

# Alex Scene 2.

EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR - MORNING

We spy the jet inside.

START

INT. JET - AIRPORT HANGAR - MORNING

CARADAWN

What it is Alex? I have a busy morning.

Alex holds an 8x10 envelope in his hands.

ALEX

Now that you are the new owner of the LA Falcons, it is my duty to bring indiscretions to your attention before it becomes public, just like I did for your late husband.

CARADAWN

Sit down.

He sits across from her.

CARADAWN (CONT'D)

What little piece of tattletale dirt do you have in that envelope?

ALEX

An indiscretion that needs to be dealt with immediately.

CARADAWN

You know, Tex use to tell me how you spied on the girls and players and reported everything about their lives. I think spying is repulsive.

ALEX

This is different.

Alex takes the magazine out and hands it to her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Jenny Baca, the girl you had to have on the team.

Caradawn flicks through her centerfold.

CARADAWN

She's a beautiful girl.

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ALEX

I just need your permission to fire her.

Caradawn takes in a big breath and leans back. She places her stern eyes on Alex.

CARADAWN

I'll tell you what your going to do Alex. Your going to forget you ever saw this magazine. I will have my lawyers purchase the remaining copies in circulation and pay off the publisher.

ALEX

I don't understand. Why are you giving this girl special privileges. It's going to backfire on you and the organization will pay dearly in the press.

CARADAWN

That's where you come in. You're top priority is to make sure that never happens. If it does, I will fire you. Plain and simple.

(stern)

Don't even think about crossing me. I know you had stuff on Tex and used it to weasel your way to the top. But Tex had dirt on you too.

Alex's face goes dark.

CARADAWN (CONT'D)

And I now have that dirt, those countless indiscretions, tucked away for a rainy day.

Caradawn hands him back the magazine.

CARADAWN (CONT'D)

Keep it as a remembrance of our conversation today. Use it for your personal pleasure. Because your incapable of getting a good girl, a sweet girl, like Jenny Baca.

(beat)

Now get off my plane.

Alex sheepishly stands, turns and does the walk of shame.

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