

**original draft**

**mouloud kay**

INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Ty sits at his desk, tired. There is a pile of folders next to him. He types, reads himself back, and presses the delete key.

He sighs and looks around him: there's nobody. All the computer screens are off, aside from his.

He looks back at his screen.

Paige walks in. She carries a folder in her arms. She arrives near him.

PAIGE  
Spacek will talk.

Ty looks at her.

TY  
I don't think it's worth it.

PAIGE  
Trust me.

TY  
Plus I don't really have time to look over this. Seriously, I mean, look at all this.

He points at the folders and at the screen.

TY (CONT'D)  
Do you think you can help me with this? I don't want to spend another night here. I'd rather go out.

PAIGE  
You're doing the graveyard shift, so you can't go out.

TY  
Thanks for pointing out the obvious.

She laughs.

PAIGE  
But seriously, Spacek will talk.

TY  
Spacek... that guy.

PAIGE  
What about him?

TY

He's not important enough to know anything.

PAIGE

He is. He spoke to me.

TY

Really?

PAIGE

Yes, really. He even started talking shit about his superiors.

TY

On or off record?

PAIGE

Off record, obviously.

She gives him the folder. He opens it, reads it.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

He joined the Vindman firm in 1998 and has been in charge of hundreds of operations. He is not at the top of the hierarchy but he's important. He knows a lot of things. There are a few papers on which his signature appears, including in 2009, which is the exact year the scandal cover up happened.

Ty listens.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

For someone who hasn't been to journalism school, I think I'm doing alright, don't you think?

TY

You haven't been to journalism school? I didn't know that.

PAIGE

I couldn't afford it.

TY

How the hell did you find a job here if you didn't even study?

PAIGE

Never mind that. Focus on this.

Ty looks at the folder again. He nods.

TY

That's really great.

PAIGE

I know, I'm great.

He looks at her and smiles.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

We're going to need another source if we want this to hold when we talk to Pete about it. I don't imagine he will want to run a story without that.

TY

You're right on that one. But this is a great start.

They stop talking for a moment. They think.

PAIGE

How about Stevenson?

TY

I'm not sure it's a great idea. I don't think a guy that low in the chain of command knows much either.

PAIGE

He does. When all three of us spoke to him, you could just see it. When we mentioned Sally, that's when he asked us to leave. He must know something. He's just shitting himself.

TY

Sure, I mean, it's worth a try. I would suggest you go, but you're not really good with talking to people, so...

PAIGE

Hey! I AM good with talking to people!

TY

No but seriously, P. The problem with Stevenson is that he is a pain in the ass. He is retired, so he's just at that age where he can be a pain in the ass. He's going to tell us again to fuck off like last time. I don't want to risk it. As you know, Pete gave me my third warning two days ago. I don't want to lose this job.

PAIGE

You won't lose this job. Trust me. If we go speak to Stevenson again, and explain to him that Spacek is also ready to speak up, then I'm sure he will change his mind.

Ty thinks.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

He could be our second source.

A long pause.

TY

I guess maybe if we ask Tom. He's the only one who Stevenson was polite to last time. Maybe Tom can get him to talk.

PAIGE

I agree.

Paige smiles to herself.

TY

What's making you smile like that?

PAIGE

Nothing, it's just... I'm proud of myself. As I said, for someone who didn't study journalism...

TY

Yeah. You should be proud. But you still have a lot to learn.

Paige stops smiling.

PAIGE

No need to be so patronizing.

TY

It's true though this is just the beginning.

They stay silent for a while.

PAIGE

So we ask Tom if he can speak to Eric Stevenson. I go back to speak to Spacek. Do you want me to also talk to Pete once we get everything confirmed to ask him if we can run the story?

TY

No offense but I'd rather we speak to him together. I don't want any information to be left out.

PAIGE

Let's do this.

TY

Not right now. There's a great South American restaurant not far from here. They do great cocktails. I'm going to do that first.

PAIGE

You're on the graveyard shift. Do I really need to remind you of that?

TY

No, I guess you don't.

Paige picks up the folder she brought with her.

TY (CONT'D)

Ah fuck it. I need some fresh air.

