. CAT CLUB - NIGHT

Madeline, Lori and Chrisy unhappily drink.

LORI

She used the positives as negatives.

MADELINE

She's a conniving bitch.

CHRISY

You two do remember we left her here with a hefty tab?

MADELINE

Your point?

Chrisy backs off the topic.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ginna wipes her plate. Opens the cabinet. A roach falls out, she jumps back, then stomps it with her shoe.

She grabs the phone, dials. A message and BEEP.

GINNA

Mr Reynolds, this is Virginia Richards of 5E. I've left several messages regarding the roach problem. I've written you two notes, and you've done nothing. Until an exterminator takes care of this issue, I'll be withholding my rent check.

She hangs up. Opens the notebook sitting there and adds an entry to the page marked ROACH PROBLEM. Dates, times and what she did per line.

The PHONE RINGS. She answers.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Mr. Reynolds...

INT. CAT CLUB - NIGHT

The Clique's table is littered with empties.

CHRISY

She did. She gave me these puppy dog eyes. Please don't tell.

MADELINE

I knew she was a lesbian.

Lori's expression goes from skived to diabolical.

EXT. CAT CLUB - NIGHT

Dwayne watches from across the way as the Clique exit and head in separate directions.

He crosses the street and approaches Chrisy.

CHRISY

What are you doing here?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lori heads down the subway steps. The hooded man follows.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Lori, stands dangerously close to the edge, looks down the rail. She notices the hooded man eyeing her.

She turns and walks closer to a gathering of couples.

The train pulls in, and the doors open.

She enters -

SUBWAY CAR

She sits away from the couples and relaxes.

The door shuts and the train moves. It gains momentum and the lights flicker on and off.

She notices in between the cars, the hooded man staring at her.

She jumps up and moves to the furthest end of the car. She keeps her eye on the door. The hooded man is gone.

The train pulls into the station, and the group exit, leaving her alone.

The doors close and the train moves.

She panics, feels around her bag and gets her tube of pepper spray. She tries to remain calm and cool, keeping her finger on the sprayer hidden from view.

The train stops. She jumps and exits to -

SUBWAY PLATFORM

She sprints to the nearest turnstiles they're locked.

She's terrified as the last of the passengers exit at the opposite end of the platform.

Alone, quiet, she keeps the spray in full view as she timidly looks around every column for the hooded man.

As she gets closer to the exit, she relaxes.

FOOTSTEPS behind her. She SCREAMS and runs through the turnstile. She runs to a TOKEN ATTENDANT, BANGS on the glass to get his attention.

LORI

Help me. There's someone chasing me.

TOKEN

I'll call the police.

He picks up a phone and calls.

The FOOTSTEPS gets closer. She moves to the door. Pulls, bangs...

LORI

Let me in, he's coming! Help.

LOUDER FOOTSTEPS. Lori SCREAMS!

Two policemen, guns drawn, rush in from the exit stairs.

Two subway workers enter through the turnstiles, drop their lunches and raise their arms, as the guns are pointed directly at them.

POLICEMAN 1

Freeze!

Lori cringes at her stupidity as everyone glares at her.

EXT. LORI'S CORNER - NIGHT

Lori and the policemen approach.

LORI
I'm just down here. Thank you. I am so
sorry for being... a tourist.

POLICEMAN 2
It's all good, Mame. You'll be alright?

LORI
Fine. Thank you.

The cops head off. Lori moves swiftly, up her stoop and
into the -

APARTMENT VESTIBULE

Lori shoves the key in the door. The hooded man's hand
reaches around and grasps her by the mouth, silencing her
SCREAMS.

LATER

The sun is just coming up through the window.

Browning and Whale look at Lori's body. Her make-up
smeared from a liquid. Her throat slit. Her shirt and bra
cut off. WHORE written in lipstick across her breasts.

Whale bends to get a closer look, sniffs.

WHALE
Peed on her.

BROWNING
Pissed off boyfriend.

WHALE
Where's her purse?

BROWNING
Evidence bagged it.

WHALE
Need to check her lipstick. Shades don't
match.

BROWNING
Pissed off girlfriend?

INT. CB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Whale and Browning sit across from Madeline.

MADELINE

Boyfriends came and went. Tommy Finnigan is her latest. Nice guy. Very attentive.

WHALE

Was she worried, upset, about anyone?

MADELINE

No... She was angry about a work application.

LATER

Chrisy is in Madeline's chair.

CHRISY

She could be a little... stuck up to some.

BROWNING

There was mention about a computer program.

CHRISY

Oh, my God. I'm sorry. Yes. This is so strange.

LATER

A nervous Ginna sits across from the Detectives.

WHALE

You okay?

GINNA

I'm a little nervous.

BROWNING

Let me get you a glass of water.

Browning is gone before she can decline.

WHALE

How well did you know Ms Tambler?

GINNA

Not well at all. Just work interaction.

WHALE

You never met socially?

GINNA

No... I mean, once. She invited me for a night out with the girls.

WHALE

The girls?

GINNA

Chrisy Johnson, Madeline Stone, and herself.

WHALE

Just the one night?

GINNA

Yes.

WHALE

You and the girls didn't hit it off?

GINNA

Different... Priorities.

Browning returns with a Styrofoam cup of water. He places it in front of Ginna who takes a sip.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

BROWNING

There was an issue with a computer application.

GINNA

I don't make those decisions. Jacklyn Fenn does. The application Ms. Tambler requisitioned was cost ineffective. It was over \$70,000 more than what they received.

A long pause, as they feel each other out.

WHALE

There's an issue about a photo print out.

Ginna takes another long gulp.

GINNA

Do you remember what I looked like the last time we spoke?

WHALE

We've met?

GINNA

Twice. You didn't remember me the second time either.

BROWNING

Ginna...

GINNA

Virginia Richards.

The light bulb clicks for both Detectives.

GINNA (CONT'D)

I don't fit in... in Manhattan. Obviously I don't leave much... any impression. Lori's face was perfect. She told me about Sachs. If I'd asked her to go, she'd have laughed and mocked me for eternity. I couldn't find a photo to do her justice. So, I printed her photo from the CB website and gave it to the girl in cosmetics. She gave me this.

Points to her face.

BROWNING

Do you still have the picture?

GINNA

No. I left it at the counter. -- Do you think I killed Lori?

WHALE

Calm down Ms. Richards. We're just gathering information.

GINNA

This feels more like an interrogation.

WHALE

Calm down.

Ginna finishes her water.

BROWNING

We're all good here. Thank you.

Ginna quickly heads for the door.

WHALE

One last question.

Ginna freezes.

WHALE (CONT'D)

Not about the case.

Ginna turns.

WHALE (CONT'D)

My wife would love that color. What's your lipstick?

GINNA

London Blast.

BROWNING

Thank you.

Ginna exits.

Whale wearing gloves, puts Ginna's cup in a plastic bag.

WHALE

Is she a genius or a raging psychopath?

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ginna enters, shaken.

GINNA

I'm not feeling well...

JACKIE

What's wrong?

GINNA

The Detectives think I had something to do with what happened to Lori.

Jackie LAUGHS.

JACKIE

Don't be ridiculous.

GINNA

I'm not.

