

Dark Streets, Dark Lives

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. HOTEL BAR – NIGHT

A SMART MAN sits alone at the bar and downs the last of his drink. His combed back grey hair and equally grey bushy moustache do nothing to hide his age. He looks in his mid fifties with no thoughts of retiring.

He looks away from his EMPTY GLASS, toward the rest of the room. The company in here is low, the atmosphere dead. Any signs of personality have faded away leaving the hotel to suffer a long, dragged out death as business comes to an end.

He turns back to the bar. He is alone tonight.

Catching the eye of the BARMAN, the barman reaches for the WHISKEY bottle. He knows what to do.

A WOMAN walks out from a back room.

BARMAN

Goodnight, see you tomorrow.

She smiles and heads for the exit.

The barman refills the man's glass.

BARMAN

Not your night tonight?

MAN

Huh?

The man looks up at the barman.

BARMAN

You're alone, and everything on your face reads that you weren't expecting to be. Got stood up?

MAN

Yeah. But not by some dame. It's business.

BARMAN

Not more bad news on government funding I hope?

MAN

Never you mind what it is.

BARMAN
Sorry Mr. Reid.

The barman walks away and out the back.

Reid studies his fresh glass before downing it in one.

He climbs off the stool, and puts on his jacket.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Reid leaves the hotel and walks into the deserted road, toward the driver side of his car. The fluorescent pink sign above reads PECREQUIRE HOTEL. It dances its reflection off the windshield.

He takes out his keys. He struggles with them in the low light and drops them to the floor.

A car engine from behind the darkness REVS UP.

Reid picks up his keys. He looks down the road toward the noise.

A car is hurtling towards him!

Reid jumps for his life onto his car.

The blacked out car swerves and SCRAPES alongside Reid's. SPARKS fly.

The mystery car continues and disappears down the street.

Reid lies back onto the bonnet. He breathes heavily. That was a scare.

He slowly rolls off the bonnet and gets into his car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUED

He sits panting, with his head in his hands.

He takes them away suddenly, his face full of concentration.

There is a LIGHT TAPPING noise.

Reid continues to listen.

There is definitely an unusual noise.

In a panic Reid gets out of the car.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUED

There is no sign of anything unusual in view.

He looks underneath, still no sign of what the noise is.

A CLANK elsewhere makes him look up. Someone is coming toward him. It is a TRAMP who seems drunk.

Reid quickly places his key in the car lock and tucks into the shadows.

The approaching tramp staggers all over the road, and falls into the car.

He notices the keys.

TRAMP

'ello lovely, what's 'is?

He pulls himself up and opens the door. Checking no one is watching, he gets in.

Reid watches anxiously.

The car engine starts.

BOOM

FLAMES twist and turn up into the night.

Reid shields his face. His car has just gone up in smoke.

It burns quickly. Reid looks around, there doesn't seem to be any witnesses. He bursts into a run and heads down the street.

People begin to spill out the hotel and stand in shock at the sight of the flames licking the burning metal.

We pull away from the car fire and get an overview of the City. SIRENS wail into the night and all colours get sucked into black.

EXT. CITY STREET — DAY

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

CITY TREASURER DEAD?
UNKNOWN BODY FOUND AT CRIME SCENE.

The man holding the paper takes his eye off the headline and looks around him, his hat lowered to hide his face from the sun, and anyone that would care to look back.

This man is named Frank Morrison, 38. His mean look reflects a world that has betrayed him. The innocent are a myth, the guilty are you and me, each passer by has something to hide.

INT. CORRIDOR — NIGHT

Morrison walks down a dingy corridor. The artificial yellow glow does nothing to hide its cheapness.

Without hesitation, he stops and moves against the nearside wall. A door, his door, is ajar. The wooden frame splintered.

Morrison's eyes narrow as he draws his .38 REVOLVER. The culprit could still be inside.

With a hard shoulder barge to the door Morrison is in the room, his .38 pointed directly at anyone foolish enough to think they can beat him to the trigger.

REID, the man from the opening scene, sits comfortably in on a couch holding a glass of WHISKEY. He looks sceptically at Morrison, not entertained by his antics.

REID (unconvinced)
Oh Please!... Sit down!

Morrison lowers his gun and moves into the room, this is the last guy he was expecting to see. Morrison surveys his room as he sits. It's a wreck, someone really did a number on this place.

REID
I'm sorry. It was like this when I came.

MORRISON
And what time did you come?

REID

About ten minutes ago. So a little while.

MORRISON

What's so important you were willing to wait ten minutes to speak to me about? I would have thought you would have been spending this time trying to convince people that you're not dead.

Morrison throws the NEWSPAPER his way.

Reid studies it quickly, chuckling to himself.

REID

It's amazing how quickly news gets old. Already taken care of. The reason I'm here is actually due to the events listed there. Have you read it yet?

MORRISON

I would have but there's a dead man in my office.

REID

I'm not dead yet. But I soon might be. The near death experience on that page isn't my first rodeo with the reaper in these last few weeks. I don't want to bore you with the details, but suffice to say, someone wants my blood. And they're gonna keep on coming.

MORRISON

Who is it?

REID

Well that's why I'm here. I want you to find out. I remember you from the papers last year. The famous PI, Frank Morrison. You caught that guy on the run. The whole police force put together couldn't figure out where he was. You could.

(MORE)

REID (CONT'D)

I don't know how you did it, but you knew something they didn't. I figured you might know something here.

MORRISON

Have you spoken to the police about it?

REID

Yeah. But they ain't taking it too seriously. I get death threats all the time. One of the many perks of being a public figurehead.

MORRISON

But this threat is different.

REID

Exactly.

MORRISON

Ok. What do I need to know?

Reid adjusts his position, getting to business.

REID

One of my bodyguards... my best bodyguard actually, well he went missing. Disappeared into thin air. And then I receive a package, and inside the package is his wedding ring. I think it was a wedding ring. I don't know if Forjé was married or what?

MORRISON

Forjé? Marcus Forjé has been taken?

REID

Yeah. You know him?

MORRISON

The ex Mafia guy? Yeah he was a major player in his prime. How'd that stay out of the papers?

REID

Luck. So is Forjé married?

Morrison looks at Reid in disbelief.

REID

What? I don't pay bodyguards for their great conversations. I pay them to protect me. And without Forjé, I'm as good as dead.

MORRISON (V.O.)

He wasn't kidding either.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

TOTAL DARKNESS -

FORJÉ steps out from the darkness with a grin of pure evil. He separates his bear like hands, extending a choke wire.

MORRISON (V.O.)

Is his day, Marcus Forjé was one of the most respected men in the business.

EXT. A NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A MAFIA MAN (Serlaise) meets and greets people like a celebrity. FORJÉ is his bodyguard.

MORRISON (V.O.)

Born in France, he made the trip over with many of his own kind, and soon found himself under the wing of none other than Sebastian Serlaise, crime boss of the French Mafia, and instigator of one of the biggest gang wars the City of Madison had ever seen.

Forjé, Serlaise and the other men enter the club. The camera cranes up to reveal the club is called THE SERLAISE BAR.

INT. LAVISH OFFICE - DAY

Serlaise sits behind a desk, listening to a man that appears to be angry. Forjé watches close by.

MORRISON (V.O.)

On one side of the fence was Serlaise. Well respected and well feared, he ran most organized crime throughout the city.

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

The same man is now tied to a chair with blood all over his face.

We see Forjé approach him with a baseball bat. As we pan away there is a male SCREAM out of shot.

INT. CHURCH – DAY

A PRIEST (Gratton) rants and raves down on keen listeners, his aggressive shouting is that of a dictator.

MORRISON (V.O.)

And on the other side, Victor Gratton. That's Reverend Victor Gratton the third, of whatever sanction, of whatever religion.

Gratton touches a woman's head with Holy water.

MORRISON (V.O.)

He claimed he was sent by a higher power. Whether he truly believed it or not didn't matter, everyone else did.

The woman looks star struck by his feet. He winks at her.

INT. STREET – DAY

Gratton walks down the street, bodyguards give him space to walk through the crowds of people trying to touch the chosen one.

MORRISON (V.O.)

His charisma infected everyone like a plague, his influence over the city was on the up. An encounter with Serlaise was inevitable.

BILLBOARDS

Of a Godlike Gratton with the slogan:

I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY

EXT. CHURCH — DAY

TWO MEN in suits load pistols before going into a church.

INT. CHURCH — DAY

A YOUNG PRIEST looks up in horror at the two men walk towards him. Bullet after bullet hit him as he stumbles backward, eventually to the floor.

POV, the two men stand over him. One aims and fires once more.

MORRISON (V.O.)

And that encounter came on what
the media called "Judgment Day"

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

A gun points at a SLEEPING MAN in bed. The gun is fired, the KILLER turns around to look back at Gratton, standing in the corner of the room, he nods his head.

INT. RESTAURANT — DAY

A MAFIA MAN eats. Without warning he clutches his chest. He can't breathe! He falls to the floor. The food has been poisoned.

MORRISON (V.O.)

The heat quickly went up and it
had gone from a small
altercation to an outright war.

EXT. CITY STREET — NIGHT

A HOODED GROUP massacres MAFIA MEN. Citizens run screaming. BLOOD pours into a gutter.

EXT. CHURCH — NIGHT

Gratton watches as his church gets burnt to the ground.

EXT. SERLAISE BAR - NIGHT

SERLAISE, and his entourage leave the bar.

A BLACK LIMO drives slowly, a GUN eases through a partially open passenger window. It is fired.

There is CHAOS as the crowd go into a panic. SERLAISE FALLS to the ground. The entourage fire back.

FORJÉ cradles Serlaise's body. Serlaise lays limp.

MORRISON (V.O.)

Eventually Serlaise was killed.
Forjé had been forced to split,
breaking all connections with
the mafia.

EXT. THE TOWN HALL STEPS - DAY

GRATTON shakes hands with the mayor. FLASHBULBS go off like gunfire.

MORRISON (V.O.)

Gratton owned the city.
Unfortunately for him, once he
had it, he didn't know what to
do with it.

INT/EXT. A PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Gratton snorts a line of cocaine.

MORRISON (V.O.)

He was living like a true
celebrity, so it was only fair
that he should die like one.

Gratton is now lying in the middle of the room. Naked, alone and motionless.

MORRISON (V.O.)

The reverend would overdose
in the early hours of a Sunday
morning. God's day of rest.

EXT. THE SERLAISE FUNERAL - DAY

The mourners come in hundreds.

MORRISON (V.O.)

With the Mafia having been wiped out, and the religious wacko's dying away, Forjé became legit, and made his way back into the spotlight. Now without him, Reid certainly would be more vulnerable to attack.

Forjé shakes hands with mafia types as they go their separate ways from the graveyard.

END FLASHBACK/MONTAGE

INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

The conversation continues without interruption.

MORRISON

Ok. Let's talk about payment.

REID

I beg your pardon?

MORRISON

No money no help. That's the way it goes around here.

Reid smiles to himself.

REID

..Ok, how about this. Help me and you wont get killed! And if you do a good job, then I'll make sure some money comes your way. What do ya' say?

Morrison reluctantly picks up a pen and paper.

MORRISON (V.O)

I was going to have to accept. Politicians were ruthless and getting someone rubbed out was as easy as accepting a bribe.

MORRISON

Ok. Where do I start?

REID

I was hoping you could tell me.

MORRISON

Well is there anyone you suspect? A lot of the time it's obvious who it is. It's just a case of proving it.

REID

I don't know. Being a politician, you make a lot of enemies.

MORRISON

So does everyone in this city. It loses meaning when you hear it everyday.

REID

I'm sure it does.

MORRISON

Any enemies in particular? How about Marleau? Common knowledge he's after your job. Maybe he's getting impatient? Thought he'd speed up the process?

REID

Unlikely. If he got found out you know what that would cost him? I don't think even he would take that chance.

MORRISON

Very well. How do I find you?

REID

Just call my office.

Reid goes into his jacket pocket taking out a business card.

REID

It'll probably be my receptionist, Lisa Habbons who answers, but she will be able to help you. She's very good. Oh one last thing.

He reaches into his pocket again.

REID

Forjé's wedding ring. I didn't know the guy was married, so I ain't got a hope in hell of finding his wife to give it to her.

Morrison takes it.

REID

I need to head off now, find myself a new car, another of my perks is getting expensive things for practically nothing. Good day to you Inspector Morrison.

MORRISON

One last thing.

REID

Yeah?

MORRISON

I wouldn't mind hearing about what happened last night.

Reid turns, and throws the newspaper back to Morrison.

REID

It's all there. Knock yourself out.

Reid leaves.

Morrison puts the newspaper onto the cluttered table and takes a close look at Forjé's RING, turning the fragile gold in his fingers.

He gets up and heads for the door, stopping and noticing something.

CLOSE UP on a metal cabinet. He tests the handle. It is still locked.

Morrison leaves the office and it's destruction in his wake.

INT. BAR – DAY

A blonde middle age woman sits alone drinking straight vodka in a run of the mill City bar. Her face looks thinned out, the last Botox wearing off and the skin starting to slack. Her figure remains well in tact.

Morrison approaches her.

MORRISON
Callidora?

The woman looks up but does not react.

MORRISON
Callidora Forjé?

CALLIDORA
Yes.

MORRISON
May I sit down?

CALLIDORA
Please.

MORRISON
Callidora... Greek?

CALLIDORA
The name is Greek. I am not. It mean's "gift of beauty."

She smiles to herself, the irony is not lost on her.

MORRISON
Very fitting. I wouldn't expect to find someone such as yourself in a bar this mundane. But your neighbours said you would be here. And here you are.

CALLIDORA
You know, I would think you were trying to chat me up if it wasn't for that look in your eye.

MORRISON
What look is that?

CALLIDORA

A look that says that you're all business. Your face tells me that you're not particularly interested in connecting with anyone. That you don't believe in it.

MORRISON

Well whilst we are on the subject of reading each other's faces, can I just say I am surprised with yours?

CALLIDORA

Why? What do you see?

MORRISON

It's what I don't see that surprises me. I don't see a woman that's worried or upset, I don't even see a woman that cares about her husband's whereabouts. And for that matter I don't see you wearing your wedding ring. Not moved on already I hope?

CALLIDORA

I moved on from that oaf a long time ago I can assure you. Do you work with him? Does he have another pointless message for me?

MORRISON

Marcus has gone missing Callidora, presumed kidnapping. But you wouldn't know anything about that would you?

CALLIDORA

Are you suggesting that I had something to do with kidnapping my husband? Not that that would be hard, he can be pretty idiotic at times.

MORRISON

Did you kidnap him because your marriage has gone sour?

She smiles.

CALLIDORA

My husband and I are still married, but separated. I don't wear the wedding ring because I am single, I don't want a piece of silver on my finger to telling people I'm something I'm not.

MORRISON

Silver? You mean gold?

CALLIDORA

No, silver.

MORRISON

But I've seen his wedding ring, It's gold. A Jacque Vincennte.

She smiles again.

CALLIDORA

That's his favourite ring, not his wedding ring. He cared for it more than any jewellery I have ever owned. Got it when he first moved to this City I think. He never wanted to tell me much about it, I never really wanted to hear.

MORRISON

But it is his ring?

