

Shark

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COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER

Zomby's Original Bath Salts is a proud sponsor of the program for which you are about to watch. The world leader in food seasoning. Zomby's, who creates new and unusual uses for this wonderous invention for the world in which you live and taste.

INT. KITCHEN

HOUSEWIFE finishes cooking a meal and fills a plate. She grabs the plate and turns towards the dinner table and sees the camera.

HOUSEWIFE

Oh! Hi, there. She sets the plate down and smiles.

HOUSEWIFE CONT.

If you have a family like mine, they can never agree on what to eat and you'll know how frustrating it is. Now, that is all in the past thanks to--

She grabs a bottle and holds it up to the camera.

INSERT: BOTTLE OF ZOMBY'S ORIGINAL BATH SALT

HOUSEWIFE CONT.

--Zomby's Original Bath Salt. It is guaranteed to make everything taste better or your money back. I know it has made a world of difference for my family.

She pours some salt on the food and begins to eat, savoring each bite. After the second or third bite, a sudden change overcomes her and she drops the fork. She begins to convulse and collapses. HUSBAND enters the room.

HUSBAND

Hi, honey. What's for dinner?

Housewife stands up, head bowed, hair covering her face.

HUSBAND CONT.

Honey?

HOUSEWIFE

You.

Housewife tackles Husband.

FADE OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN:

THE LOGO OF ZOMBY'S ORIGINAL BATH SALT
APPEARS ON SCREEN.

TEXT: "Now with garlic!"

INT. KITCHEN

The camera moves around a corner to see Housewife kneeling over Husband. Housewife stops eating and slowly looks up at the camera, showing her eyes and face have changed. Flesh hangs from her mouth and blood drips out from the corners.

FADE OUT:

EXT. FOREST

FADE IN:

A forest stretches out in all directions as DANIEL COLLINS is running, dodging the trees. He is holding a hand to a stomach wound, blood oozing between his fingers. A short distance behind him is VICTOR, easily keeping pace with his prey. Daniel bursts out of the tree line and enters a large clearing. Halfway through the clearing, Daniel's strength gives out and he collapses as Victor smoothly catches up to him. Victor bends over and whispers something in Daniel's ear, then places the gun to the back of Daniel's head. As Victor stands up, he pulls the trigger.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is quiet, the only sound is a clock TICKING. LINDA COLLINS sits on a sofa, holding a HANDKERCHIEF to her face as PAULA TRAVERS, and ERIC FOSTER, two homicide detectives, interview her.

TRAVERS

I know this is hard for you, Missus
Collins.

FOSTER

Do you know anyone that wanted to
hurt your son in any way?

TRIVERS

Is there anything you can tell us
to help in any way?

DAVID COLLINS, Linda's husband, enters the room carrying a
glass of water and offers it to her.

LINDA

Excuse me, please. I need to be
alone.

Linda leaves the room.

DAVID

She's a sensitive woman. That was
her only child.

TRIVERS

He's not yours?

DAVID

No.

FOSTER

Know anyone who had it out for the
kid?

David walks across the room, looking out the window. He
takes a drink of the water.

DAVID

Daniel was a loose cannon. Always
did things his way.

TRIVERS

Why didn't anyone report him
missing?

DAVID

Sometimes we wouldn't see him for
nearly a month.

FOSTER

I see.

TRIVERS

Anything else you can tell us?

David sets the glass down and turns toward the detectives.

DAVID

Not really. I don't think he liked
me replacing his father.

Travers hands David a BUSINESS CARD.

TRAVERS
If there is anything you can
remember, give us a call.

DAVID
Sure thing, Detective.

EXT. COLLINS HOUSE - DAY

Travers and Foster leave the house as David Collins watches
them from the door.

FOSTER
What do you think?

TRAVERS
He's not telling us everything.

FOSTER
Did he do it?

TRAVERS
No.

FOSTER
But he knows who did?

Travers opens the drivers side door and smiles over the car
at Foster.

TRAVERS
Maybe. Let's go see the coroner.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Linda enters the room again and David shuts the door as he
turns toward her.

LINDA
Are they gone?

DAVID
Yeah, they're gone.

LINDA
What did you tell them?

DAVID
He was your son, Linda. Not mine.
This business has nothing to do
with me.

LINDA
My son is dead. The least you could
do is act like you cared.

DAVID
Give it a rest. He's dead. Time to
move on.

Linda stands there in mute astonishment, looking at David
before leaving the room.

DAVID (CONT.)
Stupid bitch.

David sits down and grabs a NEWSPAPER and opens it up.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER, which reads:
"Local Student Murdered"

EXT. COLLINS HOUSE

Linda stands looking up at the sky, wringing her hands as a
car pulls up. SIMONE TAYLOR gets out and approaches her.

SIMONE
Linda?

LINDA
Yes?

SIMONE
I'm so sorry for your loss. Danny
is a friend of mine and I know what
you're going through. I'm here to
help.

LINDA
What?

SIMONE
Do the police have anything?

LINDA
If you really want to help, find
Victor.

Simone turns and walks back to the car.

INT. SIMONE'S CAR

Simone get's in and looks at ALEXIS TAYLOR.

ALEXIS

Well?

SIMONE

We're looking for some guy named Victor.

ALEXIS

Where to now?

SIMONE

Now we go see "The Weasel".

Alexis nods and glances out the window as she starts the car.

ALEXIS

Poor woman. She doesn't deserve this.

EXT. LINDA COLLIN'S HOUSE

The car drives off and Linda Collins is still standing there looking up at the sky.

EXT. ALLEY

ALEXIS

You sure this asshole is gonna show up?

SIMONE

Don't worry, he'll be here.

Alexis begins to pace back and forth.

ALEXIS

Can't believe Dan is dead. Whoever this Victor guy is, he's going to pay.

SIMONE

Once The Weasel tells us what we need, we'll get some payback.

Alexis keeps pacing as Simone leans against the wall. A moment later SAM "THE WEASEL" WELLS briskly enters the alley from the other side.

ALEXIS

Hey. He's here.

THE WEASEL

Alright. What is it you ladies need?

SIMONE

Information.

THE WEASEL

I don't deal in information.

The Weasel turns to leave, but Simone grabs him by the collar and forces him against the wall.

SIMONE

Today you do.

The Weasel pulls a knife from his pocket and puts it to Simone's stomach.

THE WEASEL

Get yours hands off me, Bitch.

Alexis pulls a gun and puts it to The Weasel's head.

ALEXIS

I don't think so.

The Weasel lowers the knife, defeated.

THE WEASEL

What do you want to know?

SIMONE

Where is Victor?

THE WEASEL

Victor? Hell if I know.

Simone pushes The Weasel hard into the wall.

SIMONE

Don't bullshit me! Where can I find him?

THE WEASEL

You don't find him. He finds you.

ALEXIS

You better fucking tell us!

THE WEASEL

You think you're tough because you got that gun, huh?

Simone releases him and steps back and Alexis kicks him in the groin and the man drops.

SIMONE
Let's go. We're not getting anything out of him.

ALEXIS
I'm not done yet.

Alexis kicks The Weasel again as he tries to get up.

ALEXIS
That's for Daniel.

Alexis kicks him again.

ALEXIS
That's for upsetting me and my sister.

Alexis kicks him a third time.

ALEXIS
And that's a message for Victor. He better watch his back!

SIMONE
Quit fucking around and come on!

Alexis hurries to catch up to her sister, leaving The Weasel on the ground, coughing and groaning.

FADE TO:

INT. GARAGE

Q-BALL, WEASEL GOON 1 and DRUG DEALER are playing cards when The Weasel walks in.

Q-BALL
Hey, Sam. We just started, jump in.

WEASEL GOON 1
What the hell happened to you?

The Weasel sits down and picks up his cards.

THE WEASEL
Man, you wouldn't believe it --

DRUG DEALER

-- Probably not.

The Weasel shoots drug dealer a wicked glare.

THE WEASEL

Up yours Poindexter. As I was saying, I just finished up a nice deal when these bikers walk up and start harassing me. Well, I told them to shove off, but they weren't all that bright. I had to show them a thing or two. Gave them The Weasel special.

The Weasel shows them what he did, waves his arms Dragonball style and hits the table, scattering all the cards and chips.

Q-BALL

Good job. You really showed those cards whose boss.

Q-Ball starts gathering all the cards and chips.

WEASEL GOON 1

That doesn't explain why you look so rough.

THE WEASEL

They're buddies came after that. Overwhelmed me. Bastards couldn't take me on mano a mano. I tell you what, if I ever see those punks alone. They're going to get it... got any beer?

WEASEL GOON 1

Yeah, hold on.

Weasel Goon 1 stands and walks out of the garage. Q-Ball is still gathering the cards.

DRUG DEALER

So, who did you say these guys were again?

THE WEASEL

What? Oh, just some fat bikers.

Q-BALL

Yeah, right. What likely happened is he tried to steal some cookies from a bunch of girl scouts.

The Weasel shoots Q-Ball a death-stare but The drug dealer's phone rings before he could reply. Drug Dealer answers the phone.

DRUG DEALER
 (into phone)
 Drug Dealer... What?... Now?...
 Shit. Okay, I'm on my way. Don't
 move her.

Drug Dealer stands up and looks at The Weasel exasperated.

DRUG DEALER CONT.
 Some crack whore just O.D.. I gotta
 head over there and clean up.

Drug Dealer hurries out of the garage and jumps in his car as Weasel Goon 1 returns with a six-pack.

WEASEL GOON 1
 Hey, where's he going? Oh never
 mind, we still on?

Weasel Goon 1 tosses a beer to The Weasel.

THE WEASEL
 As soon as Limpdick over here gets
 the deck in order.

Q-Ball returns to his seat holding the deck of cards and flips off The Weasel. The Weasel smiles and drinks his beer. Q-Ball shuffles and begins dealing cards when the phone rings.

THE WEASEL CONT.
 What now?

The weasel walks over to the phone and answers it.

Q-BALL
 You hear Sam here got jumped by a
 bunch of girl scouts?

THE WEASEL
 Hello?

WEASEL GOON 1
 What? I thought he said bikers.

Q-BALL
 You gotta read between the lines,
 man. There were no bikers.

