

Blood Moon over Bronzeville

written by

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Small, almost claustrophobic.

KANDACE "KANDY CANE" JACKSON (20s, high-end escort) tucks her daughter YASMIN (9) in.

Kandace is an All-American blonde in sweatpants.

YASMIN  
I'm too old for this.

KANDACE  
Don't I get one more night of you  
still being my baby?

YASMIN  
You say that every night.

KANDACE  
Sleep tight, pumpkin.

Kandace turns the light off and leaves, closing the door behind her.

Yasmin falls asleep.

**EXT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT**

A small, Victorian-style ranch in a sea of them.

Kandace exits, lighting up a cigarette.

She's now wearing a tight black dress, freshly showered with her makeup on point.

LINDA (O.S.)  
Are you sure about this?

Kandace turns to see her sister LINDA (30s) staring back at her.

KANDACE  
I do this and Yasmin never worries  
about money again.

LINDA  
That's what worries me.

A black sedan pulls up.

Kandace walks to it, tossing her cigarette away.

**INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT (GOING UP)**

Kandace looks around. Her hands fidget.

A DARK FIGURE is next to her.

**INT. ADMIRAL SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Kandace walks in, looking around.

No one is in there.

KANDACE

What the--

A baton **strikes the back of her head!**

Kandace falls to the ground, bleeding profusely.

A gloved hand grips the baton tightly and savagely hits her in the head **again. And again. And again!**

**EXT. TRASHY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

The Chicago Skyline is in the distance.

Older, rusty cars are parked everywhere.

An older Dodge Charger in immaculate condition is parked in the rear.

**INT. TRASHY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

A large, fully stocked buffet is in a corner.

Hair metal is in the air and DANCERS are all over.

Five YOUNG MEN (18-20) sit up front, drunkenly shit-talking a BLONDE DANCER.

Homicide Detective XAVIER HOLIDAY (mid-40s) and his brother MICHAEL (early 40s, CIA operative) eat chicken wings at a table towards the back.

Xavier is tall and athletic with a Delta Force tattoo on his right forearm.

Old school badass radiates off of him.

Michael is similar-looking with an epic beard.

**TABLE IN THE BACK**

Michael takes a bite of a wing and looks around.

Xavier focuses on the Young Men.

MICHAEL  
Where's the bouncer?

XAVIER  
Talking to one of the dancers.

Michael looks over to the entrance.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
I think they need to learn some  
manners.

A BOUNCER flirts with one of the Dancers.

Michael turns back to his wings.

MICHAEL  
There are five of them.

XAVIER  
You've got my six, right?

MICHAEL  
I'm not Jason Bourne.

XAVIER  
It'll be a fun workout.

Michael takes a bite of a wing.

MICHAEL  
Not my circus, not my monkeys.

A LARGE YOUNG MAN stands up and shouts at the Blonde Dancer.  
He raises his hand in anger.

She cowers in front of him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Eventually, you're going to be too  
old to be this guy.

XAVIER  
Eventually.

Xavier walks over to them.

Michael grabs a wing off of Xavier's plate.

**YOUNG MEN TABLE**

The Large Young Man glares at the Blonde Dancer.

LARGE YOUNG MAN

I said--

XAVIER (O.S.)

Is there a problem here?

He turns to see Xavier approach him.

His eyes spot Xavier's badge.

LARGE YOUNG MAN

I paid for a service and that bitch didn't provide it.

XAVIER

Treat her with respect. This is her place of business.

LARGE YOUNG MAN

I said a hundred dollars and--

XAVIER

I think you should step outside for some fresh air.

LARGE YOUNG MAN

I'm not leaving until I get my money back or dick sucked.

XAVIER

You and your friends need to settle up with the waitress.

They stare each other down.

LARGE YOUNG MAN

That badge doesn't scare me.

XAVIER

If you're feeling froggy--

LARGE YOUNG MAN

Rabbit.

A tense beat.

The Large Young Man throws a punch at Xavier.

Xavier catches his hand and snatches the back of his head with the other. His hand tightens up and **violently bounces the man's head off another table!**

The Large Young Man slumps to the ground, out like a god-damn light.

His friends look at their friend and then at the table.

A large crack is in it.

Xavier stares the others down.

XAVIER

I think he's had too much.

They stare at him, unsure.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Now.

The group tosses a lot of money onto the table and picks their friend up, quickly exiting.

Xavier hands some of it to the Blonde Dancer.

She nods and walks away.

Xavier's phone rings with a call from Dispatch.

He answers it.

### **TABLE IN THE BACK**

Two Dancers sit next to Michael.

The First Dancer puts her hand on his arm.

FIRST DANCER

Are you sure you can handle both of us, honey?

MICHAEL

Give me a moment and my brother will be here.

The Second Dancer places her hand on his thigh.

SECOND DANCER

I think he can.

MICHAEL

There he is.

Xavier walks up to the table.

Michael points to them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My treat.

Xavier taps the badge.

XAVIER

The circus called.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL

Come on, I'm in town and--

XAVIER

Welcome to the downside of being  
on-call, little man.

Xavier walks away.

Michael stands up.

MICHAEL

When in Rome, right?

Michael and the Dancers walk to the Champagne Room.

**EXT. FIVE-STAR HOTEL - NIGHT**

Ten stories tall and magnificent in every way.

Xavier walks inside.

**HOTEL LOBBY**

Everything is posh and elegant to an absurd degree.

GUESTS watch as Xavier walks towards an elevator.

He looks around.

Cameras are everywhere.

He walks to the elevator.

Eyes from all over follow him.

Xavier yawns.

**OUTSIDE OF ELEVATOR**

Xavier presses the up button.

He looks around.

A camera is aimed right at him.

The elevator door opens.

Xavier walks inside.

**ELEVATOR**

Xavier spots a camera in the ceiling.

He presses a button for the penthouse.

After a long moment the doors open.

**ADMIRAL SUITE HALLWAY**

Oil paintings are on the walls.

A sign indicates the Admiral Suite is down the hall.

Xavier exits, looking at the ceiling.

No cameras are around.

Xavier spots the Admiral Suite and walks towards it.

He spots fresh-faced rookie Patrolman HARRISON RUST (20s) by the front door.

**ADMIRAL SUITE**

CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL work the scene.

Kandace's body is on the couch.

There isn't a spot of blood anywhere.

Xavier and Harrison walk inside.

HARRISON

I was the first one here.

Xavier looks around. His eyes spot the body.



XAVIER  
Who's the victim?

HARRISON  
Kandace Jackson. We found a burner  
phone and a voter ID in her purse.

XAVIER  
Do we know *what* did it?

HARRISON  
There wasn't a weapon on scene,  
detective.

Xavier looks at the bedroom door and then the body.

XAVIER  
She was moved.

HARRISON  
This is where it gets weird.

Harrison and Xavier walk to the bedroom.

#### **BEDROOM**

The mattress is stripped clean and reeks of industrial  
chemical cleaning agents.

Parts of the carpeting have been cut out, leaving visible  
floorboards.

Xavier looks around.

His eyes focus on the carpeting.

He leans down and looks at the missing carpet.

Xavier focuses on it for a moment. He sniffs.

XAVIER  
What does that smell like?

Harrison sniffs.

HARRISON  
Bleach?

XAVIER  
It is industrial strength, stronger  
than what a place like this would  
use.

HARRISON

I can get a list of the cleaning staff if you'd like.

Xavier stands up and turns to Harrison.

XAVIER

Double-check the ID with Vice, and see if it's a fake.

### **CONCIERGE DESK**

The CONCIERGE sits by a desk.

Xavier approaches him, flashing his badge.

He takes his notepad out.

CONCIERGE

We don't normally... have... these sorts of incidents.

XAVIER

She was a working girl. Is that normal for this place?

The Concierge looks in either direction.

CONCIERGE

We have several women who meet clients here. We ask that they use the freight elevator if they are here for business.

Xavier writes something down.

The Concierge's eyes turn back to the tablet.

He shakes his head and types some more.

XAVIER

Is everything OK?

CONCIERGE

We had a virus last month that IT swore was gone.

XAVIER

That happened to us, too.

CONCIERGE

I wanted to see who rented it out  
but we don't have any records from  
the past three months.

The Concierge flips over the tablet.

The last date was three months ago.

XAVIER

Where's your backup server?

CONCIERGE

I don't have access to that.

XAVIER

What about the cameras?

The Concierge looks up.

CONCIERGE

That's security.

The Concierge points to his right.

Xavier walks in that direction.

#### **HOTEL SECURITY**

A SECURITY GUARD stares at a monitor.

The Blue Screen of Death stares back at him.

Hold music plays from his desk phone.

Xavier walks inside.

The Guard turns to him.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you know how to fix a Dell Power  
Edge that's decided to shut down?

Xavier flashes his badge.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Can you arrest the cock sucker who  
put this virus in my god-damn  
computer system?

XAVIER

The Concierge said you might be able to help me locate some footage from earlier today.

SECURITY GUARD

Corporate went with the cheap option, not the good one.

XAVIER

I don't know what that means.

SECURITY GUARD

It all goes up in the cloud but when the cloud dies, we all go down.

XAVIER

So what about today's video?

SECURITY GUARD

I've got Jack and shit and Jack just left town.

XAVIER

There are backups, right?

SECURITY GUARD

Normally I can just click and have a backup file up within a second but--

(points to monitor)

--that ain't happening.

Xavier hands him his card.

XAVIER

When it does.

SECURITY GUARD

Of course.

The Guard takes it.

**EXT. FIVE-STAR HOTEL - NIGHT**

Xavier leaves.

Harrison sprints after him, whistling.

HARRISON

Detective!

Xavier turns and spots him.

XAVIER  
Did I miss something?

HARRISON  
Vice said her ID was a fake but  
they did a quick search for me in  
the system to get the real one for  
you.

Xavier tosses him his notepad.

Harrison writes the address in Xavier's notepad.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
My old man sends his regards.

Xavier looks him over.

XAVIER  
You're Bill's kid.

Harrison hands Xavier his notepad.

HARRISON  
He said you were a good guy.

XAVIER  
Bill was good police.

HARRISON  
So are you going to go talk to her  
pimp or something?

XAVIER  
There are two types of working  
girls and she's not the one you're  
thinking of.

HARRISON  
What's the difference?

XAVIER  
Did you see her nails, her haircut,  
or her dress?  
(beat)  
That sort of woman does not have a  
pimp, for starters.  
(beat)  
It's one of those things that they  
don't put on the exam.

They shake hands.

**EXT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT**

Xavier's Charger pulls up.

Xavier exits and walks to the front door.

He knocks.

Linda answers.

XAVIER

I'm looking for Kandace Jackson's  
husband, I think.

