INT. ARIA CASINO - LATE NIGHT

We're in the crowd at Aria. Faces turning--leering, confused, concerned--as someone pushes through the crowd.

Then we see why: LIZZIE (22), tall, lithe, gorgeous. Mascara and tears streaked across her face. Black dress leaving little to the imagination. Barefoot, five-inch heels in one hand, sequined purse in the other.

Her eyes ping-pong across the crowd--buttoned-down bros, bachelorette parties--searching for someone. They land on A MAN (mid-40s), average-looking, blending in: the opposite of Vegas-dress. She clocks a bulge on his left leg. *Bingo*.

She approaches him. Her voice squeaks over the clang and clamor, but it isn't just the noise: she's scared.

LIZZIE
How's your night going?
(doesn't wait)
It'd be better with me in it, huh?
$500 and you'll forget whoever's
name is making you look so sad.

The MAN shoots her a curious glance. Glances at his watch. Lifts up his shirt to reveal a LVPD BADGE.

MAN
My night's almost over, so let's
both pretend you kept walking...

LIZZIE
You're not vice, huh? What, DCU?

Lizzie opens her purse and pulls out TWO WHITE BAGS.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
If you're not gonna book me for
solicitation, how about possession?

Lizzie's eyes keep panning the crowd: she's looking for someone again--a different someone. She's shaking.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
How about I just open them up and
sprinkle 'em like fairy dust on the
floor? Whole lot of paperwork...

The COP pulls out his cuffs, still perplexed, and puts them on her. People are watching. She's still scanning the crowd.

MAN/COP
Lookin' for someone?

LIZZIE
(sotto)
No. He’s looking for me.

CUT TO:

INT UNDERCOVER COP CAR/EXT LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD

COP turns off the main thoroughfare. His PHONE RINGS through Bluetooth--an image of HIM, HIS WIFE, and THEIR YOUNG DAUGHTER pops up, along with the name DIANE. He hits ACCEPT.

DIANE (O.S.)
Mark, where the hell are you? I go in for a 12 at 7.

MARK
I know, I’m sorry, I need to stop off at the station. Fifteen, tops.

DIANE (O.S.)
I love you.

MARK
You, too.

Mark hangs up. Lizzie, in the back seat, sneaks a glance back at Mark through the rearview.

LIZZIE
Sorry...

MARK
Don’t sweat it.
(beat)
Best gimme that devil’s dandruff before you get a *real* charge.

Lizzie’s lips curl upward as she opens her purse, hands Mark the bag.

LIZZIE
You can put it in what I’m sure is really shitty coffee.

Mark sniffs it, smirks, but--he’s now even more confused.

MARK
So, what do I call you?

LIZZIE
Lizzie.

MARK
Wanna tell me what the hell's going on, Lizzie?

LIZZIE
You can't throw me in the tank. I don't know who--

She pauses. Isn't sure how much she can share.

MARK
You wanted to get arrested? That's getting arrested.

LIZZIE
I need to get in a room and talk to someone. Like, right away.

MARK
You're talking to me right now. And I ain't the social secretary.

LIZZIE
I'm serious. Please.

Mark turns into the precinct, half an eye still sussing out this girl in his back seat.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT 14 - LAS VEGAS PD - LATER

The place is a MESS--criminals being processed, low-price lawyers lurking. Mark is standing by the INTAKE DESK, where a short, mustached man--name tag LESSIK--answers a call.

LESSIK
One-four.
(beat)
Was doing great, and then I picked up the phone. You can't sign him o--

A HAND on Mark's shoulder; he turns around to EMMETT RILEY (46), pack of cigs in his hand, looking ready to head out.

EMMETT
Checkin' out? Grab a belt with me.

Mark nods to a corner, gestures for Emmett to follow him. It's quiet there.

MARK
I got a girl in Room 3. A pro. She, umm... she wants a word.

EMMETT
A word. With who, with *me*? C'mon.

MARK
She knows something.

EMMETT
What are you, new? I'm sure she knows a shit ton if it'll get her out her collar and back in action.

MARK
Give her two minutes. Please.

EMMETT
I'll give her one. Then, you buy me a scotch old enough to vote. Deal?

Mark nods. Emmett shakes his head--knows better--but

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - MOMENTS LATER

Emmett walks in to find Lizzie seated in the stark, simple room: a desk and two chairs. Emmett pulls out a cig.

LIZZIE
Can I bum one of those?

Emmett shakes his head.

EMMETT
No smoking in here. Mark has great instincts. That's why I'm here. His judgment? Touch and go.

Emmett lights his cigarette.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
You've got 'til I finish this.

LIZZIE
I need protection. I mean, I need to know that you'll keep me safe if-

Emmett blows out a ring of smoke, knocks off some ash.

EMMETT
Someone in your line of work should better understand the concept of leverage. You have none.

LIZZIE
I have information. Without it, you'll never find him. *Leverage*.

Emmett knocks off another block of ash. Half the cig is left.

EMMETT
Some john get rough with you? That's what this is? What'd you do?

Lizzie shakes her head violently, stifling tears.

LIZZIE
No, he was sweet--the kid, I mean--

EMMETT
Hold up--what "kid"?
(beat)
What'd you take tonight?

Lizzie meets his gaze as Emmett walks closer.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
Pupils the size of baseballs. Too many vodka Red Bulls, huh?

He chuckles, but he sees something else in her eyes--the kind of fear that breaks through narcotics--that makes him stop.

Lizzie looks at the MIRROR--a ONE-WAY MIRROR. On the other side, MARK stands, watching; Lizzie seems to sense this.

LIZZIE
Good instincts, right?

Emmett takes a drag, then--with a bit of dramatic flair--throws the cig on the ground.

EMMETT
Time's up.

LIZZIE
If you don't listen to me, then yes. You're already running out of time.

EMMETT
(chuckling)
Is that a fact? *I'm* running out of time? To do what?

A beat. Silence. Emmett grinds his foot over the cig.

Lizzie looks over again at the mirror, deciding what to say, who to trust--she's so scared.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

LIZZIE
(softly)
To find the body. Before they make it disappear.