

LACE/Pilot Episode

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- DAY

A Mercedes S-Class navigates through the congested morning traffic. Its vanity plate reads, "GETUOFF". The car turns off into...

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

The Mercedes pulls into a parking space marked with a sign which reads, "RESERVED FOR LACEY MCCULLOUGH".

A pair of Christian Louboutin shoes step out of the driver's side and walk away. We follow as the shoes enter...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/LOBBY -- DAY

...and through the vast lobby.

MAN (O.S.)
'Morning, Ms. McCullough.

A pair of firm, smooth, and defined calves kick out from under a pencil skirt and step into a elevator. The elevator doors close...

INT. MCCULLOUGH & ASSOCIATES/LOBBY -- DAY

...and reopen. The calves step out of the elevator, and we move to the skirt, which frames a perfect ass. The ass sways by an elaborate sign which reads, "MCCULLOUGH & ASSOCIATES".

SASHA (O.S.)
Good morning, Ms. McCullough. Your
9:00 is waiting for you in the box.

We now get a view of who owns this fantastic figure: LACEY MCCULLOUGH, barely 30, a beautiful power player wrapped in expensive apparel. She cracks a grin and nods to SASHA, early 20s, the receptionist.

INT. MCCULLOUGH & ASSOCIATES/THE BOX -- DAY

An intimate and windowless conference room. A door provides the only exit. A flat screen television hangs on the back wall.

On one side of the cherry wood table, CLIENT SOUSA, 50s flips through a contract. Lacey sits on the other side.

She eyes him.

CLIENT SOUSA
Looks like everything is in order.

Lacey slides a fountain pen across the table. Client Sousa signs the paper with blood red ink.

CLIENT SOUSA (CONT'D)
Haven't seen many contracts signed with red ink.

LACEY
I'm fond of the symbolism.

Client Sousa slides the paperwork and pen over to Lacey who signs just below.

LACEY (CONT'D)
You've made the right decision trusting us with your legal needs, Mr. Sousa. Welcome to McCullough and Associates.

They shake hands, yet the client doesn't stand. An awkward silence.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Yes?

Client Sousa slides a penny across the table and flips it over, tails up.

CLIENT SOUSA
I, too, appreciate the symbolism.

Lacey grins and nods.

INT. MCCULLOUGH & ASSOCIATES/OTHELLO'S OFFICE -- DAY

A modern office backdropped by downtown Los Angeles. Jazz music leaks underneath SLURP and SLOBBER noises. A phone RINGS, the wet noises stop.

Behind a desk, OTHELLO CHARLES, 30s, rugged good looks in a tailored suit picks up the phone.

OTHELLO
This is Othello.

LACEY (O.S.)
(over phone)
It's me. Am I interrupting?

OTHELLO

Not at all. Just vetting some prospective interns.

LACEY (O.S.)

My meeting with Mr. Sousa has been extended to accommodate his indecisiveness.

OTHELLO

Like a red neck in a gun store.

LACEY (O.S.)

Unfortunately. I'll be heading out a little early today, so in regard to our little situation--

OTHELLO

I'm on it.

LACEY (O.S.)

Also, please put Mr. Sousa in the book before you leave for the day.

Othello stretches and jabs a few keys on the keyboard.

OTHELLO

Consider it done.

LACEY (O.S.)

Thank you.

OTHELLO

All in a day's work. Let me know how the visit goes.

He hangs up. An INTERVIEWEE, a shirtless and busty knockout, pokes her head up from under the desk.

INTERVIEWEE

Should I keep going?

OTHELLO

I don't recall ever telling you to stop.

He guides her head back down. SLURPS and SLOBBERS continue.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE -- DAY (DUSK)

Sprawled across acres of manicured grass within a quiet neighborhood. The front gate swings open and a late model Maybach rolls down the long drive way.

A DRIVER opens the door for SHIRLEY MARZILI, 40s, wealth personified, who steps out and checks her watch.