JACKIE

Okay. Go home, relax. But, be here early tomorrow. I need the Faxton report.

GINNA

I'll take it home, work on it tonight.

JACKIE

Feel better. Don't worry. You're no more a suspect than I am.

Ginna exits.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The door opens, it's crowded, Ginna enters and has to stand next to Chrisy.

CHRISY

Hi.

Ginna turns away.

CHRISY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Ginna turns with a look to kill. Chrisy backs up into the person behind her. They push her away.

GINNA

You mock me for the way I look and dress. No smoke, no fire. Leave me drunk, alone, and with a five hundred dollar bar tab. You and Mad must have called the police to tell them about the application. But, completely omitted, I have nothing to do with the decision making. The cherry on top. And I have no doubt you told Lori about the photo, but the police!

The door opens, Ginna rushes out. Chrisy is shocked frozen and pushed by others getting out. She comes back to reality and moves swiftly in Ginna's direction.

EXT. CB SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Chrisy catches up with Ginna at a red light.

CHRISY

Ginna I'm sorry.

GINNA

Get away from me.

CHRISY

No. Seriously, I'm sorry.

Chrisy grabs her and won't let go.

CHRISY (CONT'D)

Yes. I told the police. I had to. My friend was murdered. They asked questions, and I answered them honestly. I know you don't make the decisions. Lori was pissed at you. We both know you talked Jackie into what to buy.

(MORE)

CHRISY (CONT'D)

She's always put the worker above the cost... The photo? I'm sure you printed it for the exact reason you said. That's what you told them, right?

Ginna nods.

CHRISY (CONT'D)

We both did our part to help -- I didn't know Midwesterners got so hot headed.

GINNA

I gotta go.

CHRISY

Wait, how about I take you out for lunch?

GINNA

I can't afford it.

CHRISY

I'll take you. Order anything you want.

INT. GALLAGHER'S STEAK HOUSE - DAY

Ginna and Chrisy are served red wine. Chrisy raises her glass.

CHRISY

To Lori.

GINNA

May she rest in peace.

They clink glasses and drink.

CHRISY

Lori was the first person to interact with me at CB. We're not even in the same department. -- Just so you know, they did the same thing to me. I got stuck with a \$400 tab.

GINNA

Really?

CHRISY

Only I was just peeing when they left.

Ginna's hair gets in her face. She moves it out of the way.

GINNA
Who does your hair?

The waiter brings two large steaks and a side of fries.

GINNA (CONT'D)
I'm not going to be able to finish this.

CHRISY
Yeah, you will.

Ginna takes a bite.

GINNA
You're right.

CHRISY
Thinking about a new do?

INT. CHRISY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nice, sparse decor. Not much of anything that says home.

Ginna's hair is wrapped in perm tinfoil. They sip wine and relax on the large fluffy couch.

CHRISY
Upper east side. View of the park. A closet full of Valentino, Gucci, Louis Vuitton. That's my New York.

GINNA
The Empire State Building, late at night.

CHRISY
Cary Grant to get you?

GINNA
Not exactly... Close... That's my New York.

CHRISY
The view is magnificent.

GINNA
I've never been... I'm waiting.

CHRISY
I went with my man.

Ginna gives the place a once over.

CHRISY (CONT'D)

He doesn't live here. He's a little younger.

GINNA

Age doesn't matter. Unless he's fourteen.

CHRISY

No. He's of age. I'm keeping him on track. He fools around too much. I keep him focused on the end goal.

GINNA

Upper east side.

CHRISY

Upper east side.

The doorbell CHIMES.

CHRISY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Chrisy rises and heads to -

CHRISY'S DOORWAY

She opens the door. It's Dwayne.

DWAYNE

Hey, babe.

He leans in to kiss her. She pushes him out into the -

CHRISY'S HALLWAY

DWAYNE

What's up?

CHRISY

I can't let you in. Ginna's here.

DWAYNE

Cowgirl?

Chrisy shushes him.

CHRISY

Come back at eleven.

DWAYNE

What she doing here?

CHRISY

Eleven.

Chrisy shuts the door in his face. Dwayne acknowledges an older man and woman heading into the apartment next door.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Ginna's makeup and loose curls make her unrecognizable. Her clothes no longer jibe with her look.

Frank enters and gives her a smile.

GINNA

Good morning.

FRANK

Good morning.

She presses his floor.

He looks. Doesn't recognize her.

She swings a fist and hits him on the hip.

GINNA

Really?

FRANK

I was only kidding. You look... Amazing.

The door opens. She exits with a smile.

He sticks his head out to watch her. Jumps back as the door closes.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ginna is turning on her computer.

Jackie enters from her office.

JACKIE

Well, welcome to fabulous Manhattan.

GINNA

Thank you.

JACKIE

Print me the Faxton report. They'll be...

GINNA

Oh my God. Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

JACKIE

What happened?

GINNA

Chrisy saw how upset I was. She invited me to lunch and then she... I will do this. I will have it ready before the meeting.

JACKIE

It's in fifteen minutes.

GINNA

I will... I will...

JACKIE

Which do you have ready?

GINNA

Selzner, Thompson and Franks, Carrol...

JACKIE

Print Thompson and Franks. That should give you time to finish Faxton.

A disappointed Jackie goes back into her office.

Ginna searches, opens and prints a spreadsheet.

Dwayne arrives with the mail.

GINNA

Morning Dwayne.

DWAYNE

Chrisy made you look fine.

GINNA

Do you know how to use the copy machines?

DWAYNE

Yeah.

GINNA

Would you go print for me? It's three copies, ten pages each. Please don't let anyone see them.

She hands him her copy card; he exits.

She opens the FAXTON file and types furiously.

Howie passes. He stops to stare at Ginna. He's pleased.

After many awkward moments, Ginna notices him. She doesn't take her eyes off her work.

GINNA (CONT'D)
Good morning Howie.

HOWIE
Morning.

He exits.

Dwayne places the reports and card on her desk.

GINNA
Thank you so much.

Ginna takes the reports and heads to Jackie's office.

Frank approaches Dwayne.

FRANK
She ain't in Kansas anymore.

DWAYNE
Sorry, man. You ain't got a chance with
this one.

Frank gives a chuckle and smirk.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jackie and Frank rise as Connor enters.

CONNOR
Sit. I'm not royalty.

Frank goes and shuts the door.

Jackie hands each a copy of the T&F report and sits.

A KNOCK.

JACKIE
Come in.

Ginna enters.

CONNOR
Hello Ms. Richards.

GINNA
Good morning Sir.

She passes out the Faxton report.

GINNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I'm late with this.

Jackie looks it over and is impressed.

Frank and Connor wrench their necks, watching her exit.

CONNOR
That's a keeper.

Jackie and Frank nod for different reasons.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ginna sits and notices a piece of paper cut in the shape of a heart. I Love You written on it.

She eyes the area to see who put it there. No one.

Her expression changes when she realizes who she told about the hearts.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Ginna approaches Chrisy and Madeline.

CHRISY
Hey, your hair looks great. Have a seat.

GINNA
Thank you. And no thank you.

She places the heart on the table.

GINNA (CONT'D)
Seriously not appreciated.

Ginna walks away.

Chrisy picks up the heart.

CHRISY
What the hell is that about?

