

# CASEY

21

INT. LAUREL CANYON BUNGALOW - KITCHEN -- MORNING

23

skat  
→ CASEY -- 24, bouncy, hip, jacked up with exhaustion -- rushes into the kitchen, carrying sides (schedule and script pages, in miniature) and a Whole Foods plastic bag. Yelling:

CASEY  
Jane? I'm here, what's with the  
Impala in the driveway?  
(spotting Ali)  
Sister mother!

Ali stares at her, confused. Casey envelopes Ali in a hug.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
See, I figure that Jane's like my  
mother, and you're like her sister --

Ali pulls away. Jane hurries into the kitchen.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
That sounded super-commune, didn't  
it. My bad.

Jane enters. Handing Jane her sides:

CONTINUED:

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Twelve scenes, four unit moves,  
three cameras, we've probably got a  
partridge in a pear tree.  
(unloading the bag, to Ali)  
Nice scene last night, by the way.  
Came in at four in the morning, I  
honestly don't know how she does it.

Silent, Bird and Buddy enter the kitchen. Oblivious, back to the cops, Casey starts to line up supplies on the counter.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Vitamins. 40-plus, one a day.  
Playtex, a few celebrity mags, I  
know you don't read that trash, but  
whatever, it's petty cash --

ALI  
Jane's actually going to need to be  
home today. ~~If you could call the  
production office --~~

Casey turns. Stares at Bird and Buddy, alarmed.

10 DAYS

1-1

# CASEY

SC 2

INT. CASEY'S PRODUCTION CAR -- DAY

43.

Casey's driving. Jane stares out the window. Palm trees flash past. Folding a parking ticket into an accordion:

got y

JANE

Ornamental. Non-native. No fruit, no shade, all they do is suck up water.

CASEY

What?

JANE

Palm trees.

Jane leans her forehead against the window. Casey exhales.

CASEY

You know that I love your daughter, right? I do, I've spent the last six months of my life, in her life --

JANE

She would have called out. And I would have heard her.

Casey pulls into the LAPD HQ. Low, strangely harsh:

CASEY

Not if you were in the Bat Cave. Three in the morning, drinking wine, cranking out yet another scene --

Jane turns to Casey, surprised. But before she can respond, there's a RAP on the window. **BRYCE** -- mid-20s, suit, buff -- points, brisk. Casey turns the wheel.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Okay, asshole. I got it.

Casey pulls into a Visitor's spot. Jane gets out of the car. Bryce hurries over, holding out his hand.

BRYCE

Ms. Sadler, I'm so sorry for...

His voice trails off. Jane stares at him.

~~Casey joins them. Taking Jane's arm, gentle:~~

Casey joins them. Taking Jane's arm, gentle:

CASEY

Can you just take us up?

10 DAYS

1-1

# CASEY

23

54 EXT. PETE'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - BALCONY -- NIGHT

Out on his balcony, Pete's staring out at a very similar view. Gripping a hot mug of STEAMING tea. LIGHTS for miles. A KEY turns in the lock inside. He doesn't move.

Start →

CASEY (O.S.)

Pete?

Casey (aka KC, aka Kathryn Collins) -- Jane's assistant -- hurries onto the balcony.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Hey. You okay?

He shakes his head. Stepping forward, she wraps Pete in her arms. Holding her close, kissing her hair:

PETE

I'm just glad you're here.

CASEY

Yeah. Me too. Look, I told them what you said. When they called. Said I was here till 4.

PETE

You were.

CASEY

Baby. I left at 1:30, remember?  
(pulls back, panicky)  
Jane still doesn't know, right? I mean, she didn't ask me anything, so I didn't tell her --

PETE

Honey. She barely even knows your name.

CASEY

Cops said they need to talk to me in person. Maybe even tonight.

Casey shudders. Pete pulls her close, kisses her, soft.

PETE

Hey. It's going to be all right. We've just got to stick together.

CASEY

What does that even mean?

PETE

It means you left at 4.

Casey gazes up at him. After a beat, she nods.

10 DAYS

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