SHIRLEY

That'll be all for now. Please remember that Mr. Marzili will land at ten this evening. It's imperative you're on time.

DRIVER

Yes, Mrs. Marzili.

She enters the home.

INT. SWANKY RESTAURANT -- DAY (DUSK)

Filled with the wealthy. The care-free. The elites.

JOHN YOUNG, 50s, dignified, sits at a booth next to a large pane window. He's joined by CHELSEA GAMBLE, 20s, a stunner in a tight scarlet dress.

A WAITER brings over a bottle of wine.

WAITER

A 1995 Chateau Valandraud.
Complements of the owner.

The waiter pops the cork and pours the glasses. John inspects his wine before taking a sip -- a true wine snob.

JOHN

How knowledgable are you about wine?

CHELSEA

I know the most important thing.
(flirting)
The older, the better.

A hint of a smile from John.

JOHN

It's the minutiae...its sediment, legs, nose...the ultimate experience.

CHELSEA

So the small things?

JOHN

Trust me, sugar, there's nothing small about it. Not by a long shot.

CHELSEA

Is that so?

INT. OTHELLO'S MERCEDES -- DAY (DUSK)

The silhouette of Othello as he sits parked across the street from the restaurant, within a vantage point of Chelsea and John. His phone RINGS.

OTHELLO

That was an unusually expedited visit.

LACEY (O.S.)

(over phone)

I just arrived. Figured I would touch base with you before I went in.

OTHELLO

Or you're simply procrastinating.

LACEY

Call it what you want.

In the distance, Chelsea and John clink their wine glasses. All smiles.

OTHELLO

Well, seems they're enjoying an early dinner. Were the twins able to verify the numbers?

INT. LACEY'S BMW -- DAY (DUSK)

Lacey's car sits idle.

LACEY

\$100,000, and that's just from the ones we know of.

OTHELLO (O.S.)

(over phone)

In a year? That's impressive.

INTERCUT with Othello's Mercedes

LACEY (O.S.)

That's too much. And now Senator Young? What the hell ever happened to professional courtesy?

OTHELLO

These are different times, momma
bear. Are we a go or what?

A moment of silence.

LACEY (O.S.)

Go.

END INTERCUT

INT./EXT. LACEY'S BMW -- DAY (DUSK)

The call disconnects.

Lacey's deep in thought. She snaps out of it with the sound and reflection of large gates opening.

She pulls her car through a large chain-linked, maximum security gate and passes a sign which reads, "SOCAL WOMEN'S MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON".

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

A luxurious space. The floor to ceiling windows overlook the lights of Los Angeles.

Chelsea's nude form rides John like a pro. Crazy, even. John flips her onto her back and thrusts her ankles above her head, as he takes the lead.

LATER

John stands before a window and ties his robe closed. He admires his reflection more than the view.

JOHN

Gotta hand it to you, lil lady,
you're definitely worth your weight
in gold. That thing you did with
your fingers--now, I'm not one of
those gays, but goddamn. I was told
one an hour, so that's six grand.
Hell, I've spent more for less.

Sniffles get his attention.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What is it?

Behind him in the bed Chelsea lies beneath the covers. John sits beside her.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry.

JOHN

I hurt you, didn't I? In my defense, I did try to warn you. You know, some women just aren't used to the size of my--

Chelsea sobs.

CHELSEA

It's not that...forget it. It's no one else's problem.

JOHN

Well, I'm a problem solver. Pretty damn good at it, if I do say so myself.

CHELSEA

Look...we had such a good night--

JOHN

No offense, sweetie, but I have a busy morning to prep for. Now what is it?

CHELSEA

They've had me working sixteen-hour days for the past six months, and for what? I barely make out with five percent when I do a hundred percent of the work. Five fucking percent! I'm good at what I do, you said so yourself, but I can't keep this up. I just wanted to pay my tuition, but now my grades are tanking, there's back rent, this bill, that bill...I don't know what to do. But I'm *not* going back to Oklahoma. No way.

