

COP

Seriously. You should consider it,
the force. Benefits are great and
you've got the constitution for it.

CAMILLE

We'll see. I've got a few more
years before my profession is
officially dead.

She gives him a quick smile as she walks off.

END

EXT. SAINT LOUIS POST DISPATCH -- DAY

A large, old building that towers above its neighbors.
Everything about it evokes nostalgia rather than urgency.

INT. SAINT LOUIS POST DISPATCH -- NEWSROOM -- DAY

Camille moves to her desk. Drops her stuff. Sees a note on
her computer:

"Come see me. C."

FYI

INT. SAINT LOUIS POST DISPATCH -- CURRY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Camille approaches the chief news editor's office. The door
is open, so she pushes her way in.

CURRY, 50's, works at his laptop. He's a big man who sweats
in the dead of winter. Half because of his size, half because
he's always either part drunk or part hung-over.

Curry's adopted the brash, barking manner of an old-school
newspaper editor. It suits his self-image, if not his actual
station. Behind the facade, however, is a generous heart.

Camille's his project, his fixer-upper. Which almost always
leaves her feeling like she's failing him.

Her manner with him is different than it was with the cop.
Here she is studied, trying for casual. But he knows.

The third-floor office is cluttered, with a large window that
mainly looks over the massive trunk of an old tree.

START

CAMILLE

Hey. I'm -- that double homicide on
Larimore. I was going to write it
up.

CURRY
Anything there?

CAMILLE
Could be a snuff thing, but that's
a long shot. I'll stay on top of
it.

CURRY
(nods/then)
Come on. Sit.

CAMILLE
Am I in trouble?

CURRY
(not unkind)
Always. But you don't need me to
tell you that.
(then)
Wind Gap. What's it like?

Camille blinks away a hint of alarm. Not what she expected
him to ask. Then dives in, eager to please:

CAMILLE
Well. Okay... It's at the very
bottom of Missouri, boot heel.
Spitting distance from Tennessee
and--

CURRY
I know where it *is*. I asked what
it's like.

CAMILLE
Small. Population's held at about
2000 for years. Only real industry
is hog butchering. So, the people,
you've got old money and trash...

CURRY
Which one are you?

CAMILLE
(wry)
Trash. From old money.

CURRY
And what the hell is going on?

Camille's caught. Confused.

CAMILLE

I... In Wind Gap or--

CURRY

Your mom's still there, right
Preaker?

CAMILLE

Mom. Stepdad. And they had a kid.
Have. I don't really know her.

CURRY

Well, Jesus, don't you ever talk to
them?

CAMILLE

Not if I can help it.

Curry takes this in. A hint of compassion crosses his
expression, but he shakes it off.

CURRY

Then read the wires, *Jesus Christ!*
There was a murder there last
August. Little girl got strangled.

CAMILLE

(a beat/stoic)
I didn't know.

CURRY

So you also don't know another
one's missing now. Might be a
serial. Get your ass down to that
heel or whatever and get me a
story.

(she doesn't move)
Now. Meaning *today*.

CAMILLE

We've got our share of murders
here, Curry. I don't see why--

CURRY

Because nobody else is covering it.
That piece, last year, in the
Tribune? Guy wrote about a killing
in his home town -- it made a huge
noise. Because it was personal.
People give a shit when you give a
shit.

CAMILLE

Curry. I'm not winning a Pulitzer
off Wind Gap--

CURRY

You're not winning a Pulitzer
because you're only half good at
writing. This could up that
percentage. And break big news.

(then)

If you hadn't noticed, we're
toiling in obscurity here and I,
for one, would like to toil *out* of
it. So get going.

Camille just sits there. Her hands gripping the arms of her
chair -- silent. Curry softens a little.

CURRY (CONT'D)

Look. If you can't, you can't. But
it might be good. Flush some stuff
out. Get you back on your feet...

Camille nods. Processing.

CURRY (CONT'D)

And it's a good story. Could be a
damn good story if you do it right.

CAMILLE

But no pressure.

CURRY

Life is pressure. Grow up.

OFF CAMILLE, taking this in. END

INT. CAMILLE'S BEDROOM -- SAINT LOUIS -- DAY

CLOSE ON A SMALL DUFFLE BAG

As Camille packs it with jeans, long-sleeved t-shirts, a
paperback off her bedside -- Raymond Carver's "What We Talk
About When We Talk About Love..."

She disappears into the bathroom. Comes out with a handful of
drug store toiletries. This is not a high-maintenance woman.
She dumps them into a side pocket.

Then she opens a grocery bag, full of items purchased for the
trip.