LINDA

She doesn't have one.

XAVIER

Are you--

LINDA

Her sister.

XAVIER

I hate to be the bearer of bad news  
but I need to--

LINDA

How many cops are they going to  
send here tonight to tell me she's  
fucking dead?

XAVIER

I wasn't aware they sent someone  
over here. Did you get a badge  
number or a name or--

LINDA

I'll tell you what I told the other  
guy. I have a child who just lost  
her mother.

XAVIER

If I could just have a moment of  
your time, ma'am.

Linda walks back inside and slams the door shut.

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

A bulletin board with the name of every detective in the  
department is mounted on the wall.

Names of murder victims in red and black ink are underneath all of them.

Xavier has mostly black ink under his name.

At the very bottom is "Kandace Jackson" in red.

Xavier pulls a large whiteboard near his desk.

He writes "K. Jackson Murder" at the top.

Scotch tape is on top of a file folder marked "Crime Scene Photos - K Jackson" on his desk.

GREG (O.S.)

The mayor called, wanting an update on this one.

Xavier turns to see Captain GREG KENNEDY (50s) walking towards him.

Greg is a mountain of a man with a cup of coffee in his hands.

XAVIER

It's bad, sir.

GREG

There are no bad cases, just bad detectives.

XAVIER

Would you prefer cluster fuck?

GREG

I want an update on this in twenty-four hours and I want something besides *that*.

Greg walks away.

Xavier places a pair of crime scene photos on the whiteboard.

He looks at it and takes a deep breath.

Xavier takes his phone out and calls Steve.

Straight to voicemail.

**EXT. REAR OF STORE - NIGHT**

Local drug dealer STEVE STUCKARELLI (30s) sells a small baggie of drugs to a JUNKIE.

Steve is tall, thin, and covered in tattoos.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Chicago PD, hands up!

The Junkie drops the drugs and sprints away.

Steve curses under his breath.

Xavier emerges from the shadows, laughing.

A file folder is in his hands.

STEVE  
He's one of my best customers!

XAVIER  
He'll come back.

STEVE  
Now I've got more issues.

Xavier hands him the folder.

Steve opens it up.

His eyes spot a crime scene photo of Kandace.

He recognizes her but hides it.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Now I have to make up a story that  
looks like I'm not--

XAVIER  
You get a pass on a C felony or  
lower if it pans out.

STEVE  
That still would include time.

XAVIER  
Then don't sell drugs.

They walk inside.

**INT. IT STORE - NIGHT**

Xavier and Steve walk in.

Steve walks behind the counter.

He tosses the pile down on it.



XAVIER  
They found her body at the Pritzker  
three hours ago.

Steve grabs a laptop and types on it.

STEVE  
She looks like a working girl.

XAVIER  
Name is Kandace Jackson.

STEVE  
Anything else?

XAVIER  
She's not the type to have a pimp I  
can beat the info out of have.

STEVE  
That's a euphemism, right?

Xavier glares at him.

XAVIER  
Anything you can find on her would  
be appreciated.

Steve nods.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY (SEVERAL WEEKS LATER)**

A full breakdown of the case is on the whiteboard.

Xavier stares at it.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY, CONCIERGE DESK - DAY**

The Concierge is behind the desk.

Xavier approaches him, flashing his badge.

CONCIERGE  
Detective.

XAVIER  
You haven't been getting my  
messages.

CONCIERGE

I assure you, detective, that we are doing everything we can to assist you but--

XAVIER

That's not good enough.

CONCIERGE

What do you want me to do?

XAVIER

I want a list of every person who checked in on that floor in the next ten minutes or--

CONCIERGE

That'll require a warrant.

XAVIER

I can get a warrant for this whole place if I want.

CONCIERGE

That's... unnecessary.

XAVIER

I'll have every officer in this city going through every nook and cranny while my friend from the Sun-Times livestreams it.

CONCIERGE

She was just... you know.

XAVIER

You infer anything negative about what she did for a living and I'll shove that tablet up your ass so far you'll be playing Boom Beach with your large intestine.

Xavier looks deep into the Concierge's eyes.

The Concierge is petrified.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Get me that list or so help me God something bad will--

CONCIERGE

We don't have any video.

The Concierge looks in either direction and then to Xavier.

XAVIER  
If you're lying to me--

CONCIERGE  
It's the truth, I swear!

**INT. IT STORE - DAY**

Steve types on a laptop.

Xavier taps his foot impatiently.

STEVE  
The Tribune and the Sun-Times have stories about a data breach. It's the first one I've seen where the original info was deleted, too.

XAVIER  
Or they're hiding something.

STEVE  
It's always about money, so maybe someone at the FBI's Financial Crimes division has something that can help you.

XAVIER  
They aren't fun to deal with.

STEVE  
Have your brother call them.

XAVIER  
He's not that kind of fed.

STEVE  
Please don't, not with me.

Xavier groans.

XAVIER  
What about her website? Girls like her always have one.

STEVE  
Someone took it down and you'll need a warrant to figure that one out. I know you love paperwork and internet providers will want all of the documentation you can provide.

**EXT. RANCH HOME - DAY**

Xavier walks up to the front door.

He knocks on it.

Nothing.

XAVIER  
Hello, anyone home?

Xavier walks up to a window and looks inside.

It's empty.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
The hell.

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT (SIX MONTHS LATER)**

The whiteboard has been taken down and wiped clean.

A file folder marked "K. Jackson" is on his desk.

A SECRETARY pushes a small cart up to Xavier's desk.

A dozen files marked "Cold" are in it.

She looks at the folder and stamps "Cold" on it.

The Secretary tosses it in and walks away.

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY (TEN YEARS LATER)**

A CRIMINAL runs for dear life towards an alley.

Xavier sprints after him.

The Criminal ducks into an alley.

Xavier follows him.

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

A ten-foot fence is at the end.

The Criminal sprints down and parkours his way over.

Xavier follows him and parkours his way over.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Dust and boxes of fitness equipment are everywhere.

The Criminal runs in and towards an exit far away.

Xavier appears, sprinting after him.

The Criminal turns to see Xavier and then right into a box of fitness equipment.

He hits the ground with a thud.

Xavier stops and pulls out his pistol.

The Criminal looks to his waistband.

A snubnose revolver is at his side.

Xavier's finger slowly moves to the trigger.

His breathing is controlled, slow, and tight.

Xavier focuses on the Criminal's hand.

XAVIER

Hands where--

The Criminal goes for his pistol.

Xavier shoots him three times in the face.

**INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Xavier looks around.

Greg walks in.

XAVIER

Sir.

Greg sits down next to Xavier.

GREG

Your union rep is on his way.

XAVIER

He was going for it.

GREG

You know how it looks.

XAVIER  
It's a clean shoot.

GREG  
Did you see who we elected as our  
mayor last month?

XAVIER  
The Chief has our back.

Greg looks around.

GREG  
He has a mayor who ran on defunding  
us to keep happy.

XAVIER  
This is the part you tell me to go  
and get a lawyer, right?

GREG  
Just keep your mouth shut and tell  
them you want your rep and a  
lawyer, in that order.

Two INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICERS walk in.

XAVIER  
Yes, sir.

They sit down across from the two.

**EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY (THREE MONTHS LATER)**

Xavier aims a heavily modified AR-15 down range.

He hasn't shaved in several months.

BANG!

Xavier pulls the trigger again.

CLICK!

He presses the target return button.

Thirty shots are center mass.

Xavier takes his phone out.

He doesn't have any new messages or calls.

Xavier puts it back in his pocket.

**EXT. GUN RANGE PARKING LOT - LATER**

Xavier exits.

A rifle case is in his hands.

He looks up to see Greg standing by his Charger.

Xavier opens his trunk and places his rifle inside.

XAVIER

I figured my lawyer would be the  
one giving the news.

Xavier slams the trunk shut.

GREG

You're going to show up Monday,  
turn in your papers, and then ride  
a desk for the next ninety.

XAVIER

Can't they just assign me to pawn  
shop or someplace where I never  
leave an office?

GREG

This is the best the union could do  
given the climate.

Xavier curses under his breath.

XAVIER

They want me to just walk away from  
this.

GREG

It's this or the Cook County  
State's Attorney hauls your ass in  
front of a Grand Jury and does that  
song and dance.

Beat.

XAVIER

At least I get my pension.

GREG

They want you to re-certify with  
your service piece, too.

XAVIER

It's not like I missed him.

GREG

They'd rather have guys like Rust,  
who couldn't solve a case a guy  
walking around with a placard that  
said "I fucking did it," than real  
police.

XAVIER

I'll see you on Monday.

They shake hands.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Mementos from a decade in the Army and two more in the  
Chicago Police Department cover the walls.

Xavier walks downstairs, freshly shaven.

He looks into the mirror.

Deep breath.

XAVIER

It's for your pension.

Xavier leaves.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Harrison's name is written next to Xavier's on the bulletin  
board. Mostly red ink is underneath it.

Harrison fills out paperwork.

He looks up at the board.

His eyes wander to Xavier's.

Kandace Jackson is near the top, still in red.

A sea of black ink is underneath it.

XAVIER (O.S.)

Nice Chinese Army, rookie.

Harrison turns to see Xavier walk in.

They shake hands.

HARRISON

Any advice?



XAVIER  
Get some black on the ledger and  
the Captain will get off your ass.

Xavier walks to the Captain's office.

Harrison glares at the board.

HARRISON  
Easier said than done.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

A dozen awards for valor and exceptional work in the line of duty are on the walls.

Greg sits at his desk, talking on the phone.

Xavier walks in.

Greg points for him to sit down.

GREG  
Let me call you back.

Xavier sits down.

Greg hangs up.

XAVIER  
So here I am.

Greg pushes paperwork over to him.

Xavier looks at it. His eyes focus on the words "Retirement Notice - Chicago Police Department" located at the top.

All of Xavier's information is filled in.

GREG  
Your rep already looked it over, I believe.

Xavier signs it.

Greg reaches into his desk and takes out Xavier's badge and gun.

He hands both over to Xavier.

XAVIER  
So am I going to fetch coffee for the rookie or what?

GREG

I went through every single case you ever worked on. You have twenty cold cases I want you to double back on.

XAVIER

No.

GREG

I need some black ink on that board, especially with the rookie bleeding all over it.

XAVIER

Let me tag along with him and turn him into good police.

GREG

I can't put you on a real case, chief's orders.

Xavier grumbles.

GREG (CONT'D)

It's a bullshit game they're playing but you have to play it right now.

XAVIER

It'd have been easier to just let me retire and not have to do this, all I'm saying.

GREG

It's a brave new world and we have to find our place in it.

XAVIER

And mine's what... on the outside, looking in?

