

IGNORANCE OF THE LAW IS NO EXCUSE

by

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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: AUGUST 21/1981

EXT. HARRISON'S HOUSE. DAY

A nice private house with a lawn.

There are POLICE, AMBULANCE and FORENSIC VEHICLES parked outside with yellow tape barricading.

Stepping out of the car is ROBERT CLARK, (45). He is the Criminal Investigator of the prosecution office.

Robert flashes his badge.

ROBERT
Robert Clark, Chief Investigator.

POLICEMAN
Please, Mr. Clark. Your partner
is waiting for you.

Robert ambles past the crowd outside the front of the house and is met by partner and Investigator MICHAEL BROWN, (32).

MICHAEL
Hey, Chief.

ROBERT
Michael.

A BEAT.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE. DAY

ROBERT
So... what we have?

MICHAEL
The deceased is Dan Harrison,
thirty-five.

Robert notices interior design.

ROBERT
Nice apartments.

MICHAEL

Yeah!

INT. HARRISON'S HALLWAY. DAY

There are more police in the hallway and rooms.

Robert and Michael enter the apartment.

INT. HARRISON'S APARTMENT. DAY

The apartment is immaculate with marble floors and marble walls with eccentric nude paintings.

Robert examines the apartment with intense eyes and then looks at the victim dressed in a fashionable suit.

Robert surveys the bedroom apartment with Michael.

POLICE are dusting for prints and fingerprints around the apartment.

The CORONER, CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER and AUTOPSY EXPERTS are beside the "DECEASED".

The victim is a fair-haired man of thirty-five, athletically built and with a very attractive appearance. The body is reclined in a deep chair.

Robert and Michael examine the body.

ROBERT

Three bullets...

MICHAEL

Yes. Two in the chest and one in the groin.

ROBERT

Not a professional.

MICHAEL

The doctor said, the death was instantaneous.

Robert looks at the "Cartier" watch from on victim's wrist.

ROBERT

It's a Cartier must be like
twenty grand. You see the
diamonds?

MICHAEL

It doesn't make any sense. Why
wouldn't the murderer take the
watch?

ROBERT

Good question!

MICHAEL

The victim is a rich man.

ROBERT

Looks like that.

MICHAEL

But it seems to me that some
idiot did this job: fingerprints
and traces are left everywhere.

ROBERT

When did this happen?

MICHAEL

Yesterday, at about eleven in
the evening.

ROBERT

Well. And how did he get in?

MICHAEL

No forcible entry. The murderer was
let in. The door is fine. No issues
with the lock.

ROBERT

I don't see female things.

MICHAEL

Yes, Dan Harrison lived alone.

CLOSE ON: Business Card with "Time To Buy" acronym.

ROBERT
The jeweler.

MICHAEL
Dan Harrison sells brand name
watches and jewelry.

Robert looks again at the "Cartier" watch and nods.

ROBERT
Clear!

INT. HARRISON'S LIVING ROOM. DAY

Robert is examining the dining room table, staring at a half empty bottle of expensive wine with two half glasses and the opened pack of "Pal Mal".

CLOSE ON: An ashtray with two different brands of cigarettes.

ROBERT
The killer smokes Phillip Morris.

MICHAEL
As it appears nothing has been
moved on or off tampered with...

Robert leaves the living room.

ROBERT
Get him out of there and get the
autopsy on my desk.

MICHAEL
Okay, boss. Where are you going?

ROBERT
Having a smoke.

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE. DAY

Robert smokes a cigarette.

Michael joins him.

MICHAEL

What do you think?

ROBERT

You know as you get older they say you get a little wiser. You think you've seen everything. But in my case they only get tougher. The days only get tougher, Michael. I've been doing this job for 25 years.

MICHAEL

You're not old, chief. For example our victim Dan Harrison was thirty five only.

ROBERT

If you take into account those killed in car accidents or victims of a disease, we come to realize that the life of each man is like a drop in the sea.

MICHAEL

Each has his own destiny.

Robert cracks a smile.

ROBERT

You are a fatalist.

They both laugh.

ROBERT

Let's drink something.

MICHAEL

Sure! Why not!?

INT. BAR. DAY

Robert and Michael seat at the table.

Robert is drinking a vodka martini, while Michael is sipping on a beer.

MICHAEL

This is going to be a piece of
cake. We'll catch him in no
time at all.

Robert takes a sip from his vodka martini.

ROBERT

You think so?

MICHAEL

Why not? It's not difficult. The
guy's an obvious novice. There's
evidence everywhere.

ROBERT

Of course! It's nothing
complicated. A man came for a
visit.

EXT. HARRISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

A MAN is walking down with his back turned to us. He stops
at the door.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The MAN is let in to the house of Dan Harrison.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

ROBERT (V/O)

They drank good wine, smoked and
talked.

The mysterious MAN still has his back turned to us.

He toasts glasses with Dan Harrison.

CLOSE ON: ASHTRAY with CIGARETTES burning.

ROBERT (V/O)

But instead of a grateful
encounter...

The MAN stands up, pulls out a gun from his breast pocket.

ROBERT (V/O)
The guest suddenly pulls out a
gun...

He fires at Dan Harrison, "The Victim".

ROBERT (V/O)
...and shoots the victim.

Bullet holes are in Dan Harrison's body.

ROBERT (V/O)
Three bullet holes are revealed in
Dan's body.

Dan's body slouches and his head drops to one side... dead
man.

INT. BAR. DAY

ROBERT
After committing the crime, the
murderer doesn't take any money or
the Cartier and leaves taking his
Philip Morris cigarettes.

A BEAT

MICHAEL
As it appears the crime was not
for greed.

ROBERT
So tell me, Michael, what is the
motive for this murder?

A cute LATINA, (20S), approaches their table as she notices
Robert's empty glass.

WAITRESS
Would you like another?

ROBERT
No thanks...

A BEAT

MICHAEL

Well, maybe they had an argument
or something?

ROBERT

Friends do quarrel...

Robert has an inquisitive look on his face.

ROBERT

And the guest pulled out a gun
and shot his friend. Good
argument! Very convincing! Hard
to argue against it!

MICHAEL

I don't know but there's got to
be a motive.

ROBERT

That's right. We just have to
find it.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE. DAY

Robert, Michael and the Officer are at the wall safe.

Michael slips on a pair of latex gloves opens the safe and
looks inside it.

There's a "stash of cash" in bank packages.

Michael eyes widen!

MICHAEL

Wow! There's a lot of cash there.

ROBERT

How much?

Michael counts wads of money.

MICHAEL

Eighty thousand!

Behind the stacks of cash is an envelope.

CLOSE ON: ENVELOPE

On the envelope are the words: "TO BE OPENED AFTER MY DEATH".

Michael takes and opens the envelope.

In the envelope are a will and a small sealed envelope.

CLOSE ON: SMALL ENVELOPE with the words: "For my daughter, Alice Harrison. Personal".

MICHAEL

The will certified by a notary two weeks ago.

ROBERT

Strange! Very strange!

Robert takes the will.

ROBERT

Dan Harrison is giving the goods to his girl... the cash... the jeweler store «Time to buy», as well as the house and other property. All for Alice Harrison!

MICHAEL

That's the motive - inheritance!

ROBERT

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

I mean Alice Harrison! "Seek To Whom It Profitable".

Robert grins from ear to ear.

ROBERT

Look, Michael, what do you think, how old is she? Your potential paymaster of the murder? Twelve, ten? Or less?

MICHAEL

I don't know. Could it be her mother?

ROBERT

Her mother? Personally I can't see a reason. Why the murder would leave eighty grand in the middle of the road and even better tell me why a thirty-five year old prosperous businessman wrote his will two weeks ago?

MICHAEL

He was afraid. Could it be blackmail?

ROBERT

Open the letter to his daughter. Perhaps we can clarify something.

MICHAEL

It says: "Personal".

ROBERT

We are not acting out of curiosity! Open it!

Michael opens the letter and reads it out loud.

MICHAEL

Dear Alice, I'm going to die and my only wish is that you not think of me as a bad person. I am a victim of circumstances and I pray that when you are older that you will understand. I love you, Alice.

Robert reacts in the foreground.

MICHAEL

How did Dan Harrison know that he was going to die so soon? Nonsense!

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE. DAY

In the background we notice that potential evidence is bagged and compartmentalized inside boxes.

The CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER, (20)s snaps a few more shots before packing up his camera.

EXT. HARRISON'S HOUSE. DAY

Robert and Michael exit out of the house. Robert takes a deep breath and exhales.

He removes a package of cigarettes from his jacket and lights a smoke.

ROBERT

Well, nothing complicated, Michael?

MICHAEL

You're right. It appeared to be not a simple case.

ROBERT

Thanks!

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The car is moving.

Robert looks out. His eyes are reflecting from the street lamps that produce orange colored shapes through the windows.

ROBERT

We've got to interrogate everyone of Harrison's friends.

MICHAEL

Clear, Chief.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DAY

Robert and Michael enter Police Headquarters.

The hall is filled with suits and uniforms... busy.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE. DAY

They enter Robert's office. There are additional OFFICERS and INSPECTORS congregating around Robert's desk.

BRIAN HAMILTON, (19) a recent recruit assigned to the Robert's unit hesitantly interjects.

BRIAN
Good day, Chief.

Robert notices familiar faces. They are watching him intensely.

ROBERT
Our initial strategy is clear,
every personal contact of Dan
Harrison should be carefully
monitored.

Michael reveals the phone book of Dan Harrison.

MICHAEL
We have the phone book of the
deceased.

A BEAT

ROBERT
All the people should be
examined. OK?

SHARON ARMSTRONG, (37), pretty woman with an innocent face.

SHARON
No problem, Chief. Will be done!

Robert eases back in his chair. There are several folders stacked on his desk.

He steps away and goes to the filing cabinet and retrieves a new file and with a black sharpie.

He scribes in bold letters: "AUGUST 20/1981 DAN HARRISON MURDER".

CLOSE ON: The Folder.

ROBERT

Everyone has to be inspected
that is without exception. If
the story doesn't stick,
interrogate and finger print.
Finger prints are to be taken!

A BEAT

ROBERT

Michael will be the one you will
be reporting to.

BRIAN

Chief, what if the witness
declines?

Robert rolls his eyes and ignores the question. Brian turns red.

Other STAFF shake their heads.

ROBERT

Sharon, please make a list of
all the incoming and outgoing
calls for the last two weeks.

SHARON

Yes, Chief.

ROBERT

Interview neighbors, they may have
seen something...

SHARON

No worries, Chief!

ROBERT

We must to find this bastard.

SHARON

Okay!

Robert gets up.

ROBERT

We need to get an update from forensics on whether the fingerprints that were finally obtained have any matches, I need..

ROBERT

We need to find out who Dan Harrison last met with?

SHARON

Sure, Chief!

ROBERT

You're a peach!

PAUL MURREY, (30)s, a strong and athletic man, gets up and goes to Robert.

PAUL

Chief, I bet a dollar against your ten that he's there.

ROBERT

I feel sorry for your dollar.

INT. POLICE COMPUTER LAB. DAY

An array of computers are in the lab and there's one printer for the network.

An EAST INDIAN, (20)s data base specialist is busy away typing commands into the computer.

Sharon, Robert and Paul enter the lab.

SHARON

Hi, Rajiv. Could your run this file for any matching fingerprints?

RAJIV

Of course, Sharon.

Rajiv hits the keyboard with lightning speed.

CLOSE ON: Computer screen it reveals three dimensional look at a finger prints and then goes through a series of windows.

The right icon indicates. "No Reference In Police Files".

RAJIV

No reference in police files.

Robert looks blankly at the screen than at Paul.

ROBERT

As expected. So far now let's call all of Dan Harrison's friends.

Robert scratches his head.

ROBERT

I'm going home I'm not feeling well today. If something substantial... call me.

EXT. ELVIS'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Middle class apartments. The neon lights around.

