

A.K.A. A Jessica Jones Spec Script

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based on the series by

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INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS HALLWAY - DAY

JESSICA (V.O.)

You can hand over your business, you can send your best friend to jail and no matter how much you drink all your thoughts keep you from being alone.

A man POUNDS, very police-like on the door labeled Alias Investigations. A handmade sign sits taped under the professionally painted sign.

ON THE SCREEN

Under New Management

MAN POUNDING ON THE DOOR

After the fifth set of knocks, the neighbor, MALCOLM DUCASSE, early-30s, flings open his door and investigates the hallway.

MALCOLM

Dude, what's your problem? You would think knocking like the police would get the person to the door the first time.

COLIN POWDER, late-20s, a petite man with thick black-framed glasses turns to address Malcolm. He holds a folder barely containing its papers and a full messenger bag.

COLIN

Do you know where she is?

MALCOLM

Who?

COLIN

Jessica Jones?

MALCOLM

Why? Who are you?

COLIN

Powder. Do you know?

MALCOLM

Is that some kind of super name?

COLIN

Oh, no. I wish. It's Colin. That would be kind of a cool superhero name.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

Maybe they could disappear and appear in a cloud of powder or shoot powder that stuns their enemies, or they could...

Malcolm holds up his hand pausing Colin mid-sentence.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Sorry. But do you know when Jessica will be back?

Malcolm key in hand walks past Colin to the Alias door and unlocks it.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm flicks on a light with Colin right on his heels.

COLIN

Oh, you must be her assistant.

Malcolm walks over and sits at the center desk. He puts his feet up leaning back in the chair.

MALCOLM

Actually, I'm the new management the sign speaks of.

COLIN

What? No, way.

MALCOLM

Way, dude. How can Alias Investigations help you today?

COLIN

No, I must speak with Jessica. Can you call her?

MALCOLM

Why do you need her anyways?

COLIN

I just, I need her, I wanted to know...

Malcolm walks over to the old bourbon shelf that now houses bottles of water.

He opens the bottle as he sits on the edge of the desk.

MALCOLM

Spit it out or I'm going to charge you for my time.

COLIN

I'm a researcher and I'm looking for Jessica's help.

Malcolm laughs as he stands up and returns to his seat behind the desk. He opens the laptop on the desk and moves his focus away from Powder completely.

MALCOLM

You must not know anything about Jessica. She definitely wouldn't talk to the press.

COLIN

No, I'm not a reporter. Well, not anymore.

MALCOLM

Look. If I didn't have first-hand knowledge of the subject, I would think you were hopped up on more than just coffee and I wouldn't tell you where Jessica is.

COLIN

No, no I'm researching a missing person I need her help. I was looking to get some P.I. tips.

MALCOLM

Dude, there are thousands of investigators out there and you go after the most difficult one? You either got big balls or a death wish.

COLIN

Well, she's the best, isn't she?

MALCOLM

Was.

COLIN

Was?

MALCOLM

Yes, was. And currently, I'm not looking for pro bono work so if there's nothing else I would like to start working.

COLIN

Maybe I can watch you and ask you a few questions while we wait.

MALCOLM

It's Colin, right? You're not listening, she is not coming back any time soon. If you looked her up recently you would know she's going through some shit. And if you didn't bother to look her up you got a lot more to learn about investigations than anyone is probably willing to help you with.

COLIN

I did. And I know about her sister, but I also know that she does a great job of compartmentalizing. I know a lot about her and that's why I'm here. I know she can be a great asset to me.

Malcolm stands and assists Malcolm in leaving.

MALCOLM

Okay, it's time for you to go.

Malcolm shuffles Colin towards the door. As Colin turns around, he drops his overstuffed folder and papers scatter everywhere.

Groaning, Malcolm helps pick up the papers when one catches his eye.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I've seen this before. Les cinq reliques arcaniques.

Malcolm holds up a picture of what looks to be an old artifact.

COLIN

Yes, yes. The Arcane Five Relics.

MALCOLM

Right, didn't the Oscorp guy go crazy over these?

COLIN

Norman Osborn. I actually went to school with his son and Peter Parker. He was put in Ravencroft.

MALCOLM

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Why are you looking into them?

COLIN

That's why I'm here. I've come across information about a certain relic, so I've come to Jessica for help.

MALCOLM

I thought you were here for a missing person?

COLIN

I am. They are one and the same. Or at least connected and they are definitely connected to Oscorp.

MALCOLM

How do you know?

COLIN

My research. I've been looking into this for months. Many of the clues have led me to Oscorp. But after countless stakeouts, I haven't been able to pinpoint who is in possession of the relic and its powers. Whether they are good or bad.

MALCOLM

The clues eh? Go to the cops.

COLIN

The cops cannot be trusted. I need Jessica. She's powerful enough to handle this situation. And I think she would be interested in trying to stop what happened to her sister from happening to others.

Malcolm shoots Colin a look stopping him mid-sentence.

MALCOLM

If you do ever find Jessica, I would steer clear of mentioning her sister.

COLIN

So, you'll help me find her?