GREG

Most guys would kill to just clock in and out for three months. Hernandez adored it.

XAVIER

He sat on his ass in the corner and drank coffee when he put in his ninety. I never wanted to be that guy.

GREG

And I just want ninety days without any problems that begin with "Detective Holiday." Can you give me that, please?

Xavier thinks for a moment and then nods.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Xavier looks around and spots an empty desk.

A large box marked "Holiday Cold Cases" is on it.

He walks over and opens it up.

Cold cases from the last twenty years are in there.

Xavier goes through it, muttering to himself.

He spots Kandace's file and takes it out.

His eyes look around, spotting Harrison.

XAVIER

Remember Kandace Jackson?

Harrison turns to him.

HARRISON

That was my first crime scene.

XAVIER

It's in my cold cases.

He takes the file out and opens it up.

An assignment form is on the inside.

He's listed as the lead detective.

HARRISON

I have my review in a month.

XAVIER

Can you change that ocean into a bit of a trickle?

HARRISON

If I talked to the Captain, maybe he can let you help me out on some of these.

XAVIER  
I've been told to just work on my  
old cases and that's it.

HARRISON  
I'm just... I don't know.

XAVIER  
If you want a second pair of eyes,  
we can grab a bite.

HARRISON  
I'd appreciate it.

Xavier places the file on his desk and opens it up.

Crime scene photos, lists of evidence gathered, and other  
materials are in it.

He spots contact information for Kandace's family.

Xavier quickly dials it on his desk phone.

An "Out of Order" message instantly comes up.

Xavier searches for "Linda Jackson, Kandace Jackson" on an  
internet search engine.

An obituary comes up.

His eyes go through it.

She's survived by her niece, Yasmin.

He searches for Yasmin.

A news story about a recent drug bust comes up.

A mugshot of Yasmin (20) comes up. She's a spitting image of  
her mother but with fiery red hair.

Xavier pulls up a police database and searches for Yasmin.

An arrest for possession of narcotics comes up.

Detective Amber Jenkins is listed as the primary.

Xavier grabs his desk phone and calls Narcotics.

NARCOTICS RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Narcotics.

XAVIER  
Is Jenkins in?

NARCOTICS RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
She's off-duty.

XAVIER  
This is Holiday from Homicide. Have  
her buzz me back.

NARCOTICS RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
Will do.

Xavier thinks for a moment.

XAVIER  
Is Captain Douglas in?

NARCOTICS RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)  
He retired last month.

XAVIER  
Thanks.

He hangs up and goes through the paperwork.

A list of witnesses comes up.

He grabs a notepad and writes down the names on it.

Xavier dials the first number.

**INT. BULLPEN - LATER**

Every name has been crossed off.

Xavier closes his eyes.

He opens them up.

Xavier stands up and spots the whiteboard.

He grabs it and wheels it over.

Xavier writes "Kandace Jackson" on the whiteboard.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER**

Greg fills out paperwork.

He looks up and spots something.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Xavier's whiteboard on Kandace is the same as his last one from ten years ago.

He stares at it.

Greg walks over to him.

GREG

This is unexpected.

Xavier turns to him.

XAVIER

Kandace "Kandy Cane" Jackson, a working girl who was beaten to death ten years ago.

(beat)

We might've missed something.

Greg thinks for a moment.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

You said to work my cold cases. This is working them.

GREG

I thought you'd half-ass it and just make some calls.

XAVIER

Do you still have some pull with Narcotics?

GREG

Not for this.

XAVIER

I need ten seconds with someone they busted.

GREG

Then find the primary.

XAVIER

Detective Jenkins is off-duty and Captain Douglas left a while back.

GREG

You can wait until she's on-duty to talk to her.

XAVIER  
This case--

GREG  
Is old.

Beat.

XAVIER  
I'm doing what you said.

GREG  
Just remember where the line is,  
detective.

Harrison walks up and looks at it.

HARRISON  
I remember that scene like it was  
yesterday.

Xavier and Greg turn to him.

Greg smiles.

GREG  
Here's where I'd start.

Greg walks away.

Harrison turns to Xavier.

XAVIER  
What do you remember?

HARRISON  
Having worked scenes now... that  
suite was much more immaculate than  
it had any right to be.

Harrison turns back to the whiteboard.

XAVIER  
My best guess was that it was a  
crew of professionals with just  
enough time to clean.

HARRISON  
They would've been caught on  
camera, right?

XAVIER  
You'd think.

HARRISON

The only place they didn't have them was in the bathroom.

XAVIER

Penthouse didn't have them because, at ten grand a night, you get to have privacy.

HARRISON

I'm sure with a warrant you could get the footage.

XAVIER

They claimed it was gone and that was good enough for Judge Dixon to tell me to find something else.

HARRISON

Don't they have a logbook?

XAVIER

Computer hack.

HARRISON

The tech geeks had some stuff.

XAVIER

Should be in the evidence box, which hopefully we still have.

Xavier walks away.

**INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY**

A bored CLERK is behind a counter.

Xavier walks up to him.

XAVIER

I need you to pull a box for me from like ten years ago.

The Clerk looks up.

Xavier places his badge on the counter.

EVIDENCE CLERK

Name.

XAVIER

Kandace Jackson, 5489-B.



The Clerk types for a moment.

EVIDENCE CLERK  
Remember Chiberia?

XAVIER  
Unfortunately.

EVIDENCE CLERK  
It was lost during the roof cave-in  
from it.

XAVIER  
Do we have anything?

EVIDENCE CLERK  
You can go back and look but who  
knows if they even filed it in the  
right box, either.

Xavier takes a deep breath.

XAVIER  
How about a content summary of the  
box?

EVIDENCE CLERK  
That I do have.

The Clerk types for a moment.

A laser printer goes off in the background.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY, CONCIERGE DESK - DAY**

A YOUNG CONCIERGE types on a tablet.

Xavier approaches him, flashing his badge.

YOUNG CONCIERGE  
How can I help you, officer?

XAVIER  
There was another guy here last  
time I was here.

Xavier spots the Concierge's key card on the desk.

YOUNG CONCIERGE  
Mister Jackson passed away.

Xavier takes out a notepad and goes through it.

XAVIER

Does Alma Randazzo still work here?  
She was in housekeeping.

YOUNG CONCIERGE

What is this regarding?

XAVIER

Ten years ago a woman was killed in  
the Admiral Suite.

YOUNG CONCIERGE

I have to ask you for a warrant for  
anything you want.

XAVIER

Do you think your clientele wants  
me and a hundred other cops here?

The Young Concierge spots a CUSTOMER checking in.

YOUNG CONCIERGE

It's corporate policy.

The Young Concierge walks over to them.

Xavier looks around.

No cameras are pointed at the desk.

He looks at the Concierge and then at the key card.

Xavier grabs it and walks over to security.

#### **HALLWAY**

A small scanner has a red light on it.

For a moment it turns green as the door opens.

The Security Guard exits.

The light turns red.

After a moment Xavier walks up and swipes the card.

The light turns green.

Xavier looks each way, opens the door, and quickly walks  
inside.

**HOTEL SECURITY**

Xavier looks around.

He spots the Security Guard's computer and sprints over to it.

Xavier sits down and presses a handful of buttons on the keyboard.

The monitor lights up, asking for a password.

Xavier places the Concierge's key card on the desk and looks around. He spots a sticky note with a password written on it.

Xavier types it in. He takes a deep breath and presses enter.

It works, revealing an impossible amount of folders, drives, and storage areas.

Xavier takes his phone out and calls Steve.

STEVE (V.O.)

Detective.

XAVIER

Where would you store backups if you were a large company? I need some tech help.

STEVE (V.O.)

Send me an invite through Teams and save time.

Xavier pulls up Microsoft Teams.

He sends Steve an invitation.

After a moment Steve pops up on his screen.

Xavier gives him access.

Steve looks around.

STEVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This doesn't look like--

XAVIER

Don't ask.

STEVE (V.O.)

I'll take the favor.

XAVIER

I'm looking for some video footage  
from ten years ago, October-ish.

**CONCIERGE DESK**

The Young Concierge looks around his desk.

Panic is all over his face.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Everything OK, chief?

The Young Concierge looks up to see the Security Guard  
approaching him.

YOUNG CONCIERGE

I can't find my badge.

The Guard thinks for a moment.

SECURITY GUARD

Craig doesn't have it?

YOUNG CONCIERGE

Why would he?

The Guard looks in both directions.

SECURITY GUARD

The bar just got in a couple of  
bottles of the expensive Knob's  
Creek. He said he--

YOUNG CONCIERGE

Please don't.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll go check to see if it's been  
used or if it's just on the floor  
and you missed it.

**HOTEL SECURITY**

Steve pulls up archival video footage.

Nothing from October is in there.

XAVIER

There has to be a backup server,  
right?

STEVE (V.O.)  
Just how illegal is this?

XAVIER  
It's for a murder case and they're  
not playing ball.

STEVE (V.O.)  
If anyone asks--

XAVIER  
I threatened you.

Steve types. Archival footage from October comes up.  
None of it is in order.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Is there a way--

STEVE (V.O.)  
Do you have a thumb drive?

XAVIER  
Not on me.

STEVE (V.O.)  
Now this becomes way more illegal,  
you know.

XAVIER  
In for a penny, right?

STEVE (V.O.)  
Give me a couple of minutes.

Xavier's eyes turn to the camera footage.

The Security Guard approaches the room.

XAVIER  
I don't think we have that sort of  
time.

#### **HALLWAY**

The Guard walks up to the door.

STEVE (O.S.)  
(very faintly heard)  
It'd help if you called me more  
than a minute before.

The Guard pauses and looks around.

His eyes focus on the door.

His hand hovers around his pistol.

**HOTEL SECURITY**

Steve pulls up the Guard's email.

Xavier turns to the door.

Steve sends himself an email with the files.

He quickly deletes the email he sent himself from the Guard's sent folder.

XAVIER

Is it done?

STEVE (V.O.)

Yeah.

Steve deletes their conversation from Teams and then disconnects his video.

Xavier walks up to the door.

BEEP!

He walks to the opposite side.

His hand moves to his gun.

The door opens, and the Security Guard walks back in and straight to his desk.

Xavier walks out.

The door closes.

The Security Guard spots the Concierge's key card.

SECURITY GUARD

What the hell?

He stands up and walks over to the door.

The Guard opens it up, looking in either direction.

No one is around.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Xavier sits at his desk and pulls up his email.

"Anything up to a B" from Steven stands out.

He clicks on it.

A link to a file folder is on there.

Xavier clicks on it.

Video footage from the hotel's backup servers comes up, organized by camera.

Xavier takes out his notepad. He goes back to his original notes on the case.