INT. ELVIS'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

The apartment is dimly lit revealing a couple of posters of the "KING" Jailhouse Rock. There are also posters of Jazz greats John Coltrane and Miles Davis, there's a haze of smoke in the air as a bong rests on the table, next to a mirror with a couple of lines of coke.

Above the television is a photograph.

We notice a photograph of a man, at the Sunset Grill playing the CLARINET with his hair slicked back in a pony tail.

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

We hear the sounds of groans as a body is twisting and turning, ELVIS ANDERS, (34).

Elvis is lying on his bed fully clothed.

EXT. DAN HARRISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Elvis stops at the door.

INT. DAN HARRISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Elvis is let in to house by Dan Harrison.

INT. DAN HARRISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Elvis toasts glasses with Dan Harrison.

CLOSE ON: Ashtray with cigarettes burning.

Elvis stands up pulls out a gun from his breast pocket.

DAN

Take anything! Please don't kill
me!

Elvis fires at Dan Harrison. Dan's body slouches and his head drops to one side. He's dead!

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

On the night table is a bottle of Jack. Elvis reaches for it. He takes a mammoth swig and pukes half of it out. He's trying to catch his breath. With deep inhalations.

ELVIS

It was hard but I was obliged
to kill him.

INT. ELVIS'S BATHROOM. NIGHT

Elvis rushes into the washroom and throws up some more and misses the toilet.

ELVIS

Fuck!

He grabs the mouthwash and rinses his mouth out and gasps for air. He leans into the mirror looks at himself, disheveled and despondent. He sticks his tongue out. He notices the brown film still plastered on his tongue.

ELVIS
I kill them and they kill me!

Elvis goes to the toilet again and throws up again.

ELVIS
Fuck!

EXT. RAUL GALLAGER'S HOUSE. DAY

A plush neighborhood. Parked outside a blue and white colonial style house in a black car are Michael and Brian.

MICHAEL
You have to focus on me. You have to understand what I'm doing and why and act accordingly.

BRIAN
Okay.

Michael has a black notebook in his lap and is rummaging through the pages, impatiently.

MICHAEL
Calm down. You'll do a much better job when you're calm, especially when you have to talk to people.

They step outside of the vehicle and approach the front door.

MICHAEL
Nice lawn.

BRIAN
It could definitely make a good putting range.

MICHAEL
We got to do that sometime.

BRIAN
What?

MICHAEL
Golf!

Brian rings the doorbell.

EXT. RAUL GALLAHER'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY

RAUL GALLAGER, (54), opens the front door.

BRIAN
Raul Gallaher?

RAUL
Yes...

BRIAN
We are from the Police. I'm
Brian Hamilton.

MICHAEL
And I am Michael Brown.

They flash badges.

BRIAN
We are here investigating the
murder of Dan Harrison.

RAUL
Dan was killed?!

BRIAN
Yes, yes he was... may we come in to
ask you a few questions?

RAUL
Yes, of course.

INT. RAUL GALLAHER'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Brian and Michael follow Raul into the living room. The place smells of money, with expensive furniture and modern art on the walls.

They sit down at a semi-circular coffee table.

MICHAEL
So what kind of a relationship did
you have with Dan Harrison?

Raul eases into his chair.

RAUL

It was a business relationship.
Strictly business... I'm also in the
business of jewelry.

Brian flashes a smile.

BRIAN

A competitor?

RAUL

No, absolutely not. I'm a
supplier. He liked the watches
that I had to offer him.

MICHAEL

So you were his supplier?

RAUL

Yes. He was a successful
businessman.

BRIAN

Then you knew him. What was he
like?

RAUL

I didn't really know him. It was
strictly business...

MICHAEL

We are interested in the details
of his private life.

RAUL

I never delved into his personal
life unless he asked me for
advice in certain situations. He
was a good buyer, always paid on
time.

BRIAN

Can you tell us something about
him?

A BEAT.

RAUL

Come to think of it. He was a little depressed last time.

MICHAEL

Depressed? Why do you think he was depressed?

RAUL

I don't know, his business, in my opinion, went great.

Michael removes a notepad from his breast pocket and uses it as a fan.

MICHAEL

It's hot here.

RAUL

I just got the air conditioning unit in here upgraded. What about a drink? You, guys, want something to drink?

BRIAN

Yes, if will not complicate.

INT. RAUL GALLAHER'S KITCHEN. DAY

The kitchen is pristine with white tiles, an island in the middle with a gas stove and steel appliances.

Raul reaches into the fridge, grabs two bottles of frosty Coca Cola and then reaches into the cupboard and takes two glasses.

INT. RAUL GALLAHER'S LIVING ROOM. DAY

Raul returns to the living room with the drinks.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

RAUL

I hope they're cold enough.

BRIAN
They're fine.

Michael looks at Brian's hand and studies Raul's movements.

MICHAEL
Mr. Gallagher, do you have any
invoices, memos, letters,
photographs?

BRIAN
It is very important for us.

Raul hesitates.

RAUL
Invoices and memos? Yes,
photographs. I'm not sure but
let me have a look in my
office.

He leaves the room.

Mike takes out quickly a special adhesive tape, sticks it to the glass and then gently rolls it off the particular place on a bottle of "Coca Cola". Then he sticks the tape on a small plastic ruler and put in his pocket.

Brian watches in amazement. They are both drinking "Coca Cola".

Raul is back.

RAUL
Unfortunately, I don't have
anything to give you.

BRIAN
Did Dan have a family?

Raul seats himself back at the couch.

RAUL
He's been divorced for five years
ago. He has a daughter. I think
she's now 7 or 8 years old.

MICHAEL

I have one more question.

RAUL

Please...

MICHAEL

Yesterday evening, in between 10 pm and midnight. Where were you?

Raul's eyes twitch.

RAUL

I was here. I was here, at home.

Michael looks at him inquisitively.

MICHAEL

Can anyone attest to that?

RAUL

What?

MICHAEL

Do you have anyone that could confirm that you were at your residence?

RAUL

What? Am I a suspect? Do you think I would kill Dan? Yes, I was with my wife. We were in bed by eleven. Do you want her number?

Raul is agitated a smirk crosses his face.

MICHAEL

No, that will be fine, Mr. Gallaher.

He rises and nods to Brian.

MICHAEL

This is not an interrogation. We want to find any clues as we work...

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)
...this case. Thanks again for
your cooperation. Goodbye, Mr.
Gallaher.

Raul shows them the door.

INT. CAR. DAY

Michael scratches out Raul Gallagher's name in notebook.

MICHAEL
Let's proceed.

BRIAN
You risked it in there with him.

MICHAEL
I know. I do it like a
professional poker player.

Brian puts his seatbelt on.

BRIAN
I do not understand, is this a
joke?

MICHAEL
No. They say that a reasonable
risk is always justified,
specially.. when the goal is to
win.

BRIAN
You just make that up?

MICHAEL
No, it's the way of the proper
game.

BRIAN
Now I see why Robert Clark has
such a high rate in solving
crimes.

MICHAEL

You don't understand anything.
Robert is a genius, a unique
person and what you have just
seen is a simple technique. It's
foolish to spend a month on
something that can be achieved in
a minute. This is clear?

BRIAN

Yes! I see...

MICHAEL

You're learning!

Michael starts the car.

EXT. RAUL GALLAHER'S HOUSE. DAY

We see the car drive away from the Gallaher home.

EXT. ROBERT'S APARTMENTS. DAY

Robert parks his car in the lot of the middle class house.
He steps outside of the car, feeling weak and dizzy.

His vision is blurred he stumbles on the steps that lead to
the apartment lobby. He leans against the railing and takes
a deep breath.

ROBERT

I feel like I'm falling apart. I
got to keep it together.

He musters up the energy to continue to his apartment as
enters the lobby. He enters his bachelor apartment
cluttered as usual with books, records, papers and various
documents.

It was obvious that this apartment was untouched by the
hand of a woman.

INT. ROBERT'S KITCHEN. DAY

Robert sits at the kitchen table alone and has a DREAM
about a woman at his home.

A WOMAN, (30S), arrives at the table with a bowl of soup.

WOMAN

My dear, I made some soup for you. Have a drink; it will make you feel better.

ROBERT

Thank you, darling. Maybe later...

WOMAN

But you have to. It is necessary for your recovery.

ROBERT

Thanks but I'm not hungry.

WOMAN

Have I worked in vain? You should better have it now!

ROBERT

I told you ten times already that I won't. What are you bothering me with this soup for!

WOMAN

I care about you and you, callous and selfish, do not appreciate it! Why have I married you while, I had so many other offers...

ROBERT

Leave me alone, please!

WOMAN

You ungrateful pig! I have dedicated my best years to you and this is the way you treat me?

ROBERT

You are unbearable!

He wakes up, looks around the room and reaches for a bottle of Johnny Walker on the coffee table.

He slings back a shot and closes his eyes.

ROBERT

It is not so bad to be alone.

TITLE CARD: A YEAR EGO. AUGUST 20/1980

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS HALL. DAY

Robert enters the police headquarters. He ambles down the hall, determined.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE. DAY

Robert eases into a chair. His desk was several files and handwritten notes. He reviews files.

A knock on the door. Robert looks away from a file and notices that it's Sharon.

SHARON

Aren't you supposed to be off today?

ROBERT

Yes, I needed to get out of the apartment...

SHARON

You need a woman, Robert, that's what you need.

ROBERT

A woman? You know, Sharon, for years I had this ideal perfect woman in my head. She would have to be a minimalist with conversation and get directly to the point. She would have to listen and not be distracted by gossip.

SHARON

I think you need an alien woman or a robot. Because you sure as hell won't find her on this planet. You sound controlling, Robert.

ROBERT
Controlling?

SHARON
Yes controlling, Robert, and that's not good for a healthy relationship with a woman. Maybe you would be better off with a dog or a cat or maybe an aquarium with tropical fish. They don't bark or meow!!!

ROBERT
(SMILING)
You're funny.

SHARON
You know that working in law enforcement is hell on relationships. Look at your schedule. You're a workaholic.

ROBERT
In some ways, Sharon, I think that I've been de-sensitized to love and intimacy. With all the cases I have been involved... husband kills wife, wife kills husband... The things that I've seen are indescribable. It turns you off from being hitched.

SHARON
You can't always be scared, Robert. You're a man who takes chances and relationships are no different sometimes you have to take a chance.

ROBERT
Thanks, but marriage is not for me.

SHARON
You're incorrigible!

The phone on his desk rings. He hits a button and answers.

ROBERT

Yes, Chief. No, I was just trying to... OK, I'll be there.

Sharon stands in the background, interested, looking at Robert.

He hangs up and takes a deep breath.

SHARON

What does the Chief want?

ROBERT

He didn't say but he wants to see me urgently.

SHARON

Good luck, Robert.

ROBERT

Thank you, Sharon.

She smiles and exits out of his office.

He continues sorting through files on his desk.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE. DAY

CHIEF JOHN ABBOTT (50)S is seated behind his desk.

The office is decorated with "medals of honor", a photograph with the mayor, and photos of a much more relaxed, "Chief in the Bahamas", sipping on drinks and fishing.

CHIEF ABBOTT

Come in, sit down, Robert. You look like hell!

Robert sits across from him.

ROBERT

Chief, I'm trying to get a breakthrough on this case and it hasn't been easy.

CHIEF ABBOT

They're never easy, Robert. I've known you since you were a trainee investigator and I like how you devoted you are to your work but...

Robert moves unsettling in his chair.

ROBERT

But what? You're not taking me of this case are you, Chief?

CHIEF ABBOT

No, Robert. I'm not taking you off the case but I want you to take some days off.

ROBERT

I don't need days off, Chief. I need to solve this case and then maybe I could think of taking sometime off.

Chief Abbot lowers the blinds and reaches for a golf putter resting against the wall. Pulls out a golf ball out of his pocket and practices his putting skills with a plastic glass.

