

MAN IN A SUIT

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EXT. NARROW STREET, NEW YORK -- NIGHT

Abandoned, dimly lit and hidden off the main route.

JASON BENNETT, 40s, dressed in a business suit casually walks down the street whistling.

A distance away from him;

A MAN'S SHADOW casts "still" on a building. A beat, then --

The shadow begins following him. Jason gets a sense of being followed and halts, then turns just in time for a MAN IN A SUIT to jab a blade in his throat.

Jason's eyes lock deep with the man's unrevealed face as he lands down to the ground like a pile of trash, in a pool of his own blood.

Steadily, the Man dresses his hands in gloves and wipes blood off his blade with a white tissue he picks from his front pocket.

Opens Jason's chest and inscribes a figure two(2) on him. Wipes blood off his blade again and majestically walks off the scene.

A very loud scream of a girl is heard as the man rounds a corner.

EXT. NARROW STREET, NEW YORK -- LATER THAT NIGHT

The place is flooded with cops. A yellow band is run surrounding the street. A female medic offers a freezing girl a blanket from the ambulance.

Two NYPD detectives CHRIS HEIFER, 30s, perky, charming, handsome and LARRY HOFFMAN, 30s, with an attitude, look around Jason's body now covered in a stained white cloth.

YELLOW numbered evidence points are marked by another police officer as he takes down some notes.

Another car arrives at the scene and a bold pretty female detective in her early 30s, dressed in a pant suit steps out of the car. She's NASH WONDER.

Larry's face turns to a mask of fury the moment he sets his eyes on Nash. He clearly has a hate for her.

CHRIS
Detective Nash.

NASH
Gentlemen. What do we have?

LARRY
A dead man, Detective... Expected a beach party to crush?

Nash sighs him off with the "I don't care attitude"

CHRIS

Not too rough detectives.

She puts on gloves, squats and removes the white cloth down to the waist revealing the cuts.

CHRIS

Forty eight year old Jason Bennett,
business man slash --

He flashes Jason's wallet size family photo in her face.

CHRIS(CONT'D)

-- father with a slit throat.

NASH

(she stands)

Do we have any leads on the killer?

LARRY

The cuts on the body, suggest we're
dealing with a familiar killer.

NASH

Everyone sees that, Larry! I'm
talking something tangible like a
murder weapon or a buried ID I can
trace back to the killer!

LARRY

You should've considered being
here, maybe a couple of hours
earlier to catch a glimpse.

CHRIS

Guys, cool your guns. We have a
witness.

Nash raises her eyebrow. Everybody is staring at them.

NASH

(deflating)

Where's the witness?

Chris points to the back of the ambulance where a sixteen
years old affrighted girl is sitting, curling herself into
the blanket.

Nash heads for the girl.

CHRIS

I don't know much about your stew
guys but does it have to blaze
everytime you meet?

LARRY

I can't help it.

EXT. AMBULANCE BACK DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Nash sits next to the girl. She's AMY.

NASH
Are you okay?

She nods.

NASH
Detective Nash.

AMY
Amy.

NASH
Sorry about that... He's a jerk
most times.

AMY
It's okay. Seen better shows
anyway.

NASH
What exactly did you see here, Amy?

AMY
A man. Just another man in a suit.

NASH
Did you see his face?

AMY
No. He was too far... Over there,
almost rounding the corner.
(she freaks out)
Please don't tell my Dad I was
here. He'd kill me, please.

NASH
What were you doing in this place
so late?

AMY
I came to meet with Jeb. My, my --

NASH
Supplier?

Amy affirms with a nod. Nash quietly gazes her before an
idea pops in her brain.

NASH
This Jeb, did he show up tonight?

AMY
No... Maybe he did and you guys
scared him off.

NASH
You know where he lives?

AMY
Found him on the 'net.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- DAY

Computers, telephones everywhere. Some desks piled up with files. Everyone is busy and minding their own business.

Detective Nash Wonder's nameplate is on a desk adjoining Chris's desk - her partner. Larry's desk is close too.

Nash is standing. Chris and Larry are sitting staring at an 8x10 photograph of JAKE SANDERS pinned to the board behind her.

NASH
(reading from file)
"Jake Sanders a.k.a Jeb a.k.a Flying Sand has been arrested four times for possession, two times for attempted rape and unaccountable number of times for assault".

CHRIS
The kind of guy we're looking for?

NASH
Exactly.

LARRY
I didn't hear any charges on murder though... And yet we're looking for killer here, Detective not a druglord.

NASH
This guy has been arrested multiple times for assault...

LARRY
Assault isn't murder, Nash. I do remember slapping you someday but didn't qualify for a murderer.

NASH
I'm looking for anyone capable of committing a murder!... Druglord or not.

All eyes at her - "concerned".

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

A ruggedly smart police chief in a suit is standing, watching Nash and Larry argue. He's LIEUTENANT MARVIN NORLAN. He semi-opens his office door and:

MARVIN
(as Nash sits)
Detective Nash.

She proceeds inside the office.

MARVIN
I'm very concerned about the
tension between you and Larry.

NASH
I'm trying to patch things up, Sir
but Larry isn't a forgiving type.

MARVIN
Try harder. You need to come in
terms if any of you still wants to
keep their job.

NASH
We will.

MARVIN
You're in charge of this case but
unless you put your differences
aside you won't get anywhere with
it.

Marvin steps out his office towards Larry and Chris's desks
while Nash follows him.

MARVIN
Detective Chris and I will go for
Jeb while Detective Nash and Larry
pay Jason's family a visit.

INT. CAR(MOVING) -- DAY

Nash is quietly staring out the window, drowned in thoughts
while Larry drives. The wierd silence gets to him.

LARRY
Our differences will never be put
aside.

NASH
(sighs)
How many times do I have to explain
for you to listen, Larry?

LARRY
Listen? ... If there's anyone to
listen to, it's certainly not a
woman who fucks her fiancé's best
friend on their engagement night.

NASH
That was all a misunderstanding!

LARRY
A misunderstanding I hear.

She shrugs and go silent again.

EXT. JASON'S HOME -- LATER

The car stops outside a well decorated home. They step out of the car and head towards the front door. Nash reluctantly knocks. Nothing.

NASH
Hello. Anybody home? Hello!

She knocks again. No one is answering. She starts for the back but the door opens and she turns as DEBRA BENNETT appears at the door.

She's a fine woman of forties with heavy eyes hardened by sadness.

NASH
Mom.
(she flies her budge)
Detective Nash, NYPD and my
colleague is --

LARRY
Larry. Detective Larry.

EXT. JAKE SANDERS' APARTMENT -- SAME DAY

Lieutenant Marvin and Chris are standing on the door. They trade a brief look and Marvin knocks. No response. He knocks again.

MARVIN
This is NYPD. Open the door or
we'll forcefully come in!

Nothing. Chris hastily kicks the door and shrugs as it opens revealing --

INT. JAKE SANDERS' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Jake Sanders - A troubled drug addict, 20's, lies dead on the floor with a pillow on his head. It's hard not to spot a commotion happened regardless of the apartment being a mess.

It's full of different drugs. Chris wonders with a whistle as they step inside.

MARVIN
It seems someone was ahead of us.

CHRIS
Do you think it's our friend in the
suit?

MARVIN

Possibly... Or his very unfriendly boss.

JAKE'S LANDLORD - A tired alcoholic, 60's, dressed in a jumpsuit appears at the door. Oblivious to the officers who are hardly collecting any evidence.

JAKE'S LANDLORD(CONT'D)

I knew he'd die young.

Startled Chris swiftly draws his weapon in reflex.

CHRIS

Freeze!

JAKE'S LANDLORD

Relax... Would've kicked your asses already.

MARVIN

NYPD. You knew him?

JAKE'S LANDLORD

Jeb? He never paid his rent in time. That son of - a - bitch owed me thirty grand in rent.

CHRIS

Well... Looks like you've just made yourself a huge loss.

JAKE'S LANDLORD

Better off dead.

MARVIN

Have you seen anyone suspicious coming to his apartment?

JAKE'S LANDLORD

He was suspicious himself... Though something odd happened last night.

CHRIS

What?

JAKE'S LANDLORD

A man...

He skeptically holds his next statement as if terrified by something. Chris pushes.

CHRIS

A man...? What man?

MARVIN

What about this man was so odd?

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Wasn't a Jeb's kind of visitor. Was
dressed like you.

Refers to Lieutenant Marvin.

MARVIN
Like me?

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Yeah. Was a man in a suit. Just
like you Detective.

CHRIS
(garbles)
Man in a suit.

He stares at his boss.

MARVIN
(to the Landlord)
Do you think he killed him?

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Nah... I'm sure he died an
overdose.

INT. JASON'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- SAME DAY

Nash and Larry are sitting in the couch opposite to the
small chair Debra Bennett is sitting, talking to them.

NASH
Did Jason have any enemies?

DEBRA
Have you heard any person without
enemies, Detective? Anyway. I guess
he had some but Jason preferred to
keep things to himself.

LARRY
Any of his business rivals you know
that'd probably hurt him?

DEBRA
Like I earlier mentioned to your
Chief, Detectives, Jason was a
husband at home, he shared too
little about his businesses here.
Perhaps someone else can help.

NASH
Someone else you know?

DEBRA
His driver. Mister Hudson.

NASH
Speaking of his driver... Was it a routine for Mister Bennett to walk at night alone?

DEBRA
Not really. Why don't you ask his driver? I really need to be left alone now.

NASH
Of course.

DEBRA
Please find my husband's murderer.

LARRY
We will. Thanks for your cooperation, mom.

They get out.

EXT. JASON'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

They walk back to the car meagerly talking.

LARRY
What do you think?

NASH
Drivers keep a chunk of their masters' secrets.

INT. MISTER HUDSON'S APARTMENT -- SAME DAY

A depressed MISTER HUDSON has his legs crossed up the table with a wine bottle draining his sadness.

A knock is heard on the door. He hesitates to get it. Knocking continues.

NASH(O.S)
Mister Hudson. This is NYPD... We need to speak to you about Jason's murder.

He tediously stands and heads for the door. He semi-opens the door revealing Nash and Larry.

NASH
I'm Detective Nash and --

LARRY
Detective Larry, NYPD.

HUDSON
I gave my statement last night.

LARRY

It's just a few questions. It won't last long.

He opens the door and shuts it when they've both entered.

Nash marvels about the portraits. Mostly of Jason and Hudson.

NASH

Mister Bennett --

HUDSON

Was more than just a boss to me.

NASH

I can see.

HUDSON

He was the brother I never had. But to die in cold blood like that...

A tear rolls down his cheek. Nash and Larry look a bit more uncomfortable. Nash signals Larry to take the lead.

LARRY

Uh, Mister Hudson... Why was Mister Bennett walking home by foot, alone, so late in the night?

HUDSON

Sometimes he preferred to walk alone.

LARRY

How often did he do that?

HUDSON

A few times in a week - Mostly if he had personal stuff to take care of.

NASH

What do you mean by personal stuff?

HUDSON

It doesn't matter anymore.

NASH

It does. We're trying to figure out Jason's murderer, Mister Hudson. Anything you know however small it is could be of great help.

HUDSON

Mister Bennett preferred to walk every night he was "meeting" with his secretary.

LARRY

No wonder she cried a lot.

She angrily looks at Larry. He shrugs.

HUDSON

Please, bury this with him. Don't let Debra lose the good memories of her husband.

NASH

We won't.

HUDSON

All I need is Jason's death justified.

He sips his wine.

INT. BREA'S BAR -- NIGHT

Nash steps inside and takes a barstool on the counter.

BREA WONDER - Nash's older sister of mid thirties walks behind the counter from serving clients and pours a shot for her.

BREA

Had a good day, Detective?

NASH

It was a mess. Both on boss's account and in my personal box.

As she touches her heart.

BREA

I prefer the personal box. It's what am paid for as a bartender.

NASH

Sorry, I don't spill my personal life to bartenders, Brea.

BREA

Fine. As your crazy older sister.

NASH

Larry.

BREA

Sounds a little boss related.

NASH

He can't stop blaming me for what happened.

BREA
A real pain in the ass? Shoot him
and claim it was in self defense.

NASH
What?!

BREA
Just kidding. Talk to him.

NASH
He won't give a damn ear.

BREA
Then drag his ugly-ass in here and
I put some sense in his head.

NASH
That kinda helps.

BREA
Seriously, Kid. Devise means of
getting this jerk off your ass
before it's too late.

RWINGGG!! RWINGGG! Nash's phone rings.

BREA
Another marked man.

She takes the phone out her pocket, looks at the ID and
answers.

NASH
(into phone)
Nash. Where? I'm on my way.

She hangs up.

NASH
Actually, it's a marked woman this
time.

BREA
Good luck with your psycho, sweet
heart.

She drains that shot down her gut and sets for the exit.

NASH
See you later.

BREA
Take care.

EXT. SHOPPING MART -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The police is surrounding a dead woman's body, 40's, lying
in blood between cars. Photos of the scene taken.

One car's front door is open and heavily stained with patches of blood around its doorknob.

The body's chest is open and a deep figure three is cut between the breasts.

Meters from the body blood trails to a shopping bag full of groceries. Some spread on the floor. Next to the shopping bag is a pool of blood and a stained handkerchief.

Detective Nash arrives at the crime scene where Chris and Larry are already at.

CHRIS

Looks like our killer is back.

She crouches to the body and scrutinizes the cuts.