His eyes focus on "Working girls took the freight elevator, concierge."

He clicks on a folder marked "Freight Elevator."

Xavier spots the dates. He quickly scrolls, finding October from 10 years ago.

He clicks on the first video.

No one is on it.

Xavier fast-forwards.

A prominent US CONGRESSWOMAN comes up.

He pauses the screen and prints it.

GREG (O.S.)  
Scrapbooking?

Xavier looks up to see Greg staring at his screen.

XAVIER  
Might've caught a break.

GREG  
Can we get a word?

XAVIER  
Do I have a choice?

GREG  
Not really.

Both men walk to Greg's office.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Greg and Xavier sit down.

GREG  
I gave you 20 cold cases.

XAVIER  
And I'll get to the other nineteen  
at some point.

Greg groans.

GREG  
This has to be done by the book,  
you know.

Xavier looks away.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Please tell me there's a chain of  
custody for those videos.

XAVIER  
Would you believe I have a very  
good confidential informant on this  
one?

GREG  
If it was obtained without--

XAVIER  
It's the first thing that has  
resembled a clue on this one.

GREG  
What about the evidence box?

XAVIER  
The cave-in during Chiberia.

Greg looks around.

GREG  
She was a working girl. That's what  
happens in that life.

XAVIER  
There weren't any nuns in that  
pile, for the record.

GREG  
Just find something real that we  
can use or move on, please.



**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Xavier walks towards a Chicken Wing Shack.

His eyes glance into a store window.

A GOON is following him.

Xavier walks into the Chicken Shack.

**INT. CHICKEN SHACK - DAY**

A line of CUSTOMERS waits for service.

Xavier gets in line.

He takes his cell phone out and turns his camera on. His finger pushes to reverse it.

Xavier watches as the Goon walks past.

The Goon stops, observes Xavier for a moment, and then motions to the store.

Xavier spots an exit door in the rear and walks towards it.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CHICKEN SHACK - DAY**

Rats scurry around a rusted dumpster.

Xavier walks out and looks around.

He locks eyes with the Goon.

Xavier motions to his badge.

XAVIER

If you're going to tail someone, do  
it in a less obvious manner.

The Goon points behind Xavier.

He spots a second GOON walking towards him from the other end  
of the alley.

GOON #1

I need you to stop looking into our  
mutual friend.

XAVIER

And who would that be?

GOON #2

The girl.

XAVIER

I know a lot of girls.

GOON #1

Kandace Jackson.

Xavier's body tenses up.

XAVIER

I'm assuming whoever paid you said  
hospital, not cemetery.

The Goons nod.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Let's get this done.

The first Goon charges Xavier.

He throws wild, unskilled punches at Xavier.

Xavier casually dodges them and then catches the Goon flush  
with a lightning fast behind-the-back elbow to the forehead.

The first Goon staggers. His eyes watch Xavier's foot connect  
flush with his head.

Xavier watches the first Goon hit the ground. He turns to the  
second Goon.

The second Goon runs away.

Xavier turns to see the first Goon running away in the  
opposite direction.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Xavier walks to his desk and sits down.

His eyes focus on the whiteboard for a moment.

He takes a deep breath and turns to the laptop.

Xavier's mouse clicks "play."

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Xavier stares at his laptop.

Footage of Kandace going upstairs on the freight elevator ten years ago is up.

A small pile of printouts is on his desk.

Xavier turns to see Harrison walking up to him.

Harrison looks at his laptop.

HARRISON

She looks a lot better alive.

XAVIER

You'd be amazed at how many people come and go.

Kandace exits the elevator.

It goes back down towards the first floor.

Texas Senator ORRIN CARDINAL (50s) and his assistant JOHN SMITH (30s) get on the elevator.

The Senator has a shaggy beard with lots of gray in it and perhaps the world's most punchable face.

John Smith is short, athletically built with an aura of danger following him.

Xavier presses "Print Screen" on his laptop.

HARRISON

Holy shit.

XAVIER

Second Senator so far and the fifth member of Congress.

He looks at the date.

HARRISON

This was before the date of the murder, I think.

XAVIER

I'll see if he pops up again.

HARRISON

I wish I could be surprised.

Harrison digs through the pile, landing on a photo of MMA Champion IZZY LEWIS (20s).

Izzy's tall, muscular, and covered in tattoos.

XAVIER

Only one guy I haven't been able to figure out.

HARRISON

That's the Missouri Strangler.

XAVIER

Is he a serial killer or--

HARRISON

He's the third-best middleweight in the world.

Xavier looks at him oddly.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Daphne and her office mate are really into cage fighting now.

XAVIER

And here I was hoping he was some kind of scumbag.

HARRISON

He is.

Xavier motions for her to continue.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

He's got arrests for domestic and drugs, here and in Vegas.

XAVIER

Good to know.

HARRISON

The in-laws took us to Max's the other day. He's a regular.

XAVIER

Did you fanboy out?

HARRISON

She did.

Harrison takes his phone out. He pulls up a photo of himself, Izzy, and HARRISON'S WIFE.

Xavier looks at it and chuckles.

Harrison looks around.

Xavier spots more red ink under Harrison's name.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
Captain's riding my ass.

XAVIER  
You need some black.

HARRISON  
And you make it look so easy.

XAVIER  
How much overtime are you putting  
in?

HARRISON  
I've got a family.

XAVIER  
This isn't a nine-to-five sort of  
life, kid.

Harrison's phone buzzes.

He looks at it and curses under his breath.

HARRISON  
I'm late for dinner.

Harrison leaves.

Xavier looks at the printout of John Smith and the Senator.

He pulls up an internet search engine and looks up Senator  
Orrin Cardinal.

A website for his office comes up.

Xavier clicks on a tab marked "Senator's Staff."

Photos of the Senator's STAFF come up.

Xavier's eyes focus on John Smith. He's listed as the  
Assistant to the Chief of Staff.

He takes his phone out and pulls up Michael on his speed  
dial. He quickly texts him: "Give me a call when you can."

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Photos of suspects are all over Xavier's desk.

His eyes focus on Izzy.

A printout of his criminal record is next to it.

Xavier looks at his watch, then Izzy's photo with Kandace, and then the Captain's office.

XAVIER

He'll understand, right?

He grabs the photo and sprints out.

**EXT. POSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Through a massive bay window we see CELEBRITIES, PRO ATHLETES, and WEALTH PEOPLE having dinner.

Izzy and a MODEL eat dinner towards the rear.

Several ARMED GUARDS stand up front.

PAPARAZZI are all over, taking photos inside.

Xavier looks into the restaurant from inside the crowd. He spots Izzy, then Guards.

He walks toward the rear.

**EXT. POSH RESTAURANT, REAR - NIGHT**

Rats scurry about a dumpster.

Xavier walks up to the door and yanks on it.

Nothing.

He walks away.

The door opens up, revealing a BUSBOY with a large bag of trash slung over his shoulder.

He tosses it in the dumpster and walks back inside.

Xavier emerges from the darkness. He sprints back and barely stops the door from closing.

He looks in either direction, then goes inside.

**INT. POSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Xavier walks in and looks around.

He spots Izzy and the Model at his table.

Several BODYGUARDS are nearby.

Xavier looks around, his eyes landing on the bar.

He walks over and sits down.

**BAR**

Xavier watches Izzy for a moment.

Izzy stands up and goes to the bathroom.

A Bodyguard follows him.

Xavier watches as Izzy goes into the bathroom.

The Bodyguard stands guard by the door.

Xavier watches him for a moment.

A WEALTHY CLIENT approaches the bathroom door.

The Bodyguard motions for him to wait.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Do you need a drink or just waiting  
for a table?

Xavier turns to see a BARTENDER staring back at him with disdain.

XAVIER

How's your scotch menu?

BARTENDER

We don't have Monkey Shoulder.

Xavier thinks for a moment.

XAVIER

Give me two glasses of the cheapest  
thing you got.

The Bartender looks at him oddly.

Xavier motions to his badge.

The Bartender nods and makes the drinks.

Xavier turns back to Izzy's table.

He's back, seated.

A FAN approaches Izzy.

The Bodyguard stops him.

Xavier turns and sees two drinks in front of him.

He takes out one of his business cards and quickly writes something on it.

His eyes spot a WAITRESS.

He motions her over.

Xavier hands her the card and a drink.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
(points to Izzy)  
DO you see the champ?

She nods.

He hands her \$20 and his card.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
If you wouldn't mind.

She grabs the drink, his card, and the cash.

Xavier watches as she walks over to him.

IZZY'S TABLE

The Waitress hands Izzy the drink.

Izzy looks at the card.

His eyes glance over "Xavier Holiday, Homicide. Chicago Police Department."

He flips it over.

"I can arrest you in front of her or we can talk at the bar."

Izzy looks over and spots Xavier.

Xavier nods.

IZZY  
They fucked up my drink order.



Izzy stands up and walks up to the bar.

**BAR**

Izzy sits down next to Xavier.

XAVIER  
Hey, champ.

IZZY  
You should've called my manager.

XAVIER  
So what, he could give me the run  
around for a week?

Xavier takes out his notepad.

IZZY  
What do you want?

XAVIER  
Kandace "Kandy Cane" Jackson.

IZZY  
Never met her.

XAVIER  
Are you sure about that?

Xavier reaches into his pocket and takes out a photo of  
Kandace in the elevator.

He hands it to Izzy.

Xavier hands him a photo of Izzy in the elevator.

Izzy looks at it and takes a deep breath.

IZZY  
I didn't do it, alright.

XAVIER  
You don't seem too bent out of  
shape about her.

IZZY  
Our relationship was transactional  
so it's more like a company goes  
out of business and you go--

XAVIER  
Show some respect.

Izzy takes a deep breath.

IZZY  
She was a sweet girl.

XAVIER  
How'd you find her?

IZZY  
I hired her off her website.

XAVIER  
I'm shocked you'd hire a woman like that.

IZZY  
I pay for discretion.

XAVIER  
Did she try to shake you down when she found out?

IZZY  
I got her and another girl tickets when I headlined the Chicago card.

XAVIER  
What's her name?

Izzy thinks.

IZZY  
Been a lot, you know?

Xavier motions for him to talk.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
She said her name was Valentina. I think she and Kandy were friends.

XAVIER  
Why give them tickets?

IZZY  
Val was a fight fan and I had them both booked. It became a matter of synergy.

Xavier writes something down.

XAVIER  
The night of her death.

IZZY  
I was cornering a guy from the gym  
on a card in Vegas.

XAVIER  
Who can I--

IZZY  
Give me your phone.

Xavier hands it to him.

Izzy pulls up a video-sharing service.

He searches for "Anthony Macron Epic KO" in it.

A video with that exact title comes up.

