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# Perfect Stranger

By Todd Komarnicki

-Here you go, miss.

-Thank you.

Step through, please.

Open your laptop, please.

I guess people take their computers  
with them everywhere nowadays.

Security blanket.

Lucky blanket.

Next.

Wow, even answer your own door,  
senator.

-I'm impressed.

-Front-porch mentality.

I like to know who's visiting.

Plus, my secretary, Laura,  
just stepped out for an early lunch.

Caroline Eldridge from

Family First is visiting.

You're early. I like that. Come in.

-Let's take the sofa.

-Okay.

Hope you don't mind if I take  
this out.

My hard drive is now officially  
my only source of memory...

...and I wanna get all those  
old-fashioned values down accurately.

Now, as you know, we're putting  
together our Family First brochure...

...and we've got pictures  
that we could use captions for.

-Fire away.

-Okay.

Let's start with this one.

That's me and some of the staff  
in the Gulf of Mexico after Katrina.

Heartbreaking stuff.

Okay.

**Let's call this:**

"Senator Sachs and staff  
lend a hand in hurricane relief.

-Good.

-How about that?

That's one of my former interns...  
...Josh.  
Must have been taken his last day  
of work.

**Let's call it:**

- "Intern program a success."  
- Okay.  
Met a lot of good kids that way.  
I'll bet.  
How about that one?  
Wait, let me try.  
"Intern program has fringe benefits"?  
Let's see.  
- Let's call it "extramarital Sachs."  
- Who are you?  
Someone who thinks it's a bit  
hypocritical for the past two years...  
...you've tried to limit the civil rights  
of gay individuals...  
- ...while being gay yourself.  
- Lady--  
Preach family first  
as if there's one kind of family.  
I don't know what you think you got  
but let me explain something to you.  
What I've got is a signed statement  
by Josh.  
We've got canceled checks and  
he's ready to turn over the love notes.  
- Laura.  
- Out to lunch, remember?  
It's gonna be your word against his.  
We're running his tomorrow.  
I work for David Shane  
at the New York Courier.  
Jesus Christ.  
Josh came to us seven  
months ago...  
...and thought we'd be interested  
in knowing...  
...that he's not the only handsome  
skeleton in your closet.  
So we thought we'd give you

an opportunity to respond.  
Anything you want.  
I will give you anything  
that you want.  
Anything.  
I will give-- I will give you anything  
that you want.  
Anything.  
You just did, senator.  
You just did.  
Tell me you got that, Miles.  
Please tell me you got that.  
I got it, you psychopath.  
Jump on the shuttle,  
get down to the paper.  
And we'll get fantastically,  
exceedingly drunk.  
I will give you anything that you want,  
anything.  
One more time.  
You transmitted from D.C.  
And recorded in New York.  
-Go to Legal. It'll check.  
-I intend to.  
Also we need to clear  
the quote from the intern.  
He's at home waiting for the call.  
This your headline, David Shane?  
Yep.  
We'll be at Chumley's...  
...ordering copious amounts of drinks  
on this paper.  
God, I love this job.  
Hey, hey. To David Shane.  
May this article bring you  
all the prizes you deserve.  
Fame, alcoholism,  
rehab, relapse, rehab.  
When you win the Pulitzer,  
don't forget the little people.  
Oh, fuck the little people.  
Hey, you're empty. You buy, I fly.  
Excuse me, sweetheart.  
Careful, Ro. Next round he might aim

for your lips.

Mr. Arvis Narron.

What kind of name is Arvis?

Family name.

Story's been pulled, Ro.

Somebody got to your intern.

Made him clam up.

My guess is somebody with lots  
of zeroes.

What?

Well...

...I'm just gonna go call him.

You'll get his lawyer,  
just like we did.

Do you know I've been working  
on this story for six months?

Six.

Take a couple weeks off.

You've earned the break.

I'm gonna go back to the office  
right now.

This guy's got a stack  
of interns, trust me.

Kolski wants you to take  
a couple of weeks off.

That's not a request.

Okay, wait, hold up.

Please tell me...

...you're not saying because the paper  
endorsed Sachs' last campaign...

...that he's off-limits now.

Please tell me that is not  
what you're saying.

-What's up, Narron?

-Get this, Miles.

Tomorrow's headline:

"Free Press Dead."

Kolski wants to shut me down  
because I went after the senator.

Does it ever get to you, Narron?

The idea that we're supposed to be  
reporting the news not covering it up?

Like we couldn't show the dead  
bodies coming back from Iraq.

If you don't see it,  
means it never happened.  
Your source ran dry.  
-My source didn't run dry.  
-You can't try to cover up--  
My source was paid off.  
This is a good story, Narron.  
The story's dead.  
Classic.  
Powerful men  
protecting powerful men.  
I backed you when you wanted  
anonymity...  
...when you wanted to write under  
an old boy's name.  
This is not the first time you shut me  
down but this is definitely the last.  
So you tell Kolski keep his paid  
vacation because I fucking quit.  
Taxi. Hey.  
Rowena?  
Rowena. Wait up.  
Wait. Wait.  
Fuck.  
-Rowena.  
-Grace. Shit, you scared me.  
You didn't return my phone calls.  
Well, yeah, I've been pretty busy  
working out of town.  
Oh, yeah. The Senator Sachs scandal.  
Don't worry. I didn't tell anyone.  
Besides, I got a better story for you.  
It's about Harrison Hill.  
-Come on.  
-We met online.  
We did.  
He was giving a Q and A, I e-mailed  
him and told him how great it was.  
You know, stroke a man's dick  
and you get him for one night.  
Stroke his ego,  
you get him for life, huh?  
Yeah, we sort of struck up  
a friendship online...

...but I could tell that he liked me.  
So I decided to come to New York  
and accidentally bump into him.  
I knew about his fundraiser,  
so I bought a ticket...  
...walked right up to him and said,  
"Harrison, it's Fast Filly."'  
I thought he was gonna be angry.  
But instead, he's turned on by it.  
He likes the balls of it.  
"Stick around," he says.  
Couple hours later, we're doing it  
in his Beemer, his hotel suite.  
He keeps one, creep.  
What happened to Chuck?  
We're fighting more  
than we're fucking.  
Anyway, I get back to Philly,  
our online stuff gets pretty hot.  
He misses me.  
I mean, he practically begs me  
to move here.  
So I check out apartments  
and agencies...  
...and I wanna tell him, you know,  
I'm really excited.  
But suddenly,  
I can't get ahold of him.  
I mean, I sent him a million e-mails  
and he just cuts me off.  
Cold. Fucker.  
I know where Hill lives.  
I've seen his Armani wife.  
He has no idea what I can do  
to him.  
What is it you want from me this time,  
Grace?  
Actions have consequences, Ro.  
You can't just forget people.  
Bury them and pretend like  
they never existed.  
It always comes back to haunt you.  
I wonder what Hill would think if David  
Shane publishes a few of his e-mails?