NASH

I thought women were off his "to-do" list.

LARRY

Three is just three.

NASH

Meaning?

CHRIS

(a bit louder)

Could be a couple of more women up his count by ten.

NASH

I won't let that happen.

She follows the blood trails back to the groceries. Picks the stained handkerchief on the floor and puts it inside a small evidence bag.

NASH

Any witnesses?

LARRY

Nope.

NASH

Cameras?

LARRY

There's one and this is it's blind spot.

NASH

She was quite a fighter. The cutting was done right here but she managed to reach her car.

Another police officer arrives with a file. He gives it to Chris, standing next to the dead body. Chris proceeds towards Nash and Larry.

CHRIS

(reading from file)

"Anna Abde-lardo, is forty two years old, a college science lecturer married to one frenchman Alfonso Abde - whatever", and was back to New York City last friday to visit her father --

LARRY

And her killer.

NASH

Where's the dad?

INT. SANATORIUM -- DAY

Nash and Larry quietly on a bench in the waiting room. Old folks are all over the place. Some act more insanely than they actually look.

The sight seems to have more effect on Larry. His laps are trembling. Nash notices.

NASH

You okay?

LARRY

Yeah.

He crosses his legs in an attempt to seize the trembling.

THE NURSE comes wheeling TIM SIMPSON towards them. He's a seventy four year old gloomy man with a "Danny Trejo" kind of look. Has a golden chain in his neck.

Though retired there's is one thing he can't fail to recognise:

SIMPSON

Yah cops?

NASH

Detective Nash and Detective Larry, NYPD.

SIMPSON

Didn't kill nobody.

THE NURSE

It's okay, Tim. They're here to talk to you about Anna.

This breaks him a bit.

SIMPSON

She was my sweet girl.
 (turns thirty again)
 Coulda blown the basturd's fuckin'
 brains out if hadn't been fringed
 in this damn wheelchair!

THE NURSE

Anna came to visit him here every
 month end.

NASH

We're so sorry for your loss,
 Mister Simpson.

SIMPSON

(angrily)
 Sorry?! Damn cops give no fuck
 about a life...

THE NURSE

Tim, we talked about this remember?

SIMPSON

Cops gamme nothing but more
 trouble! Fuck the cops!

THE NURSE

You have to go. I'm sorry he didn't
 help.

She wheels him away as he continues to jabber.

SIMPSON

Fuck the entire NYPD!

A beat of silence as Nash and Larry trade a funny look.

LARRY

Old age sucks.

NASH

More if you were a gangster.

She smiles. They get up.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- DAY

8x10 photographs of ERIC FORD - the first victim, 40's. JAKE SANDERS. JASON BENNET and ANNA ABDELARDO all laid down on the table by Nash.

Chris and Larry are facing each other on opposite sides of the table. Lieutenant Marvin is standing nearby, hand in his pocket.

NASH

Okay. We have Eric ford as our first victim, Jason Bennet, Jake Sanders and Anna Abdelardo. What's common about all these victims?

Everyone thoughtfully looks at the photographs. Larry pulls out Jake's picture.

LARRY

The three victims are numbered except this. Why is Jeb still on this list?

NASH

Is it a coincidence our witness mentioned his name and was found dead the following day?

CHRIS

Could be... I mean, the guy's apartment was a production house itself.

MARVIN

And the post-mortem report ruled out an overdose, right?

NASH

Suffocation.

MARVIN

What?

NASH

An overdose was just a probable cause, Sir.

LARRY

Still... If we're to look at all these victims being murdered by "the man in a suit", which is most likely the case then, suffocation doesn't qualify as his style.

MARVIN

He's right.

NASH

But sir, Jeb's landlord saw the man coming out of the apartment.

MARVIN

He's a sixty year old alcoholic. Tell me a judge who'd buy crap from a man like him, Detective? I bet he read that story in papers.

NASH

Fine... Let's put Jeb aside for a while. What other observation do we have?

CHRIS

I say the killer is obsessed with mathematics.

NASH

And motivated by?

MARVIN

(fairly, mocking Chris)
Counting numbers I guess.

Laughter all around.

MARVIN

You did mention about Jason's mistress, Detective Nash... Have you talked her yet?

NASH

She doesn't fit the profile.

MARVIN

Never underestimate the power of a mistress.

Larry keeps his bad eye on Nash.

I/E. CAR(MOVING) -- DAY

Larry is driving. Nash in the passenger seat.

LARRY

She perfectly fits the profile.

NASH

You know that's not true. We're looking for a male not a female killer.

LARRY

It could be a woman - In a pantsuit.

NASH

Ugh!

LARRY

None of the witnesses claims to have seen the killer's face. Maybe it's her in a man's suit?

She doubtfully looks at him. A beat of silence, then:

NASH

Alright. Let's assume you're right for a moment, and maybe Jason's secretary --

LARRY

Mistress...

NASH

Whatever, killed him. Why'd she kill three other random people?

LARRY

You're not sure they're random yet.

NASH

I'm working on your assumption that a mistress killed her lover to steal his money - Money we haven't heard is lost anyway.

LARRY

I am just saying this woman knows something. Maybe she hired the man in the suit to kill Jason and somehow the three other guys learnt about her plan and now the man in the suit is cleaning loose ends.

NASH

Seriously?! Eric died two months prior to Jason's murder.

She laughs.

LARRY

(sucks it up)

She knows something.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- CHRIS'S DESK -- DAY

Chris is gazing the three 8x10 photographs of Eric, Jason and Anna.

A young cute female officer, 20, approaches Chris on his desk with a hot cup of coffee. She's ZOE.

ZOE

Hey, there?

CHRIS

Zoe... How are you doing?

ZOE

Good. Still obsessing over the mystery man in the suit?

CHRIS

Uh huh.

ZOE
(pointing)
Are these his victims?

CHRIS
Sure... Any clues about the killer
from the pictures?

She gently puts the cup on the table and thoughtfully looks at the photographs. She seductively answers, as if referring to him.

ZOE
I'd say he's really good at his
job.

CHRIS
And...

ZOE
He's out there playing a game he
loves.

CHRIS
And...

ZOE
He picks his targets well.

CHRIS
What do you mean?

ZOE
All these victims seem to be in my
parents' age bracket.

CHRIS
And what'd that be?

ZOE
Forties.

She walks away.

CHRIS
Your coffee?!

ZOE
Keep it... Oh, and don't forget to
return my cup.

His mind is blown away. He sips that cup of coffee.

INT. SECRETARY TO JASON'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A truly awesome blonde, late twenties. The woman to meet before you die, opens the door for Detective Nash and Larry to come inside.

The interior decor is pretty organised reflecting exactly the way she looks. She's irresistible. Larry can't hold the complement.

LARRY
(facetiously)
I'd die coming to this place too.

SECRETARY
What?

NASH
We know about you and Jason.

She begins to loose her nerves.

SECRETARY
So?...

LARRY
We also know he was coming from your place the night he was murdered.

SECRETARY
Do I need to call my lawyer?

LARRY
Not until we drag your pretty little ass to the precinct... But before that, we need to know everything.

SECRETARY
What do you want to know?

NASH
The truth.

LARRY
Only the bloody truth.

She slowly sits down, so is Nash. Larry maintains his gloomy face on his feet.

SECRETARY
Jason and I were happy together --

LARRY
Even when you knew he was married.

She gives him a scared look and she goes dumb. Nash looks at him frustrated.

NASH
Tell us exactly what went on that night.

SECRETARY

It was a normal night as always. We had dinner, had some fun...

LARRY

Fun.

She looks at him.

NASH

Continue, please.

SECRETARY

Then he left for home.

NASH

No, arguments - At all?

SECRETARY

Never. Except...

She holds the statement.

LARRY

Except what?

SECRETARY

On the phone. He had a really tense conversation with his son about money... And the son threatened to kill him.

LARRY

And you didn't find this worth mentioning in your statement?

SECRETARY

I answered all your questions that night, Detective.

She hastily proceeds to the door and opens. Nash follows.

NASH

Mister Bennett's son --

SECRETARY

Alec.

NASH

Thanks. Was that the first time they ever had an argument with him?

SECRETARY

He was so tense after the phone call, I never asked.

NASH

Thanks a lot.

They step out.

SECRETARY

I hope it's the last time you come to my place.

LARRY

We will - Bring you down to the station in case we need anything else from you.

She clangs her door shut and sobs.

EXT. SECRETARY TO JASON'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A tense Nash walks alongside a satisfied Larry towards the car.

NASH

Did you have to treat her like a criminal?

LARRY

Cheer up. We have a live suspect with a clear motive.

EXT. JASON'S HOME -- DAY

Sirens are heard approaching the house. NYPD cars swarm outside in a flash .

Detective Nash, Lieutenant Marvin, Larry, Chris and other police officers step out of their cars and immediately take positions.

INT. JASON'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME

A sixteen year old FIONA BENNETT witnesses cops surrounding the house, as if to capture America's most wanted terrorist.

FIONA

Ho-ly Shit. Mom. Mom!

She opens the door just enough to speak to Detective Nash and Lieutenant Marvin who are very eager to come inside. Nash flashes a picture of Alec on her cell into Fiona's face.

NASH

You know him?

FIONA

Alec? Is he in some kind of trouble?

MARVIN

Too much trouble actually. Where's he?

FIONA

In his room.

Lieutenant Marvin is inside already by the close of her statement. Nash too.

Debra Bennett is coming from her bedroom when she catches the unusual sight outside her house.

DEBRA

What's going on?

MARVIN

Misses Bennett, we have a warranty to search the entire house...

As Nash rests the document in Fiona's chest to satisfy her a questioning look.

DEBRA

Search the house, why?

A couple of cops are remorselessly tossing the place upside down already. Fiona is concerned about her teddy bear dropped on the floor by Larry.

FIONA

Hey, not too barbaric!

MARVIN(CONT'D)

We believe your son has something to do with your husband's murder.

DEBRA

Is that some kind of a joke?

NASH

Afraid not.

It's the last damn ear they offer and join the rest.

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM

A skinny twenty one year old ALEC BENNETT has big DJ headsets on his ears listening to very loud rock and rock.

He cuts cocaine with his I.D card on the table. Unaware of what's coming to him. Folds a paper and just as he bends over to take a sniff --

The door bursts open.

ALEC

Whatta fuck!

Revealing Marvin and Chris armed.

MARVIN

Alec Bennett?

ALEC
That'd be me...

CHRIS
You're under arrest --

Alec casts a pack of cocaine from the table towards them and bolts right through their legs as they shield themselves.

Chris follows him to the...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Alec flips over a moved chair and lands flat on the floor. His head on Nash's boot.

NASH
Oops.

DEBRA
(alarmed)
Are you okay?

Nash firmly holds his arms behind the back and cuff him.

NASH
You're under arrest for the murder
of Jason Bennett.

ALEC
You gotta be kidding me.

NASH(CONT'D)
You have a right to remain silent.
Anything you say can or will be
used against you in the courts of
law.

DEBRA
My son might be a prick Detective
but is not a murderer.

Lieutenant Marvin comes out of Alec's bedroom with a blade.

MARVIN
Found a weapon in his room.

ALEC
That ain't mine I swear.

CHRIS
A hundred bucks I bet. And one
trick for escaping, Alec - Never
use the front door.

NASH
You better hire your son a super
lawyer, Mom.

She drags his skinny ass out.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- HALLWAY -- LATER

Lieutenant Marvin, Detective Nash and Chris watch a dissatisfied Detective Larry walk out on a defiant Alec sitting firm inside the interrogation room with his hands hinged on the table via a unidirectional window.

Detective Larry joins them in the hallway, holding a file in his hand.

MARVIN

He's a tough nut.

NASH

Not until I taste his sheath with my own teeth.

Nash wears a glove on her right hand. Gets the blade from Alec's room from Chris, A file from Larry and walks right into the interrogation room. All business.

The three still watch through the window.

Nash strikes the knife into the table. Right next to Alec's hand. This terrifies him. And the three detectives watching.

LARRY

(referring to Nash)

Bloody hell you're.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Nash steps in front of the small FEED CAM and kills the surveillance. She walks back to Alec.

NASH

Seen what I just did? No body has a slightest idea what's happening in here. Now. We can do things the hard way, which I very much miss by the way or - You open your disgusting lips right now and begin talking.

ALEC

I need a lawyer.

NASH

Good start. Not even Santa Cruz can grant you your wish.

She sits gazing his "a bit" flinching eyes with a terrifying look. Opens the file and displays the three photographs of the victims on the table. Picks a small recorder and plays.

Alec's very tense voice plays on the recorder.

VOICE RECORDER(V.O)

No money?! Yah betta no be fucking me ol' man! Will squeeze your guts out if you return home with no cash!

NASH

That sounds like you, right?

ALEC

Ready toldda first cop I needed that cash.

NASH

To buy cocaine.

(she stands, raging)

You killed your old man, Alec because he returned home with no money for you to buy your fucking drugs!

ALEC

Wasn't fond of him en his fuckin' businesses but didn't kill him I swear... Killed nobody in those pics either.

NASH

Then explain this knife from your room.

ALEC

Never seen that before. Some motherfucker is setting me up.

NASH

Setting you up? And who'd that motherfucker be?

ALEC

(looks in her eye)

That ain't my question, Detective.

Precisely informing Detective Nash to do her job.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- LATER

Nash, Marvin, Larry, Chris. All standing. A bit heated argument.

NASH

I believed him.

CHRIS

Makes two of us.