Madeline shrugs, uncaring.

CHRISY (CONT'D)
Oh Maddie, you didn't?

Madeline smirks.

CHRISY (CONT'D)
That's just mean.

Madeline's smirk widens.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Jackie brings a report to Ginna.

JACKIE
Connor would like you to bring him this.

Ginna nods.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Let me just warn you...

Ginna rises.

GINNA
Thank you. Men will be men. I can handle myself.

Ginna exits.

INT. CONNOR'S RECEPTION - DAY

Madeline is typing. Ginna passes her.

GINNA
Mr Connor is expecting me.

Ginna KNOCKS and enters. Shutting the door in Madeline's face.

CONNOR (O.C.)
Have a seat Miss Richards.

Madeline fumes. She goes back to typing. Seeing she's writing gibberish, she backspaces the entire letter.

She goes to the door and listens. She puts her ear closer. After a few moments, she wears a surprised, then devious grin.

INT. CLOTHING BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Ginna peruses numerous dresses and pant suits.

EXT. CLOTHING BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Ginna exits with quite a few bags.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Frank approaches.

FRANK

Ask me anything.

Ginna watches his playful expression.

GINNA

Okay... How long have you been married?

He LAUGHS.

FRANK

Good question. Eight plus years. BUT. We are separated. So, are we really married?

GINNA

Separated?

FRANK

Over four months. I just received the divorce papers. -- Let me ask you a question.

Ginna braces for it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Dinner. Twenty-One, tonight.

GINNA

That's not really a question.

FRANK

It needs a yes or no answer.

INT. TWENTY ONE - NIGHT

Frank and Ginna, who is a knockout in her new dress, are seated and given menus by the waiter.

She's enamored by the class and prestige.

GINNA

This is something else.

Frank's looking at his menu. He puts it down and looks around. Nods.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Are you a native New Yorker?

FRANK

Brooklyn. Close enough. Actually, a step above. Manhattanites? eh... I never quite understand the mystique. Okay, the food's exceptional.

GINNA

Akron has some fine family restaurants. But no, not this.

FRANK

Broadway. The arts. Second to none.

GINNA

I was in my high school production of Cinderella.

FRANK

Cinderella?

GINNA

Evil stepmother.

FRANK

The clubs. After-hours clubs. The shopping. Yeah, nah, I don't understand New York's mystique.

GINNA

How many times have you been to the top of the Empire State Building?

FRANK

It's a tourist trap. I've never been.

Ginna blushes. The WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Can I start you with a drink?

FRANK

Martini. Dry. Three olives.

GINNA

Red wine.

WAITER
Merlot, Cabernet Sauvignon...

GINNA
Cabernet.

WAITER
Very good.

The waiter exits.

INT. CHRISY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chrisy, wearing a robe, puts a glass on the counter by a full knife holder. She fills the glass with wine, takes it to -

CHRISY'S BATHROOM

Scented candles burn around a tub filled with bubble bath.

She removes her robe and slides into the bath. She relaxes, takes a sip of wine.

A CREAK startles her. She shoots up and listens.

CHRISY
Dwayne?

Silence.

She slowly relaxes and shuts her eyes.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Frank sits close to Ginna in the carriage, as the horse plods along.

GINNA
It's so quiet. There's life boiling over a lawn away, and here it's like... moonlight.

He puts his arm around her. She moves in closer.

GINNA (CONT'D)
I bet you bring all your girls here.

FRANK

Not even my wife. She's a Manhattanite living in the burbs. I live just yonder.

GINNA

East side. That's Chrisy's dream.

FRANK

What's your dream?

GINNA

No jinx. It's coming true.

INT. CHRISY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wearing pajamas, Chrisy puts the empty glass in the sink.

She doesn't notice, the largest knife is gone from the holder.

EXT. 59TH STREET - NIGHT

They exit the carriage. Frank gives the coachman a tip. Ginna looks to hail a cab. Frank approaches.

FRANK

Let's walk. It's a beautiful night.

GINNA

I don't live on the East Side. And I don't ride subways at night.

FRANK

My place isn't far.

She romantically gives him a peck on the cheek and a small, intimate kiss.

GINNA

I had the best night since moving here. But, I'm a bit old-fashioned.

Frank hails a cab.

INT. CHRISY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chrisy gets snuggled under her comforter and shuts off the light.

MUFFLED SCREAMS.

The light comes back on. The hooded man's hand is over her mouth as he slashes his blade across her face and hair.

Through the comforter, Chrisy grabs his crotch. He falls off the bed.

She jumps up and runs for the door.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APT - NIGHT

The older couple hear Chrisy SCREAM through the wall.

MAN

Ooh, that boy is giving it to her good.

WOMAN

I remember when you gave it to me like that.

MAN

I'm tired woman.

WOMAN

Hmm Hmm.

INT. CHRISY'S DOORWAY - NIGHT

Chrisy is just about to open the door when she's shot in the back. She falls to the ground, silent, motionless, face down.

The hooded man slowly walks over, straddles, grabs her hair by the end, yanks it up. He twists it around his fist till he's close to her scalp. With one swift slice, he cuts off the hair. Her face smashes into the ground.

CUT TO:

Chrisy is face up. Her hair sticking out of her mouth.

Assorted policemen are mulling around.

Browning looking like he was just awakened enters.

BROWNING

I'm here. Where's Harmon?

He studies Chrisy's body. HARMON, a lifelong cop, enters from the living area.

HARMON

Hey Brownie.

BROWNING

The hair is fucked. But, there's no stamp.

HARMON

Shot in the back. And -

Harmon hands Browning Chrisy's CB ID card.

BROWNING

Fuck me.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

GINNA sips her coffee and reads the paper. She smiles at an AD regarding a Software Conference being held at the Javits Center October 12th - 14th.

A KNOCK at the door.

She goes over, looks through the peephole and opens the door.

Browning and Whale are there.

BROWNING

We'd like to speak to Ms. Virginia Richards.

GINNA

It's me, Detectives.

They both do double takes regarding her new hairstyle.

WHALE

Nice hairdo.

GINNA

Thank you.

BROWNING

Who's your stylist?

GINNA

Excuse me?

BROWNING

It's becoming.

GINNA
My coworker Chrisy Johnson. But, you
didn't...

WHALE
We need to speak to you, Ms. Richards.
Now!

Ginna goes pale.

CUT TO:

Ginna is shaking at the kitchenette counter.

Browning and Whale on either side. Browning holds a pad
to take notes.

GINNA
I can't believe it.

WHALE
Where were you last night about ten
thirty?

GINNA
WHAT?

BROWNING
Where were you? It's an easy question.

GINNA
I was out. I went to Twenty One with a
coworker, Frank Robinson. Then we went
for a ride through Central Park, and he
put me in a cab about ten.

BROWNING
What about ten thirty?

GINNA
I was here. The cab driver dropped me off
probably about ten fifteen. I always ask
them to wait till I get in the door.

BROWNING
Where'd the driver pick you up at?

GINNA
59th and Broadway.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY
Stylish with a great view.

Browning and Whale sit across from Frank.

FRANK
She said that?

The Detectives lean forward, intrigued by the question.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ginna can't concentrate on her work. She moves papers around the desk looking for something. Mail falls on the floor. She jumps up and dashes to the -

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

Ginna splashes her face with cold water. She leans on the sink, ready to vomit.