CALLIDORA

Well yes of course it is. You said you've seen him wearing it yourself.

MORRISON

...Yes.

CALLIDORA

So Marcus has been kidnapped?

MORRISON

Yes... Miss Forjé, does it not interest you to find out who I am or how I know this?

CALLIDORA

But I know who you are. You are the man sitting opposite me.

MORRISON

But you don't know my name or how I know.

CALLIDORA

A name does not say who you are. As I have already said, I have a Greek name, but yet I am not Greek. It is in the eyes. That is how you know who someone is.

MORRISON

Well in case you change your opinion on that, I will tell you anyway. My name is Frank Morrison, PI. My client has reason to believe that there are legitimate threats on his life. My client was close with your husband, and now he has been kidnapped. The two events are most certainly connected.

CALLIDORA

But I am not I can assure you. I am a woman of many things, but hate is not one of them.

MORRISON

Well let me give you my card, in case hate does become one of them.

CALLIDORA

Is that something you specialise in Frank Morrison? Hate?

MORRISON

Finding the truth is what I specialise in. Thank you for your time, I'll be seeing you.

CALLIDORA

And I'll be seeing you.

INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE — NIGHT

Morrison sits down behind his desk, ignoring the mess in front of him.

MORRISON (V.O)

By the time I got back to the office the night was already in full swing. Wild dogs sang their songs of loneliness and the ladies of the night stumbled back to their street corners.

He takes out the ring again, and stares at it blankly.

MORRISON (V.O.)

As I sat looking at the ring my head filled with ideas about the case I had just accepted. But as my mind stirred, more important things in the city of Madison were taking place...

MONTAGE:

EXT. UNDER WEST FORTE BRIDGE — NIGHT

The bridge runs over a dried out riverbed of overgrown weeds and rubbish. It is now a wasteland on the outskirts of the city.

TWO GOONS stand next to a burning barrel, carefully studying pieces of paper.

MORRISON (V.O.)

...Under the West Forte Bridge over a burnt out fire, the Peverill Brothers set in motion their plan to ruin Madison's richest family...

INT. BEFROME MANSION — NIGHT

The large BEFROME FAMILY sit in a high-class dining room and make a toast to one other.

MORRISON (V.O.)

...Drinking their wine and expressing their insignificant opinions in their mansion at the top of Cane-Hill Bridleway,

(MORE)

MORRISON (V.O.)
(CONT'D)
the Befrome family had no idea
of the fate that awaited them..

EXT. CARGO SHIP – NIGHT

As the ship approaches the City a COUPLE walk arm in arm
along the deck.

MORRISON (V.O.)
..Also unaware of their fate were
husband and wife, Mr and Mrs
Eiton.

They look over toward the city.

MORRISON (V.O.)
With just one hour away from
arrival, and two hours away from
death, the groom would have an
important part to play..

END MONTAGE:

INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE – NIGHT

MORRISON (V.O.)
..But I didn't have to worry
about that at this moment in
time, they weren't the ones
paying me to do a job.

He runs his finger over a letter V inscribed on the ring.
It's golden glow shining brightly.

Without warning, the ring is SNATCHED from his grasp.

FEMALE
Nice. A Jacque Vincennte. I'm
sure your girlfriend will love
it.

MORRISON (V.O.)
I withdrew my eyes from my now
empty fingertips and ran them
slowly up the woman standing in
front of me. Katherine Reid, an
angel among demons.

KATHERINE sits casually on the other side of the desk. Her dark wavy hair shapes her face and falls softly onto her shoulders. With a smart attire, she is sexy, but not trampy. She is head strong, but not big headed.

MORRISON

I'm sure she would. What can I do for you?

KATHERINE

You're helping my brother Daniel.

Morrison takes back the ring, his eyes fixed on hers.

MORRISON

News travels fast. Katherine isn't it? He tell you?

KATHERINE

No. Daniel doesn't tell me anything.

(Rolls eyes)

But I make sure he doesn't get anything past me.

MORRISON

Why's that?

KATHERINE

He's not the person you think he is. He's using you. Daniel uses everyone. As soon as he's done with you, he'll betray you.

MORRISON

Then he's exactly the person I think he is. But why would you care about my wellbeing?

KATHERINE

I'm not a bad person, neither is Daniel. He's just... a boy. In a boy's club, challenging each other to go just that bit further.

MORRISON

Ok, so what's he got himself into.

KATHERINE

I don't know this time. It feels different. I think he's in too deep. He's meeting someone, tonight! Down at the docks! Maybe the same person from the hotel, I don't know, but... I think he's in trouble.

MORRISON (Urgently)

You know about the hotel?

KATHERINE

Yeah I saw him afterwards. He was really shaken up about it.

MORRISON

Well, what did he say?

KATHERINE

Nothing that I believe if that's what you're asking.

MORRISON

But what was it?

KATHERINE

Just that he was supposed to meet someone that never showed, he almost got hit by a car, then some tramp went up in his.

MORRISON

He told you he was meeting just one person?

KATHERINE

Yeah.

MORRISON

He told me several.

KATHERINE

Well, the meeting tonight is your opportunity to find out.

MORRISON

Ok, I'll check out the docks, see what's going on.

He gets up.

MORRISON

Keep an eye on your brother, and
let me know if he does anything
drastic.

Morrison picks up his coat and heads for the door,
ushering Katherine his way.

EXT. MADISON DOCKS — NIGHT

The Madison Docks is as an unwelcoming place as any. With
concrete and steel buildings spread generously over a
large site, only the soulless would survive.

MORRISON (V.O.)

The Madison Docks were spread
across the south bank of the
city. Owned by the Befrome
family, it took up a lot of
needless space. It was as if the
family made it this way just to
show off their power and wealth.

Only the echoes of his FOOTSTEPS give Morrison away as he
searches the dockyard. He sticks to the shadows and the
shadows absorb him.

MORRISON (V.O.)

I figured I should go down there
straight away and check the
place out. You can never be too
early to somebody else's
meeting.

A LOW RUMBLING of a car puts Morrison on high alert.

A BLACK SEDAN rolls past.

Morrison keeps out of sight and follows the car as it
makes it's way past the endless amount of steel
containers.

As it comes to a stop, Morrison finds a perfect vantage
point above a tool shed like building. He is up just in
time to see ANOTHER CAR approach, its lights are off.

A male figure with grey hair gets out of the BLACK SEDAN,
it is REID.

The second vehicle stops and THREE BURLEY MEN climb out and meet Reid part way. These don't look like guys to be messed with.

MORRISON (V.O.)

Of the three guys that got out the second car and I only recognised the tallest, Police Constable Higgs. The guy had power.

In turn, each of them shake hands with Reid and begin to talk.

MORRISON (V.O.)

I didn't recognise the other two but was sure they were also on the force. They looked the sort, once honest faces distorted by evil and corruption.

Morrison looks around the roof he is on. He is stuck for the time being.

MORRISON (V.O.)

I couldn't hear a word the bastards were saying and it was too late to move. I was just going to have to wait it out. Until someone else intervened..

EXT. CARGO SHIP – NIGHT

ERIN, 27, watches from the railings as the boat begins to dock. She is a living juxtaposition, with the appearance of an innocent housewife, but with a face that tells a different story, one that has seen loss and suffering, one with a secret to hide.

JASON approaches and joins her at the railing. He is what Morrison would look like if he were a loving husband, with a normal life.

JASON

How are you Erin?

Her eyes stay fixed ahead, not wanting to come to terms with reality.

ERIN (Downbeat)

We're here!

He looks at her sympathetically.

JASON
Yeah, we had to get here
eventually.

ERIN
No we didn't, I could have woken
up.

JASON
I know. I can't believe we did
it either.

ERIN
Do you think we will ever see
them again?

JASON
In this life?

Erin nods, matching his stare.

JASON
Probably. Whether they recognise
us is a different matter. Come
on let's go...

He puts his arm around her and they begin to walk away.

JASON
...Like you said, we're here now...

EXT. ON THE PIER — NIGHT

Erin sits on a small wall watching Jason stride back and forth anxiously.

JASON
Where the fuck is that taxi? I
knew it would let us down!

Erin runs her hands through her hair.

ERIN
Give it a while Jason, if not
then we can just walk.

JASON

Honey I don't want you walking,
not at this time of night, even
if you are with me.

Erin stands up to join him, but notices something further
down the harbour.

ERIN

Well I can see some lights over
there. It might be the taxi.

Jason turns to look.

JASON

Out there? Why would it be out
there?

ERIN

I don't know! Don't snap at me!
I don't know!

JASON

I wasn't snapping. Let's... let's
go have a look.

EXT. MADISON DOCKS – NIGHT

Erin and Jason approach what looks like a car with its
lights on.

There is another car near by, and four men huddled in
conversation.

JASON

I don't think that is our taxi
Erin, there aren't any taxi
signs on it.

ERIN

What about the car next to it?

They carry on walking towards the cars. Jason looks more
cautious, as if he senses the danger ahead.

REID

...Well we need to do something
soon don't we? You guys need to
get your act together and get
with the winning team.

HIGGS

We know exactly what team we are
on, and if I were...

Higgs stops mid sentence, eyes fixed on Erin and Jason.

They all freeze, each of them like an animal caught in
the headlights.

The couple blink first and burst into a run, the police
officers in hot pursuit.

Higgs and another grab Jason.

Erin is grabbed by the third. She kicks and screams as he
lifts her off her feet.

In the commotion Jason pushes Erin's captor. He loses his
grip, allowing Erin to RUN FREE and out of sight.

However no matter how hard he tries to fight, Jason
cannot pull free.

With all the noise, Morrison takes the opportunity to get
off the roof and move a little closer.

JASON IS THROWN against the side of the car. He falls
wincing in pain.

REID

Who are you? What are you doing
here?

JASON

I'm no one! I just thought you
were someone else!

He receives a PUNCH to the face.

HIGGS (angered)

What about the girl?!

Jason looks up in plea, the BLOOD pours from his mouth.

JASON

That's my wife!

Higgs withdraws a 9mm, aiming it point blank at Jason.

HIGGS

Check his ID.

One of the men reaches into Jason's jacket pocket and picks out his wallet. He hands it to Higgs.

REID (At Higgs)
So who is he?

HIGGS
Dunno. These must be fake.

REID
You've been the one trying to finish me off have ya? Well I bet you didn't encounter this, three of Madison Cities finest police officers with me tonight did you?

JASON
What? What are you talking about?

REID
Don't play games with me boy. What did you do? Follow me here?

JASON
I've only just got here. I came on a boat.

REID (At Higgs)
Hit him again.

Higgs steps back in, the look of sweet satisfaction etched across his face. He works on Jason a bit more.

REID
So what are you? A jealous fan? Some mentalist trying to get in the media?

JASON
I'm no one! My ID is real!

HIGGS
Real or not it still don't explain what you're doing in the middle of privately owned land does it?

JASON
We were lost! I'm sorry.

REID

Do you really expect us to believe that? Higgs, put your training to good use. Loosen his tongue.

Higgs flicks the wallet away. He continues to pummel Jason mercilessly against the car.

Morrison watches from a distance.

MORRISON (V.O.)

I've witnessed a countless number of beatings in my time, each time it gets harder just to stand by and watch. You gotta keep telling yourself, your job is to be eyes and ears, not legs and fists.

Jason raises his arm in plea.

JASON (in pain)

Please stop!

Higgs steps away nursing his fists.

HIGGS

Let's go somewhere a little more private.

The two other men pick up Jason and drag him toward a warehouse.

MORRISON (V.O.)

I decided not to follow them to the warehouse, I had seen enough, and I knew what was coming wasn't going to get any prettier.

The five men enter the nearby warehouse as Morrison leaves the area.

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

JASON is tossed to the ground.

The warehouse is cold and dull. Boxes and barrels are all around, each looking no different from the last.

HIGGS

So what was your plan here tonight? Get Reid on his own and kill him?

Higgs kneels beside Jason. Reid, behind, is pacing about in frustration.

JASON

Please. I Don't know what you are talking about.

REID

We should have grabbed the girl.

HIGGS

The girl was harmless. You saw the way she ran. Like a scared mouse. What did you do? Brainwash her to join in with your sick little game?

Jason looks at Higgs in plea.

JASON

...No.

REID

You know this is all making sense. A girl and a guy, two people. That's how they got Forjé, she probably seduced him. Then he hits Forjé round the back of the head with a brick. And my car the other day, he rigs the bomb, she drives the car that almost knocks me down.

Higgs turns to Jason.

HIGGS

Well? Explain yourself out of that one?

JASON

You don't know what you are talking about.

HIGGS

Now we know you're lying, you'd have to be living under a rock not to have seen any newspapers recently. Reid, I think this is your boy. He's the one that's been trying to kill you.

REID

Goddamn it.

Jason looks defeated.

HIGGS

Listen son. If there is one thing I hate, it's a liar. Someone who says something that isn't true. It makes life, unnecessarily complicated. So my friend, it's time to own up. We might even go easier on you.

Jason looks at Higgs in plea. And simply shakes his head.

HIGGS

Very well.

HIGGS gets up steps away from Jason.

HIGGS

Andre.

The man named Andre bursts in with a big boot to the face. Jason rolls over in pain, his back to the rest of the room.

Andre stamps on him a few more times.

HIGGS

OK!

Andre backs off.

HIGGS

You know how this ends my friend. It's just a question of how you want to go? Squealing like a pig, or with dignity like a man? ...So you got anything for me tough guy?

They wait for an answer.

JASON
Just one thing.

Jason spins around, a loaded gun in his hands.

EXT. MADISON DOCKS – NIGHT

Morrison turns, hearing the sound of GUNSHOTS and knowing an innocent man's life has come to an abrupt end.

MORRISON (V.O.)
The gunshots echoed into the night and sent a shiver down my spine, you don't need to be a detective to know what just happened. But I now had my interests on something else... the girl. There was a good chance she was still here somewhere, and I needed to find her before anyone else did...for both our sakes.

With little delay from the sound of gunshots, one of the cars screams past as fast as it can. Morrison just manages to duck out of sight in time.

The sounds of the car engine die away as it leaves the dockyard and is replaced by a quiet SOBBING not too far away.

Morrison follows the noise and finds ERIN curled up in a ball, crying. She notices him as he carefully approaches.

ERIN
He's dead. Isn't he?

MORRISON
Come on. Let's get you outta here.

She takes his hand and he leads her away.

EXT. A CITY STREET – DAWN

We see various shots of Madison City as the sun rises.

MORRISON (V.O.)
We got back to my office at
dawn. The sun had already
started to rise over the city,
exposing the streets like hidden
secrets for everyone to see.

INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE — DAWN

Morrison sits Erin down on the couch, before taking a
seat behind his desk.

MORRISON
Can I get you some coffee?

Erin is silent. Her red eyes stare at nothing.

MORRISON
Something to eat maybe?... You
should have something, keep up
your strength.

ERIN
I don't want food. I want my
husband.

MORRISON
What were you and your husband
doing down at the docks?

ERIN
Does it matter? Cos it didn't
matter to those heartless
bastards who killed him last
night!

Morrison watches her as she wipes her eyes. His face
suggests an unease of being in the situation opposed to
genuine sympathy for the girl.

MORRISON
Have you got anywhere to stay?

ERIN
Uh huh.