MARVIN

Looks like a good lead to me.

NASH

A good lead to nowhere, Lieutenant.
His alibis check out well and are
pretty undoubtable.

LARRY

He's got a murder weapon and a
strong motive --

CHRIS

Which only fits his father's death,
assuming the prints on it come out
matching with his.

NASH

I'm not sending a man to death
basing on conspiracy theories.

MARVIN

Then work the case faster,
Detective because the DA is already
screwing my ass.

She sighs.

EXT. ZOE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A three roomed house in an average estate neighborhood.
Chris ascends the porch stairs. He holds Zoe's cup in his
hand.

He stands thinking for a beat. Then reluctantly knocks on
the door. Before he knocks again.

A ready for bed seductive Zoe opens the door. Dressed in a
skimpy see-through night wear.

He sizes her down from the toe up to her last strand of hair
on the head.

He licks his lips. All full of lust - can't hold to be
invited in.

CHRIS

(out of words)

The - Cup.

She wildly drags him...

INT. ZOE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He tosses the cup broken just as the door clangs shut.

She rips open his shirt. Sucks his nipple a bit then kisses
him on his lips.

He strides her towards the couch. Pushes her down on her
back and jumps on top of her like a horse. She rolls him
down to the floor. A slight giggle.

She rides him hard - "woman on top" for a "quickest" until he cums so loud.

She stands and drops her night wear - "Oops" then proceed to her bedroom. Chris practically runs after her like a hungry dog chasing a bone.

INT. NASH'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A relatively big family home. Nash comes in with an A4 size envelope in hand. Starts undressing almost from the door. Her sister already home. A bit odd. She's watching one of those late night shows on TV.

NASH
(a bit curious)
You early today.

BREA
I hired an assistant.

NASH
You don't strike me as a dedicating
person, just like --

BREA
Mom?.

NASH
You've got your answer.

BREA
Well. Dad can't complain for
standing on a workaholic pole
alone.

As she unlocks a door to the basement.

NASH
Got to save my boss's tight-ass
from the DA.

Brea laughs. Nash descends the dark staircase to the...

INT. NASH'S HOME -- BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

She puts the lights on.

Another off book investigation of the "man in the suit" case on a 6x6 feet board.

Copies of the four victims photos, ERIC. JASON. ANNA and JAKE - circled in red, are linked to one "question marked" head of a man in suit by green ink.

Photos of all the crime scenes. Photos of officers available on a particular crime scene.

She gazes the board revealing true obsession for the case.

In the envelope she holds in her hand. Nash pulls out a 8x10 photograph of Alec and pins it on the board - Above the headless man in the suite's photo.

She studies the patterns again, and again. Picks a green marker off the table and draws a line connecting Alec to the man in the suite with the arrow head pointing towards Alec's photo.

She writes on the just drawn line a bold - "FRAMING?" with another red marker.

Darkens the "question marked" headless man in the suite.

NASH
(curiously, to herself)
Who are you?

She takes two steps back and studies the patterns again.

INT. ZOE'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Zoe and chris are just recovering from another round of "hot" sex.

Chris exhales loudly. He laughs. She laughs. He definitely loves it.

He lies on his back and she rests her head in his bare chest.

A wierd beat of silence as he moves his eyes around the room. It's fantastic.

His POV: Photos of "her" and the family. At a resort. At the police Academy.

He has that guilty conscious look on his face now.

CHRIS
I should say something.

ZOE
Don't.

CHRIS
Really?

ZOE
Trust me. It'll spoil the moment.

He just looks at her - as if to say "I hold my peace". A beat. Until.

ZOE
I was thinking about your case.

CHRIS

Aah, another "man in the suit" fun.
What were you thinking?

ZOE

What if you were right he's
obsessed with mathematics?

Chris isn't quite sure what she's talking about.

CHRIS

O-kay.

ZOE

What if he's actually counting his
jobs... What if he's a professional
killer hired by some rich guys in
offices somewhere who prefer not to
have mess on their hands?

CHRIS

Can't say I'm following.

ZOE

What I am saying is - Stop just
staring at the body, Chris. Explore
what's beneath the skin.

He smiles "an idea".

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- DAY

Detectives; Nash, Chris and Larry are sitting behind their desks.

KIRRA - A sweet laboratory officer approaches Nash's desk with a file in her hand.

MEANWHILE, Lieutenant Marvin approaches from his office too.

KIRRA

Lieutenant. Detectives, we run a
complete scan on the knife as you
requested.

MARVIN

And?

KIRRA

There wasn't a single print on it.

She hands the file over to Nash.

NASH

Another dead end.

MARVIN

So it seems. Thanks a lot, Kirra.

KIRRA

Please.

She proceeds away. They impotently look at each other, then:

CHRIS

When you went to Eric's place of work, who exactly did you talk to, Detective Nash?

NASH

The boss.

CHRIS

Alone.

NASH

(hesitant)

Yeah. Everyone else was busy - He said.

CHRIS

What exactly were his words about Eric's relationship with other employees?

NASH

Something like, "Eric was a people person".

CHRIS

What I thought.

No one else seems to have an idea where he's going with this.

NASH

Also said - None of the other employees wanted to occupy his office after his death.

LARRY

Why?

MARVIN

Respect. It's a sign of respect.

CHRIS

Don't you find that a bit weird? I mean... If either of you, Nash and Larry was murdered today, my prime suspect would be either of you who still lived.

LARRY

Because?

CHRIS

You loudly hate each other.

LARRY
I don't hate her.

NASH
Oh, you do.

CHRIS
Pick the point! There are people
like you in every office in the
whole world.

Marvin grins at this.

NASH
So?

CHRIS
He lied.

MARVIN
About?

CHRIS
Everything!

NASH
Do we have to cross examine him
again?

CHRIS
Not him. Someone different.

EXT. CLINT TEXTILE COMPANY - DAY

Nash and Chris sit on a bench across the building's main
entrance. Waiting. He looks at his digital watch.

INSERT WATCH SCREEN: It reads "4:59 P.M" A beat. It blinks
"5:00 P.M"

BACK TO SCENE:

A bell rings inside the building. The doors of the building
open. Employees emerge out in numbers rushing like hungry
elementary kids.

NASH
He'we go.

She stands.

CHRIS
Wait.

NASH
For?

CHRIS
Someone.

NASH

Someone?

He doesn't respond. She shrugs and sit. The employees number gradually thins... To 3...2...1 employee. Nash's patience is running out.

NASH

Are you watching?

CHRIS

(exaggerated relaxation)

Sure.

NASH

Ugh!

She painfully sets her ass back on that bench. Chris is now playing a game on his cell. A beat of a disgusting silence on Nash. Then:

A sinewy sixty two year old man, wearing a flat cap on a bad suit steps out of the building, along with another fat man in fifties. She knows him.

NASH

That's him.

CHRIS

(absent minded)

Hm?

NASH

Seriously?!. You're playing King Dave at this time?

A black SUV pulls in. For seconds. It's out of sight before they notice.

NASH(CONT'D)

Eric's boss...

(she notices)

...is gone!

His confidence not shaken a bit.

CHRIS

Calm down, darlin', before you give yourself a huge heart attack.

NASH

Great... Another of my sheik partners.

CHRIS

Relax.

NASH

Relax? If you haven't noticed we've just lost the boss.

CHRIS

The door is not locked yet.

CHRIS

A bit of education Chris, most doors in New York lock technologically.

A tired man, 40s, not devotional by his look, steps out the door as Nash's "technologically" still gags out of her mouth. It's MISTER CRANMER.

She almost swallows the word as a security guard locks the door inside.

CHRIS

There - Is our someone.

Nash and Chris immediately propel towards the man. She follows.

NASH

Why him?

CHRIS

He came out of the building last.

NASH

And?

CHRIS

We'll talk to him.

NASH

The question is still, why him?

CHRIS

He hates his boss.

They reach the man. He actually heard Chris's last statement. He nervously looks at them.

CHRIS

(flashes his budge)

NYPD --

MISTER CRANMER

Jesus, Clint... I returned all the fabrics but he won't let go of my sorry ass.

Chris and Nash glance at each other.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. RESTAURANT -- DUSK

It's two stories up a building - four blocks away and adjacent to Clint's textile company.

From above; where Nash, Chris and Cranmer are sitting, Clint's textile company is seen through the glass, below.

Three cups of coffee are served on their table.

MISTER CRANMER

Thanks.

(he sips on his cup)

My father owned sixty percent of the company but when he died, Mister Clint and his lawyers altered his will, indicating he gave 50 percent to Clint and only 10 percent to his heir.

CHRIS

Who happens to be you?

Cranmer nods.

MISTER CRANMER

Mister Clint was, actually a good person but I guess --

CHRIS

Money reveals how greedy we're. Sorry.

NASH

About Mister Ford, how exactly did he relate with other employees, Mister Cranmer?

MISTER CRANMER

He was pretty good with everyone. He always was. In fact in his third year with the company we introduced a "people's person award" --

NASH

I think I saw that in his office the first time I came.

MISTER CRANMER

Yeah... He was actually the only person to have won it five consecutive times.

CHRIS

So, basically he didn't have any problems with any other employees?

MISTER CRANMER

Not of I know. Except on that day.

CHRIS

What day?

He hesitates.

NASH

Go ahead, please.

MISTER CRANMER

That day when he was murdered, Jenna told me they had a tense fight in Mister Clint's office about his daughter.

NASH

Who's daughter?

MISTER CRANMER

Eric's daughter.

CHRIS

And who's Jenna?

He delicately answers.

MISTER CRANMER

Jenna - Is Mister Clint's, secretary... Please don't question her about this. She's the only person I have left who trusts me in the company.

NASH

Do you know where Mister Ford's daughter lives?

MISTER CRANMER

Of course.

I/E. CAR(MOVING) -- THAT NIGHT

Detective Nash is so concentrated on driving. Chris is staring out the window.

CHRIS

How come you never met Eric's daughter before?

NASH

I wasn't on this case until you arrived.

CHRIS

Why?

NASH

Was on a "sick leave" - And still waiting for my new partner

(MORE)

NASH (cont'd)
travelling by bus from Idaho to
arrive.

CHRIS
I didn't travel by bus.

NASH
You forgot the tickets in your
file.

CHRIS
Dammit!

She laughs.

The car passes an old woman, about seventies, stopping a cab
outside a hotel.

OLD WOMAN
(as they pass her)
Taxi!

The taxis are not cooperating. Chris seems so touched by the
sight.

He continues to watch her through the side mirror until
she's out of focus.

CHRIS
Do you really think that creepy old
man has anything to do with these
murders?

NASH
You know I don't believe much in --

CHRIS
Coincidences? Of course I do.

NASH
You don't think he does?

CHRIS
I think - A grudge is a really
terrible thing.

She knows what he means. She never responds.

They silently ride for a beat. Then:

CHRIS
What's the story?

NASH
(pretending)
I don't think I got the question.

CHRIS
Come on, Nash. You know what I mean.

NASH
I don't.

CHRIS
Why the grudge between you and Larry?

NASH
Who said there's any grudge between us?

CHRIS
You said it yourself today's morning, that he hates you.

NASH
That was --

CHRIS
True!. Being the new guy doesn't blur my brains.

He won't let go this time. She gets it in his eyes.

NASH
It's a long story.

CHRIS
So is the journey ahead of us.

NASH
(sighs)
Fine. IAN and I were, you know "partners" just like you and me.

CHRIS
Oh, I can see where this going. Who's Ian?

NASH
Larry's twin brother.

CHRIS
There's two of them?!

NASH
(appealingly)
Was - So sweet. Only his appearance would suggest a relation with Larry but Ian's attitude so angelic.

CHRIS
He really got you under his spell.

She looks out the window in attempt to block her feelings.
He notices.

CHRIS
What happened?

A tear rolls down her cheek. She collects herself together
and turns back to him:

NASH
Wel...

With her statement, we make a --

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. JEWELRY STORE -- NIGHT

-LAST SUMMER-

The car stops outside, having cut directly from the same
car, except with IAN - Larry's IDENTICAL TWIN, brighter and
charming, in Chris's seat.

NASH(CONT'D)
...come to another late arrival.

Ian and Nash rush out of the car to the store.

The store's glassed doors are smashed down and lights are on
inside.

The robbery took place long before the got here. They slowly
step...

INT. JEWELRY STORE

Their guns peering ahead first. No signs of any robbers.

A number of Jewelry glass boxes are smashed and their
contents taken out.

The two are not impressed but the chemistry between them
knows no boundaries.

NASH
Why?!

IAN
Why what?

NASH
Bonney and Clyde are always ahead
of us?

IAN
Maybe we focus too much on chasing
them and forget the most important
(MORE)

IAN (cont'd)
 thing...
 (romantically)
 Maybe we don't take time to ask the
 right question...

He's down on his knee. Gently holds her hand.

NASH
 What are you doing?

IAN
 Detective Nash Wonder. Will you
 marry me?

She looks genuinely surprised. She freezes. The last thing she expected at this moment. He repeats his proposal.

IAN
 Nash Wonder. Will you marry me?

She beams out of her dream.

NASH
 (overwhelmed)
 Yes! Yes. I'll marry you Ian
 Hoffman.

He jumps off his knee and awards her with a deep intimate snog.

BEHIND NASH; Ian's hand drops down into a smashed box and picks out a diamond ring.

He gently fits it on her finger. She notices. She stares at her finger. She's actually staring at the ring.