THE WEASEL

Mr. Divine, good to hear from
you... Yes, sir.

WEASEL GOON 1

Ha! Maybe we should start calling
him Nancy --

The Weasel frantically waves his arm and does a cutting
motion across his throat.

THE WEASEL

-- Yes, sir, Mr. Divine... Arrived?
You mean, here?... No, no, no.
Don't get a cab. I'll send a couple
of the boys to pick you up... Don't
worry about it. Listen, we've got
to talk. About Thorne. The guys is
slipping. I think he needs to be
reined in. Alright, see you soon.

The Weasel hangs up the phone and turns to the other two
men. They look at him curiously.

THE WEASEL

That was Johnny Devine. He just
landed and I need you guys to go
pick him up.

WEASEL GOON 1

What? We don't owe those syndicate
goons anything.

THE WEASEL

You fool. You want to keep feeding
off of Thorne's table scraps or you
want some real meat?

Q-Ball and Weasel Goon 1 look at each other and start
laughing.

Q-BALL

Shit, let's go.

Q-Ball and Weasel Goon 1 throw down the cards and stand up
and walk out of the garage, arguing who gets to drive.

WEASEL GOON 1

I get to drive.

Q-BALL

Up yours, man. You drove last time,
it's my turn.

The Weasel shakes his head and sit back down at the table to finish his beer.

THE WEASEL

I get no respect...

He waits from them to drive off and he looks around to make sure no one is looking. He stands and moves back over to the phone and dials a number.

THE WEASEL

(into phone)

Hey, Victor... Sam. Listen, you got some people asking questions about your latest adventure... A couple girls. Sisters. Twins. The bitches cornered me in an alley and put a gun in my face... Yeah, I know them... Hey, screw you Buddy. They got the jump on me... Oh, yeah. Easy for you to say. I'm not some ex-KGB, soviet bloc merc like someone I could mention... Anyway, figured I'd let you know so you can clean up your mess... Yeah, right. Later, comrade.

The Weasel hangs up the phone.

THE WEASEL

Asshole.

INT. ALEXIS TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Alexis enters the kitchen and starts rummaging around the fridge for a midnight snack. A noise catches her attention and she stands up just long enough to see a man coming towards her. Before she can react, the man hits her with the butt of his gun and she goes down, unconscious.

FADE TO:

INT. BASEMENT

FADE IN:

Alexis is tied to a chair, with a pillow case over her head.

THORNE (O.S.)

Wake her up.

The pillow case is yanked off and a hand slaps her face a couple of times and She wakes up, looks around and sees The Weasel and Victor.

ALEXIS

Sam, you asshole. You'll pay for this.

THE WEASEL

Oh, I'm so scared.

THORNE (O.S.)

Shut up and untie her.

The Weasel bends down to untie her legs, but begins to caress them and Alexis jerks in revulsion.

THORNE (O.S.)

I said untie her, not fondle her.

Victor pushes Sam aside and unties her himself. Once Alexis is free, she springs at The Weasel. Victor grabs her by the shoulders and forces her down to the floor, pinning her.

ALEXIS

Get the hell off me.

THORNE (O.S.)

That's no way to treat a lady, Victor.

Victor lets Alexis sit up, keeping a firm hand on her shoulder.

ALEXIS

Who the hell are you?

THORNE (O.S.)

That doesn't matter. What matters is that you threatened my friend. Tell me, what are you after?

ALEXIS

You killed my friend.

THORNE (O.S.)

My dear, I killed no one.

ALEXIS

You lying piece of shit.

THORNE (O.S.)
 I can see reason will not work
 here. I guess a more direct method
 of deterrence is in called for.
 Take care of this, Victor.

Victor reveals a gun from his jacket and waves it in front
 of Alexis' face.

VICTOR
 This is the same gun that killed
 your friend. When you see him, send
 him my regards.

ALEXIS
 Look, I'm sorry. Alright? I didn't
 mean anything. Let me go and you'll
 never see me again. Promise.

THORNE (O.S.)
 I'm afraid it's too late for that.

ALEXIS
 No, please.

VICTOR
 Sam gave me your message.

Victor cocks the gun and presses it to the back of her head.
 Sam steps forward, stopping Victor.

THE WEASEL
 Wait.

Sam grabs the girl by the hair and pulls her head back so
 she is looking at him. He backhands her and she falls.

THE WEASEL (CONT.)
 Not so tough now, are you?

As Alexis tries to rise, he kicks her in the stomach and she
 doubles over. He goes to kick her again, but Thorne stops
 him.

THORNE (O.S.)
 Sam, I think you made your point.

Victor pulls Alexis back up to her knees as Thorne and Sam
 begin to walk away.

ALEXIS
 No please, God help me.

VICTOR
God can't help you now.

Victor puts the gun to her head.

THORNE (O.S.)
Join us after you're done here.

Thorne turns and shuts the door as Alexis begins to scream.
Victor pulls the trigger, cutting her off.

FADE OUT:

DREAM SEQUENCE

JEFF MASON watches Daniel Collins run as LISA FORD appears and disappears several times in several different locations. Jeff Mason's own Disembodied laughter echoes everywhere. Daniel Collins sees Victor coming out of the darkness followed by Alexis and Simone Taylor, both girls bloody. Daniel Collins collapses to his knees, exhausted. Victor pulls a gun and purposefully strides to stand before Daniel, the two sisters flanking him. Daniel looks up to see Jeff Mason holding the gun.

DANIEL
Why?

Jeff pulls the trigger.

INT. MASON'S BEDROOM

Jeff Mason's eyes snap open and he looks around a moment seeing the ceiling fan. He sits up and buries his face in his hands.

JEFF
Shit.

Jeff gets up and walks across the room to the restroom as Lisa wakes up. She sits up and watches him.

INT. MASON'S BATHROOM

Jeff turns on the light and walks over to the sink and turns on the faucet. He stares at himself in the mirror for a moment, then slashes water on his face. When he looks back up, Lisa is standing behind him.

LISA
What's wrong?

JEFF

Just a dream. Nothing to worry about.

LISA

This is the third one in a row. Won't you tell me about them?

JEFF

Not yet. I don't know what to make of them. I'm going to go see Doctor Fields again soon. She might be able to help me understand them.

Lisa puts her arms around Jeff's waist and hugs him.

LISA

If you ever need to talk about it, I'm here for you. You know that.

Jeff turns in her embrace and lock gazes and hold it for a moment.

JEFF

I know. Thank you. Maybe when Doctor Fields gives me something to work with, I might be able to explain it.

Jeff and Lisa kiss passionately.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Linda Collins is standing in front of the sink in silence, looking out of the window and holding a glass of water as David enters the kitchen, adjusting his tie. He crosses to the fridge and grabs a bottle and slams the fridge, without acknowledging his wife and leaves. A moment later the front door opens.

DAVID (O.S.)

Hello detectives.

TRAVERS (O.S.)

Good morning, Mister Collins. Do you have a minute?

DAVID (O.S.)

I'm afraid not. My wife's in the kitchen, though.

Linda drinks the water and sets it down as Travers and Foster enter the kitchen.

TRAVERS
Hello, Missus Collins.

LINDA
Linda, please.

FOSTER
Linda. We need to ask you some more questions.

LINDA
We already told you what we know.

TRAVERS
I don't think you did.

TRAVERS (CONT.)
There was another shooting last night.

LINDA
Coincidence?

FOSTER
In our line of work there is no such thing as coincidence.

TRAVERS
There are too many parallels here. Want the grisly details?

LINDA
No.

TRAVERS
Then is there anything else you want to tell us about your son?

Linda turns and approaches the detectives.

LINDA
Fine. You win. Yes, my son was in trouble.

TRAVERS
With who?

LINDA
I don't know. Daniel had a bit of a gambling problem.

TRAVERS
And he never mentioned names?

LINDA
Only one. Said his name was Victor.

TRAVERS
Victor?

LINDA (CONT.)
I don't know if that is his real
name.

FOSTER
Thank you, Linda.

Travers puts her hand on Linda's shoulder.

TRAVERS
I know this is hard for you, but if
this Victor comes around again, let
me know.

Linda nods silently as Travers and Foster see themselves
out.

INT. RICHARD THORNE'S OFFICE

Richard Thorne sits behind his desk, looking at AN EMPLOYEE
FILE as Victor sits the corner seat and unfurls a NEWSPAPER.

Headline reads:

"SERIAL KILLER AT LARGE?"

The Weasel enters the office, holding AN ENVELOPE and Thorne
closes the file. The Weasel puts the envelope on Thorne's
desk. Thorne takes the envelope opens it up and briefly
reveals a dozen large bank notes.

THORNE (O.S.)
Thank you, Sam.

THE WEASEL
Right.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Linda parks her car and sits idle for a moment, listening to
EMOTIONAL ANGST MUSIC.

INT. LINDA'S CAR

The MUSIC ends and Linda Collins turns off the car. She looks at herself in the mirror and wipes her eyes, then opens the car door and steps out. She SLAMS the door behind her, leaving the key in the ignition.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Linda is waiting for the elevator. When the elevator arrives, JOE HARRIS emerges and blocks her path.

JOE
Hello, Linda. You're late.

LINDA
I know.

JOE
Thorne is looking for you.

Joe hurries away on some business as Linda enters the elevator.

INT. RICHARD THORNE'S OFFICE

LINDA
You wanted to see me, Mister Thorne?

THORNE
You're late again, Missus Collins. This is the third time this week.

LINDA
I'm sorry, things have been rough at home.

THORNE
Your domestic problems are not my concern. I don't want to see you in this building again.

As Linda turns to leave, she sees Victor in the corner. She stares intently at him for a moment in recognition.

THORNE (CONT.)
Is there something on your mind?

Victor ignores her and continues to read a newspaper. She hurries out of the office, closing the door behind her. As the door closes the receptionist buzzes in.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Mister Thorne, the Mayor is on line
two.

THORNE
I've a little business for you to
handle, Victor.

Thorne tosses a slip of paper towards Victor before picking
up the phone and presses a button.

THORNE
(into phone)
Ah, hello Mister Mayor... I'm fine,
thank you... No, she's fine, too...
Yes, yes... That's terrible news,
indeed... I assure you, none of my
people had anything to do with
it... Right... say hello to
Margaret for me... See you Monday.