MORRISON
Where is it? I can take you
there.

ERIN

No it's ok, I'll find it.
Besides some fresh air might do
me some good.

Erin looks up and attempts a smile.

MORRISON (Hesitant)

I'm not sure that's such a good
idea...those men still might be
after you.

With that Erin seems to become extremely aware of her
situation and a lack of caution on her part.

ERIN

Wait, who are you? Why were you
there?! Why have I agreed to be
led away by a total stranger!!

Morrison holds his hand out in protest, his voice calm
and clear.

MORRISON

My name is Frank Morrison, and
I'm a private detective, I've
been tracking one of the men
that you and your husband ran
into last night, I believe that
you stumbled upon a very
important meeting, and that's
why it cost your husband his
life.

ERIN

You're a detective?

MORRISON

Yes.

ERIN

Well, if you're a detective,
then why didn't you do anything?
Why didn't you stop them from
killing an innocent man?

MORRISON

I'm sorry, but that's not my
job.

ERIN

But it is your duty! As a human being!

They are both silent for a moment, avoiding each other's gaze.

ERIN

So what's the story with this guy you're following?

MORRISON

Someone is trying to kill him.

ERIN

Well they obviously aren't doing a very good job! I wish they had done it sooner.

MORRISON

It's my job to find out who wants him dead, and find out before it happens.

ERIN

And why do you care, he's scum.

MORRISON (abrupt)

So is everyone else in this city, I don't care about him, I don't care about anyone. The only thing I care about is where my next paycheck is coming from, and in this case it's from him.

ERIN

You say you don't care about anyone. Then why did you come and find me?

MORRISON

Don't think it will be a regular occurrence. You were down on your luck. I wanted to make sure it wouldn't get any worse.

ERIN

Very admirable of you Inspector.
If you say you are working for
him, then why were you hiding
from him?

MORRISON

Because I have to know
everything about the person I'm
working for, it often determines
whether they live or not.

ERIN

Wouldn't it be easier just to
ask him?

MORRISON

Would you be willing to tell
your darkest secrets to someone
who makes a living spying on
people?

ERIN

So what are you doing next?

Morrison looks at her curiously.

ERIN

He or one of his associates
killed my husband, I think I
have a right to know about this
man don't you? I want in. Where
are you going next?

He stands.

MORRISON

Heather's. They do the best
breakfast in town.

EXT. HEATHER'S CAFÉ — DAY

Heather's Café is a large uptown riverside café. In the
centre of the metropolis, it's continental class all the
way.

The area is full of colour and completely contrasts with
the dull greys and browns we have been accustomed to.

They take a table for two. Morrison watches her as she takes in the new surroundings, her arms tightly folded into her stomach.

MORRISON
So why did you and your husband
come to Madison?

ERIN
We wanted a fresh start, make a
decent living.

MORRISON
You don't trust me?

She focuses on him.

ERIN
I'm sorry?

MORRISON
You're lying.

THE WAITRESS appears at their table and interrupts the interrogation.

WAITRESS
Can I get you guys anything to
drink?

MORRISON
Coffee, black.

Erin is distracted.

ERIN
Oh, I'll have water please.

They resume conversation as the waitress leaves.

MORRISON
You're lying to me Erin. I'm a
detective, and I've come across
much more experienced liars than
you'd care to imagine.

ERIN
Ok so I'm lying, like you said,
it's not easy for people to give
up their secrets. Besides, you
failed to stop my husband's
death Inspector Morrison. (MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

You can see why I'm not too keen to start some kind of friendship with you...

The waitress begins to head back over.

ERIN

The only reason I'm sitting with you right now is because you're going to help me find out why my husband was killed.

The waitress re-enters clearly having heard Erin and stands in shock. They wait for her to speak.

She snaps out of it.

WAITRESS

Uh, yes, sorry, here are your drinks. Would you like anything to eat?

MORRISON

Not just yet.

WAITRESS

Just let me know ok?

She turns and scurries away.

MORRISON

Sorry but I don't take on more than one case at a time. I like to focus. Plus I think I may be a little out of your price range. I am the best after all.

ERIN

Oh I'm not going to pay you, you owe me for not intervening last night, and it seems to me that you won't be going out of your way at all. What I want to know I'm sure you will find out anyway.

They stare at each other. Clearly these are two very different people.

She eventually breaks his gaze and looks away, she hates all the questions.

MORRISON (V.O.)
 Poor girl had only been in town
 half a day and was already
 sounding like she had lived here
 all her life.

(MORE)

MORRISON (V.O.)
 (CONT'D)
 No compassion for anyone,
 wanting only to fulfil her own
 agenda. It was hard to believe
 this was the same girl I had met
 several hours before, crying in
 pain and cowering in fear at the
 docks.

MORRISON (hushed)
 Listen...

Morrison's phone starts to ring. He takes it out and
 leaves the table.

MORRISON
 One moment.

He answers the phone.

MORRISON (INTO PHONE)
 Hold on.

INT. HEATHER'S CAFÉ BATHROOM — DAY

Morrison enters the fancy restrooms and makes sure he is
 alone before speaking into the phone again.

MORRISON (INTO PHONE)
 Ok.

EXT. WEST FORTE BRIDGE — DAY

REID (INTO PHONE)
 Morrison? It's Reid.

INTERCUT:

MORRISON
 Yeah?

REID

I need to talk to you, meet me
at the West Forte Bridge. Get
here as soon as you can.

MORRISON

Wait...

Reid has ended the call. Morrison looks at his phone in
annoyance.

INT. HEATHER'S CAFÉ - DAY

The TV grabs Morrison's attention as he makes his way
back through the café.

FEMALE TV REPORTER

Michél Befrome denies all
allegations but police state
that they have conclusive
evidence against him. So Donald,
to what extent does it look like
Befrome can be charged with drug
smuggling?

MALE TV REPORTER

Well Susan, it is reported that
there have been documents found
that date up to three years back
and...

Morrison turns as he receives a firm tap on the shoulder.

Erin glares back at him.

ERIN

Were you planning on returning
to the table?

MORRISON

Something has come up, I've
gotta head off for a while.

ERIN

Something has come up?

MORRISON

I'm sorry, it's important. I'll
catch up with you as soon as I
can.

Erin suddenly changes her tone.

ERIN

Oh ok, I get it. You go.

MORRISON

If the thought of following me has just entered your head, forget it. I will know and I will lose you. I'm sorry but that's the way it is. I will find you when I am done.

EXT. WEST FORTE BRIDGE — DAY

Reid leans care free against the railing of the bridge with his car close by. Morrison walks towards him. Reid turns to him with a smile.

REID

Morning. Where's your car?

MORRISON

I gotta cab. Left it about 200 yards down the road. So what's the problem?

REID

Oh no problem! I think we got our man!

MORRISON (confused)

What?

REID

The guy whose been trying to kill me. We got him last night! He denied it like they always do, but it was him! It's over!

MORRISON

Sorry Reid, but you're wrong.

REID

What?

MORRISON

The man you killed wasn't your killer. He was innocent, just got into the city.

Reid's face drops, he doesn't like playing catch up.

REID

How the hell do you know that?

MORRISON

It's my job to know.

Reid looks away, he is not out of the darkness yet.

REID

So you think my killer is still out there?

MORRISON

I know he's still out there, and I need to ask you a few things to set me in the right direction.

REID

Ok, like what?

MORRISON

Well for starters, Michel Befrome. I saw the news this morning, he has been arrested. Why? You think he is involved in this somehow?

REID

What are you talking about?

MORRISON

I don't know what's going on with Befrome but I do know a set up when I see one. And this stinks of it. You were down at the docks last night so you tell me? What happened, meeting get a little side tracked, a little worse off than you had hoped? So you plant drug smuggling on Befrome, and hope that you've dealt with it before things have had time to snowball?

REID

How did you know I was at the docks last night? Have you been following me?

MORRISON

You hired me Reid, if you don't like my methods then tough, you're going to have to deal with it.

Morrison stares at Reid waiting for a reaction.

MORRISON

The man at the docks, his name was Eiton.

REID

How the hell do you know all of this? You couldn't have been that close to us surely? Besides, he shot at us first, good aim too. It was self-defense.

MORRISON

You don't need to know how I know. Just trust me. Did Eiton shoot one of you last night?

Reid let's down his guard, knowing there is no point in keeping silent.

REID

Ryan Higgs, he was a cop escorting me. He got hit. Luckily the media has no idea, otherwise who knows what shit could be thrown our way.

MORRISON

Is he ok?

Reid stares at the ground, not making eye contact with Morrison.

REID (Regretful)

I dunno I ain't gone near the hospital, don't want anyone to see me you know. Seemed pretty bad at the time though.

MORRISON

Reid, why were you at the docks last night?

REID

You know I can't tell you that.

MORRISON

The more you tell me the quicker we can get this done. You don't wanna be killed do you?

Reid sighs heavily, time for the truth.

REID

Ok, well, Higgs wasn't escorting me. I was meeting him. With the budget cuts going on at the moment he wants his select few to be guaranteed a job. Can't blame the guy. In return, he does what I want, no questions asked, like trying to slow down Marleau's witch-hunt. He seems to be making a strong case against me.

MORRISON

How do you propose on slowing him down?

REID

I don't know, plant some dirt. On his assistant may be.

MORRISON

Why his assistant?

REID

Marleau's been after my position for a while now. I'd do anything to keep it.

MORRISON

Yeah, but why his assistant? Why not go straight after Marleau?

REID

You crazy? Nothing would stick,
and bad media on his assistant
is bad media on him.

MORRISON

Do you think it's one of
Marleau's boys after you?

REID

Marleau's not stupid. He knows a
stunt like that would get him
into a lot of trouble.

MORRISON

But you are stupid enough?

REID

I'm not afraid to play dirty.
That's all.

MORRISON

Of course your not. What about
Befrome then?

REID

You know as well as I do Befrome
has nothing to do with this. As
far as I'm aware this entire
drug smuggling business is very
real. Our guys have no reason to
go and plant anything on him.
Your story of us pushing
suspicion onto him and his
family couldn't be further from
the truth.

MORRISON

But you must admit this new
revelation doesn't sound like
something he would be involved
in?

REID

I thought I had hired you? Why
do you care so much about
Befrome?

MORRISON

Ok. So you meet Higgs, then what happens?

REID

We catch that punk Eiton and the woman eavesdropping on our meeting. We grab him thinking he was the guy after me. I mean it all added up so why wouldn't we think that?

(MORE)

REID (CONT'D)

We were just planning on scaring him. I had no intention of killing him, let me assure you.

MORRISON

Get to the point Reid.

REID

Well he refused to co-operate, but it all added up. I don't know... He shot Higgs! If he was so innocent why the hell did he have a gun? After he shot Higgs, I hung around and disposed of all evidence that we were ever there. I left later on to see if I could find anything about this guy.

MORRISON

You didn't try and find his accomplice?

REID

The way she ran I wouldn't be surprised if she was still hiding there somewhere. Look, do you have a plan or are you just gonna stand here and question me all day? You said yourself, this guy is still out there somewhere.

MORRISON

I'll try to speak to some contacts, see if anyone has been hired lately, and get some background check on Marleau. I wouldn't be so quick to rule him

out. As for you, if you think of anything else that might help let me know. And try and keep a low profile till we have some idea of who this guy is.

They start to walk away from each other in opposite directions. Reid turns around.

REID

Oh... Any news on Forjé yet?

MORRISON

No, I'm afraid not.

They both look pitiful at the thought of Forjé's current condition.

REID

Ok.

Reid gets into his car.

EXT. MORRISON'S BUILDING - DAY

Erin gets out of a taxi and walks into the building's entrance.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

She storms into the office, and stops with slight surprise. Morrison sits behind his desk with a gun in one hand, pointed toward Erin. In his other hand the phone is held to his ear. He lowers the gun seeing it is Erin, and continues with his phone conversation.

MORRISON (INTO PHONE)

Ok... Ok, I'll see you later then.

Bye.

He puts down the phone.

MORRISON

Hello.

ERIN (abrupt)

Hi. I take it you met that Reid guy earlier?

She enters the room and sits down.

MORRISON

I did.

ERIN

Talk about my husband?

MORRISON

It came up.

ERIN

And what was his excuse?

MORRISON

He thought your husband was his killer.

ERIN

What? Jason doesn't look like a murderer!

MORRISON

They usually don't.

ERIN

Is he looking for me?

MORRISON

I don't think so, he knows you're not dangerous, he has no concerns about you.

ERIN

What makes him think I'm not dangerous?

Morrison sniggers before realising she is being serious.

MORRISON

Good point... So where have you been?

Erin looks away and starts playing with her hands awkwardly.

ERIN

Moving in. Me and Jason bought a place in Birch View. It seems so empty in there, it's completely bare! I'm trying to give it some personality.

MORRISON (soothing & sympathetic)
Sounds great.

ERIN
Yeah, yeah it is. Gonna take
some work though... Where in
Madison do you live?

MORRISON
I got an apartment in Donway
Avenue.

(MORE)
MORRISON (CONT'D)
It's pretty small, but for the
amount of time I use it, it's
fine.

ERIN
You live alone?

MORRISON
Yeah, I was with someone for a
while but she went back home cos
her mum got real sick. When she
came back, well it just wasn't
the same, shame really. We
stayed friends so that's
something.

ERIN
What's her name?

MORRISON
Naomi... Oh I need to go downtown
for the investigation later if
you want to join me?

ERIN
What are you doing?

MORRISON
I wanna take a detour over to
Reid's office. One or two things
I'd like to take a closer look
at.

ERIN
Yeah ok.

Morrison immediately knows what she is thinking.

MORRISON

He won't be there. I've already phoned his receptionist to see when he is and isn't about. So if you're planning some kind of revenge you'll have to wait, and I'd like it even more if you waited till after I get paid.

Erin turns away from him, with a failed attempt to hide her guilt.

INT. A BAR - DAY

In a dimly lit room of artificial colours, Reid sits up at the bar, watching a nearby TV and drinking a whiskey.

ON THE TV, a man is surrounded by microphones. The Title bar reads, PATRICK MARLEAU.

MARLEAU (ON TV)

This city's hospitals are steadily going down hill, and this is no thanks to the Mayor and the other senators in charge. With the lack of funding they give our emergency services how are the citizens of this fair city supposed to feel safe.

Reid watches Marleau jealously.

REID

Goddamn Marleau.

MARLEAU (ON TV)

Doctors, fireman and policeman are all suffering from the continuing cutbacks being made.

Reid goes to grab his WHISKEY but it is snatched away from him.

KATHERINE lifts up the drink and looks at it closely.

KATHERINE

Bit early for drinking isn't it?

REID

Hello Katherine. Still faster than a bullet I see. Can I buy you a drink?

KATHERINE

White wine please.

Reid nods toward a BARTENDER as Katherine climbs up onto a barstool.

REID

Thought you said it was too early for drinking?

KATHERINE

I said it was early, I didn't say there was anything wrong with it. How are you?

REID

Not too bad considering Marleau's all over me for this job.

Katherine looks at him sympathetically.

KATHERINE

I'm sure it'll get better.

The BARTENDER puts Katherine's drink down.

REID

I'm sure it will.

He meets her smile with his own.

REID

So how are you?