She sobs harder, loud enough to make John uncomfortable. He grabs his wallet from a suit jacket, which has a small American flag pin on its lapel. He pulls out a wad of cash.

JOHN

Hey...no...shh. Look, what if I throw in an extra grand? It'll be our little secret.

CHELSEA

If they ever found out--

JOHN

It's in both of our best interests
to keep you local. It seems I'm a
little short on cash, though.

Chelsea already has her phone out with a credit card reader
attachment.

CHELSEA

It'll appear as DLC Enterprises on
your statement. I'll take the extra
in cash, if you don't mind.

John looks at her. Uneasy. She sniffles and wipes the tears
from her eyes, allowing the sheet to expose her breast. John
can't take his eyes off them as he hands her a grand and
swipes his card.

Chelsea waits for a confirmation to appear on her phone
screen.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

JOHN

Perks of the job, darling.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Chelsea glides down the hallway with a confident smirk. She
taps a few buttons on her phone and it reveals John's credit
card info, his address, and his available balance -- which is
in the hundred thousands.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Chelsea steps in, and presses the lobby button. As the door
closes, a hand stops them. Othello steps inside and stands
beside her.

OTHELLO

Lobby, please.

Chelsea gestures to the already lit button.

OTHELLO (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Chelsea glances at Othello's Hublot, which peeks out from
under his sleeve.

CHELSEA

Nice watch.

OTHELLO

Of course it is. Perks of the job.

When the doors close, she notices Othello's reflection as he stares out the corner of his eye at her, a grin on his lips.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry, do I know you?

OTHELLO

My apologies. Othello Charles.

He extends his hand. Chelsea shakes it, but he kisses her hand. She rolls her eyes.

CHELSEA

This is a joke, right?

OTHELLO

I'm far from a comedian. And with that, now we know all there is to know about each other.

CHELSEA

What's that supposed to mean?

OTHELLO

I gotta hand it to you. Nice work up there. The little extra on the end, I mean.

CHELSEA

Excuse me?

The elevator dings and a giggling COUPLE step inside. Othello nuzzles closer to Chelsea.

OTHELLO

Don't play coy with me, Ms. Gamble. We've had our eye on you for some time. Let me see if I understand this correctly: An XC90 Android card reader programmed with a back door algorithm -- the product of a hacker who goes by "Crystal Clear Anarchy" -- which is rigged, no doubt, to obtain your client's credit card account info? That about sums it up? Very clever.

CHELSEA

What are you, some type of detective?

OTHELLO
Of course not--

CHELSEA
Because I'm not doing anything
illegal.

Othello barks a laugh, to the dismay of the other passengers.

OTHELLO
I guess it depends on who you ask.

CHELSEA
Go ahead and arrest me. I'll be out
before you can wipe that smug grin
off your face.

DING! A group of DRUNK BUSINESS MEN enter. Othello gets
closer, backing Chelsea into the corner.

OTHELLO
Arrest you? Why on Earth would we
want to do that?

CHELSEA
We?

He pulls out a slip of paper and hands it to her. The paper
reads, "TOMORROW. 7AM."

OTHELLO
There will be a car waiting for you
outside of your apartment. It's
still 2100 Fountain Ave, Apartment
16, I presume. Of course that's
rhetorical, since we know you live
there.

CHELSEA
And if I refuse?

OTHELLO
My employer does not accept
refusals. In fact, the word "no" is
so devoid from her vocabulary,
words such as "know", "novice",
"notice", and "notion" are not
spoken in her presence. I would
strongly suggest against forcing
her hand, Ms. Gamble. They reach
far further where the sun don't
shine than what you just charged
Senator Young for.

Chelsea eyes him.

CHELSEA

Is that supposed to scare me?

OTHELLO

Of course not, but the very fact that you're not should scare the hell out of you. It does me.

