

## EPISODE 1

### Scene 1

[FADE-IN: City ambience as heard from inside a high office. A Zippo lighter is struck and a cigarette is lit.]

Jambee: [inhaling cigarette; exhale] St Valens... An itty-bitty little nook in the middle of the world's asscrack. The people you vote for to make this place better don't get paid enough, and the people you do pay to keep it safe get paid more to look the other way. This place is full of bad eggs and scum, and I'm the worst one'a them all. [another drag; exhale/sigh] How did a cold, cruel sonovabitch slingin' love potions and fucksticks like me ever wind up holdin' all the power in this sordid little town?

"Ellie": Sounds like a tough job... No wonder it takes a big, strong fella like you to do it.

Jambee: Heh-heh-heh... What is this, Ellie? You've been my secretary for barely an hour and you're already tryna schmooze your way into a promotion?

"Ellie": Not at all, Mr Valentine. I just wanted to make sure I... didn't understate what made me want this job so badly.

Jambee: The job, huh? That's what you wanted so... so badly?

"Ellie": Heeheehee~ Well... Maybe not the job so much as... the Boss~

Jambee: [deep purr] Somethin' tells me you've been smokin' more'a these things than I have today. [cigarette drag] Not that I'm complainin'... Hm-hm-hm-hm~

"Ellie": I guess it's true what they say about your cigarettes, Mr Valentine... Every puff feels like first love...

Jambee: I like a lady who does her research... Care to sample the product? I'm sure your Boss won't mind...

"Ellie": Heeheehee~ I don't smoke on the job, Mr Valentine... Not that I even need it when I'm with you...

Jambee: That's a perfect answer...

[Fabric handling and shuffling, implying the movement of clothes and bodies]

Jambee: So... If you're not gunnin' for a promotion... How's about we talk about a nice, big raise for my new favorite secretary...?

[Jingling of a belt buckle being unfastened, more fabric]

“Ellie”: Ohhh... I think I'm already about to earn myself a big... fat... bonus...

Jambee: ...What?

[We hear the SHING! of a knife being drawn, very abruptly]

Jambee: OH, SHIT!

“Ellie”: Graaahhhhh!

[Chaotic sounds - movement, tumbling, a glass shatters, implying a tussle; the knife ‘thunks’ into the wood of the desk, the solid floor, etc.]

Jambee/“Ellie”: [struggling, grunts]

Jambee: [struggling] T! **T!** TMon, get in here!

“Ellie”: What's wrong, Jambee? Can't a big, strong fella like you handle me all by yourself?!

Jambee: I knew I should'a checked your references!

[The door opens casually while the tussle continues]

TMon: Jambee, what's the point of buying me a pager if you're just gonna yell at me through the-- Oh, for fuck's sake... What did you do this time, Jambee?

Jambee: T! I could use a little help here!

TMon: Well, I must say this has to be some kind of record. You usually manage to get at least one leg out of your trousers before someone draws a knife on you. Your belt's hardly past your knees this time.

Jambee: Will you shut up and choke her out already?!