A FLUSH. Madeline exits the stall. Washes her hands.

MADELINE
Grits get'cha?

Madeline and Ginna are startled by a LOUD SCREAM.

They head out -

CB HALLWAY

Dwayne is sobbing. He PUNCHES the wall, and HOWLS with anger.

Ginna rushes to him. But, he runs into the stairway.

MADELINE
What the fuck? Well, he's fired.

GINNA
You didn't hear?

MADELINE
What?

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

All the workers stand around in cliques, gossiping. Waiting.

Ginna, Madeline, Frank and Jackie, sit together, quiet.

Connor enters with Browning and Whale.

CONNOR

May I please have everyone's attention?

Everyone is quiet and attentive.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

This is a trying time for our company family. The loss of two wonderful workers, and more importantly exceptional human beings. Their lives cut short under unspeakably tragic circumstances. Detectives Browning and Whale are going to meet with each of you. I expect you to fully cooperate and answer any questions they might have. After you're done, please leave directly. Do not speak to anyone, and we'll resume normal business tomorrow. Thank you.

INT. CB CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dwayne is in the hot seat. His eyes red and tearing.

DWAYNE

I was home all night, studying for an exam. My mom and sister were home, too.

LATER

Frank's relaxed.

FRANK

We went out twice when she first started. That was over two years ago. It was nothing.

LATER

Madeline is visibly angry.

MADELINE

She might act like a backwoods ingenue. She's a conniving bitch.

WHALE

What do you mean?

LATER

Jackie's laughing.

JACKIE

I'm sorry that is so off base and ridiculous.

WHALE

One of her coworkers said she's moving in on your position.

JACKIE

That would be Madeline. She's a dullard who has sex with her boss to keep her position.

LATER

Ginna enters.

WHALE

We have no questions, Ms. Richards. We'll be in touch.

Ginna exits.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Ginna sits at the nook quietly eating.

FIRM KNOCKS on the door.

Ginna goes to the door, checks the peephole, and opens the door.

Whale, Browning and two officers are there.

WHALE

Miss Richards, we have a warrant to search your apartment.

He hands her the warrant. Browning catches her as she faints.

WHALE (CONT'D)

Start looking.

They branch off in different directions. Browning helps her to a chair.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ginna rocks back and forth in a chair, tears streaming down her face.

Whale and Browning enter with a folder. They sit.

GINNA

I didn't do anything. Please. I didn't.

WHALE

There's too much here. So, let's talk.

BROWNING

Is there anything you want to tell us?
Get off your chest?

GINNA

I don't know anything. You must have
spoken to Frank.

WHALE

Oh, we did.

BROWNING

You're lucky the waiter at Twenty-One
remembered you two.

Browning opens the folder and lays out CU photos of the
construction workers and thugs faces.

The construction worker has PIG carved in his forehead.

The thugs have PIGS carved in theirs.

Ginna looks away.

BROWNING (CONT'D)

This could be a coincidence. If they were
pigs to you, I'm sure they were pigs to
other women. No one else came to us with
this info. Why did you?

GINNA

I thought it was my duty... I couldn't
have killed those two. I was with you
just after the encounter.

WHALE

Why didn't you mention it to us?

GINNA

What would you have done?

BROWNING

We don't remember you.

GINNA

That's not my fault. I remembered you.
Him. He was wearing a stupid tie with cat
faces.

Browning and Whale give each other a look. Whale moves
the dead men's photos and puts a photo of Chrisy with her
hair sticking out of her mouth. Ginna's tears fall on
this photo. She turns in her chair.

BROWNING

You have her hair, and her's well...

Ginna shakes her head uncontrollably.

GINNA

How are these even related?

BROWNING

Ballistics.

GINNA

Chrisy was killed with the same gun that
killed those men?

WHALE

Come on Ginna. Give it up.

GINNA

I don't know.

Browning violently slides Chrisy's photos and plops down
ones of Lori's chest with whore written in lipstick, and
her pee stained, smeared face in front of Ginna.

Ginna violently pushes them away

GINNA (CONT'D)

I don't want to see that! I didn't do
anything.

WHALE

You're dolled up. She's dolled down, with
whore written in London Blast.

Ginna's jaw drops. She knows she's fucked.

BROWNING

But, there's a kicker to this. You fucked
up.

WHALE

You fucked up royally.

BROWNING

That's not just any London Blast. It's your London Blast.

WHALE

It has your DNA on it.

Ginna violently hyperventilates.

Browning exits. Whale gently rubs her back.

WHALE (CONT'D)

Breath. Then we'll talk.

Ginna slowly relaxes.

Browning returns with a glass of water.

She takes it and downs it in one gulp.

GINNA

That's impossible.

WHALE

It's fact. DNA doesn't lie.

GINNA

Wait. Wait. Wait, wait, wait. I lost my make up.

The Detectives give sighs of exasperation.

GINNA (CONT'D)

I did, and I can prove it.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ginna gets her ledger. She searches and removes three receipts. She hands them to Whale.

He and Browning look them over.

GINNA

See. I bought the exact same items, including London Blast, within a week of each other. Why would I do that?

She points to the bar receipt.

GINNA (CONT'D)

I was so drunk. It's the first time I'd ever been drunk.

(MORE)

GINNA (CONT'D)

I turned my pocketbook over, and the make up must have fallen on the floor. The next day, I went back to Sachs.

WHALE

Can we take these?

GINNA

Of course. Of course. The same salesgirl waited on me.

INT. SACHS - DAY

Whale and Browning show Sharon the receipts and a photo of Ginna without makeup.

SHARON

I absolutely remember her. She was a transformation.

WHALE

Did she mention why she was duplicating her order? Perhaps going away for a while.

SHARON

No. She said she lost her make-up bag.

INT. CAT CLUB - NIGHT

The waitress looks at Ginna's photo and the receipt.

WAITRESS

I see so many people. She doesn't look familiar. But, this is my receipt.

BROWNING

She said she was drunk.

WAITRESS

Who isn't?

BROWNING

She said her party stuck her with the check, and she dumped her pocketbook out on the table.

WAITRESS

Oh, okay. Yeah, I remember that. She was wasted. I had to bring her out and get her in a cab. She could barely stand up.

She looks at the receipt again.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

She was a good tipper.

WHALE

Did you find her make up?

WAITRESS

I seriously don't remember finding anything. I helped her put her things back in her bag. I don't think anything was left.

BROWNING

Who sweeps?

WAITRESS

I did that night. I don't remember finding make up. I'd have probably kept it for myself. We do have a lost and found box.

She exits and comes back a moment later with a box with wallets, hats. No make-up bag.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Madeline exits Jackie's office. She moves to Ginna's desk and puts a heart on it.

She moves to the

ELEVATOR

Pushes the up button. The door opens and she enters.

The elevator next to it opens. Ginna exits.

GINNA'S CUBICLE

Ginna sits and turns on her computer.

She notices a heart with I Love You wrote on it. She crushes and tosses it in the wastebasket.

Jackie sticks her head out of her office.

JACKIE

Ginna get in here.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jackie's deadly serious.

Ginna sits.

GINNA

I had nothing to do with any of this.