Izzy moves the video up to a point and hands it over.

XAVIER  
That's me.

Xavier watches as Izzy celebrates a victory with several  
other MMA FIGHTERS.

It's the same date as her murder.

IZZY  
About five thousand people can say  
where I was at that very moment.  
You're more than welcome to ask any  
of them.

Xavier hands him his card.

XAVIER  
In case you remember anything.

Xavier leaves.

Izzy looks around. He spots the MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Greg walks in with a cup of coffee in his hand.

His eyes look at his desk.

Six messages from the Mayor are on it.

**EXT. ROW HOME - DAY**

Xavier's Charger is parked up front.

Xavier exits.

His phone buzzes with a text from Harrison.

"Need some help. Lunch's on me."

**EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY**

Harrison sits at a table with two full hot dog meals in front of him.

Xavier sits down across from him.

Harrison pushes one over.

Xavier looks at it.

HARRISON

Dad said you liked a proper Chicago dog at this place.

XAVIER

This must be serious.

Harrison hands Xavier a file folder.

Xavier opens it up.

Multiple crime scene photos of a SEX WORKER are paper-clipped to it.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Do you think this is my specialty or something?

HARRISON

I'm stuck.

Xavier takes a bite of his hot dog.

XAVIER

Looks like a street girl.

(beat)

She probably has a pimp you can squeeze info out of.

HARRISON

My buddy in Vice said that.

XAVIER

How about a convenience store or an all-night diner? Those are the usual haunts for that crowd and maybe she's got a friend or two there.

HARRISON

My wife hates me going to places like that at all hours.

XAVIER

A lot of the victims we get are people who don't work a regular nine-to-five.

**INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY (DRIVING)**

Xavier looks through the windshield and sighs.

Bumper-to-bumper traffic.

Michael calls him.

Xavier answers.

XAVIER

I'm surprised you didn't just show up at the house.

**INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Small, cramped with piles of paperwork everywhere.

Michael stares at his cell phone.

MICHAEL

I've been busy, OK?

**INTERCUT BETWEEN MICHAEL AND XAVIER**

XAVIER

What does a Senator's assistant chief of staff do?

MICHAEL

It's a bullshit job, usually.

XAVIER

A guy our age at the Pritzker, going up in the freight elevator with a certain Senator from Texas.

Michael thinks for a moment.

MICHAEL

Could be their fixer, could be an attorney, could be a lot of things. They use that title as a sort of catch-all.

XAVIER

I need background on him.

MICHAEL

If I start asking questions--

XAVIER

Someone made a run at me. It didn't end well for them but--

MICHAEL

What did your boss say?

XAVIER

He wants me to drop it.

MICHAEL

I've got a matter of national security that's currently in the Chicago PD lockup.

XAVIER

My pull isn't what it was.

MICHAEL

What happened?

XAVIER

Bad shoot.

MICHAEL

Why didn't you call?

XAVIER

I did, but you never called back.

Michael thinks for a moment.

MICHAEL

I was in Albania doing Albanian things, probably.

XAVIER

City Hall has a hair up their ass these days.

MICHAEL  
Her name is Valentina and I need  
you to get her out ASAP.

Xavier perks up.

XAVIER  
I'm assuming she's your usual call-  
girl type.

MICHAEL  
The less you know.

XAVIER  
Do you know who threw the bracelets  
on her?

MICHAEL  
A contact of mine said some guy  
named Helwani booked her this  
morning. I checked online and  
either he's lying or it's off the  
books because it's not in the  
system yet.

XAVIER  
I don't know him.

MICHAEL  
Someone there has to owe you a  
favor, right?

XAVIER  
I had to put in my ninety, so those  
are probably expired.

MICHAEL  
A senator's anything means I have  
to play that game here.

XAVIER  
And that starts by getting her out  
so you can grab her.

MICHAEL  
She grabbed the wrong purse and  
it's easier that way.

XAVIER  
I'll buzz you when it's done.

Both men hang up.

**INT. VICE SQUAD BULLPEN - DAY**

VICE DETECTIVES are all over.

Harrison talks to a Vice Detective in the distance.

Detective PRINCE HELWANI (30s) types on his laptop.

Xavier walks up to him.

XAVIER  
Detective Helwani, right?

Prince looks up.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Holiday from Homicide. I was told  
you pinched a working girl named  
Valentina Maxwell.

PRINCE  
I'm sweating her out to bust a  
trafficking ring.

Harrison spots Xavier.

XAVIER  
(hushed)  
It's about national security.

PRINCE  
(hushed)  
I don't care.

Harrison walks over.

HARRISON  
Xavier!

Prince and Xavier turn to Harrison.

PRINCE  
We're talking about a case.

HARRISON  
(to Prince)  
Remember that pimp we caught?

PRINCE  
I made rank for it.

Prince and Harrison exchange looks.

Prince nods.



**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Harrison and Xavier stand out.

XAVIER  
I owe you, kid.

HARRISON  
Help me out and we're even. I can't  
get anything out of these people.

XAVIER  
Why'd you go into homicide?

HARRISON  
My old man said you make rank  
easier in homicide.

High-end call-girl VALENTINA MAXWELL (20s) walks out. She's a  
curvy redhead in a tight black dress.

Her eyes are bloodshot.

A small black purse is in her hand.

She spots Harrison and Xavier.

VALENTINA  
Which one of you helped get me out  
of this jam?

Xavier raises his hand.

XAVIER  
I've got a couple of questions for  
you, Miss Maxwell.

Her phone buzzes with a notification.

VALENTINA  
You've got five minutes before I  
get picked up.

XAVIER  
We've got a mutual friend.

VALENTINA  
I don't have any friends.

Valentina takes out a business card and hands it to Xavier.  
She lights up a cigarette.

XAVIER  
Kandy Cane.

VALENTINA

You'll need to do a séance to talk to her, you know.

XAVIER

You two worked together.

VALENTINA

That's a nice euphemism.

XAVIER

Did she ever mention anyone who didn't like her or her profession?

VALENTINA

Never.

XAVIER

Anyone she didn't like?

Valentina takes a long drag.

VALENTINA

We weren't that close.

Valentina tosses a cigarette away.

A blacked-out sedan pulls up.

Valentina gets inside.

The car quickly drives away.

Harrison watches the car drive away.

XAVIER

The less you ask.

HARRISON

Noted.

XAVIER

What'd you learn, kid?

HARRISON

She wasn't sentimental.

Xavier sighs.

He shows the card to Harrison.

Harrison looks it over.

"Valentina Maxwell, Escort At Large."

A link to her website is underneath.

XAVIER

She knew her and was in the same line of work. Throw in the fact that she's a high-end girl, which means she probably shared a client or two. Kandy died on the job, so it most likely was a client. From there it's pretty simple.

HARRISON

It can't be.

XAVIER

Your old man overthought a lot of things, too.

HARRISON

Did you know she was connected to your victim or--

XAVIER

Person of interest.

Harrison thinks for a moment.

HARRISON

You make it sound so easy.

XAVIER

Dead bodies just don't fall out of the sky, either.

HARRISON

How do I apply this to my sex worker case?

XAVIER

Who were her regulars?

HARRISON

Her pimp didn't say.

XAVIER

You need to press him harder... I'm not saying tune him up but if you throw the bracelets on him, maybe he talks in the box.

Harrison thinks and then nods.

**INT. IT STORE - DAY**

Steve works on a laptop behind the counter.

Xavier walks in.

Steve spots him and reaches under the counter.

He places a folder in it.

STEVE

That's all I got, man.

Xavier opens it up and looks at it.

Old printouts of websites are paper clipped to it.

He closes it.

Xavier tosses Valentina's card on the table.

XAVIER

I need a list of people that have booked Valentina Maxwell in the last six years.

STEVE

And I want a blowjob from Sydney Sweeney. Shit in one hand, wish in the other, and see what happens.

XAVIER

It can't be that hard.

STEVE

It's not like they're out there in the wind.

XAVIER

Everything in the folder is the same as you gave me last time. I expect more from you.

STEVE

Ten years in that world is like 10,000 normal years.

XAVIER

Then do some time travel!

Xavier's phone buzzes with a text from Gregory.

"Get back in the office now."

**INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER**

Gregory slaps his hand on his desk.

XAVIER  
I'd apologize but--

GREG  
It's my fault. I told a line  
stepper to watch the mother-fucking  
lines.

XAVIER  
You said to work a case.

GREG  
His alibi was a Google search away!

XAVIER  
Are we supposed to Google every  
suspect's schedule before we  
interview them now?

GREG  
I was hoping you'd stay here and  
pretend to work.

XAVIER  
I'm not built that way, sir.

GREG  
Do you have any leads?

XAVIER  
My brother temporarily connected me  
to a working girl that has a  
history with the victim. That's  
promising.

GREG  
And where is that leading?

Xavier looks around.

XAVIER  
I'm working on it.

GREG  
Until you do, I want your ass  
firmly planted in your chair.

XAVIER  
Is that you or the mayor talking to  
me?

GREG

I told him he should fire you for this.

XAVIER

The union would fight it.

GREG

Through all of this, I've been your biggest defender and this is how you treat me.

XAVIER

What about the victim?

GREG

Get me a suspect from the comfort of your desk.

Xavier walks out.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Xavier sits at his desk, staring at the whiteboard. He turns to the photos, stopping on a photo of the Senator and John Smith.

AMBER (O.S.)

Who's that handsome devil?

Xavier turns to see Narcotics Detective AMBER JENKINS (40s) approach him.

She's a tall, thin brunette.

XAVIER

Person of interest.

AMBER

I got your message.

XAVIER

Yasmin Jackson.

AMBER

What about her?

XAVIER

Did you kick her yet?

AMBER

Morgue's got her.

XAVIER  
What the fuck happened?

AMBER  
Right before the raid she did a hot  
shot. Didn't kick in until after we  
processed her.

Xavier points to the white board.

XAVIER  
That was her mother. I was hoping  
to have a chat with her about the  
night she died.

AMBER  
She wouldn't have been much help to  
you.

XAVIER  
That far gone?

AMBER  
She took a swing at Buggy, if you  
can believe it.

XAVIER  
He has kind of a punchable face, I  
will admit.

Amber looks over the board.

AMBER  
Mom isn't a winner.

XAVIER  
Mom was a working girl.

AMBER  
No one's claimed her body.

XAVIER  
Did she say anything about her mom  
before she died or--

AMBER  
We were lucky she had a driver's  
license with her real name on it.  
(beat)  
She's still here, in case you want  
to rifle through her things for  
fun.

**INT. MORGUE - DAY**

Yasmin's body is on a slab, covered by a blanket.

Xavier looks it over.

A CORONER stands next to him.

