**Breaking free**

[Jacen is brooding about his life and how his father practically handed him everything – he wants to do something for himself but doesn’t if he wants to step outside of the comfort zone. He is competent but not outstanding right now]

[Their meeting is almost incidental – the night Jacen gets called back into the hotel]

**The Fortunate Son**

[Rewrite in First person]

Jacen Caan stood underneath the night sky, gazing up at the stars and constellations. Their brilliance was washed out and reduced to mediocrity by the light pollution of the buildings that surrounded him. Placed at the hotel entrance, he had to strain his eyes to pick out any of the shapes that the stars formed. He still wasn’t exactly sure how he’d let his father talk him into coming to tonight’s event. Nor could he believe the 6-inch glass abomination that was in his left hand.

Under normal circumstances, he would referred to this celebration as ‘self-gratifying bullshit existing to satisfy the egos of bureaucrats’ but this was not a normal circumstance. First: he fell under in the force now and second: his father was one of those bureaucrats.

This afternoon, he had shaved and polished his shoes with an impending sense of dread that his father had seen to it that he would be included on the list of those who would win an award tonight. While Jacen didn’t like these kind of events, they were an excellent barometer of one’s career standing. He understood that this branch of government was a shady conglomerate of alliances and manipulation and that an endorsement here meant that one was well-liked and in good stead for the future.

The thing was that he couldn’t take the idea of his father just handing him an award and a perfect career with little-to-no effort Jacen’s own part. He wanted to be more than just a fortunate son. He had wanted to be able to put his head down and work hard, not worrying about his father pulling the strings and, if need be, he wanted to get his own hands dirty such that if got an award, he would have earned it – honestly or dishonestly.

The one thing Jacen Caan wanted more than anything else was to be his own man. So it was difficult for him, knowing his father as well as he did, to think that the Director of the Cryan Defence Force would not get involved on his son’s behalf.

Yet I found myself surrounded by my peers and superiors – all dressed up – and patting themselves on the back for the work that they’d done in the year prior. It was all a laugh though. I knew, as did everyone else, that none of the awards being handed out were any reflection of investigative talent. The awards were a barometer of success. A measure of how well you were playing the game.

That year, it turned out that, through luck and nepotism, I had played the manipulation game rather well and I soon found myself holding my own glass award. Still, I knew that it wasn’t my doing. Even as I shook hands and accepted compliments, I found myself discontent. I managed to slip out of the party and to get myself some fresh air.

[Rewrite]

[He doesn’t remember seeing her at the event proper but she was dressed up so he assumes that she was there. What he remembers is their meeting]

[Have to write out the conversation]

The Beautiful One

[Checkout fashion analyses of Amber Heard at the Magic Mike XXL premiere]

[Jacen needs to be poetic in his descriptions of Scarlett – it has to be beautiful and then degenerate from there]

**Murder / Opportunity knocks**

[I love the image of Jacen in his tux, with his gloves on, surveying the murder scene because he was the first one on the scene]