I'm sure the wife would find them interesting.  
Take them. Read them.  
Because I'm about an inch away from ringing this guy's doorbell.  
Regards to your mother.  
I know where Hill lives.  
I've seen his Armani wife.  
He has no idea what I can do to him.  
To David Shane. May this article bring you all the prizes you deserve.  
And when you win the Pulitzer, don't forget the little people.  
Here comes the beep.  
you know what to do.  
Hey, Ro, it's Miles, again.  
I've been calling for like a week.  
Are you looking for a job?  
If you are, come on, take me with you.  
Guess what,  
my sister had a boy, Fletcher.  
How cool is that? I fly home in an hour. Call me later, please.  
I hate Narron too.  
Narron's a dick. Bye.  
Here comes the beep.  
you know what to do.  
Ro, it's Elizabeth Clayton.  
Grace's mother.  
-I need help.  
-Elizabeth.  
-Hi.  
-Ro? It's Grace.  
She's missing. They started calling from her agency last week.  
She goes to New York a lot and I thought maybe she contacted you.  
It's just that I filed a missing person's report.  
A woman drowned in New York.  
- They asked for dental records.  
-Elizabeth, hang on a second.  
-I saw Grace last week.



-Oh, thank God.  
-Spare yourself a trip.  
-But if it is-- If I weren't there--  
I know half the people at the city  
morgue. This is not Grace, I promise.  
I'll call you when I get back.  
Hi, I'm Rowena Price.  
Here to ID a body.  
Whoever did this tried to weigh  
the body down.  
Amateur move.  
-Why is that?  
-Didn't work.  
Fair warning.  
This isn't pretty.  
We're guessing an anchor...  
...or some sharp metal debris  
ripped off the face and neck.  
So we're hoping that you could  
identify something else.  
She has a birthmark, scars...  
...and it looks like a tattoo--  
Hi, Rowena.  
Do you wanna play?  
Well, are you coming?  
Let's go around back.  
I live up there.  
you do everything you can to protect  
your children.  
Right schools, right opportunities.  
But it's all an illusion.  
Nobody's safe.  
Who would do this to my daughter?  
We're gonna find out, Mrs. Clayton.  
Do you mind if I ask you  
a few questions?  
-Can you excuse us?  
-No. She's a friend of the family.  
Do you know if your daughter  
had been seeing anyone?  
Yeah.  
Chuck. Chuck Freeman.  
But they'd been having trouble.  
Yeah, she told me that too.

I ran into her on the subway  
last week...  
...she mentioned  
that they were having fights.  
Was that the last time you saw her?  
Yeah.  
I mean, I tried to call her, but she was  
in the middle of something, and....  
Well, I wish now I had tried  
a little bit harder.  
Oh, I know, honey.  
They knew each other  
since they were kids.  
You were so close, you two,  
especially after your father--  
Yeah, I know.  
Well, you were always so good to me  
and my mother.  
So was Grace.  
Mrs. Clayton, we're gonna need you  
to sign some papers downstairs.  
Certainly.  
I'll be just a minute.  
Ro.  
You know, Grace was so proud  
of you.  
She saved all your articles.  
She bragged about you.  
How did she know  
that I was David Shane?  
I assumed you told her.  
I probably did.  
Thank you.  
The police are gonna find out  
exactly who did this.  
I'll make sure they do.  
Thank you, honey.  
Hey.  
Hey, Miles.  
Let me get the key.  
I'm usually a key-above-the-door  
kind of guy.  
-Hey, Miles.  
-Yeah.

When was the last time  
you saw Grace?  
Oh, God, you know me  
and dates, l--  
All right, well, roughly. A week?  
A month? A year?  
Five years? What?  
Yeah, something like that. Why?  
Because.  
Just because I cut somebody out  
of my life...  
...doesn't mean I expect you  
to cut them out of yours.  
-Well, maybe you do.  
-All right, maybe I do.  
-Why you got to keep it a secret?  
-We exchanged e-mails...  
...a couple times. I was only nice to  
her because she was a friend of yours.  
So you told her I was David Shane?  
Yeah. Busted.  
Could you be serious for five  
fucking minutes?  
I'll bet you told her  
about Senator Sachs too, didn't you?  
I stopped associating with her  
when she fucked your boyfriend.  
Ask him who told her.  
You need to stay in your own  
fucking lane, that's what I think.  
You just better leave Cam out of it.  
I mean it, Miles.  
Ro, I'm sorry.  
I was being insensitive.  
Ro, I'm sorry.  
It's just-- I was the one  
who was left picking up the pieces...  
...after Grace and Cameron  
tore you apart and l-- And l--  
Yeah. So, what do the police say?  
They're chasing a lead on some guy  
she was dating in Philly.  
But I have another idea.  
Why's that?

Because I saw Grace last week.  
Oh, I'm the one  
who's keeping secrets?  
She wanted me to chase down  
Harrison Hill.  
Harrison Hill, Harrison Hill?  
Yes, that Harrison Hill.  
Here, take a look at this.  
She was threatening  
to go to his wife.  
Apparently, they met online  
in July...  
...and had one hell of a weekend  
in September.  
I mean, that's assuming  
he is ADEX.  
-Wait. Who? Who?  
-ADEX.  
The guy she's been e-mailing,  
ADEX.  
I mean, it tracks.  
Harrison Hill owns...  
...the biggest ad agency  
in New York City?  
"I'm gonna fuck you so hard,  
I'm gonna split you in half."  
Oh, my.  
Oh, my God.  
Wait a minute, Ro.  
This is not a story.  
Miles, I would love, love, love to get  
my hands on the rest of these e-mails.  
Because the way I see it, Grace was  
fucking Hill, he dumped her...  
...she got pissed, threatened to go  
to the wife, and she wound up dead.  
I mean, come on.  
-It's simple, that's it.  
-This is Harrison Hill.  
If he wanted somebody dead,  
he won't do it him--  
-That's just the first of all.  
-She was stalking the guy.  
She sent him a million e-mails.

She probably even went to his house.  
Who knows?  
All it takes to commit a murder...  
...are the right ingredients  
at the right time.  
Son of a bitch.  
-Hey, where are you?  
-G.W. Bridge.  
Why? What's up?  
I got into Grace's Hotmail account.  
It's her main one.  
There's a shitload of guys in there,  
by the way.  
But none of them are ADEX.  
But that's not the account  
I gave you, Miles.  
Well, hold on. And then I looked at her  
other account, FastFilly@iol.com...  
...and guess who's all up in her box?  
ADEX. Ro.  
-Yeah?  
-You got to read some of this shit.  
I wanna read it all, Miles.  
Okay. So, I'm gonna bring over  
everything after work.  
And, Ro, we still don't know  
that ADEX is Hill.  
And we still don't know  
that he's not.  
Yeah.  
Hey, your dinner's getting warm.  
Hold it.  
Can I just say for the record, wow.  
Can I also say that's just a ridiculous  
outfit to be wearing for takeout?  
Well, I didn't know  
you were bringing takeout.  
Well, I didn't know you had a date.  
-Oh, God.  
-Who's the...?  
Who's the lucky guy?  
Can we just look at the e-mails,  
please?  
Sure. Yeah. Here, here.

Have a seat.  
Okay.  
So yeah.  
You told me that Grace wanted you  
to threaten Hill.  
Well, she was doing it without you  
for a while. Listen. This, this--  
This e-mail's a week old  
and it's her last one.  
"Harrison, if you don't," capital,  
"pay attention to me...  
...you're going to," capital,  
"pay the price.  
I'm in the city  
and I know your wife's away.  
Meet with me now,  
or I'll meet with her later."  
So Grace knew that the wife  
was out of town.  
You're going under the assumption  
that Grace actually knew...  
...what she was talking about,  
which is a mistake.  
By the way, even though she calls  
ADEX Harrison...  
...it doesn't prove that it's Harrison  
Hill. It's not proof enough to print.  
Okay. So how do we prove it?  
Well, technically we can't prove it...  
...but if we can get ADEX  
to send us an e-mail...  
...I can tail it, jimmy the lock, and then  
take a closer look into his account.  
You are amazing.  
I love you, man.  
This is just such an obstruction  
of justice.  
No, no, no.  
This is the pursuit of justice.  
I'll make you a deal.  
We get anything concrete on Hill...  
...we'll go to the cops  
and to Narron on the same day.  
They get their man.