NASH
 It's, it's Stunning. Tell me you
 just picked it from one of those
 glasses right now.

He shrugs a "hell yeah I just did". She loves it. She loves the whole surprise thing. They kiss again.

Purple flash lights cut through their faces as sirens grow louder towards them and we're --

BACK TO SCENE:

I/E. CAR(MOVING) -- THAT NIGHT

A police car is racing behind theirs with sirens. Neither realizes how fast they're travelling.

The speed limit reads: "110 km/hr".

NASH
 Shit!

Chris is still inside the story. His eyes closed.

CHRIS
The most romantic proposal I've
ever heard.

A SCREECH OF BRAKES as she steps on the brake pedal. Chris
hits his head on the dashboard.

CHRIS
Aw! That hurt.

NASH
First part is over.

Nash finally pulls over. The police car behind them pulls
over too.

POLICE OFFICER steps out and proceeds towards their car.
Chris's window lowers and the officer crouches over the car
with his torch lighting inside the car.

They flash their budes.

CHRIS
NYPD.

Officer scrutinizes his budge. It's genuine. He gives it
back.

POLICE OFFICER
Everything okay?

NASH
Duty calls.

POLICE OFFICER
Mind putting up the signal,
Detectives?

NASH
Of course. Sorry.

POLICE OFFICER
No problem. Have a great night.

CHRIS
You too Sergeant.

He backs off. She drives away.

CHRIS
(curiously)
What happened next?

She rolls her eyes as if to say "No more"

CHRIS
Come on!

She gets him out of it.

NASH
Well. Going home for a sleep.

EXT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Detective Nash's car pulls over. She hoots the car's horn a "come out".

Chris signals the "I'll be right there" through the window

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME

A small apartment not too crowded with things inside. Some boxes are still unpacked.

Chris is romantically battling off a playful Zoe. She's dressed in undies and her police shirt. She has his gun.

ZOE
Not too fast detective.

CHRIS
You'll be late, Zoe, and that's not a fine thing on your record for the first month.

ZOE
It's your first month too in New York, Detective.

CHRIS
That's why a good impression is paramount for both of us. Gimme the gun.

ZOE
Hands on your ass where I can clearly see them.

CHRIS
Zoe please...

He peeks out through the curtains.

CHRIS
You're making my ride wait for too long.

ZOE
(nasty)
I'd ride you if you wish.

CHRIS
That's not a brilliant idea right now.

Nash vigorously hoots the car's horn again.

CHRIS
(through the window)
Coming!

He grabs the gun from Zoe.

CHRIS
(seriously)
Guns and games don't mix. Don't
forget to lock the door.

ZOE
I got it.

He dashes out.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Chris steps inside with a broad smile. Nash is not smiling.

CHRIS
A good morning, Detective? Are we
ready to hear the second part of
your story?

NASH
(a bit, annoyed)
We were ready to meet the only
person that may lead us to a killer
like, twenty minutes ago,
Detective.

CHRIS
Alright. I'm sorry.

NASH
I hate to wait.

CHRIS
Copy that. Now, will you at least
just smile a good morning back?

She puts on that beautiful smile of hers.

CHRIS
Good morning.

She starts the car and drives away.

EXT. BANK -- DAY

A MASCULINE HAND - dressed in a BLACK GLOVES, holding a
glittering knife pops into FRAME. The knife slides beneath
the suit's sleeves and he begins to move forward.

CLOSE ON: A pair of black male shoes, clearly polished,
moving towards the BANK'S ENTRANCE.

Through the Killer'S POV; A security guard blocks him with his hand as he attempts to enter the bank unchecked.

SECURITY OFFICER

Sir. Sir, You need to step aside
for checking first.

CLOSE ON: The pair of shoes. A beat. Turns and walks away from the bank.

Killer'S POV: He spots "BAO-BAO'S OUTDOOR RESTAURANT" across the street. He gallantly moves to...

EXT. BAO-BAO RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

... He sits, staring at the bank's entrance. A teenage Chinese girl with tinny eyes blocks his view with a menu. Her nametag reads: "Ee-Mun"

EE-MUN

(in chinese)

What may I offer you, Sir?

Nothing. He seems not to understand. She wears that annoying Chinese grin on her face. Carefully chooses her words in poor English.

EE-MUN

What offer, Sir?

She broadly smiles as if returning the offer from the other end.

INSERT MENU: Mostly in Chinese. A finger tip in black gloves scrolls down the menu and points at "BLACK COFFEE"

EE-MUN

Be right back.

She steps inside the building.

EXT. ERIC FORD'S HOME -- DAY

An average accountant's home with a well "cared for" flower garden in the front-yard.

A stressed MISSES FORD of thirties stands watering the gardens.

Detective Nash's car pulls over. They step out of the car and proceed towards her. She has never seen them before.

MISSES FORD

May I help you?

CHRIS

Misses Ford?

MISSES FORD

Yes.

CHRIS

Detective Chris and Detective Nash,
NYPD.

NASH

We need to ask your daughter a few
questions about your husband's
murder.

MISSES FORD

What happened to the other
Detective - Malcolm?

CHRIS

Transferred.

She's not satisfied yet.

NASH

We believe she might say something
to help us find the killer.

MISSES FORD

My daughter does not speak.

She trade a look of "burned energy". Then:

MISSES FORD

Come with me please.

They enter the house.

EXT. BAO-BAO RESTAURANT -- SAME DAY

Killer's POV: The cup of black coffee is long empty. Still
staring at the bank's entrance. Hold a beat, then:

A FAT TALL AMERICAN WOMAN about "180 pounds" of late forties
and a TINNY SHORT CHINESE MAN of fifties emerge out of the
bank's door laughing, man holding a shopping basket in his
hand.

They move towards a car in the bank's parking lot, where
they briefly talk what he can't hear. The man then walks
away as the woman steps inside the car and drives into the
street.

He places a bank note on top of the cup and moves towards
the...

EXT. BANK, STREET -- CONTINUOUS

He stops A CAB and steps inside. He directs the cab driver
to take the same route as the fat woman's car.

INT. ERIC FORD'S HOME -- SAME DAY

A pretty eighteen year old SASHA FORD communicates to the detectives in sign language. Her mother translates. Chris seems a bit taken up by the girl's way of communicating.

CHRIS
(mimics the sign)
What did she say?

MISSES FORD
"He is a very mean man. So is
Jeremiah..."

NASH
Who's Jeremiah?

Misses Ford signs to her.

MISSES FORD
"Mister Clint's grandson. They go
to school with her..."

NASH
What did Jeremiah do?

Misses Ford signs. She hesitates to sign back.

CHRIS
What does the break mean?

NASH
It's a break, Detective, she's
nervous.

Misses Ford signs "It's Alright" to her. She signs back.

MISSES FORD
"Jeremiah forced himself on me"...
(forgets she doesn't
hear, reacts)
Oh my God, Sasha, why didn't you
tell me?!

NASH
That's horrible. Then her father
found out?

Missus Ford signs "How did your father find out?" She signs back.

MISSES FORD
"Nina told him"

CHRIS
Nina is her best Friend?

This she understood. She nods.

EXT. HOTEL BUILDING -- DAY

DISCOVER: A sign "PARKING LOT" pointing down the building's basement.

The FAT WOMAN'S car from the bank pulls outside the hotel and as the guard moves the sign to create way: Killer's CAB drives past the hotel building.

Through his POV; WE SEE the fat woman's car proceeding down the parking lot. He scopes the ten story building down-up with his sharp eyes as the CAB proceeds off.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- EVENING

Nash, Chris and Larry are going over their day's results.

LARRY

... Father finds out what happened, threatens to sue boss's grandson, they fight about it. Mister Clint offers them payment but Eric insists on justice --

CHRIS

And Mister Clint adds him to his counting list.

LARRY

Hm. Sounds a pretty good motive for a murder. But doesn't explain the other two murders still.

NASH

Just like Jason's son. How did your tour go?

LARRY

A complete waste of time. Anna's husband hated his father-in-law and tried to distance his family as far as possible. His children barely speak English.

NASH

So, they had no idea whatsoever about any person who'd hurt her?

LARRY

Nothing.

NASH

And no close - American relatives who speak "actual" english?

LARRY

Tim Simpson.

CHRIS
(too curious)
Mister "Fuck the entire NYPD?"

NASH
Hell Yeah.

Lieutenant Marvin enters the squad room fuming, towards his office:

MARVIN
Wonder? In my office, right now.

CHRIS
(jokingly, low tone)
Trouble... It's been screwed for
real this time.

They giggle. She proceeds...

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Lieutenant Marvin stands waiting for her.

MARVIN
Tell me your new suspect leads us
somewhere.

NASH
He has a concrete motive,
Lieutenant but it accounts for
Eric's murder alone. We need some
time to establish a connection with
the other murders.

MARVIN
We don't have "some-time". FBI is
taking over the case if we don't
have the killer by the close of
this week.

NASH
I'll head to Mister Clint's right
now.

On her way out:

MARVIN
Wonder?

She turns.

MARVIN
Be a damn-good detective on this
one.

She nods and walks back to her desk. She picks the car keys.

NASH
(for Chris)
Get your tired-ass off the chair
and follow me, Detective.

CHRIS
You're kidding?

LARRY
She never kids.

Chris follows.

INT. CLINT'S TEXTILE COMPANY -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A mid 30s, red hair, Clint's PERSONAL SECRETARY - JENNA walks slightly ahead of Nash and Chris through a long hallway.

JENNA
Mister Clint is very strict about
guests in the production unit at
night.

CHRIS
Trust me darling but I hated being
here too before.

He winks at her. She smiles.

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- RECEPTION -- SAME NIGHT

KILLER'S POV:

The Hotel doors open and he enters right to a RECEPTIONIST, 20s, smiling at her computer screen. He stands still. She turns to him with a grin.

RECEPTIONIST
How may I help you?

He drops a note on the desk. She picks it.

INSERT NOTE: "WOODY CHYE " is the name written on it.

BACK TO SCENE

She enters the name into her computer, turns to him.

RECEPTIONIST
Is she expecting you?

He drops another note with "SURPRISE!!" Written on.

RECEPTIONIST
Alright. She stays in Room B23,
third level.

He drops a "THANK YOU" note.

RECEPTIONIST

You're welcome.

He turns. Still his POV; He looks at all the camera's in the place for a moment, observing their connectors.

ONE AT THE STAIRCASE. TWO DIRECTLY FACING HIM AT THE RECEPTION. ONE AT THE EXIT.

He gets the sense of where the control room could be, basing on their connectors and his calculations. He looks at the staircase.

RECEPTIONIST(O.S)

Sir. Sir?

He turns.

RECEPTIONIST

Room B23 is on the third level. You could take the elevator.

She smiles.

He walks towards the staircase but foregoes it and goes for the elevator. He hand presses the "up-button" and waits as it drops from: 5...4...3...2...1...L and TING!

The elevator's door slides open.

A sixteen year old girl stands inside, chewing. It's AMY(WITNESS from Jason's crime scene) He stands still, she doesn't come out, but instead presses the button.

AMY

Going up?

She smiles and he grabs the door as it slides shut and enters...

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR

Through his POV; The receptionist waves at him with a bright smile on her face and his hand waves back. The elevator door slides shut. Amy presses (5). He doesn't.

AMY(O.S)

She likes you... Was actually coming to the 5th level... But forgot the button and am, back to zero. There's a party on the 7th level... I hoped to crush but the guys were mean.

He stares at the digital indicator as it ascends to: 3...

AMY(O.S)(CONT'D)

I don't think you understand but --

TING! The elevator door slides open. She steps out.

AMY

Don't forget your button.

She waves. His hand waves back. The door slides shut.

INT. CLINT'S TEXTILE COMPANY -- PRODUCTION UNIT -- NIGHT

Nash, Chris and Jenna enter this massive production unit. Cotton piles everywhere. Huge rolls of threads and heavy duty machinery. A number of men at work.

The production unit doorman gives the three nose masks as they come inside.

Mister Clint is standing with two gentlemen. Jenna approaches him.

JENNA

Excuse me, Sir.

Clint turns and recognizes detective Nash.

MISTER CLINT

Tell the detectives I don't have their time right now.

NASH

Maybe you'll find some to visit your grandson in jail, Mister Clint.

His attention is grabbed.

MISTER CLINT

(to Jenna)

You may tour the Gentlemen around as I come back.

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- TOP LEVEL LOBBY -- SAME NIGHT

KILLER'S POV:

He moves towards the lobby's end, steadily staring at the camera in the extreme corner. He knows he's being watched.

The last door in the lobby opens and a HOTEL GUARD scurries out towards him...

HOTEL GUARD

Sir... Sir... This is a restricted ar --

BAM!! -- ONE HARD PUNCH across his face cuts his statement and puts him on the floor, unconscious.

Another guard dashes out of the room just in time for his gut to collide with A FLYING DAGGER. He falls on the floor,

dead.

The killer carefully peeks inside the room... It's the control room and no one else is there.

He turns back and pulls the bodies...

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- CONTROL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

KILLER'S POV:

He removes a "9mm ballistic pistol" from his back and screws a silencer on it.

He blows a hole in the unconscious guard's head, picks the gun shell and pockets it. He looks at the surveillance screen. Whoever this man is knows exactly what he's doing.

INSERT SURVEILLANCE MONITOR: He observes the entire hotel surveillance and nothing seems out of control, except a bunch of teenagers on "LOBBY 07 CAM" having fun.

