

CAMILLE

Thanks.

Camille nods to the bystander, moves off. **END**

We hang back, see Camille talk to the owner of the property. After a moment, she subtly passes a bill to the man. He nods.

**FYI** INT. HOTEL -- BEDROOM -- DAY

QUICK POPS:

\* Two bloodied, entwined naked bodies -- a white tattooed woman and a black man, both 30's. Meth addicts.

\* A splatter of blood across a stained and yellowed lamp shade.

\* The woman's head is tilted back, mouth agape -- her eyes closed and matted with blood. Her expression could be mistaken for erotic ecstasy.

\* A crime scene investigator takes a sample off a cheap SEX TOY.

\* The man's groin, shredded by bullet-fire.

ON CAMILLE

**START**

Who surveys the scene, her expression more fascinated than repulsed. A COP, 40's, sees her from across the room. He knows her and moves to her, only a little exasperated:

COP

Preaker--

Camille's a bit of a wiseass with the guy. She's good at this part of the job and they both know it.

CAMILLE

Mr. Lee, the owner, invited me in.  
You want to ask him?

COP

Naw. He's probably hoping more people get knocked off here, so he can scam another brick off you.

CAMILLE

(smiles a little)  
Half a brick.  
(then)

(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

They got nailed during the act,  
huh?

COP

Yeah. Meth heads, probably shot by  
the meth head husband -- or wife.  
Son of bitch got shot up the ass.  
(ruefully)  
Never thought I'd long for the good  
old days of crack.

Camille nods, but notices an investigator taking photos of  
part of the rug, untouched by blood. A TRIANGLE of  
indentations indicates a TRIPOD was there, facing the bed.

CAMILLE

So the camera was gone? Video?

The cop looks at her. Says, teasing and flirty:

COP

The force needs women, Camille.  
Wouldn't you like to work together?  
You and me? Same beat?

CAMILLE

(ignoring him)  
Some jealous lover just happens on  
these two making a tape of  
themselves fucking? And steals it?

COP

Jesus. They just got popped, like  
two hours ago. Who knows? Perp  
probably took the camera to pawn  
it.

CAMILLE

But it's possible the whole thing  
was filmed. The murders.

COP

We *don't know*. You can't print  
that.

CAMILLE

I'm not going to print it. I'm just  
saying. There are some sick shits  
out there. Pay for that stuff.

He looks at her. Her eyes almost greedy as they take in the  
debauched, gruesome tableau before them. Says more sincerely:

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."

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.

CAMILLE

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