ROBERT

I'm not looking to improve my shot game, Chief.

He misses with his first shot.

CHIEF ABBOT

Son of a bitch... I shot 67 yesterday.

A BEAT

CHIEF ABBOT (CTD.)

Right now I want you to take a minimum of five days.

Robert has a frustrated look on his face. He shakes his head.

ROBERT

My work! This is all I have...

CHIEF ABBOT

Well, find another way to be happy. Because I don't want to see you over the next five days and then decide when you want to come back, Robert, this train is not going anywhere.

Robert gets out of his chair.

ROBERT

Come on, Chief. I can get the breakthrough...

CHIEF ABBOT

No, Robert! This is not a request. It's an ultimatum... You are now officially on vacation.

The Chief sets up another shot and this time gets the ball into the glass with a gentle putt.

CHIEF ABBOT

That's more like it.

He stands next to Robert and lays a hand on his shoulder.

CHIEF ABBOT

I'm not taking you off the case, Robert. I need you to re-charge. You're my guy.

EXT. EXPRESS WAY. DAY

A scorching sun, sizzling hot. Robert is driving his vintage BLUE BUICK CONVERTIBLE.

He's got a tropical shirt on with black shades moving through traffic. Mozart's "The Magic Flute", emanates from the car speakers.

He improves with his finger like a composer at the Metropolitan theatre.

JULIA, (19)s, slim, dark hair and a Floridian tan stands a few feet away from the sign, hitchhiking. She wears a bra-less shirt and cut off jeans.

Robert hits his MOZARD'S and pulls over, lowers the passenger side window.

JULIA

Hey.

ROBERT

Hey.

JULIA

Where are you driving?

ROBERT

(smiles)

Straight!

JULIA

(smiles)

We're going the same way.

ROBERT

Yeah, it's unlocked.

Julia opens the passenger side door holding her purse and travel bag.

ROBERT

You can throw your bag in the back.

JULIA

Thanks... thanks for stopping. I'm Julia.

ROBERT

I'm Robert. What's a pretty girl like you travelling alone... your parents allow you to do that?

JULIA

Who asked them?

Julia lights a cigarette takes a deep pull off it and exhales flowing smoke rings.

JULIA
I'm absolutely independent...

ROBERT
You probably don't like
classical?

JULIA
As a matter of fact I love
classical music... I used to play
"The magic flute".

ROBERT
Oh yeah!

JULIA
Yes... Do you know that Mozart died
poor and was buried in a pauper's
grave? My father once said "Life is
hard for gifted and unbearable for
geniuses"!

ROBERT
Who's your father?

JULIA
He is a professor at Yale. Now
you realize the hard childhood I
had.

Robert puts the foot to the pedal. The odometer increases.

Julia has a big smile on her face. She likes speed.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY

We see the Buick.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT

Street lights shining and the road deserted.

They pass by a nice park.

JULIA

Stop... stop here. There's a park.
I can stay here. Can you pull
over?

Robert pulls over and turns off the ignition. Julia reaches
into the backseat for her bag.

ROBERT

Hold on Julia... Hold on a minute.

She checks her bag and looks at Robert.

ROBERT

Do you even have money for the
campsite?

JULIA

I have a sleeping bag.

ROBERT

Listen, Julia, it is night and a
strange city. Where will you go?
This is dangerous.

JULIA

I'll manage somehow...

She pecks Robert on the cheek.

JULIA

Robert your sweet... thanks for
the lift.

ROBERT

Listen, Julia. I booked a room
at the hotel... there is certainly
enough for two.

JULIA

What, do you want to sleep with
me?

ROBERT

No! I want to help you.

Julia exits out of the car and scurries away.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT

Robert steps out of the car and chases after Julia.

ROBERT

You should not be afraid of me.
I'm a detective!

He flashes his badge. She sees it and is impressed.

JULIA

So you're not going to rape me?

ROBERT

Would you get serious, Julia? I
want you to be safe. You a nice
young woman and I don't want to
see any harm done to you.

JULIA

So what are you going to do?

ROBERT

Spend the night and in the
morning we'll find you suitable
accommodation. Alright?

JULIA

Ok, Robert.

She puts her bag down.

Robert takes it and they walk back to the car.

EXT. THE COMFORT INN. NIGHT

A modest 4 star hotel with plastic pink flamingos in the
front and a sign that reads "Vacancy", in bright neon
letters.

Robert and Julia enter the hotel, looking like a couple set
for a discreet one night stand.

Robert peers over his shoulder.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT

The HOTEL ATTENDANT, Latino, (20)s, with a name tag, "JAVIER", who's standing behind the lobby desk.

JAVIER

Good night. Please, give me your name.

ROBERT

Robert Clark. I booked a room earlier.

Robert reveals a credit card receipt.

JAVIER

I still need two pieces of id.

ROBERT

This is my room. She will stay until tomorrow morning only.

Robert takes out his wallet.

He places his driver license and credit card in front of Javier.

Javier cross references the last name.

JAVIER

OK. Robert Clark... Room #304.
Thank you.

Robert exchanges smiles with Javier.

ROBERT

(to Julia)

Let's go.

Javier goes to the key holder and issues Robert a key.

JAVIER

Mr. Clark, will you need a hand with your luggage?

ROBERT

No, that will be fine, thanks.

JAVIER

Thank you, Mr. Clark, for staying
at the Comfort Inn. If there's
anything that you need I will be
here until 8 am.

INT. HOTEL ROOM #304. NIGHT

A queen size bed and a couch on the west wall with a
television.

JULIA

A lovely room! Robert, did you
mind if I used the bathroom
first?

ROBERT

Please, go ahead, Julia.

Robert inspects the bed and then picks up the phone from
the night lamp.

He dials for room service.

ROBERT

(ON PHONE)

Can I get a second pair of
bed sheets for the room #304?
Thanks...

Julia wastes no time in dropping her belongings on the bed
and then moves past Robert to the bathroom.

He watches her carefully and then unlocks the window door
that leads to the balcony.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM BALCONY. NIGHT

Robert lights a smoke and looks down at the vacant swimming
pool that shimmers with like quick silvers from the street
lamps. Odd and new shapes are forming in the pool.

INT. HOTEL SHOWER. NIGHT

The shower is turned off and the mirrors are steamed. Julia
wraps a towel around her body.

INT. HOTEL ROOM #304. NIGHT

Robert awestruck by Julia's beauty and innocence. Her towel slides down a bit to reveal part of her breast.

She adjusts the towel and smiles at Robert, puts her hand on his shoulder and looks deep into his eyes.

She moves in closer his eyes close and she kisses him and drops her towel.

Robert embraces her naked body and then she leads him to the bed.

TIME LAPSE

EXT. HOTEL SWIMMING POOL. DAY

An older COUPLE is floating in the swimming pool on air mattresses, splashing water and having a gay old time.

INT. HOTEL ROOM #304. DAY

Julia still sleeping with her head resting on Robert's chest, his arms wrapped around her naked body.

She nudges him gently.

JULIA

What time is it?

ROBERT

It's a 9 o'clock. Did you sleep well, Julia?

JULIA

Yes... I dreamed about Disney World in Orlando. I had this unlimited pass and went on all the rides. All of them and there was a baby gator that was running free.

ROBERT

Sounds interesting. How about some breakfast?

JULIA
You read my mind, Robert.

ROBERT
I'll call room service.

Julia slides out of bed naked and moves towards the washroom. She peers back at Robert with a sinister smile.

JULIA
Do you like what you see?

ROBERT
Yes, very much so. You're a beautiful girl, Julia.

Robert is standing with a phone in his hand. She glides away.

ROBERT
How do you like last night?

JULIA
Perfect! And what about you?

ROBERT
It was wonderful!

He reaches over to the night table and calls room service.

TIME LAPSE

Julia and Robert are having breakfast in bed. Robert does not have much of an appetite as he pokes at his food with a fork. He's deep in thought while Julia devours everything on her plate.

JULIA
Are you going to eat that or stare at it?

ROBERT
Go ahead. You're going to need that energy when you go for a swim.

Julia shovels the remainder of Robert's omelet into her plate.

JULIA

I think breakfast rocks. It's my favorite meal of the day.

ROBERT

I can tell...

They both laugh.

EXT. POOLSIDE. DAY

Water splashing on the deck, golden tans and drinks flowing.

Robert glances from behind a newspaper, to exchange smiles with Julia who's gracefully floating in the pool in a red bikini.

Robert sips one of those umbrella clad drinks and takes a deep breath with eyes to the sky.. this is paradise.

A HOTEL ATTENDANT RODRIGO, (20)S, intersects Robert.

RODRIGO

Mr. Robert Clark?

ROBERT

Yes.

He hands him a memo. Robert reads it. It's a message from Detective Abbot. He moves towards the pool, towards Julia, she pops her head above the surface.

ROBERT

I've got to make a call,
sweetie. I'll be in the lobby.

Julia swims to the edge of the pool and splashes the water, soaking Robert!

JULIA

Don't be long.

She's giggling. Robert shakes his head with a sarcastic expression on his face.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY FRONT DESK. DAY

Robert's on the phone and by the expression on his face.

He doesn't appear to be happy.

ROBERT

What do you mean? 24 hours ago
you were suggesting... not
suggesting... telling me that I
had to take a vacation...

CHIEF ABBOT

I know, Robert.

ROBERT

What is it, John?

SPLIT SCREEN

INT. CHIEF ABBOT OFFICE. DAY

CHIEF ABBOT

Sorry, Robert. I know I told you
differently yesterday but the
situation has changed.

ROBERT

What happened?

CHIEF ABBOT

Mathew McClain's son was
kidnapped! We really need you on
this one.

ROBERT

What about other investigators?

CHIEF ABBOT

No, no. The Mayor called me three
times already and I spoke to the
General Attorney just now.

Robert reacts in the foreground.

ROBERT

But why me? I'm on vacation!

CHIEF ABBOT

Robert, I need you. They have all gone mad, so you have to return. Immediately! They demand only you. We worked together for many years and I won't delude you by saying it was my personal request. This is an order!

INT. HOTEL ROOM #304. DAY

Julia is sporting a summer dress with flowers on it and drying her hair with a blower, sitting on the bed next to Robert's suitcase.

He's packing his clothes and mumbling to himself.

ROBERT

Of all the days...

He ambles towards the washroom. She unplugs the hair dryer.

ROBERT

Julia, I was urgently called back to work.

JULIA

I don't think its fair, Robert. You're on vacation.

ROBERT

There's no such thing as a vacation when you work in this business. I don't have regrets. I signed up for this a long time ago.

JULIA

It's a pity!

A BEAT.

ROBERT

You could come back with me.

She looks away from him, plays with her air, twirls around.

ROBERT

Julia?

JULIA

I don't think so... I don't think so, Robert.

ROBERT

Why?

JULIA

Because when we get back you're going to be working. You're not going to be able to spend time with me.

Robert clenches his jaw, she speaks the truth.

ROBERT

Well. Stay here in the meanwhile. I will pay for some days in advance...

JULIA

Great!

ROBERT

I'll take care of whatever it is there and I'll be back.

JULIA

This is a good decision, Robert!

She rests her head on his chest.

JULIA

You're not leaving yet are you?

ROBERT

No! Of course not!

JULIA

I was thinking maybe we could go to the hot tub...

ROBERT

Sure, honey.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL DECK HOT TUB. NIGHT

Robert is sipping on champagne and making out with Julia lost in this orbit of ecstasy that will only last a few more minutes.

He looks at his waterproof TIMEX.

ROBERT

The clock has struck midnight but
not for you, Cinderella. I mean
Julia. Man is you stunning and
will you only blossom...

JULIA

Ohhhhh, Robert...

They kiss. Robert leaves the hot tub with a towel,
dries himself off and marches back into the hotel.

Julia lies in the hot tub with arms outstretched and
eyes closed, covered with a fragrant, sweet smelling
foam as a mermaid resting on the surf.

