

**NEWBURN
ISSUE ONE**

PAGE ONE

Okay, Jacob! WE'RE DOING THIS. Because of the 16 page structure, some of these pages will be dense, and for that, I'm sorry. I mean, I'm sorry for a lot of things, but today? It's denseness (it's not that bad).

1.1 This page is to set the mood and give a sense of Newburn's lifestyle. A nice big WIDE PANEL of his penthouse apartment. It's MASSIVE and modern and overlooks NEW YORK CITY and probably cost 10-20 million. A lot of OPEN SPACE and GLASS so we see that we missed sundown by about half an hour. A faint RED GLOW in the sky.

EASTON NEWBURN is doing PULL-UPS in the spacious living room, facing the GLASS, looking at the city, looking AWAY from us, SMALL in this big shot of his place. He's TALL, 6'3", looks like he maybe used to be a boxer. He's SHIRTLESS, but wears baggy, slick exercise pants and no shoes.

EASTON: hNh

1.2 CLOSE on EASTON, lit by the RED of the SET SUN as he LOWERS himself, exhaling.

EASTON: phOO

1.3 SAME, or SIMILAR as EASTON raises himself again.

EASTON: hNh

PHONE (OP): brnng

1.4 EASTON walks over to a COUNTER, which has TWO PHONES plugged in next to a neatly folded HANDTOWEL. I should point out that the place is VERY NEAT. He's not OCD or anything, just meticulous.

PHONE: brnng

1.5 EASTON answers it as he grabs a TOWEL.

EASTON: Understood.

EASTON: Give me 40 minutes.

1.6 Maybe we're looking at EASTON through the WINDOW now as he looks out, wiping his SWEAT from his body. Pulled back enough to see that he does indeed have the PENTHOUSE in this very tall and nice building.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE TWO

2.1 It's FALL in NEW YORK, NIGHTTIME. We're outside a brownstone. Classic New York building. Not downtown, more like Brooklyn or Flushing. Near some action but not IN the action. A COP CAR is pulling away, but another one stays parked. Two cops out front. Plainclothes detectives. Dress shirts, ties, BADGE hanging from pants. Cop one is CASEY, a white woman in her late 40s. Short white hair, fit. Been doing the job a while (she'll re-occur as NEWBURN'S police contact). Cop two is ROBERT. Young black male. Rookie. Fit but skinny. Eager and a little nervous.

ROBERT: Scalleri reported in. They're done canvassing.

ROBERT: Should we call it? Start the paperwork?

CASEY: Just a second.

2.2 EASTON NEWBURN steps out of the back of a BIG BLACK SUV. Serious looking. Dapper. Has an expensive 3/4 length wool jacket. Clearly a SUIT and TIE underneath. He's immaculate and a little scary.

EASTON: Casey.

EASTON: All clear?

CASEY: Yeah.

2.3 EASTON starts to walk up the front steps. ROBERT calls out after him, CASEY puts a hand on his arm.

EASTON: Walk me through it.

ROBERT: We just—

ROBERT: What PRECINCT are you? 'Cause this is with the 72nd and I don't—

CASEY: Robert.

2.4 On CASEY, serious, looking at ROBERT, who is confused.

CASEY: I'll explain later.

2.5 EASTON walks up a flight of STAIRS, CASEY just behind.

EASTON: Top floor? Sure the perp came and went this way?

CASEY: We have an ID from a neighbour of him heading toward the stairs after.

2.6 They're now in FRONT of the APARTMENT. EASTON is casually picking the LOCK. There's POLICE TAPE across the front of the DOOR.

EASTON: Which neighbour?

CASEY: Apartment to the RIGHT of the vic. SHE'S actually over in the apartment to the LEFT now, comforting the old woman who lives there.

PAGE THREE

3.1 EASTON is in the APARTMENT now, looking around. It's pretty trashed. Someone was looking for something. CASEY is coming in UNDER the POLICE TAPE behind him.

CASEY: So, which is it?

EASTON: Hm?

CASEY: The ALBANOS or the CARRAROS? Which family called you in?

3.2 We see the SCENE now from behind EASTON. TRASHED LIVING ROOM. BLOOD on the BLINDS/WALL from the shooting. Some blood dragged down the wall/blinds, as if the victim slid down after being shot.

EASTON: Does it matter?

CASEY (OP): Well, yeah. Victim was CARMINE ALBANO. Stole TEN KILOS of coke from his OWN FAMILY.

3.3 CLOSE on EASTON, looking around as he moves toward the WASHROOM. SNIFFS the air.

CASEY (OP): Don't think the ALBANOS would send you if THEY did this...

EASTON: You're still quite the DETECTIVE, Casey.

EASTON: (sniff)

3.4 EASTON opens the MEDICINE CABINET. CASEY crosses her ARMS. She's used to this.

CASEY: Fuck YOU, NEWBURN.

CASEY: What do you got?

EASTON: Krizia Uomo cologne in the air. But I only see generic drug store shit here.

3.5 EASTON moves to leave the APARTMENT. CASEY behind.

CASEY: Great. So we've narrowed down the MAFIA murderer to "Italian."

CASEY: As you may EXPECT, he didn't leave the GUN at the scene. But CARMINE'S gun was still here. Unfired, no bullets.

EASTON: Hn. I'll be next door with the witnesses.

3.6 EASTON walks by ROBERT in the HALLWAY, who is still confused.

EASTON: Alone.

3.7 CASEY COMES UNDER the TAPE as ROBERT asks her questions.

ROBERT: Okay, enough's ENOUGH. Who the fuck IS this guy?

CASEY: Look, calm down.