XAVIER

Where are her personal affects?

The Coroner points to a small table with her clothes and an envelope with everything that was on her.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

What about her clothes?

CORONER

Are you sure homicide needs to be involved in this?

Xavier opens the envelope and rifles through it. He pulls out a receipt for a Bodega on Marquette Drive.

**EXT. BODEGA - DAY**

Bars are on the Windows.

Xavier's Charger parks in the distance.

Xavier exits and walks inside.

**INT. BODEGA - DAY**

Shelves full of liquor, cigarettes and fast food are all over.

A CLERK is behind the counter.

Xavier walks up to him and places a photo of Kandace's mugshot on the counter.

The Clerk looks at it and sighs.

BODEGA CLERK

Red house a block north of here.  
You can see it from outside, can't miss it.

XAVIER

I'm not the first cop to ask about Yasmin, I take it.



BODEGA CLERK

She's the distraction while the others grab a five-finger discount but usually she's sweet about it.

XAVIER

Why don't you call us?

BODEGA CLERK

The only time someone shows up here is when a body gets dropped. And even then it's ten minutes after anyone could've done something.

XAVIER

That's unfortunate.

BODEGA CLERK

We're lucky if one of you shows up at all.

**EXT. BODEGA - DAY**

Xavier exits.

He looks down the street and spots a red house.

His phone buzzes with a text from Greg: "Your desk is empty."

Xavier quickly responds: "At the hot dog stand. There's a line."

He walks towards the red house.

**EXT. RED CRACK HOUSE - DAY**

Should've been torn down years ago.

A pair of CRACKHEADS lounge around, impossibly high.

Xavier walks up.

XAVIER

I'm looking for Yasmin Jackson and was told she lives here.

The Crackheads don't acknowledge him.

Xavier looks around.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Would you guys mind if I went into  
her room and looked around? For  
fun?

Nothing.

A Crackhead looks at Xavier and then looks away.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Have a good day.

Xavier walks in.

**INT. CRACK HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Rats scurry about.

A CRACKHEAD is asleep on a couch from the 70s.

Xavier walks in and looks around.

His eyes spot a door marked with a Y.

He walks in.

**INT. YASMIN'S ROOM - DAY**

Xavier walks in and looks around.

A piss-stained mattress is on the floor. An older Army Duffel Bag is next to it.

Xavier opens up the bag and empties it on the floor.

Drugs and drug paraphernalia fall out.

His eyes spot a framed photo of Yasmin and Kandace from a decade ago in happier times.

Xavier spots a key and grabs it.

**INT. CRACK HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Xavier walks in.

The Crackhead wakes up.

CRACKHEAD  
Did you move in here or something?

Xavier flashes his badge.

CRACKHEAD (CONT'D)  
Did you move in here or something,  
officer?

XAVIER  
Does Yasmin have a place to store  
anything?

The Crackhead thinks for a moment.

He points to the rear.

CRACKHEAD  
In the back yard.

Xavier walks towards the rear of the house.

**EXT. RED CRACK HOUSE, REAR - DAY**

Breaking and entering specialist BRAD JAMES (20s, criminal)  
cuts the lock off with a pair of oversized bolt clippers.

He opens it and looks inside.

High-end clothing is all over.

Brad spots a mayonnaise jar.

He picks it up and looks at it.

His eyes spot the expiration date.

"Last Date to Use: 8/1/2012"

He spots a laptop and grabs it.

Steve's corporate logo is the battery.

BRAD  
Hello, twenty grand.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Chicago PD!

Brad turns and spots Xavier.

Their eyes connect.

Brad spots Xavier's badge.

Xavier spots the laptop... and then Steve's sticker.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Put the laptop down.

BRAD  
Fuck.

XAVIER  
Put it down and--

Brad hauls ass away from Xavier.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
God-damn it.

Xavier takes off after him.

**EXT. CRACK HOUSE ALLEYS - DAY**

Brad hauls ass to a sedan in the distance.

Xavier is right behind him.

XAVIER  
I said Chicago PD!

A YOUNG CHILD on a bicycle rides in front of Xavier.

He pauses in his tracks.

His eyes spot Brad getting in the car.

The car takes off.

Xavier runs around the girl and straight to the car.

The car accelerates away from him.

Xavier stops.

His hand reaches for his gun.

His eyes focus on the license plate.

He sprints back to the shed.

**EXT. RED CRACK HOUSE, REAR - DAY**

Xavier sprints over to the shed.

His eyes quickly look over the interior. They land on the mayonnaise jar.

XAVIER  
Who keeps things like this?

He goes to open it but stops.

His eyes look around the shed.

He takes his phone out and calls dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Dispatch.

XAVIER  
This is Detective Holiday, badge  
182D5. I need to call in a robbery.

**INT. IT STORE - DAY**

Steve is behind the counter, typing on a laptop.

Xavier walks in and looks around.

The store is empty.

He locks the door and storms up to the counter.

STEVE  
(under his breath)  
Oh shit.

XAVIER  
Guess where I found your corporate  
sticker today?

STEVE  
In the evidence locker?

XAVIER  
In a dead woman's shed.

Steve gulps loudly.

Xavier stares a hole through him.

Sweat pours off Steve's face.

STEVE  
I can explain.

XAVIER  
Now.

STEVE

Just promise not to be mad.

Xavier grabs Steve by the collar. He pulls him across and throws him onto the ground.

Xavier presses Steve's face into the ground with his hands.

XAVIER

I swear to Christ--

STEVE

Just let me talk!

XAVIER

I was willing to vouch for you on up to a B felony!

STEVE

A dozen cases!

XAVIER

You knew this ten god-damn years ago and didn't say a word!

STEVE

Do you know where this leads?

Xavier lets go.

He picks Steve up.

XAVIER

Tell me.

Steve looks around.

STEVE

She came to me because she was scared. She wanted to back up her work life, just in case.

(beat)

Tell me you have the thumb drive, at least.

XAVIER

I don't have anything.

STEVE

It was set up as a backup.

XAVIER

They took it.

STEVE

Then you're--

Xavier glares at him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

There's a way around this.

XAVIER

Can you get into it?

STEVE

If they're dumb enough to turn it  
on, maybe.

Steve sprints over to his laptop and pulls up a random access  
tool. He logs in.

Steve's fingers type quickly.

Xavier looks at the screen.

Several dozen computers are online.

XAVIER

Do your clients know about this?

STEVE

This is just to make sure no one is  
hurting kids. I do have some  
standards, you know.

Steve stares at the screen.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Her laptop isn't up.

XAVIER

Could they have figured it out?

Steve types quickly.

Nothing.

STEVE

It'll take a couple of days for me  
to make sure.

XAVIER

As soon as you can, OK?

Steve nods.

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Xavier walks up to his desk.

A bag of fast food is in his hand.

He looks at his desk.

A box labeled "Shed possessions" is on it.

HARRISON (O.S.)  
Some patrolmen dropped it off.

Xavier sits down and looks at Harrison.

Harrison fills out paperwork.

Xavier looks up.

A name in black ink is on under Harrison's name.

XAVIER  
Congrats, rookie.

HARRISON  
How long is everyone going to call  
me that?

XAVIER  
Until my replacement shows up.

Harrison nods.

Xavier opens the box.

Clothing and a mayo jar are in the box.

He takes the mayo jar out and looks at it.

His eyes focus on the expiration date.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Who keeps that?

He shrugs and turns to his laptop.

Xavier pulls up the hotel footage on his laptop.

He clicks on a file.

It's three months after the murder.

He looks at his cell phone.



Nothing new.

His eyes turn back to the mayo jar.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Rookie.

Harrison turns over to him.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

What do you think of this?

Xavier holds up the mayo jar.

HARRISON

Are you going to open it?

XAVIER

It expired a long time ago.

HARRISON

I think what's inside there is probably a biohazard by now.

XAVIER

It was in her effects.

HARRISON

Maybe it was sentimental.

Xavier thinks.

XAVIER

Maybe it was just there and they shoved it in.

HARRISON

We did that with my grandpa's things. The home wanted it out by the morning and it just was all in one box.

XAVIER

That could be it.

Xavier places the mayo jar back into the box.

He clicks on another file.

It's the day of the murder.

He watches it.

John Smith comes up.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Hello handsome.

John Smith gets off on the penthouse floor.  
His eyes look at the time.  
He looks up at the whiteboard.  
It's within an hour of Kandace's murder.  
Xavier pauses it.  
He screen prints it and saves it to his hard drive.  
He takes his phone out and calls his brother.

**INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Michael fills out paperwork.

XAVIER (V.O.)  
You owe me.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MICHAEL AND XAVIER

Michael curses under his breath.

MICHAEL  
This isn't a good time.

XAVIER  
I owe two favors because of this,  
not one, for the record.

MICHAEL  
Send it.

Xavier emails Michael the screenshot.  
Michael's email buzzes.  
He opens it up, revealing the screenshot.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
When do you need it by?

XAVIER  
The sooner the better.

Both men hang up.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY (ONE WEEK LATER)**

Xavier sits across from Greg.

Greg taps his fingers.

GREG

What's your brother say on the Jackson case?

XAVIER

He's in the State Department, I doubt he cares.

GREG

You know I've met him, right?

XAVIER

He's just a bearded weirdo I shared a womb with.

GREG

I saw him play one of those duck-hunting games. A hundred shots and he didn't miss.

XAVIER

He's always--

GREG

Don't assume I'm naïve.

Beat.

XAVIER

I sent him a photo and he went radio silent.

GREG

Is that good or bad?

XAVIER

I don't know... usually means it's something bad.

GREG

I'd ask you to drop this but--

XAVIER

If Michael says it's a goose chase, I'll drop it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (SEVERAL DAYS LATER)**

Michael sits on the couch, a mostly full glass of expensive Scotch in his hand.

The expensive bottle of Scotch is on an end table.

An empty glass is next to it.

Xavier walks in and spots his brother.

His eyes look at the bottle.

XAVIER

You had to go for the only expensive bottle in there.

MICHAEL

Big news requires big drinks.

Xavier pours himself a drink.

He sits down next to his brother.

XAVIER

How's Albania?

MICHAEL

I'm in Romania, officially.

XAVIER

Of course.

They take sips.

MICHAEL

Can you walk away from this?

XAVIER

He's the best suspect I have.

Michael takes a long drink.

MICHAEL

Spies are a dime a dozen. I'm a fucking spy, you know? This guy... this guy was a fixer. Someone screws up and he has a team that can clean it up like nothing had happened in under an hour. It's a useful talent.

XAVIER  
And they make him exactly the kind  
of guy who can clean a crime scene.

MICHAEL  
Who's the victim?

XAVIER  
She was a high-end call-girl.