We get our story.  
But even if ADEX turns out  
to be Hill...  
...it's not a crime to chat nor cheat.  
But it is a crime to be walking out  
on a feast like this in that outfit.  
And yet, I have to because I'm late.  
So you finish up.  
I'll see you tomorrow.  
Shut the door. It locks by itself.  
Have fun.  
Harrison Hill.  
Oh, there you are.  
Cam.  
-Oh, Cam.  
-Come here.  
-You are naughty.  
-Come on.  
Come here.  
Oh, yeah.  
Yeah.  
-You like that?  
-Yes, baby.  
Oh, come on. Say it.  
Yeah, oh, yeah.  
You like it? You like that?  
Yeah, good.  
I need to get closer to Hill.  
Hello, Miles. How are you?  
Fine. you? Thanks.  
Hello, Miles. How are you?  
Fine. You?  
Okay, I need to get closer to Hill.  
Close as you got to Cam last night?  
It's a little soon to be going  
on dates with Grace's ex.  
Oh, I'm sorry, your ex.  
Are you fucking spying on me now?  
No. A friend of mine saw you  
two last night.  
And he said it looked friendly.  
What? You get him by default?  
Well, not that I owe you or  
your friend an explanation.

I wanted to see Cam. Somebody  
had to tell him about Grace.  
Well, I guess we all  
grieve differently.  
You know what, Miles? Forget it.  
If you don't wanna help me,  
Terry wouldn't mind.  
He's been dying to get  
into research.  
Oh, Terry couldn't find his ass  
with both hands and his ass.  
All right, fine, fine, fine.  
I'll play nice.  
Okay. Good.  
While you look around  
in cyberspace...  
...I need to be looking around  
at my new job...  
...that you, clever friend,  
are going to get me.  
Oh, God love you.  
Something temporary.  
Easy in, easy out. Can you do that?  
Does a bear shit in the woods?  
H2A's got a blade server...  
...that gives more entry points  
than a college girl at Mardi Gras.  
I'll access the needs list they send  
to temp agencies.  
Shouldn't be too hard.  
There's always openings.  
-And, hey, wear something sexy.  
-What?  
You need to bait the hook.  
Just make sure I'm working for Hill.  
yeah, your new name  
will be Katherine Pogue.  
I choose my own names.  
Well, tough. I had a crush on a girl  
in high school named Katherine.  
It's an homage.  
-Going to H2A.  
-H2A.  
Hill's a Jersey native who slipped



and fell into a big pile of money...

-... when he married--

-Mia Rheinhardt Hill.

She's also the daughter of Max Rheinhardt, principal owner of H2A.

-There you go.

-Thank you.

Now, if you'll follow me.

Hard to separate a man from his wife's money.

Money is the root of all evil, Miles.

Check your scriptures.

Love of money is the root of all evil, Ro.

Love.

We have a new temp.

Her name is Katherine Pogue.

-Hi.

-Hi.

Thank you. I'll show you to your desk.

And press 9 to get out, I'll be right across from you. You shouldn't have a problem finding me.

Katherine, we need a coffee setup in Conference Room A.

-Will I be working for Mr. Hill?

-No.

I'm working for Mr. Hill.

You're working for me.

And you'd better roll up your sleeves.

We are short-staffed this week.

Sensational, Harrison. Really.

Spectacular.

I hear you're thinking about opening in Amsterdam, by the way.

-Yes, we did. In April.

-Really?

Excuse me, Mr. Hill.

Mr. Kirschenbaum's car is downstairs

**and your 2:**

Thanks, Esmeralda.

-I'll walk you out, Jon.

-Great. Thanks.  
You're doing well.  
I'm very proud of you.  
I couldn't have done it without you.  
I learned from the best.  
-I appreciate it.  
-Thanks for coming by.  
Listen, this is probably  
just bullshit...  
...but one of my guys heard that a  
couple of your execs were in Canton...  
...sniffing around  
my Reebok account.  
If you're sure it's bullshit,  
why are you asking me?  
Because they heard about it  
from inside your agency.  
I just don't want you to make that kind  
of mistake, Harrison.  
I've been representing Reebok  
for 11 years.  
They're my main account.  
They're not gonna jump ship for your  
smile and some downtown hype.  
Eat or be eaten. Right, Jon?  
Isn't that what you always told me?  
Now, you left the Reebok account out  
on the table.  
If I didn't pick it up, someone else  
was going to and you know that.  
Ten years ago you wouldn't have let  
this happen. You fumbled the ball.  
You really are that stupid.  
Give my regards to Vanessa.  
Esmeralda.  
We have a leak to  
Kirschenbaum and Bond.  
I wanna find out who the fuck it is.  
Right now.  
Hold the door, please.  
-Wait. Thank you.  
-That was close.  
Harrison, will you be attending  
the Victoria's Secret meeting tonight?

I was hoping maybe I could catch  
a ride.

-Yeah, I think I'll be going.

-Okay.

Keep the meter running.

We can go now.

Rowena.

Rowena.

Rowena.

Got you.

You know how much

Daddy likes bath time.

We have a Victoria's Secret  
party tonight.

-Good morning, Esmeralda.

-Good morning, Katherine.

Two hundred guests,

Five items per bag. Have fun.

-Miles, what? I'm at work.

-Well, it wasn't just a drowning.

She was poisoned.

She had a hole in her gut the size  
of a fruit bowl.

Oh, come on.

No, that's a direct quote  
from the examiner's office.

The killer also put it in her eyes...  
...which is weird.

Ro, they haven't announced it yet...  
...but Grace was pregnant.

She was in her first trimester.

Hello. I'm Gina.

-Ro?

-Katherine Pogue, are you in here?

Oh, there you are.

I could tell you Victoria's secret,  
but then I'd have to kill you.

-Clever, huh?

-Yeah.

Mr. Hill came up with it for the  
"Very Sexy Collection" launch.

Very sexy.

And in a rainbow of colors.

Here, keep a few for the home fires.

I know a pretty girl like you  
has a boyfriend.

-No.

-Girlfriend?

-Pets?

-No.

Well, we've got some  
local talent here.

I'll say. What's up with Hill?

He's interesting.

Married.

Rumor is, and you didn't hear it  
from me...

...he had a couple of interoffice flings  
a few years back, led to lawsuits.

Paid a lot of money  
to make them go away.

That's when he got his front girl  
to run interference.

That would be Josie.

Or, if you get on her bad side,  
Cujosie.

She's his gatekeeper.

His walking hard drive.

So he never forgets a name,  
an account, an enemy.

No one gets to him now  
without going through her.

Let me guess, he's done her too,  
right?

Oh, no. No.

She'd be more interested in you than  
in him, if you catch my heavy drift.

I think I do.

She's his watchdog, not his bitch.

-The guy's reformed, unfortunately.

-Right.

His wife's all over him.

She's got eyes in the back  
of your head.

Trust me.

She finds him cheating,  
she and her money are out the door.

See Jesse Drake over there?