JACKIE

Of course you didn't. I'm not that fucking stupid. -- How stupid do you think I am?

GINNA

You're one of the kindest, giving...

JACKIE

Save that shit for someone who cares about ass kissing.

Jackie tosses a large spreadsheet in front of Ginna. Ginna looks at it and begins to tense up.

GINNA

I can explain this.

JACKIE

I'm sure you can.

GINNA

I can... Mr. Hampton told me, when you're making out a budget, keep a record of all your ideas. This way you can learn from the ones that don't pan out. You can cross check...

JACKIE

An economic wizard.

GINNA

That's all this is. We'd talk about accounts. Of course, your final numbers went in the real budget. This is just my notebook. It's to see what works and doesn't.

JACKIE

Your notebook happens to be roughly one hundred, seventy thousand in the green. You weren't going to show it to Connor or even Bigelo, if he came into the office?

GINNA

No. I would never do that. If you look...

JACKIE

I already looked. I saw all I need to.

GINNA

But...

JACKIE

You have one month to find a new position.

GINNA

Please, no.

JACKIE

If I find out you've looked in Connor's direction, you're gone.

Ginna sobs.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I want the Medders and Laserton reports in an hour.

Ginna drags herself from the office.

INT. DA'S OFFICE - DAY

DA NEWMAN, late 40s, a winner, tosses the file back at Whale and Browning.

DA

You own a tie with ugly cats?

WHALE

I only wore it that once.

DA

That's great.

BROWNING

She has to be involved.

DA

Involved in what? Chrisy Johnson, what's the motive? Kill the kindness? I agree with you, she's the key. She's not involved. You're barking up the wrong tree. Look into her life. That's where you'll find the killer.

WHALE

Her life is five hundred miles away.

DA

Wow. Yeah... I'm not positive. But, I'm pretty sure this thing

(picks up phone receiver)

Can allow you to talk to those cowfuckers. If not, Ford invented this thing... what's it called?

Whale and Browning head for the door.

EXT. GINNA'S APT - NIGHT

A thoroughly depressed Ginna heads up her block. Her eyes bulge. She drops her bag and rushes into the arms of CHARLES Hampton, an average, distinguished mid 50s, Midwest executive. She holds onto him tight.

They finally part.

GINNA

You are a site for sore eyes.

She hugs him again. He pats her back, like you would a child.

They part.

CHARLES

Are you okay?

GINNA

I am now. -- I was hoping you'd be going to the convention.

CHARLES

It's going to be a dull three days. If you accompany me to dinner, it'll make it that much more bearable.

GINNA

Come on up. While I change.

CHARLES

Thank you. It's getting dark around here. I'm sorry. It doesn't feel safe.

They head up the stoop.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charles drinks a soda while looking at the sparse room.

GINNA (O.C.)
Are you staying at the Carlton?

CHARLES
Yes indeedie. Home away from home.

Ginna enters wearing her red dress.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
That's the Ginnie I know. I barely
recognized you outside.

He looks at the Affair to Remember Poster.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
What's the view like?

Ginna tears up.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
What's the matter? What did I say?

GINNA
Let's go. I'm fine. It's just so good to
see you.

She takes his arm. They exit.

INT. STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

The menus are untouched. WAITER 1 approaches.

WAITER 1
Can I start you with a drink?

GINNA
A glass of Merlot, and a cabernet.

Charles OWWS.

GINNA (CONT'D)
We're ready to order.

WAITER 1
Fine. What would you like?

GINNA
I'll have a NY Strip medium with a side
of fries.

(MORE)

GINNA (CONT'D)

And Mr Hampton will have a filet mignon rare, with baked potato, light butter, extra sour cream.

The waiter exits.

CHARLES

My Ginna drinking? -- I wish you were still at Tele, I've been through two secretaries.

GINNA

Carol didn't work out?

CHARLES

That bimbo? Excuse the expression. Couldn't find her car with a panic button.

Ginna LAUGHS.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

How about you? Tell me all about the Big Apple. I loved your postcards.

GINNA

New York is a lonely place. You'd think someone like me would get lost in the multitudes. I am. In every positive way. I am completely alone. The negative? It's a spotlight I can't step out of. Not even in flats.

CHARLES

I'm sorry. I don't understand.

GINNA

Oh. I'm about to be arrested for five murders I had nothing to do with.

Charles bursts out LAUGHING.

CHARLES

You got me.

Ginna LAUGHS, so she doesn't sob.

EXT. GINNA'S APT - NIGHT

Ginna and Charles walk arm in arm.

CHARLES

I should really have a talk with those Detectives. I'd set them straight. You a murderess? Nonsense.

GINNA

Please don't. The less my name is mentioned, the better.

They stop at her step. The moment is awkward. He leans in for a kiss. She backs away.

GINNA (CONT'D)

I was so busy with my drama. How's Ruth?

CHARLES

Fine. Already stocking up for Halloween.

GINNA

I better go in.

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Good night.

CHARLES

Good night.

She heads up. Stops, turns.

GINNA

Dinner tomorrow?

CHARLES

Conference is over about five.

GINNA

Good night.

Charles watches her enter her building.

He heads down the block and passes Howie standing in a doorway.

Howie pulls the rim of his baseball cap low, follows Charles.

INT. GINNA'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Melvin exits his apartment with his dog as Ginna is putting her key in the door.

MELVIN

Ginna. I saw him.

GINNA

Saw who?

MELVIN

The junkie tried again. He didn't look like a junkie. He was big, fat, stringy hair sticking out under a baseball cap... I gave him a piece of my mind. He ran away.

GINNA

Melvin, I need your help.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ginna and Melvin enter and approach the DESK Sergeant.

GINNA

We'd like to see Detective Browning and Whale.

DESK

They're gone for the night. Can I help you with something?

GINNA

It's about the...

Ginna sees Melvin's exiting.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Well... We'll come back tomorrow.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ginna has to catch up to Melvin, who is waddling down the street with great speed.

MELVIN

That was nerve wracking. Sorry Ginna.

Melvin prods along faster.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Ginna pours a cup of coffee. Looks around, she's alone. She spits into it. Gets a stirrer and stirs it well.

She heads for the door. Turns and empties it in the sink.
She washes out the cup.

Ginna pours another cup of coffee.

FRANK

Good morning.

She exits without acknowledging his presence.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ginna brings in the coffee and some reports, places them
on the desk.

GINNA

Anything else, Ms. Fenn?

JACKIE

That will be all Ms. Richards.

Jackie shakes her head at the phony politeness as Ginna
exits.

Frank enters, sits.

FRANK

She's had it pretty rough.

Jackie takes a report and tosses it on his lap.

JACKIE

Idiot.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ginna and Charles eat.

CHARLES

How was work?

GINNA

Fine.

CHARLES

People aren't afraid of you? Peeking
around the corner, to see if you're
there?

GINNA

No. I like CB. Everyone's...
cosmopolitan.

CHARLES

It's what you always wanted. -- I hope you don't mind. I thought maybe after dinner we could ah... see a show.

He slides two tickets across the table.

GINNA

The Phantom of the Opera.

CHARLES

You haven't seen it?

GINNA

No. I'd love to. Thank you.

EXT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

They stop at the stoop.

CHARLES

Good night.

Ginna leans over and gives him a kiss.

GINNA

You want to spend the night?

Charles beams.

They head up the stoop.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Ginna and Charles have breakfast sandwiches and coffee.

GINNA

Are you leaving after the conference or tomorrow?

CHARLES

I planned on tonight... I could spend a little more time if you like.

GINNA

I'd love that.

CHARLES

I'll extend my stay tonight.

DWAYNE

You're bad news. Playing your cowfuck girl...

FRANK

DWAYNE!

Dwayne exits with a thug glare aimed at Ginna.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He's taking this pretty hard.

GINNA

He and Chrisy had a thing. -- He's not alone. The Detectives think I'm responsible as well.

Frank LAUGHS.

GINNA (CONT'D)

If it weren't so terrifying, I'd laugh with you.

FRANK

You can't be serious.

GINNA

Oh yeah. Search warrant for my apartment. I can't blame them. Lipstick with my DNA was found on Lori's body.

MADELINE

You fucking psycho.

Madeline throws her soda at Ginna and exits.

FRANK

How is that possible?

GINNA

I... I don't know. I fully expect this to end badly. For me.

FRANK

How about we go to dinner? Think this through.

GINNA

An old friend has come to town. Maybe soon... If I'm not on Rikers... Would they put me on Rikers?

EXT. GINNA'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

Browning surveys the well kept lower class dwelling.
Whale rings the doorbell.

EDITH (Mom), late 50s, looks older, answers in a tattered house dress.

EDITH

Yes?

They show her their NY badges.

WHALE

This is Detective...

EDITH

Did something happen to Ginnie?

BROWNING

No. She's fine. We'd just like to speak to you for a few minutes.

She lets them in.

WHALE

Thank you.

INT. TELTRONICS RECEPTION - DAY

Browning and Whale sit patiently.

A well dressed woman enters and greets them.

They follow her into the office.

EXT. LARGE MCMANSION - DAY

Browning and Whale ring the doorbell and wait.

Whale takes a deep breath.

WHALE

You smell that?

Browning takes a deep breath.

BROWNING

Cow shit?

Whale rings the bell, steps off the stoop, and heads around the house.

Ginna peeks out. An officer looks at her. She smiles and shuts the door.

GINNA

Melvin saw someone trying to break into my apartment yesterday.

CHARLES

I knew this wasn't a good area.

GINNA

It's hopeful.

CHARLES

Being robbed is not hopeful.

GINNA

This robber may be the killer, and Melvin saw him.

CHARLES

That puts Melvin in serious danger.

GINNA

I didn't think of that.

CHARLES

Let me get settled, and we'll go celebrate.

GINNA

What are we celebrating?

CHARLES

Melvin.

He brings his bags in the bedroom, returns.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Maybe we should invite him out. Last supper.

Ginna inappropriately LAUGHS.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ginna and Charles are mid meal.

GINNA

Carol Burlington.

CHARLES

What a... she is.

GINNA
Madeline makes Carol seem like Maria
Torres.

CHARLES
She's a gem.

GINNA
Exactly. I drunkenly told them about the
notes with hearts...

CHARLES
We found out who that was.

GINNA
Who was it?

CHARLES
Tim Connolly.

GINNA
Tim? Tall, fat, scraggly haired... What
happened to him?

CHARLES
He was fired. When you left, he found a
new love, Denise Conton.

GINNA
Where is he now?

CHARLES
Another job, I imagine.

GINNA
Excuse me. I have to make a call.

Ginna rises and exits.

INT. RESTAURANT PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

GINNA
Yes, Detective. He fits the description
of the man trying to break into my
apartment.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

They enter.

CHARLES
I'm going to take a shower.

Charles exits to the bathroom. Ginna plops on the chair. She notices the message light blinking 1. She presses play.

MOM (V.O.)

Hi Ginnie, it's momma. Give me a call. I have some news. Bye. Love you.

Ginna presses delete, and makes a call.

GINNA

Hi mom. What's up?

MOM (V.O.)

Hi Ginnie. Oh, it's horrible. It's all over the news.

GINNA

What momma?

She presses the phone to her ear. Her face looks confused, and then shocked.

GINNA (CONT'D)

What?

Charles enters in a towel.

CHARLES

What?

GINNA

I'll be there as soon as I can. Bye.

Ginna hangs up, and rises.

CHARLES

What's going on?

GINNA

Jackie. She forgot about an important meeting with Connor, Bigelo, and our biggest client. She needs me there pronto.

CHARLES

It's almost nine.

GINNA

It's the city that never sleeps.

She gives him a kiss.

GINNA (CONT'D)

I will be back as soon as I can. Make yourself at home.

Ginna rushes out.

EXT. GINNA'S APT - NIGHT

Ginna doesn't hail the cab. She steps in front of it. It jams on its brakes and misses running her down by an inch.

She runs and jumps in.

INT. GINNA'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Lights are on. No one is around.

She makes a call.

GINNA

Hi mom, it's Ginna.

MOM (V.O.)

Ginnie, you okay?

GINNA

What happened?

MOM (V.O.)

It's all over the news. New York Detectives went to speak to him, and they smelled something. They called the Akron Police who came, and they found his poor wife, she'd been shot.

GINNA

Oh, my God.

MOM (V.O.)

They said she'd probably been dead for months.

GINNA

Momma, did they say what kind of gun was used?

MOM (V.O.)

A 44.

Ginna hears FOOTSTEPS.

GINNA
 Momma, I gotta go. Bye.

She hangs up. She looks around the corner, doesn't see anyone.

The FOOTSTEPS get LOUDER.

She ducks behind the desk. The FOOTSTEPS draw nearer.

Panicking. Ginna crawls to -

JACKIE'S OFFICE

The door is open. She gets in, jumps up, shuts the door and light, makes her way to the desk.

The doorknob turns, she ducks under the desk.

Ginna freezes when the door opens, and the light goes on.

Ginna backs up as the footsteps make their way around the desk.

Ginna YELPS, and there's TWO SETS OF SCREAMS as Jackie is crouched, looking at her.

JACKIE
 What the fuck are you doing?

Ginna crawls out.

GINNA
 I can explain...

JACKIE
 FUCK your explanations. GET OUT!

GINNA
 Please, you don't understand.

JACKIE
 Get out! You're fired.

Jackie grabs Ginna and pushes her to the door.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Don't even think of using me for a reference.

She pushes Ginna out the door and slams it shut.

INT CB RECEPTION - NIGHT

Ginna sobs, waiting for the elevator.

Frank enters.

FRANK

What are you doing here? What's wrong?

GINNA

I can't go home. I don't know what to do.

FRANK

I'm still going to be here for a while.
This Newton mess has things unraveling.
Why don't you go to my place? I'll be
there as soon as we're finished.

GINNA

Where do you live?

FRANK

That would help.

He writes his address on a piece of paper from reception.
Gives it to her with his keys.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Make yourself at home. I'll be there as
soon as I can.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ginna looks around at the sheik cosmopolitan art deco
decor.

She touches a large globe, and it opens to a bar.

She goes to the first door and turns on the light.

FRANK'S BATHROOM

Black and white tiled floor and walls. A large walk-in
shower. Class and sophistication.

She makes her way down the hall and into -

FRANK'S BEDROOM

A king-size bed with the highest quality sheeting. The
furniture and bed frame are matching deco.

Ginna runs her hand along the bedspread. She's enamored.

She looks at the items on the bureau. A pristine set of ladies' antique brushes. She feels the bristles.

She opens drawers. Ladies underwear. Another men's underwear and socks. She feels around the drawer and pulls out a 44 caliber pistol.

The FRONT DOOR opens.

LESLIE (O.C.)

Frank, I'm here.

Ginna shoves the gun back in the drawer and shuts it.

LESLIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Frank?

She looks around the room, gets on her stomach and slides under the bed, just as LESLIE, mid-40s, attractive in a rich way, enters.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Frank? Where are you and who are you with?

Leslie sits on the bed and removes her pumps. She rises and heads out.

Leslie enters -

FRANK'S BATHROOM

She pulls down her pants, sits and pees.

A KNOCK at the door.

She quickly wipes, pulls up her pants, and flushes.

A KNOCK at the door.

She washes and dries her hands.

A LOUDER KNOCK at the door.

She makes her way to the door.

LESLIE

Who is it?

FRANK (O.C.)

It's me, Frank.

She opens the door.

Frank's shocked to see her. She kisses him.

LESLIE
Where's your keys?

FRANK
Forgot them at the office. I wasn't
expecting you till tomorrow.

She follows him as he tries to nonchalantly find where
Ginna is hiding.

LESLIE
Funny thing. Tomorrow is Tony and Sarah's
Anniversary Party.

FRANK
That's next Friday.

LESLIE
Nope. It's tomorrow.

FRANK
I definitely can't go.

They enter the bedroom.

LESLIE
That's okay. I'll give your apologizes.

FRANK
I was going to go to Delvecchios for a
sandwich.

LESLIE
Sounds good.

Leslie puts on her shoes.

FRANK
I'm gonna change. You go hail a cab?

LESLIE
Yes Sir.

He undresses until he hears the front DOOR OPEN and
CLOSE.

FRANK
Ginna?

GINNA (O.C.)
Under the bed.

FRANK
You can come out.

GINNA (O.C.)
When you're gone.

FRANK
Okay... Give me my keys tomorrow.

GINNA (O.C.)
I was fired.

FRANK
It's all good. You still have a job.

He changes his shirt.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ginna?

GINNA (O.C.)
What?

FRANK
I'm sorry.

He exits. The door OPENS and CLOSES.

INT. GINNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charles is asleep.

Ginna creeps in.

She tiptoes to his suitcases.

The first, the zipper is open. She lifts the top and feels around. She shuts the top.

She starts to UNZIP the second.

CHARLES
Ginna?

She rises.

GINNA
It's me.

CHARLES
What time is it?

GINNA
About one.

He leans up.

CHARLES
You worked till one? That's not right.

She goes and sits on the bed.

GINNA
It's New York. Go back to sleep. I'm just going to change.

She gives him a kiss and settles him down.

She goes back to the suitcase and unzips it. She lifts the top, and sitting right on top is a 44 caliber pistol with silencer.

INT. GINNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Ginna puts the finishing touches on her makeup. She looks at herself in the mirror.

GINNA
You got this.

She exits to -

GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

Charles is eating at the nook. He immediately notices her deep distress.

CHARLES
What's wrong?

GINNA
Nothing.

CHARLES
Ginnie, it's written all over your face. Don't worry, they'll find this man...

GINNA
It's not that. I'm sure they will. It's my job. I've been lying about how wonderful it is.
(MORE)

GINNA (CONT'D)

How Jackie is mentoring me. She's embezzling. She's embezzling, and she's going to pin it on me.

CHARLES

That's impossible.

GINNA

Last night, she forced me to forge client documents. She has bank account booklets with deposits in my name.

CHARLES

That's diabolical.

GINNA

I might as well go to jail for murder. I'm going to end up there anyway. My life is over.

Ginna breaks down. Charles holds her.

CHARLES

It'll all be alright.

GINNA

I'll be home late tonight.

CHARLES

That's okay. I have things to do. You'll be fine.

GINNA

No. I won't.

She holds him tighter.

CHARLES

You will, I promise.

Ginna quickly backs away and exits.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Ginna enters, pours a cup of coffee.

Dwayne approaches.

DWAYNE

Ginna. I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

GINNA

Dwayne it's okay. I know Chrisy meant the world to you... Please know I had nothing...

DWAYNE

I know. They have someone in custody.

GINNA

What? Who?

DWAYNE

Howie.

GINNA

What? No. Howie?

Dwayne shows her the paper. There's a sketch of Howie wearing a baseball cap.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Howie's been trying to break into my apartment?

Ginna looks like she's going to vomit.

Frank enters.

FRANK

Did you hear about Howie?

DWAYNE

We're reading about the sick fuck.

FRANK

Madeline was looking for you.

Dwayne exits.

Frank holds out his hand.

Ginna gets the keys from her purse, and dangles them over his hand.

GINNA

Thank you for letting me go to your place last night. This whole... Well, Howie thing took its toll. -- If I can keep these till later, maybe you could meet me at your place. I think your wife is at a party.

Frank lowers his hand.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ginna brings in mail and some reports. She places them on Jackie's desk.

JACKIE

Thank you.

Ginna heads out. She stops and turns.

GINNA

Jackie, I just wanted to say, regardless of this outcome, working for you has been a wonderful learning experience. You've been a magnificent boss and, while not official, a great mentor.

Jackie stares at her. Ginna turns and exits.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank enters. He's pleasantly surprised seeing -

Ginna sits on the couch wearing a full length fur coat, and elbow length black satin gloves. She drinks a large glass of red wine.

GINNA

Would you like a drink?

Frank heads for the bar. He stops when Ginna rises; the coat opens and she's wearing sexy black underwear.

GINNA (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

A tipsy Jackie sits at the end of the bar drinking a scotch.

Charles sits on the stool next to her.

CHARLES

Do you mind?

JACKIE

Not at all.

Bartender approaches.

CHARLES
Scotch on the rocks.
(to Jackie)
Another?

She nods.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Another for the lady.

JACKIE
Thank you. I am a lady... I think...

CHARLES
You want to talk about it?

The bartender brings the drinks. Charles gives him money,
and motions to keep the change.

JACKIE
You ever have to do something you didn't
want to, but had to?

CHARLES
Employee trouble. They eat at good
people.

JACKIE
You're very observant.

CHARLES
I was CFO of a... software company for
thirty years.

JACKIE
Eighteen. This is my second CFO position.
Gigantic step up. I have an employee
that's trouble. I know she's trouble.
She's too smart for her own good.

CHARLES
What are you going to do?

JACKIE
Teach her a hard lesson.

Charles finishes his scotch.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ginna opens the scotch bottle.

Frank comes up behind her, moves the fur and presses his crotch to her rear end.

She leans over the counter, and pours the scotch into the glass, while Frank leans over, grabbing her breast and rubbing on her butt.

Ginna puts the bottle down, reaches back, and grabs his crotch. She spins and they smother in a deep long kiss.

She lets the coat fall off her shoulders. She grabs his zipper and pulls it down.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

CHARLES

There's a bar by the Carlton has twenty-five-year-old Glenlivet.