MICHAEL  
Seriously?

XAVIER  
Murder is murder.

Michael slams the drink.

MICHAEL  
I saw a read-only file. Do you  
remember the guy you were like  
after you exited the service?

XAVIER  
You called me unpleasant.  
(beat)  
You were right, too.

MICHAEL  
Imagine that guy never left and did  
much worse things than you could  
imagine.

Xavier takes a sip.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
That guy... that guy isn't above  
killing a cop, even a veteran  
homicide detective.

XAVIER  
Am I supposed to be scared?

Michael stands up.

MICHAEL  
If you were smart, you would be  
very scared right now.  
(puts the glass down)  
Just tread lightly.

Michael leaves.

**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Xavier stares at his whiteboard.

Greg walks over.

A requisition for firearm certification testing in his hands.

GREG

Do you know how much paperwork your  
exit is giving me?

Xavier turns to him.

XAVIER

You can always cancel it if you  
want to

GREG

Why haven't you certified on your  
service pistol?

XAVIER

I have a case.

Greg's eyes look at John Smith.

GREG

Looks like a Fed.

XAVIER

He works for Senator Cardinal.

GREG

He doesn't look like the type to  
kill a sex worker, Xavier.

XAVIER

You say that and yet.

GREG

What does the family have to say  
about all of this?

XAVIER

Her kid just overdosed and her  
sister died of cancer a couple of  
years ago.

GREG

At least you don't have the family  
pissed off at you.

XAVIER

It'd have been nice to see if they remembered anything from that night.

GREG

They didn't seem keen on talking the first time.

XAVIER

Part of me wants to think that this guy paid them off.

GREG

I'm going to need more than an idea if you want financial records on him or anyone else.

XAVIER

I hadn't even thought of that.

GREG

Maybe it's at the range.

XAVIER

I haven't shot this thing in six months, Captain.

GREG

Take a long lunch, drop some brass at your range, and then come back when you're full or you can get someone to say you're qualified.

XAVIER

Normally I'd say I've shot enough people over the years that I don't think it's an issue but--

GREG

Wrong time for that joke.

Xavier looks around.

GREG (CONT'D)

You don't want to know who called me about this.

XAVIER

I'm grabbing some lunch, then.

Greg nods.

**EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY**

Xavier aims down range with his service pistol.

He pulls the trigger twice.

Xavier's hand presses the target retrieval button.

The target comes up. His eyes focus on it.

Ten hits, eight center mass with one in the head and one just outside of it.

The sound of an AK-47 on full auto pierces the air.

Xavier turns to see one throwing lead down range.

His eyes focus on it.

There are Arabic markings on it that have faded. Repairs to the stock and handle have been made over the years.

Holding it is John Smith.

John pauses and turns to Xavier.

His eyes turn to Xavier's target.

JOHN

I thought you Delta Force boys knew  
how to shoot better.

Xavier and John catch eyes.

John winks at him.

XAVIER

Do you have a permit for that?

JOHN

Several.

XAVIER

I think I'd like to see them.

JOHN

Major Van Straiten sends his  
regards, by the way.

XAVIER

I remember when he was a captain  
who shouldn't have gotten promoted,  
much less commissioned.



JOHN

He told me you were a soldier's soldier, which is a heck of a compliment from him.

XAVIER

I saw on the news that he's being groomed for a slot on the Joint Chiefs of Staff these days.

JOHN

He and Senator Cardinal have a lot in common.

Xavier looks at the AK-47.

His eyes focus on the rate of fire selector.

It's on full auto.

XAVIER

Your license for that.

John reaches into his wallet and hands him several licenses.

Xavier looks them over.

JOHN

The guy who owned it didn't need it anymore. A favor or two from the Company later and it's mine. I had to get an FFR but one word from a sitting Senator and I get to be the coolest mother fucker at any range I go to.

Xavier hands them back.

XAVIER

The station isn't far from here, Mister Smith.

JOHN

I'm not some crackhead who doesn't know his rights, detective.

John presses the target retrieval.

A target with an X cut out in bullet holes in the body returns. The head target has three holes in it. All are dead center.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I've got about ten minutes.

**EXT. GUN RANGE PARKING LOT - DAY**

John and Xavier exit.

John has a rifle bag in his hands.

XAVIER

What brings you here

JOHN

The Senator has a fundraising meeting and I'm doing some scouting for security purposes. I packed my rifle because I wanted to see if the ranges here were as good as the ones in Houston.

XAVIER

Texas is far away.

JOHN

The Senator has a lot of fans in a lot of places.

Xavier looks him over.

XAVIER

You don't look like a John Smith.

JOHN

My grandpa came over here and they changed his last name at Ellis Island. You know how that goes.

XAVIER

Kandace Jackson.

JOHN

Never heard of her.

XAVIER

I've got a photo of you two that begs otherwise.

JOHN

There's a photo of me with a lot of people, doesn't mean I know them.

XAVIER

I'd love for you to explain in court why you were going up an elevator with her.

JOHN

You'll never get that far.

XAVIER

Well, if we're going to play the run around I think I'll just arrest the Senator in front of his fans. Then I can hold him for forty-eight hours, and then he can explain to the press why he was arrested.

JOHN

You won't get close to him.

XAVIER

This badge in this city says otherwise, John Smith.

JOHN

Time isn't your ally.

XAVIER

It's not yours, either.

John looks around.

JOHN

They were right about you. Not a lot of tricks but good at a couple of them.

XAVIER

All I've heard is your record is that it's very classified.

JOHN

And I plan on keeping it that way, too, detective.

XAVIER

I've got a pair of bracelets with your name on them.

John sighs.

JOHN

On the record, I'll say that the Senator has no clue who she is and any attempts to the contrary are just attacks on his political career by cowards.

XAVIER

I bet there's a money trail.

JOHN

Do you think the senior Senator from Texas writes a check to a woman like her?

XAVIER

There's a thumb drive out there with all of her records. If I find it, I can charge him for enough things that he'll never sniff the Presidency or any other job.

JOHN

The key word there is "if."

XAVIER

On her last day on this Earth, the two of you were seen in an elevator.

John looks around.

JOHN

I say it's a coincidence and I doubt you have anything concrete that proves me wrong.

XAVIER

I know--

JOHN

This is about what you can prove, not what you know, and my friends--

XAVIER

As soon as you get arrested, they will walk away from you. I'm the only friend you have right now.

John laughs loudly, obnoxiously.

JOHN

Your brother knows who I am and let's not pretend he didn't shit himself the moment he found out.

They stare each other down

JOHN (CONT'D)

Most people want money but you... I think you would want to retire when you want to, not in thirty days. A call from me and my friends erases all of that.

XAVIER  
If you've done your research, you  
know my clearance rate.

John looks Xavier over. He smiles.

JOHN  
My ex-wife has a poodle that barks  
like a big dog, too.

XAVIER  
Little dogs can be vicious.

JOHN  
And then they get put down.

A limo pulls up.

A DRIVER exits and opens the door.

John tosses his rifle bag inside.

John gets in.

Xavier watches as the limo pulls away.

**INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Xavier pulls up to a stop light.

His eyes look at a sports bar on the corner.

Brad is at the bar.

Xavier cuts across traffic and towards the bar.

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

Packed with FIGHT FANS all over.

The end of an MMA fight is on the television.

Xavier walks in and sits down at the bar.

His eyes focus on Brad.

Brad taps his foot impatiently. He turns and sees Xavier.  
Brad looks around and then sprints out the front door.

Xavier explodes to his feet and sprints after him.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Brad sprints inside.

Xavier runs after him.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE ROOF - NIGHT**

Brad heads towards a small truck.

He turns around to see Xavier emerge, gun in hand.

Brad raises his hands.

BRAD

It was just a job and--

XAVIER

Where's the laptop?

BRAD

I gave it to a guy and that's it,  
no bullshit.

Xavier puts his gun away.

XAVIER

You tell me who hired you and you  
can walk away from this.

BRAD

You don't have enough to pinch me  
either way.

XAVIER

You got a job tonight?

BRAD

I was having dinner with my mother.

XAVIER

She can either bail you out in a  
couple of hours or you can tell her  
this was all a giant  
misunderstanding on your part.

BRAD

This is bullshit, man.

XAVIER

Breaking and entering is still a  
crime, son.

Brad looks in either direction.

BRAD  
Zed runs the bar at Dank's.

XAVIER  
Where's the laptop?

BRAD  
I gave it to him and he gave me  
twenty grand. My boy Paco and I  
split it, you know?

Xavier hands him his card.

XAVIER  
If you remember anything else.

Brad nods.

Xavier motions for him to leave.

Brad sprints into the distance.

**EXT. DANK'S DANCE CLUB - NIGHT**

Two large and angry BOUNCERS stand in front of a large line  
of PARTY GOERS.

Xavier walks up to them, badge up.

BOUNCER  
Can I help you?

XAVIER  
Drag Zed's lazy ass out here or I'm  
going inside.

BOUNCER  
Where's your warrant?

Xavier sighs.

XAVIER  
I don't have time for this.

Xavier sidesteps the Bouncer.

The Bouncer steps in front of him.

Another Bouncer tenses up and looks at Xavier.

**BOUNCER**

Unless you have a little piece of paper, you aren't getting--

Xavier knees him in the ribs as hard as he can.

The wind instantly drives out of the Bouncer's lungs.

Xavier cracks him with an elbow.

The Bouncer hits the ground, out cold.

The second Bouncer charges Xavier.

Xavier pieces him up with several punches.

The second Bouncer swings.

Xavier ducks and catches him flush with a right hook.

The Bouncer falls to the ground, out cold.

Xavier walks inside.

**INT. DANK'S DANCE CLUB - NIGHT**

Party Goers dance, mingle, and drink.

Loud dance music blares so loud you can't think.

Low-level drug dealer ZED (30s, high on meth) is behind the bar, making a drink.

A Bouncer sprints to the front door, pushing his way through the crowd.

Zed watches as Xavier walks in.

Xavier spots Zed. He shows him his badge.

Zed turns and sprints outside.

Xavier looks around and sees the Bouncer charging at him.

The Bouncer cracks Xavier flush, staggering him.

Xavier sees Zed sprint out the door.

Two quick punches and the Bouncer is out cold.

Xavier sprints after Zed.



**EXT. REAR OF DANK'S DANCE CLUB - NIGHT**

Two AMOROUS LOVERS passionately make out by a rusted-out dumpster.

Zed runs right into them.

ZED  
I'm sorry.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Chicago PD!

Zed turns to see Xavier sprint towards him.

Xavier looks at the couple.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Get out of here.

The lovers sprint away.

Zed gets to his feet and puts his hands up.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Seriously?

Zed takes a swing at Xavier.