HOLD ON: Julia raising her glass and toasting.

JULIA

Here's to you... Cheers.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY. NIGHT

The Blue Buick cruising down the Interstate and moving
faster by the second.

INT. BLUE BUICK INTERSTATE HIGHWAY. NIGHT

Robert blasts the Mozart inside the car and like a mad
composer finds his way back into the city.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT

Robert parks his car out front of the headquarters, steps
out, finishes his smoke and blasts through the doors.

It's the night hours as the hallways are deserted and
then at that moment.

Michael steps out of the interrogation room, his face red, tie loosened and sleeves rolled up.

He notices Robert.

MICHAEL

Hello, Chief. Glad to see you.

ROBERT

How's it going?

MICHAEL

Hopefully better now that you come... The kid's second bodyguard is here.

ROBERT

Second bodyguard?

MICHAEL

Yeah, there was a second bodyguard Greg Powers. The first bodyguard Virgil Galloway was found dead. Bullet ridden.

ROBERT

Who, in your opinion, could plan and carry out such a difficult operation?

MICHAEL

There are no suspicions yet.

ROBERT

Only a man who knows the ins and outs of the system!

MICHAEL

The second bodyguard!?

Robert peers through the glass pane, notices GREG POWERS, (35), bearded and burly with big broad shoulders, in a tailored made black suit with tie.

Robert looks back at Michael.

ROBERT

Of course, Greg Powers supposed to have a one hundred percent alibi!

MICHAEL

Yes, during the kidnapping he had an unforeseen fight in a restaurant, which was registered by the police.

ROBERT

A better alibi could not have been imagined.

MICHAEL

Yeah!

ROBERT

This is a high-profile crime!

MICHAEL

You cannot find a television without the Paul McClain's poster appearing on it. I mean it's the Mayor's son.

ROBERT

Greg Powers... Get me his file, Michael, and don't bother me...

PAUL

Yes, sir!

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS INTERROGATION ROOM. NIGHT

CLOSE ON: WALL CLOCK reveals the time as 2:30 am.

The door CRACKS open as Robert storms into the room. This startles Greg Powers.

GREG

Are you the man in charge?

ROBERT

Yes I am! Let's talk.

GREG

I'll tell you what I told them.

ROBERT
And what's that?

GREG
Nothing! I have nothing to say.

Robert pulls a chair and sits across from Greg.

ROBERT
If they got nothing on you then
why are you here?

GREG
Because I...

ROBERT
You're a suspect!

GREG
Yeah, but that's bullshit. I've
got an ironclad alibi. I was at
a restaurant, had a little
altercation and a small scuffle
with one guy.

Michael enters the interrogation room and hands Robert a
file. Robert rummages through Greg's assault file.

ROBERT
Who is this guy?

GREG
We sometimes work together...

MICHAEL
He was getting a little close to
Bill Bartley.

ROBERT
Bill Bartley, Bill Bartley the
Software tycoon who wants to run
for office?

GREG
I don't know.

MICHAEL

Yeah, Bill Bartley wants to run against Mayor McClain.

ROBERT

How did Mayor McClain feel about you "sometimes" working for Mr. Bartley?

GREG

I don't think it mattered to him. I worked with Mayor McClain on occasion.

ROBERT

On occasion?! Can you explain that to me, Greg?

GREG

I would fill in for Virgil Galloway. He's the Mayor's main bodyguard.

ROBERT

And how's Virgil doing?

Greg is hesitant in his response as his eyes shift to the right.

GREG

I guess he's ok. Haven't talked to him for a while because I haven't had to protect the mayor.

He chuckles to himself. Robert smiles.

ROBERT

Surely you don't know that Virgil Galloway is dead!

GREG

Dead!?

ROBERT

Dead! Seven bullets in his body.

GREG

I was not there!

ROBERT

A couple of witnesses in the area, claim they saw a heavy set man in a suit fire a gun... with an accomplice.

Robert gets into Greg's face and pulls on his tie, choking him in the process.

ROBERT

You want to tell me where you were?

He releases his grip on Greg's tie. Greg is suffocating gasping for air. He babbles something...

ROBERT

WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

Greg is unable to speak, exasperated, loosens his tie.

ROBERT

Gregory we can do this the hard way or we can do this the easy way. I can get you on a manslaughter charge even if you didn't fire the gun. Excuse the pun but that means the death penalty. Not to mention an accomplice in the kidnapping of Randy McClain. You cooperate we can work something out. But right now you are in deep shit!

GREG

It wasn't me. I didn't fire the gun. I just told them what to do. Charles and Freddy were with the kid.

ROBERT

And?

GREG

They took him to the safe house.
He's fine. The kid's fine.

ROBERT

Charles and Freddy? Where's the safe house?

GREG

22 Acacia Avenue... In South Beach.

EXT. ACACIA AVE. MORNING

A cobblestone rancher home with Spanish moss growing on the rooftop. There are two cars parked in the driveway. Across the street. Sitting inside his blue Buick is Robert, Michael and Paul.

INT. BLUE BUICK. DAY

PAUL

The house looks pretty inconspicuous.

ROBERT

Yes, pretty convenient if you a kidnapper.

MICHAEL

They certainly armed.

INT. ACACIA AVE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

CLOSE ON: Television playing the "Adventures of Spiderman".

RANDY MCCLAIN, (6), innocent, fragile, with brown curly hair is seated at the sofa eating a bowl of cereal and immersed in the comic book hero's adventures.

In the background we notice CHARLES TAYLOR, (30)S African American, watching the fort.

Enter FREDDY GONZALEZ, (20)s, handsome tanned Latino.

CHARLES

Are you OK?

FREDDY
Yeah, I'm fine.

CHARLES
OK.

RANDY
How long before I get to go home?

CHARLES
It won't be long, Randy. Soon you
will see your mother.

Freddy sits next to Randy.

FREDDY
Do you want more cereal of
Spiderman, Randy?

RANDY
Yes, please...

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Charles exits the living room and enters the washroom and
locks the door behind him.

INT. BLUE BUICK. DAY

ROBERT
Ready? Let's start. Paul, you take
the back. Michael controls windows
and I'll go to the front.

The men conceal their guns and bolt out of the blue Buick.

EXT. HOUSE/22 ACACIA AVE. DAY

Cautiously approaching the house with eyes darting
everywhere.

Robert gestures to Paul to move behind the house.

Robert sees movement in the living room through frost
designed window.

Michael shifts to the side of the house, waits and signals to Robert.

MICHAEL

Now!

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE. DAY

Paul kicks the backdoor down. Freddy charges from the living room and his met with gunfire, he collapses to the floor, bullet ridden.

RANDY

DON'T SHOOT! HELP ME!

INT. WASHROOM. DAY

Charles is in the washroom. Paul shoots in his arm. Charles tries to reach for his gun with his other hand. But is shot again.

Charles SCREAMS in agony as he keels over from the washroom.

CHARLES

FUCK YOU!

Paul, cautious, calm, disarms Charles 9mm "Beretta". Charles is dying.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Robert nods to Paul.

ROBERT

Hell of a shot, Paul. Nice work.

Robert consoles Randy.

ROBERT

It's OK, son. We're with the police. There's nothing to worry about. Everything is going to be OK.

Michael is waiting for them outside.

RANDY (CRYING)
Are you going to take me home?

ROBERT
Yes, son. Of course! Everything
is over. We're going to take you
home.

Michael enters the room with a gun in his hand.

MICHAEL
Excellent work!

PAUL
I'll stand by and wait for some
more back up.

ROBERT
Come out of here, Randy.

CLOSE ON: T.V. SCREEN flashes of Spiderman catching the
villain.

EXT. MAYOR MCCLAIN HOME. DAY

A group of REPORTERS are assembled in the front of the home
of Mayor McClain. They are prohibited from stepping on his
property under a watchful eye of two BODYGUARDS. One of
them is BLACK, the other CAUCASIAN.

INT. MAYOR MCCLAIN HOME LIVING ROOM. DAY

Mayor McClain is on the phone.

MAYOR MCCLAIN
That's incredible your men have
pulled off a miracle... Thanks,
Chief..

The Mayor is off the phone and elated. Embracing his WIFE
JAQUELINE.

Her tears have now turned into joy.

MAYOR MCCLAIN
My God, Jacqueline, he's safe.

JACQUELINE

Thank God!

EXT. MAYOR MCCLAIN HOME. DAY

Robert pulls up into the drive way with Randy.

The BODYGUARDS are quick to shield off the car as Robert and Randy exit out.

CHEERS echo in the background as Randy sprints to his parents who meet him with open arms. Hugs and tears of joy.

RANDY

Mommy! Mommy, I was so scared.

MOTHER (crying)

Oh my God! My Baby's back! Oh Randy, honey. Are you alright?

RANDY

Yes!

ROBERT

We have done our work very carefully.

MAYOR MCCLAIN

Now I can see that... and we are grateful... Detective Clark.

Robert receives a handshake from McClain and informal, spontaneous hugs and wet kisses from his sobbing wife.

ROBERT

At your service.

REPORTERS fire questions at the McClain family.

REPORTER 1

What's it feel like to be re-united with your son?

MAYOR MCCLAIN

Words cannot express the way we are feeling right now. Thank you for saving our son.

Robert produces a humble expression and bows.

REPORTER 2

Detective Clark, the raid was very daring on your part. We're there any casualties?

ROBERT

No, only two criminals dead.

REPORTER 3

Do you know of any motives as to why the Mayor's son was kidnapped?

ROBERT

We are trying to work that out right now.

Robert gets the nod from Mayor McClain.

ROBERT

That will be all for questions now. The Mayor thanks all of you for your support and wishes to spend time with his family.

The Mayor and his family ignore additional questions and enter the house.

Robert sneaks into his Buick and pulls out of the drive way.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE. DAY

Robert is back at his desk. He finds the folder and begins to write a report.

KNOCK, KNOCK!

He interrupted..

ROBERT

Come in.

It's Detective Abbott.

DETECTIVE ABBOTT

Hey.

ROBERT

Hey. Long time no see...

DETECTIVE ABBOTT

Good job you did rescuing the kid.

ROBERT

No it wasn't all me. Paul helped me a lot. And Michael was outstanding in the raid. Real good cops you got there. The kid's going places.

Detective Abbott pulls out a new pistol from the back of his pants.

DETECTIVE ABBOTT

I wanted to give you this, Robert. It's from me and the department.

Robert takes the new pistol and notices an engraving: "To Robert Clark. For Your Bravery, Service and Protection".

ROBERT

John, you didn't have to do that.

DETECTIVE ABBOTT

You did everything I asked. Good on you, Robert. You've brought in good media for the department. Kudos is my friend!

ROBERT

Thanks, John.

Robert places the gun in his desk.

DETECTIVE ABBOTT

Now get the hell out of here and back to your vacation that was cut short.

A BEAT.

ROBEERT

You will not see me a week.

DETECTIVE ABBOTT

Robert, the Mayor wants to have a private luncheon with your boys and commemorating your service. He's going to give me a date. So you're free for now.

ROBEERT

OK.

DETECTIVE ABBOTT

Where are you going?

ROBERT (SMILING)

On vacation! And you thought that I'm staying?

This brings a smile to Detective Abbott.

DETECTIVE ABBOTT

Later, Robert.

HOLD ON Detective Abbott.

INT. ROBERT'S APT. NIGHT

Robert enters his home with a bottle of scotch, places it on the kitchen table.

He immediately flips open his cell and dials.

The PHONE keeps ringing on the other end.

TIME LAPSE

CLOSE ON: Clock goes from 8 pm to 11 pm.

Robert pulls a high ball glass out of the cupboard. Pours a drink.

Robert dials his cell and again there is still no answer.

CLOSE ON: Bottle of Scotch.

The bottle is half empty and the ashtray is full of butts. Robert has a "dead stare" look on his face. As he slings back more scotch.

He lights another cigarette in his disoriented state with matches from the "Sunset Inn" hotel, he recites the phone number.