BACK TO SCENE

He runs his hand on a wire behind the surveillance computer which leads him to a -- METALLIC CABIN in the room's corner.

He shoots the lock broken and gazes at a recorder inside the cabin..

CLOSE ON HIS HAND as it ejects the recordable tape out of the recorder and shoots it.

ANGLE ON SURVEILLANCE MONITOR: The hotel Surveillance is lost. He looks around the room, Obviously searching for something.

He stands and observes. Something looks odd, looks like a crack running just below the metallic cabin.

He follows it towards the Server's desk, drags the table away and sees a small back-up DVD recorder, blinking.

He ejects the DVD out of the recorder, pockets both the DVD and the small tape and walks out of the room.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR

Killer's POV: On the digital level indicator as it runs down from 6...5...4...3 and TING! The door slides open and he steps out...

INT. LEVEL THREE LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

He walks passed ROOM B21, ROOM B22 and finally to ROOM B23. He holds a beat, then, his hand knocks on the door.

The door opens revealing -- WOODY CHYE, the fat woman from the bank.

WOODY

Yes?

He puts her on gun point and instructs her to move back...

INT. ROOM B23 -- CONTINUOUS

The door shuts behind him. The apartment is classy but messy, with everything not in it's right position.

Through the killer's POV; he slightly gazes a CHINESE BUDDHA and WOODY strikes the gun out his hand to the floor.

They wrestle down to the floor. He punches her. She punches him. He chokes her. She grabs his finger and bites it.

She strikes his head on the wall and she stands a "Come on!" on the room's centre carpet. He notices.

He swiftly turns off the wall and wrenches the carpet. She flips and --

BOOM!! -- She lands on a glass table, smashing into pieces. The glass fragments pierce in every part of her body.

He bends over, gasping and as he turns to pick his gun off the floor --

She grabs his COLLAR -- but on her face is an incomprehensive look.

We follow the gaze on her face to a knife stabbed right through her belly. His suit gets stained in her blood.

CLOSE ON WOODY'S HAND, letting go of the killer's collar as she takes her final breath...

A BUTTON comes off his shirt but he doesn't notice this. The hand strikes the floor and we --

FOCUS ON THE BUTTON, rolling like a wheel towards the couch and --

BOOM!! -- Sound of THE BUTTON as it lands on the floor.

EXT. ROOM B23 -- MINUTES LATER

Killer's POV: Peeking through the lobby. It's clear. He walks out of the room -- past ROOM B22, towards the elevator but --

TING! -- The elevator door slides open and the SHORT Chinese "from the bank" steps out. He's carrying vegetables in a shopping basket.

They trade a brief look with the killer. The Chinese obviously scared. He scurries towards ROOM B23 but before he grabs the doorknob --

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Killer's POV: The killer SNAPS at him and as the man turns to see --

BAM!! -- the killer blows his skull open. The impact bursts him into ROOM B23, a dead weight, as the elevator door shuts.

He picks the shell and pockets it as the elevator drops from 3...2...1...L and TING! The door slides open and as he steps into --

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

Killer's POV: He blows the receptionist's head open, picks the bullet shell and exits the building.

INT. CLINT'S TEXTILE COMPANY -- CLINT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Mister Clint sits behind his desk. Chris and Nash prefer to stand.

MISTER CLINT

Let the dead rest in peace,
Detectives.

NASH

Not until we grip their killer to
justice - Mister Clint.

MISTER CLINT

Look at me. I can't even kill a
fly.

CHRIS

Could be because it flies. The last
time I heard, people don't fly.
Except in planes of course.

MISTER CLINT

He's a good talker this one.
Anyway. To save your precious time
and mine detectives. Like you
already figured. We did have an
argument with Mister Ford but we
settled everything that very day.

CHRIS

By numbering him?

MISTER CLINT

Don't be a cocksucker son.

Nash smiles.

MISTER CLINT

Sorry. My grandson was invited to their school along with us and Mister Ford's pretty daughter, he apologized, I did and was asked to pay for her treatment and fifty thousand in good faith, which I actually paid right there and - The next I heard was the terrible news of Mister Ford's death.

CHRIS

I'm I still a cocksucker to believe you killed him to have your money back since - Actually your very good explanation stacks you into more shit, Mister Clint.

Clint brags.

MISTER CLINT

I own a debt free forty million dollar investment, Detective. Fifty grand is a little piece of shit.

RWINGG!! RWINGG!! Her cell rings as a forty five year old African-American man in a suit walks in. He's Mister Clint's lawyer.

MISTER CLINT

Where the hell have you been?

CLINT'S LAWYER

Traffic...

NASH

(into phone)

Where? On our way.

She hangs up. Something is off. Clint notices.

MISTER CLINT

I'm guessing, another murder blamed on Clint seated right in his office with two detectives and his lawyer. Such perfect alibis.

She has a thought for the lawyer.

NASH

Sir, Do you mind telling me where you were about forty minutes ago?

CLINT'S LAWYER

If you try to make yourself even a bit smarter, Detective, put your theories in front of a judge and see how your own shit blows right back into your pretty face.

Mister Clint laughs his old lungs almost out while poking his lawyer in a friendly way.

NASH
We'll be back --

MISTER CLINT
With great news about my
accountant's murderer, detectives.

He continues to laugh as the two walk out.

MISTER CLINT(CONT'D)
She's got a pretty ass too!

She sucks it but Chris won't keep his annoying look off her ass.

NASH
What?!

CHRIS
He has an eye too, you know.

EXT. HOTEL BUILDING -- NIGHT

A number of police officers are surrounded by yellow tape and some keeping a bunch of teenagers out.

A couple hurries out of the hotel terrified carrying all their suitcases.

Detective Larry is standing next to the hotel doorman's body lying just outside the door.

Crime scene photographs are being taken.

Nash and Chris's car pulls over. They step out and move towards:

LARRY
Welcome to the grand party,
Detectives.

NASH
What's on the menu?

LARRY
Six victims. All murdered in a
forty minutes interval.

CHRIS
He's got to be a high-ranking damn
killer.

LARRY
He is.

Larry offers the two gloves. They put them on. Nash crouches down to the body.

LARRY(CONT'D)

Brian Munroe, thirty seven years old doorman shot in the head.

NASH

Weapon?

LARRY

Not found yet.

NASH

(thoughtfully)

What kind of a killer shoots a doorman?

CHRIS

The kind that hates his job.

She stands and they enter...

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

The receptionist is dead in her chair with a hole blown right through her forehead. Her Cloths all stained in blood.

NASH

What's her story?

LARRY

Ashley Miles, twenty four years old, and according to her time of death she died second last.

CHRIS

She looks --

As if to say "hot"

NASH(CONT'D)

Very dead.

CHRIS

I was going to say new on the job.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- TOP LEVEL LOBBY -- SAME NIGHT

A police officer stands on guard outside the control room's door. Larry, Nash and Chris walk towards the room. A pool of blood all over the lobby.

ANOTHER POLICE OFFICER

(waving)

Detectives.

As they enter...

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- CONTROL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The two security guard bodies lie inches from the door.

LARRY

Now, this is where the whole party
seems to have begun.

She sees the broken metallic cabin in the corner, heads
towards it and notices the trashed recorder.

NASH

Looks like our killer hates fame
too.

CHRIS

The back-up?

LARRY

Nothing. He took the DVD from right
behind where you're standing,
Detective.

Nash thoroughly looks at the bodies.

NASH

I still don't see how all these
victims connect with my current
case.

LARRY

I knew you'd say. Come with me.

INT. BREA'S BAR -- SAME NIGHT

Brea is behind the counter, drying glasses with a towel.
Some customers are already enjoying the drinks.

A tall handsome Irish hunk of late thirties, smartly dressed
in a suit walks in right to the counter and quietly sits,
staring at her. He's BERK GOBNET.

She gets the feeling of being watched and turns, only to be
stunned by the guy.

BREA

(quietly, to herself)

Whoa.

She likes him. He sees that and smiles.

BREA

(politely)

Am I supposed to ask?

GOBNET

Whiskey.

He has that Irish accent.

BREA
Any brand in particular?

GOBNET
Take a guess.

BREA
(playfully)
Hm. With those looks and accent I'd say - Irish?

GOBNET
(excitedly)
Ah! You're home.

BREA
(enthusiastic)
Yes!

She nailed it. She offers him just what he asked for.

BREA
You have a name?

GOBNET
Do you?

BREA
It's all over the place.

He recollects his mind. He saw it up the entrance.

GOBNET
Brea?... That's you?

BREA
Disappointed?

GOBNET
(jokingly)
Actually. I expected one of those scullery maids in "Snow White and the Huntsman".

She laughs.

GOBNET(CONT'D)
I can't fail to say I'm impressed.

BREA
You haven't told me yours yet, remember?

GOBNET
Most Americans call me back Goblet.

BREA
And you call yourself?

GOBNET
Berk with B-E and Gobnet with an N.

BREA
Berk Gobnet. Quite unique.

She quietly recites it. He smiles.

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- ELEVATOR

Nash, Larry and Chris inside. From 9...

CHRIS
(jokingly)
It's gonna ting again.

NASH
Not funny.

Coincidentally. TING! And the elevator door slides open.

NASH
(angrily)
Did you press that button again!

LARRY
He didn't.

NASH
Ugh!

She stares out. Nothing. The door slides shut.

NASH
Is there a time you hoped you had
taken the staircase?

CHRIS
Not from a ten story hotel
building.

He didn't help. They descend and at level five. TING!

NASH
Seriously?!

She has had enough. The door slides open revealing --

AMY, standing next to his tough DAD, forties, dressed in an
expensive suit. Nash and Amy's eyes lock.

AMY
Detective Nash?

NASH
Amy?

None believes the other is in the same building. There's a thing about her Dad's look. He has a hate on for cops.

Amy enters the elevator and her father quietly follows. The door slides shut.

NASH(CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

AMY

(fairly, mocking her Dad)
I live... Oh wait, was living here
but the hotel has certainly become
too expensive for my millionaire
Dad.

She has no idea what's going down the hotel.

AMY'S DAD

How did the two of you meet...?
Lemme guess. One of those stupid
times when my daughter finds
herself in trouble, right?

AMY

Doesn't mean I have to hate cops,
Dad just because you hate them.

TING! The elevator door slides open at level three.

NASH

Finally.

As the Detectives step out, Amy spots the Chinese body on the floor.

AMY

Another murder...? Can I see it?

Her father grabs her hand as she attempts to come out of the elevator:

AMY'S DAD

Time, young lady!

The elevator door slides shut and Nash turns to look at it suspiciously. Chris notices.

CHRIS

Do not even think what I think
you're thinking.

LARRY

You want to know what I think too?
I think you should detect instead
of creating, conspiracy theories
you call it?

She's not satisfied. Chris stares --

INT. ROOM B23 -- CONTINUOUS

He grins at the sight. The fat woman's body lies on a smashed glass table with a figure four cut on her open chest.

The chinese man lies on the entrance "face-down" where Chris is standing. The vegetables are all over the floor. Nash and Larry stand right behind Chris.

CHRIS
Mother and son?

LARRY
Actually - Man and wife.

CHRIS
You gotta be kidding.

They enter. She goes to the woman and looks at her wounds. Chris is still staring at the Chinese man with a questioning look.

LARRY(CONT'D)
Daniel Chye, fifty six years old
and Woody Chye forty nine years
old. They've been happily married
for fifteen years.

CHRIS
(maliciously)
How did he do it?

She mistakes his question, staring at the cut on the belly.

NASH(CONT'D)
Looks like he stabbed down first.

CHRIS
Yeah, right. That explains it.

She scrutinizes the apartment but doesn't seem to find a thing.

NASH
Any evidence found in here?

LARRY
Nope.

She sits in a small chair opposite to the couch.

LARRY
You're coming?

NASH
Will be right there.

The guys walk out. Nash quietly gazes the room and as she stands to leave, she spots something on the floor -- beneath the couch. "What is it?"

She gets down on her knees, bends towards the couch and slowly moves it towards her one knee with a finger. "Is it a button?"

It's the bloody button that fell off the killer's shirt. She smiles.

NASH

You're busted mystery man.

RWINGG! RWINGG! Her cell rings. She looks at the ID and then answer.

NASH

Sir. Omigod, when? Stay right there, Sir... I'm on my way.

She pockets the button in her pants and dashes out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL -- RECEPTION -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Nash, Chris and Larry scurry towards a female doctor in an overcoat, standing at the reception.

NASH

Excuse me... We're looking for --

The Doctor knows... She points at a private ward. They scamper towards the...

INT. PRIVATE WARD -- CONTINUOUS

Lieutenant Marvin is sitting on the hospital bed, being examined by a male DOCTOR. His head is "lightly bruised". The three budge in - "All concerned".

NASH

Sir...?

MARVIN

I'm okay. The trooper got to me first, and the doctor here has taken good care of me.

DOCTOR

It wasn't anything serious. Only a few bruises.

LARRY

How did it happen?

MARVIN

I had a drink or two and forgot the rule.

CHRIS
Thank God I don't drive... Would've
crushed a million times from the
coffee drinks I take everyday.

They lighten up.

EXT. NASH'S HOME -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Brea and Gobnet are kissing at the door. Brea's hand fidgets to open the door as he deeply caresses her. Nash's car suddenly pulls in and the headlights gleam in their faces.

BREA
Exactly what I expected.

GOBNET
Your detective sister?

BREA
Yeah.

GOBNET
You still live with your young
sister?