He had this blond temp last fall  
could melt butter.  
Her name was Veronica.  
One day, the boss's wife comes in...  
...sees Mr. H and Veronica talking  
close over the Sparkletts...  
...the next day the temp's toast.  
The boy's been leashed.  
But since I have it on good authority  
he's into some very kinky shit.  
He probably likes the tight collar.  
I'd let him give me a little spank.  
-Did I just say that out loud?  
-You're sick.  
Sorry.  
I didn't mean to scare you.  
Sorry.  
You're Katherine, right?  
And you're Harrison Hill, the boss.  
Yes.  
It's good to be the boss.  
Yeah.  
So I'll see you at the party tonight,  
Katherine.  
Here we go.  
On behalf of Victoria's Secret, I would  
like to thank our very special angel...  
...Harrison Hill, for making us  
sexier than ever.  
Harrison.  
I have no idea how we could  
possibly make...  
...you look any sexier than you do  
tonight, Heidi.  
Thank you so very much.  
I'd just like to raise a glass  
to everyone at Victoria's Secret...  
...and all my people at H2A...  
...for making this  
a successful campaign...  
...a Very Sexy Collection  
is H2A's most sexful--  
Succsexf--  
We did really good

with this campaign.  
Happy Valentine's Day.  
God bless you.  
Thank you. Good night.  
So is part of the torture the fact  
we get to watch all this fun?  
Are you kidding me?  
We got the best seats in the house.  
Okay, see the guy with the bad  
combover standing by the statues?  
Bob Milstein, Accounting.  
He may look unlucky in love.  
He recently nailed Kay Rolands,  
Sales...  
...the giant standing by the shrimp.  
-Corporate America, ain't it grand?  
-One big happy family, eh?  
Who's the loud-laughing brunette?  
The one that looks a little tipsy.  
Oh, Bethany Lee, account manager.  
Long legs, perfect teeth,  
may they rot in hell.  
A few years back  
there was chatter...  
...she and Mr. Hill were going over  
more than just the company numbers.  
-Really?  
-Yeah.  
But that was before the lawsuits,  
before Cujosie...  
...and before the wife  
started paying attention.  
Now it's all hugs and kisses  
and they're going to fertility clinics.  
I think her oven's on the fritz.  
Is there anything you don't know,  
Gina?  
No.  
I don't get it. Mrs. Hill is pretty.  
I mean, she's really pretty.  
Show me a beautiful woman, I'll show  
you a man who's tired of fucking her.  
-Nice, Gina.  
-What? I've got brothers.

Hi.  
Hey.  
You're embarrassing him  
and yourself.  
Okay, I'll be better.  
His wife is out there.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Here's money for a cab.  
Come on.  
-He'll call me, right?  
-Good night, Bethany, good night.  
I told you already, Narron, I quit.  
I figured two weeks was enough  
to let you cool off.  
I gotta go.  
I'm sorry about the senator, Ro,  
but I can't lose you.  
-David Shane is this paper's star.  
-You don't bench a star, Narron.  
There will always be powerful people  
covering things up, Ro...  
...at every paper, in every city.  
It's called editorializing  
and it's a reality.  
Don't give up  
because one son of a bitch...  
...pulled some strings at the paper  
and silenced your source.  
Rest up, come back...  
...and nail the next son of a bitch.  
Maybe.  
So I set up your lol account,  
but you're gonna need a name.  
How about Rocket?  
That was my nickname  
from college.  
Are you sure you don't wanna be  
"Hot Bitch on Wheels"?  
No, I'm kidding.  
All right, Rocket, Rocket, "Rocketgirl."  
A little sexier than  
DShane@NYCourier.com.  
So I put ADEX...

...into your friends file  
and as a little extra added bonus...  
...your computer has a few things  
to say. Listen, this is good.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
-Translation?  
-Let me guess.  
Miles is sexy?  
-You think so?  
-And I need this, why?  
Because it's fucking radical.  
Every time you get an LM,  
you'll have a voice to match.  
I don't want my computer talking.  
I don't want it saying:  
-"Miles is sexy."  
-I'll just give an audio to Hill.  
I sampled his voice  
from some streaming video.  
-You don't mind if Hill talks?  
-Do I have a choice?  
No.  
So, what's he like up close  
and personal?  
Well, tell you one thing,  
there's more to the guy than you think.  
You should check out his offices.  
Go online, take the tour.  
You'll see. It's outrageous.  
Sick. Just what you'd like.  
Oh, you know what, by the way,  
I did find something out. Apparently...  
...Hill has squashed a couple  
of sexual harassment suits.  
-Could you chase the money trail?  
-Yeah, well...  
...I guess he's a likely  
candidate for that.  
No, not really.  
He's now got this gorgeous  
Amazonian woman...  
-...that does all the dirty work.  
-Oh, really? Is she hot?



Yes.  
She's very hot.  
She's also a lesbian.  
Bastard.  
All right, so seeing  
that you're a chat-room virgin....  
-Big deal, I'm a chat-room virgin.  
-No, I think it's a compliment.  
I think you should practice  
online flirting.  
-Why would I want to do that?  
-Because you'll tell a perfect stranger...  
...something you won't tell your best  
friend. Especially if you're anonymous.  
You should know that,  
Mr. David Shane.  
Oh, by the way, I got a dollar that  
says Hill's not our guy.  
We got a pregnant Grace,  
threatening to go to the wife, right?  
-Yeah.  
-Okay, but meanwhile, the wife...  
...is busy trying to haul Hill off  
to a fertility clinic.  
And let's not forget the most  
important part, the wife is the money.  
-Yeah.  
-I don't know.  
That's motive on a big stick.  
-Motive on a big stick?  
-That's what I said.  
So I'll take your bet.  
Game on.  
Welcome to chat.  
"Trublu?" Okay.  
Welcome.  
"Haven't seen you around."  
New to this. Who are you?  
Hello, Neil, I'm Tiffany.  
Okay, Trublu, let's go.  
How do you imagine me?  
"Long blond hair, longer legs--"  
Really close.  
Welcome.

"When you said you were getting off,  
I didn't know you meant literally."

Leave me alone.

I haven't contacted him.

"I did on his--"

-Hello.

-Okay, look, this isn't funny.

-You're taking advantage of me.

-This is exactly what we talked about.

Once he responds,

I get past his firewall.

It's the price of admission.

I wrote, "Dear Harrison...

...the answers are: Great sex,  
cheap beer, the Rolling Stones."

-What?

-Come on.

We got to push his buttons. By the  
way, I sent it from your account.

Oh, shit. He's on.

-There he is. Let me drive.

-He's on, Miles, he's on.

-Wait. Wait, wait, wait. Miles.

-Harrison--

-What are you doing?

-Nice to hear from you.

Miles, you're typing for me?

-It's a riddle.

-Miles. Stop it.

-Miles, stop it.

-All right, fine. Fine. Fine.

I'm through the firewall into ADEX's  
account. He's all yours.

Miles, you bastard.

-What's your name?

-Shit.

Veronica.

What color is your hair?

Blond.

Dirty.

I like dirty.

Filthy.

I'd like to get a fistful.

Are you turned on?