ROBERT
(mumbling)
The "Sunset Inn" hotel?

INT. COMFORT INN. NIGHT

The PORTER is working the desk. He is skimming through paper work and simultaneously texting on his phone.

The DESK PHONE is ringing. He answers.

PORTER
Sunset Inn. Who? Julia in room
#304? Yes, could you please hold
for a minute?

Porter reviews and checks out the list, scrolls down the names and room numbers.

INT. ROBERT'S APT. NIGHT

Robert takes another puff of his cigarette and butts it out into the ashtray.

ROBERT
Can you call...

PORTER
Sir, she is not here. She checked
out at 7 pm.

ROBERT
Seven o'clock?! Where did she go?

INT. COMFORT INN. NIGHT

GUESTS are arriving into the front. The Porter noticing this is eager to get off the phone and accommodate them.

PORTER
We don't keep that information.

A BEAT

ROBERT
But how can I...

PORTER
(annoyed)
Guests don't inform our hotel of
where there next destination is.
Thank you and goodbye!

INT. ROBERT'S APT. NIGHT

Robert paralyzed still holding the phone is devastated by
Julia's absence.

TITLE CARD: AFTER TWO MONTHS. OCTOBER 20/1980

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

A breezy October wind shakes the palm trees overhead the
street. The streets are isolated except for the homeless
that litter the street for the time being.

A WOMAN dressed conservatively with a leather jacket and
slacks exits out of the store.

Two MEN wearing hoodies in dark colour are following the
woman.

INT. ROBERT'S CAR. NIGHT

Robert pulls his car to the curb, turns off the ignition
reaches into his jacket and pulls out his cigarette pack.
There is only one smoke left.

ROBERT (IN SOTTO)
I need more cancer sticks.

EXT. STORE. NIGHT

The sound of FOOTSTEPS moving faster as the men are closing
in on the woman, BETTY, (30).

One of them dashes in front of her and brings her to a halt. He rummages through her clothes and then in a perverted way rubs against her body.

The other MAN comes in from behind and yanks her hair back and threatens her with a knife to the throat.

HOODLUM 2

We can cut you or you will be
silent like a fish.

Hoodlum 1 grab Betty's purse and empties her purse. All items, make up kit and wallet crash to the ground.

HOODLUM 1

She's got nothing but a stinking
\$20 bill.

HOODLUM 2

And a great ass.

HOODLUM 1

Let's do it! The good slut!

Betty stands helpless with her arms down, speechless, eyes like coal and dead of expression.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Robert crosses street and angles himself towards the grocer in the background we notice the two hoodlums holding the woman in a compromising position.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Robert is noticing that Betty is under siege sandwiched between both men. He with a detached face walks towards the bandits, looking away. He comes closer..

ROBERT

(surprised)
What is going on here?

HOODLUM 1

(to Robert)
Fuck off. Get out of here.

HOODLUM 2
(to Robert)
Do you want to die!?

Hoodlum 2 has a firm grip now on Betty removes the knife from Betty's throat and points it towards Robert.

Robert steps back and pulls out the gun.

ROBERT
Police! Down on the ground or I'll
shoot you!!! Do it! Now!!!

Hoodlum 1 and 2 surrender drop to the tarmac.

Betty steps away tearful but exuberant that Robert has come to the rescue.

Both Hoodlums are "spread eagle" on the ground. He steps on the one's back and pointing the gun at the other removes handcuffs for both rapists.

ROBERT
Spread them you, son of a bitch!

Robert consoles the woman.

BETTY
Thank you so much. My God those
animals were going to rape me.

ROBERT
They won't now. We're going to have
to go to the police station. What's
your name?

WOMAN
Betty... Betty Carter.

ROBERT
Betty... I'm Robert Clark, Chief
Investigator.

INT. BISCAYNE GROCERS. NIGHT

Robert enters the store with Betty.

ROBERT
Can I get you anything?

BETTY
No, thank you.

PRAKASH, (42), the store owner recognizes Robert as he is sorting through lottery tickets on the countertop.

ROBERT
I have to call the police.

PRAKASH
Of course, sir.

INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT

Robert is completing the report filed by Betty for sexual harassment and assault. They are seated across from each other.

ROBERT
You can be sure that the perpetrators will serve time.

A BEAT

BETTY
It's just a very scary situation.

ROBERT
Do you want a police escort or I can take you home.

BETTY
I think it would be better with you.

ROBERT
Okay! Let's go!

EXT. BETTY'S APARTMENTS. NIGHT

Robert steps out of his car and comes around to open the door for Betty.

He walks her to the front door lobby of the apartments.

BETTY

I don't know how to thank you,
Detective Clark.

Robert's eyes look at Betty with compassion.

ROBERT

What about a cup of tea sometime?

BETTY

And what would your wife say about
that?

ROBERT

I don't have a wife. I've never
been married.

BETTY

Never!? Why?

ROBERT

Because of my work. The first
thing they told me was an
anecdote: "The daughter called
her mother and said: "I had a
quarrel with my husband last
night and don't know what to do
next", to which her mother
replied: "Don't worry, dear,
young people often quarrel". "I
understand this, mother, - the
daughter answers, - but what
should I do... with the corpse?"

They laugh together.

BETTY

Well, Det. Clark. I am a woman, you
know. I have to be cautious. Can we
slow down? I'm not very good at
contact with strangers.

ROBERT

(CHUCKLING)

Who isn't?

Betty sympathetic smiles, a sense of connection is developing between the two.

EXT. CAFE. DAY

We notice Robert enter the Cafe. A hip eatery with exotic plants and cubist art that placate the walls.

Sitting alone at a table with a glass of water and looking at her reflection in a make up mirror is Betty.

Robert's dressed in a shirt and brown khakis is carrying a white rose.

He catches her eye. She blushes and puts her make up mirror away.

Robert's grinning from ear to ear.

BETTY
Detective Clark!

ROBERT
Betty, Betty you look great.

He hands her a white rose.

BETTY
What a beautiful rose. I didn't think this was a date Detective.

ROBERT
A white rose symbolizes friendship.

BETTY
It's lovely. Thank you.

ROBERT
One more thing you don't have to call me Detective. You can call me Robert.

INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT BEDROOM. NIGHT

Robert and Betty lie in bed. They are resting. Sex you can smell it in the air.

Robert reaches for his smokes on the night table and lights up.

ROBERT

So, Miss Johnson, as a grammar school teacher, what did you teach today?

BETTY

Well I get to teach several subjects. I'm teaching the kids about our American history.

ROBERT

History, history is always interesting.

BETTY

This year I also took on teaching social studies in our curriculum.

ROBERT

(LAUGHS)

History teaches that history teaches us nothing!

BETTY

Are you serious?

In the foreground on the night table is a bottle of wine next to the ashtray. Robert reaches for it.

ROBERT

Yes! Can I top you off, Betty?

BETTY

Why not? Of course, dear Robert.

He pours her a glass of wine.

BETTY

I find it kind of peculiar that a handsome man with a good and respectable occupation never settled down and got married.

Robert takes a big drag of his cigarette and butts out in the ashtray.

ROBERT

I wonder about it sometimes too.
But it's not like I've ever been
serious with any of my
relationships.

BETTY

And why's that, Robert?

ROBERT

Because, I only do that I want
to do.

BETTY

So you've never truly opened up
to a woman.

Robert gulps the rest of his wine. His eyes shift to the ceiling. Betty notices this and rests her head on his chest looking up too.

INT. CAFE. DAY

The Cafe is bumping. It's the lunch crowd and its being served at every table.

The STAFF are trying their best to accommodate all CUSTOMERS.

A server AFRICAN AMERICAN (20), approaches Robert and Betty standing in line waiting for a table.

SERVER

A table for two?

BETTY

Yes, please.

SERVER

Come this way.

Betty and Robert follow him.

SERVER

Please.

He guides Robert and Betty to a table.

SERVER

Can I start you off with a beverage?

ROBERT

Whiskey... Whiskey will be fine.

He looks at Betty.

BETTY

Earl Grey with a cake, please...

Betty looks around the cafe with an awkward smile.

ROBERT

So... What is it? Why do you want to talk about it?

BETTY

You know that the issue of marriage very important to me...

ROBERT

I know but can not help you.

BETTY

Unless you are willing to make a commitment, Robert, I can't continue this casual encounters romance.

The Server arrives with the tea and whiskey.

ROBERT

Thank you!

BETTY

You have all the qualities in a man that I have been looking for but I need to know that you serious. I feel the distance between us. Always!

Betty's eyes are dropping tears. Robert slides his hand on hers with intentions of soothing her pain.

ROBERT

The distance? No, no, Betty. I would be a hopeless wreck in your life. I would drive you crazy. I can't be more than a part time lover Betty.

BETTY

You selfish but at least you honest. I now feel that we should end things. I'm in my 30s and not getting any younger, Robert. I want to get married. I want to have kids. I want to have a family.

ROBERT

And, sweetheart, you will. But I'm not that guy. I'm sorry!

BETTY

Ok, Robert. Goodbye!

She rises up from the table with her head held high. Robert meets her with a peck on the cheek.

She moves past him like the wind. She doesn't look back.

Robert's speechless. He sits back down and sips the rest of his whiskey.

ROBERT

(wistfully)

It's for the better. It's only for the better.

TITLE CARD: AUGUST 20/1981

INT. SHARON'S APT. NIGHT

Sharon goes to the phone and dials the number.

SHARON

I wanted to check in with you.
Are you alright?

INT. ROBERT'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Robert moved around the apartment and noticing the empty bottle of scotch, dumps it in the garbage can.

He answers the phone.

ROBERT

Sharon, I'm fine. What about Dan Harrison? What's the latest news?

INT. SHARON'S APT. NIGHT

SHARON

Nothing, Robert. None of his associates appear to know or have anything to do with his murder. But there was an alarming fact...

ROBERT

What?

A BEAT.

SHARON

The son of Dan Harrison's neighbor who was absent from home indicated that someone from the police visited his mother already and discussed the Dan Harrison matter.

ROBERT

I have to talk to her.

EXT. HARRISON'S NEIGHBOR HOUSE. NIGHT

Robert accompanied by Michael knocks on Dan Harrison's neighbor's door.

INT. HARRISON'S NEIGHBOR DOOR. NIGHT

A woman, (40)s opens the door, thick boned, voluptuous with seductive lips.

Robert flashes his badge.

ROBERT

We are from the department of the criminal prosecution. Can we talk?

WOMAN

About what?

ROBERT

Sorry to disturb you but it is very important to ask you about Dan Harrison.

WOMAN

But I've already told the police all I know. I told them about the girl too.

Robert looks at her inquisitively.

ROBERT

What girl? His daughter?

WOMAN

No, his mistress!

A BEAT

ROBERT

What can you tell us about her?

WOMAN

What is there to tell? I recognized her at once from the picture they showed me. Believe me, nothing special, an ordinarily cute girl who dressed on the provocative side.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

WOMAN

She had a color tattoo on her shoulder, a "mermaid with seaweeds". This new trend in young fashion is distasteful in my opinion...

Anxious, Robert continues to probe her with questions.

ROBERT

Did she live here?

WOMAN

She was at one time, but then they had a major dispute. I remember seeing her with a suitcase and other belongings. A taxi picked her up shortly afterwards.

ROBERT

(smiles)

You're very observant!

WOMAN

He was suspected of something and then he was killed. I feel sorry for Dan. He was a good neighbor.

ROBERT

What more you can said of him?

WOMAN

He was polite, tidy, dressed with style and was clean shaven always. Took good care of himself.

ROBERT

At about 10:30 pm yesterday evening did you see a man visit Dan Harrison?

WOMAN

No, last night I was at an opera.

Robert and Michael exchange glances.

ROBERT

Oh yeah, and what opera was that?

WOMAN
Miss Saigon.

ROBERT
Thank you. Thank you for your
time.

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY

Michael goes to open the passenger side door.