KATHERINE

I'm ok. Organising the charity event, tying up loose ends. I'm keeping on top of things.

REID

I wouldn't expect anything less from you.

He picks up his glass and holds it toward Katherine.

REID

Here's to tying up loose ends.

She smiles as they toast.

EXT. CITY STREET — DAY.

Morrison buys a newspaper from a newspaper stand.

MORRISON
Thank you.

Walking away, he unfolds the paper and reads the headline:

REID: "THE BEST CAR THEFT A GUY COULD ASK FOR!"

A car horn: HONK HONK.

Morrison looks up at a blacked out LIMOUSINE as it pulls over to the side of the road.

The back seat window winds down. It is MARLEAU.

MARLEAU
Need a ride?

MORRISON
No.

Morrison continues down the street. The limo crawls alongside him.

MARLEAU
Well can we talk? It'll be easier if I don't have to shout out of this window at you.

Morrison stops.

INT. LIMO — DAY

Marleau closes the car door as Morrison climbs into the opposite seat. The limo begins to move.

MARLEAU
I don't think we have ever officially met, My name is Patrick Marleau.

Morrison ignores Marleau's out stretched hand.

MORRISON
I know who you are.

MARLEAU

And I know who you are, Frank Morrison. Caught that man from the casino last year, you had quite the step on the police force. They always seem so.. restricted the police force don't they? I hope to change that.

MORRISON

By throwing more money at them? Marleau you know as well as I do that it's the police force that funds half the gangs in this city.

MARLEAU

And vice versa, I hope to persuade them to come back to the ways of the state.

MORRISON

The state? Being able to cover things up doesn't make you any less of a crook. The state is the biggest criminal out there.

Marleau attempts to reason with Morrison.

MARLEAU

But to cut funding from emergency services like Reid has done? You must agree that this is not a step forward for Madison City?

MORRISON

If I don't agree with you, will you have me killed?

MARLEAU (confused)

I'm sorry?

MORRISON

It's common practice to have those killed that disagree with you. I forget you're relatively new to politics.

MARLEAU

Your humour is not required here Inspector Morrison. I merely wish to... debate. Tell me, how is working with Reid?

MORRISON

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARLEAU

I know he has employed you. You can't keep a secret in this town I'm afraid. What is it he has you doing?

MORRISON

Don't you know? I thought there were no secrets in this town?

MARLEAU

I do know. I just want to hear you say it Inspector Morrison.

MORRISON

Very well. Reid wants his office redone. I'm looking for the very best interior designer.

Marleau looks away, enraged by not getting his way.

MARLEAU

Well I hope it doesn't cost too much.

(pause)

Listen Frank, I don't know why he has employed you but let me tell you this, if it entails you snooping around me or my background, you are wasting your time. You wont find anything.

Morrison smiles to himself.

MORRISON

Its funny, in my experiences it is always the people who say they have nothing to hide, almost always do have something to hide.

Marleau gives Morrison a cold stare.

MARLEAU
Just here driver.

The car slows and comes to a stop.

Marleau points to the newspaper in Morrison's hand.

MARLEAU
I hope you don't believe
everything that is written in
those things.

MORRISON
I'll believe the word of a
journalist before I believe the
word of a politician.

MARLEAU
Then you're in the minority.
Today's is very entertaining, a
real soap opera. Well good day
Inspector, I believe I've taken
up enough of your time.

Marleau pushes the door open with a forced smile.

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE — EARLY EVENING

There is a knock at the front door. It leads directly into what looks like a living room. It's hard to tell with all the clutter of unpacked boxes.

Erin crosses the room and answers the door to Morrison, who is smart in a black suit.

Erin looks him up and down and smiles.

ERIN
I didn't know this was a formal
occasion!

Erin walks back through the room leaving Morrison on his own.

MORRISON

The trench coat and hat scream
detective, I had to lose them
I'm afraid.

ERIN

Oh that's a shame, you looked so
dashing.

Erin disappears out of sight.

MORRISON

Your mood seems better?

ERIN (O.S.)

Yeah decorating has been kind of
relaxing, it's nice to be out of
the way of the stress and all,
forget about who might be after
you.

Morrison looks around the room curiously.

ERIN (O.S)

I know Jason should be here with
me, but manual labour gave me
other things to think about.

Erin comes back into the room, ready to go.

ERIN

So are we gonna get going or
stand 'round here chatting all
day?

INT. RECEPTION AREA – NIGHT

Morrison approaches a reception area at the end of a
large and decorated corridor. A young, naïve looking LISA
HABBONS is sat behind a grand desk.

MORRISON

Hello.

HABBONS

Hello Sir. How can I help you?

MORRISON

I was hoping to see Daniel. Is
he around?

HABBONS

I am afraid he is not. Have you made an appointment?

MORRISON

No, my name is Frank Morrison. I am a friend of his.

HABBONS

Oh yes, he did mention you to me? Would you like me to see if I can get through to him?

MORRISON

No it's ok, he told me I could just go into his office if he wasn't about.

Morrison tries to walk toward a large set of doors.

HABBONS

Erm, Mr. Morrison!

He stops and looks back at her.

HABBONS

I'm not sure I should allow you to do that. I don't think he would want me letting people into his office without his permission.

MORRISON

Very well. May I sit down?

HABBONS

Certainly.

Morrison does. And for a moment there is silence as she goes back to work.

MORRISON

Miss Habbons, do you know how I know Daniel Reid?

HABBONS

No I am afraid I don't.

MORRISON

Well I haven't actually known him for very long. He came to me recently, asking if I could find

out if there was anyone who might want him dead.

HABBONS

Oh. I see. I know he has been so worried, I wasn't sure how serious it was. Clearly it is!

MORRISON

Yes. You know him well don't you?

HABBONS

I would like to think so.

She smiles.

MORRISON

You like him?

HABBONS

Yes... he is a very lovely man.

MORRISON

But you don't like him too much? He is your boss after all.

HABBONS

He treats me well, we've never had any disagreements that I can think of.

She laughs nervously.

MORRISON

Did he do all the correct background checks on you when you applied for the position?

HABBONS

Excuse me Mr. Morrison I'm not quite sure what you are asking me?

MORRISON

May I see them?

HABBONS

What?

MORRISON

You're files. They must be around somewhere. I'd love to see them.

Habbons tries to speak but is lost for words.

MORRISON

All most every time a killer is someone who knows his victim. Or her victim, I need to explore every avenue.

(MORE)

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Whilst we are here we might as well take this opportunity to cross you off my list. But I could do with seeing those files before I do.

HABBONS

Ok. I'll have to go downstairs and speak to someone.

MORRISON

Can you do that now?

HABBONS

Er... Ok.

She gets up to leave, but turns,.

HABBONS

Er... you should probably come with me. I shouldn't leave you alone, with the erm... the office unattended.

She looks toward Reid's door.

MORRISON

Of course.

Morrison gets up and joins her. They get into the lift and disappear.

A second later Erin appears in the corridor and sneaks over to Reid's door. She goes inside.

INT. REID'S OFFICE — EVENING

Reid's office what you would expect for a businessman with a large wage packet. Over the top décor and piles of paperwork.

Erin closes the door behind her and takes in her surroundings, remembering Morrison's advice:

MORRISON (V.O.)
Remember, don't be drawn toward
the desk.

(MORE)

MORRISON (V.O.)
Anything that he doesn't want
others to find won't be in the
most obvious place, so you're
going to have to do some
searching.

She goes to the desk and studies REID'S DIARY, she turns the page. It reads:

SATURDAY, 7PM – KATH'S ART EVENT.

ERIN (To herself)
Saturday, two days.

Erin leaves the desk and continues to look around the room.

MORRISON (V.O.)
If you find anything, be
careful not to rip or leave
any marks. Memorise as much as
you can.

Opening draws and cupboards reveal nothing but meaningless paper, she wouldn't know what was important even if she looked directly at it.

She looks around the room hopelessly and notices worn carpet by a wooden cabinet.

She drags the cabinet forward and pulls out the carpet. To her disappointment, there is nothing underneath.

There is a NOISE from outside the room.

She quickly tucks the carpet back in. The door remains closed but could open at any moment.

There is another NOISE.

She leans into the cabinet to push it back into place. It doesn't budge.

ERIN

Come on!

She pushes it again, this time with more force. Her face is strained. The cabinet begins to move back into place.

The DOOR suddenly opens.

Erin spins around in shock.

MORRISON pokes his head through the door.

MORRISON

We should go.

Erin runs to the door.

INT. CAR — NIGHT — TRAVELLING

Morrison drives his car. Erin sulks in the passenger seat.

MORRISON

Sorry we had to leave, computers work faster than the speed of light these days. So did you find anything?

Erin avoids his stare.

ERIN

No.

Morrison notices her change in attitude.

MORRISON

Nothing?

ERIN

Nothing. There wasn't much opportunity.

MORRISON

Yeah, sorry. I should have bought more time. Where did you look?

ERIN
Behind a cabinet.

MORRISON
Is that all?

ERIN
It was heavy.

MORRISON
Damn it.

Erin notices his look of frustration.

ERIN
Hey it wasn't my fault!

MORRISON
I know, I know. Think I need to pull in some of my sources.

EXT. CAR — DAY

The car continues down the street.

INT. RESTAURANT — NIGHT

The restaurant SOUNDS BUSY but the dim lighting and twisting walls make it impossible to tell. This is anything but a peaceful restaurant with people going up and down from the bar and waiters rushing around tables.

As Erin and Morrison enter a MAN on a nearby table gets up and heads over confidently. Morrison recognises him immediately.

MORRISON
Chris.

CHRIS
Frank, good to see you.

Chris turns to face Erin.

CHRIS
And who is this?

MORRISON

This is Erin Eiton, she is an
associate of mine.

CHRIS

Pleased to meet you.

He shakes hands with Erin.

ERIN

And you.

CHRIS

So, what are we waiting for?

LATER:

Empty plates sit beside them as they the three talk
enthusiastically to one another.

MORRISON

Yes that's right!

(To ERIN)

Chris used to insist that he
could solve any case I could
using nothing but chalk and
stone, so one day I put him to
the test.

CHRIS

He asked me to come over cos he
wanted to show me some new
gadget of his. Well that's what
he said of course so I went on
by to see Frank had devised a
little crime scene investigation
for me, and of course, lying
there is chalk and a stone.

MORRISON

Naomi had been waiting for about
two hours before you got there.

CHRIS

Yeah I remember she wasn't too
happy.

MORRISON

She knew what she was getting
into!

Erin watches them admiringly.

CHRIS

No, she knew you had tricked her into it.

MORRISON

Anyway, it's not like she didn't help you.

CHRIS

I knew what I was doing.

ERIN

So?... Did you solve the mystery?

MORRISON

No!

CHRIS

Yes!

Both men look at her and shrug.

CHRIS

Twenty-five years later and we still can't agree on it. We were just kids then.!

(turns to Morrison)

So, how's the case going?

MORRISON

Still laying the background work at the moment but of course Reid's keeping quiet. He's not giving me anything as to who could be after him. So it could be anyone, but I still think the most obvious choice is Marleau. If not, someone in his own establishment.

CHRIS

Have you ran this theory by Reid?

MORRISON

No, the less he knows about what's going on the better.

ERIN

I second that.

Erin and Morrison glare at each other momentarily. CHRIS notices and tries to break the tension.

CHRIS

So who have you got?

Morrison turns back to him.

MORRISON

His sister.

CHRIS

Katherine right?

MORRISON

Yeah. There's something about her I can't quite figure out.

CHRIS

She the kinda sister that might get sick of her brother acting all high and mighty and decides to bring him down a peg or two?

MORRISON

By killing him?

CHRIS

Maybe she's not trying to kill him? Just scare him?

MORRISON

No I don't think so. Even if she was jealous, I don't think she would go that way about it. I'm not sure what to make of her. She seems... familiar somehow? I don't know in what way though.

CHRIS

Familiar? Not sure I can help you there. Who else might there be?

MORRISON

I think Reid has been planning something with the police. I know he has been meeting with them. He says he is going after Marleau's assistant.

CHRIS

Oh the police, there's a surprise! So he's going after

Marleau's assistant, or you don't buy?

MORRISON

It makes sense, but I wouldn't be surprised if Reid has something bigger going on. He is dealing with Higgs after all.

CHRIS

Higgs? He pulled a few favours to get where he is, used to work with Jon Reddle before he had that accident. Could be something there?

MORRISON

Reddle? Nah, dealing with Daniel, I don't think Reddle would match up. No, what I'm thinking is that if it isn't Marleau, it's probably someone entirely different. Someone Reid hasn't mentioned yet. Maybe someone not even Reid would expect.

CHRIS

Like who? Some love affair?

MORRISON

I don't know. Someone linked with Reid, Anyone else done jobs lately?

CHRIS (In thought)

Are you sure it's not Reddle? It could be Quintal but that's a wild one, I can't imagine a politician and common thief would run in similar circles. Well, not Reid and Quintal anyway.

MORRISON

Well? Reid is high in politics, Quintal is a very successful robber.

CHRIS

Nah I don't see it. He is a hoodrats and street corners type of guy. They just don't fit.

MORRISON

Just like Befrome and a drug scandal don't fit? Reid was at the docks the other night.

CHRIS

But why would Reid go after Befrome? Anyway this makes you no closer to Reid's killer. If Befrome was gonna hire someone to do it, he would pay for the best, not a nobody.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Plus he would have had to be aware they were after him in the first place.

MORRISON

Uh... How about Reid and his cronies want a slice of the cash that they are getting from the docks. Befrome point blank refuses, so they ruin him?

CHRIS

And the killer Frank?

Morrison thinks for a moment.

MORRISON

Not sure. Any contract killers been hired?

CHRIS

Ha unlikely, I know there is a group working out of town, but if there was one after Reid, you, me and everyone else in this city would know about it. So what are you gonna do next?

MORRISON

Go find Higgs I think, figure out what he's up to with Reid. He was in the hospital but he should be out now, and probably pissed off about being shot. Hey

Chris do me a favour could you?
Find out what's going on with
Befrome, I don't believe this
drug thing one bit.

CHRIS
Sure Frank.

All three stand. Morrison holds out his hand.

MORRISON
Good to see you as always.

CHRIS
Of course, and a pleasure to
meet you Erin.

They all shake hands.

ERIN
Thank you, you too.

CHRIS
Ok, Frank, I'll be in touch.

Chris smiles again and leaves the restaurant.

MORRISON
Let's get out of here.

ERIN
Don't you want to pay first?

MORRISON
Damn, he's done it again.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND — DAY

Morrison gives the NEWSPAPER SELLER some money and takes
a newspaper.

MORRISON
Thanks.

Morrison walks away down the busy road, stops momentarily
to read the newspaper headline.

VETERAN LAW ENFORCER RYAN HIGGS DIES IN HOSPITAL

MORRISON
Shit.

He looks up and continues on.

INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE — DAY

Morrison heads toward his office door, not reacting to the fact it is already half open.

He pushes the door the rest of the way.

MORRISON

No luck with the door yet the...n.

Horace Peverill (we saw him earlier under the bridge) is hunched over Morrison's filing cabinet, closely studying an open file. He looks up at Morrison in surprise.

The two men stand, assessing the situation.