I am.  
Fucker.  
I should go.  
But you just warmed me up.  
Yeah. Don't blueball the guy.  
"Yeah, Ro. Don't blueball the guy."  
-I'll be back. Bye.  
-Goodbye.  
Would you quit spying on me,  
you fuck?  
You are officially in the way  
of how I work and I'm not having it.  
-It's Hill. We can prove it now.  
-Don't send e-mails on my behalf.  
And do not speak for me in any way.  
How about, "Thank you, Miles,  
for your subversive genius"?  
Thank you. Bye.  
Good morning, H2A.  
May I help you?  
-Hey, good morning.  
-How are you?  
Good morning, H2A.  
Hello.  
"What happened to you last night?"  
Morning.  
"Tiffany? Veronica?"  
Katherine.  
You forgot to fill out your 1-9.  
Okay.  
I told Human Resources  
I'd run it right back over there...  
...now.  
Okay, well, I'll just fill this out.  
-You looking for permanent work?  
-Always.  
Where have you temped?  
I don't know. Got a phone book?  
Yes, I do.  
Okay.  
Zaffman, Meyer and Pearce, l.P.E.--  
-I love the new building.  
-Great bathrooms.  
What about Kirschenbaum

and Bond?  
Average bathrooms.  
When did you work there?  
I don't know, maybe April.  
I don't know. My life is kind of crazy.  
One day just runs into the next.  
Heineken Amsterdam  
is gonna love it.  
We should start talking  
about print, scheduling, tie-ins.  
It can play internationally too.  
Jesse, why don't you start talking  
about media buys with Chuck...  
...Toni and Steve.  
I need a couple minutes.  
-I'll be right back.  
-I'm glad you're happy.  
So glad you're happy.  
When do you think we could roll it  
to print?  
Here, hold this, please.  
Esmeralda, hold my calls  
for a few minutes.  
Phelps. Mr. Phelps.  
Afternoon, boys.  
Kindly do me a favor and stand up,  
would you? Get out!  
Piece of shit,  
you're gonna spy on me?  
Here, get the fuck up,  
you piece of sh--  
You were a fucking bike messenger.  
I made you rich.  
I hope they have a job for you  
over at Kirschenbaum.  
I accept your resignation.  
Gunnar.  
Congratulations.  
Now clean up your new office.  
Back to work.  
What are you guys looking at?  
Shit. What just happened?  
Gunnar Hope just got a promotion.  
"Veronica, how did you know

about my ADEX account?"  
I used to temp at H2A.  
Yeah.  
My boyfriend wouldn't like that.  
Shit.  
Does this phone call mean  
I'm forgiven?  
You've got once chance  
to redeem yourself.  
He wants a photo of Veronica.  
-Who?  
-Me. Rocketgirl.  
-Is nude an option?  
-Miles.  
There was a temp  
that used to work here.  
-Veronica something.  
-"Veronica something."  
-You gotta be kidding me.  
-She worked for Jesse Drake.  
Every employee here  
has got a security photo ID.  
-She's got to be in the files.  
-Oh, come on.  
Miles. Do it.  
I need this, Miles.  
Just do it. Please.  
-Hurry up.  
-A last name would really help.  
Yeah, well, how many Veronicas  
can there be in the system?  
Come on, Miles.  
Hurry.  
-Miles.  
-This is ridiculous. Come on.  
Come on. Come on.  
I can see him from here.  
Come on, Miles, hurry.  
Miles.  
Hurry up. Miles.  
-Okay.  
-Hurry.  
Come on, come on.  
Yahtzee.

Veronica Carter. Just download,  
upload, exhale and send.

You are awesome.

Yeah, well, remember that  
the next time you're firing me.

Oh, Ro...

...I'm meeting my guy  
from the M.E.'s office, Bill Patel...

...at Chumley's at 7:00.

He's got the talks on Grace,  
everything the cops have.

Great. I'll meet you there.

-Shit.

-What?

My computer screen is frozen.

And Veronica's face is screen saver.

What?

-Miles.

-Turn it off.

-Oh, fuck.

-Turn it off.

Turn the power off.

Fuck, he's coming.

-Hi.

-Hi.

-Pretty busy for the end of the day.

-Yeah.

Just working away.

Anything I can help with?

Nope.

Not unless data entry turns you on.

You know what?

Surprisingly, it doesn't.

But seriously, how you doing?

Let me tell you about my night.

I have to go to dinner at Sapa.

Average jokes, exceptional food.

If you find yourself bored...

...in the area of 24th and Sixth

**around 1 0:**

...you could fall by for a drink.

I really appreciate that offer,

but I think I'm gonna have to pass.

Okay.

Is there something else I can do  
for you, or--?

No.

I'm just waiting for you to change  
your mind.

Look, Mr. Hill--

I recognize that tone.

Sounds serious.

I really like working here.

And I would really like for my work  
to speak for itself.

Fair enough.

Have a splendid evening,

Miss Pogue.

Wait. Mr. Hill?

In case I change my mind...

...keep an eye out around dessert.

Hey, how you guys doing?

-Miles.

-Bill Patel, Rowena Price.

-A pleasure.

-You can lose the glasses.

This isn't Deep Throat.

Here's your pia colada,

hold the umbrella.

We know about the drowning, Bill,

but what was this poison?

Belladonna.

What's that?

Highly toxic plant that's used  
to make atropine.

You know what that is, right?

Well, yeah.

Atropine is used to dilate eyes.

And for anesthesia, and in cardiac  
medicine as a resuscitant...

...and witchcraft.

Coroner had cause of death listed  
as atropine poisoning...

...but I did a further test on the bile  
and found it was belladonna.

Which means what?

It's not the expensive synthetic type,

so it's more readily available...  
...harder to narrow down  
where it came from.  
Where do you get it?  
Well, you don't pop into Duane Reade  
and order a vial, but it's accessible.  
Easy enough to find  
if you know where to look.  
Nowadays, you can pretty much get  
anything online.  
But it's definitely toxic?  
Belladonna is used for eye surgeries,  
but never in this amount.  
The killer put it in her eyes.  
Her death was brutal  
and certainly no accident.  
Cheers.  
-Where you going?  
-I gotta run.  
-Well, stick around for a while.  
-I can't.  
I gotta run home. Going out for a drink.  
Bill here can tell you more about it.  
Bill? You okay?  
Brain freeze.  
-Who are you getting drinks with?  
-I will call you later.  
Bill, you have been a godsend.  
Thank you.  
Breathe through the nose.  
Nice dress.  
-Nice party.  
-Tell you what.  
Order two Hemingway daiquiris.  
This joint is one of two places  
in all of New York City...  
...that makes great daiquiris.  
I'll be back to tell you...  
...why they taste like heaven.  
Did I tell you that's a great-looking  
dress?  
No, no, no.  
-You ready?  
-Two daiquiris.



Thank you.

I'm dizzy from the spin  
and I'm all the way over here.  
Here.

A very famous man once said  
that sincerity is everything.  
Once you learn to fake that,  
the rest is easy.

So the Hemingway daiquiri...  
...is two ounces of light rum,  
one ounce--

One ounce lime juice,  
one ounce simple syrup...  
...dash grapefruit grenadine float.

Oh, I knew I had to worry about you.  
You pay attention.

I do. For instance,  
I noticed that wedding ring.

Oh, yes. I am married.

-So what?

-So, what are you doing here with me?

I'm having a Hemingway daiquiri  
with you.

-What are you doing here with me?

-Am I with you?

Are you married?

Wow, that would make this  
really interesting, wouldn't it?

-No. God, no.

-No?

-Just broke up with someone?

-No.

-Gay?

-No.

Actually, I'm thinking of joining  
Match.com.

-No, you're not. Are you kidding me?

-Yes.

-People date online.

-You're gorgeous.

What do you think of it?

My life is complicated enough  
as it is.

I'm having a drink with you.