CHELSEA

You're with the government?

OTHELLO

Now you're just being silly. Maybe you're the comedian. One last thing. Just in case you plan on taking a sudden trip out of town...

He pulls out his phone and presses a few buttons.

OTHELLO (CONT'D)

I've taken the liberty of freezing all of your offshore and state-side bank accounts, as well as your passport.

DING! The elevator doors open.

CHELSEA

Wait, what?!

Chelsea whips out her phone and smashes buttons.

OTHELLO

See you in the morning.

Everyone except Chelsea gets out. She stares at her phone as the doors close her in.

CHELSEA

Mother fucker--

INT. LARGE HOUSE/MASTER SUITE -- NIGHT

Shirley emerges from the bathroom in just a robe. She dries her hair as she walks towards a closet. A figure, in a ski mask, sneaks up from behind and clamps a hand over her mouth.

FIGURE

Make a sound and I'll slit your fucking throat. You got me?

He leads her over to the bed. Shirley spins and tries to run, but the man is quicker. He snatches her by her hair. She kicks and claws.

She snatches the mask off to reveal, DANIEL, early 20s.

A swift backhand sends her into the dresser. She doesn't have time to turn around before Daniel's hand pins her head down on the dresser, his other hand lifts the bottom of her robe.

DANIEL

This is going to happen whether you want it to or not, you rich bitch.

He unbuttons his pants and takes her, doggy style, right there. Her face turns into one of enjoyment and extreme lust. A clock on the dresser reads, "10:14PM".

INT. STUDIO -- DAY

Small and private. Speakers pump out an eclectic mix of soothing music as Lacey cycles through yoga poses with perfect form.

Her breathing remains calm as sweat runs down her body. Her eyes are closed until...

RING! RING!

Lacey grabs a towel and answers her smart phone.

LACEY

(into phone)

Yeah?

She takes a deep breath and hangs her head.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Where is he now? I'm on my way.

EXT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Chelsea strolls out and gets into a waiting limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE -- DAY

Othello's eyes never leave his Blackberry.

OTHELLO

You'll have to learn to be on--

CHELSEA

Fuck you. What the hell did you do to my accounts?

OTHELLO

Nothing that cannot be undone with a simple phone call, Ms. Gamble, I can assure you. However, I would highly suggest your complete cooperation. All we are asking for is a few moments of your time.

Othello taps on the partition and the limo drives off.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

A surveillance camera looks down onto Lacey as she sits behind a steel table placed in the middle of the room.

The door buzzes and CAPTAIN WARREN SLOAN, 50s, escorts Daniel -- the man who snuck into the rich lady's home -- into the room. Although Daniel's face is bruised and swollen, he can't hide his dismay to see Lacey.

Lacey eyes Sloan as he sits Daniel in the chair.

SLOAN

Don't give me that look, McCullough. He was like that when we arrived on scene. The little shit's lucky we got there when we did or we would've been having this conversation at the morgue.

Sloan turns to leave.

LACEY

Sloan.

He turns back. Lacey's eyes glance up to the camera.

LACEY (CONT'D)

You mind?

SLOAN

You got ten minutes.

He exits.

DANIEL

So the prodigal daughter returns.

LACEY

Not a word.

After a few moments the red light on the camera cuts off.

LACEY (CONT'D)
What the fuck, Daniel?

DANIEL
Am I allowed to talk now, your
highness?

LACEY
Just tell me exactly what happened.

DANIEL
How are you Lace? Nice to see
you're still alive. Haven't
received a Christmas card in a few
years. Guess they were lost in the
mail.

LACEY
Either stop wasting my time or
you're on your own. Did you rape
Shirley Marzili?
(off his silence)
Yes or no.

DANIEL
Why the fuck are you even here,
Lace? I believe our last
conversation ended with you
disowning me.

LACEY
Daniel, I swear to God I will leave
you rotting in here. Stop testing
my fucking patience! Why the hell
were you at Marzili's house?