Springing into action, Horace grabs the file and charges at Morrison. The two collide and Morrison is forced backwards, slamming into the corridor wall.

They fall to the ground. In a race to get up, Horace pushes himself up from the ground, spilling paper from the file as he swipes it off the floor and heads down the corridor.

Morrison is in hot pursuit, scrambling to his feet, leaving the newspaper behind.

Peverill rushes down the stairs, crashing into the walls on each sharp turn, sending more papers from the file.

Morrison is not far behind, jumping steps at a time.

Peverill reaches the bottom of the stairwell, shoulder barging his way through the fire exit, unleashing sunlight into the building.

Regaining his balance Peverill chooses a direction, and darts to the right.

EXT. ALLEY — DAY

Horace runs down the adjacent alley with several metres on the detective.

Morrison comes to a standstill and draws his GUN. Taking a few seconds to aim his shot, he FIRES.

Horace YELPS in pain, taking a few more running paces before falling face first into the ground.

There are gasps of shock from behind Morrison. He turns around to see passers by from the main street staring at him.

MORRISON (Out of breath)
It's ok... I'm... this man is a
criminal.

He watches as the crowd reluctantly disburses.

Peverill crawls slowly on his elbows. Morrison's dark shadow descends over him as he catches up.

HORACE
Argh! You shot me you bastard!

Morrison grabs his arm, pulling him over onto his back.

He has small beady eyes and weasel like features. Morrison cocks his gun and points it directly at the man's face. Horace does not flinch.

HORACE
What? Gonna shoot me twice!?

Morrison hits him in the mouth with the butt of the gun.

MORRISON
No smart answers.

Horace's ugly face scrunches up in pain as he nurses his bleeding mouth.

HORACE
I think you knocked a tooth out!

Morrison hits him in the face again. And again.

HORACE
Argh! OK! OK!

Horace holds up his bloodied hand in plea.

Morrison bends down and picks up the stolen file. He opens it, it is empty.

On the floor, Horace starts to move. Not altering concentration from the file, Morrison places his foot on

Horace's chest, pushing him back down to the ground.
Morrison reads the side tab: JAMES SANDFORD.

MORRISON

Sanford huh? What's so
interesting about a retired cop?
Who wants this?

Peverill sneers at Morrison.

HORACE

You'll have to try harder than
that.

MORRISON

Whoever it is must want this
file pretty bad? To come for it
twice in a week?

HORACE

You're crushing me.

MORRISON

You know he's dead, right?
Sanford? Oh yeah, heart attack.

(MORE)

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Had quite the career though,
some say the police were at
their lowest when he came and
pulled them out of the gutter.

HORACE

Yeah great guy yadder yadder
yadder. I ain't talking so don't
even try...

MORRISON

Well you can tell whoever it is
that they're wasting their time.
They won't be getting into my
office again. Ok?

HORACE

Yeah. Sure. Whatever. You gonna
get off me or what?

Morrison picks him up by the scruff of the neck and slams him against the wall. He winces in pain, Morrison gets right up into his face.

MORRISON
Get outta here scumbag.

Morrison pushes Horace away. Horace loses his balance and crashes clumsily to the ground.

HORACE
I can't, you shot me in the leg!

Morrison walks away. Picking up the dropped paper from the Sandford file.

MORRISON
Well I don't wanna see you face again!

He walks back into the building and slams the door behind him.

INT. RESTAURANT – DAY

In the middle of an almost completely empty posh restaurant, sits Marleau and another WELL DRESSED MAN.

The silence is broken by Morrison rampaging through the restaurant up to Marleau's table with a waiter in chase.

WAITER
Sir! You can't go in there!
Excuse me!

MORRISON (To Marleau)
What's so interesting about James Sandford?

Marleau coolly looks up from the table at Morrison. The waiter rushes in behind looking worried.

WAITER
I'm sorry sir he barged past. I couldn't stop him.

MARLEAU
Not to worry, please excuse him.

The waiter nods and takes his leave. Marleau turns to Morrison.

MARLEAU

James Sandford? I'm afraid you
have lost me Inspector.

MORRISON

Oh don't play games with me
Marleau you're in way over your
head! Breaking into my office
was not a smart move.

The man with Marleau sits uncomfortably, his eyes darting
between the pair of them. He puts down his napkin.

OTHER MAN.

I'm sorry I think I'll leave you
to it.

Morrison shows the man his palm, his intense eyes not
moving from Marleau.

MORRISON

Stay there! I'll make this
quick. You wanna know what I
think Marleau?

MARLEAU

Please, indulge me.

MORRISON

I think you're scared.

MARLEAU

You do?

MORRISON

I do. You're scared I'm gonna
find you out. You know I've
backed you into a corner and
it's only a matter of time
before I prove what you're up
to. And that pretty little world
you've created for yourself is
gonna come crashing down around
you. In desperation, you break
into my office looking up what
James Sandford would have done.
He did some pretty extreme
things and always got away with
it. So you think you might take
a leaf outta the guy's book. Let
me tell you something Marleau,
it won't work. I'm close, and

you won't be getting away with anything. Not in this lifetime.

Marleau remains calm at the accusations. The other man looks bedazzled.

MARLEAU

I can honestly say I have no idea what you are talking about. Perhaps you have been reading more of your entertaining newspapers, perhaps not. But I'll leave you to your games.

MORRISON

I will find you out Marleau. You got that?

Morrison storms out of the restaurant, knocking chairs over on the way. A gasp or two come from another table.

Marleau shrugs at the other man and goes back to his meal. The other man wipes sweat from his brow.

INT. REID'S OFFICE — DAY

Reid sits behind his desk opening mail, scanning it half-heartedly.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

REID

Yes?

Habbons enters.

HABBONS (Flat)

Patrick Marleau is here to see you sir.

REID

Thank you Lisa.

Marleau appears through the open door.

MARLEAU

Daniel. Hi.

Reid stands.

REID

Patrick, welcome.

They shake hands and sit down. The desk is their only separation.

REID

So what are you doing here
Patrick?

Marleau looks extremely comfortable and not fiased by being on Reid's turf.

MARLEAU

Doing the rounds, keeping
everyone happy... You know how it
is.

Reid sits in silence.

MARLEAU

So I thought I'd stop by. See
what's going on in your world.

REID

You want to know about my world
so you know what to expect when
you try to steal it from me.

MARLEAU

Now Daniel, that's a little
harsh. (MORE)

MARLEAU (CONT'D)

I want to serve the people the
best way I can, that's all. This
job, it's (thinks) it's about
the people.

REID

Save it Patrick there are no
cameras here.

Marleau continues, knowing his presence is irritating Reid.

MARLEAU

Daniel, I'm good at what I do, I
always have been. If I get your
job I'm going to get it because
it's what the people want. I'm
not going to lie, I'm not going
to cheat. Because I can honestly
say, I don't think I need to.

A smug look appears on Marleau's face.

REID

So what do you want?

MARLEAU

I just want to make sure that you're not about to do anything stupid. Private detectives, secret meetings with bent cops. I've heard about who you keep your company with, you're coming across as a little desperate Daniel, and desperate men are dangerous men.

REID

You're right. I have been speaking to these people, and I am a dangerous man. But a desperate man? I'm afraid not.

MARLEAU

Then why the private detective? Ya'know if you're worried about me, trying to look into my background won't get you anywhere. I'm clean.

REID

A little self-centred aren't you? Not everything is about Patrick Marleau.

MARLEAU

Then what is it about?

Reid smiles, and plays the trump card.

REID

It's about the people.

Marleau's face is wiped clean.

MARLEAU

Be careful Daniel.

He stands.

MARLEAU

One mistake could cost you your
job.

He turns and leaves the room. Reid sits behind his desk still, and watches the door close.

EXT. SUBURB HOUSE - DAY

Morrison knocks on a door. This is the poorer side of town.

Morrison slips out his gun as the door is unlocked.

As the door comes off the latch, Morrison FORCES it open and PISTOL WHIPS whoever is on the other side.

There is a CLUNK as the person drops to the floor. Morrison pushes the door the rest of the way.

He looks down at the body before stepping over him and enters the house.

INT. SUBURB HOUSE - DAY

Morrison enters the first dark room. No one is inside.

He checks the second. No one there.

He checks a third, the house is empty.

EXT. SUBURB HOUSE - DAY

Morrison comes back outside to see the pistol-whipped man stumbling to the end of the garden path toward his car.

Morrison runs to him.

At the CAR, the man, Carl Peverill (seen with Horace in an early scene) fumbles his keys in his hands. Morrison grabs him and slams him head first into the car. He falls over.

Morrison picks him up and drags him back.

MORRISON
Where's your brother Carl?

He throws Carl back over the fence.

MORRISON
Where's your brother?

Morrison picks him up and drags him inside.

INT. PEVERILL HOUSE – DAY

CARL is thrown to the floor.

MORRISON
Your brother tried to take
something from my office. Why
would he do that?

Carl sits and sobs.

Morrison grabs him by the scruff of the neck and points
the gun at him.

MORRISON
Hey! Why was he there? What are
you two up to?

CARL
I know nothing I swear. You know
my brother! Can't keep control
of him. I really don't involve
myself with what he gets up to.

Morrison backhands him with the gun.

MORRISON
Bullshit!

He walks over to the television and pushes it over, it
smashes.

CARL
Oh man my TV!

MORRISON
Where is he?

CARL
I don't know, we don't talk
much.

MORRISON
Don;t take me for a fool Carl.

CARL

I don't know what he was doing
in your office. I've got no
idea.

MORRISON
You're lying!

Morrison beats him with the butt of the gun.

Again.

And again.

CARL
Ok! Ok! Ok!

He continues to hit a bloody Carl.

Suddenly two men appear and restrain Morrison, dragging
him away from Carl.

It is officers Ketre and Walker.

WALKER
Take it easy Morrison!

EXT. PEVERILL HOUSE – DAY

The officers push him away.

WALKER
What the hell are you doing
Morrison?

MORRISON
Nothing you wouldn't do.

KETRE
Give us one reason why we
shouldn't arrest you right now.

Morrison walks away down the garden path.

KETRE
Hey!

Morrison ignores them.

Ketre and Walker look at each other with concern.

INT. CAR - DAY

Morrison watches the Peverill house. He puts the pistol under his dashboard.

MORRISON (VO)

As I got into the car my neck was burning as if it had been scolded by the fires of hell. It's easy to get frustrated when no one is on your side. But as my mind raced, I began to wonder about the arrival of Ketre and Walker. What had they been doing there? Was it by pure chance? Were they on patrol?

Ketre and Walker leave the Peverill house, they look on edge.

Morrison shuffles down into his seat, watching them over the dashboard as they get into their unmarked police car, and Ketre begins to pull away.

Morrison straightens himself up and begins his slow pursuit.

EXT - JUNCTION - EARLY EVENING

With the grand city skyline ahead of them it looks as if the policemen are heading back into the city.

At a snail's pace, Morrison keeps his distance.

The traffic light turns RED.

Morrison tries to get a good view of the targets.

The traffic light turns GREEN.

The cars begin to roll away.

Apart from the car in front of Morrison.

It doesn't move. Ketre gets further away.

It still doesn't move. CAR HORNS begin to blast.

MORRISON

Come on!

In a quick decision, Morrison bolts into a gap on the other side of the road and swings past the motionless vehicle, using the open space to catch up.

BACK with the UNMARKED POLICE CAR.

Other vehicles have disbursed, leaving Morrison directly behind the unmarked police car. He is so close now he can even see Ketre's reflection in Ketre's rear view mirror. Whether he has spotted Morrison remains to be seen.

Ketre turns left into a much emptier road, they now seem to be going away from the centre of the Madison City.

Morrison continues after Ketre, dropping back to a good distance behind them.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE HILL — DAY

MORRISON drives steadily through climbing country roads seemingly having lost the target vehicle.

A look of frustration is etched across his face as he watches through gaps of the trees.

The trees begin to thin out and reveal the car in a small run off area.

Morrison pulls in and parks roadside. The area seems deserted.

Preparing himself, Morrison reaches under the dashboard, his fingers slide across a PISTOL.

CRASH and a BANG on the window. The CAR DOOR whips open.

Morrison is ATTACKED and DRAGGED from his car.

He is punched in the face.

The GUN remains sitting in the car.

A helpless MORRISON attempts to see who is dragging him.

It is KETRE and WALKER.

Morrison is thrown heavily onto the unforgiving ground.

KETRE

Why are you following us huh?

Morrison's silence angers Ketre even further.

KETRE

Why are you following us?!

Morrison receives a painful kick to the stomach for his vow of silence.

KETRE

We did you a favour?

Ketre's hatred of Morrison is overpowering as he gets face to face with the private investigator.

KETRE

If you had killed that guy then you would have gone down. Maybe we should have let you carry on. There's nothing honourable about what you do Morrison. And I find it sickening.

Morrison laughs through his pain.

MORRISON

And this is honourable?
As far as I can see this is pretty much the same thing, except there are two of you.

Ketre stands up straight inhaling the air around him before descending upon the detective with an almighty SMACK.

EXT. OUTER CITY – NIGHT

Morrison lies where he was left, with dried blood on his face and an eye that's beginning to bruise.

The sound of crickets comes from all around.

He wakes up and groans, rubbing his head.

MORRISON

Damn it.

He turns over and punches the ground, starring at it in disappointment before pushing himself up.

MORRISON (V.O.)
I let them draw me in like a
fish caught by the bait, and I
got punished for it.

INT. CAR — NIGHT

Morrison gets into his car and looks at himself in the mirror, examining his lip.

MORRISON (VO)
I had been careless, reckless,
and lucky. Another day and they
might never have stopped.

The bright lights of a car pass by. He looks away from the mirror and turns on the engine.

MORRISON (VO)
I was in need of a stiff drink,
and some kind company.

Morrison turns his car around and heads back to the city.

EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE — NIGHT

Morrison gets out of his car and walks to the front door of Erin's house. He looks oddly out of place in the quiet suburbia.

He KNOCKS.

MORRISON (loud)
Erin?

There is silence.

MORRISON
Hello?

He goes to a window and looks inside. The lights are on, but there is no sign of life.

He walks around the side of the house. All is quiet.

He looks up and notices an open window on the floor above.

He tests a nearby drainpipe for durability before launching himself onto it to scale the wall.

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Morrison drags himself painfully through the window and falls to the floor in a heap.

MORRISON

I'm getting too old for this.

Morrison stands up brushing his jacket.

MORRISON (Loud)

Erin! Are you in?

He turns the light on. It is her bedroom.

The room is looks more like a storeroom than a bedroom, with just a bed and various boxes placed randomly around the room.

MORRISON

Erin!

He waits for a second, realising no one is in. He notices something on the bed. It is a picture.

He picks up the photograph, examining it. It is Erin and Jason. They look happy.

Morrison's focus slips off the photograph and into nothingness, apparently in thought. His eyes readjust curiously onto a newspaper still lying on the bed.

The title reads:

BIG NAMES AT BIG EVENT:

THE "IT'S ART!STS" CHARITY EVENT TONIGHT

MORRISON (To himself)

She's gone after Reid.

He drops the photo and rushes for the door.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Morrison parks his car and gets out. The car in front is a beautiful red sports car.