During the conversation, Victor grabs the note and slips out
of the office.

INT. ELEVATOR

The door opens on a floor and Joe enters.

JOE
What did he say?

LINDA
Nothing.

JOE
He fired you, didn't he? I'm sorry
to hear that.

Joe grabs Linda and forces her close. Linda drops her purse
trying to push away from him.

LINDA
What are you doing?

JOE
I've been wanting to do this for
awhile now.

Joe kisses her fiercely and Linda tries to back away. Joe
forces her into a corner. Linda keeps fighting.

LINDA

Stop.

JOE

Come on, you know you want this as well.

LINDA

(softly)

I'm married.

JOE

So? That doesn't stop your husband.

Linda looks shocked and pushes him away and hurries past him as the elevator doors open. Joe picks up her fallen purse and smiles. Linda returns and tries to take the purse back, but Joe holds on to it, playing with her. Finally after a few attempts to pull the purse away, she stops.

JOE (CONT.)

You dropped something.

Joe holds out the purse for her to take it. She grabs it and pulls, expecting him to pull it away, but he lets go and Linda walks away.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Linda leaves the building, walking briskly towards her car. She pulls out her phone and dials Detective Travers number and bumps into Jeff Mason.

JEFF

Careful.

LINDA

Sorry.

INT. RICHARD THORNE'S OFFICE

JEFF

I need a few more days.

Thorne shakes his head.

THORNE

Jeff... you know the business doesn't work like that.

JEFF

You'll get your money.

THORNE
I know I will.

Thorne leans back and looks at Jeff for a moment.

THORNE (CONT.)
I'm feeling generous, today. I'll
give you til Monday.

JEFF
Thanks.

THORNE
(to Victor)
That girl you took care of last
night...

Jeff stands up and leaves the office, overhearing the
conversation between Thorne and Victor.

VICTOR
What about her?

THORNE
Didn't Sam say something about her
having a sister?

VICTOR
I think so. Want me to deal with
her?

THORNE
No. Get someone else to do it.
Someone you trust. I've got
something else for you.

INTERCUT INT. PARKING GARAGE/INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR

Linda reaches the car and discovers she doesn't have her
keys. She checks the doors and looks in the window. She sees
the keys are in the ignition and groans.

LINDA
God damn it.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR

Travers is driving.

TRAVERS
Normally people say 'Hello'.

LINDA

Oh. Detective. Sorry, I just realized I locked my keys in my car.

TRAVERS

Where's your husband?

INT. PARKING GARAGE

LINDA

On a trip to Baltimore.

TRAVERS

Need any help?

LINDA

I guess so. I'll have to walk home if not.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR

TRAVERS

No need for that. Was there something else you needed?

LINDA

Yes. I can't talk here, though. I'll wait until you arrive.

TRAVERS

Alright. Where are you? I'll swing by.

LINDA

Thorne Industries main office.

TRAVERS

Got it, I'll be there soon.

INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT

ANGELA THORNE is reading a text book for one of her classes. She finally realizes that Simone has been standing silently in the doorway, staring vacantly.

ANGELA

What's wrong, Simone?

SIMONE

Alexis is dead.

ANGELA
What happened?

SIMONE
They found her this morning. Shot
in the head.

Angela goes up to Simone and hugs her.

ANGELA
I'm so sorry.

SIMONE
He will pay for this.

ANGELA
Who?

SIMONE
Victor.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR

TRAVERS
So, what's on your mind?

LINDA
Remember I told you about Victor?

TRAVERS
Yeah.

LINDA
I saw him today.

Travers looks at her in surprise.

TRAVERS
Where?

LINDA
He was in Richard Thorne's office.

Travers slowly nods, lost in thought.

LINDA (CONT.)
Does it help?

TRAVERS
It's a start.

EXT. COLLIN'S HOUSE

The car pulls up and parks.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR

Linda opens the door.

LINDA
Thanks for the ride.

TRAVERS
No problem. I'll let you know what
we find.

FADE OUT:

EXT. FOSTER'S HOUSE

FADE IN:

Eric Foster is sitting on the front porch next to a suitcase when Paula pulls up. Paula gets out and approaches Eric.

TRAVERS
What the hell are you doing out
here?

FOSTER
Vivian just kicked me out.

TRAVERS
What did you do this time?

FOSTER
What makes you think it was me?

TRAVERS
It's always your fault, you
miserable bastard.

FOSTER
Hey, come on. Take it easy.

TRAVERS
You probably deserved everything.

FOSTER
What the hell? What's with the
attack?

TRAVERS
Come on, you big oaf. Did you get
my message?

FOSTER

Yeah, I did. So, you think Mister Thorne is in league with this Victor character and is calling the shots?

TRAVERS

We'll find out soon enough, we're going to speak with the man right now. Let's go. By the way, where the hell's your car?

Travers turns back to her car, Foster follows her and puts the briefcase in the trunk.

FOSTER

A fucking junkie swiped it. Can you believe it? I am the luckiest man alive.

EXT. CEMETERY

HOWARD is kneeling in front of a tombstone as Victor approaches from behind.

HOWARD

I know why you're here.

VICTOR

Can you pay?

HOWARD

No.

VICTOR

Then you know what I must do.

HOWARD

Yes. Give me a moment and I'll come with you.

VICTOR

Take your time.

Victor puts his hand on Howard's shoulder for a moment, then turns away.

INT. THORNE'S OFFICE

Thorne lounges behind his desk, nursing a whiskey on the rocks and casually glancing over a financial report when the intercom interrupts him.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Excuse me, Mr. Thorne. Two detectives are on the way to see you.

THORNE

Thank you.

The door opens, admitting Travers and Foster into the office.

THORNE

Ah. Hello, detectives. What can I do for you?

TRAVERS

We'd like to ask you a few questions.

THORNE

Certainly. Go right ahead.

TRAVERS

We're looking for information regarding a man named Victor.

THORNE

Victor? I'm afraid it's not familiar to me.

FOSTER

Well, it was very familiar to Linda Collins.

THORNE

Linda...Collins...

FOSTER

Yeah, Linda Collins. The employee you fired earlier today.

THORNE

Oh yeah, right. Forgive me, detectives. I have a lot of employees and a lot that demands my time. I cannot be expected to remember each every one of them.

TRAVERS

Well, Mrs. Collins recognized Victor in your office. As the man last seen with her son before he was found murdered.

THORNE

Her son...? Such a shame. I'm afraid I have no knowledge of that.

TRAVERS

So, you're saying no one was in the office with you when you fired her?

THORNE

That is what I'm saying. You said it yourself, her son is dead. Surely she is grieving. It makes sense that she sees this... Victor, did you say? Now, if you will excuse me, I do have to a business to run.

TRAVERS

Thank you for your time, Mr. Thorne. If you happen to see Victor again, let him know we're looking for him.

THORNE

I just told you, I don't know Victor.

FOSTER

Oh, we know. We just don't believe you.

The detectives turn and walk out of the office, Foster stops at the door, grabs the handle and smiles at Thorne as he shuts the door.

FOSTER CONT.

Have a good day, Mr. Thorne.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Travers and Foster enter the garage from the office entrance and begin to head towards the car.

FOSTER

You sure we want to annoy this guy?

TRAVERS
I have a feeling he's the one
pulling the strings.

FOSTER
Another one of your "feelings"?

TRAVERS
Yeah. That man is just as guilty as
the guy who pulled the trigger.

FOSTER
You think Victor is the gun man?

TRAVERS
It makes sense.

FOSTER
He's a slippery bastard, though. We
have nothing on him. He's a spook.

TRAVERS
We don't have anything on either
one of them.

Paula stops walking and looks at Eric. Angela Thorne passes
them, heading towards the building.

TRAVERS (CONT.)
Richard has been careful to cover
his tracks.

FOSTER
So we have a Ghost and Mister
Clean.

TRAVERS
Let's speak with Jones. Maybe he
can help.

INT. RICHARD THORNE'S OFFICE

Richard grabs the phone after the police are safely gone.

THORNE
(into phone)
Victor, it's Richard, listen...

EXT. CEMETERY

Victor is standing over Howard, with his gun aimed at the back of Howard's head. Victor is listening to Thorne, rolling his eyes.

THORNE (V.O.)
Linda Collins fingered you on the death of her son.

VICTOR
(into phone)
How?

THORNE (V.O.)
Don't ask me! She must have seen you two together.

VICTOR
Let me finish up here and I'll be in the office soon.

THORNE (V.O.)
No, stop what you're doing.

Victor silently curses Thorne and withdraws his gun from Howards' head and indicates that he should leave. Howard slowly gets up and hesitantly walks a few paces, looking at Victor in confusion.

THORNE (V.O.)
I want you to take care of the rest of the Collins family. Oh, and if you see Sam, have him give me a call.

HOWARD
What's going on?

VICTOR
You just got a lein on life. Use it wisely.

Victor turns and walks away, as Howard sinks to his knees with tears of relief flowing down his face.

INT. RICHARD THORNE'S OFFICE

Richard puts the phone down right as the door opens and Angela Thorne enters the office.

ANGELA

Hi, Dad!

THORNE

Angela, darling! what are you doing here?

ANGELA

I wanted to surprise you.

THORNE

(laughs)

How is school? Are you settled yet?

ANGELA

Oh, yes! I've met a wonderful friend and she's showing me around.

THORNE

Good! Do you need anything?

Angela smiles and shakes her head.

ANGELA

No. I've got everything I need.

THORNE

Don't hesitate to ask for anything. You know I'd do anything for you, right?

Angela stands up and hugs Richard.

ANGELA

I know and thanks, but I want to do stuff for myself sometimes. I better get going.

Angela leaves the office and Thorne smiles.

The phone begins to ring, interrupting Thorne's happy moment.

THORNE

(into the receiver)

Thorne... Sam, listen up. I want you to collect the money from Jeff Mason tonight... Come by the office in the morning.

INT. JEFF MASON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

LISA FORD and Jeff are sitting on the sofa.

LISA
Have you been having those strange
dreams still?

JEFF
(nods)
Yeah. They are so bizarre.

LISA
What did your shrink tell you?

JEFF
Told me to relax some. Seems to
think they are stress-related.

LISA
And if that doesn't help?