DANIEL
I needed a little extra cash. It's
not like I could come to you and
ask you for it, with your whole
drop off the face of the earth act.
And since people aren't exactly hip
on the idea of hiring a recovering
addict with a record, this guy I
know hooked me up with her for this
one night fling. It was supposed to
be a quick couple hundred bucks.
Next thing I know, her husband is
beating the shit out of me.

Lacey considers his words for a moment, then...

LACEY
You're a rent-boy?

Daniel remains quiet. Lacey reaches across the table and slaps the hell out of him.

DANIEL
What the fuck?!

Lacey snatches him by the collar. His eyes display genuine fear.

LACEY
What did she pay you to do?

DANIEL
She just wanted to role play. You know...get roughed up a little. She offered to pay double for it, but the bitch stiffed me.

Lacey pushes him back into his seat and sits back down.

LACEY
She paid you to rape her.

DANIEL
She said it wasn't rape if she was paying me.

LACEY
Do you understand what will happen to you if they run a kit? 10 to 20, Daniel!

DANIEL
I used a condom.

LACEY
Shut the fuck up. Let me think.

They sit in silence, until...

LACEY (CONT'D)
It's going to be your word against hers. I read the prenup she signed a few years back; it's iron-clad. She wouldn't be able to walk away with the clothes on her back if her husband found out. And trust me, your scrawny ass isn't worth her share of a hundred and fifty million so you can forget about her telling the truth.

She stands.

DANIEL

Wait, you can fix this, right?

Lacey bangs on the door.

LACEY

You damn well better pray I can.
For now, do yourself a favor and
keep your mouth shut.

The door opens and she exits.

DANIEL

Wait! How long is it going to take?

The door slams behind her.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Sloan meets up with Lacey outside of the interrogation room.

SLOAN

Your kin just can't stay out of
trouble, can they?

LACEY

Fuck off, Sloan. Who's the public
defender?

SLOAN

Macintosh.

LACEY

That two-bit hack? What are the
charges officially?

SLOAN

Three course meal. B&E as an
appetizer, sexual assault as your
main entree, and aggravated assault
for desert. Yum yum dim sum.

LACEY

This is bullshit. What about the
excessive bodily injury done to
him?

SLOAN

Marzili's claiming self defense.

LACEY

What's Mrs. Marzili saying?

SLOAN

Not much. The husband's been taking point on this one. Wasn't he one of your clients?

LACEY

Once upon a time. Bail?

Sloan shakes his head.

SLOAN

Judge Sears declared him a flight risk.

LACEY

A flight risk? He doesn't have two nickels to rub together.

SLOAN

Yeah, well, he's your brother and you're not exactly Judge Sears' favorite person.

LACEY

The feeling's mutual, that's for damn sure. How long before he's transferred?

SLOAN

First thing in the morning.

LACEY

Can you delay it?

SLOAN

Are you trying to get me fired?

LACEY

Damn it, you and I both know there's no way he'll get a fair trial with his history. They'll crucify him before he steps foot in the courthouse. I just need some time.

Sloan thinks it over.

SLOAN

You got until tomorrow afternoon -- under one condition.

LACEY

Which is?

SLOAN

I think a lil' pro bono work is in order.

LACEY

Done. Thanks for the heads up.

SLOAN

Don't mention it.

She walks away.

INT. MCCULLOUGH AND ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A divorce settlement, or at least that's the goal. Wife TAHNEE, early 40s, with her lawyer VINCENT, upper 30s, on one side. Husband RANDALL, mid 40s, with his lawyer BRITNEY DEVEAUX -- mid 30s, a tad uptight -- on the other.

BRITNEY

Joint custody, five thousand per month, she keeps the Jaguar and the loft downtown. That's reasonable, Vince.

TAHNEE

Custody is out of the question. Five grand? Five? And the Jag is already paid for, you cheap bastard.

Vincent puts a hand out to calm his client.