INT. MADISON CHARITY EVENT, TOWN HALL – NIGHT

The lavishly decorated town hall is packed full of people celebrating. There is a lively atmosphere and a jazz quartette playing in the corner.

Morrison enters in a panic, searching around desperately. His messy appearance stands out from all the upper class guests.

Katherine notices him from nearby, and approaches him, beaming.

KATHERINE

Frank! I'm surprised to see you here!

Her face drops as she takes in his appearance.

KATHERINE

What happened to you?

MORRISON

Just causing trouble. How's the party?

KATHERINE

Great! We have raised enough to keep the art foundation happy!

MORRISON (distracted)

Great. Is Daniel around?

KATHERINE

Yeah somewhere. Probably exchanging stories with faceless corp' types. How are things with Daniel? Are you sure you're ok?

MORRISON

I'm fine. The case is, the case is going fine.

KATHERINE

Keeping your cards close to your chest huh?

Morrison nods in agreement.

KATHERINE

I get it. Well I hope you stop whoever it is. I'd hate for anything to happen to either of you.

Katherine's concern is left hanging as Morrison continues to look around.

MORRISON

Thank you Katherine.

He smiles goodbye and walks on.

In the corner of the room, Ketre and Walker notice Morrison make his way through the crowds.

Morrison returns their stare but keeps on walking.

Someone in the room CHINKS their glass loudly. It is Daniel Reid.

REID

Silence please, can I have silence please.

Morrison stands in the thicket of the crowd as it falls silent, all attention on Reid.

REID

Thank you. And thank you all for coming. I think it's fair to say tonight has been a real success. And of course it couldn't have been possible if it wasn't for my sister, Katherine Reid, a round of applause please!

Reid gestures toward Katherine, she nods in appreciation as people applaud.

REID

If it wasn't for her passion of the arts, and her seemingly endless supply of friends then this wouldn't be possible... I look around and thank the many faces I see, but of course I can't help but notice the faces I cannot see. Michél Befrome and his family, whatever they may be

going through at the moment
 let's hope they pull through.
 And Ryan Higgs, law enforcer and
 good man, who as I'm sure many
 of you know, unfortunately
 passed away earlier this
 morning. I'd like to take a
 minute to pay our respects to
 this honourable man.

Morrison begins to cut his way across the crowd.

REID (CONT'D)

People like Higgs deserve to be
 remembered. Heroes, trying to
 make this City a better place,
 killed mercilessly, by the dregs
 of society.

Morrison looks up and sees Erin on the balcony watching
 Reid. She is dressed for the occasion in a clear attempt
 to blend in.

REID

It upsets me that such a good
 man can be taken away from us.

Erin begins to scowl.

REID

But with people such as
 ourselves, giving help to worthy
 causes, hopefully the day will
 come when the scum of the
 streets, the vermin, the dogs...
 will be no more.

Morrison watches Erin as she storms away from the
 balcony.

REID

I hope that Higgs' death can act
 as a catalyst for the good
 people of this town, and we can
 come together and win this war...
 (Calmer)

...I'm sorry to steer the speech away like this. It just needed to be said.

Erin pushes her way slowly through the crowds, her destination, Reid, is somewhere in front.

REID

Anyway, drink up, enjoy the party, and open your wallets!

People start to applaud once more and slowly disperse. Erin closes in on Reid. Her target now in her sights, she begins to pull what looks like a GUN from her bag.

A HAND grabs her wrist suddenly, making her jump.

She looks up, shocked.

MORRISON is glaring back at her, gripping her arm tightly.

MORRISON (firmly)

No.

Morrison drags her away.

INT. SIDE ROOM – NIGHT

The side room looks like an unused conference room that is now used for storage.

Morrison bursts through the door, dragging Erin along with him.

MORRISON

What the hell are you doing?

ERIN

He killed my husband!

MORRISON

So you're gonna let him kill you too? Help him finish the job?

ERIN

I was the one holding the gun if you didn't notice.

MORRISON

And then what Erin? Thought
you'd stroll right out of here
did you?

ERIN

Why are you defending him?

MORRISON

I'm not. I'm wondering what's
going through that head of
yours.

ERIN

Emotion, something you might
have heard of, but something you
clearly don't understand.

Erin storms out of the room, slamming the door behind
her. Leaving Morrison with his own frustration.

INT. TOWN HALL – NIGHT

Morrison rejoins the continuing party, and makes his way
through the nameless faces.

REID

Morrison!

(Morrison stops)

Didn't expect to see you here!
Didn't think it would be your
scene, had you down as a loner
type. Did you hear the speech?

MORRISON

I was in and out. Sounded great.

REID

Listen, do you have a moment to
talk?

EXT. TOWN HALL STEPS – NIGHT

Morrison stops in front of Reid. Behind them, a car
speeds off from the car park.

REID

Where are we in terms of my
case? How are you doing?

MORRISON

Oh just fine thanks for asking.
My bruises are from falling out
of bed.

Reid looks Morrison up and down.

REID

Well you should expect to get
your hands dirty. Shows you're
making progress at least.

MORRISON

Yes it's safe to say without me
you would most certainly be dead
right now.

Reid does not notice the serious undertone in Morrison's
voice.

REID

Fantastic! I like a man who is
confident in himself.

MORRISON

Any updates on Forjé?

Reid's face drops in what looks like regret.

REID

I got another note, no mention
of Forjé though.

Morrison fills the empty silence created by Reid.

MORRISON

Well? What did it say?

REID

Lots of things, step down as
city treasurer was the gist.

MORRISON

Marleau?

REID

He doesn't need to kill me. He
practically has my job anyway.

MORRISON

Does he see it that way?

REID

He knows he has me in a corner.

MORRISON

And I notice Marleau's assistant is still walking around free.

REID

That's only a matter of time.

MORRISON

So if it isn't Marleau, who is it?

REID

I'm telling you I don't know! If I knew I would tell you. I treasure my life.

MORRISON

Is that a joke?

REID

No. What happens when we expose this sucker Morrison?

MORRISON

Depends who it is. In most cases they are taken to court so justice can be served.

REID

And the others?

MORRISON

The others don't make it that far.

Reid nods.

REID

I see.

MORRISON

So there haven't been anymore brushes with death since I took on the case?... That you know of?

REID

No. Not since the dockyard.
Perhaps we scared them?

MORRISON
Perhaps they are picking their
moment?

REID
Well let's hope you stop them in
time.

Katherine comes out and joins them.

KATHERINE (To Reid)
Hey there you are. I was
wondering where you disappeared
to.

REID
Just having a quiet word with
Morrison.

Katherine pulls a face.

KATHERINE
Morrison? You two not on a first
name basis yet?

REID
Did you like the speech?

KATHERINE
I did. Thank you Daniel. So we
should really head back inside.
Are you coming, Morrison?

MORRISON
I'm... sorry, I...

KATHERINE
The case... well don't work too
hard.

REID
Yeah, you have all the time in
the world!

KATHERINE
Shut up Daniel!

REID
Come on, let's go.

They turn to head back in.

REID
We shall speak soon.

Morrison smiles politely.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Morrison walks along the rows cars. There is a space behind the beautiful red sports car. His own car is nowhere to be seen.

He kicks the kerb in a sudden fit of rage.

EXT. MORRISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Morrison climbs out of a taxi and freezes in utter astonishment.

His car is carelessly parked up on the kerb. His eyes move away from the car and to the building. The culprit must be in his office.

Without wasting a second Morrison heads for the building, using the same fire exit we have seen him use before.

INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Erin spins around to face Morrison.

ERIN
Frank, I...

Morrison looks frustrated and disappointed at the sight of Erin.

MORRISON
Well thanks for bringing the car back.

Erin stands in the centre of the room, her eyes red from crying, looking vulnerable.

ERIN

Frank...

MORRISON

You're lucky you got back in here ya know.

He points to the door.

MORRISON

The door is being fixed tomorrow.

ERIN

Can you listen to me for a moment please?

MORRISON (angered)

Who are you Erin? Who the hell are you?

ERIN

What?

MORRISON

Well, you own a gun, you hot-wire my car, you're clearly motivated by hate. You have no problem with snooping around offices either. Who the hell are you and what are you doing in Madison City?

ERIN

That was your gun.

MORRISON

So you're a thief too.

ERIN

You didn't look so concerned when you wanted me to take something from Reid's office earlier. Let's not forget that.

MORRISON

Let's not forget that I saved your life down at the docks! And have been watching your back ever since!

ERIN

Oh so no act is selfless. You save my life so now you own me, that it?

MORRISON

A simple thanks would have sufficed.

ERIN

Likewise with all the help I have given you.

MORRISON

I don't need your help Erin. I involved you to keep an eye on you, in case you tried anything stupid and went after Reid. Clearly it was the right thing to do. Breaking into an office isn't hard.

(MORE)

MORRISON (CONT'D)

I've solved plenty of cases on my own without anyone's help.

ERIN

Oh you mean that Joel character?? The infamous Casino Killer?

MORRISON

To name one, yes.

ERIN

Yeah I read up about that one, you got pretty lucky.

MORRISON

Lucky?

ERIN

Yes lucky! You mean to tell me you knew where to find him?

MORRISON

I know how to find out.

ERIN

You weren't even assigned to find him!

MORRISON

The beauty of working privately
is that I can choose what to
work on.

ERIN

The beauty? So there is passion
under that exterior, I thought
you were just another man
incapable of emotion. Is that
what Naomi thought as well? Is
that why she broke up with you?
Work always came first?

In an instant Morrison looks dishevelled, ready for the
world to swallow him whole.

MORRISON

She wasn't there.

ERIN

Not what the reports said, they
said you were with someone
moments before Joel entered the
hotel. No offence but it doesn't
seem like you have too many
friends about this place.

Silence. The two stare at each other. Erin waiting for a
retaliation. Morrison hurt at the shadows of his past.

MORRISON (defeated)

So where did you take my car?

ERIN

I wasn't planning on stealing
your car Frank, honestly I
wasn't. After our disagreement
at the ball I went outside to
get some air, and these guys
came out behind me. (MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

They rushed right by, something
seemed pretty important. I
watched them head towards their
car, and then it hit me. They
were the other two at the docks
that night! They killed Jason. I
wasn't going to let them slip
through my fingers.

Erin moves forward, grasping the sofa. Staring at Morrison intently as if the words were just not enough.

ERIN

I followed them to a house. They kicked the door in and I could hear an argument with whoever was inside. There was a fight I think.

Erin breaks down, the images of the horrific scene happening all over again.

ERIN

And then... the house was in flames. They set it on fire Frank! With the people still inside!

She wipes her eyes.

MORRISON

So the men who went there, they torched the house and left? And they were the guys from the docks?

Erin nods.

MORRISON

Do you know who they were arguing with? Did you hear any names? Any details?

ERIN

No. They were all male voices though. I'm sorry for stealing your car.

MORRISON

It doesn't matter. Come on. Let me take you home.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR — NIGHT

Reid walks down the corridor in a seemingly good mood after a successful night.

He gets out his keys to unlock the door but stops. He stays perfectly still, remembering his life remains in danger.

He unlocks the door slowly, and begins to open it.

He pokes he head inside. He retracts with a snap motion. He needs to calm himself.

REID
Come on Daniel.

He creeps the door open slowly, reaches in and turns on the light. He tries to see through the gap, accessing the situation.

He SWINGS the door open and rushes to a wall inside.

INT. REID'S APARTMENT — CONTINUED

All is quiet.

He tries to peek into the next unlit room. He has several attempts before properly looking.

INT. REID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUED

He goes in. It is as he left it.

REID
Hello?

No answer.

He springs back into the first room karate style, ready to attack. Luckily there is no one there to attack, or tell him how ridiculous he looks.

REID
Yeah you better run.

He heads back into the bedroom.

EXT. HEATHER'S CAFÉ — THE FOLLOWING EVENING

Morrison walks along the waterfront, he has changed and looks smart again. He stops and sees Erin already sitting inside, she has dressed up for the occasion.

INT. HEATHER'S CAFÉ — EVENING

Morrison arrives at Erin's table and joins her.

ERIN

Hi Frank.

MORRISON

Hi, how are you?

ERIN

I'm ok, listen, um, can I just say I'm really sorry about last night, I was stupid, I shouldn't have said what I said.

Her eyes stare at him searching for forgiveness.

MORRISON

It's ok Erin, you're going through a tough time. It's totally understandable.

ERIN

No it's not ok. Since I arrived in Madison you've really taken care of me, you're the only one who has, I should be thanking you really.

MORRISON

Please. Don't mention it.

Erin breathes in heavily, preparing to push the conversation further. Suddenly the moment is broken as a waitress appears.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything to drink?

MORRISON

House red please.

WAITRESS

'K.

Erin and Morrison look at each other awkwardly as the waitress leaves

LATER:

The meal is now over.

ERIN

It's getting there, the bedroom still needs some work though.

MORRISON

I can't wait to see it.

Erin smirks and continues to eat. Morrison is curious by her reaction.

MORRISON

What's funny?

ERIN

I don't know.

Erin looks away in embarrassment. A female voice comes from across the room.

KATHERINE

Frank Morrison.

Morrison's face lights up as he sees Katherine has now approached the table.

MORRISON

Katherine! Didn't think I'd see you down here with the little people?

KATHERINE

I've been shunned by high society and no reservations, so it's a takeaway and then back to the office!

MORRISON

Another late night at the office? You should relax, take some time off.

KATHERINE

Maybe when I retire.

Katherine notices Erin's sour look.

KATHERINE

Sorry, my names Katherine.

Erin reluctantly shakes Katherine's hand.

ERIN

Erin.

KATHERINE

So this is the lucky lady?

Katherine motions to her wedding finger.

ERIN

Oh no. We're just friends.

KATHERINE

Oh Ok, shame. That was a nice ring.

ERIN

Ring?

MORRISON

Oh yeah I had a ring. For the case.

His attention quickly goes back to Katherine.

ERIN

Oh.

KATHERINE

For the case?

MORRISON

Yes for the case.

Katherine and Morrison smile at each other, leaving Erin on the outside looking in.

ERIN

How do you two know each other?

Katherine's gaze is broken.

KATHERINE

Oh I'm...

MORRISON

She's a contact. I told you I have them.

KATHERINE

Oh I'm a contact am I? Well if that's how you see me...

MORRISON

Yeah, I kinda do.

KATHERINE

So now Daniel is not around, how is the case going?

MORRISON

I can't tell you that, conflict of interest. You understand.

KATHERINE

Hey I helped you out.

MORRISON

So now I owe you?

KATHERINE

Yeah, you kinda do!

MORRISON

When the perfect pay back comes up I'll be sure to let you know ok?

KATHERINE

Ok.

Katherine smiles and begins to shift her weight back and forth. An uncomfortable silence grows as Erin glares at Katherine.

KATHERINE

So anyway I'd better be going, this food will get cold.

She pats the takeaway bag.

MORRISON

Ok. Bye Katherine.

As Katherine leaves Morrison begins to drink more wine without noticing Erin's silent treatment.

After a moment he looks up at her. She is staring at him.

MORRISON

Are you ok?

She bends down and picks up her bag.

ERIN

I'm going outside for a
cigarette.

MORRISON (confused)

But you don't smoke.

ERIN

Well maybe I just need some
fresh air.

She walks off hurriedly.

