

PRIME SUSPECT - DERRICK

INT. DERRICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jane staring out the window of a MOVING CAR, lost in thought, or maybe just zoned out, drunk. Derrick's driving her home.

DERRICK

For someone who just got what they wanted, you don't look too happy. I think maybe you're upset about not working with me anymore.

JANE

(flashing a smile)
I don't know how I'm gonna manage it.

DERRICK

Well at least now we don't have to hide it from everybody.

Jane turns to the window -- doesn't want to deal.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(deflated)
Or maybe we do.

JANE

Why'd you blow our cover today?

DERRICK

You were about to smoke crystal meth.

JANE

You could have gotten us killed.

DERRICK

Well I didn't.

JANE

I don't need you to protect me.

DERRICK

You've made it very clear you don't need anyone for anything.

He pulls over. They're at her middle-class TOWNHOUSE.

JANE

You want to come up?

DERRICK
 (gently mocking)
 Are you inviting me into your home?
 What will the neighbors think?

JANE
 Never mind then.

She gets out, walks to her HOUSE. She unlocks the FRONT DOOR, waits. As she expected, he steps up.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (sexy)
 I don't like pouting.

DERRICK
 You don't like it when people don't do what you want, when you want it, how you want it. And I wasn't pouting. I was mocking.

JANE
 Oh, is that what that was?

They kiss. She nibbles on his lip, tempting him, reeling him in, then pulling back with a mischievous smile.

JANE (CONT'D)
 I don't give a shit what the neighbors think.

She goes inside. And he can't help but follow.

CUT TO

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jane's BEDROOM. Derrick rolls over sleepily, reaches for... Jane, who's in the KITCHEN, preparing a hangover remedy: tomato juice, raw egg, Tylenol, Tabasco. Derrick enters as she chugs it down in one gulp.

DERRICK
 So this is your place?! I thought it was gonna be like the Bat Cave.

She turns, a bit stunned. He takes it all in, which only makes her uncomfortable. He notes STACKS of BOOKS on a CREDENZA. Volumes, case histories, trial records -- all on HOMICIDES. He picks one up, sees highlighted sections, pages folded down, earmarks.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
 A little light reading?

JANE
I wanted to be prepared.

DERRICK
So you memorized everything ever
written about homicide?

She's exposed, embarrassed, tries to shrug it off. He continues his inspection, looking at PHOTOS. Sees...

INSERT PHOTOS: Jane and Mikey at 6. Jane and Mikey at 9.
Jane, Sam and Mikey at 13.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
Who's this? Your nephew or
something?

JANE
It's my son.

And she exits, headed back for her BEDROOM. Derrick follows:

DERRICK
You have a son?

JANE
(dressing, downplaying)
Yeah.

DERRICK
And you never told me. Seven months
we've been working together, three
months we've been sleeping
together. This is the reason you
didn't want me here?!

JANE
Is that so shocking? That I
wouldn't want to drag every guy I
sleep with past my teenage son.
(off his hurt)
Come on, Derrick, it's not
personal.

DERRICK
No, clearly not.

Her phone rings. She checks it.

JANE
I gotta take this.

DERRICK

Yeah, go ahead. I'll get out of
your hair.

She wants to call after him but has to take the call:

JANE

Tennison....Yeah, I got it. I'll be
right there.

She hangs up, suddenly excited.