JEFF
I'll go back and tell her it's
something more.

A knock on the door interrupts them. Lisa answers it and
ushers Simone inside.

LISA
What's up, Simone?

SIMONE
Can I have a drink?

JEFF
Sure.

Jeff gets up and goes into the kitchen.

LISA
What's wrong?

Jeff returns a moment later with a cup.

SIMONE
Thanks.

JEFF
Something bothering you?

SIMONE
My sister is dead.

JEFF
What? Daniel, and now Alexis?

LISA
Alexis? Oh no.

Simone stands up.

SIMONE
Sorry coming in here and bothering
you with this.

LISA
You're alright, just tell us what's
going on.

SIMONE
Alright. We found out Daniel saw
this man, Victor, before he was
murdered. Well, we asked around
about him and she went nuts on the
guy.

LISA
That's terrible.

JEFF
Victor. Simone, we might be able to
help each other.

SIMONE
How?

JEFF
Not sure yet, I need some time to
think.

SIMONE
Alright, let me know when you
figure it out.

LISA
What are you thinking?

JEFF
A way out for us all. I think I
have it all worked out.

FADE OUT:

INTERCUT: INT. COLLINS HOUSE/INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT
- NIGHT

FADE IN:

INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT

The door opens slowly.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Linda opens the door to find an obviously drunk Joe standing there, smiling.

LINDA

Joe. What are you doing here?

JOE

You dropped something.

Linda smiles lamely.

INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT

Angela is asleep on the couch, Q-Ball stands in the doorway looking at her.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

LINDA

I thought I told you that I'm not interested?

JOE

I don't take no for an answer.

Joe grabs Linda.

INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT

Q-Ball reaches for a pillow as he steps forward.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Linda tries to struggle, but Joe forces her backwards. Joe tosses her on the couch and rips her shirt.

INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT

Q-Ball presses the pillow firmly over Angela's face. She wakes up and screams as she begins to struggle.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Linda stops fighting him and goes limp. Joe realizes she has surrendered and stops, confused.

JOE
What are you doing?

Linda closes her eyes.

INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT

Angela stops moving and Q-Ball pulls his gun and puts it to the pillow.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Joe stands up, looking down at Linda, disgusted.

JOE (CONT.)
I don't believe this. You're just
going to lie there and take it?
(pouting)
It's no fun without a fight. No
wonder your husband cheats on you.

He slaps her to get a reaction and fails.

JOE (CONT.)
Come on! Fight back! You know you
want to. Useless bitch.

INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT

Q-Ball stands up and as he looks down at her, he dials a number.

Q-BALL
It's done.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Angry, Joe leaves the house. Slowly, hesitantly, Linda makes her way to the phone and dials Travers number.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jeff is sitting in his car, tapping on his steering wheel impatiently. He finally sees the car he was waiting for pull up. Jeff steps out of his car as the other vehicle parks. The Weasel steps out of the vehicle and approaches Jeff.

JEFF
What's this all about? Why the
meeting?

THE WEASEL
Do you have it?

JEFF
Have what?

THE WEASEL
Don't play dumb with me. Thorne
wants the money now.

JEFF
Bullshit. He agreed to let me pay
Monday.

THE WEASEL
He changed his mind.

JEFF
He can't do that and expect
payment.

Jeff turns away from Sam and a takes a few steps.

THE WEASEL
Well, he just did.

JEFF
I don't have the money. He can wait
for Monday like our agreement.

THE WEASEL
I'll let him know.

Sam starts to go, but Jeff stops him.

JEFF
What? That's it?

THE WEASEL
What? Did you expect me to get
violent? I'm not Victor.

JEFF
Thanks, Sam.

INT. SIMONE TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Simone opens the door and enters.

SIMONE
Angela? Are you here?

Simone walks into the living room, putting her purse down.
She sees Angela lying on the couch.

SIMONE
Angela? Wake up.

Simone shakes Angela's shoulder and finally realizes she's dead. She screams and falls backwards.

SIMONE (CONT.)
Oh my god, Angela. No, God, no.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Travers and Foster are sitting at their desks, pouring over various documents and files.

TRAVERS
How come nothing is coming up on
this guy?

Travers buries her face in her hands.

FOSTER
How come no one wants us to go
after Thorne?

TRAVERS
It does seem that way, doesn't it?

FOSTER
All we need is one witness and we
can end this charade.

TRAVERS
No one's talking, though.

The office door opens and Detective SALLY CHAMBERS enters.

FOSTER
Hello, Sally.

CHAMBERS
That's Detective Chambers to you.

TRAVERS
What's up, Sally?

CHAMBERS
A couple of things. We've got a new
victim.

TRAVERS
Who is it now?

CHAMBERS

We've identified her as Angela Thorne. She was discovered in an apartment leased by Simone Taylor. We're currently looking for Simone for questioning.

TRIVERS

Angela --

FOSTER

-- Thorne.

TRIVERS

Has any of this been released yet?

CHAMBERS

No.

TRIVERS

I need you to keep a lid on her identity as long as possible.

CHAMBERS

But, Jones --

The door open, and CHIEF DOUGLAS JONES enters the office.

JONES

"But, Jones" what?

TRIVERS

Hey, Chief. Sally was just telling us about a new victim.

JONES

And?

CHAMBERS

Caucasian female, early twenties. I'm not sure this new murder can be linked to the others... I'm reluctant to anyway.

JONES

Reluctant?

CHAMBERS

Yes, Sir. It seems too neat and there is no discernible connection besides M.O. - A single shot to the head. different gun, though.

JONES

Are you sure it's not related?

CHAMBERS

I don't see why the killer would suddenly switch guns in the middle of a spree like this.

Jones frowns, goes to the window and looks out.

JONES

Terrific. so Now we have some nut playing copycat. Do not notify the press about this.

CHAMBERS

Sir?

JONES

That's what this asshole wants - publicity. He probably gets off on the attention.

Jones turns around and leans on the desk, looking intently at Travers.

JONES (CONT.)

What I am really interested in is what have you ladies found? Why is it that you haven't been able to come up with anything substantial?

TRAVERS

We have found another link to tie the murders together.

JONES

And that is?

TRAVERS

They knew each other.

JONES

So, we have two stiff's who knew each other and were killed by the same gun. Anything else?

FOSTER

We believe someone may be using Angela Thorne's class schedule as a hit list.

JONES

Christ. Any idea who this scumbag is?

TRAVERS

A man named Victor, on orders from Richard Thorne.

JONES

Are you mad? Richard Thorne, using some nut to kill his daughters classmates? Why? Is this his way of making sure Daddy's little girl makes it to the head of the class? Do you have any idea who Richard Thorne is?

TRAVERS

Yeah, I've heard nothing but good things about the man.

JONES

You're kicking up one hell of a shit storm. Find another avenue of inquiry. That is not a suggestion. I want this case closed yesterday.

Jones storms out of the office.

INT. RICHARD THORNE'S OFFICE

Richard Thorne is sitting behind his desk speaking to Sam when Victor enters the office.

THORNE

Don't tell me that. If he refuses to pay then break his fucking legs.

THE WEASEL

How would that get your money? He's agreed to pay Monday.

Thorne slams his palm on the desk.

THORNE

That's not the point.

THE WEASEL

Isn't it? That's not how you do business.

Thorne laughs.

THORNE
It's how I do business. It's about
respect, fear.

THE WEASEL
Richard --

THORNE
-- That's Mister Thorne.

THE WEASEL
You're losing control, man.

THORNE
Shut up and get out. We'll deal
with this after my appointments
today.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE

FOSTER
Well, that went better than I
expected.

TRAVERS
(to Sally)
Thank you.

CHAMBERS
What's this all about, Paula?

TRAVERS
I'll tell you about it later. Just
promise me, no matter what happens,
do not drop Angela Thorne's name.

CHAMBERS
Alrght, alright. I promise. I can
see how important this is to you.
Oh, and Joe Harris wants to see
you.

TRAVERS
Why would he want to see us? I
guess, send him in.

Chambers leaves.

TRAVERS
(to Eric)
So, what's the story between you
and Sally?

FOSTER

My girlfriend, you know the one
that kicked me out of the house, is
her sister.

Travers burst out laughing, while Foster looks on in dismay.
Chambers returns, with Joe Harris in tow.

CHAMBERS

I'll be outside if you need
anything, Paula.

TRAVERS

Actually, Sally, why don't you
stick around a bit?

FOSTER

Have a seat Mister Harris. Let's
all get nice and comfy.

Joe sits down obediently.

TRAVERS

I understand you wanted to speak
with us?

JOE

Yeah. It's about Richard Thorne.

FOSTER

We're all ears.

JOE

Okay, so I overheard Richard Thorne
talking to some guy called Victor.
Slent type, haunts the building
occasionally, doing this or that
for Me. Thorne. Not a nice guy at
all, won't talk to anybody and
those who try get a stare worse
than anything I've ever seen. If
looks could kill. Anyway, They were
talking to a few other guys about
collections and money owed, dues.
He referred to someone as The Old
Man and a syndicate of some sort.
Not sure what that's about. Names
were dropped and Daniel Collins was
one of them.

TRAVERS

And you're willing to testify in
court?

JOE

Maybe.

TRAVERS

Not good enough.

JOE

Alright, look. I'm scared, okay? I don't want to cross these guys.

FOSTER

Then why come to us?

JOE

I figured you could protect me if I helped you.

TRAVERS

Get the hell out of my office. You come in here with a cock and bull story, expecting us to swallow it?

Chambers grabs Joe by the arm and drags him up and towards the door.

JOE

I have proof.

Travers leans forward and stares at him intently.

TRAVERS

Where?

JOE

My apartment.

TRAVERS

Fine. I'll get some officers over there and tear the place apart.

JOE

They won't know what to look for. I need to go.

TRAVERS

You won't have the chance to escape, if that's what you're thinking.

JOE

Escape? And go where? Back to Thorne? You're nuts.

TRAVERS

Well, what do you think, Sally?

CHAMBERS

From everything I heard, it might be worth the risk.

TRAVERS

Alright, could you see to it that a couple officers escort him over there?

Chambers leads Joe out the office.

FOSTER

There's our big break.