MALCOLM

No.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm shut the door in Colin's face.

Colin enters the elevator at the end of the hallway and hangs his head as the doors shut.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm sits at his desk and stares at the screen of the laptop.

With a worried look on his face, Malcolm takes his cell phone out of his pocket and begins to type.

The SWOOSH of a text being sent comes from the phone. He gently tosses it on the desk and begins to work on the laptop.

INT. CLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

In a short sequined dress, a WOMAN stumbles into the men's bathroom. She worms her way through the men waiting to pee to a closed stall. She leans in and whispers through the cracks.

WOMAN

Hey. I need something. What you got tonight?

IAN JACOBS, 27, dressed in baggy clothes, a beanie and sunglasses exits the stall bumping right past the woman.

He walks to the sink and begins to wash his hands.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Man, come on, I need something.

He places his glasses on the sink and turns to face the woman.

IAN

You can't afford what I'm selling tonight.

WOMAN

I got twenty dollars and can get you more later, just give me something.

IAN

Nah, I can't be responsible for him killing you.

WOMAN

I'll pay I promise, Ian. You know where to find me. I've never cheated you. You know me.

IAN

Fine. I'll give you a taste, but this is the last time. I'm not a charity. Don't come back unless you got some real cash.

Ian places a single blue pill in the woman's hand. She shoves it in her mouth quickly before Ian can change his mind.

She leans over the sink cupping her hands for water. She sips, thrust her head back and swallows.

She immediately presents more relaxed.

WOMAN

Thanks, Ian. You're a saint.

IAN

Yeah, yeah. Remember what I said.

Ian heads out the door towards the back of the club.

EXT. CLUB ALLEY - MIDNIGHT

Ian blows a big cloud of smoke after puffing his electronic cigarette.

He turns to head for the front of the club. Two COPS catch his eye causing him to turn on his heels.

Both cops notice Ian before he can avoid them.

COP #1

Mr. Jacobs is that you.

IAN

No.

In a snap, Ian sprints down the alley. One cop chases him while the other runs down the street towards the squad car.

Ian knocks over trash cans and trips over garbage as he darts through the alley. He cuts diagonally through the street and turns the corner.

On the sidewalk of the opposite street, he bumps into a couple. He stumbles but stays on his feet.

On his tail, the cop bumps into the same couple.

COP #1
Get out of the way!

The cop grabs his walkie off his shoulder as Ian turns another corner.

COP #1 (CONT'D)
He's going east on Huntsville Ave.

The squad car stops in the cross-street and picks up the running cop. He then springs a screeching U-turn.

COP #1 (CONT'D)
He's headed towards M District.

They speed up and down blocks looking for Ian.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The sirens in the distance cause Ian to check over his shoulder as he walks through an abandoned warehouse.

Confident he lost his police friends he walks up to a covert door and presses a BUZZER three times.

MAN (O.S.)
Look up.

The door clicks open.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ian makes his way to another door. This one steel with a window, similar to a patient's door in an asylum.

Ian does "A Shave and A Haircut" knock on the window.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens but is blocked by a large thick-necked man. Ian scoots past him to a chair sitting in front of a large desk. He takes a seat, removes his sunglasses and relaxes into the chair.

Opposite of Ian, DENNY HAYNES, late-30s. Denny leans on the elbows of his pressed suit as he clips off the end of his cigar with a solid gold clipper. He holds the cigar in his teeth as he leans back in his desk chair.

DENNY
(through the cigar)

So?

IAN
Well. It's not looking good. The last batch had no sustainability. We got about ninety seconds tops out of her.

DENNY
You're running out of time!

IAN
I know. We don't want to give you a product that is faulty.

DENNY
Maybe I need to find someone that can get this to me faster. Maybe you and the doc have become useless.

IAN
We'll fix it. We'll get it to work. There's got to be something in the notebook that we've missed.

DENNY
Do I need to remind you guys again about the risk I took getting that damn notebook from evidence?

Ian stands and backs up towards the door.

IAN
There's one more thing.

Denny comes from behind the desk and stands face to face with Ian.

DENNY
Are you serious?

IAN
Umm, we need another girl.

DENNY
Again. Are you serious?

IAN
Look. The reason we only got about ninety seconds was because she, well, expired.

DENNY

Ian. My money is endless, my girls, however, are not. And the fact that I have to provide you with another is costing me in my other businesses.

IAN

When we crack this, you won't even need those other businesses.

Denny gives Ian a look that causes him to back slowly out the door.

DENNY

If this girl doesn't work, I'm coming down there to see exactly what my money is paying for.

IAN

No. No. We got this.

Ian says as he pounds his fist on his chest.

Denny slams the door in Ian's face as he crosses the doorway into the hallway.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - MORNING

On a steel table in a room full of beakers, scales and microscopes lies a beaten-up notebook. It's opened to a page with writing covering every single space.

Ian, in the same clothes from last night walks towards a woman in a lab coat looking into a microscope.

He throws a torn-up bag on the table causing the woman to flinch but not move her focus from the microscope.

IAN

So, we have to get this right ASAP. We're now racing the clock.

Finally breaking her focus, shifting just her head so her hazel eyes lock onto his.

DOCTOR BERENICE "NICE" NOLAND, 38, a petite woman with her curly amber locks clinched into a ponytail stands up from her stool and snaps off her gloves.

She walks to a counter filled with various sized beakers as she stuffs the gloves into her pocket.

DR. NICE

Ian. What have I told you about putting your germ-infested stuff on my labs' tables?

IAN

Yeah, yeah.

He moves his backpack off the table as she walks across the room to another station. This one filled with even more lab equipment.

DR. NICE

What's this clock?

Ian situates himself on an equipment free countertop.

IAN

You know Den, always tryin' to put the pressure on those who are tryin' to help him.

DR. NICE

Did you explain to him that there is no sustainability?

She walks across the room to the first station with her selected beakers in hand. She carefully places them next to the microscope.

IAN

I told him about the sustainability.

Not focusing on Ian, she walks over to a glass case.

DR. NICE

And?

IAN

And he don't care. He just wants it fixed.

DR. NICE

What about the girl?

IAN

He sent a text saying he's dropping her off at the club in a couple of days. We'll get it into her that night and make his deadline.

She turns and faces Ian.

DR. NICE

Ian, you know what it takes to get results and that is not enough time. You know sometimes I really get the feeling that you are useless. I'll have to talk to him myself.

Ian jumps down off the counter.

IAN

Are you crazy? If he recognizes you, you'll be dead!

DR. NICE

Recognizes me? You think he's smart enough to make the connection to my sister?

IAN

He has his ways and if he ever does find out we'll both regret it.

DR. NICE

Get me what I need, Ian.

Ian exits the lab as Dr. Nice returns to peering through her microscope.

INT. HOGARTH AND ASSOCIATES LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Malcolm impatiently sits in the corner of the lobby. A young man wearing a headset and carrying a clipboard approaches him.

ASSISTANT

She's ready to see you now.

Malcolm rises and adjusts the tie of his pressed suit. He follows the lead of the assistant.

As they walk through the hall a door catches his eye and he briefly stops to examine the nameplate.

ON THE SCREEN

Zaya Okonjo

MALCOLM

Smiles and does an approving head nod as he catches up to the assistant.

INT. HOGARTH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ASSISTANT

Ms. Hogarth?

JERI HOGARTH, 40s, lowers the document that hid her face and removes her glasses.

HOGARTH

Malcolm, I'm not hiring.

Malcolm sits in the chair opposite of Hogarth.

HOGARTH (CONT'D)

Yeah, sure, have a seat.

The assistant stands by the door looking at the two of them.

HOGARTH (CONT'D)

Check the conference room, make sure everything is set up.

ASSISTANT

Yes, Ms. Hogarth.

The assistant exits and closes the door behind him.

MALCOLM

He's new.

HOGARTH

Can't seem to find a good one. But I know you're not here to discuss my assistants of futures past.

She sets down her glasses, puts her elbows on the desk and leans on her interlocking fingers, seemingly giving Malcolm her undivided attention.

MALCOLM

I know this is a long shot, but I was hoping you could help me.

HOGARTH

Just because I helped Jessica from time to time does not mean that charity has been extended to you. I have people who actually pay for my help.

She relaxes in her chair.

MALCOLM

Between working here and working with Jessica--

HOGARTH

--For Jessica.

MALCOLM

With Jessica, I know where the bodies are hidden so to speak. I think I've earned a little bit of your time.

HOGARTH

I'll give you twenty seconds to ask whatever you came to ask but there are zero promises I am going to help you, bodies or not.

MALCOLM

Okay, I'll cut to the chase. Where can I find an illegal artifact?

Pushing back from her desk, Hogarth stands and walk to a bookcase turning her back to Malcolm.

HOGARTH

Why do you think I would know such a thing?

MALCOLM

Really? I know ninety percent of your clients are into illegal shit. Just point me in the right direction.

HOGARTH

And why do you need an artifact? Can't possibly be trying to spruce up anything at Jessica's.

MALCOLM

It's for a case.

Hogarth returns to her seat at the desk.

HOGARTH

I'm starting to have more questions then I care to.

She writes on a piece of paper and folds it. She stands and leans her empty hand on her desk looking Malcolm in the eye.

HOGARTH (CONT'D)

You realize you now owe me a favor.

MALCOLM

I knew that before I even stepped in the building. But thank you.

She hands the paper over to Malcolm.

Malcolm moves from his seat to the door, almost at a run.

INT. HOGARTH AND ASSOCIATES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Looking down at the paper Malcolm bumps into Denny.

MALCOLM

Sorry man.

Denny grabs hold of his well-dressed shoulder. Malcolm continues to the lobby.

Hogarth joins Denny in the hall. The two greet with an air kiss.

HOGARTH

I have you set up in the conference room.

DENNY

New client?

HOGARTH

No. Just a leftover piece of Jessica's mess.

INT. HOGARTH AND ASSOCIATES CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DENNY

Ah, Jessica. She's made things a little easier since her departure.

HOGARTH

He's in over his head. I give him another month before he disappears too. Anyways, how can I help you today Mr. Haynes?

Hogarth pours herself a glass of water gesturing an offering to Denny who makes his way to the head of the table.

DENNY

No, thank you. I need to know what's going on with the building deal.

Grabbing a seat next to Denny, Hogarth opens the laptop on the table.

HOGARTH

The owner has turned down both offers.

Denny massages the bridge of his nose as he sucks in a deep breath and slowly lets it out.

DENNY

Jeri? How long have we been working on this deal?

Hogarth shuts the laptop, leans back in her chair, crosses her legs and arms.

HOGARTH

Mr. Haynes--

DENNY

--We are coming up on month seven, right? That's weird because I said I wanted it done in five!

He slams his hand on the table at the end of the last word.

Hogarth unbothered by the sound sits patiently.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Before I even knew you in person, I knew one thing for sure. That was: you are a winner no matter the obstacle. And I only work with winners so figure this out or I'll have to find another lawyer that will.

Hogarth still sits unbothered.

HOGARTH

Dennis.

His eyebrow raises slightly at the sound of his first name.

DENNY

As cliché as this is: time is money. And I don't like people messing with my money.

HOGARTH

Dennis.

DENNY

Do you think this is funny? Sayin' my name like you're my mother.

HOGARTH

Well, you're acting like a child.
Throwing a tantrum over being refused
another minute on the tit.

Denny stands towering over Hogarth.

Hogarth stands too though her height is no match to his,
the confidence of her stance is superior.

HOGARTH (CONT'D)

You need me more than I need you and
that's why you hired me. My people are
going through every deal the owner has
ever made. Every contract he's ever
signed. And every inch of the owner's
life. When we find something, and we
will, he'll have no choice but to sell.
But tantrums like these are a waste of
the valuable time you speak of. So, I'll
leave you here to cool off and while it's
always a pleasure I'll be getting back to
getting you that building.

Hogarth walks out of the room.

Denny takes a beat then stares out the window.

He pulls out his phone from his designer suit jacket,
dials a number and put the phone to his ear.

DENNY

I need you to drop off the product as
soon as it lands.

Denny walks towards the conference room door.

INT. HOGARTH AND ASSOCIATES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DENNY

Ten percent extra.

INT. HOGARTH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hogarth sits behind her desk and watches as Denny turns
into the lobby.

She presses a button on her desk phone.

HOGARTH

We're done. Bring it in.

Hogarth's assistant enters with a folder and hands it to Hogarth who puts on her glasses as she opens the folder.

ASSISTANT

Will there be anything else?

Reading the contents Hogarth's expression on her face slightly changes.

HOGARTH

No, but hold my calls.

Hogarth swivels in her chair turning her back on her assistant before he turns to leave.

She continues to read as the assistant leaves.

INT. MALCOLM'S BEDROOM - DAWN

A sleeping in Malcolm gets woken up by a familiar POUNDING.

MALCOLM

Come on!

He throws the covers from his shirtless body and grabs a pair of pants from the middle of the floor.

INT. MALCOLM'S FRONT ROOM

He rips his door open and sticks his head out.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm spots Colin banging on the Alias door.

MALCOLM

Dude. Do you know what time it is?

COLIN

Someone...someone is following me.
Jessica must help me. I don't know what else to do. This is serious. Please.

MALCOLM

Again with Jessica? Alias isn't even opened yet. Have a great day.

Malcolm walks back into his apartment and shuts the door.

Colin walks over to Malcolm's door and resumes his signature POUNDING.

INT. MALCOLM'S FRONT ROOM

MALCOLM

Oh hell no.

Malcolm stands at his door almost speaking through the crack.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

We don't want any.

COLIN (O.S.)

Mr. Malcolm, I need help. I can pay.

Malcolm swings open the door.

MALCOLM

What's this about someone following you?

COLIN

Can we talk in the office?

Malcolm rolls his eyes, puts a finger up to Colin's face and shuts the door.

Malcolm puts on a sweatshirt from the corner coat rack. He takes in a deep breath then leaves his apartment.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS HALLWAY

Malcolm hustles past Colin who's looking over his shoulder and all around the hallway.

He unlocks Alias with Colin right on his heels.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS

Before Malcolm can flick on a light Colin spews out some inaudible mumbles.

Malcolm sits at his desk.

MALCOLM

So is this going to be cash or check.

Stunned Colin stops his ramblings.

COLIN

This is serious.

MALCOLM

So you said after rudely waking me up for the second time.

Colin looks through the blinds of the window.

COLIN

Two armed security guards have been following me around since I last saw you. I don't know where they came from, but I have seen them at least four times.

MALCOLM

Why would anyone be following you? Why are you so important?

COLIN

I think it has to do with the artifacts. They were outside of Oscorp when I was doing my stakeout. And when I went to that lawyer lady's office, and when I went to get coffee, and when--

MALCOLM

--What lawyer?

COLIN

What?

MALCOLM

You said that lawyer lady's office.

COLIN

Hogarth. Hogarth and Associates. Why?

MALCOLM

What? What were you doing there??

COLIN

I was following her from Oscorp. She went in there for about an hour and as she was leaving the two guys with the guns were following her too.

MALCOLM

Who is she? Who is the person you were following?

COLIN

I have her picture.

Colin points to his overflowing folder in the middle of Malcolm's desk.

He returns to looking out the window.

Malcolm sorts through a few pages before Colin comes over his shoulder and pinpoints the picture.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Don't let her looks fool you. If she has anything to do with Oscorp then she is bad news.

MALCOLM

What's her name?

COLIN

I don't know. I haven't figured that out yet.

Malcolm rapidly types on his computer. Colin starts up his rambling and begins pacing the room.

Malcolm abruptly stops typing.

MALCOLM

Whoa.

Colin continues to pace and mumble.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'll take your case.

COLIN

What? Why?

MALCOLM

I found her.

Colin almost puts his head on Malcolm's shoulder to see the computer screen.

Malcolm scoots away and Colin takes over his chair. Malcolm heads towards the bourbon shelf and types out a text on his phone.

INT. CLUB VIP SECTION - NIGHT

Denny makes his way through the packed club and upstairs to the closed-off VIP section. He greets the gatekeeper with an enthusiastic handshake.

Inside the section, he situates himself on the silky couches and retrieves his phone.

A BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL steps into the section and puts down a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. She pops the cork, pours a glass and places it in front of Denny.

BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL

Can I get you anything else right now sir?

Without fully acknowledging the question or glancing away from his phone screen Denny shakes his head.

BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL

(CONT'D)

I'll be right back with more drinks.

Denny continues on his phone eventually putting it back in his jacket pocket. He makes his way to the half wall with a drink in hand. He looks over at the crowd of people below.

The room seems to part to reveal MATTIE JAMES (23) a tall, curvaceous woman dancing freely. Her golden hair catches the club lights as her body flirts with the beat.

Before slipping out of Denny's section he catches the bottle service girl after she puts down drinks.

DENNY

Hey?

BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL

Yes, sir?

Looking over the half wall, Denny points out Mattie to the bottle service girl.

DENNY

Send her and her friends' champagne.

BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL

My pleasure.

Denny's eyes follow the bottle service girl all the way to her delivery. She points Mattie's eyes in the direction of Denny who raises his glass to her.

Denny watches Mattie a little longer until she gets lost in the crowd. He returns to his silky throne and resumes business on his phone.

MATTIE

Excuse me.

At the entrance of Denny's VIP section, Mattie gets blocked from entering by the towering BOUNCER.

The bouncer walks over to Denny who is enthralled in his phone.

BOUNCER

Hey Den, you expecting company?

Denny doesn't look away from his phone.

DENNY

Nah.

The bouncer returns to his post once again trapping Mattie out of the section.

BOUNCER

This is a private area; you have to go.

Mattie scoffs and as she turns to leave, she overhears a voice.

DENNY

Whoa. Let her in. She's good.

The bouncer unhooks the barrier letting the buxom girl pass.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Can I get you another drink?

Mattie shyly sips on the drink in her hand and shakes her head no.

DENNY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

She cocks her head to reveal a delicate olive neck.

MATTIE

It's Mattie. And you?

DENNY

Denny.

He presents his hand to Mattie who grips it. Slivering her eyes, she continues to hold his hand as she sips her drink.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Colin sleeps on the burnt orange couch alongside Malcolm's desk. Malcolm stands at the printer grabbing and scanning each page as it comes out.

The last page he snatches off before it has a chance to finish printing. His eyes scan the information. He slaps the paper on the desk, grabs a marker and vigorously circles something on it.

MALCOLM

I knew it!

Colin wiggles awake at the sound of Malcolm's words.

COLIN

(groggy)

Knew what?

MALCOLM

Elizabeth Allen, also known as Elizabeth Allen-Osborn.

COLIN

Osborn?

Colin sits upright on the couch.

MALCOLM

Yes. I knew she looked familiar. She was all over the news when Harry Osborn, her husband died. She created Alchemax. A parent corporation of--

COLIN

--Oscorp.

Colin fiercely shakes his head.

COLIN (CONT'D)

How? How could I miss that? She was married to an Osborn. She's the head of the company that took over Oscorp after all that crap. This is not good this is bad, this is not okay she is bad, I knew she was bad news.

MALCOLM

Calm down. We don't know anything yet.

COLIN

I bet she has something to do with the artifacts. And why was she at that lawyer?

MALCOLM

That's enough for tonight. Go get some real sleep and we'll figure this out later. I'll call you tomorrow if I find something.

Malcolm goes to his desk and starts gathering the papers spread across his desk into one pile.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

There's nothing we can do at this hour.

COLIN

How do you expect me to sleep?

MALCOLM

I don't know man. On your side perhaps.

COLIN

This is serious. This is big.

MALCOLM

Yeah. And it will still be that way when it's not three in the morning.

Malcolm hands Colin his bag as the two leave Alias.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm locks the door and walks with a mumbling Colin to his apartment.

MALCOLM

Put this out of your head for now. I might need your help with more information, and I need you to be focused.

Colin continues to mumble without acknowledging Malcolm. He stands at the elevator at the end of the hallway and presses the button.

Straightaway the doors open, and Colin gets in. As the door closes on Colin, Malcolm shakes his head and goes into his apartment.

EXT. HOGARTH AND ASSOCIATES - AFTERNOON

Malcolm watches the entrance to Hogarth and Associates from across the street. After some time, he sees ZAYA walking down the street to the coffee truck.

Her bright smile visible from the distance as she talks to the barista.

He pulls out his phone and dials a number.

EXT. COFFEE TRUCK

Zaya's phone rings as she pulls it out of her coat, then she turns the volume off.

EXT. HOGARTH AND ASSOCIATES

Malcolm groans and he ends the call. As he puts his phone back in his pocket, he spots a familiar face.

From another pocket, Malcolm retrieves a picture. He holds it up to compare it to the woman entering Hogarth and Associates.

Before she fully enters, Malcolm snaps a picture with the camera hanging around his neck.

INT. HOGARTH AND ASSOCIATES LOBBY

ELIZABETH "LIZ" ALLEN-OSBORN (42) mahogany skinned with an elegant bun holding her ebony streaked chestnut hair atop of her head struts to the desk in the center of the lobby.

LIZ

Elizabeth Allen for Jeri Hogarth.

ASSISTANT

One moment.

Liz scans the photos in the lobby. Stopping at an enlarged photo of Hogarth on the cover of a magazine.

Hogarth stands next to Liz also admiring the photo.

HOGARTH

It was actually one hundred and sixty-three million not one sixty. For some reason newspapers like zeros.

LIZ
I'm sure you do as well.

Liz extends her hand to Hogarth who accepts it into hers.

HOGARTH
Liz. How are you?

LIZ
Things have been better.

The two make their way down the hall.

INT. HOGARTH'S OFFICE

In the office, they find their appropriate seats.

HOGARTH
How can I make those things better?

LIZ
I need you to draft a confidentiality contract.

HOGARTH
Of course. Who are the parties?

Liz gives Hogarth a look that stops her current line of questioning.

HOGARTH (CONT'D)
When?

LIZ
End of the week.

HOGARTH
I can have my people handle this quietly. You know that. You sure you want me to leave these blank.

LIZ
I'm sure.

HOGARTH
End of the week it is then.

LIZ
Thank you.

HOGARTH
You didn't have to come all the way down here just for that.

LIZ

I knew this was a safe place to speak freely, unlike some phones these days.

HOGARTH

I can't believe after all this time there are still people enthralled in that nonsense.

LIZ

Yeah, that's why we moved away. Hoping a quiet life would be less interesting to people but as it turns out it's not. I get probably two offers a week to write a book or make a movie.

HOGARTH

I can put a stop to that.

LIZ

I've learned to deal, and I rather not write those extra zeros on my check if I don't have to.

Hogarth smiles.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I don't want to put my life on hold anymore and this contract is the start of that.

HOGARTH

I understand.

The two stand and exchange handshakes. Liz leaves Hogarth to work.

HOGARTH (CONT'D)

Hey, before I let you go. Your company recently moved buildings, right?

LIZ

Yes, we did.

HOGARTH

I may have someone that you should meet. You guys could probably help each other.

LIZ

Great. Set something up.

Hogarth nods approval.

Liz leaves.

Hogarth returns to her chair and dials the phone.

HOGARTH

I need you in here.

Hogarth goes to her file cabinet and shuffles through the files.

Zaya enters with a notebook in hand.

HOGARTH (CONT'D)

Look into Liz's businesses. Especially any new partnerships. I need that by the end of tomorrow. I also need you to look into her personal life. Who's she dated since her husband died, where's she's traveled to, ex cetera.

After jotting down a few things in her notebook Zaya leaves and returns to her office.

INT. ZAYA'S OFFICE

Zaya sets at her desk and begins working on her computer when the door swings open revealing Malcolm.

A couple steps behind Malcolm the assistant.

ASSISTANT

You can't be in here; you don't have an appointment. I'm so sorry Ms. Okonjo I tried to stop him.

ZAYA

It's okay.

The assistant leaves closing the door behind him.

ZAYA (CONT'D)

Malcolm, you cannot simply walk in here like this. You couldn't when you worked here, you couldn't when we were dating and you sure as hell cannot now.

MALCOLM

You and your boss might be in trouble.

ZAYA

Geez, Malcolm. I don't need to be rescued. You lost that privilege. Now if you could excuse me, I have work to do.

MALCOLM
I'm serious, Zaya.

ZAYA
I am too.

Malcolm leans on her desk locking his eyes with Zaya's.

MALCOLM
You have to listen to me.

ZAYA
Why?

MALCOLM
The case I'm on has some messed up shit going on and I don't want to see you wrapped up in it because of Hogarth's greed.

ZAYA
What does your case have to do with us?

MALCOLM
I can't tell you right now, but I need you to be careful.

Zaya walks over to the door and lays her hand on the handle.

ZAYA
We deal with criminals every day. You know this. It comes with the job. And if you can't tell me then we are done.

She opens the door to let Malcolm out.

ZAYA (CONT'D)
Again, I have work to do.

MALCOLM
Zaya, that lady that just left isn't what she seems.

Malcolm pleads to Zaya with his eyes as she shuts the door on him.

She leans her back to the door and takes in a big breath.

EXT. BEAUTY AND ESSEX - NIGHT

Mattie impatiently waits outside on a dimly lit street. She takes her phone out of her puffy feather jacket, viciously unlocks it and scrolls.

She clicks it off then back on the screen revealing the time.

MATTIE

(soto voce)

Where is he? Who's ten minutes late to their date without calling or texting.

Turning to leave the gate lifts up revealing a well-dressed Denny.

DENNY

Didn't you see the sign to go around back?

MATTIE

What? There wasn't anything here. And I'm not one to be walking in back allies at this time of night. Especially dressed like this.

Denny's face lights up as he holds the door open for Mattie.

INT. BEAUTY AND ESSEX - CONTINUOUS

DENNY

You do look good.

MATTIE

Thank you.

The two walk to the back of the restaurant. Mattie takes off her jacket as Denny pulls out Mattie's chair and places a napkin on her lap.

Denny sits as a WAITER enters with glasses and a bottle of wine.

DENNY

Sorry. Is white okay?

MATTIE

It's perfect.

The waiter pours the couple a glass of wine, takes Mattie's jacket and retreats to the kitchen.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

What is this place?

DENNY

One of the only places worth eating at on the lower east side.

MATTIE

And look at you with the power to shut the whole place down for a little ol' date.

DENNY

The owner is an old friend. I helped him get this building.

MATTIE

Is that what you do for work? Real Estate.

DENNY

Something like that. How about you?

Mattie stares down at the table and plays with her fork.

MATTIE

I'm taking time off from school.

DENNY

That's cool. What do you want to do?

Mattie shifts in her seat and continues to stare at the table.

MATTIE

I would like to teach writing.

DENNY

If you were my teacher, I would have never missed a day of class.

Mattie looks up from the table and smiles.

The waiter brings out one dish and two plates. As he serves it table side Mattie and Denny continue to exchange smiles.

DENNY (CONT'D)

So. Do you have any family here?

Mattie swiftly averts her eyes and plays with her earring.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Nervous?

The waiter places the dishes in front of the couple then retreats to the back room.

MATTIE

I don't like talking about my family.

DENNY

I understand.

The two chat throughout the night avoiding family talk.

When the two finish dinner Denny and Mattie walk out hand and hand. Outside Denny gets greeted by the head of his security team.

DENNY (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

The man leans towards Denny and whispers into his ear. Denny's facial expression changes.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Where's the car?

The three hustle to the car.

MATTIE

What's going on?

DENNY

We're gonna drop you off.

At the car, Denny opens the door for Mattie, but she stands like a statue on the curb with her arms crossed.

MATTIE

Why? I can take a cab like I did to get here. What's going on?

Denny joins Mattie on the curb.

DENNY

This neighborhood gets dangerous at this time and you'll never get a cab.

He places his hand in the small of her back attempting to guide her to the car.

MATTIE

No. You're not telling me something.

A man stealthily approaches the arguing couple. As he gets closer, he draws a gun without them noticing.

Two gunshots go off back to back.

Mattie's body slumps forward into Denny's arms.

INT. SCIENCE LAB

Typing away at the computer in the lab sits Dr. Nice. She sips from her mug as she scans the screen with her eyes.

Busting through the lab door, Denny's head of security carries a lifeless Mattie.

Dr. Nice jumps up spilling her coffee on some papers.

DR. NICE

What the hell is this? Who are you?

As she finishes her last word Denny comes in the lab door. His once sharp suit now crimson stained with blood.

He moves around the lab to a table filled with only papers. He swipes them off then points to security to place Mattie there.

DR. NICE (CONT'D)

I'm calling the cops.

DENNY

No, you're not.

DR. NICE

And why is that?

She picks up her cell phone from the dry side of the computer desk. Before she can unlock it, Denny slaps it out of her hand.

DENNY

Because I pay you to do as you're told.

Dr. Nice's facial expression changes as she puts things together.

Denny shifts his focus to his security guard.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Take care of the mess in the car. Go to the shop and get rid of everything. Now!

The guard leaves.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Save her.

DR. NICE

What? She needs to go to the hospital.

Denny gives the doctor a sharp look.

DR. NICE (CONT'D)

I'm not that kind of doctor. I have no training for this. I'm a scientist.

DENNY

Figure it out or you'll be the next person fighting for her life in here.

Dr. Nice frantically moves about the room gathering supplies.

DR. NICE

I'm going to need help.

DENNY

Nah. I'm not even here.

DR. NICE

If you want me to save her, I need help.

DENNY

I'm calling Ian. I have other shit to deal with.

Denny heads to the corner of the room and pulls out his phone. He takes and makes several calls while Dr. Nice works.

Dr. Nice manages to stop the bleeding and begins to sew Mattie's stomach up.

Mid stitch Ian bust into the room causing Denny to swing around with his gun drawn.

IAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. It's me.

Denny jesters with his gun for Ian to assist Dr. Nice.

He heads over to her and Denny returns to his corner.

IAN (CONT'D)

What happened?

DR. NICE
 (whispering to Ian)
 I don't know. They busted in and told me
 to fix her.

She returns to stitching up Mattie.

IAN
 Who is she?

DR. NICE
 (still whispering)
 I don't know and I don't think I want to.

Ian leans in closer.

IAN
 (whispering)
 Did he... did he say anything about you
 or your sister?

DR. NICE
 (whispering)
 What? No. That seems to be the least of
 his worries.

IAN
 What do you need me to do?

DR. NICE
 For starters wash your hands and grab me
 some more cloths from over there. Then go
 to the containment lab and get me the
 monitor.

Ian jets out the door and back with the monitor.

The two finish fixing up Mattie.

DR. NICE (CONT'D)
 She's stable but we need to watch her
 vitals before we can move her.

Denny exits the shadows of his corner, putting his phone
 and gun back into his pocket.

DENNY
 Ian don't leave. Text me when she wakes
 up.

IAN
 Sure, sure.

Denny jesters to the doctor to join him on his walkout.

DENNY
Consider this your girl.

Denny makes his way out of the lab.

Dr. Nice turns looks at her destroyed lab and shakes her head.

DR. NICE
Ian, what the hell. I didn't sign up for this. I wanted to help people but not like this. This is crazy.

Ian steps away from Mattie and turns to Dr. Nice.

IAN
We'll this is what it is. And because I like my life, this is what we have to deal with.

DR. NICE
Ian, you're walking a fine line with these two.

IAN
Look once Osborn gets the contract signed, we'll be out from under this tyrant and into a new state of the art facility.

DR. NICE
Why couldn't we start there?

The two join Mattie on each side of the table.

IAN
She has no pull yet. We needed him for the notebook and now this has to play out until she's settled.

Dr. Nice shakes her head and checks Mattie's pulse on her wrist.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS HALLWAY - MORNING

Malcolm enters his key into the lock of Alias.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Colin whips open the door before Malcolm can unlock it.

MALCOLM

What are you doing here? How did you get in?

Malcolm makes his way into the room.

On the floor, hundreds of papers scattered throughout. The walls have various pictures of Oscorp, Liz, her husband, and kid.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What is all this? It seems to be double what we had last night.

COLIN

I couldn't sleep. I've been looking into Liz. I didn't find much. I've been trying to figure out how she is connected to the artifacts. Malcolm, Malcolm are you hearing me?

Malcolm stares at the pictures on the wall not moving or acknowledging Colin.

Colin walks over to Malcolm and taps him on the shoulder.

MALCOLM

Yeah, yeah. And?

Malcolm takes a seat at his desk and focuses on Colin who's pacing as he rambles.

COLIN

So. As you know Liz took control after the GG catastrophe. She's been tight-lipped about all of it. There are no articles or anything connecting the two besides the obvious.

MALCOLM

What about the kid?

Colin stops in front of Malcolm.

COLIN

Normie? What about him?

MALCOLM

Well, isn't he the reason Liz got the shares to take over Oscorp to make Alchemax? What about the other company?

COLIN

This is getting complicated.

MALCOLM

I think it started complicated.

COLIN

It would be nice to have Jessica right now.

Colin leaves Malcolm at his desk and goes back to the wall of pictures.

Malcolm opens his laptop and stares at the blank screen.

MALCOLM

(sotto voce)

It would be nice.

INT. CONTAINMENT LAB - NIGHT

Mattie lays connected to several machines.

Dr. Nice pulls back the plastic ushering Ian into the room.

IAN

Whoa. That's like three times as many machines than when I left. What happened?

The two go to the same side of Mattie.

DR. NICE

Something unbelievable.

IAN

Is she okay?

DR. NICE

She's more than okay.

Dr. Nice pulls the cover from Mattie's body revealing bloody bandages that are no longer taped on her.

DR. NICE (CONT'D)

I was about to change her bandages but look.

She moves away the blood soaked cloths and stares at Ian.

IAN

What the hell? How did you do that?

Ian lays his hand where the bandages were removed. He slides it across Mattie's stomach eventually revealing undamaged skin.

DR. NICE

I didn't.

Ian continues to examine Mattie's body as Dr. Nice leaves the room.

She returns quickly with a small microscope and tray.

DR. NICE (CONT'D)

Look at this.

Ian looks through the microscope, then at the doctor.

IAN

Is this?

DR. NICE

She's perfect.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS

Malcolm sits at his desk scanning the laptop screen with his eyes.

Colin sits on the floor of the office circled in papers.

A KNOCK at the door cause both to jump then look at each other.

COLIN

It's your office, I think you should get it.

Malcolm makes his way to the door. While it's frosted clear glass, he sees no one's silhouette.

He opens the door to a woman facing the elevator.

INT. ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS HALLWAY

The woman turns and faces Malcolm.

JESSICA

I got your messages.