MICHAEL
I can't understand your interest in
his mistress, Boss. Our target
suspect is a man. Then how is this
girl involved and who cares?
Robert looks very concentrated.

ROBERT
It matters. She matters to us in
this investigation. She is very
interesting!

INT. ELVIS'S APT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

Elvis pale faced and withered gazed at his reflection in
the mirror and soaked his hands in the sink and splashes
water over his face. He snatches a towel and dries off with
a towel.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DAY

Robert and Michael pull into the parking lot at
headquarters.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Debates in the conference room, discussions on clues and
motives.

Robert and Michael enter the room.

Sharon leaves her seat as she notices Robert enter the
room.

Robert pulls up a chair.

SHARON

So why did the police visit Dan Harrison three days ago?

ROBERT

You mean the investigation on the murder of his former lover.

SHARON

WOW! That's right! Olivia Gardner was killed in her apartment four days ago. And who is a killer?

Robert looked around the conference room and noticing the hesitant faces. He looks back at Sharon.

ROBERT

It's hard to imagine such an option. But by the look on your intriguing face... I would think it would be apparent that we are looking for, the killer of Dan Harrison.

Michael interjects.

MICHAEL

That's an unbelievable coincidence. The suspect kills the woman and three days later her ex-lover on the other side of town.

TITLE CARD: FOUR DAYS AGO: AUGUST 16/1981

INT. OLIVIA'S APT. NIGHT

Olivia scampers into the kitchen. She returns with a kitchen knife that beams a reflection into Elvis's eyes.

OLIVIA

Get outta here!

ELVIS

What the fuck is that for?

Olivia moves towards him yielding the knife.

OLIVIA

I have nothing to lose.

Olivia lunges at him with the knife. Elvis just barely evades her.

ELVIS

You're a crazy bitch!

Elvis runs, opens the drawer, finds a gun and discovers its loaded.

ELVIS

Ok, Olivia, you to play that way with me. Come on...

Olivia charges in and slashing thin air with her knife. She hurts his hand.

Elvis aims and fires. He shoots her several times. Olivia collapses to the floor blood trickles from her mouth.

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Elvis gasps for air and drenched in sweat. Rolls around in his bed.

Haunted by the image of Olivia's body on the floor.

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY. NIGHT

Our POV of Olivia now in a large pool of blood as it continues to ooze out of her.

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Elvis slumbers out of bed and grabs the bottle of wine and pills that lay dormant on the night table. He downs the pills and then the wine and falls face flat back on to the bed. He is suffering from pain in his wounded hand.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

SHARON

The same fingerprints. It's a proven fact!

MICHAEL

Then I don't understand why he
killed Dan. A love triangle?

ROBERT

Thank you, Sharon, you did a great
job.

Robert reaches for the folder that was in front of him on
the table.

It's labeled title is Dan Harrison.

Inside the folder he jotted "Olivia Gardner", killed Aug
16/1981.

SHARON

You know, Robert, its real hard
getting a reaction out of you
these days. I just can't
surprise you.

Robert puts down the folder.

ROBERT

I have a poker face...

SHARON

When I saw the same fingerprints I...
How did you guess?

ROBERT

I don't know. Sharon, I did feel
something.

He sits down and eases back in the chair.

Sharon sits down beside Robert, enthused and attentive with
her clipboard and already jotting down notes.

ROBERT

Send a request to the head office to
transfer information on this "Olivia
Gardner" investigation to us..

Sharon gleams a smile.

SHARON

Everything you need on "Olivia Gardner is in a file on your desk.

ROBERT

You're amazing. Why do not we get married?

He laughs as Sharon rolls her eyes.

SHARON

Olivia Gardner attacked him with a knife and then he shot her with a gun that was owned by her roommate Kevin Bauer.

MICHAEL

Maybe the roommate was in on it.

SHARON

No, the roommate Kevin Bauer has a solid alibi. During the police investigation it was determined that a gun was stolen from the apartment. Kevin Bauer purchased the weapon two years ago.

ROBERT

Why would this Kevin Bauer need a weapon?

SHARON

Apparently at a time when Kevin Bauer was working in sales, carried the gun for self-defense on a trip.

ROBERT

Self-defense? It did not help! Self-defense ended with her death!

MICHAEL

So the murderer enters Olivia Gardner home unarmed. How do you explain this?

ROBERT

Yes! The knife was hers and the gun the roommates. This was not pre-meditated it happened by circumstances.

MICHAEL

He wasn't planning to kill?! But he finished Dan Harrison without any emotion, with the coolness of an assassin.

Robert puts his coat back and works the room.

ROBERT

There is one dark spot?

MICHAEL

What's that?

ROBERT

Why did Dan Harrison write a will?

MICHAEL

Because he was afraid.

ROBERT

Afraid of what?

MICHAEL

Being murdered. Maybe a bad debt with some illegal ties.

ROBERT

It doesn't make any logical sense. Why wouldn't he go to the police or hire guards.

SHARON

Or try to disappear to go somewhere. But to immediately surrender and wait for death. Unbelievable...

Brian arrives to Robert's desk.

BRIAN

If I maybe so bold. According to Raul Gallagher... Dan Harrison was in a depressed state. He was on the verge of selling his business.

SHARON

He was probably suicidal and that's why he made a will.

ROBERT

You're getting closer, Sharon. So because death is inevitable he remembers his daughter, hence the will.

Michael refers to the Dan Harrison file and pulls out a copy of the Dan's letter.

He reads the letter.

MICHAEL

"I'm going to die and my only wish is that you not think of me as a bad person". The phrase, "I am going to die soon" - this statement is recognition of the fact that it is obvious for him. This couldn't be written by an uncertain, mentally unbalanced man.

Michael puts the file down and looks at Robert.

ROBERT

So what?

MICHAEL

Dan Harrison knew that he is going to die. This couldn't be written by an mentally unbalanced man.

ROBERT

Agreed!

ROBERT

But why would the daughter consider Dan Harrison as a disgusting man?

Sharon pulls out a transcript from her interview with Roberts ex wife Patricia Harrison.

SHARON

I spoke to Patricia Harrison, Dan's ex-wife. She referred to him as wanton and reckless. Womanizer!

A BEAT

ROBERT

Ex-wife never says something good about her ex-husband!

SHARON

But that was the cause for their divorce. As she puts it: "At first he loved me and then he began to betray me to the left and to the right". So his image in the eyes of his daughter could be strongly stained.

INT. ELVIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

The gun lies on his bed. Elvis quickly hides it inside the night table. He squirms back and forth and then lies motionless on his bed.

Clutches his hands on his head and continues to stare into blank space.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

Robert seats at the desk.

Michael, Sharon, Paul and Brian are huddled around him.

Robert lights another smoke as the two folders lay in front of him "Dan Harrison" and "Olivia Gardner".

ROBERT

Using straight logic, we couldn't find the killer. Regretfully, we'll have to wait for the next corpse.

Brian interjects.

BRIAN

But it sounds like something
immoral.

ROBERT

And a terminal patient waiting for
death of someone to get an organ for
a transplant isn't it also immortal?

BRIAN

It seems like two different
things. A man is going to die
without it.

Robert reached into his pocket and lights another
cigarette.

ROBERT

I remembered a story about morality
that my friend from the traffic
police once told me.

His eyes piercing through Brian, like a professor
explaining a theorem.

ROBERT

A woman on the highway suddenly saw
a cat in the middle of the road and
halted on the brakes.

A BEAT

ROBERT

Their braking caused a chain
collision of cars. Eight people
died, including three children. All
for the price of saving a little
pussy.

An awkward silence.

SHARON

I don't understand what is your
point?

ROBERT

Nothing! You can all leave now.

Sharon, Paul, Brian and Michael exit the office confused not realizing the method to Robert's obsession with this case.

INT. HALLWAY POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DAY

Michael and Brian stroll down the hallway, crowded with PERSONELL.

MICHAEL

Don't bother him with morals.
Can't you see that the boss is
frustrated? When the case is at
a dead end and Robert has no
fresh ideas, it is better not
to argue with him - he'll eat
you alive!

EXT. ELVIS'S APARTMENT. DAY

We see the sun rising in the East over translucent skies that breed an earthy crimson.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

C/U of bacon frying in the pan and eggs cracking into a bowl. Toast pops from the toaster.

Behind this greasy breakfast is a refreshed Elvis Anders now beating eggs with a bathrobe on and his hair slicked back.

EXT. ELVIS'S APARTMENT. DAY

Elvis now dressed in a Hawaiian shirt and cargo shorts and sandals moves between cars in morning traffic and enters a "SPRINT" telephone booth.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH. DAY

C/U finger rummaging through a phone book with listing "Carter". There are many in the town.

ELVIS
There she is! I found you,
Betty Carter!

He ruminates the address a couple of times for memorization.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH. DAY

Elvis exits out of the telephone booth, knowing his next destination.

ELVIS
(MUMBLING)
Well, my dear Betty. Let's
prepare our meeting.

INT. ELVIS'S APARTMENT. DAY

Elvis in his living room pours a glass of "Royal Red", a cheap wine and smokes another cigarette Phillip Morris, thinking..

He raises his bandaged hand and removes the bandage.

The wound is fully exposed from the Olivia Gardner mayhem.

INT. BETTY'S APT. NIGHT

Sitting down on the sofa with a stack of students assignments on the "Seminoles Indians", Betty is reading and marking papers.

Dressed down with a blouse and dark yoga pants and her hair tied back in a ponytail.

The Quartz analogue clock reveals the time as 10:30 pm. Her eyes elevate and notice the time.

There is an abrupt KNOCK on the door. She leaves the couch alerted.

Cautiously, Betty opens the door to the width of her chain lock and discovering Elvis at her doorstep, in a blazer and slacks with his hair coiffed, fashionably dressed.

He favors his wounded hand revealing it to Betty, leaning against the door jam.

ELVIS
Please, help! Help me!
Somebody just attacked me!
I'm bleeding..

Betty noticing the bloody hand and taken by Elvis's handsome looks.

BETTY
Hold on...

She opens the door and allows the "vulture", into her "nest".

BETTY
My God that's a nasty cut.
Let's get that cleaned up and
bandaged before it gets
infected.

Elvis holds his hand paranoid of trickling blood on her freshly shampooed carpet.

ELVIS
Miss, I really appreciate this.
God bless your soul. I really
didn't want to inconvenience
you but I was attacked... I can
clean this myself, Miss... ?

BETTY
Betty... Betty Carter. I will
clean your wound...

ELVIS
Betty, I hate to inconvenience
you. Let me do it myself. I
just need to go to your
washroom.

BETTY
Of course. Right this way.

Betty escorts Elvis to the bathroom.

ELVIS

All I ask is that you have a bandage that I can wrap this up with.

BETTY

Yes, there's a 1st Aid Kit underneath the sink.

INT. BETTY'S BATHROOM. NIGHT

C/U hands washing away the blood to his damaged hand.

He looks in the mirror, calm, takes a deep breath and reaches under the sink and obtains the 1st Aid kit.

He meticulously bandages up his hand, and puts it thorough knot. Looks again into the mirror and nods to himself.

INT. BETTY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

ELVIS

Bless your good heart.

He's attempting to stretch his hands.

ELVIS

I'm going to miss work for a while.

BETTY

What do you do?

ELVIS

I play the clarinet in the orchestra. I'm a musician.

BETTY

Wow... You play in the orchestra!
Oh, I love music.

ELVIS

(smiles)
I love it too...

A BEAT

BETTY

Would you like some tea?

Elvis plants himself on the couch.

ELVIS

With pleasure. Tea would be wonderful. That is very kind of you. Could we listen to some music? Do you prefer classical or jazz?

BETTY

It's late, after ten. I don't know if the neighbors would like that.

ELVIS

And if we really lower the volume?

Betty smiles at Elvis and accommodates his request by choosing a record from her collection on the shelf.

Turn on the player. She adjusts the volume accordingly.

