

RICHARD

CAMILLE

Gay bait over there looks a little young to be drinking.

CHRIS

I'm cutting him some slack. That's John Keene.

CAMILLE

John... Natalie's brother?

CHRIS

Yeah. Poor son of-a-bitch. He's taking it really hard.

Camille looks over at John, intrigued. Again, John returns her gaze. Bold, like he's daring her to come over. A beat as Camille assesses the situation -- then says to Chris:

CAMILLE

Excuse me for a sec, okay?

CHRIS

Okay...

Camille starts to head toward John. But a VOICE stops her. It's Richard, who's just planted himself next to her seat.

START →

RICHARD

Miss Preaker at Sensors? I would have pegged you for more of a Fooths gal.

CAMILLE

Wrong again. Gotta love a Nagel print.

(sits back down/then)

So is this your spot? You sit here and drink and dream of angular gals in big shoulder pads?

He smiles and sits on the stool next to Camille. They fall easily into gentle teasing, their mutual interest evident.

RICHARD

God. Thank you. *Sarcasm.* Most I get from your hometown pals is sugary passive aggression.

CAMILLE

That's our specialty. Just smile and nod until the asshole leaves you alone.

RICHARD

Is that what I am? The
out-of-town asshole?

CAMILLE

Maybe. You dress like one. But I
guess all cops do.

RICHARD

Detective -- Willis. Richard.

(then)

You can make your dick joke now.
Works on several levels. Asshole.
Private...

CAMILLE

Tempting. So, where are you from,
Dick?

RICHARD

Kansas City. Vickery called for
backup. I think he regrets it now.
He doesn't like my style.

CAMILLE

Which is -- ?

RICHARD

Aggressive, I guess. It's my first
serial. So...

CAMILLE

Congratulations are in order?

RICHARD

It sounds crass but, yeah, if I
crack it... But you know the deal.
It's the same in your business.

CAMILLE

Uh huh. The more gruesome, the
better.

RICHARD

You're lucky. You being from here,
got the hometown advantage.

CAMILLE

Not really. I haven't been back for
a long time. And once you've
abandoned Wind Gap, you're
basically suspect for life.

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RICHARD

Interesting choice of words. Should I be looking at you?

He says it with a grin, his eyes grazing her body. Camille feels some heat growing between them, subconsciously tugs at her long sleeves. Pulls them over her wrists.

CAMILLE

Knock yourself out.

(then)

So, how's the investigation going?

RICHARD

Funny girl.

CAMILLE

Come on. I'm going to get something one way or another. Wouldn't you rather control the conversation?

RICHARD

That's a good line.

CAMILLE

Maybe. But it's the truth.

Richard grows more serious, redirects. Puts Camille on the defensive:

RICHARD

Looked like you were about to go talk to young Keene over there. The brother.

CAMILLE

Oh, is that him?

RICHARD

(knows she's bluffing)

Reporters aren't supposed to talk to minors without parental permission.

CAMILLE

Jesus. I was just going over to hit on him.

RICHARD

(laughs)

Oh. Well, that's different.

CAMILLE

Why? Is he a suspect?

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RICHARD

You know I can't tell you that.

CAMILLE

So he is.

RICHARD

Everybody's a suspect right now.

CAMILLE

(not buying it)

You don't have any leads? Nothing.

RICHARD

Camille. How about you and I call a detente. At least for now?

(off her look)

Can't we just talk? I'm starved for some "city folk" conversation. I ask about your life, you ask about mine? Like civilians?

Camille takes this in -- goes a little cold. Glances quickly at John, who downs the last of his beer. Says to Willis:

CAMILLE

I don't really...do that. Chat.

(off his look)

Guess I'm a real Wind Gapian after all.

Richard's expression falls a bit. He's not used to being rejected.

RICHARD

Wow. So that's it? We talk work or I shove off?

CAMILLE

Pretty much.

A moment. Then:

RICHARD

Got it. Okay.

(a beat/then)

Enjoy your evening, Camille.

END

He leaves the bar, not wanting to hang on her turf. She watches him go -- a hint of regret crossing her features.

Then she looks back to where John sits. But he's GONE, the back door swinging shut in his wake.