

MARTELLI

Ms. Fournier, I'm Detective Lou Martelli, NYPD. Thank you for making time to see me this morning.

Fournier has a beautiful ivory complexion without a wrinkle. High cheek bones speak to the possibility of plastic surgery. Her frosted, short blonde hair reminded one of several beautiful celebrities seen on TV. She wears designer glasses. And is dressed in very expensive clothes. The title on her desk says Executive Vice President and Manager, Equities Research.

TRICIA FOURNIER

(very business-like;
considers his visit an
interruption to her busy
day)

Good morning, Detective. How can I help you?

MARTELLI

I promise I'll make this brief. But you recognize, of course, the seriousness of the matter. After all, one of your employees was murdered under the grimmest circumstances. It's possible that whoever committed this crime has targeted others in your company, perhaps even you.

TRICIA FOURNIER

I understand, Detective. I'm as concerned about this as you. John was a valued employee. We were shocked by his murder. If there's anything I or anyone else in this company can do to assist you in any way, just ask.

(beat)

Before we begin, may I offer you some coffee or tea?

MARTELLI

Coffee, black. Thank you.

Fournier picks up the telephone handset, and hits the "0" button on the deskset.

MARTELLI (V.O.; MARTELLI'S THOUGHTS)
(CONT'D)

This lady spends at least an hour a day, every day, in the corporate gym. Probably between 4 and 5 AM, unless I miss my guess!

Fournier talks into the handset

TRICIA FOURNIER
Robert, coffee, black, for the gentleman, please.

Fournier puts the handset back on the deskset.

TRICIA FOURNIER (CONT'D)
Now, where would you like to begin, Detective?

There is a knock at the door.

TRICIA FOURNIER (CONT'D)
Come in. Ah, here's your coffee.
Thank you, Robert.

Robert, in his early twenties, looks as if he had just stepped off the runway at a fashion-house review. He is tall, muscular, and exudes sex from every pore. He is very well dressed. Though hair styles on the executive floors of Wall Street firms tended towards the conservative, Robert wears his long black hair in a ponytail. The watch he's wearing easily is worth the high-five figures. Gives Fournier 'a look' before leaving the office. There's no mistaking the fact that they have something 'going' between them.

MARTELLI (V.O.; MARTELLI'S THOUGHTS)
Hmmm, that's not exactly what one would expect an 'executive assistant' to be wearing. Someone must be taking exceptionally good care of Robert while Robert attends to the special needs of that 'someone'.

Martelli is fixated on Robert.

TRICIA FOURNIER
Detective. Detective!!

MARTELLI
Oh, I'm sorry, Ms. Fournier, I must have been distracted.
(beat)
(MORE)

MARTELLI (CONT'D)

Ms. Fournier, do you know anyone who might have wanted to kill Mr. Williamson?

TRICIA FOURNIER

No one specifically. The thought of it is horrifying. But I'd say there probably were several thousand people up and down Wall Street as well as across the country who were overjoyed by his death, Detective. And I think you already know the reason why.

MARTELLI

Well, ma'am, if you're alluding to the analyst reports he and Mr. Jacobs had been preparing on Berranger Biotechnology Systems, then yes, I think there is the possibility of motive, there. Those reports certainly must have made a lot of people very angry.

TRICIA FOURNIER

(curt)

Detective, analysts prepare reports all the time. They're paid to write about the companies they follow. Investors need this information to make informed investment decisions.

MARTELLI

No argument, there, Ms. Fournier. But in reviewing a number of the analyst reports developed by Williamson and Jacobs, I found it more than coincidental that several critical of Berranger hit the Street just before options on Berranger's stock expired. Others were released when Berranger was getting ready to raise money in the capital markets.

TRICIA FOURNIER

So?

MARTELLI

So, every time you released an analyst report on Berranger, the stock took a hit. Don't you find the 'timing' of these reports *interesting*?

TRICIA FOURNIER
(pissy; with disdain)
Not necessarily, Detective-- What
did you say your name was?

MARTELLI
Martelli.

TRICIA FOURNIER
Well, Detective Martelli, I think
if you look more closely, you'll
find that several of the reports on
Berranger were released on days not
anywhere close to those associated
with options expiration or other
events of interest. So, how do
these reports fall into whatever
theory you've concocted?

MARTELLI
Actually, it's more than a theory,
Ms. Fournier. I believe something
more sinister was going on last
month than just the release of what
you would like me to think was a
routine analyst report.

TRICIA FOURNIER
And that would be?

MARTELLI
Well, let me be more direct.

Martelli pulls a copy of the Friday, February 12, 2010, e-mail from his portfolio and hands it to her.

MARTELLI (CONT'D)
There appear to be a number of
statements made in your e-mail of
February 12, 2010, suggesting that
your firm was taking steps to
manipulate the price of Berranger's
common stock. Do you have anything
to say about that?

Fournier looks up from the e-mail. Her eye's narrow, and her voice takes on a decidedly icy tone. She takes off her glasses, and looks Martelli directly in the eye.

TRICIA FOURNIER
(steeled; icy tone)
Detective, this conversation is
over. If the NYPD has any further
questions, call our attorneys.
(MORE)

TRICIA FOURNIER (CONT'D)

Robert will give you their names
and telephone numbers. Good day,
sir!

Fournier stands up, walks to door, opens it, and motions for Martelli to leave. Slams door. Waits a few moments (taps foot), opens door to make sure Martelli has left the outside office, and then, returns to her desk.

Fournier picks up her telephone, hits '9' and presses '*1' to speed dial a number. Sound of 8 speed-dialed digits can be heard.

SHERRI PALMER (V.O./PHONE)

(SHERRI PALMER is DEMETRI
MIHAILOV's secretary; she
speaks with a British
accent)

Demetri Mihailov's Office, Ms.
Palmer speaking.

TRICIA FOURNIER

Sherri, give me Demetri! Now!

SHERRI PALMER

I'm sorry, Ms. Fournier, he's
conducting a board meeting at the
moment. May I--

TRICIA FOURNIER

(impatient, bitchy)

Goddamit, Sherri, get him on the
phone now, or I'll see to it you're
looking for another job within the
hour!

SHERRI PALMER (V.O./PHONE)

(icy, but polite)

One moment, Ms. Fournier

Two seconds of silence. Then, the line opens.

DEMETRI MIHAILOV (V.O./PHONE)

Dammit, Trish, I'm in the middle of
a board of director's meeting. If
you're calling about Williamson's
and Broussard's deaths, I'm aware
we need to move quickly to replace
Paul on the next HerDeciMax
Advisory Committee meeting. I'm
working on it!

TRICIA FOURNIER

That's the least of our problems!