TRAVERS

We'll see. Nevermind him, though. Can you believe this? Angela Thorne, dead. Murdered.

FOSTER

You noticed the name? Simone Taylor.

TRAVERS

Of course. Alexis Taylor. I hate being right all the time.

FOSTER

No you don't.

Travers looks sideways at Foster.

FOSTER (CONT.)

Besides, why would he kill his own daughter?

TRAVERS

Isn't it obvious? Mistaken identity. Whoever killed Angela was after Simone.

FOSTER

Poor girl. Wrong place at the wrong time. Richard may be a dick, but I doubt the girl was.

TRAVERS

We'll never know, now.

FOSTER

Now I wish that Jones stuck around to hear that. Should we tell him?

TRAVERS

Only about Harris.

INT. JEFF MASON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

FADE IN:

Lisa is sitting watching the news.

REPORTER

Firefighters and paramedics are on the scene of a fire on the four-hundred block of Main Street. Reports say that the fire started in an third story apartment in the complex. Reports claim that the tenant of the apartment in question is one Joseph Harris. He was brought in for questioning regarding an assault charge against Linda Collins.

At the mention of Linda Collins' name, Lisa become much more interested in the report.

REPORTER (CONT.)

Coincidentally, Joseph Harris was Linda Collins co-worker at the headquarters of Thorne Industries. Richard Thorne has not been reached for comment. Collins has recently been center of media attention with the death of her son, Daniel Collins. The police are not saying if this is related to the on-going investigation into the death of Daniel Collins. They are contributing this to the serial arsonist that has plagued our city for the past several --

Lisa shuts off the TV and picks up the phone.

LISA

Jeff, I just saw a report on a fire that broke out. Daniel Collins and Richard Thorne were both mentioned by the reporter...Alright, I'll see you when you get back.

Lisa hangs up and sits on the couch, lost in thought. Her phone rings and she answers.

LISA
Hello?... Mister Thorne. You were
just mentioned on the news.

INT. THORNE'S OFFICE

Thorne is stretched out getting a massage.

THORNE
Nevermind about that. I am calling
in your debt. You owe me money,
missy, and I want it... I'm sure
you will. Everyone pays in the
end... Shut up and listen, I have a
deal for you. You have three
choices. One, you can pay up. Two,
we hunt you down and kill you. Or
three, you kill Jeff Mason. If you
kill Mister Mason, your debt will
be wiped clean. It's your
choice.... You have two days to
decide.

Richard hangs up the phone and drops it. He closes his eyes
and moans appreciatively.

THORNE (CONT.)
(to the masseuse)
Oh, yeah. Right there. Maybe just a
little lower.

INT. JEFF MASON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Lisa drops the phone and begins to pace nervously, lost in
thought. She makes a decision, grabs her phone and keys,
then leaves.

INT. DR. FIELDS OFFICE

The door opens a few moments later and Jeff enters.

DR. FIELDS
Jeff, you were just here a few
days.

JEFF
I know Doctor, I'm sorry. I just
had to see you.

DR. FIELDS
Your dreams again?

JEFF
They're getting worse. I don't
think they're stress related.

DR. FIELDS
Tell me about them.

JEFF
I see my friends. We're somewhere
dark. Underground, maybe. But they
start dying. One after another.

DR. FIELDS
Do you see the killer?

JEFF
No. Just shadows. I hear laughing,
though. Seems self-righteous to me.

DR. FIELDS
The laughing? Please continue.
Anything else?

JEFF
Just more of the same. Lisa is in
some of them, too.

DR. FIELDS
Have you told her yet?

JEFF
No. What would I say?

Dr. Fields sits quietly for a moment then reaches into a
drawer and pulls out a notebook. She quickly scribbles some
information on it and hands it to Jeff.

DR. FIELDS
Hand this to my assistant outside.

Jeff takes the note and stands up.

JEFF
Thank you, Doctor.

DR. FIELDS
Jeff, I suggest you take a trip. Go
somewhere fun.

JEFF

Thanks.

EXT. JUDY FORD'S HOUSE - DAY

A sedan pulls up in front of a house and Lisa gets out and walks up to the front door and knocks. She walks around to the side of the house to check and see if anyone is home at all.

LISA

Come on. Come on, where is she?

JUDY FORD appears on the patio above Lisa's head.

JUDY

I'm up here.

LISA

Oh, thank God you're here.

JUDY

Is the world about to end?

LISA

What?

JUDY

Something catastrophic must have happened to get you to visit me.

LISA

I need help and I have no where else to turn.

JUDY

What have you gotten yourself into now?

LISA

It's complicated.

JUDY

Complicated? I've heard that before. You only come around when you want something. Is that it?

LISA

No, that is not it.

JUDY

Then explain it to me, girl.

LISA
It's a matter of life and death.

JUDY
If you can't tell me what you need,
then I can't help you.

LISA
Please --

JUDY
-- Forget it. You got yourself into
this mess, you can get yourself out
of it.

LISA
But, Mom --

JUDY
-- Good bye. I hope you are able to
solve this on your own.

LISA
(angry)
You think I'd show up here and make
a fool of myself if I could?

Judy scowls and clutches the rail for a moment, shakes her head and turns away. Lisa stands there for awhile after her mother goes back inside, then breaks down into tears.

EXT. COLLINS HOUSE - DAY

Victor is sitting in the passenger seat of the car. He spots a car pull up and David Collins get out. Victor grabs his gun out of the glove box and checks to make sure it is loaded.

VICTOR
Keep the engine running.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

David enters the house and Linda appears to investigate the noise.

LINDA
You're home early.

DAVID
Have the detectives found your sons
killer yet?

Before Lisa can reply, Victor steps through the door and forces David into the room.

Victor shoots David before he can recover from the surprise attack.

Linda tries to run, but Victor grabs her by the hair and pulls. Throwing her to the floor.

VICTOR

Remember me? Richard Thorne sends his regards.

Victor moves towards her and Linda screams.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR

Foster yawns.

TRIVERS

So, you want to tell me what's going on with your girlfriend?

Foster is silent for a moment, scratches his head uncomfortably.

FOSTER

She isn't happy that I've been working so much.

TRIVERS

She should've known what she was getting into when she started dating you. Hell, Sally is her sister. There must be more to it than that.

FOSTER

Yeah... She also thinks there's something between us outside of work.

TRIVERS

Between... us?

Travers begins laughing as Foster shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Travers laughs for awhile, before she can control herself.

TRIVERS CONT.

She's insane. There's nothing between us and there never will be. We're partners and that's that. I'll have Sally talk to her.

Foster is visibly crushed and produces a weak smile.

FOSTER
Yeah, thanks.

The detectives pull up and see that David's car is in front of the house.

FOSTER
Looks like the husband is back.

TRAVERS
Let's go have a little chat then,
shall we?

EXT. COLLINS HOUSE

They approach the door and see that the door is standing open.

FOSTER
The door's open.

They draw their sidearms.

TRAVERS
Thank you for the update.

FOSTER
You're welcome. How do you want to
play this?

TRAVERS
Check the back. I'll go in here.

FOSTER
Right. Be careful.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Travers enters the room and sees the bodies of Linda and David Collins. She takes a quick glance around the room, checks both corpses, then heads deeper into the house.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - BASEMENT

As Travers enters the room, movement catches her eye, but Victor grabs her before she can react. She tries to shoot him which causes Victor to drop his gun and grab her wrist. He easily overpowers her, but she squeezes off a few rounds before dropping her gun.

EXT. COLLINS HOUSE

Eric Foster rounds the corner, checking the yard and windows, looking for any sign of an intruder when he hears the gun shots. He spins and begins heading back towards the front of the house.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - BASEMENT

Victor punches her in the stomach and Travers doubles over, coughing. Victor grabs his gun and escapes.

EXT. COLLINS HOUSE

Foster rounds the corner just in time to see Victor come out of the front door.

FOSTER

Freeze!

Victor turns and fires his gun, causing Foster to dive back around the corner. Victor rushes out past the cars and across the street into a waiting vehicle. Foster comes back around the corner and fires twice at Victor, as he heads towards the car when he remembers Paula inside the house.

FOSTER

Fuck.

INT. COLLINS HOUSE - BASEMENT

FOSTER (O.S.)

Paula. Paula.

Holding her head she calls back, weakly.

TRAVERS

Down here.

Foster enters the basement, checking the room for anymore surprises. Satisfied that they are alone, he holsters his gun.

FOSTER

Damn. You look rough.

Foster helps Travers up and takes her upstairs.

INT. COLLINS House - LIVING ROOM

Travers sits down on the couch, still holding her head.

FOSTER
This went to hell real fast.

TRAVERS
Yeah, damn it. I was so stupid.

FOSTER
You got to check those corners,
rookie.

Travers shakes her head, then groans.

FOSTER (CONT.)
Any idea who it was?

TRAVERS
My guess is that it was our ghost.

FOSTER
Victor tying up loose ends, eh?

Travers glances over at the bodies.

TRAVERS
Looks that way. Better call this
in.

FOSTER
Right. Jones won't be happy about
this. You sit here and get some
rest while I make the call.

EXT. UNDERPASS

Victor leans against his car as a second car pulls up and
the rear window rolls down.

THORNE
Did you take care of it?

VICTOR
Yes. Those detectives showed up,
though.

THORNE
Did you kill them?

VICTOR
No.

THORNE
I thought you were a professional?

VICTOR

There is a difference between being a professional and being stupid. Never question what I do again. You like to burn bridges, but don't burn them all, or you'll have no where to run when you're back is to the wall.

THORNE

You're forgetting who you're talking to. I'm untouchable.

VICTOR

I've been playing this game for awhile now. No one is untouchable. Everyone makes mistakes and everyone has a weak point.

THORNE

I don't make mistakes. I have everything under control. I plan for every contingency.

EXT. COLLINS HOUSE

Travers leaves the house and sees Sally Chambers and her partner, LEE CARLO, talking with Foster.

FOSTER

That's that.

CARLO

Would you believe no one is saying anything?

FOSTER

How are you feeling, Paula?

Travers looks disgusted.

TRAVERS

I'm alright, but what the hell is wrong with these people?

FOSTER

Conditioning. Apathy is a conditioned reflex allowing them to keep their own sanity in an insane world.