Morrison looks around and then continues to eat.

LATER:

EXT. A PIER — NIGHT

Erin and Morrison walk slowly down the waterfront, at ease in each other's company. The lamps single them out from the blackness of the ocean behind them.

ERIN (Genuine)

Thank you for meeting me
tonight. I know you're busy.

MORRISON

It's ok I don't get much
opportunity to dine out so it
was my pleasure. Work usually
gets in the way.

ERIN

Have you made any progress?

MORRISON

Well my office was broken into.
Again. I was in a fight and had
an argument, so all in all, not
much has changed. How are you?

ERIN

Ok. I think. Jason's death was
only a few days ago, but it
seems so much longer. So much
has happened. I don't know what
I should be doing. I don't know

how I should be feeling.
Decorating the house, spending
time with you, should I feel
guilty? I just don't know. Do I
fight for him, or do I just let
him go?

MORRISON

I can't answer any of that for
you Erin. But, what I can say
is, I think you are a lot
stronger than you realise, and
when the time comes, you'll know
what decision has to be made.

They continue on down the waterfront, the silence
allowing time for reflection.

MORRISON

Erin...

Morrison stops with a serious expression, the sound of
water lapping surrounds them.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

What are you doing in Madison
City?

Erin goes to lean on the rails, looking out into the
darkness. Morrison follows and stands next to her. It is
a similar set up to Erin with Jason earlier on the ship.

ERIN

Jason and I lived in Harlington
Bay.

MORRISON

Harlington Bay? That's quite a
distance.

ERIN

Yeah, we were happy there, until
Jason got fired from work, he
ended up owing a lot of money to
a lot of bad people. There
didn't seem to be a way out,
there was no escaping from it.
We were desperate.

MORRISON

So what happened?

ERIN

Well, one day they sent someone over. Only, we knew he was coming. Him and Jason got into a fight, it got pretty bad, and Jason killed him. He didn't mean to, it just, happened. We didn't know what to do. Things had just got a whole lot worse. So we torched the house, and went on the run. We hoped they would assume we went up with the house.

She turns to Morrison with a look of plea in her eye.

ERIN

You have to understand! We were desperate.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

There was no other option, our friends, our relatives, we would never see them again! There was no way we could get them involved! We left it all behind, and now I'm completely on my own.

Morrison touches her reassuringly.

MORRISON

That's not true.

ERIN

And now Madison City doesn't seem any better, all the problems I thought I'd leave behind are even worse here.

MORRISON

So you sent your house up in smoke. And you were reminded of that the other evening?

Erin nods as tears tickle down her face.

MORRISON

Let's get out of here. Call it a night.

She nods once more as he leads her away.

EXT. WEST FORGE BRIDGE — NIGHT

Reid paces around looking uneasy. A car slowly approaches and pulls over. Reid continues to pace, watching the car.

Morrison steps out and heads towards him.

REID

You're late. I don't pay you to be late. Why didn't you take a taxi this time? And walk, why didn't you walk from down the road?

MORRISON

You said it was urgent. What's going on?

REID

This needs to stop Morrison. We need to find out who it is. Come on you must be getting somewhere.

MORRISON

What's happened Reid?

REID

I'm going out of my mind here! I think I'm ok then I freak out. Come on man you must have something for me!

MORRISON

Ok. What do you know about James Sandford?

REID

What's that got to do with anything? The guy is dead. I doubt he is trying to kill me.

MORRISON

Yeah well whoever is trying to kill you seems to share some common interest with Sandford.

Reid smirks to himself.

REID

Why does that not surprise me?

MORRISON

I don't know. Why doesn't it surprise you?

Reid stops his pacing.

REID

Cos' Sandford was a son of a bitch.

MORRISON

Rub you up the wrong way did he?

Reid starts pacing again.

REID

Rubbed everyone up the wrong way, and he loved doing it too. Like I said, he was a son of a bitch.

MORRISON

I don't know a chief of police that wasn't. But what would make him any worse than the others? The fact that he was successful?

REID

Successful? Ha! He turned his back on everyone that was trying to help him. How can you call that success?

MORRISON

Now that's not strictly true is it? You forced him into those decisions he had to make. I don't remember you guys helping Sandford at all. He made the best of a bad situation.

REID

You make it sound like I was directly responsible! I was at the bottom rung of politics when he was around.

MORRISON

No. But you were in favour of what they did.

REID

Don't even start boy you don't know the first thing about politics. There is such a thing called financing. When everyone wants a piece of the pie, someone will have to go hungry. And on that occasion, James Sandford lost out, the money went to other causes. I stand by our decision even to this day, you gotta do what you gotta do.

MORRISON

And Sandford certainly did that didn't he! Tell me, how could a man, without the backing of the mayor and other politicians, be allowed to get so much power?

REID

What do you mean?

MORRISON

Well you said yourself, you guys were pretty pissed off that he had turned his back on you like that. Why did no one have him killed?

REID

I don't know what crazy world you think we live in but politicians are not obsessed with killing one another!

MORRISON

Correct me if I am wrong but am I not currently working for a politician whose life is in danger?

REID

Yeah what of it?

MORRISON

Well? Why was he never killed?
And I don't just mean by you, I
mean by anyone. How could
someone as disliked as James
Sandford end up more powerful
than the mayor?

REID

Oh come on! Everyone was more
powerful than the mayor back
then! There was a God damn war
going on right outside the
mayor's front window that he
could do nothing about! One of
the worst times this city has
ever seen!

Morrison's face screws up in confusion.

MORRISON

You're right. There was a war
on.

REID

I know I'm right. It was between
Gratton and Serlaise.

MORRISON (To himself)

Why didn't Sandford ever get
involved with that war?

REID

What do you mean?

MORRISON

There was bloodshed on the
streets, people were too scared
to leave their homes! And I
can't remember a single incident
involving the police. They just
let it happen.

REID

You're kidding right? I thought
you knew everything about this
city. James Sandford funded that
war! How do you think he made so
much money, got so much power so
quickly? He funded the darn
thing! He had each side paying

bribes left, right and centre...
...He was buying and selling
weapons to the highest bidder...
...That gang war was a blessing in
disguise for him, there was no
way we could get him back on our
side after that!

A wave of realisation washes over Morrison.

REID

What? What is it?

MORRISON

Sandford funded the war. He
funded the French Mafia. Forjé,
your body guard. He was in that
war! And that's why he has been
taken. That's how he earned his
reputation, that's how everyone
recognises how dangerous he is.

REID

Taken by who?

MORRISON

Someone who was worried that
Forjé might give you details of
the war that you were previously
unaware of. I need to get back
to my office.

He rushes towards his car.

REID

Ok. Mind telling me why?

MORRISON

To review everything I know on
Serlaise. In the meantime try to
keep a low profile. I have a
feeling the next time you see
me, it'll be to pay me.

REID

Let's hope so.

MORRISON

I do love a good load of cash.

As Morrison gets into his car, Reid turns away.

REID (To himself)

Jackass.

INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE — NIGHT

Morrison enters and throws his keys onto the desk. He opens a cabinet draw and flicks through files with his fingers.

He withdraws a file and opens it.

MORRISON (To himself)
Sebastian Serlaise, what's your
secret? What would Forjé know
that Reid didn't?

DISSOLVE

Morrison sits at his desk huddled over notes.

DISSOLVE

Morrison compares to pieces of paper.

The phone starts to ring. He picks it up.

MORRISON
Morrison.

KATHERINE (phone)
Frank thank God!

MORRISON
What? What's wrong?

KATHERINE
You need to get over here!

MORRISON
Why? Where are you? What's
happened?

KATHERINE
I'm at Daniel's office, there's
a body!

MORRISON
A dead body? Who is it?

KATHERINE

It's Forjé, I, I don't know
where Daniel is. Please, you
need to get over here!

MORRISON

Ok. I'm on my way, don't touch
anything.

KATHERINE

Ok.

Morrison puts down phone.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Morrison has the phone to his ear as he speeds through
the city.

MORRISON

Hi Reid, its Frank, I don't know
where you are and I don't know
if you've been to your office.
But you need to get somewhere
safe, somewhere out of the way.
I'll call you again when I know
more.

He puts down the phone.

INT. REID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The walls of the building are hidden by walls of police
officers, guarding every square inch as if their lives
depended on it. Morrison keeps his head down as each
officer studies him as he walks past.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Frank Morrison, should've known
you'd be snooping around. Like a
dog.

Morrison turns and looks at the officer, but remains
silent.

Another officer is stood guarding the door to Reid's
office.

OFFICER

Sorry Morrison. Closed scene,
you can't go in.

MORRISON

Don't try and pull that crap on
me. Reid is my client and this
is his office. I have
jurisdiction to enter this room
and you know as well as I do
that you can do nothing to stop
me from walking through that
door.

The Officer is silent and stands to one side, knowing
Morrison is right.

REID'S OFFICE – NIGHT

FORJÉ lays across Reid's desk, dead. With a heavy injury
to his head, his face is masked by blood, which has
continued down the desk onto the floor.

There are two officers inside the room, closely
inspecting the body. They look up and step away at the
arrival of Morrison.

OFFICER

Frank Morrison.

There is an immediate tension in the room.

MORRISON

Didn't think you'd see me so
soon huh?

The two glare at Morrison but do not retaliate. Instead
they watch him as he steps up and examines Forjé.

MORRISON

Oh that's interesting.

OFFICER

What? What is?

Morrison looks up from a fake concentration.

MORRISON

Hmm? Oh nothing. Just taking a
look at that wedding ring?

OFFICER

He doesn't have a wedding ring.

The Officer sneers at his victory.

MORRISON

Oh yeah my mistake... Where's Reid's sister?

OFFICER

She's in the back room. Maybe you should go and join her?

MORRISON

Maybe I should, don't wanna get in the way of your investigation do I?

Morrison looks up at the two and gives them a fake smile.

They both look relieved as Morrison steps towards the door.

MORRISON

One last thing though, is Reid your main suspect?

OFFICER

There is a dead body in his office, whatta you think?

MORRISON

I think you guys are foolish enough to believe it.

Morrison leaves the room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – NIGHT

Katherine is sat near the end of a large conference table with her head in her hands.

Morrison pokes his head through the door. She looks up and rushes over to Morrison.

KATHERINE

Frank!

She wraps her arms around him burying her head into his body. Morrison pushes her away to speak to her.

MORRISON

When did they get here?

KATHERINE

Just after I spoke to you.

MORRISON

Katherine, have you heard from Daniel.

She shakes her head not looking up at Morrison.

MORRISON

So what happened?

KATHERINE

I don't know. He was going to meet you and as far as I knew he was coming back here afterwards. I came to see if he was back yet, and Marcus was just lying there.

MORRISON

Did you see Reid before he left to see me?

Katherine nods.

MORRISON

In here?

She nods.

MORRISON

So... the body wasn't here when he left...

She shakes her head.

MORRISON

Sorry, had to check.

Katherine looks up at Morrison.

KATHERINE

Frank I'm really worried about him.

MORRISON

Its ok, he'll be fine. I just need to find him.

KATHERINE

But he could be anywhere!

MORRISON

Well one thing's for sure. He ain't here.

KATHERINE

Is there anything I can do?

Morrison heads for the door.

MORRISON

Yes actually. The girl I was with the other day, Erin, can you let her know what's going on, she's in Bell View, number 5, Oldford Street.

KATHERINE

Yeah, ok. Where will you be?

MORRISON

I'm not sure, but there's no point being here. Not now the police are around.

He leaves.

INT. CAR — NIGHT

Morrison drives his car. Reflections of lights ease across his face.

MORRISON (V.O.)

I have a saying. It goes; the final stretch is the only stretch. Because in the end the only thing that matters is that last push. If you don't make it, then it's all for nothing.

His phone starts to ring. Morrison accepts the call.

MORRISON

Morrison.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Hi Frank. It's Chris.

MORRISON

This better be important Chris,
I'm a bit busy at the moment.

CHRIS

It's about the Befrome family,
sound important enough?

MORRISON

Ok, tell me what you know.

CHRIS

Turns out you were right,
Befrome was set up.

MORRISON

Oh yeah by who?

CHRIS

The Peverill Brothers.

MORRISON

Carl And Horace Peverill? Son of
a bitch. It was Horace who broke
into my office, he was after
files on James Sandford.

CHRIS

Yeah I know. And guess what
happened to Horace and his
brother next?

MORRISON

Go on.

CHRIS

Their house is sent up in
flames, with the two inside. You
catching Horace gave a scare to
whoever sent him to your place.
Had them killed so you couldn't
get any information out of him.

Morrison looks annoyed.

MORRISON

Ketre and Walker. Higgs' right
hand men, they turned up at the
house, they knew I was onto

Horace. Horace was getting information for who, Higgs?

CHRIS

Looks like Higgs had them doing a few things. It was him who ordered them to go after Befrome too.

MORRISON

What did he want from Befrome? Money?

CHRIS

Nope. They wanted the whole damn thing. They wanted total control of the dockyard, and total control of what was going in and out of the place.

MORRISON

What did they want to come into the city?

CHRIS

Whatever they didn't get from the mayor, due to Reid's budget cuts. They, like Sandford, seem to be researching other methods of funding.

MORRISON

Ok, ok this has definitely helped explain a few things. Thanks for this, I'll be in touch.

He puts down phone.

MORRISON (V.O.)

The answer had been in front of me the whole time. I had been so busy accusing Marleau I didn't even see it. Reid's budget cutting had forced the police into a corner. Higgs had taken it upon himself to dig them out of the mess before it all became too much. He set up Befrome so they could control imports into the city. And they tried to kill Reid to get Marleau in, so he

could live up to his promises.
Every plan needs a back up plan,
although it's not always clear
which one is which.

EXT. DOCKS – NIGHT

Morrison peers around a cargo container toward the warehouse Jason was killed in.

A GUARD circles the building.

MORRISON (V.O.)

I knew I was not too late, if
Reid had already been taken care
of there would be no one around
guarding the place. I could walk
straight in and discover what
was left of his body.

Morrison bends down, not taking his eyes off the guard and picks up a stone. He throws it against a nearby metal crate. The sound of impact echoes loudly into the night.

WITH THE GUARD NOW, he looks in the direction of the noise. He withdraws his gun and goes to check the situation.

There is no sign of anyone else, no indication of what made the noise.

Without time to think, he is hit from behind, he stumbles face first into the crate in front.

Keeping on his feet, he tries to turn. His gun is kicked out of his hand and is sent bouncing along the ground.

The guard, in a panic tries, to lash out into the air.

Morrison blocks the man's attempts and hits him hard in the face with his other fist. The force of the blow sends the man staggering, alongside the crate.

Regaining his balance, the guard turns and charges at Morrison, who side steps, and uses the man's momentum to throw him head first into another crate.

He collapses to the ground.

EXT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

MORRISON reaches the side of the warehouse, keeping his body close to the wall. No one has seen him. He looks through a small hazy window. No movement inside.

KETRE (O.S.)

Stop!

Morrison freezes in his stance, knowing Ketre is behind him, most probably with a gun.

KETRE

Throw the gun to the floor and
put your hands in the air.

Morrison does as he says. Ketre slowly approaches him, with his gun aimed directly at the back of Morrison's head.

KETRE

I should have known I'd see you
here.