VINCENT

Britney, let's not do this. Councilwoman Jarvis retains full custody so as not to uproot the children. Twelve thousand a month and the house in Valencia. Mr. Jarvis can keep the loft.

RANDALL

(to Tahnee)

Keep dreaming. You were happy with a two-piece when I met you.

He head-motions Britney, who slides a manila folder across the table. Tahnee opens it and sees her naked self in a compromising position with another man. Vincent's face falls.

TAHNEE

(low, to Vincent)

This is crap, we were separated.

RANDALL

We'll see what the judge thinks.

Britney grins.

BRITNEY

An affair never helps an elected official, even if the judge rules in her favor. However, we're willing to withhold the councilwoman's dalliance. Full custody, *three* grand a month *and* we're keeping the property. Your client can have visitation.

TAHNEE

Visitation? Visitation?

The room phone rings as Tahnee barks at Vincent.

BRITNEY

(into phone)

Yes? Okay.

Britney hangs up.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Britney turns to leave, smoothing her short skirt on her way out. Her physique has Vincent mesmerized.

TAHNEE (O.S.)

You're just gonna sit there? What the hell kind of lawyer are you?

Britney exits to...

HALLWAY

...and struts past the "McCullough & Associates" sign in big, bold letters on the wall. She enters...

OTHELLO'S OFFICE

Othello and Chelsea wait for her.

OTHELLO

(to Chelsea)

Ms. Gamble, allow me to introduce Brittany Deveaux. Ms. Deveaux, here, has the privilege of handling our civil cases.

BRITNEY
Civil...such an oxymoron.

Britney offers her hand to Chelsea, but gets an icy glare in return.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
(to Othello)
This is the prospect?

Othello nods.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
(to Chelsea)
Well, aren't we the combative type.
(to Othello)
Where's the boss lady?

Othello shrugs.

OTHELLO
This firm is multi-dimensional, Ms. Gamble. I wanted you to be aware of the kind of support you'll have.

CHELSEA
I get it, you're lawyers. Now will someone tell me why the fuck I'm here?

Othello smiles.

OTHELLO
Excuse us, Ms. Gamble. Britney, a word please?

He heads for the door, and signals Britney to follow him into the...

HALLWAY

BRITNEY
She's going to be a handful.

Othello nods.

OTHELLO
What's the status with the Councilwoman?

BRITNEY
It's a wrap. She didn't know about the pictures.
(MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

The way I see it, she has two choices: her career or a better deal. I think she'll choose her career.

OTHELLO

Give her what she wants.

BRITNEY

Excuse me?

OTHELLO

Give her what she wants. Explain to Randall that it's for the best.

BRITNEY

How? It took months to get to this point. Now we're going to toss it--

OTHELLO

Lacey wants Councilwoman Jarvis in the book.

BRITNEY

Bullshit.

Othello puts his phone into her face. A text from "Momma Bear" reads, "COUNCILWOMAN JARVIS -- FOLD".

OTHELLO

Clear enough for you?

Britney nods. *She hates it but she gets it.*

OTHELLO (CONT'D)

Offer Randall a discount if need be. Have the twins back you up.

BRITNEY

Fine.

Britney returns down the hall as Othello returns to...

OTHELLO'S OFFICE

OTHELLO

Thank you for your patience--

CHELSEA

If you think I'm going to sit here while you keep stalling, think again.

OTHELLO

As I've explained, Ms. McCullough will arrive shortly. In the meantime, what she's offering you is an opportunity to amass a small fortune for which you won't spend the rest of your life looking over your shoulder for the men you've stolen from; because that too only takes a phone call.

CHELSEA

My life is none of your business. I did what you asked so let me be perfectly clear: fuck you and your boss. If you don't remove the holds from my accounts, you'll be the one looking over your shoulder.

She storms out of the office.