TRAVERS
And your point?

FOSTER
Nothing. Just answering your
question.

TRAVERS
Thanks for nothing.

FOSTER
My pleasure.

Jones walks up to them, unnoticed.

JONES
A double homicide and you're
standing around cracking jokes?

Travers and Foster both look pained.

JONES (CONT.)
This tragedy would not have
happened had you two been doing
your jobs!

Travers spins, looking shocked.

TRAVERS
Now hold on, Chief. We have been
doing our job.

JONES
Oh, really? Then who did it?

TRAVERS
Richard Thorne.

Jones narrows his eyes.

JONES
You have a hard on for Richard
Thorne.

Travers counts the points on her fingers.

TRAVERS
Just hear me out for once. Daniel
Collins owed money to Richard
Thorne, but couldn't pay. Thorne
called in a guy named Victor to
knock him off. Alexis Taylor was a
friend and classmate of Daniel

TRAVERS

Collins who wanted revenge. She turns up dead because she asked too many questions. Joe Harris, killed because he was willing to roll over on Thorne. Linda Collins and her entire family dead because she fingered Victor in Thorne's office. You see the pattern here?

JONES

The only thing I see are two bumbling idiots who can't wipe their ass without getting shit on their hands. Richard Thorne is a respected businessman and a close personal friend to the mayor! You two are suspended! Get out of my sight. Take a vacation. I don't want to see you until this case is solved! Understand?

(to Chambers)

Chambers, you and Carlo are taking over. I hope you take your job more seriously than these Idiots.

Jones walks away before anyone can respond.

CHAMBERS

Sorry, Paula.

TRAVERS

I figured this was going to happen. We've been getting shit on the entire time.

(To Foster)

Let's go.

FOSTER

Are we really going to listen to that pompous ass?

TRAVERS

Hell no. We'll solve this case on our own.

FOSTER

What's our first move?

TRAVERS

We're going to put pressure on Mister Thorne.

FOSTER
Sounds like fun.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #6

Simone is washing her hair in the bathroom when she hears a news report that catches her attention.

She steps out of the bathroom and watches the TV.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Police are still trying to piece together the events leading up to what some people are calling Murder Day. Linda Collins, age forty-three allegedly shot and killed her husband before turning the gun on herself. The recent death of her son, Daniel Collins, and wide spread rumors of her husbands infidelity may have been the cause of this sudden and tragic turn of events.

Simone is getting angrier by the minute as she listens to the reporter.

REPORTER (V.O. CONT.)
Here is what Police Commissioner Douglas Jones told reporters an hour ago...

JONES (V.O.)
This tragedy illustrates how vulnerable we are to attack. Our city has seen a sudden increase of violent and deviant behavior recently and I vow that I will not rest until our city is at peace once again. I urge citizens to assist law enforcement officials in any way possible. Take all available precautions to protect yourselves and do not hesitate to contact us if you notice any suspicious activity. We have suspended several detectives who failed to act upon their sworn duty to find and apprehend the suspects. I would like to present Detective Sally Chamber and her partner, Lee Carlo. They will be taking over the investigation...

Simone shuts off the TV.

SIMONE
Piece of shit.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM #6

Jeff and Lisa step in front of the door and Jeff knocks. The door swings open, admitting them.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #6

Jeff and Lisa enter the room, Lisa goes straight over to Simone and hugs her.

LISA
I'm so sorry about Angela... and
Alexis...

SIMONE
Thank you.

JEFF
Still eager for some revenge?

SIMONE
More than ever.

JEFF
Good. Because I have come up with a
plan that will land Richard Thorne
in prison.

SIMONE
Richard Thorne? Why would I want
Angela's father in prison?

LISA
Who do you think has been doing all
these murders?

SIMONE
Some guy named Victor.

JEFF
Sit down and let me tell you about
the special relationship between
Richard Thorne and Victor.

INT. RICHARD THORNE'S OFFICE

Richard Thorne is looking through a ledger when Victor sits down across from him.

VICTOR
Sam is on his way and he's not alone.

THORNE
Who's with him?

VICTOR
Devine.

The Weasel and JOHNNY DEVINE enter the office.

THORNE
Sam, you bastard. Why did you bring him here?

DEVINE
Don't blame him. You're the reason I'm here.

Devine reveals a matching ledger and opens it up.

DEVINE (CONT.)
This is disconcerting, Richard. Only one mark has paid up while the rest, well we know what happened there, don't we?
(to Victor)
You've been busy.
(to Thorne)
The Old Man has been concerned about the Syndicate's interests here for some time. This does not bode well for your longevity, Richard.

THORNE
Are you threatening me? He can't touch me here. This is my city.

DEVINE
No, it's his city. You just work here.

THORNE
Get the hell out of my sight.

DEVINE
I'll be back, don't worry.

Devine leaves.

THORNE
(into intercom)
Cancel my golf game with the Mayor
on Monday.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Yes, sir.

THORNE
Why can't everyone be that
obedient?

THE WEASEL
Because they think for themselves?

THORNE
What am I going to do with you,
Sam?

THE WEASEL
Shake my hand and buy me a beer?

THORNE
Hardly. You're a good hustler and
you made me a lot of money --

THE WEASEL
-- That I did. Made myself a bit,
too.

THORNE
Oh, I know. However, that money is
mine, by rights.

THE WEASEL
I don't think you realize the kind
of relationship we have, Thorne.

THORNE
What relationship is that?

THE WEASEL
You want me to do a job, no
problem. However, there is a
contractor's fee that should be
considered.

THORNE
Contractor's fee?

THE WEASEL
You didn't think I worked for you
exclusively, did you?

THORNE
You little fuck. No one steals from
me and gets away with it. Victor,
show him what we do to thieves.

Sam moves away from Victor and draws a gun, concealed behind
his back.

THE WEASEL
Don't move, Victor.

VICTOR
That was not a smart move, Sam.

THE WEASEL
Blame your boss.

THORNE
Now, Sam. Don't call attention to
us. Put the gun down and let's
talk.

THE WEASEL
You honestly think I'm an idiot,
don't you?

THORNE
The thought had crossed my mind,
yes.

THE WEASEL
Listen up, Richard. I may work for
you from time to time, but you do
not own me.

THORNE
You work for me, not those
Syndicate assholes.

THE WEASEL
Consider me a free agent.

THORNE
If you cross me, you won't live
long to enjoy it.

THE WEASEL

If you or your trained monkey tries anything, Thorne, you'll both regret it.

THORNE

What is stopping us from making your death look like an accident?

The Weasel reveals his phone.

THORNE

How is your phone going to save you?

THE WEASEL

If I don't call in five minutes to let them know I'm on my way out, some friends of mine are in a position to kidnap your daughter. Then they will kill her, dismember her and send you the pieces.

THORNE

I won't forget this.

THE WEASEL

Good.

THORNE

Get the hell out of my office.

THE WEASEL

Gladly. Oh, and consider our arrangement dissolved.

Sam smiles and backs out of the office, closing the door as he goes.

VICTOR

So, did you plan for this?

Thorne picks up the paperwork again, barely containing his rage.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff is asleep, but Lisa is staring up at the ceiling. She sits up and looks at Jeff.

LISA

Jeff, are you awake?

She leans over to the table next to the bed, opens the drawer and reveals a revolver. She turns back towards Jeff and slowly aims the gun at his head. She shakes as she holds it for a moment, looking at Jeff. Finally she closes her eyes and collapses, dropping the gun on the floor and begins to cry. Jeff stirs, sits up and wipes her face.

JEFF

Shhh. What's wrong?

LISA

I hate this. I just want it to end.

JEFF

Don't worry. Tomorrow it'll be over.

LISA

I have to tell you something. I -- Thorne called me yesterday.

JEFF

Thorne called you?

LISA

Yeah, he gave me a choice. Pay up, kill you, or die. I couldn't do it.

JEFF

It's okay. This business has us all fucked up.

LISA

You're not angry?

JEFF

The only person I'm angry with is Thorne. But enough about him for tonight.

Jeff kisses Lisa.

JEFF CONT.

This will be over soon and we'll be able to continue on with our lives.

LISA

I'd like that.

Jeff kisses Lisa again and she turns into his embrace. He caresses her stomach, pushing her shirt up as they move against each other.

JEFF

We're getting out of this city.
Just you and me.

Jeff kisses her chest and slowly moving up her neck and her head arches backward. Jeff moves on top of her and Lisa begins to moan in pleasure. Jeff buries his face in her hair, inhales deeply. He slowly, gently moves up and down, thrusts in and out. Both are breathing hard, and perspiring. Their sweat mingles, their body heat rises and they reach the pinnacle of ecstasy together in a final climax that shakes the pillars of heaven.

INT. JUDY FORD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

FADE IN:

Judy sits on the sofa, reading a book. She glances over at the phone, her conscious getting to her. She finally puts the book down and grabs the phone and dials Lisa's number.

JUDY

Lisa, it's your Mom...I've changed my mind, I'll help you. Why don't you come by and tell me what's going on...I know...See you soon.

INT. JEFF MASON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jeff and Simone are sitting, waiting for Lisa's return.

SIMONE

You think it will work?

JEFF

Yeah, I do. I haven't heard anything in the news about Angela's death.

SIMONE

We say we have his daughter and he'll show up?

JEFF

Here's to hoping. Need a beer?

SIMONE

Sure.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM #5

Chambers steps out of her vehicle and walks up to a door and knocks. She hears a muffled curse from the other side of the door and the sound of movement follows.

FOSTER (V.O.)
Yeah. Give me a minute.

The door slowly opens and the door way frames Foster as he stares, bleary eyed out. He takes a minute to get his bearings then sees Chambers.

FOSTER
Oh, you. Here to finish what your
sister started?

Chambers looks at him baleful and shakes her head, pulling out an envelope. Before she can give it to him, a woman's voice interrupts them.

CALL GIRL
Who is it Eric?

Foster turns to look into the room, revealing a CALL GIRL laying in bed, barely covered by a sheet. She props herself up on her elbow and looks at them.

FOSTER
No one, don't worry about.

Chambers looks from Foster to the girl and back to Foster with an expression mixed with disappointment and anger.

CHAMBERS
Who is that?

FOSTER
No one. Now, what do you want?