BREA
My young sister still lives with
me. You have to go.

GOBNET
You have a number?

He hardly moves.

BREA
I'll call you.

GOBNET
Really?

BREA
Go.

He walks, eyes locked on Brea as he passes Nash... Brea opens the door and enters.

GOBNET
Hello.

NASH
Hi.

She's got a hate on for suits.

INT. NASH'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Nash enters the house. Brea is still recuperating from the lost catch.

NASH
Seriously...? You have the gutsy to
bring a man in a suit in our home?

BREA
He's Irish.

Nash wants to laugh but:

NASH
What's wrong with you and Irish
men?

BREA
They're not murderers.

NASH
Not until I find the mystery man in
the suit will you invite your Irish
friend back.

BREA
Fine... Dammit!

NASH
What?

BREA
I didn't get his number.

NASH
He will call - if he liked you.

BREA
I didn't give him mine either.

NASH
Then you weren't meant to be.

BREA
Could you do that search thing you
do at the station for me?

NASH
Hell no... Never again.

BREA
Please.

NASH
He will call.

As Nash heads to her bedroom.

BREA
I hate you!

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- DAY

Lieutenant Marvin, Detective Nash, Chris and Larry go over last night's hotel events. On the table they stand around is a couple of pictures from the crime scenes in the hotel.

LARRY

Do not even suggest yourself into that.

NASH

Is it a coincidence I meet the same teenage girl in a hotel where a similar murder to that of a crime scene I found her first took place while she stands right next to her bad Dad who hates cops - in a suit?

LARRY

What about Detective Chris's "tings" guess in the elevator? Was someone else out there when the door opened?

Lieutenant Marvin and Detective Chris keep their gazes on the two. She notices.

NASH

Fine... If you don't believe me maybe you'll believe this.

She pulls "the button from the crime scene" out of her pocket.

MARVIN

What's that?

She gives it to Marvin.

NASH

I found it in the fat woman's hotel room. And I bet my life's work it'll lead me exactly to the killer.

Six F.B.I agents storm the squad room carrying empty boxes -- in escort of a female D.A. Lieutenant Marvin notices.

MARVIN

This is not happening.

He pockets the button and heads towards the D.A

CHRIS

who's it?

LARRY

The D.A.

CHRIS
A woman...? Guess he enjoyed the
screwing after'all.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lieutenant Marvin confronts the DA:

MARVIN
I'm this close to finding the
killer, Delilah!

D.A
It's too late, Lieutenant, but I'll
see to it that your effort towards
this case is greatly rewarded.

MARVIN
Is that all you could say?

D.A
Haven't I done enough talking
already?

She spots Detective Nash's nameplate on her desk.

D.A
(to the F.B.Is, pointing
at Nash's desk)
Everything.

The guys recklessly grab anything they get there hands to
from Nash, Chris and Larry's desks into their boxes.

The three detectives scamper towards their tables and
speechlessly witness their efforts being harvested by the
F.B.I.

One F.B.I agent with scared hands grabs a little "old
woman's statue" out of Chris's drawer. Chris notices.

CHRIS
Pretty hands off my grandmother,
dude!

He grabs it from the agent and Nash grabs it from him with a
grins.

NASH
Is this your granny?

CHRIS
(in love)
Yeah... She's --

LARRY
Creepy.

The D.A approaches the three.

D.A
 Detectives, I will expect maximum
 cooperation on this case if still
 needed.

As she walks away...

CHRIS(CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Screw you over my first case.

Nash giggles. D.A turns.

D.A
 What did you say?

CHRIS
 Me...? Nothing.

D.A
 Are you the new guy from Idaho?

"Trouble".

CHRIS
 Yea --

D.A
 (offers her hand)
 Welcome to greater civilization.

"Seriously?" She proceeds out with the F.B.Is following her.
 Nash turns towards:

MARVIN
 (angrily)
 Have yourselves a day's break.

He walks back to his office and draws the curtains shut. She
 shrugs and turns to the guys.

NASH
 Do you guys wanna grab a drink?

CHRIS
 Are you footing?

NASH
 Of course.

CHRIS
 Then why say no to a woman's
 begging to have her money chewed?

INT. BREA'S BAR -- DAY

Nash, Chris and Larry on a table, already sipping the
 drinks. They're arguing while Brea has her eyes glued on
 them.

CHRIS

There's got to be something else to it guys...

LARRY

I'd have believed you, Chris if this wasn't the hundredth time I'm hearing you say that same statement.

NASH

Are you gonna give up just like that?

LARRY

What I'm passing here guys is FBI has already taken over the case... It's no longer my fight and yes, I think am just gonna give up like that.

NASH

Seriously?

LARRY

Is that where I'm supposed to repeat dead, Chris?

Chris never responds.

NASH

I'll be right back.

She slightly twitches her head to her sister as if to say "he's all yours" as she heads out for the "ladies". Brea steps to the table the moment she's all out.

BREA

Detective Larry?

LARRY

Yes.

He has a hate for her too.

BREA

Can we talk?

LARRY

I hoped we were.

BREA

On a serious note.

As she pulls a chair to share the same table.

BREA(CONT'D)

Have you watched that CSI episode where the older sister smashes the detectives head for being her kid sister's pain in the ass?

Chris is all for it. He pulls his chair even closer.

CHRIS

I guess this is when the following episode begins.

With Chris's statement we --

CUT TO:

EXT. NASH'S HOME -- NIGHT

-LAST SUMMER, SAME ENGAGEMENT NIGHT-

Nash's car pulls outside the house and stops. IAN steps out first and opens Nash's car door for her in a "gentleman's way". He carries her towards the door. She loves it, and him.

NASH

Isn't this one of those after marriage events?

IAN

(bold, king's character)
A king dictates his rules, My queen.

He gently rests her down to her feet. Still in a king's character.

IAN

May I have this kiss, My queen?

NASH

(queen's character)
I'm all yours, My King.

They intimately kiss as he gently strokes her ass with his hand. She bursts into a laughter.

IAN

(King's character)
What troubles you, My queen?

NASH

(back to Nash)
A king never strokes his queen's butt like that, Ian.

IAN
 (back to Ian)
 Mybe the twenty first century king
 does.

They kiss again.

NASH
 (exquisitely, soft tone)
 Hmm. The 21st century king must
 know we have a "bad-guys" early
 morning ahead of us.

He painfully lets go. She leans her head back the door as he
 proceeds away backwards. He won't keep his eyes off her. So
 does she.

IAN
 (near the car)
 I love you.

NASH
 Love you too.

IAN
 Will always love.

NASH
 I know.

Ian enters her car and drives away as Nash enters the house.

CLOSE ON: NASH'S CELL on the car's dashboard as it races
 away.

INT. NASH'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- SAME NIGHT

As Nash comes in. Sounds of two people making love are heard
 coming from Brea's bedroom. She shakes her head and just
 grins it off to her bedroom.

INT. NASH'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

JAMES, A well built Irish guy comes out of Brea's bedroom in
 a towel and grabs a drink out of the fridge. He sits
 exhausted sipping it on the couch.

ON BREA'S BEDROOM ENTRANCE: Brea is facing inside her
 bedroom in a towel while she dries her hair. Meanwhile --

EXT. NASH'S HOME -- THAT SAME NIGHT

All happy IAN walks towards the door holding Nash's cell
 phone. From a slightly moved curtain on the house's main
 door - Ian is able to take peek inside before he knocks. He
 sees James, his buddy quenching his thirst and THE BACK of a
 woman he mistakes for Nash.

IAN
(quietly)

Nash.

He gently places her cell on the floor and walks away heart broken and we're --

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. BREA'S BAR -- DAY

Nash is standing behind her "narrator" sister. A tear drops down from her eye and she quickly wipes it away. Chris is for once out of words and Larry biting his jaws - wanting to believe her.

CHRIS
What happened to him?

NASH
Ian killed himself.

CHRIS
The power of love.

As he draws himself back in the chair.

BREA
My sister never cheated on your brother, Larry.

LARRY
(fairly, tempered)
Why should I believe you?

BREA
I was the girl James banged that night.

He breaks crying. His head in hands as they helplessly gaze him. He stands and bolts off the table like a mad man.

CHRIS
Well. Not all good love stories have a nice ending.

INT. HASH'S HOME -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Nash is gazing at the photos on the board. A number of new photos from the Hotel crime scenes are a bit laid out on the table. She can't seem to let go of that case.

The basement door clangs open and we hear:

BREA(O.S)
In coming!

NASH
You lock the door behind you.

The door clangs shut and Brea appears into the basement. She gazes the same board but can't seem to pick a thing other than a bunch of dead bodies pictures.

BREA

I admire the way you look at that board. You make me wanna call Berk right now.

NASH

The Irish?

She nods. Nash doesn't see but gets the feeling she did.

NASH

Did you find his number?

BREA

I lack resources.

In away making Nash a bit guilty.

NASH

Sorry, can't help. You know this is exactly how you tricked me into getting you James' number last summer and things didn't end up well for me.

BREA

I know. I'm sorry. At least I tried fixing the loose part today, right?

NASH

Yeah, well, kinda saw that when he walked out without saying another word to me.

BREA

Just give him time to process everything.

NASH

Hope you're right this time, "Mom".

Brea notices something on the board. It's "JAKE SANDERS" picture. She proceeds to:

BREA

This guy --

NASH

Is dead.

BREA

Oh. Why is he on this board?

NASH

I don't know. Maybe because was found dead after my witness mentioned his name.

BREA

How did he die?

NASH

Suffocation.

BREA

And you think your "man" killed him?

NASH

Could be.

BREA

Suffocation - Doesn't sound like his kind of work.

NASH

Not after what he did at that hotel.

Slight beat. Then:

BREA

Remember when dad used to tell us that if you want to find a grocery thief you start questioning with the janitor?

NASH

Uh huh.

BREA

Do you have a janitor where he died?

NASH

His sixty year old landlord sounds like one but, it's kinda a dead end.

BREA

You have no idea what he saw. Good luck.

As she walks away:

NASH

Brea?

She turns.

NASH

Thanks.

She's knows what for. She grins and proceeds away. Nash stares st the board for a beat. Then:

NASH
(to herself)
You have no idea what he saw.

She smiles an "idea" and quickly runs out to the...

INT. NASH'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Brea has curled herself in the couch watching TV.

BREA
Going somewhere?

NASH
Need to know exactly what the janitor saw.

BREA
I thought you were taken off the case?

She gives her that defiant grin and walks out.

BREA
(to herself)
You're your father's child.

EXT. JAKE SANDERS' APARTMENT BUILDING -- SAME DAY

Kind of a poor roadside motel with identical rooms. Nash's car pulls outside and stops. She steps out and proceeds into...

INT. JAKE SANDERS' APARTMENT -- RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

Jake's landlord is buzzing forth snores with his poorly maintained double-barreled riffle on his laps. Nash gently pokes his shoulder until he wakes up.

NASH
You're Jeb's landlord?

JAKE'S LANDLORD
We met before?

NASH
We're meeting now. I need to ask you a few questions about the night Jeb died.

JAKE'S LANDLORD
May I see some ID first.

She pulls out her budge. He scrutinies it with flinching eyes.

NASH(CONT'D)
Detective Nash. NYPD.

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Already told NYPD what I saw.

NASH
You have no idea what you saw.

EXT. JAKE SANDERS' APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Nash and Jake's landlord are standing a few meters from Nash's car.

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Was standing right where you
stopped your car.

NASH
Can you try describing to me how
exactly he looked like?

JAKE'S LANDLORD
It's been a tough couple of days
with my memory, Detective.

NASH
Roughly. What'd you say was his
age?

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Not that I asked.

NASH
Just make a guess.

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Could have been fifties or less,
tough built, but looked exactly
like one your detectives who broke
my door.

NASH
Which one?

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Was in a suit too. All I saw was a
man in the suit.

Sounds like a "burn of fuel" to her.

NASH
Thanks a lot, sir.

JAKE'S LANDLORD
Hope I helped, Detective.

NASH
Yeah. Sure you did.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Chris and Zoe have just had "it" rough on the bed. He has that wierd look needing to say something on his face. She notices.

ZOE

Say it.

CHRIS

Would do you die for me?

ZOE

Die for you?

She doesn't get it.

CHRIS

Yeah... Like really die for me...
In case you found out I had another
girl?

ZOE

Another girl?

CHRIS

(looking in her eyes)

Uh huh.

ZOE

Nah... I'd just kill you both
instead.

CHRIS

Really?

ZOE

Yeah.

She's serious. This frightens him.

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Zoe is "deep a sleep" but Chris is not. He gazes her then pulls himself out bed. A bit too careful not to wake her.

He quietly picks his cell off the lamp and tardily walks out of the bedroom like "Tom hoping to prey on Jerry" to the...

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He quietly sits behind that table where a number of crime scene photos are displayed and lights it. Places his phone on the table and begins scrolling through the phone's gallery.

Mostly of "one girl" smiling broadly. He begins to delete the girl's pictures one after another to the last picture - "where he smiles next to her"

CHRIS
(quietly)
I'm sorry Mel.

He deletes it.

ZOE(O.S)
Who're you talking to?

He turns startled to see Zoe standing at the bedroom's entrance in one of those hot night wears of hers.

CHRIS(CONT'D)
Zoe? I thought you were sleeping?

She moves towards him.

ZOE
Did I scare you?

CHRIS
A bit.

ZOE
Sorry.

A she stands behind him.

ZOE(CONT'D)
What are you watching?