ELVIS

Edward Grieg. Concert for the piano from Peer Gynt.

BETTY

(SMILING)

I see you know this music.

ELVIS

Of course! Immortal music of eternal love.

Elvis stands up away from the couch and approaches Betty, puts his arm around her shoulder.

ELVIS

You have great taste.

Elvis moves in on Betty and tries kissing her. She steps away, alarmed.

BETTY

What are you doing?

Elvis forcefully grabs her neck with both hands and tears her blouse off. Her shirt is torn revealing her breasts.

BETTY

No! No! YOU ANIMAL!!!

Elvis counters her with his fist punching her in the face, Betty falls to the ground, helpless and down on all fours. Her nose is bleeding.

Elvis kicks her in the stomach, and then ups her pants down and thrusts her from behind, pulling her hair back and like a salvage beast.

He rapes her.

ELVIS

You're a nasty bitch...

Betty is sobbing like a defenseless creature. She's another victim of Elvis Anders.

INT. POLICE OFFICE. DAY

C/U of folder titled, "Betty Carter", killed Aug 24/1981 on Robert's desk. Robert opens the file.

Sharon, Michael and Brian are pledging their allegiance to Robert.

ROBERT

He flies into a rage! I don't want to just catch him now. I want him dead!

MICHAEL

So what do we do next? This time he did not use a gun. He strangled her with his hands. If not for the fingerprints, we could never have known that this is the same murderer.

Robert studying the file raises his eyes.

ROBERT

He wouldn't shoot in the apartment building. This is not logical for him.

A BEAT

SHARON

By the way, Robert, your name was found in her phonebook.

Robert defensively puts down the folder.

ROBERT

I have freed her from an attack by criminals once. I just remembered this happened about six months ago, in early October. She's a school teacher.

SHARON

But even more interesting that Dan Harrison also presents there.

ROBERT

Really? It's interesting!

Robert sits back at his desk and thinks.

MICHAEL

So how are we going to catch him?

ROBERT

We'll catch him with life bait

BRIAN

What do you mean?

ROBERT

I already know how. I have a personal question for all of you?

SHARON

What question?

ROBERT

The question is very simple and straightforward. Do you use protection?

SHARON

Protection?

ROBERT

It is important for me to know. Do you use protection for sex?

MICHAEL

Why do you ask?

ROBERT

Because you are young, single and sexually active.

Robert sits motionless without a trace of a smile on his face, he stares at Michael.

MICHAEL

I have to answer?

Michael looks away, nervously fidgeting in his chair, his leg is shaking.

MICHAEL

Not always.

ROBERT

What does your "not always" mean?

A BEAT

MICHAEL

Well, if we meet at a dance floor, and it is clear that the girl of light behavior, it's necessary but if a girl is decent, it is not.

ROBERT

And how do you determine which one is "decent"?

MICHAEL
By her eyes!

All are laughing. Robert is not.

ROBERT
Your criteria is clear to me.
Do you feel the same way as
Michael?

He stares to the rest of his staff.

PAUL
Of course and so far no
problems, thank God!

He taps the table with his knuckles.

SHARON
It's different for ladies.
Generally you can tell when a
man opens his mouth.

Sharon making a point looks into Michael's eyes.

MICHAEL
Really? Large libertines easy
to get acquainted with women!

SHARON
Why is it that a man calls a
woman who's sexually active a
"slut" but when a man does this
he's not?

Robert gets between Michael and Sharon.

ROBERT
This discussion is not about
that! Do you, Sharon, use
protection?

SHARON
I always do. I would never take
a chance until we have a solid
relationship.

She wraps her knuckles against the table.

ROBERT
Okay. I understand..

TITLE CARD: TWO DAYS LATER

INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

We hear someone KNOCKING on the door.

C/S of fingers dialing number on rotary phone.

Robert raises the receiver to his ear.

ROBERT
Michael, get Paul and quickly
run here. Now!!!

Robert hangs up the phone and approaches the door quickly.

He looks through the peephole. ELVIS standing at his door
step.

INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

ELVIS
Sorry for such a late visit, Mr.
Clark, but I need to talk to you
regarding our mutual friend.

ROBERT
Our mutual friend!? Please come
in, Mr.?

ELVIS
Elvis Anders.

ROBERT
Sit down at the coffee table,
Elvis. I think that it is
convenient there. Can I offer
you some whiskey?

ELVIS
Thank you. In all honesty, I
prefer white wine.

Elvis seats himself on the couch gazing around Robert's apartment.

ROBERT
Okay. You get it.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Robert opens his fridge and removes a bottle of wine.

He shifts to the cupboards and removes two glasses.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

ROBERT pours wine.

Elvis sips his wine glass and smiles with approval as he examines the bottle.

ELVIS
I like it, good wine.

Elvis reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a pack of Phillip Morris cigarettes.

ELVIS
Mind if I smoked?

ROBERT
Of course, I also smoke.

Robert places an ashtray on the table.

ELVIS
Thank you.

Elvis lights a smoke.

ROBERT
So which of my friends are we talking about here? Oh, let me guess... Betty, Betty Carter? Am I right?

Elvis looks at Robert in surprise.

ELVIS

Yes, you're right. We'll talk about her! She's a killer... and not in the figurative sense.

ROBERT

Elvis, I think that you are confused... It was you that raped and killed her.

Elvis grins at Robert.

ELVIS

So you've been informed.

Elvis's face turns "stone cold".

He reaches into his jacket and reveals a gun and points it at Robert.

Robert maintains his cool.

ROBERT

You still have time to kill me.

Robert moves away from his seat as Elvis keeps aim with the gun.

Robert crosses the living room floor arrives at the bookshelf and pulls out a thick white folder and lays it down on the table for Elvis to see. Robert sits back in his chair. Elvis sits paranoid.

ELVIS

It was not murder but revenge!

ROBERT

The fact is that I'm the Chief Investigator for Olivia Gardner, Dan Harrison and Betty Carter and I know that you are the killer of these three people.

Elvis looks away momentarily and then back at Robert.

ROBERT

I hope you will not deny this fact. We don't have a motive for any of these crimes I'd like to hear from you. The reason you killed these three people and now want to kill me. Why?

Elvis steps away from the coffee table, stands looking at the folder and back at Robert.

ELVIS

Okay. I'll tell you. I'll tell you everything and maybe you'll understand. It will be a confession. My confession before your death verdict.

ROBERT

I'm listening.

ELVIS

I was having such a great life. I was playing in the symphony orchestra and besides I was playing jazz as well.

ROBERT

Creative job, Elvis. And...?

ELVIS

But once it all came to an end.

ROBERT

What do you mean? It came to an end with Olivia Gardner.

ELVIS

Yes! She infected me with AIDS. You know, AIDS! I was vulnerable when I was drunk. Didn't think to use protection when we had sex. And now I have AIDS.

ROBERT

That was your choice.

ELVIS

This isn't syphilis or gonorrhea. AIDS cannot be cured. There is no cure, no vaccine or medicine. There is nothing. People actually die without medical care. It's a license for death.

ROBERT

Are you sure that this is AIDS?

ELVIS

Yes! When I confronted her about it, she told me that Dan Harrison had infected her...

ROBERT

Dan Harrison!?

ELVIS

Yes. She threatened me with a knife. She was going to kill me and so in self defense. I shot her with a gun that I found in her roommate's room.

ROBERT

Yes, Elvis, I am well aware. Pictures tell a thousand words.

Robert opens his folder and from afar shows Elvis some pictures of Olivia Gardner's body lying in a pool of blood.

ELVIS

After that I decided to avenge all those who would shorten my life.

ROBERT

You started lynching.

ELVIS

Lynching, yes... I want justice for those who would deprive me of my life. An eye for an eye!

Robert corresponds between the folder and the suspect.

ROBERT

I understand your scheme. You
climb the people chain of. Who
have infected each other and in
the end they infect you.

Elvis has a grim expression on his face.

ELVIS

That's right. It's the only
thing that I have left my life
is expiring. I can feel it.

Robert nods at Elvis.

ROBERT

Clear, but lynching no matter
how high the ideals are guided
by revenge. There's one
drawback. It lacks objective.

Robert skims through his folder and pulls out medical reports for the three victims holding them in his hand for Elvis to see.

ROBERT

Here are the medical reports
for Olivia Gardner, Dan
Harrison and Betty...

(MORE)

ROBERT (cont'd)

Carter. Did not reveal that they
were HIV positive.

A BEAT

ROBERT

None of your victims had AIDS,
Elvis.

He places the reports back into the folder and slides and turns it towards Elvis.

ROBERT
See for yourself.

ELVIS
It can't be true...

Elvis looks away from the folder aghast at this new revelation.

ROBERT
So, you killed three perfectly
innocent people!

Robert diverts his attention to the wall clock. The "seconds ticking".

ROBERT
You, Elvis, are not HIV-
infected and you do not have
AIDS. You have mononucleosis
which has a known cure, so that
you are going to spend the rest
of your life in jail!

ELVIS
But I did the same analysis?

ROBERT
They made a mistake for that
which you'll have to pay a
heavy price.

Elvis is perspiring, sweat leaking from his scalp.

ROBERT
You can't return the dead. So
put the gun on the table and
surrender to justice.

Elvis clutches the gun and raises it pointing at Robert's chest. His face covered with sweat.

He is breathing heavily and irregularly.

Elvis can't point straight as his hand is shaking.

ROBERT

You will gain nothing by
murdering me. My employees are
standing behind you.

Brian and Michael swiftly enter Robert's apartment.

ROBERT

Either way you will be arrested.

Elvis turns around depressed and defeated.

ELVIS

FUCK!!! Fuck all of you!!!

He screams hysterically and raises the gun sticks it into
his mouth... and FIRES.

Fragments of his brain explode everywhere, staining
Robert, Michael and Brian.

Robert takes a deep breath then reaches out and closes the
file lying on the table. His hand trembles.

MICHAEL

Chief, Chief! Are you ok?

ROBERT

Just thanks to you.

His lips quiver. He reaches for the wine glass and takes a
deep swig.

ROBERT

If it had been another minute,
you'd be looking for a new lead
investigator.

A BEAT

ROBERT

Michael, call the police, all
should be done according to
protocol, and I have to recover.

MICHAEL

Did you get hit, Chief?

Michael attends to Robert.

ROBERT

No, I'm just a little shaken.
Sitting in front of a gun is
not the best of entertainments.

MICHAEL

How did he get in here?

Robert breaks a smile.

ROBERT

He came for a visit...

BRIAN

A visit!?! To you!?!?

ROBERT

Yes! And you, guys, saw him kill
himself. You're my witnesses...

MICHAEL

But why did he shoot himself?

ROBERT

Elvis Anders, the killer of
Olivia Gardner, Dan Harrison
and Betty Carter, could not
resist the force of my
arguments.

Robert gathers himself together and leaves the sofa with
the folder.

He puts his arm around Michael.

ROBERT

So, Michael, when you get the
desire to argue with me, please,
remember this case.

Robert winks at Michael, laughing, stands up, picks up the
folder and leaves the living room.

BRIAN
(to Michael)
The Chief is a man of iron! How
could he take it?

Brian and Michael draw their attention to Elvis's corpse with the gun still in his hand.

Michael picks up the phone and dials.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Robert adjusts the combination lock on a cast iron safe and slips the folder inside.

INT. ROBERT'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Robert goes back to the couch.

ROBERT
Not a word about the folder.
Technically speaking, I have no
right to bring the file home
any more that discussing the
case with suspects. Not
everyone will understand
correctly.

BRIAN
Really, boss? We aren't
interns. We saw no folder here.

Robert winks at Brian.

There is thunderous pounding on the door.

POLICE OFFICER (O/C)
Police...

Police investigator STEVE DUNPHY, (30)s rounds his men around the apartment. FORENSICS and PARAMEDICS arrive shortly afterwards.

SNAPSHOTS are taken in the apartment by the CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER, (20)S.