I'm trying to figure out  
how I'm gonna explain that.  
Will you have to?  
Hopefully not.  
Hopefully not.  
-Do you have kids?  
-No.  
You don't have any kids, right?  
-No.  
-Family?  
A mother.  
Here is to Gunnar Hope  
and his corner office.  
Oh, God.  
-That was a little dramatic, wasn't it?  
-Yeah.  
I refuse to be treated like that.  
That fucking Phelps.  
Rat.  
Committed the cardinal sin.  
-Which is what?  
-Don't betray your friends.  
Don't betray people who love you.  
Law of the jungle, huh?  
Law of the universe.  
It's not kill or be killed anymore.  
Kill or become irrelevant.  
So here's to not becoming  
irrelevant.  
And don't be mad.  
Don't be mad that I'm married  
or any of that.  
I mean, because that's, you know,  
a different thing than what this is.  
Is it?  
I should probably just make some  
arrangements...  
...to have a car take you home.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Drink your Hemingway daiquiri.  
-Hello.  
-Where the hell have you been, kiddo?  
-Late night.

-Yeah, I'll bet.

Hey, wait a minute. Are you drunk?

No. Sounds like you are.

-No, I'm not.

-What's up?

-Oh, just me waiting to talk to you.

-About?

I kind of thought that we were doing this story together.

We are.

I'm the one who's doing all the grunt work while you're out drinking.

You know, I mean, at least, you can introduce me to the--

At least, you can introduce me to the lesbian.

Take the virtual tour.

I'm sure there's a lovely picture of her there, Miles.

-Night, night.

-Wait, wait, wait.

Remember that series of murders they traced back to Riverbank Park?

The drifter they never caught?

Women that were being murdered and tossed off the cliffs?

Yeah, yeah. The Rufus Scott series.

Yeah, well, the cops think maybe the drifter tossed Grace.

Yeah, well, maybe.

But I'm gonna go to bed, so let's talk about it tomorrow.

-Sweet dreams.

-Bye.

Tired?

What did you have in mind?

you.

The coffee room. Remember?

-you rubbed against me.

-This is some good shit.

Save this chat.

Then you bent over.

She did?

you knew what you were doing

to me.  
you liked it.  
Not quite.  
I can't stop thinking about you.  
Where's your boyfriend?  
You are a twisted--  
Where's your wife?  
-Out.  
-Out. Figured.  
Looks like it's just you and me, Hill.  
Are you turned on?  
No.  
Me too.  
Are you trying to seduce me,  
mister?  
Wait a minute, now I'm gonna  
get your whole name...  
...Harrison Hill.  
-What are you wearing?  
-Robe.  
-What's underneath?  
-Panties.  
Ask what color. Come on, come on.  
I know it. What color?  
What color?  
I knew it.  
White. Sheer.  
-I like that.  
-You like that?  
Now picture this.  
-We're on a beach.  
-No, no. Let's keep this real.  
-Let's put this at H2A.  
-Okay.  
-H2A.  
-Yes.  
-No one's around.  
-I got to tell you about this, Miles.  
you come into the coffee room.  
I'm already there.  
Miles, chatting with Hill...  
-...talking about H2A.  
-you rub against me.  
I lift up your skirt.

Veronica?  
-Veronica.  
-I'm coming.  
-you there?  
-Sorry. My hands were a little busy.  
Mine too. At least one of them.  
God, you're easy.  
I'm gonna tell you what to do.  
you like being told what to do?  
Okay.  
Trail your hands to your panties.  
Go inside.  
Can you feel me fucking you, Ro?  
-Hey.  
-Hi.  
-What are you doing here?  
-Giving you breakfast.  
-Good morning.  
-Yeah? Morning.  
Don't answer it.  
-I have to answer it.  
-You don't.  
-Wait, hold that thought.  
-No, no.  
Don't. Tell them that you're busy.  
-Don't answer that.  
-Hey.  
Hey, I need to talk to you.  
I think I got a breakthrough on Hill.  
Please give me a second.  
I gotta take this.  
Okay, Miles, what's up?  
Did you get my e-mail?  
Wait, tell me you didn't just say,  
"Cam, give me a minute."  
I don't have time for this shit.  
-What?  
-Oh, you're busy, huh?  
Well, look, there's too much  
to go over right now.  
Can you meet me  
at the Grill Room at 1:00?  
-Yeah.  
-I hate that he's there, Ro.

Yeah, I know you do.  
Hey, Ro.  
Did Cam happen to mention...  
...that he's having a DNA test today  
for Grace's baby?  
Three o'clock, 31st Precinct.  
Cops have them together  
in November.  
Coffee.  
Did he happen to mention that?  
What is it with great women  
and shitty men?  
I don't know.  
You figure it out. Tell me later.  
No more phones.  
What are you doing later?  
-You.  
-No, I mean, like later.  
This afternoon later.  
Showing a couple of places uptown.  
Oh, really?  
-What about downtown?  
-What do you mean?  
-Thirty-first Precinct.  
-What?  
Three o'clock.  
Fucking liar. Thought you said you  
hadn't seen Grace in over a year.  
I haven't.  
That must be why the cops  
have you with her three months ago.  
-Thanks.  
-Thought you said it was over.  
You said you didn't give a shit  
about that bitch.  
-I don't.  
-You sat your ass right there and said:  
-"I love you, Ro."  
-I do, Ro.  
You're a fucking liar.  
Was it yours?  
Could it have been yours?  
I don't know.  
-You don't know.

-Ro--

Get the hell out of my house.

-Good morning, Larry.

-Good morning.

Hey.

Good morning.

Morning.

Okay.

I give up. What?

You didn't read the paper today?

Today is "National Take Your Best Employee to Work Day."

So I guess you're going to pick up Esmeralda next.

You know what? Esmeralda rides a broom to work every day.

That's funny. Very funny.

A sense of humor.

Bobby, say hi to Katherine.

Hi, Esmeralda, it's me again.

Is he still in a meeting?

Well, just let him know I called and I'll see him later.

Thanks.

Thank you.

Gentlemen, welcome to New York, or as we like to call it, Reebok Town.

Come and have a seat right over here.

That ass kissing will go on all afternoon. Wanna take a long lunch?

No, actually, I can't.

I've got to meet a friend downtown.

I'll see you.

Fancy lady.

-So, what's up?

-I stumbled across some information...

...about Hill's wife and her family fortune.

They had millions and millions.

And they invested a lot of it...

...into medical research.

One of the guys they backed...

...revolutionized surgery

by finding a medicinal use...  
...for a poisonous plant  
called belladonna.  
We have proof that Hill was ADEX.  
We have proof that ADEX knew Grace.  
We have the motive,  
the pregnancy...  
...now we have knowledge and history  
that links Hill directly with belladonna.  
The only thing we don't have is access  
to Hill's personal e-mail account.  
What are you talking about?  
We do have access.  
That's his lol account.  
His main account is with H2A.  
I can't get to it. There's a firewall.  
There's something new.  
I can't scale it with a remote.  
-Take this.  
-And what's that?  
It's new spyware you'll mickey  
into Hill's laptop.  
Go at the end of the day,  
install it into the computer...  
...and bury it into the hard drive.  
-And how long will that take?  
-Three minutes and 14 seconds.  
But that's just a guess.  
SPYrid?  
Fuck. What?  
-yeah?  
-Okay. So he's got antispyspyware...  
...on his computer.  
There's a big sign that says:  
"Stop in the name of SPYrid."  
SPYrid? Oh, he's definitely  
hiding something.  
There was a leak, so they probably  
went into lockdown.  
What do I do?  
He's asking for a password.  
It's new. Look, I can get in,  
but it'll take a few minutes.  
Just take the flash drive out,



