**Jessica:** I made you a peanut butter sandwich. You ate all the chunky. All I have is smooth.

**M:** I am sick.

**Jessica:** Yeah, and you're just gonna get sicker, so try not to miss the toilet.

**M:** Go to hell.

**Jessica:** Already been there. So have you.

**M:** Fuck, I just... [sighs] [sniffs] I need a little bit, you know? Just... Just to wean myself off.

**Jessica:** I'm not gonna help you kill yourself.

**M:** I mean, why not? I'm useless to you. To anybody.

**Jessica:** Yeah, at the moment.

**M:** Yeah.

**Jessica:** But, a while ago, you were gonna help people. Social work, right?

**M:** [laughing] Look at me. Who am I gonna help like this?

**Jessica:** You have a choice now.

**M:** I took pictures of you.

**Jessica:** Because he made you.

**M:** Sometimes I did it just for the drugs. Think about it, I met him once a day. 10:00 a.m. His controls don't last that long. You know they don't.

**Jessica:** That's why he got you hooked, so you would show up.

**M:** [sighs] I'm telling you that I had a choice. [retching] [Jessica clears throat] Kilgrave will find me. I'll be dead anyway. [sighs sharply] Please just give me my goddamn drugs. Just give me... Just give me my goddamn drugs!

**Jessica**: You're right. I can't save you. The whole time he had me, there was some part of me that fought. There was some tiny corner of my brain that tried to get out. And I'm still fighting. I won't stop fighting. But if you give up... I lose. Do you get that? He did this to you to get at me. To isolate me. To make me feel like an infection, one more person dead or dying because of me. So why don't you remember how to be a goddamn human being again instead of this self-pitying piece of shit that he turned you into, and save me for once? [throws the drugs down in front of him] You choose.

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**LUKE:** You could drink that out of a glass.

**Jessica:** This whiskey's not good enough to put in a glass.

**LUKE:** Yeah? I've got better stuff in there. I've seen you around here, but you never come inside.

**Jessica:** I buy in bulk.

**LUKE:** It's ladies' night. New promotion I'm running.

**Jessica:** [scoffs] No, it's not.

**LUKE:** It is now.

**Jessica:** Why?

**LUKE:** You're local, you're hot, drinking alone. Tends to attract customers. But hey, don't do me any favors. [sighs] [She enters, sits, drinks. After some time.] Last call.

**Jessica:** Still ladies' night? Make it a double.

**LUKE:** Lot of booze for such a small woman.

**Jessica:** I don't get asked on a lot of second dates. [chuckles softly] How long you been doing this?

**LUKE:** A while.

**Jessica:** You from around here? You got family here? Friends?

**LUKE:** I got regulars. Hard day at the office?

**Jessica:** They're all hard.

**LUKE:** Pops always said, if you don't feel good going to work, you should find new work.

**Jessica:** I did that. I'm working the new work.

**LUKE:** Yeah? What kind of business you in? [clicks tongue] Right. You only ask questions.

**Jessica:** I'm still waiting on answers.

**LUKE:** Ladies first. [She passes him her card] You're a P.I.?

**Jessica:** I'm just trying to make a living. You know, booze costs money. Usually.

**LUKE:** There's better ways to hustle than digging in people's business.

**Jessica:** It's the only thing I'm good at.

**LUKE:** How good?

**Jessica:** A natural.

**LUKE:** Yeah? So what have you detected?

**Jessica:** Well, I can tell by the residue on this bar that four years ago, a man named Horace had buffalo wings.

**LUKE:** His name was Melvin.

**Jessica:** I stand in dark alleys and wait to take pictures of people boning.

**LUKE:** Except you been watching me like a hawk since you walked in.

**Jessica:** Force of habit.

**LUKE:** Or it's your way of flirting.

**Jessica:** I don't flirt. But you do. Not for sport. It's got purpose. Like getting customers to drink more. Tip more.

**LUKE:** So what else ya got, Sherlock?

**Jessica:** All right. A drunk spills on your shirt, pukes on your shoe, and you roll with it. But break or scratch something? He's toast. I've never seen a dive bar this clean. Because you care about it. More than anything. Maybe anyone. There's history here. Memories. Something personal, but private. So no photos or memorabilia. But you also like women. Temporarily, at least. And they like you.

