

EXT. THE GANG-PLANK BAR - DAY

Establishing. The Baltimore water front. A crusty bar overlooking the bay.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight slashes blinds revealing a place that is wrong during the day. JIMMY, a beefy bartender, takes stock of the liquor while RACHEL sits in a dark booth.

DEAN (O.S.)

Rachel?

RACHEL looks up...

RACHEL

Good. You're just what I need right now.

DEAN

You got a minute?

RACHEL

(getting up)

It's really not a good idea for me to be seen with you.

DEAN

Who's doing this?

RACHEL

I gotta go.

DEAN

(blocking the door)

Will you hang on just a second.

JERRY

Rachel? There a problem?

She looks at DEAN for a moment...

RACHEL

No. No problem.

(to DEAN)

Outside.

EXT. HARBOR CENTER - DAY

CLOSE ON a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA on a pole, sweeping, making automatic lens corrections.

RACHEL (O.S.)

There's a lot of people asking questions about you and me.

We drift down to the harbor walkway, a greenbelt with quaint hotels and bars on one side, Chesapeake Bay on the other. DEAN and RACHEL are strolling the walk.

DEAN

I know.

RACHEL

The IRS contacted me this morning. They say my lifestyle and receipts exceed my income.

DEAN

You being audited?

RACHEL

For the last four years.

DEAN

My firm'll represent you. Free of charge.

RACHEL

You don't work there anymore, Bobby.

DEAN

That's temporary.

RACHEL

Bullshit.

DEAN

Rachel--

RACHEL

We're screwed.

DEAN

I'm gonna fix it.

RACHEL

How?

DEAN

Tell me about Brill.

INT. A ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A TECHNICIAN eyes a recorder spin as a monitor shows a live feed from the park.

RACHEL (O.S.)

(through headphones)

I can't.

DEAN

(through headphones)

You have to.

RACHEL
(through headphones)
I've never met him?

DEAN
(through headphones)
Goddammit, Rachel, you assured me--

EXT. THE PARK - CONTINUOUS

DEAN and RACHEL on their stroll--

RACHEL
Fuck you. When you needed
information, I got it. You didn't
care how.

DEAN
I did care how.

RACHEL
This conversation's over.

DEAN
What're you gonna do, Rachel? You
gonna sit in a bar in Baltimore?
You want your job back? You want a
life?

RACHEL
I don't have a life, Bobby. I'm in
love with a married man.

DEAN
I'm sorry about that.

RACHEL
What makes you think it's you?

DEAN
It's not me?

RACHEL
You're a moron, you know that?

DEAN
Yeah.

DEAN smiles...and after a moment, so does RACHEL.

RACHEL
When I need to reach Brill, I chalk
the mailbox on 14th and Main.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

RACHEL is walking to the mailbox. She casually slashes the box with chalk and drops a letter inside.

RACHEL (V.O.)

When he sees the mark, he knows there's a drop. The location's always the same.