we'll do it later. I'm sorry.  
Sorry? All you can say is sorry?  
-Well, I don't--  
-Well, tell me something.  
Usually the competition's smarter...  
...than to send a beautiful temp  
into the boss's office...  
...to snoop around on his fucking  
computer to try and find fresh ideas.  
-l, well, l--  
-No, wait.  
Let me see if I can help you.  
I am in your office...  
...and I really need to come up  
with a really honest story.  
No. I was really just gonna--  
I don't know, tell you the truth.  
Go ahead. Give that a shot.  
I came in here  
because I wanted to leave you a note.  
I wanted to do it at the end of the day  
when there was nobody here.  
I really didn't want everybody  
in this office to know...  
...that the new girl...  
...has got a big crush on the boss.  
And what was this little note  
gonna say?  
Well, it was gonna say  
that you're wrong...  
...because there's 17 restaurants  
in this city...  
...that make the  
Hemingway daiquiri.  
Who were you talking to  
on the phone?  
-Eddie.  
-Eddie?  
My friend Eddie.  
He's a bartender  
and he was helping me...  
...put together the list.  
I realize that I didn't remember  
all 17 bars...

...so I was calling him for help  
and l--  
I'm sorry.  
-And I'm positive I'm fired.  
-Get out.  
Here. This is the list of the bars.  
-Please get--  
-I'm telling you the truth.  
This...  
...is what I was leaving.  
You might wanna...  
...check them out.  
Hey. This is what you want me  
to believe?  
That you came in here...  
...for this list?  
Yeah.  
Okay.  
Well, you're fired.  
Because I don't wanna take you  
to dinner...  
...as your boss.  
I mean, maybe I'll rehire you  
in the morning or maybe after dessert.  
You can tell me all about this crush  
you have on the boss.  
Okay.  
-I did that?  
-Yes, you did that.  
-Where you going?  
-Wait.  
I've gotta go to the bathroom.  
I'll be right back.  
All right.  
-I'll be right back.  
-You all right?  
All of a sudden I'm not feeling  
that good.  
I think maybe you should  
take me home.  
Too much sake, I think.  
Which way are we going?  
My exit's back there.  
How far are you prepared

to take this?  
Say your name.  
Go ahead. Just say it.  
-Katherine.  
-Bullshit.  
-Katherine Pogue.  
-Bullshit.  
Bullshit.  
Okay. You need to take me home.  
Esmeralda was right.  
And I didn't want to believe her.  
You're a spy for Kirschenbaum,  
right?  
Answer me!  
Don't wanna talk?  
Well, I'll tell you what.  
How about this?  
Let's get your pal M on the phone.  
Who the fuck is M?  
And why is my name on this text?  
Okay.  
I'm gonna ask you one more time.  
-Are you or are you not a fucking spy?  
-Yes.  
-What?  
-Yes.  
Phelps, right?  
You and that scumbag Phelps  
the whole time.  
From the first day. Right?  
How much could they be  
paying you?  
Are they paying you more  
than hooker money?  
Because that's what you are, right?  
Do you even know what the word  
loyalty means?  
I bet your wife is wondering  
the same thing.  
I am so disappointed in you  
right now.  
But just because you wanna hurt  
somebody...  
...doesn't mean that you will.

Harrison. I'm sorry. I have--  
I've never spied on anybody  
like this.  
Fuck you.  
Get out.  
Rowena.  
Rowena.  
Rowena.  
Come on, honey.  
I wonder where could she be?  
Bath time.  
No.  
Ro, I called you  
I called you at H2A,  
they said you no longer work there.  
I mean, what the fuck?  
Where are you?  
On the way to the rehab center  
to see my mother.  
Last time I spoke to you was when you  
jimmied the lock on Hill's computer.  
Any idea of the thoughts  
going through my head?  
Hill saw the text message  
you sent me last night.  
-What?  
-So I guess we won't be getting...  
-...into his computer after all.  
-Oh, no.  
No, no, no.  
No, it's okay.  
I'll figure something out.  
-Don't worry about it. Are you okay?  
-Yeah. I'm good.  
Look, can we...  
...have an early dinner tonight?  
You can bring your laptop and we'll  
start putting the story together?  
-Okay.  
-Okay?  
Oh, good. You never say okay,  
and that's good. I love okay.  
Oh, good.  
I'm just glad you're out of there.

Yeah. Me too.  
Okay, I'll see you tonight.  
-Bye.  
-Bye.  
Phyllis?  
Anybody here?  
Hello?  
Hi, Mom.  
You look pretty.  
-Hello, can I help you?  
-Oh, yeah, hi.  
I'm from 1T. I was sent to run the detox  
on Mr. Hill's computer.  
Fascinating. Wanna know why?  
Nobody called 1T.  
Well, your computer did, sir.  
When any computer hooked up  
to the grid goes down, it cries for help.  
-A cry for help. Have you tried these?  
-No.  
-There's honey in the center.  
-Thank--  
-I'm Harrison Hill.  
-Benson comma Kurt.  
Interesting name.  
Let me ask you something.  
Could this have anything to do...  
...with someone installing spyware  
on my computer?  
It could have to do with anything...  
...but I won't know until I give  
your computer a clean scrub.  
-I like a good, clean scrub.  
-Yeah.  
I need about 10 minutes in my office,  
but in the meantime...  
...Josie wouldn't mind  
showing you around the office.  
Hello, Josie.  
Josie, meet Benson comma Kurt.  
Esmeralda, can I have those mockups  
that Gunnar left someplace, please?  
Yes, yes, I know right where it is.  
-Follow me.

-Josie.  
Come on, Miles.  
Shit.  
Beautiful space.  
Beautiful people.  
Beautiful pictures. Are those--?  
Are those planets?  
No, eyes.  
Mrs. Hill did a whole series:  
"Inside the Dilated Eye."  
We have a guest computer.  
Take the virtual tour.  
It's very informative.  
I'll be in my office if you need me.  
Oh, thanks. I got locked out.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles?  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
"Welcome, Trublu"?  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
Miles is sexy.  
-Miles is sexy.  
-Can I help you?  
What the fuck, Miles?  
What are you doing in this room?  
Well, I heard my voice...  
...coming from your computer.  
That's what I'm doing.  
-It's a joke. That's just a joke.  
-Oh, it's a joke, huh?  
Well, are all these pictures  
on this computer a joke?  
Miles is sexy.  
Are the pictures of me out there  
on that goddamn dummy a joke?

I'll tell you what's funny.  
What's funny is the fact that  
you said you hadn't seen Grace...  
...but yet you got pictures of her  
on your computer from October.  
Nude pictures, all fucking chained up  
and strapped up and shit.  
Hey, can we go in the other room  
and talk about this?  
Let's talk about him. Trublu.  
Maybe your pal Trublu  
took all these pictures.  
Maybe Trublu took all these  
fucking pictures in here.  
You freak.  
-Wait a minute.  
-Go ahead, admit it.  
Fucking admit it right now.  
You were ADEX.  
-Two or three times, yeah.  
-Yeah, that's what I thought.  
You've been manipulating  
this whole thing, haven't you?  
Lying to me. Fucking Grace.  
Who didn't?  
You were trying to set up  
Harrison Hill, huh?  
Wait a minute. You think that  
because of this...  
...that I had something to do  
with that?  
Why wouldn't I? You can't keep  
changing your identity, Miles...  
...and expect people to trust you.  
Don't be such a fucking hypocrite,  
Ro.  
-Fuck you.  
-No. Fuck you.  
I've been working my ass off  
on this for you the whole time.  
-Everybody has secrets, Ro.  
-Right. Everybody's got secrets, huh?  
Until they get caught.  
Let's see.