CHRIS
Nothing... Just these photos that I don't seem to get sense out of.

ZOE
Do you need my eyes?

CHRIS
What do you see?

ZOE
(in a lousy manner)
A couple of dead bodies' pictures with you in each of them.

CHRIS
Wait... What did you say?

She's not sure.

ZOE
A couple of dead bodies --

CHRIS
No, the last part?

ZOE
You in each of them?

CHRIS

That's it!... Why didn't I see this before?

ZOE

See what?!... Have I just solved a murder case in my first month?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Clearly asleep itself. Not even the workaholics are still working at this time. Chris quietly walks inside. He stares at his cleared desk as he proceeds towards the...

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

He carefully sits down in the Chief's chair as if "imagining himself it". He's back to business. Gazes all things. He searches for anything. Something like evidence. Too careful not to misplace anything. Nothing.

He stands moving out. But something down to the floor grabs his attention.

He bends on his knee just to pick the exact "BUTTON" Nash presented the previous day. He's back on his feet:

CHRIS

(wonders, to himself)
Coincidence?

He walks out.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

Nash pulls her car in a space. As she opens the door a HAND SLAMS it shut again. It's Chris.

CHRIS

(a bit out of character)
We must to talk.

NASH

O-kay.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Chris sits on the other seat. Nash way anxious.

NASH

What is it?

CHRIS

Is it a standard protocol for the NYPD Chief to miss on crime scenes?

NASH

I don't think I've read it anywhere
-- Yet.

CHRIS

Where I come from a police chief
wouldn't miss a crime scene of a
serious serial killer's case for
anything.

NASH

(jokingly)

Could it be due to less serial
killers like the many in New York?

She notices his seriousness.

NASH(CONT'D)

Wait... What are you trying to get
to?

He jerks his head as if to say "Don't you get it!"

NASH

He wouldn't.

CHRIS

Serious?! I hadn't considered it
myself too until Zoe mentioned it
last night.

She only picks out:

NASH

Zoe?... Last night?

CHRIS

What can I say... She's got that
glowing eye for crime scenes.

NASH

Are you fucking a goddam fresher,
Chris? I can't believe this.

CHRIS

Maybe you'll believe the
possibility of our boss being that
killer we're hunting.

NASH

The man was injuring his wounds in
a hospital on the previous killer's
job.

CHRIS

Think about it, Nash. Maybe he got
injured at the hotel and the only
way to kill our suspicions for him
was to engineer his own accident?

She quietly thinks it through:

NASH

I was set to meet Amy's father today but I think I should --

CHRIS

Meet his daughter instead. She didn't strike as a type who'd settle in the same hotel room for minutes with her father to me. Maybe she saw the real deal this time?

NASH

Fine. But for a while let's keep this amongst us - Assuming your Zoe isn't already out there preening about her first findings.

CHRIS

She won't. Thanks for believing me.

NASH

I get the feeling. Besides I had my own suspicions too.

CHRIS

About him?

NASH

About all men in suits.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- CHRIS'S DESK -- DAY

Lieutenant Marvin approaches Chris on his desk.

MARVIN

Detective Chris... Would you happen to know where your partner is?

CHRIS

She mentioned some personal stuff to take care of, Chief but I'm not sure what. Have you tried her number?

MARVIN

It's currently out of reach.

CHRIS

Is it anything I can handle, Chief?

MARVIN

Hm, never mind. Just let her know I need to see her when she returns.

CHRIS

Copy that.

He walks back to his office as Chris keeps his suspicious look on him.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON -- HALLWAY -- SAME DAY

A prison guard leads Detective Nash through the hallway towards Alec's cell.

PRISON GUARD
We have clear instructions not to allow NYPD talk him.

NASH
It won't last long I promise.

PRISON GUARD
Two minutes.

As he opens the cell.

NASH(CONT'D)
Thank you.

As she steps into...

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON -- ALEC'S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

Alec is sitting down on the floor of "this" almost non ventilated dungeon with just a small window on it.

His face grimaces as his rods adjust to more light for a clear vision.

ALEC
(a bit hopeful)
Am I free?

NASH
(fairly, mocking him)
Am I Opray Winfred?

ALEC
Then whatta fuck are 'you doin' in here, Detective?

She pulls out "the knife" from his room.

NASH
We didn't find your prints on this.

He grins broadly as if to say "I told you".

NASH(CONT'D)
Doesn't mean you didn't kill those people, Alec.

ALEC
Seems da motherfucker is still ya nightmare, Detective.

NASH

That's why I'm here, Alec. I need your help.

ALEC

Ya got da gun. I'm just some innocent American on chains.

NASH

You still have your right to speak.

ALEC

Nowa do? What's in it for me?

NASH

Well... I can have you a proper ventilated cell.

He's not satisfied.

NASH(CONT'D)

With a bed.

ALEC

Whaddaya want to know?

NASH

Is it true you had never seen this knife in your house until the day you were arrested?

ALEC

That's true.

He's honest.

NASH

Then who do you think brought it in your house?

ALEC

Adunno. Gotta be somebody with resources... Or somebody who found it.

NASH

(quietly, to herself)
Somebody who found it.

PRISON GUARD(O.S)

Your Time's up.

She quickly walks towards the door.

ALEC

Ma betta home?

She turns.

NASH
You'll be delivered there in hours.

ALEC
Don't fuck me up, Detective.

NASH
I won't. Thanks for your help.

She steps out and the door clangs shut.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- ESPRESSO ROOM -- SAME DAY

KIRRA is making a cup of coffee on the machine. Chris walks and stands next to her. She notices.

KIRRA
Oh, Detective Chris?

CHRIS
Kirra right?

KIRRA
Sure... I have heard quite amazing tales about you.

CHRIS
And what I'm about to share with you is a tale of life and death.

KIRRA
Should I be scared?

CHRIS
Must be scared.

As he slides "THE BUTTON" down her front pocket.

KIRRA
Is that my token of luck?

He gets a bit serious now.

CHRIS(CONT'D)
Evidence - And the results must be shared with me only. Promise?

KIRRA
Of course. Is there anything else I should know first, Detective?

CHRIS
The results might get you killed.

She's now scared.

KIRRA
O-Kay.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- LATER THAT DAY

Detective Larry is sitting behind desk typing on the computer. Nash walks in.

LARRY
(a bit friendly)
Detective?

NASH
Detective Larry?

LARRY
It looks like --

MARVIN(O.S)
Detective Nash?

LARRY(CONT'D)
That.

She turns to see Lieutenant Marvin going back to his chair inside his office.

NASH
(to Larry)
Thanks.

She proceeds to the...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE

She enters. He turns his computer screen towards her.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN: A photograph of Nash coming out of the prison gates "today" taken by a street camera.

BACK TO SCENE:

MARVIN(CONT'D)
(angrily)
Don't make me regret giving you
back your budge, Detective!

NASH
Sir, I just needed --

MARVIN
You're still under your probation
period, Wonder!

NASH
It won't happen again.

MARVIN
Better be damn sure it doesn't!

NASH
I am sorry, Sir.

He calms down.

MARVIN

Alright. Find me Verona William's case file Detective Malcolm was working on.

NASH

Okay.

She walks out of the office.

EXT. PARK -- MORNING

The sun rays barb down a beautiful New York City Park on a beautiful weekend morning. Some people are jogging off the previous day's fatigue.

Detective Nash runs past a young woman, 20s, running in the opposite direction - chasing after her male "toy dog" which is also running after another female "toy boy". She grins at this funny sight.

On the other end of her route, "Gobnet" runs past THE FOUNTAIN - where a single dad sits with his five daughters in the "same age bracket" possibly from different mothers.

This consumes his mind as shortly, he collides into Nash. She topples her ass on the ground.

NASH

(with a temper)

Hey! Mind where you're going!

He's genuinely sorry.

GOBNET

I am sorry. My sincere apologies.

He offers "her" his hand and as she grabs it:

GOBNET

I know you.

She wants to deny.

GOBNET

Yes. You're that Detective... It's me... Don't you remember me?... Kissing at your door step with your sister?

She now does remember.

NASH

You... The Irish?

GOBNET
 (overwhelmed)
 Yes! That's me... Berk Gobnet!

NASH
 Why didn't you call my sister?

GOBNET
 Well... I thought she never liked me.

NASH
 She madly likes you - Irish men.

GOBNET
 Really?! Then why didn't she give me her number?

NASH
 Don't Irish girls play hard-to-get a bit?

GOBNET
 I thought American girls don't.

NASH
 Well. Stop thinking and just give her that call already. You have a paper?

GOBNET
 I have a phone.

As he pulls out of his "jogger pants".

NASH(CONT'D)
 That's better.

She grabs the phone and punches the number on. Gives it back. He grins broadly.

GOBNET
 This is it?

NASH
 That's her. Call!

GOBNET
 Right now?

He's not sure.

NASH
 What are you waiting for?

She runs her way as he happily places the cell phone on his ear. As she runs past the "same" man with his kids at the fountain --

A small boy kicks a ball and it strikes "the man" on head. One of his girls rages towards the boy and strikes him across the face.

THE MAN
Drucie, don't!

SMALL GIRL
He hurt you, Dad!

Nash stops and wonders a bit as the man scolds his girl back to the fountain, then runs even faster.

INT. NASH'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- THAT MORNING

Nash enters the house and meets a bright Brea watching TV.

NASH
I thought you watched that last night?

BREA
A repeat isn't bad either. Nice run?

NASH
Sure.

BREA
Nice morning to me too... My Berk just called.

Nash acts surprised.

NASH
Really? You finally gave him your number?

BREA
Nope. He probably just picked a paper with my number on it.

NASH
Guess miracles still happen after'all.

INT. HASH'S HOME -- BASEMENT -- LATER

Nash sits behind her desk with a hard look of exhaustion on her face while staring down at the victims files and numerous photographs on the table. She keeps referring her eyes to the board.

Her reactions keep changing as we hear bits of her thoughts as voice overs.

BREA(V.O)
"I lack resources..."

JAKE'S LANDLORD(V.O)
 "...told NYPD what I saw..."

ALEC(V.O)
 "...somebody who found it..."

JAKE'S LANDLORD(V.O)
 "...was a man in the suit..."

ALEC(V.O)
 "...somebody with resources..."

JAKE'S LANDLORD(V.O)
 "...looked exactly like one your
 detectives..."

SMALL GIRL(V.O)
 "...He hurt you, Dad!..."

She quickly displays the victims files open on the table.

INSERT VICTIM FILE - ERIC FORD

Her finger tip runs down to "Age" - (46) and "Place of
 Birth" - Mississippi.

INSERT VICTIM FILE - JASON BENNETT

Her finger tip runs down to "Age" - (48) and "Place of
 Birth" - Mississippi.

INSERT VICTIM FILE - ANNA ABDELARDO

Her finger tip runs down to "Age" - (42) and "Place of
 Birth" - Mississippi.

INSERT VICTIM FILE - WOODY CHYE

Her finger tip runs down to "Age" - (49) and "Place of
 Birth" - Mississippi.

BACK TO SCENE:

NASH
 Shit!

She punches a number on her cell and places it on the ear.

NASH
 Hi. Are you busy right now?...
 'Cause I'd use a pair of extra eyes
 here. Alright.

She hangs up with her eyes still on the files.

INT. HASH'S HOME -- BASEMENT -- LATER THAT DAY

Nash is now standing, gazing the patterns and photographs on
 the board. She's so deep into "it".

BREA(V.O)
You have a visitor.

NASH
Show him down.

She doesn't turn. Slight beat then Chris descends to the basement. His mind is blown by what he sees.

CHRIS
Woo!... Sweetheart... Do you know how many prison years you're staring at right now if that board gets discovered?

She turns.

NASH
Tell me I just didn't blow a roof off my house by inviting you down here.

CHRIS
We're under the same roof girl remember?

NASH
Good... Then I have nothing to worry about.

CHRIS
So, where do you need my magical hands... Seems like you've figured out everything by yourself?

NASH
Remember when I asked you guys the common thing about those victims?

CHRIS
Yeah... And we almost came up with nothing.

NASH
I just did.

She draws him towards the table.

NASH(CONT'D)
All these victims come from Mississippi - And guess who else comes from there.

CHRIS
Lieutenant Marvin Norlan?

NASH
Exactly!

CHRIS
 (jokingly, as a steward)
 Tighten your belts for Mississippi.

NASH
 What if these murders' motive runs
 a couple of years back there...
 What if it's more to revenge than
 to pleasure?

He picks out pleasure:

CHRIS
 (in an inviting way)
 Wow. The most romantic explanation
 I've heard for what's between their
 nipples.

NASH
 Thanks!

She hugs him by reflex. Brea is meanwhile descending the stairs. She witnesses this.

BREA
 Oh... If you ever need a bed to
 crush guys the house is all yours.
 I'm out to meet with Berk.

She never moves, as if expecting more to the hug. Nothing.

BREA
 That's it?

NASH
 Go!

BREA
 Sorry... I'm out for "real" this
 time.

She runs up the stairs excited.

NASH
 Well. I guess we have to tighten
 those belts to Mississippi
 after'all, if we're to get concrete
 evidence tying Norlan to the case.

CHRIS
 Not if we have it already in New
 York.

NASH
 What do you mean?

CHRIS

By "coincidence" the other night, I managed to land my hands on your precious stone you picked from the fat woman's hotel room in the Chief's office.

NASH

You're kidding me.

CHRIS

And it's one step ahead of you with Kirra.