Robert's blood pressure is checked by a Paramedic. The

readings are good.

ROBERT

Steve, I want all evidence and reports filed and dropped off at my office.

ELVIS'S body is covered and removed from the apartment via a stretcher carried out by Paramedics and to the morgue.

Steve, Brian and Michael are in the midst of conversations. Brian re-enacts what he saw. Robert acknowledges.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE STUDY. NIGHT

Robert alone. He goes into his study, opens the safe and takes out the folder, finds and pulls out several sheets and then lights each page with a match and ashes it out in the ashtray.

INT. WASHROOM. NIGHT

Robert holding the ashtray dumps all the ashes into the toilet and flushes.

INT LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Robert stands in the living room realizing the blood stained floor and walls.

He's awash with thoughts. He shakes his head.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Robert rolls around in his bed desperate to get some sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT FLASHBACK

Robert's POV of Elvis putting the gun in his mouth. Camera blends to 120 fps. The sound of GUNSHOT.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Robert reaches for the open bottle of Rye whiskey and guzzles, his throat working in overdrive. He gasps! Urgency reigns to rid himself of the image of the suicidal Elvis Anders.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING

Robert looking weathered with blood shot eyes picks up the phone and dials. He has the receiver to his ear.

ROBERT

Hey, Eyck. How are you, old man? Oh good, good. I have a proposition for you but it can't be discussed on the phone. Can we meet in the afternoon? Good. I'll see you then. Bye.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Robert opens it.

Two HISPANIC industrial painters with their supplies are at the door.

ROBERT

You, guys, must be "Pristine Painters".

HECTOR, (30)S and OCTAVIO (20S) smile at Robert.

HECTOR

Yes, Robert Clark?

ROBERT

That's right. Come in...

As Hector and Octavio enter the living room, they are taken aback from the blood splattered walls. They drop their supplies on the floor.

ROBERT

Calm down, guys. Yeah, I know. It's a little messy.

Robert flashes his Police badge.

ROBERT

(SMILING)

We had an ordeal here last night. There was a shooting but, as you can see, I'm still alive!

HECTOR
Yes, we can see...

INT. POLICE MORGUE. DAY

Robert shakes hands with pathologist EYCK ADLER, (50)s, a short, stubby man with sad and friendly brown eyes.

ROBERT
(SMILING)
Eyck, I hope you haven't yet
turned wild with the dead.

EYCK
It's calmer with them, Robert.
No scandals, no need to talk, no
need to answer questions.

A BEAT

EYCK
Let's have a drink. I've got a
bottle in here somewhere.

ROBERT
Now we're talking the spirits
keep me going.

INT. EYCK'S OFFICE. DAY

They enter Eyck's office. The walls are placated with family and vacation photos and memorabilia of the American Football team.

Eyck opens his desk drawer and removes a bottle of Johnny Walker blue and two shot glasses.

ROBERT
Nice!

Robert places his cigarettes on Eyck's desk. They shoot back a couple of shots and smoke.

ROBERT
I got a question for you, Eyck.

Eyck takes a big drag off his cigarettes and the room is filled with a smoky haze.

EYCK

Well, what is it?

Eyck chuckles while Robert produces a fake smile.

ROBERT

Can you determine whether a person had AIDS while he was alive?

EYCK

In principle, yes. Our laboratory has the technology. But we do not perform these tests. Aids is becoming a serious problem.

A BEAT

EYCK

We have a young gay assistant, who literally in tears told me that recently, almost every week he attends funerals. Among the gay men, in his circle, it's a real epidemic, everyone is at risk and the death rate is terrible. Everyone is at risk now.

ROBERT

And if I ask?

EYCK hesitates in his chair.

EYCK

I'll do it for you. Who am I testing?

Robert scribbles down the names Olivia Gardner, Dan Harrison, Betty Carter, and Elvis Anders. He slides the sheet across Eyck's desk.

EYCK

All of these people?

ROBERT

Yes, and without a
registration, please.

EYCK

You are pushing me for
malpractice, Robert. It's
offensive, you know, that I
can't refuse you.

ROBERT

I know, Eyck.

EYCK

I'll call you when it is ready.
Come on, let's finish the
bottle.

Eyck pours another two shots. They toast.

EYCK

Here's to old friends!!!

ROBERT

You bet! Thanks, Eyck.

INT. POLICE STATION CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

A stormy discussion ensues in the conference room Michael,
Brian and Sharon in the middle of it.

Robert arrives. All eyes are on him as he sits himself in
the middle of an elongated table, that is littered with
papers and empty coffee cups.

ROBERT

The murder case of Olivia
Gardner, Dan Harrison and Betty
Carter, started Aug 21/1981,
closed on Aug 30/1981. In
connection with the death of
the suspect, Elvis Anders.

Robert looks around the conference room at amazed faces and
then acknowledges Michael.

ROBERT

Michael, this was no "piece of cake" but we did solve the case as you suggested at the beginning of the investigation.

MICHAEL

Rapid but unclear, Chief. We've been arguing for two hours here and still haven't come to a reasonable explanation.

ROBERT

What don't you understand?

Sharon abruptly interjects.

SHARON

Nothing! I don't understand. Nothing is clear. Why Elvis killed them? What for? Why did he come to your house?

ROBERT

Ok, let me explain.

There is a dead silence in the room.

Everyone anticipating Robert's explanation.

ROBERT

Elvis Anders - a psychopath took into his head that any extramarital affair - is sinful. He came to reform his former mistress Olivia Gardner and she told him the name of her lover - Dan Harrison. In addition, during a "friendly" conversation over wine and cigarettes, he found out the name of Dan's former mistress - Betty Carter, as well as mine. I had with Betty a short flirtation in the past.

ROBERT
You did not tell...

ROBERT
It became clear to me that I'm
next. I decided to catch him
with a live bait, that is,
myself.

The faces around the room look puzzled.

SHARON
And so you...

ROBERT
So I waited Elvis to my
apartment. It's clear that
Elvis had a strange insanity. I
have never encountered such a
person.

SHARON
He was a madman?

Sharon reacts in the foreground by shrugging her shoulders.

ROBERT
Yes. It's difficult to
understand such a "madman".
Their vision, voice. A rational
person cannot comprehend it.
But some logic is necessarily
present in their actions.

Michael sips the last drop of his now cold coffee.

SHARON
But according to your story, he
came to kill you and in the end
he committed suicide...

MICHAEL
I do not know such a case! How do
you explain that?

Robert calmly brushes the dust off his suit jacket.

ROBERT

Very simple! He came to me as a murderer to his victim and suddenly discovered that I was an investigator. I told him when and how he killed.

BRIAN

Well, so what?

ROBERT

He knew I was right. I could see it in his eyes.

MICHAEL

And then we arrived and yes... he blew his brains out.

ROBERT

He knew he was guilty. He had nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. He was trapped and so he shot himself.

BRIAN

You took an enormous risk. He could have killed you easily. Like a "sitting duck"!

ROBERT

(SMILING)

He could have but he didn't. Of course, I was scared but I was persistent especially after Betty Carter's murder.

Robert removes a cigarette from his pocket and lights up.

ROBERT

Are there any other questions?

PAUL

No boss. You're a hero.

The room is full of applause and accolades for Robert, who takes it all in with a grave smile.

ROBERT

I want to thank everyone for their help on this case. Without you we would not have succeeded in solving this case.

SHARON

What's next, Chief?

ROBERT

A couple weeks off in the "Florida Keys" do some fishing, snorkeling and diving... So you'll have to solve the next case without me.

The room abrupt in laughter.

INT. ROBERT'S APT. DAY

Robert is on the phone with Eyck.

SPLIT SCREEN

INT. POLICE MORGUE. DAY

Eyck is seated at his desk with a file folder and examining them closely while on the phone with Robert.

EYCK

My friend, you have a most developed intuition. I don't understand how could you know but all of them tested positive. All of them had AIDS. All, without exception. Will it help you?

INT. ROBERT'S APT. DAY

ROBERT

Thanks, old chap. This is a very important result. Let's keep this between us.

INT. POLICE MORGUE. DAY

EYCK

Of course, we've agreed without registration. You know me. Keep in touch, Robert.

ROBERT

I will try...

INT. ROBERT'S APT. DAY

Robert grins to himself as he hangs up the phone.

ROBERT (V/O)

This looks like a hopeless situation.

INT. MEDICAL HOSPITAL. DAY

Robert stands across from a RECEPTIONIST, (40S).

ROBERT

I need to be tested for AIDS.

RECEPTIONIST

Go to the 5TH FLOOR and a Medical Assistant will meet you there.

INT. MEDICAL HOSPITAL 5TH FLOOR. DAY

Robert walks down the hall of the 5th floor and is greeted by a cute BLONDE MEDICAL ASSISTANT, (20)S, who guides him into a private room.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

I'll need you to fill out a form you will be designated an alpha numeric code that you can enter. That will keep your anonymity.

Robert fills it out. The Medical Assistant takes a copy and hands Robert a copy too.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

Don't lose your original number. On it or you will not know the result of the test.

She pulls up a seat for Robert beside a bed. He sits down.

She goes to medical cabinet and removes a syringe with an empty millimeter bottle.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

Roll up your sleeve please.

CLOSE ON: The needle penetrates Robert's skin and draws blood into the empty bottle which is now full. She removes the syringe and the bottle, and attaches a label to it that has an alpha numeric code.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

We will give you your test results in exactly 72 hours.
Thank You.

Robert rolls up his sleeve.

INT. ROBERT'S APT. DAY

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

Robert holed up in his apartment with head down. Robert swilling back a bottle of Rye Whiskey.

Robert passes out...

INT. DOCTOR DANNY WONG'S OFFICE. DAY

Robert is seated across Asian American Dr. DANNY WONG, (50)S, solid in structure and has a stoic face.

DR. WONG

I'm afraid that I have some bad news. You have tested positive for HIV virus. You have AIDS and have contracted it some time ago... You have an exceptionally good immune system that's why you were able to maintain your health for so long.

He points Robert to the bed next to the medical chest.

DR. WONG

Could you remove your shirt?

Robert sits on the bed being tested as the Doctor probes around his body, neck, arms, etc...

DR. WONG

You have greatly enlarged lymph glands. This disease has five stages, and you have exited the asymptomatic carrying stage. So now any disease or even a minor cold could have disastrous consequences for you.

Robert is devastated, looking around the room for answers.

ROBERT

So what can I do now?

DR. WONG

There is nothing that you can do. You must realize that you are a carrier of the AIDS virus and having sexual intercourse with you would be dangerous... life threatening. You must warn anyone that has intimacy with you to get tested.

ROBERT

It's too late... They're dead!
Thank you, Doctor.

ROBERT

How much time do I have left?

The Doctor puts his clipboard file on the shelf and looks Robert deep in the eyes.

DOCTOR WONG

I see that you are a strong person. Usually in such cases no thanks are in order. In the past the bearer of bad news was executed.

ROBERT

What do you mean, Doctor?

DOCTOR WONG

I can't tell you how much time you have left to live. It depends on many things. A month or two, maybe more. I'll prescribe you a drug to enhance the immunity. It's not very effective in the case of AIDS. But it's better than nothing at all.

INT. ROBERT'S APT. NIGHT

Robert unshaven and distraught sits in a chair next to the stereo receiver and puts on Mozart "Requiem".

CLOSE ON: Mozart "Requiem"

Robert weeps to the music losing energy by the minute.

JULIA (V.O.)

Do you know that Mozart died poor and was buried in a pauper's grave?

He removes a handkerchief and wipes away his tears, stands up and proceeds to his study.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE. NIGHT

He opens the safe and takes out his pistol, engraved with his name, "To Robert Clark. For Your Bravery, Service and Protection", still unused.

He thoughtfully clicks the trigger then charges it.

ROBERT (V/O)

I'll find you, my "beloved" Julia and you will never find me.

FADE OUT

THE END