INT. MCCULLOUGH AND ASSOCIATES/CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A grim Randall signs paperwork and a dejected Britney slides them over to Vincent. They are now joined by NORA and AARON, mid 30s, stone faced. All business. They sit on either side of Randall.

NORA

(low, to Randall)

We will be cutting our billing rate to avoid any ill will and prove how much we value your business.

AARON

(low, to Randall)

Ms. McCullough is fully aware of the dismay you may feel, but as her financial team, we agree that this is the best course of action for the long term.

NORA

(low)

Your soon to be ex-wife carries a hefty amount of influence and the last thing we would care to do is leave you open to failure or further difficulties.

AARON & NORA

(low)

Trust us.

Vincent nods to Tahnee who embraces him in a tight hug.

TAHNEE

I'll give you credit, Randall. For once you did the right thing.

RANDALL

If Lacey's trying to fuck me, I will find out.

He storms out.

AARON

(to Britney)

We trust you're competent enough to take it from here?

Britney plasters on a tight smile as Aaron and Nora exit.

BRITNEY

(to Vincent)

We'll have copies of the agreement sent to your office before close of business.

Britney exits to...

HALLWAY

Vincent chases her down.

VINCENT

Britney, hold on.

(low)

Look, let's put this behind us. You know we're better on the same team.

Puts his hand on the small of her back.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Let's go back to Ojai, I still have the villa...

His hand moves down but she brushes it away.

BRITNEY

P2. Ten minutes.

She walks away.

INT. MCCULLOUGH AND ASSOCIATES/OTHELLO'S OFFICE -- DAY

Othello sits at his desk when Lacey barges in.

LACEY

Mind explaining to me why I'm being told Ms. Gamble was seen leaving the building?

OTHELLO

What can I say? Headstrong she is, patient she is not. Reminds me a lot of you.

LACEY

Christ, O, if I have to do everything, why the hell do I need you?

OTHELLO

Because although you believe you're an omnipotent being; you're not. Besides, detaining her against her will is illegal.

LACEY

When has that ever stopped us?

She walks towards the door.

OTHELLO

Don't forget about drinks tonight at 7:00.

She exits.

INT. MCCULLOUGH AND ASSOCIATES/LOBBY -- DAY

Lacey, on her way out, walks by Sasha the receptionist.

LACEY

Up for a little O.T. tonight?

SASHA

Of course.

LACEY

Good. I'll text you the details.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

Vincent walks through the garage when flashing high beams get his attention.

INT. BRITNEY'S LAND ROVER -- DAY

Vincent gets into the passenger seat where Britney meets him.

VINCENT

So--

Britney kisses him, and climbs over to straddle him. They kiss and tear away each others clothes. No foreplay, straight to business.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

In the distance, Randall spies Britney's Land Rover as it rocks to and fro. The look on his face says it all...*he's furious.*

INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT -- DAY (DAWN)

Overlooking the city. Posh. Chelsea sits on an eclectic-oversized chair in front of the view with a laptop on her lap.

She strokes a few keys on the keyboard and pulls up an internet search for Lacey. She clicks on a few results which reveal facts about Lacey:

-- She was a track star in high school in Chicago.

-- She graduated top of her class from Harvard Law School.

-- She was one of the youngest lawyers to open a successful corporate law firm in Los Angeles.

-- She was given multiple humanitarian awards, some which were rescinded due to allegations of juror intimidation and tampering, which were eventually dropped.

-- Lacey received "Business woman of the year" from a popular magazine. With pictures of her with influential dignitaries, politicians, and celebrities.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Chelsea goes to the door and looks through the peephole. She cracks open the door to reveal Lacey on the other side.

LACEY

Ms. Gamble?

CHELSEA

What's it to you?

LACEY

Lacey McCullough. I apologize for keeping you waiting this morning. May I have a word?

Chelsea recognizes her.

CHELSEA

You have some fucking nerve coming here after the shit you and your people pulled.

LACEY

I must admit, my methods are a tad unorthodox to say the least, however, I only wanted to be certain I had your attention.