Chambers thrusts the envelope in Foster's chest, punching him in the process.

CHAMBERS
I'm looking for Paula. I've been
trying to get a hold of her all
day.

Foster pulls a sheet of paper from the envelope.

FOSTER
You're wasting your time. She
turned her phone off.

Foster reads the note and looks up at Chambers in surprise.

FOSTER (CONT.)

This is a joke, right? You and I
both know Angela is dead.

CHAMBERS

No one else does. This is valid to
the rest of the world.

FOSTER

What are they playing at?

Chambers takes the letter back from Foster.

CHAMBERS

Paula knows, I'm sure. Will you
tell me where she is?

FOSTER

I'm coming with you. You drive,
though. Just give me a moment to
get my shit together.

Before Chambers can reply, Foster shuts the door.

INT. JEFF MASON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jeff hands Simone a beer.

SIMONE

What if it doesn't work?

JEFF

We can still make it work. He wants
money, we offer him the money.

SIMONE

Fair enough. Where's Lisa? She
should have been back by now.

JEFF

She's visiting her mother, could be
all night.

Simone takes a drink from the beer. The door opens and Lisa
enters with a duffel bag slung over one shoulder.

LISA

I'm back.

JEFF
You didn't take long.

LISA
Leave it to my mother to let a
reconciliation act as a business
transaction.

JEFF
So, everything went well?

LISA
Yes, it did. What about you guys?

JEFF
The plan is in motion as we speak.

Lisa puts the bag down and comes over to join them.

LISA
That's wonderful. What's next?

INT. MOTEL ROOM #5

Foster walks across the room, motions towards the call girl.

FOSTER
Get up. Time to go.

CALL GIRL
Who was that?

FOSTER
That was my girlfriend's sister.

CALL GIRL
What? You have a girlfriend?

The call girl gets up, barely covering herself with the sheet and heads towards the bathroom. Foster slaps her ass as she passes him.

FOSTER
Yes, now come on. Get dressed, I've
got to go.

INT. CHAMBERS CAR

Sally is driving and glances over at Foster, who is leaning against his fist.

CHAMBERS

Eric, I spoke to Vivian and explained to her that she is being foolish and that there is nothing going on between you and Paula. You really should talk to her and make up, instead of hooking up with those... women.

Foster looks over at Sally, as she is driving, then looks back out the window looking guilty and confused and ultimately alone.

EXT. RIVER

Travers is leaning on a rail, overlooking the river as Chambers and Foster approach.

CHAMBERS

Paula.

TRAVERS

Hello, Sally. Beautiful day. Foster, what are you doing up so early?

CHAMBERS

That's my fault. I've been trying to get a hold of you all day.

TRAVERS

I turned my phone off. I need time to think.

CHAMBERS

Well, take a look at this.

Chambers hands Travers the note and Travers begins to laugh.

FOSTER

I'm glad she's finding this amusing.

CHAMBERS

What's so funny? We all know Angela is dead. Why would someone claim to have kidnapped a corpse? Unless --

TRAVERS

-- they are after the same thing we are.

CHAMBERS

Jones wants you and Foster to aid Thorne in rescuing his daughter.

FOSTER

You're kidding, there's no way in hell we're going to --

TRAVERS

-- Okay, we'll do it. Let Jones know we're on our way to see Thorne right now.

CHAMBERS

Sure thing. Oh, and Eric. You should really talk to my sister.

INT. RICHARD THORNE'S OFFICE

Thorne looks at Victor.

THORNE

I don't like this, Victor.

VICTOR

What's wrong?

THORNE

Things are unraveling. Faster than I had anticipated.

VICTOR

I tried to warn you.

Thorne grabs the bridge of his nose and closes his eyes.

THORNE

Yes, yes. No need to rub it in.

VICTOR

You have anything that needs done?

Thorne looks at Victor intently, thinking.

THORNE

Perhaps. I have not heard from my daughter in a few days. It's not like her not to call or stop by.

Victor stands up and heads towards the door.

THORNE (CONT.)

I kind of regret how I treated Sam.

VICTOR

You think he was serious about kidnapping your daughter?

THORNE

--I'm not sure. I used to think I could control him. Canvas the streets, find all the low life scum that deals with Sam. Find out what they know about Sam and my daughter. Kill them, if they don't cooperate.

Victor opens the door and steps out.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Travers and Foster walk towards the buildings entrance. Foster pulls out his notepad, opens to an entry then stops and looks up at Travers confused.

FOSTER

This is getting crazy. I mean, Angela is dead, right? But someone has claimed to have kidnapped her and is holding her ransom.

TRAVERS

Don't you see what's going on?

FOSTER

No. We've been trying to nail this guy's dick to the wall for murder and now we're supposed to help him rescue his daughter. Who is dead, by the way.

TRAVERS

You realize we have his ass now, right? Once he realizes his daughter is already dead and that he is the one responsible, his house of cards are going to come tumbling down around his head.

FOSTER

Come on, let's go break the news to dear old daddy. This should be funny.

TRAVERS
I'm not laughing.

Travers phone begins to ring.

TRAVERS (CONT.)
(into phone)
Travers.

Travers stands silently for a moment, listening to the speaker on the other end. Foster looks at her in confusion.

TRAVERS (CONT.)
(into phone)
I see. Thank you. We'll be in touch.

FOSTER
What was that about?

TRAVERS
That was the kidnapper.

FOSTER
So, who are we going to help? The kidnappers or Thorne?

TRAVERS
We're going to help ourselves.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY/ELEVATOR

Travers and Foster meet Victor as he steps off the elevator.

FOSTER
Howdy, Hoss.

TRAVERS
Where's Mister Thorne?

VICTOR
Not here.

TRAVERS
Bullshit, Victor. You never stray far from Daddies side.

FOSTER
Easy, Paula. We don't want to upset the gorilla.

TRAVERS
 You're right, Eric. We need to
 speak with Mister Thorne on some
 urgent business.

VICTOR
 I already told you, Mister Thorne
 is not here.

TRAVERS
 Maybe this will change your mind.

Travers pulls out the ransom note and hands it to Victor. He
 reads it impassively then looks up.

VICTOR
 He's in his office.

TRAVERS
 Glad to see you can be civil.

VICTOR MONTAGE

FOSTER (V.O.)
 Howdy, Dick.

Victor walks towards a street punk.

THORNE (V.O.)
 The name is Richard. You can call
 me Mr. Thorne. Why are you here?

the punk sees him, turns and runs.

TRAVERS (V.O.)
 We have been ordered to assist in
 rescuing your daughter.

THORNE (V.O.)
 Much to your disappointment, no
 doubt.

victor pulls his gun out and aims at the fleeing man.

TRAVERS (V.O.)
 It's true, we don't particularly
 like you, but we have nothing
 against your daughter.

DISSOLVE

victor has his gun aimed at another man's head, forces him
 to his knees.

THORNE (V.O.)
 Very well, let us put aside our
 differences for my daughter's sake.

DISSOLVE

victor has another man on his knees, gun to his head.

FOSTER (V.O.)
 Know anyone who would want to
 kidnap her?

THORNE (V.O.)
 I have many enemies, but only a few
 know I have a daughter. I suggest
 you speak with Sam.

Victor pulls the trigger and walks away as the man falls.

TRAVERS (V.O.)
 Sam?

THORNE (V.O.)
 Samuel Wells. We call him The
 Weasel.

FADE OUT

EXT. ALLEY

Victor approaches The Weasel.

THE WEASEL
 Why are you here, Victor?

VICTOR
 Mr. Thorne's daughter has been
 kidnapped.

THE WEASEL
 I see. And you suspect me?

VICTOR
 You did threaten to kidnap her.

THE WEASEL
 Is it possible, Victor, that you
 can't think for yourself? Do you
 honestly think I would have done
 that? I only said that to keep you
 from killing me. Come on!

VICTOR
So, if you didn't have her
kidnapped, can you help us find
her?

THE WEASEL
I don't think so.

Victor narrows his eyes.

VICTOR
There's a reward.

THE WEASEL
Unlike you, I tend to think for
myself. I know you and your boss,
remember? I can't trust either one
of you.

VICTOR
You're asking for trouble.

Victor pulls his gun, but The Weasel keeps laughing.

VICTOR
So, you think this is funny?

THE WEASEL
No. I find this funny.

The Weasel inclines his head and Q-Ball steps out of the shadows with a gun aimed at Victor.

THE WEASEL (CONT.)
You and your master are on your
own. My crew wants nothing to do
with you.

Victor laughs. Sam looks at him, confused, as Victor looks at Q-Ball and gives him the nod. Q-Ball turns the gun on Sam.

THE WEASEL (CONT.)
you have got to be fucking kidding
me.

VICTOR
Does it look like I'm joking?

THE WEASEL
Fuck you!

Victor cocks the hammer of his gun, but Q-Ball stops him.

Q-BALL

Victor.

Victor turns slightly to see Detectives Traver and Foster approaching. Using the distraction to his advantage, The Weasel turns and runs. Q-Ball chases after him as Victor hides the gun and turns towards the detectives.

VICTOR

What are you doing here?

TRAVERS

We could ask you the same thing.

VICTOR

Mr. Thorne asked that I talk to The Weasel.

FOSTER

What a surprise. Did you find him?

VICTOR

No.

FOSTER

Really? You mean that wasn't him that ran away like a scared rabbit when we showed up?

Foster sees Q-Ball returning.

FOSTER

And who is this? Looks like your prey got away.

Victor turns and approaches Q-Ball and joins in a conversation with him.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Simone is pacing back and forth.

LISA

Will you stop pacing?

SIMONE

Huh?

LISA

Pacing. Stop it.

SIMONE
Yeah, alright, it's just --

LISA
Having second thoughts?

SIMONE
Hell no.

LISA
We're taking this monster down.

SIMONE
Yeah, I know. I just -- I hope
Jeff's plan works.

JEFF
How are you girls holding up?

SIMONE
We're good. Is it time?

JEFF
Just about.

SIMONE
I can't wait to see Thorne's face.

LISA
I only hope the detectives don't
interfere.

JEFF
Somehow, I don't think that will be
a problem.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Travers and Foster are standing by the car as Victor is
talking to Q-Ball.

FOSTER
I can't believe we're working for
these guys.

TRAVERS
We're not working for them.

FOSTER
I know. Still, it annoys the hell
out of me. Aren't you the least bit
interested in kicking the shit out
of that bastard?

TRAVERS

Of course I am, but I'm after bigger fish - his boss. As long as they think we're playing ball, they'll eventually slip up and then they're ours.

FOSTER

Yeah, yeah, okay. Just don't expect me to like it. By the way, want to tell me what that phone call was about?

TRAVERS

What? Oh, that.

Victor returns to join the detectives.

VICTOR

No one has seen Angela.

TRAVERS

Do they even know who she is?

VICTOR

Richard pays them well to keep an eye on her whenever possible.

TRAVERS

Someone must have been sleeping on the job.

VICTOR

Whoever let this happen will be dealt with.

Victor walks back towards his car, leaving the detectives alone.

FOSTER

You were telling me about the phone call?

TRAVERS

Yeah, it --

Travers phone starts ringing and she answers it.

TRAVERS (CONT.)

Travers.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

JEFF
(into phone)
Detective Travers....Yeah... we're
ready for you. Twelve-oh-four West
Broadway.

Jeff hangs up and looks at the girls.

SIMONE
(impatient)
Now?

JEFF
Oh yeah, You might want to stay out
of sight for a bit. I don't want
Thorne knowing you're still alive
just yet.

LISA
Be careful. I don't want to lose
you.

JEFF
You won't.

EXT. ALLEY

TRAVERS
Let's go.

FOSTER
Where? Will you tell me what the
hell is going on?

TRAVERS
We're going to finish this.

FOSTER
Yeah, okay.

TRAVERS
Trust me.

FOSTER
Yeah, okay.

INT. THORNE'S OFFICE

Victor enters the office and stands before Thorne's desk. Thorne is writing a memo, stops and looks up at him and sets the pen aside.

THORNE

Well?

VICTOR

Sam did not kidnap your daughter.

THORNE

I see. Did he say anything else?

VICTOR

He won't help us find her. Feels betrayed.

Thorne slams the palm of his hand on the desk.

THORNE

He feels betrayed? How does he think I feel? He comes in here with Devine and threatens me? They threaten my daughter? They threaten my business? My life? And he is the one that feels betrayed? Fuck him, I don't need him. I don't need anyone. I'll handle this myself.

Victor's eyebrow raises, but he remains silent.

THORNE (CONT.)

If something's happened to my daughter, heads are going to roll. I won't rest until I find them, kill their families in front of them and --

Thorne's phone rings, cutting off all further ranting.

THORNE (CONT.)

-- Thorne... Really?... I'm on my way.

He slams the phone back down and stands up.

THORNE (CONT.)

It appears those bumbling detective's came through. Come on, let's finish this.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Travers and Foster look at the building.

FOSTER
This is it?

TRAVERS
This is the address I was given.

A moment later a car pulls up next to the detectives.
Thorne, Victor and Q-Ball emerge.

THORNE
So, what now?

TRAVERS
You're finally going to get your
hands dirty?

THORNE
That's my daughter in there.

TRAVERS
I know. So don't cause any trouble.
Let me take care of this, my way.

THORNE
Fine.
(to Q-Ball)
Stay by the cars and get the money
ready.
(to Travers)
Alright, let's get this over with.

Q-Ball leans against the car as the others approach the
building as Jeff steps out of the warehouse, holding a gun.

THORNE (CONT.)
Mister Mason. Why am I not
surprised?

JEFF
You brought this on yourself. Now,
don't come any closer. Where's the
money?

TRAVERS
Where's the girl?

JEFF
Inside. Now, where's the money?
Come on, show it to me.

THORNE
Show me my daughter.

JEFF
She is safe, for now. Don't fuck
with me or you won't see your her
alive.

THORNE
If you harm her, I swear I will
hunt you all down. No matter what
rock you crawl under.

TRIVERS
Easy, Thorne. My way, remember? Get
the money.

Thorne motions for Q-Ball to bring the money over. Q-Ball
grabs a brief case out of the car and approaches the group
handing the case to Victor.

TRIVERS
Here it is. Now, can we see Angela?

JEFF
Don't try anything, or you won't
see the girl alive. Understand?

THORNE
Let's get this over with.
(to Q-Ball)
Stay by the car, we won't be long.

Jeff nods and motions with his gun for them to enter the
building, leaving Q-Ball alone.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - HALLWAY

The group is walking down the hallway in silence.

FOSTER
Lovely place you got here.

Travers and Thorne look at him.

FOSTER (CONT.)
What? I'm not saying I want to move
in or anything, but the dust adds a
certain flavor to the atmosphere.

Travers shakes her head.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MAIN ROOM

The group enters the basement and Jeff stops them.

JEFF

Wait here.

Jeff goes deeper into the basement and disappears from sight.

Lisa steps out, holding her gun.

LISA

Drop your weapons, please.

THORNE

You disappoint me, Lisa. I told you to kill Jeff.

Lisa points her gun at Thorne.

LISA

Shut up, you smug bastard. What part of 'drop your weapons' don't you understand?

THORNE

You fucking cunt.

TRAVERS

Calm down, Richard. That will only get your daughter killed.

Thorne motions for Victor to drop his gun as Jeff emerges from the gloom again.

JEFF

And the money?

Thorne looks at Victor and nods. Victor drops the case and kicks it across the floor. Jeff picks up the case and smiles.

JEFF

Wait here. Try anything and the girl gets it.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - SIDE ROOM

Jeff enters the room, carrying the brief case and looks at Simone.

JEFF

Are you ready?

SIMONE
Yes, is it time?

JEFF
Just about. Wait for my signal
before you step out.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MAIN ROOM

Jeff steps out of the darkness and stands before the group.

THORNE
You got what you wanted, now
where's my daughter?

JEFF
Not quite.

THORNE
Who the hell do you think you are?

JEFF
I'm the guy holding all the cards.

THORNE
You've got nothing.

JEFF
I've got your daughter.

THORNE
What do you want?

JEFF
I want to hear your confession.

THORNE
Is that all?
(to Travers)
Can I ask that you step out for a
moment?

TRAVERS
We all know you're a scumbag,
Richard.

THORNE
For my daughter's sake.

TRAVERS
Let's go, Eric.

Travers and Foster walk off out of ear shot.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - HALLWAY

FOSTER

What the hell are we doing here?

TRAVERS

Relax. Once this day is over, we'll have our man lock, stock and barrel.

FOSTER

Why are we playing around?

TRAVERS

Give it time, Eric.

FOSTER

We should be nailing this bastard, now.

TRAVERS

Just be patient, the game is just about over.

FOSTER

It's about time, too. I need the rest.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MAIN ROOM

LISA

No more delays, Thorne.

THORNE

You want a confession? Very well, I did it.

LISA

Why?

THORNE

That's simple, it's business. Nothing more, nothing less.

JEFF

Trying to get my girlfriend to kill me was business?

THORNE

That's right, Jeff. You knew the risk.

LISA

Daniel, Alexis, Linda, Angela. You killed them all because of business? Monster. How did you get away with it for so long?

THORNE

You're going to have to read my biography to get the answer to that. Wait, what did you say?

LISA

Tell me, or you'll never see your daughter alive.

THORNE

Fine. I own this city, girl -- I am untouchable.

Lisa looks stunned at his admission as Jeff applauds.

JEFF

You are a bigger piece of shit than I gave you credit for.

THORNE

That's funny, coming from you.

JEFF

What are you talking about?

THORNE

You're responsible for all of this.

Jeff glares at him and Lisa looks at Jeff curiously.

LISA

What's he talking about?

THORNE

Go ahead, tell her.

Jeff turns to Lisa and sags visibly under her scrutiny.

JEFF

I'm the one who introduced Daniel to Thorne. If it wasn't for me, he'd still be alive. So would every one else.

Simone steps out of the shadows and crosses over to Jeff.

THORNE
You're supposed to be dead!

SIMONE
No, Jeff. Daniel made his own
choices, as did Alexis.

LISA
She's right, Jeff. You're not to
blame here. Never were.

Lisa puts a hand on Jeff's arm.

JEFF
Thank you.

Simone takes the gun from Lisa and aims it at Thorne.

SIMONE
You're finished Thorne.

Thorne looks at Victor, then at Jeff and Simone trying to
work out what happened to his daughter.

THORNE
What the fuck is going on?
(to Jeff)
Where's my daughter?

SIMONE
Haven't you figured it out yet?
Your assassin killed the wrong
girl.

Thorne's eyes widen in realization and he hangs his head as
Travers and Foster return to the group.

TRAVERS
It's over, Richard.

THORNE
(quietly)
Dead? No.
(louder)
No, I say when it's over.

Before anyone can react, Richard Thorne scoops up a gun,
spins and fires. The bullet hits Simone in the chest and she
drops to the ground. Lisa runs over to Simone and cradles
her head in her lap.

LISA
Simone. No, you'll be alright.

SIMONE
I get to see my sister again.

LISA
No.

SIMONE
Take care of yourself.

Thorne stands there, still pointing the gun.

THORNE
I am still in control.

Travers moves closer, gun aimed at Thorne's head.

TRAVERS
Not anymore. You've just signed
your confession in blood. Now, drop
the gun. Don't make me shoot you.

Simone passes away in Lisa's lap. Teary eyed and pissed off,
Lisa grabs Simone's gun and stands up.

LISA
You monster.

THORNE
(to Simone)
Angela, I did it for you. All of it
was for you.

JEFF
Angela's not here you lunatic.

THORNE
No, no, she's not. You killed her.

TRAVERS
Thorne, I'm warning you. Drop the
gun.

Lisa aims and fires before anyone can react, hitting Richard Thorne between the eyes. Travers checks on Richard Thorne as Foster notices that Victor is slowly backing away, heading towards the exit. Sounds of Foster struggling with Victor gets her attention and she turns to find Victor as he gets the upper hand and puts the gun to Foster's head. Using Foster as a human shield he begins to back toward the exit. Travers trains her gun on Victor. A gun fires and Victor

lets go of Foster and slowly sinks to his knees, then falls forward, revealing The Weasel standing behind him, aiming down the sights. Travers and The Weasel eye each other from the sights of their respective guns.

THE END