JACKIE

By the Carlton?

She taps his wedding ring.

CHARLES

Widower. Recently departed. Wonderful woman.

JACKIE

Thirty-year-old Ballantine at my place.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Naked, having sex, Frank on top. Ginna wraps her arms around him, brings him in close.

With little effort, she flips him, and is on top.

She pins his hands down, kisses him.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Massive, tasteless overpriced modern decor.

Jackie hands Charles a glass of scotch. He sips, sits on the couch.

CHARLES

I'd have been at Princeton when this was being set.

His expression changes to far off memories. He sips.

JACKIE
Why don't I take your coat? Get comfortable.

CHARLES
Thank you.

He sips. Doesn't remove his coat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Her hair was long, straight. So tender.
Her face needed no makeup. Her beauty was from within.

JACKIE
When did your wife pass?

CHARLES
I killed her months ago. I'm speaking of Ginnie.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ginna and Frank both MOAN with INTENSE PLEASURE as they fuck.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charles produces the gun from his coat and points it at her. Jackie doesn't run.

Charles has a look of betrayal. He drops the gun, and Jackie runs.

He catches her and they fall to the ground.

He punches, slaps her over and over. He cries.

Jackie, blindly defending herself, lifts a leg and makes contact with his balls. He falls over.

She stands and gets a few steps before Charles grabs and smashes her head against the wall. She falls.

He walks back to the gun and picks it up. SOBBING with each slow step to Jackie's bloodied body.

He stands over her, shoots and shoots again.

INT. GINNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charles enters. Ginna is sitting up in bed, her hair straightened, wearing her Midwest makeup.

CHARLES

It's done.

Ginna extends her arms, Charles falls into them sobbing.

Ginna comforts, pets, kisses him.

GINNA

Everything is alright.

She undresses him and removes her nightgown.

GINNA (CONT'D)

You still like this, don't you?

He grabs, kisses her.

They make love, he's on top.

CHARLES

Why?

Between kisses and her moans.

GINNA

Do you remember the Billy Joel song? New York State of Mind?

Charles climaxes, Ginna pulls a gun from under the pillow, shoots him in the chest. The force sends him off the bed.

GINNA (CONT'D)

I finally get it.

LATER

CSI workers do their job.

Browning and Whale stand by Ginna. She sits wrapped in a blanket, sobbing.

GINNA (CONT'D)

He wanted to... you know. I said no. He went insane. He pulled out a gun, and... He told me how he murdered his wife, those men, Lori, Chrisy... He's telling me this as he's raping me.

(MORE)

GINNA (CONT'D)

Like I should be grateful... Oh my God.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

All the employees are gathered. Connor stands before them, Frank by his side.

CONNOR

Frank Robinson has been promoted to CFO.

Everyone CLAPS.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ginna enters.

FRANK

Shut the door, please.

Ginna shuts the door and sits across from Frank.

He picks up a report, goes around the desk, and leans next to Ginna.

He kisses her. She backs away.

GINNA

I'm sorry. You're my boss now. I don't want to be one of those...

FRANK

How about I fire you?

GINNA

Please don't.

Frank goes back to his seat.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Whale and Browning are filling out reports.

POLICEMAN 3 enters with a report.

POLICEMAN 3

You ain't gonna believe this one.

He hands the report to Whale, who reads it.

WHALE

Oh fuck no. No fucking way.

BROWNING

What?

WHALE

Ballistics on Jaclyn Fenn don't match the others.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Ginna sits alone. Dwayne enters with the paper.

DWAYNE

You see this shit?

The headline reads COPY CAT - COVER UP

She peruses the story.

GINNA

Jackie was killed with a different 44?
That can't be right.

DWAYNE

Yeah, think about it.

Madeline comes over.

MADELINE

Who had the most to gain?

DWAYNE

Who said he owned a 44?

GINNA

Oh come on. Frank? Really?

DWAYNE

Should we tell the cops?

GINNA

Yes, absolutely. As a matter of fact...

She finds Detective Whale's business card, gives it to Dwayne.

GINNA (CONT'D)

Here you go.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A KNOCK. Leslie answers. Whale and Browning show their badges.

WHALE
Is Frank Robinson here?

LESLIE
Frank, the police are here.

Frank enters.

FRANK
Detectives. How can I help you?

BROWNING
We were informed you own a gun.

FRANK
Yes.

BROWNING
A 44?

FRANK
Yes. It might take me a minute or two to find it. Would you like me to get it?

BROWNING
I'll come with you.

Browning follows Frank into -

FRANK'S BEDROOM

Frank opens his sock drawer and finds the gun. Before he can touch it.

BROWNING
I'll take that.

Browning uses a handkerchief to lift the handle and places it in a plastic bag.

FRANK
What is that for?

BROWNING
Would you mind coming down town to speak with us?

FRANK

We were going to dinner.

BROWNING

Won't take long.

They exit.

INT. GINNA'S LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ginna eats Chinese food.

A KNOCK at the door.

She goes, checks the peephole and opens for Whale and Browning.

GINNA

Come in.

WHALE

We're very sorry to bother you, Miss Richards. We know you've been through much.

GINNA

It's fine, please.

BROWNING

Frank Robinson is in custody for the murder of Jaclyn Fenn.

GINNA

No. That's impossible.

BROWNING

The ballistics on his gun match.

WHALE

He claims you two were together the night Ms Fenn was killed.

GINNA

Excuse me? That's BULL... DOODY!

BROWNING

He claims you two were at his apartment the entire evening.

GINNA

I mistakenly went out once with Mr Robinson that one time. You two know about it. Never again. He is married.

That's all Whale and Browning need to know. They exit.
Ginna smiles, wide.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ginna crawls out from under the bed. She leans on it, humiliated.

Her humiliation turns to anger and confusion seeing a photo of Frank and Leslie atop the Empire State Bldg.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Ginna, wearing her old clothes, no makeup and a hat that covers her hair, is handed two sets of keys. Frank's originals, and a duplicate.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ginna, dressed as a maid, sets down a vacuum and large bag. She unlocks the door and enters.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wearing gloves, Ginna uses a handkerchief to wipe the walls and assorted places she might have touched.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ginna pulls the comforter off the bed. She removes the sheet, bed spread, and pillow cases.

She removes new ones from her bag, shoves the old ones in.

LATER

Ginna vacuums.

Ginna places the gun back in the drawer.

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ginna heads down the block, and disappears around a corner.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CONNOR'S RECEPTION - DAY

Ginna exits Connor's office with a wicked smirk. She holds the door open for Madeline who enters it.

Ginna shuts the door and sits at Madeline's desk.

MADELINE (O.S.)

WHAT? NO!

Ginna smiles wider, rises and exits.

EXT. CB SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Madeline exits carrying a box filled with her things.

INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ginna sits behind the desk, which holds a copper nameplate "Virginia Richards CFO".

She looks up at the sound of a VACUUM CLEANER. An older Hispanic woman pushes it.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The car is packed. Ginna has a huge anticipated smile. The door opens, she steps out onto the -

OBSERVATION DECK EMPIRE STATE BLDG

Ginna walks as far as a person can go, looks out over the city that never sleeps.

THE END