MORRISON

Well I do like to be kept in the
loop. I'm a little upset that
you didn't invite me yourself.

KETRE

You know Morrison, I'm really
sick of that smart attitude of
yours. It's beginning to run
real thin.

Ketre pushes the tip of the gun into Morrison's head, pushing Morrison forward.

MORRISON

I'm sorry, I'll just keep quiet
then.

KETRE

Goo...

Morrison suddenly steps back with a sharp elbow to Ketre's stomach, and swings around to deliver a left hook to the face. Ketre falls to the ground.

Ketre rolls over to continue the fight, only to see Morrison has picked up his gun and is pointing it

directly at his face. His own gun lies underneath his hand, not properly held.

MORRISON

Drop it.

Ketre pushes his gun to the side, but a smirk emerges on his face.

Morrison's face drops in realisation that someone is right behind him.

Before he can react a thick arm has wrapped itself tightly around Morrison's neck. Instinctively he grabs the mans arm, trying to loosen it's grip.

Morrison throws his weight forwards, the man goes head over heels and hits the ground, but retains his grip on Morrison.

Morrison wrestles the fighting hands before getting a second free to hit him.

Morrison looks up, Ketre has moved.

The butt of a gun swings around, directly into Morrison's face.

SOUND DISAPPEARS

BLACK

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Morrison wakes up with a start.

He is tied up against a water pipe.

He looks around. Reid is tied up next to him.

REID

Glad you could join us.

Morrison has blood running down his face. He winces, giving a deep groan, as he realises his pain.

MORRISON

I have no idea what happened.

REID

Word on the street is that the incredible Frank Morrison was taken down by Andre Ketre, small time cop.

MORRISON

First of all there were two of them, second of all I had him.. third of all it was a cheap shot.

REID

Yeah well Ketre seems pretty pleased about it all. I on the other hand am beginning to regret ever asking for your help.

MORRISON

Hey I'm not the one that let Ryan Higgs suck me in, if anything this situation is your fault.

REID

If you'd have done your job properly then you might have found all this out in time, instead of accusing Marleau at every opportunity.

MORRISON

Don't blame me for the fact that a conspiracy against you was happening right under your own nose. That was pretty reckless.

REID

I'm not paying you by the way.

MORRISON

Well I can't imagine you've got much money left anyway. Hence all the recent budgeting ideas of yours.

They both look away in annoyance, not speaking to one another.

Reid's look of relaxation suggests acceptance of his fate. His eyes wonder around the room.

Morrison attempts to lean forward, the rope binding on his hands pulls tight.

REID

Any last words then Frankie Boy?

MORRISON

Kiss my ass Reid.

Reid sniggers.

There is a loud CLUNKING noise that echoes through the building.

REID

I think that's them.

Reid notices Morrison fidgeting.

REID

What are you doing now?

MORRISON

I carry a lock pick in my back pocket, I'm trying to get it. Maybe I can loosen these knots.

REID

They searched you when they dragged you in here ya know? I don't think even they are dumb enough to leave a lock pick on you.

MORRISON

Yeah but it doesn't look like a lock pick, it looks like a small pen.

REID

Well, isn't that nice?

There is a SOUND of a door closing. Reid stares at the door.

REID

If I were you I'd have that lock
pick now.

MORRISON
Shut up Reid I'm trying to
concentrate.

REID
They're closer.

NOISES OF FOOTSTEPS on metal approach the door.

REID
Closer.

MORRISON
Reid shut up.

The footsteps get LOUDER.

REID
Closer!

MORRISON
Shut up!

The door crashes open, KATHERINE bursts through.

REID
Katherine!

Morrison looks up startled.

Katherine rushes over to Reid in panic, tucking a pistol
into the back of her trousers.

KATHERINE
Thank God you're ok!

Katherine begins to untie Reid.

Erin steps through the door, moving cautiously, attention
solely on Reid.

MORRISON
Erin.

She does not notice Morrison.

KATHERINE
We have to be quick. They could
arrive at any moment.

Katherine finishes untying Reid. She moves over to Morrison.

KATHERINE
Hello Frank.

Katherine reaches her arms around Morrison to untie him from the pipe behind.

MORRISON
I'm glad you're here.

Katherine stops for a second, looking into his eyes. He looks over to Erin, still standing uneasy in Reid's presence.

Reid steps forward shaking his cuffs and inspects his wrists.

REID (Relaxing)
Ahhhh...

Reid notices Erin standing in front of him.

REID
Oh, hello little lady.

Her eyes water at his apparent ignorance of who she is.

REID (CONT'D)
Have we met before?

Morrison notices she is tightening her grip on a gun in her hand.

MORRISON (louder)
Erin.

Katherine finishes untying Morrison and she heads for the exit.

KATHERINE
Come on!

Morrison rushes over to Erin.

ERIN
You killed my...

Morrison grabs Erin, pushing her away.

MORRISON

Erin!

BANG! A gun shot echoes through the room.

Morrison, Erin and Reid jump in shock and look startled toward the door.

Katherine's face is full of shock, eyes watering in pain. Her hands move to her stomach, her white shirt quickly turning a dark red. She staggers back into the room.

She breathes heavily, her eyes wide in disbelief, staring straight ahead.

Walker steps through the doorway, lowering his gun.

Blood has completely covered Katherine's shirt and runs all over her hands.

She turns and looks at the others.

Katherine tries to speak but simply murmurs in pain, then collapses onto the floor.

REID

Katherine!

Reid runs forward to Katherine.

Morrison restrains Erin, both in disbelief.

Walker fingers his gun, inspecting it closely.

WALKER

She didn't need to die...
(he looks to Reid)
You know that don't you?

Walker looks to Erin, noticing the gun in her hand.

WALKER

Oh missy you can drop the gun
please. You won't need that.

Morrison nods to her, motioning her to do as he says.

Erin bends down and throws the gun away.

Ketre enters casually and stands next to Walker.

KETRE

Well, well, looks like Reid had fans after all. Three in one night. Shame they all act like him... recklessly.

Ketre smirks at Morrison.

KETRE

Hi Frank. How's the head?

His attention then falls on Erin.

KETRE

I don't believe it, I remember you!

All attention turns to Erin.

WALKER

This another one you used to date?

KETRE

No, no, this is the girl from the docks! The one who turned up the last time we tried to axe Reid!

Reid looks around in confusion.

WALKER (spiteful)

Oh yeah we killed the guy she was with! What was his name? Josh?

Erin is almost in tears.

ERIN (Quiet)

Jason.

Reid looks up at Erin, realising who she is.

REID

Morrison, what's going on?

WALKER

Hey, hey, hey, lets not interrupt!

Walker turns back to Erin and continues to antagonise.

WALKER

So it was Jason was it? You know
he begged, right?

Morrison holds back Erin and tries to bite back himself.

MORRISON

Was that before or after he
killed Higgs?

WALKER

Well it looks like now is a good
time to get our own back isn't
it?

Walker lifts up his gun, and aims it at the pair.

With no attention on Reid. He uses the opportunity to
take the gun tucked into the back of Katherine's
trousers.

KETRE

Lets end this.

Ketre FIRES.

Morrison pushes Erin away, she stumbles hitting some
BARRELS hard. One falls over, splitting as it hits the
ground.

Ketre fires again, Morrison ducks out of the way.

Reid draws his gun and FIRES at Ketre.

He goes down quickly, but no indication of being shot.

Morrison ducks and takes cover behind wooden boxes.

MORRISON

Erin!

A dazed Erin tries to push herself up from the floor,
picking up her gun.

Walker stands with no fear, aiming at Reid and firing.

Reid SCREAMS in pain as the bullet hits him in the
shoulder.

ERIN comes out from cover and shoots wildly at Walker,
who quickly retreats into cover.

Morrison steps out into the open and grabs Reid, attempting to drag him away.

REID
I'm not leaving her!

Gunshots echo around the room as the policemen blindly fire into the room.

Two more men enter to help Walker and Ketre.

MORRISON
I can carry her but you're going to have to cover me, ok?

Reid nods.

Morrison bends over Katherine and picks up her lifeless body. Reid gives COVERING FIRE.

ERIN
Frank! Come on!

The policemen continue to fire back.

Morrison winces as a bullet narrowly WHIZZES past and hits something behind him.

A wooden crate collapses causing two barrels to roll off and hit the floor, rolling across the centre of the battle.

Morrison backs away with Katherine in his arms.

Erin holds out her hand to beckon them over.

WALKER (O.S.)
You won't get out of here alive Reid!

Walker fires and hits the edge of one of the barrels. A spark ignites the leaking petrol, the floor lights up in FLAME.

Morrison continues back into warehouse with protection from Erin and Reid.

Walker gets up in pursuit, avoiding the already thick fire.

Reid aims and fires. Walker takes several bullets to the chest and falls to the floor, his body lies motionless.

Ketre and the other two policemen make a run for it.

A barrel EXPLODES sending one of the men flying as the FLAMES lick the ceiling.

Ketre looks back at the damage.

The other policeman is on the floor clearly in pain. One of his legs is on fire.

POLICEMAN

Hey buddy, help me out here!

Ketre watches him, then turns to go after the others.

Morrison continues to go through the maze that is the warehouse.

In his haste, Reid falls over. Erin notices and stops.

Morrison sees this and watches Erin.

Reid looks up at Erin standing over him, unsure of how to assess the situation, he can't help but notice the gun in her hands.

She pauses before bending down and helping him up. There is a moment of understanding between them.

MORRISON

We should get out of here before
this whole place goes up.

Another SMALL EXPLOSION in the back of the room pushes them on.

The three reach a metal staircase. Erin leads the way.

They climb the staircase, it overlooks the room.

The fire has spread to over half of the warehouse. Thick smoke has started to collect on the ceiling. There is no sign of anyone else.

Erin opens a door that is next to them. They all go inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE ROOM – NIGHT

The room is practically bare. There is a desk in the corner and a window at the other side.

Reid closes the door and turns the latch, locking it.

Morrison lays Katherine on the desk.

Reid rushes over and looks out the window. Morrison joins him.

Outside, there is something square and large beneath them, covered by a canvas.

MORRISON

We need to get out of here.

Reid smashes the window with a fierce elbow. Morrison looks over to Katherine.

MORRISON

You go first. I'll drop her down to you.

Reid climbs over the windowpane, and jumps down to the canvas below.

OUTSIDE

Reid lands on the crate with a thud. He groans in pain, clutching his arm.

MORRISON

Reid!

REID

I'm ok.

Morrison appears at the window holding up Katherine, he pushes her body through as delicately as possible.

Reid gets to his feet and holds up his arms.

INSIDE

Ketre BURSTS into the room, and looks psychotically towards Erin.

Morrison concentrates on lowering Katherine. Unaware of what is going on behind him.

Before Erin can react Ketre grabs her hair and pulls her back into the centre of the room.

OUTSIDE

Reid catches Katherine, as they both tumble back onto the crate.

INSIDE

Erin squirms trying to get out of Ketre's tight grasp around her waist. Suddenly they are both taken off balance as Morrison tackles them. All three hit the wall and fall to the floor.

Ketre attempts to get back to his feet. Before he knows where he is he is slammed back into the wall by Morrison.

Erin gets up dazed.

Morrison punches Ketre hard in the face. Ketre's head rebounds off the wall. He falls to his knees. Morrison keeps a firm grip on him.

Erin watches the fight, unsure of what to do.

Morrison looks back.

MORRISON

Erin you need to get out of
here! I'll catch up. Go!

Erin runs to the window and gets a leg over the windowpane, she takes a look back into the room.

Ketre forces himself off the wall and pushes Morrison, they fall to the floor.

Erin looks between the fight and the drop outside.

OUTSIDE

Reid holds his arms up and beckons her down.

REID

Come on! There's no time!

INSIDE

The two men roll around on the floor trying to gain the upper hand. Ketre gets on top.

Still Erin hesitates.

Ketre starts hitting Morrison with a free arm.

KETRE
I'll kill you!

BANG. There is a gunshot, everything stops.

BLOOD SOAKS through KETRE's shoulder.

He gets up and glares at Erin. Erin is holding a smoking gun.

He charges Erin, speed gathering. She walks backwards and starts shooting in panic. He falls to the floor, several bullets taken to his torso.

Erin keeps firing but the gun is empty.

She drops the gun and holds her hands to her mouth in a panicked shocked.

Morrison groans in pain and begins to roll over.

Erin rushes over to him and puts an arm around him.

MORRISON (groans)
Let's go.

OUTSIDE

Reid beckons them down and catches one of them, it is Erin. They both climb off the padded crate as Morrison lands heavily onto it.

He rolls off in pain, onto his feet.

REID
Are you ok?

MORRISON
Lets get out of here.

The warehouse continues to burn as Erin runs away. Morrison carries Katherine, and Reid hobbles along behind. There is a large explosion as they get further away.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
The fire was reported about 2:30
this morning. Although it is

still unclear what started the blaze, the bodies of several police officers have been found. A memorial is expected to be held later this week to honour those men lost.

INT. REID'S OFFICE - DAY

Reid turns off the radio. He turns around revealing his arm in a sling.

MORRISON

Will you go?

REID

Yeah. As far as everyone knows I've got no reason not to go. It was only those guys who had it in for me. The Chief of Police has informed me no one else was involved.

(MORE)

REID (CONT'D)

Yeah I'll go, let those dead son of a bitches know they didn't get the better of me.

MORRISON

You're a stubborn man Mr Reid.

REID

It pays to be!

MORRISON

Well some may argue. Everything is ironed out now then?

REID

Yeah. The Chief of Police has his new budgeting contract, I still have my job.

MORRISON

And Marleau's assistant is in jail. I was not in the least bit surprised to see that in this morning's paper.

REID

And the funny thing is we didn't set him up. He genuinely was caught buying cocaine. Besides, Katherine gave her life for me. I owe her.

Morrison nods silently.

MORRISON

You're not worried they might try and kill you again? Go back on their word?

REID

No, not at all... I've got you after all.

They both raise a slight smile to one another.

MORRISON

Not if I raise my prices you don't.

REID

Oh that reminds me, Habbons has put the money through to your account.

MORRISON

Good. How much is it?

REID

It's enough, plus a little extra. Take Erin out for a meal, something... romantic.

MORRISON

Excuse me?

REID

Oh nothing, just... thinking aloud. I trust you'll be at Katherine's funeral.

MORRISON

Yeah, we'll both be there. I'm sorry once again.

They both look sorrowful at the thought of Katherine's death.

REID

Yeah. So am I.

Morrison gets up and offers him his hand.

MORRISON

Thank you again Mr Reid.

Reid shakes Morrison's hand.

REID

And Thank you.

EXT. STREET — DAY

The sun is high in the sky and shines clearly down onto the street below. The road looks fairly clean and there is not much traffic.

Erin wears dark sunglasses and leans against the car door.

Morrison crosses the road and goes around the other side, to the driver door.

ERIN

All taken care of?

MORRISON

Yep.

ERIN

How much you get?

MORRISON

Enough, plus extra.

Erin raises a slight smile. She gets into the car. Morrison does the same.

ERIN (O.S.)

So what now?

MORRISON (O.S.)

Heathers. They do the best damn breakfast in town!

The car pulls away and drives down the street.

FADE OUT