CHELSEA

You sure as shit have my attention. How do you know I won't just call the cops?

LACEY

Because if you truly are the type of woman I believe you to be and can become, you'll want to listen to what I have to say. I feel we have a lot to offer each other.

(off her hesitation)

Tell you what. If I have the holds removed, may we talk then?

She pulls out her phone and jabs at a few keys.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Done. Please, see for yourself.

Chelsea slams the door in Lacey's face. She grabs her phone and presses its keys.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY (DAWN)

Lacey waits. The door opens wide and she steps inside.

INT. SLOAN'S HOME/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Sloan sits in front of his television in his underwear.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

He springs to his feet and answers the door. Sasha awaits on the other side in a overcoat. She opens it, to reveal she's completely naked.

SASHA

Your pro bono begins now.

EXT. 87'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Lacey's Mercedes pulls up in front of a swanky restaurant. A VALET rushes to the car and opens the door for her.

VALET
Good evening, Ms. McCullough.

LACEY
Have they arrived?

VALET
Yes, ma'am.

INT. 87'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

BEGIN SLOW MO

The swankiness continues inside. High walls, leather booths, dim lights, and metallic accents. Customers mill about and eat.

Lacey catches the eyes of both men and women as she struts through the establishment.

LACEY (V.O.)
Contrary to what you may have heard, I do not consider myself a being of a higher power. I simply consider myself a knowledge connoisseur of sorts.

She enters through a door, tucked away in the back, leading to a....

PRIVATE LOUNGE

Lacey emerges into a large, fancy room. Othello, Aaron, Nora, and Britney relax in the modern furniture.

END SLOW MO

Othello pours a glass of wine and hands it to Lacey. She inspects the wine and takes a sip.

LACEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I absolutely love the nose of information, the subtle notes of facts, the smooth finish of a vintage dirty secret. He who owns the bottle of knowledge owns the masses, but she who owns the vineyard, owns the world.

INT. SLOAN'S HOME/BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sasha reverse-cowboy's Sloan's face and drops to a sixty nine position.

LACEY (V.O.)

People are walking, breathing,
grapes of information. You just
need to know where and how to poke,
prod, suck, lick, bite, spank,
squash, and stomp. That's where our
other clients come in.

INT. MCCULLOUGH AND ASSOCIATES/THE BOX -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

We are back with at the beginning as Client Sousa slides the penny across the table to Lacey and flips it over.

LACEY

As you wish.

Lacey retrieves a fancy touch screen remote and turns on the tv behind her. She slides the remote to Client Sousa.

He selects "BEGIN". The screen switches to a menu that simply says "MEN" and "WOMEN". He selects "WOMEN".

Another menu pops up full of pictures of women all ages and races. One thing is for certain, they are appear strangely dignified looking.

LACEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Information has a price and we pay
in pounds of flesh. This makes my
clients extremely loyal.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Randall sobs over Tahnee's bloody body. His clothes are bloody, a knife in his clutches.

INT. 87'S RESTAURANT/PRIVATE LOUNGE -- NIGHT

Lacey finishes off her glass.

OTHELLO

So, were you able to track down Ms.
Gamble?

LACEY

I was.

OTHELLO

And?

LACEY

We shall see. Nora, how much money did the Marzili's lose on that deal we pushed through with the local 58?

NORA

Not much. \$1,250,065. Give or take a dollar or two.

Lacey ponders.

AARON

What's rattling around up there?

LACEY

Othello, I need you and the twins to make a visit to Antonio Marzili tonight.

OTHELLO

Marzili? Are you sure?

LACEY

When am I not?

BRITNEY

What's going on?

LACEY

I'll explain later. Drink up. It's been a hell of a day.

They enjoy their glasses as Lacey ponders more.

LACEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In case you're wondering why this successful, young, intelligent, and powerful woman is willing to put everything she's built on the line and go through such extremes...well, you can't afford that information.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW