

DEVANEY

SCENE III - A PARK BENCH

DEVANEY

Farmer—

FRANK

No.

DEVANEY

All right, sixty-five hundred a week.

FRANK

What did I just say?

DEVANEY

You said no... which means I should offer you more money.

(FRANK shakes his head, "no".)

DEVANEY

Seven thousand.

FRANK

Look, there are plenty of qualified guys you could get for that kind of money.

DEVANEY

I'm told you're the best.

FRANK

There's no such thing.

DEVANEY

What happened with your client in New York?

FRANK

It's over.

DEVANEY

Yeah, you quit. But he asked you to stay on, didn't he?

FRANK

I'm not good in permanent positions.

DEVANEY

Eight thousand.

FRANK

I don't do celebrities.

DEVANEY

Why not? It's where all the money is.

FRANK

It's where all the bullshit is.

DEVANEY

(holding out an envelope)

Take a look at this letter for me.

FRANK

Devaney...

DEVANEY

Just take a look. And I'll leave you alone. I swear.

03 - "PARK BENCH INTO FLETCHER"

DEVANEY (CONT'D)

Someone left it in her dressing room during the show. Stage Manager swears none of their people were in or out of there once the performance began.

FRANK

You pull the employee files?

DEVANEY

It was all our own people back there. But, yes, we're checking it out.

(They read the letter.)

STALKER (V.O.)

"Queen Rachel. You have everything and I have nothing. Yet I am everything and you are nothing. Only you understand the pain. So only you will share the fire. But not before the sacrifice. Prepare, my queen. I'm coming..."

FRANK

You have this professionally assessed?

DEVANEY

(shakes his head "no")

You think it's for real?

FRANK

Someone manages to break into her dressing room in the middle of a show and leave a letter. Yeah, I'd say there's a chance it's for real... Was there anything else?

DEVANEY

Well...yes. One of her costumes may have gone missing. Frank, I'm not talking about a celebrity here...

FRANK

You're talking about one of the biggest stars on the planet--

DEVANEY

I'm talking about a scared girl with a ten-year old son. Rachel begged me to come to you...

FRANK

Wait. (A beat.) She has a son?

DEVANEY

Yeah. Fletcher.

FRANK

(Stares at DEVANEY. A long beat.)

Alright, I'll come take a look.

DEVANEY

Thank you!

FRANK

I'm just gonna look it over.

DEVANEY

Alright. Good. That's-- good. Thanks, Frank.