Take a fucking look at something.  
You told me to take the virtual tour  
of H2A.

When you do...

...when you click on the photographs  
hanging in the reception area...  
...it links you to Mia Hill's webpage.  
She took photographs of dilated eyes,  
Ro.

They're eyes. Look.

"Mia Rheinhart Hill replicates...

...a phenomenon fashionable  
in the 1920s...

...the dilation of a woman's pupils  
with the use of belladonna."

This is it.

This puts the poison in his hands...

...or it puts the poison  
in his wife's hands.

This is it.

This is what we've been looking for.

You need to get help.

Wait a minute, wait a minute.

This is the story.

Can I go now?

I have a history of powerful men  
squashing stories...

...and hiding facts...

...so I wanted to get this together.

Give it to you before Harrison Hill  
had a chance to do just that.

"Veronica. What's new?"

"Boyfriend's out of town."

"Which means?" You tell me.

"Hotel Gansevoort."

"I'll leave a key under your name. "

"From room 1801,

the view is spectacular...

...especially the sunrise."

Are you Harrison Hill?

Yeah.

Mr. Hill, I'm gonna need you to put  
your hands behind your back.

You're under arrest for the murder



of Grace Clayton.

-Who?

-"Fast Filly."

You have the right to remain silent  
and refuse to answer any questions.  
Anything you say can and will be used  
against you in a court of law.  
you have the right to hire an attorney  
before speaking to the police...  
..and have an attorney present during  
questioning any time now...  
...or in the future.

The State of New York will prove  
beyond a reasonable doubt...  
... that the defendant, Harrison  
Matthew Hill, did intentionally...  
...and with premeditation commit  
the heinous murder...  
...of Grace Alexandra Clayton.

Are you aware of the hundreds  
of e-mails...  
...between your husband  
and other women?

Now I am.

Mrs. Hill, where do you keep  
your belladonna?

It's in my medicine cabinet  
in my photography studio downtown.  
The state will present irrefutable  
physical evidence...  
... that places the murder weapon,  
poison called belladonna...  
...in the defendant's car  
commingled with the victim's blood...  
...hair and bodily secretions.

We got blood.

And, finally, you will learn  
about Grace Clayton...

...a young woman  
who believed the lies...  
...that this ad man was selling...  
...never realizing the price  
that she would pay...  
...would be her own tragic death.

Thank you for your time  
and consideration.

I look forward to your  
verdict at the close.

All over the city, really.  
But most often at his hotel suite.  
He kept one at the Gansevoort.  
He liked to watch the sun rise  
over the city.  
He just didn't want his wife to find out.  
If she did, it was over.

The hair, blood and secretions  
all matched the victim, Grace Clayton.  
Additionally, we did find some trace  
elements of belladonna extract.  
All significant financial holdings  
are in the name of his wife...  
-...Mia Rheinhart Hill.  
-It was after midnight on the 5th.  
I just started my shift.  
This blond woman was freaking out,  
wanting to see Mr. Hill.  
I buzzed him. There was no answer.  
She left an envelope,  
but she wasn't happy.  
About an hour later, Mr. Hill came  
down, he took the envelope and left.  
I didn't see him the rest of the night.  
I'm holding in my hand a copy...  
...of State's Exhibit Number Three  
in evidence which reads:  
"Grace. Don't come by my house.  
Don't come by my office.  
We are done.  
Leave me the fuck alone."  
Can you please tell the jury  
where this came from?  
I retrieved it from Harrison's hard drive  
after the police seized his computer.  
It starts with a quiet hum,  
an empty screen inviting you.  
-Has the jury reached a verdict?  
-Yes, we have, Your Honor.  
"Come inside, " it says.

"We're always open. "

Will the defendant please rise?

How do you find on the charge  
of murder in the first degree?

It's a world, you think, where  
actions have no consequence...  
...where guilt is cloaked  
by anonymity...  
...where there are no fingerprints.  
An invisible universe...  
...filled with strangers...  
...interconnected online...  
...and disconnected in life.  
It will steal your secrets...  
...corrupt your dreams...  
...and co-opt your identity.  
Because in this world...  
... where you can be anything  
you want...  
...anyone you want...  
...you just might lose sight...  
...of who you are.

Hello, Rowena.

You know how much Daddy  
likes bath time.  
My great big beautiful girl.  
You are so--

-Put her down, now.  
-She needed help.  
-Isn't that right, Rowena?  
-Get out.

Oh, you better get out of here.  
-You put that thing down.  
-No, I mean it.  
Put it down, now.  
Do you hear me?  
Are you okay, honey?  
Are you okay?  
Mommy, he's coming.  
I said, get out. Get out.  
She was blackmailing you,  
wasn't she?  
That's why you did her those favors  
all those years...

...even after she slept  
with your boyfriend.  
You just couldn't say no, could you?  
What was it?  
What did Grace know about you?  
We're just gonna tell people  
he disappeared.  
Like last August.  
He just never came home.  
He just went away  
and he never came home.  
You got that?  
Rowena, look at me.  
You got that?  
God, you must have hated her.  
I hated her. I hated her for you.  
I still do.  
-Rowena.  
-Grace.  
-She just kept coming back.  
-You can't just forget people.  
Bury them and pretend  
like they never existed?  
And then she handed you Hill  
that night.  
She fucking handed him to you.  
Regards to your mother.  
At some point, you must have thought,  
"This has to end.  
This all has to end."  
So you did a little research.  
you took the virtual tour.  
That's how you found out about  
the belladonna.  
That's how you knew you could pin it  
on Hill.  
And then that's how  
I knew it was you.  
You remember that night  
at my apartment?  
When I was looking for Mia Hill's  
webpage...  
...and your computer finished  
the address for me.

Didn't register for me at the time.  
It occurred to me that you already  
had everything you needed to know.  
- you led me right to him.  
-Belladonna is used to dilate eyes.  
-Are those planets?  
-No, eyes.

Mrs. Hill did a whole series:

"Inside the Dilated Eye."

Every step of the fucking way.

And then, all you needed  
was the belladonna.

And I--

And I remembered your mother...

...and that pathetic little pharmacy  
they have there...

...and how you always used to  
complain how understaffed they were.  
And it really wasn't that difficult  
to get.

you called her to let her think  
you were gonna do a story on Hill.  
"Bring your computer, " you said,  
"show me everything you've got. "  
you laced her drink good enough  
to knock her out. you got some hair.  
you took some blood.

you placed the belladonna  
in her eyes...

...to implicate Hill or his wife.

And then...

...all you needed to do was connect  
Hill with the physical evidence.

you had the blood.

you had the fibers.

you even had the belladonna.

All the tumblers clicking into place.

Secrets are great, Ro.

Unless you get caught.

You once told me that all it takes  
for the perfect murder...

...are the right ingredients  
at the right time.

So you waited all these years

for everything to line up.  
That's fucking beautiful.  
That's poetic.  
It's almost perfect  
except for one little thing.  
What are you willing to do for me  
to keep me quiet?  
Lieutenant Tejada,  
it's Rowena Price.  
I think we sent the wrong man  
to prison. Miles attacked me.  
You got to get to my house.  
Please.