NASH

Is that a new member of the "amongst us" crew?!

She doesn't like the sound of this much. He notices.

CHRIS

Oh, I choose my acquaintances quite perfectly, Detective so there's no need to worry.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- DAY

Detective Nash and Chris are sitting each on their desk staring at an empty desk of Larry while arguing in low tones not to attract anyone else's attention.

At the entrance Detective Larry is walking in towards his desk.

NASH

He can't be trusted, Chris!

CHRIS

We need him if we're to pull this thing through the way you want, Nash!

NASH

Detective --

Before she can finish her sentence:

CHRIS

(a bit louder)

Larry?

Larry turns to them. She rolls her eyes.

LARRY

Yes.

CHRIS

We need to talk.

Larry pulls his chair closer.

CHRIS
We're about to kidnap Lieutenant
Marvin --

NASH
We strongly believe he's the
mystery man in the suit behind all
these murders.

LARRY
Are you both okay?

NASH
I told you he can never be trusted!

CHRIS
We need him, Detective --

KIRRA(O.S)
Chris?

Startled. They all turn towards a "freaking out" Kirra holding a file in her hands.

KIRRA
Can we talk - The two of us?

CHRIS
About?

KIRRA
That token of death.

CHRIS
It's alright, Kirra. We can talk
right here. They'all know.

She sighs but still scared.

KIRRA
We found two --

CHRIS
Wowowo, We?!

KIRRA
Me and my computer.

He sighs a "relief".

CHRIS
Continue please.

KIRRA
We found two sets of prints on the
evidence, one matching a dead Woody
(MORE)

KIRRA (cont'd)
Chye woman of forties and the
other...

She freezes.

NASH
Kirra? Kirra? Kirra?!

KIRRA
(startled)
Hm?

NASH
To whom does the other print
belong?

She fearfully stares at Lieutenant Marvin's office where
he's occupied at his desk.

CHRIS
Thanks Kirra.

LARRY
He might have touched it with bare
hands the day you gave it to him.

NASH
Then explain all the victims coming
from exactly the same city as him?

Larry is out of words.

KIRRA
Are we safe?

CHRIS
We're working on that, Kirra... But
meanwhile keep all this to yourself
to assure more safety.

LARRY
What do we have to do?

CHRIS
Kidnap him --

NASH
Until he confesses.

LARRY
Are you still considering talking
to Amy?... Because she might just
save us all this trouble if she saw
something.

Nash considers that too.

EXT. AMY'S HOME MANSION -- DAY

A deluxe mansion with a swimming pool and a tennis court in the heart of New York City.

Nash's car pulls through the main gates and stops in front of the mansion's main entrance. She steps out of the car and heads straight to the front door.

She takes a breath then knocks on the door. The door semi-opens with a tough Amy's dad facing her.

AMY'S DAD

What are you doing here?

NASH

I need to speak to Amy about the hotel incident.

AMY'S DAD

My daughter had nothing to do with that, Detective..

Amy's voice comes from the mansion.

AMY(O.S)

Who's it, Dad?

NASH

(a bit louder)

It's me, Amy. Detective Nash. I need to speak to you.

Amy is already standing behind his father.

AMY

Leave her alone, Dad.

AMY'S DAD

Do I need to call her lawyer?

NASH

It's not necessary, Sir. Amy is not in any kind of trouble... Do you mind giving me a tour around the house, Amy?

AMY

Sure.

She comes out immediately. Her father goes back inside. They move towards the...

EXT. BACK OF THE MANSION -- SWIMMING POOL -- CONTINUOUS

They sit on a bench.

NASH

Amy. Did you happen to come out of your hotel room that night?

AMY

Sure... There was this stupid party on the 7th level that I intended to crush but the hosts kinda --

NASH

Sucked?

AMY

Yeah... So I left.

NASH

For your hotel room?

AMY

Uh huh.

Slight beat.

NASH

Look, Amy... Is there anything you remember seeing that seemed out of place that night?

AMY

What do you mean?

NASH

Anything... Or any person that looked --

AMY

Wierd?

NASH

Yes, maybe?

AMY

Nah.

NASH

You sure?

AMY

Sure. Except this one guy I met in the elevator who kinda acted, maybe wierd.

NASH

What was wierd about him?

AMY

We took the same elevator up but he never pressed any button. I even

(MORE)

AMY (cont'd)
told him I meant to stop on the the
5th floor on my way down but,
forgot my button en ended back at
zero.

NASH
And what did he say?

AMY
Nothing. And never even pressed the
button until I came out.

At this point Nash pulls out Lieutenant Marvin's picture and shows it to Amy.

NASH
Could this be that guy?

She's absolutely sure.

AMY
Yeah. That's him. Wait... You think
he killed all those people?

NASH
I think - He is the Man in the suit
you saw when we first met.

AMY
How did you find him?

NASH
He forgot that button you told him
not too.

She grins. Both actually do.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- SQUAD ROOM -- DAY

Detective Nash, Larry quickly move towards the Chief's office. Detective Chris behind them. As they almost enter...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Lieutenant Marvin is facing away from the door, searching for something. Chris heads them inside.

CHRIS
(in a low tone)
I'm the new guy, Guys... Allow me
this pleasure.

He immediately grabs Lieutenant Marvin's hands behind his back and locks them in cuffs:

CHRIS

Lieutenant Marvin Norlan... You're under arrest for butchering nine civilians in cold blood. You have a right to keep your mouth shut or anything you say will or must be testified against you in the "New York" courts of law.

As they drag him out of his office:

CHRIS

Did I say that the New York way?

MARVIN

You'll get there soon, Son.

The squad room turns to a "cinema hall" as everybody watches this unpaid for "movie" unfold.

CHRIS

Kirra? We're safe now.

As he drags Marvin past Kirra towards the interrogation room.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- HALLWAY -- LATER

Detective Nash, Larry and Chris are watching Lieutenant Marvin inside the interrogation room through a unidirectional window. He keeps a grin on the small FEED CAM knowing they're watching him.

LARRY

Can you handle this?

NASH

Sure. Doesn't look like there's much to handle anyway.

She sighs. Adjust her head and hair then proceeds towards the entrance. She's clearly nervous at the entrance. She takes a deep breath and steps inside the...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She pulls a chair and sits facing him.

MARVIN

It took you long to pull your nerves together, Detective.

NASH

What can I say, Chief? I was about to meet America's most wanted man in the suit.

She places the button on top of the table.

MARVIN

Uh! Definitely this.

NASH

Why? Why kill all those people, Marvin?... At least I get why, for Jeb and the other four people you shot at the hotel who had seen your face but what I still don't get are the four people you numbered. Well. I tried and found out they'all from the same home town as you and I'm thinking is it something to do with your childhood? Is there someone you treasured so much they hurt or is it a counting game you enjoyed playing like Detective Chris once suggested?

MARVIN

May I teach you one final lesson, Wonder?

NASH

Sure... Why not... I mean, You've always been my mentor since I joined the force.

MARVIN

Not all the questions you ask will be answered.

NASH

O-kay. That's all?

MARVIN

That's all. I'll help you with one last thing though. I don't want this tumour your brain for the rest of your life while you struggle to figure it out.

NASH

I'd really appreciate that.

MARVIN

It's been forty years since I lost my father now. A lot of things I don't remember but this one fateful day I can't forget...

INT. RESTAURANT, MISSISSIPPI -- DAY (-FORTY YEARS AGO-)

It's relatively small but has a quite classy interior decor of the classics. About ten customers or more are having a drink or a meal.

We pick up on CHEF NORLAN SENIOR - Lieutenant Marvin's father - a handsome young man, 20s, taking an entrée off the

counter to a nine year old Marvin seated in one of the chairs.

He sets the plate on the table where Marvin smiles back "a thank you".

A slight beat as Chef Norlan proceeds back behind the counter then --

An armed gang of FOUR MEN and ONE WOMAN - All 20s, burst inside led by "TIM SIMPSON"

They immediately open fire, brutally killing every living they set their eyes on.

YOUNG MARVIN fearfully jumps down the chair and quickly crawls and hides behind the counter where his father stands freaking out.

When done murdering all the clients. Tim Simpson walks towards CHEF NORLAN:

YOUNG SIMPSOM
(reads his nametag)
Chef fuckin' Norlan right?

Scared Norlan nods in agreement. Tim Simpson laughs out loud. Turns to his gang:

YOUNG SIMPSOM
Hey guys! Just baptized ma'new born
"Chef fuckin' Norlan" and agreed!

The gangs bursts laughing out loud too.

YOUNG SIMPSOM
Ya'got ma'days wages fuckin'
Norlan?

NORLAN SENIOR
(freaking out)
Yes.

YOUNG SIMPSOM
Then pay ma'boys and I.

Chef Norlan quickly pulls the box of cash out the drawer. Does a mistake of taking off a few notes and hand them over to Simpson. He rages.

YOUNG SIMPSOM
Did I ask for some piece of shit?!
When am out-to-hunt am out-to-hunt!

He loads his double-barreled riffle and blow the Chef's brains out. Grabs the box of cash out the drawer. Stands up the counter and pisses all over Chef's body.

Aside the counter - The grieving nine year old Marvin Norlan watches it all. He closely registers each members face inside his little brains.

They proceed out when done messing up the place and we're --

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME DAY

Marvin Norlan looks even more tense. Nash a bit touched.

MARVIN

I saw the bastard's fat dick at the age of nine pissing all over my father's dead body! I kept asking myself why?! Why my father, an honest citizen who worked for his money and paid all his taxes in time? Why?! But like said, Detective... Not all the questions you ask will be answered.

She stands and just walks out.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- FRONT DESK LOBBY -- LATER THAT DAY

The FBI escort a "tight-marked" Lieutenant Marvin out of the the precinct. All eyes on him. Lots of cold glares. A few head shakes of disappointment.

Debra Bennett manages to pull through the FBI and strike Lieutenant Marvin across his face:

DEBRA

Murderer! That's for framing my son!

The FRONT DESK SERGEANT whisks her away as a silent Marvin proceeds out.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY (2 WEEKS LATER)

Detective Chris and Zoe are playing their romantic games. He carries her from the couch to the table. Her HAND knocks down a box of "crime scene photos" to the floor.

As she lies back on the table "ANNA ABDELARDO's photo" grabs her attention.

ZOE

Chris?

CHRIS

Hm?

As he continues to play with her belly. She giggles but her eyes are down to the photo.

ZOE

You said Simpson's gang had five members right?

He answers beneath her t-shirt.

CHRIS

I guess.

ZOE

Then why were Marvin's victims only four?

CHRIS

(jokingly)

Not all the questions you ask will be --

Rapidly pulls out of her t-shirt .

CHRIS(CONT'D)

What did you just say?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- DAY

Nash is getting rid of Lieutenant Marvin's old antiques and replacing hers.

RWINGG!! RWINGG!! Her cell rings. She checks the ID and answers.

NASH

Hey, partner... Ready for that weekend barbecue?

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Zoe is collecting the photographs back into the box as Chris paces around on the phone.

CHRIS

Not just yet... Where are you this very moment?

INTERCUT: Nash is now sitting down in the chair.

NASH

Inside my new office.

CHRIS

Perfect. Stay right there and dare not to move an inch. I'm on my way!

He immediately hangs up.

NASH

Hello? Chris are you still there?

Nothing. She shrugs and puts the phone back on the desk.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT -- POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE -- LATER

Nash is sitting behind the desk when Chris and Zoe hurry inside.

CHRIS

Tell her exactly what you just told me, Zoe.

ZOE

Well... I just thought Lieutenant Marvin looks the kind who'd never stop revenging until everyone on his list has paid.

NASH

I don't think I understand.

CHRIS

What she's saying is Simpson's gang was made of five members, four of whose children Marvin wiped out which leaves us with one unanswered question --

NASH

Who's the fifth member's child? Dammit!

She rushes into the file cabinet and quickly looks up for the case file. Finds it and dashes back to the table. Opens the file:

NASH

Okay... The members were,...
(reads from the file)
Tim Simpson, Robert Bennett, Nelson Ford, Andrew Carnage, all of whose kids are the victims leaving out Gina Rolland.

CHRIS

Then let's find out who in the hell Gina Rolland's child is.

She types the name into the computers:

NASH

Search, search, search... Yes! Oho. Two hundred and fifty three girls were called Gina Rolland by that time in Mississippi.

CHRIS
Lower the damn list to our messed
up Gina Rolland.

ZOE
She could be dead.

CHRIS
Not her kind, sweetheart... They
never die.

Nash finally spots her.

NASH
Here. She cleaned up well. Changed
her first name to Gladys and
married a prominent lawyer Mark
Leopardo in the --

CHRIS
Nash?

NASH
Hm?

CHRIS
The damn child!

NASH
Okay. Um... Here!... Scott B.
Leopardo.

CHRIS
Current Address?

NASH
I'm on it.

She quickly types in the computer. Something is off her
look.

NASH
Fuck me!

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON -- GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA -- DAY

Lieutenant Marvin is standing still, in a PRISON JUMPSUIT
with his gaze fixed up on something...

We follow his gaze up to the PRISON WARDEN, 40s, standing
inside his office talking on a phone.

MOVE INTO CU on LIEUTENANT MARVIN'S HAND as it slowly slides
inside the pocket. TIGHTENING slowly to --

ECU HAND, WRIST DOWN. Hold a beat, then -- A small knife
pops out of the pocket.

CUT TO BLACK