

CUT TO: INSIDE HOGARTH'S FIRM

Pam talks to someone at the front desk. Jessica walks into the lobby.

PAM

Jessica! Did Ms. Hogarth ask you to stop by?

JESSICA

Yep.

PAM

You're lying, aren't you.

JESSICA

Yep.

Jessica meets Hogarth as she walks down the hall.

JESSICA

Got anything for me?

HOGARTH

I thought you didn't like or trust me.

JESSICA

Oh, come on, I meant lawyers in general.

HOGARTH

Scumbag henchmen for corporate America.

JESSICA

Well...

HOGARTH

We just hired a full-time investigator.

JESSICA

Whoever he is, he's not as good as me.

HOGARTH

Hence me having offered you the job, which you rejected.

JESSICA

Wasn't personal, I just prefer to freelance. No ties.

HOGARTH

So you said with an impressive string of expletives.

JESSICA

'Kay, is being drunk an excuse?

HOGARTH

You know, it's really about professionalism. You are erratic,
and you are volatile -

JESSICA

Effective! You brought me eight jobs no one could deliver on, I did.

HOGARTH

And that is why I have overlooked several complaints, and
have kept your methods confidential.

JESSICA

You're not protecting me. You need my methods. I'm not going to beg you
for a case. I will ask you, though, very strongly.

HOGARTH

(After a moment of thought)

I need a summon served, to the owner of several gentlemen's clubs.
His name is Gregory Spheeris.

The two reach Hogarth's office and enter.

HOGARTH

An exotic dancer fell off the stage when a pole came loose.
Severe concussion, permanent brain damage.
Spheeris claims she was always that stupid.

JESSICA

And you're repping who?

HOGARTH

The dancer, of course.

She hands Jessica the summons.

JESSICA

The poor, brain damaged dancer. And?

HOGARTH

Other parties interested in Spheeris's property.

JESSICA

Phew. I questioned my whole worldview for a second there.

HOGARTH

Spheeris's bodyguards make him very difficult to serve. Your specialty.

JESSICA

This is going a long way toward me liking and trusting you.

Jessica leaves.