**LUKE:** See, now that sounded like flirting to me.

**Jessica:** Again, I don't flirt. I just say what I want.

**LUKE:** And what do you want?

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**TRISH**: You could've used the door.

**Jessica:** I wasn't sure you'd answer. It's important.

**Trish**: It must be.

**Jessica:** It's for a case.

**Trish**: Right. You became a private eye.

**Jessica:** You've been keeping tabs on me?

**Trish**: Making sure you weren't dead, since you never called.

**// START?? 🡪 Jessica:** I need money.

**Trish**: [scoffs] Wow. Uh... I don't even know what to say.

**Jessica:** It's important.

**Trish**: You said. But I don't hear from you for months, six months, actually...

**Jessica:** I needed breathing room.

**Trish**: You shut me out. And now you show up here asking for money?

**Jessica:** This was a bad idea.

**Trish**: No, you talk to me. You tell me what the hell is so important.

**Jessica:** He's back.

**Trish**: It's been a year, Jess. You saw him die. You saw his death certificate. This is just your PTSD...

**Jessica:** It's not my goddamn PTSD.

**Trish**: Are you still having nightmares? Flashbacks? [sighs] You need to go back to that therapist.

**Jessica:** That quack that had me reciting street names from back home?

**Trish**: A proven method for managing PTSD.

**Jessica:** Two hundred bucks for "Birch Street, Cobalt Lane, Bullshit Drive."

**Trish**: I told you I'd pay for it.

**Jessica:** Jesus Christ, Trish! He's back. He sent clients to me, this couple from Omaha. He took their daughter.

**Trish**: Why her? Is she gifted?

**Jessica:** A gifted athlete, maybe. Next best thing? I don't know. But remember I told you he had that one month anniversary night? And now one month from the day he took Hope, he's doing... the lingerie, the gift, the restaurant.

**Trish**: The hotel? (off her surprised look) I'm calling the police.

**Jessica:** They can't help, Trish. You know what he can do. You know what he made me do.

**Trish**: So you're running.

**Jessica:** Yeah, I sure as hell am. If he gets a hold of me again... Trish...

**Trish**: If you leave that girl with him...

**Jessica:** What would you have me do? What exactly should I do?

**Trish**: We'll figure out a way to protect you.

**Jessica:** We? He's coming for me, not you.

**Trish**: I know!

**Jessica:** You don't.

**Trish**: I know one thing, you are far better equipped to deal with that animal than some innocent girl from Omaha. You're still the person who tried to do something.

**Jessica:** Tried and failed. That's what started this. I was never the hero that you wanted me to be.

**Trish**: I'll get your money.

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**Simpson**: I borrowed it from a buddy. No rental record. Nondescript. False plates.

**Trish**: Your basic pedophile's kidnapping van.

**Simpson**: Yeah. And it has automatic transmission.

**Trish**: You know, I could've driven a stick shift if necessary.

**Simpson**: Wasn't necessary. [chuckles]

**Trish**: Seriously, Simpson. Stop worrying. I'm an excellent driver.

**Simpson**: Yeah, I read that about you on your Wikipedia page.

**Trish**: You've been googling me. [scoffs]

**Simpson**: Highest-paid child star in television history? That's a pretty charmed life.

**Trish**: Yeah, nothing but sunshine and rainbows.

**Simpson**: And apparently you're a saint. You know, the part where you took in an orphan named Jessica when her family died? So, uh, she get her powers in that car accident? What exactly can she do?

**Trish**: You won't find that on Wikipedia.

**Simpson**: Well, you know, she's strong, that's for sure, and I'm guessing she has other powers?

**Trish**: If you want to know about Jessica, why don't you just talk to Jessica?

**Simpson**: I don't think she likes me very much.

**Trish**: She's protective. She doesn't like any of the guys I date.

**Simpson**: Right. And you approve of all of her boyfriends?

**Trish**: [sighs] They never stick around long enough for me to form an opinion.

**Simpson**: Yeah, she probably scares guys off.

**Trish**: You should stop there.

**Simpson**: I need to know who I'm throwing in with.

**Trish**: Do you trust me?

**Simpson**: With?

**Trish**: Do you trust that I'm a decent human being?

**Simpson**: I know you are.

**Trish**: And I know Jessica is. And I'm pretty sure you are, too. And that is all any of us need to know right now.

**Simpson**: Fair enough.