They both walk to the elevator and enter it. The elevator goes down.

At the same time, on the main screen, a news alert starts flashing red.

**edited draft**

**mouloud kay**

INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Graveyard shift. Keyboard clicks echoing.

Ty at his computer. Only person in the room. Not enough coffee. He types. Stops. Reads it back. Deletes.

The main door swings open -- Paige storms in, almost dropping the folder under her arm. She should be quiet but right now she's too excited. She stops at Ty's desk.

PAIGE

Spacek.

Ty barely moves his eyes to glance at her. She hands him the folder -- it's a no.

PAIGE

He'll talk.

TY

Small potatoes.

PAIGE

Spoke to him. He even started talking shit 'bout the direction.

TY

On or off record?

She throws him a frown. Is he seriously asking that question?

He takes his eyes off his screen. Stares into the corridor on the other side of the glass door.

TY

There's a Peruvian place about five doors down from that bar you guys go to every night. I have no idea why you go there when that place exists. You can get a Chilcano for about ten dollars but if you know them well enough they'll do it for five. Have you ever had a Chilcano?

PAIGE

I don't even know if that's a food or a drink--

TY

The things I'd do for a Chilcano right now--

PAIGE

Pay ten dollars?

He snaps out of his trance. Doesn't laugh at the joke. Back to the screen.

PAIGE

Let's go there now. I'll pay for your *chicano* so I can talk to you 'bout this.

TY

Now? Oh, yeah. Sure.

He leans over the pile of folders next to him. The light from his screen almost blinds him as he resumes typing --

PAIGE

Ty.

He ignores her.

She takes a seat. Places the folder in front of him.

PAIGE

Spacek joined Vindman in 1998. The guy has overseen hundreds-- and I mean hundreds of operations. Not saying he was there at every meeting, but his signature appears on papers from 2009 and later. Redacted shit. Fully off the books. You know what else started in 2009?

Ty stops typing. Finally gives her his attention.

TY

And he'll talk?

She doesn't need to answer that.

Ty takes it in. Considering it.

TY

Yeah, I mean-- great. But no.

PAIGE

Why not?

TY

Journalism school 101.

On Paige, not quite following. *What?*

TY

I'm not entering Pete's office with just that.

PAIGE

We already have another source.

He glances at her again. Catching her drift.

TY

Hell no. The guy knows nothing. And he's a pain the ass.

PAIGE

If the guy knows nothing why did he ask us to leave the moment we mentioned Sally?

TY

And he's a pain in the ass.

PAIGE

He's a pain in the ass who's shitting himself too much to speak up 'bout what happened.

She pushes Spacek's folder right under his nose.

PAIGE

No one wants to be the only one to speak up.

Ty takes a peek. One page after the other.

Paige stares into his soul. *Please say yes.*

TY

It's my third warning P.

PAIGE

I know.

A silence. Feels like forever. For her, especially.

TY

We'll need someone to talk to him.

PAIGE

Spacek?

TY

Stevenson. To make him change his mind. Someone good with people.

PAIGE

Sure.

TY

So probably Tom.

She says nothing back, but *ouch.*

PAIGE

Fine. Can I go to Pete's office and tell him--

TY  
We'll go talk to Pete.

PAIGE  
 Fantastic.

TY  
 Only after we've got confirmation.

PAIGE  
 Not so fantastic, but I'll take it.

TY  
 Both confirmations.

PAIGE  
 (not really fine, but)  
 Fine.

Ty peels himself off his seat. Picks up the Spacek folder as he leaves his desk --

Paige cracks a proud smile. Tries to hide it. *She did that.*

She follows him to

THE ELEVATOR

They enter --

PAIGE  
 I couldn't afford it, if you're so interested.

TY  
 Couldn't afford what?

PAIGE  
 Journalism school. So, you know-- there are probably a few other things you might have to keep patronising me 'bout.

It's a dig, but it's all in jest and he knows it.

TY  
 Then how the hell did you get a job here--

PAIGE  
 Because *I'm good with people.*

Touché. The elevator doors shut, as --

A BEEP from the main feed.

A NEWS ALERT. Flashing red. Breaking.