Xavier dodges and kicks him in the groin.

Zed falls to the ground in pain.

Xavier picks him up and slams him into the wall.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
I'll ask you again.  
(beat)  
Where is the laptop?

ZED  
I gave it to the guy and that was  
it, I swear.

XAVIER  
You didn't have to hit me.

ZED  
I'm high, please just let me go!

XAVIER  
Give me a name!

ZED  
He'll kill me!

XAVIER  
He won't get the chance.

ZED  
Onyx!

XAVIER  
Where is he?

Xavier stares into his eyes.

Zed quakes in fear.

ZED  
Tenth and main, he works out of the  
warehouse. He smokes up top.

Xavier lets go.

David falls to the ground.

Xavier walks away.

**EXT. ROOFTOP OF AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Mid-level criminal ONYX (30s) looks around.

Stamped-out cigarettes are all over the ground.

Xavier approaches him, badge out.

XAVIER  
We've got a mutual friend, Onyx.

Onyx looks both ways and runs to the side.

Xavier chases him.

Onyx gets to the edge and stops.

He turns to see Xavier.

Onyx takes a deep breath and looks down.

A pistol is in his waistband.

He looks up to see Xavier staring him down.

Xavier's hand is near his pistol.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Zed says hello.

Onyx charges Xavier.

Xavier tosses him over his head.

Onyx lands hard.

Xavier grabs his leg and drags Onyx to the edge.

He dangles the man over it.

Onyx's pistol falls out and lands on the ground.

ONYX  
This is bullshit!

XAVIER  
Either you talk or you're going to  
get a lesson in applied gravity.

ONYX  
Swear you'll pull me up first!

XAVIER  
You hired Zed for a gig.

ONYX  
Come on, man!

XAVIER  
You can explain it or I can dig it  
out of your corpse.

Onyx screams.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
You can scream as loud as you want.  
I doubt anyone will care.

ONYX  
This guy shows up one day and asks  
if I can pinch a laptop. It's cash  
and no questions.

XAVIER  
Why farm it out?

ONYX  
I haven't done a B and E in a  
decade. I call Zed, he finds a guy  
and everyone gets paid.

XAVIER

How'd you know to go there?

ONYX

The guy said to find this junkie and see if she had some things. It was a lot just to look at and a lot more if we found it.

XAVIER

Where's the laptop?

ONYX

The guy wanted to do a dead drop. I left it and that was it.

XAVIER

Where was the dead drop?

ONYX

Bushman Park. Some homeless guy picked it up ten minutes after I left it there, I swear.

XAVIER

Why'd you watch it?

ONYX

I assumed I was a dead man and wanted to see if he showed up.

XAVIER

Tell me about him.

ONYX

He was average looking but he had nothing in his eyes.

Xavier pulls Onyx back onto the roof.

ONYX (CONT'D)

That's bullshit with a badge!

Xavier reaches into his pocket and takes out a picture of John Smith and the Senator.

He holds it up, pointing to John.

ONYX

That's the guy who hired me.

XAVIER

Are you sure?

ONYX

You don't forget a mother fucker  
who hands you two hundred grand in  
cash in a fucking bag.

XAVIER

Do you still have it?

ONYX

I tossed it as soon as I dropped  
off the laptop.

XAVIER

And the money?

ONYX

I did a couple of drug deals to  
launder it.

XAVIER

Anything else?

ONYX

That's it.

XAVIER

If I hear that's wrong, I'm going  
to find you. You hear me?

ONYX

Crystal clear.

Onyx runs away.

Xavier takes a deep breath and stares at the photo of John  
Smith. His eyes look into the distance.

**EXT. BUSHMAN PARK - NIGHT**

Crime Scene Investigators work a crime scene.

The corpse of a HOMELESS MAN is in front of them.

A needle is in his arm, blood around it.

Harrison is there, observing.

He looks around and spots Xavier walking toward him.

HARRISON

Detective Holiday, I told dispatch  
that I didn't need help on this  
one.

Xavier looks at the corpse and then at Harrison.

XAVIER

Did you talk to any of the locals?

HARRISON

They all had the same story. The departed is Roy Little and he found a way to make a lot of money in the last 48 hours. Some of it found its way into his arm.

Xavier thinks for a moment.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

He told the residents that it was for picking up a bag but they said it was a euphemism for something.

XAVIER

How much cash did you find?

HARRISON

Five hundred in crisp hundred dollar bills.

XAVIER

Get it printed and let me know if anything pops on it.

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Xavier walks up to the whiteboard.

He takes all the photos off and quickly erases the whiteboard.

His hand places the photo of the Senator and John Smith in the middle.

Xavier grabs a marker and circles John Smith.

He tapes it to the white board.

Xavier writes "Timeline: Kandace Jackson" murder.

He takes a deep breath.

Xavier writes "John Smith timeline."

Xavier writes down "Night of Murder" on the left side and draws a line to the edge.

His hand writes "Roy Little OD" on it.

**INT. COURT ROOM - NIGHT**

Mostly empty.

A gavel slams down.

Night Court Judge RICHARD SLACK (60s) looks around.

He spots Xavier in the back.

Richard motions to his left.

**JUDGE'S CHAMBERS**

Richard and Xavier walk in.

RICHARD  
This is a pleasant surprise.

XAVIER  
I'm hoping that you still sign  
arrest warrants, your honor.

Richard takes his robe off and sits behind his desk.

RICHARD  
Who's your suspect?

XAVIER  
He's a DC resident and--

RICHARD  
I don't want to get involved with  
an extradition request if this is a  
wild goose chase.

XAVIER  
He had motive and opportunity.

RICHARD  
Anything else?

XAVIER  
I've got a video of him and the  
murder victim the night of and  
within an hour of the act.

Xavier takes out a photo of John Smith and Kandace in the elevator. He hands it to Richard.

Richard looks it over.

RICHARD  
I've met him.

XAVIER  
He works for a Senator, yes, but  
it's murder.

Xavier places an arrest warrant on Richard's desk.

RICHARD  
Senator Cardinal is a law school  
friend of mine.

Richard hands the photo back and grabs the warrant. He looks  
it over.

XAVIER  
This guy is good for it.

RICHARD  
What else do you have on him?

XAVIER  
It's... complicated.

Richard takes a deep breath.

RICHARD  
He's going to fight this.

XAVIER  
I'll shove that prick into the  
trunk of my car and drive him here  
if that means--

RICHARD  
I do not see enough probable cause  
in this.

XAVIER  
This guy is good for it and when I  
get him in the box--

RICHARD  
You're missing your captain's  
signature on this.

Richard hands him the warrant.

XAVIER  
I don't need it.



RICHARD

I'm not getting this tossed in a hearing over an error over the damn paperwork.

XAVIER

Give me an hour, please.

Richard nods.

Xavier sprints out.

**EXT. COURT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Xavier takes his phone out and calls Greg.

GREG (V.O.)

My wife's dinner is getting cold and so is she.

XAVIER

Give me ten minutes of your time, please, and I'll get you a gift card to any restaurant you want, sir.

Beat.

GREG (V.O.)

I'm in the office for twenty more minutes. You have until then, detective.

Xavier hangs up.

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Greg looks at the whiteboard.

An entire timeline of the final day of Kandace's life is there. In red is a timeline of John's movements for the day.

Xavier springs in and up to Greg.

XAVIER

Thanks for staying, sir.

GREG

Detective Rust is asking for a lot more tests than a junkie overdosing should warrant.

XAVIER  
I got him, sir.

Greg looks at John Smith's photo intensely.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
I've got video footage of the two  
of them together on the night she  
was murdered.

Greg turns to Xavier.

Xavier hands him the arrest warrant.

Greg looks at it for a long moment.

GREG  
That doesn't mean he killed her,  
either.

XAVIER  
A low-level drug dealer told me he  
paid a local kid to break her  
laptop out of storage and--

GREG  
Do you have it?

XAVIER  
It changed hands and Rust's corpse  
may have been paid to be a cut out  
for a dead drop. Guess who  
orchestrated it?

GREG  
I need proof.

XAVIER  
I'll coordinate with locals when I  
get to Washington for a search  
warrant on his residence

Greg takes a deep breath and rubs his eyes.

GREG  
Please tell me the key will hold up  
in court.

XAVIER  
It was in a dead woman's affects, I  
don't think she'll give that much  
of a shit.

GREG

Any evidence besides that?

XAVIER

I have an indirect ID on the hand-off.

GREG

Where's the connective tissue in this?

XAVIER

Let me put this cocksucker in a room and he'll sing.

Greg thinks for a long moment.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

He did it. I know it and you can feel it, sir.

GREG

Can you prove it?

Xavier looks around.

GREG (CONT'D)

Get me something concrete, like that laptop. If it's stolen, it'll pop up on the radar. Give me that and you got what you need.

XAVIER

What sort of proof do you want?

GREG

I need something that says he had it in his possession at some point.

XAVIER

My snitch is stalking it.

GREG

And if he finds something that can stand up in court, I'll sign an arrest warrant.

XAVIER

How about something that holds up for an extradition hearing?

GREG

Toe the line, detective, or it'll tow you.

Greg walks away.

Xavier leaves.

**EXT. IT STORE - NIGHT**

Smoke and fire damage are everywhere inside.

FIREFIGHTERS exit the store.

A pair of MEDICS carry a body bag out.

Xavier's Charger pulls up.

A BEAT COP separates LOOKY-LOOS from the scene.

Xavier walks up to the Beat Cop, his badge up.

XAVIER  
What the hell?

BEAT COP  
Robbery went bad.

Xavier spots the body bag.

BEAT COP (CONT'D)  
The owner took two in the chest and  
they torched it.

XAVIER  
What about his computer?

BEAT COP  
I'd be shocked if anything survived  
that damage. I swear they dumped  
half of Lake Michigan in there to  
stop that cocksucker, too.

XAVIER  
How long until I can get inside, to  
take a look around?

BEAT COP  
A couple of hours, maybe? It's a  
cluster in there and unless you're  
the primary--

XAVIER  
It's a sign.

The Beat Cop shrugs.

Xavier walks away.

**INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Xavier places everything on the whiteboard into a small cardboard box.

His elbow connects with the mayo jar.

It lands on the ground, shattering.

XAVIER

Fuck!

He turns to the floor.

His eyes look at the glass shards.

He picks one up and looks at it.

It's been painted white.

His eyes turn back to the ground.

A thumb drive is in the middle of the glass.

Xavier picks it up and looks at it.

He puts it in his laptop.

A password screen comes up.

He takes it out.

Xavier takes out John's card from his pocket and calls him.

JOHN (V.O.)

So you decided to take my deal,  
detective.

XAVIER

I've got a thumb drive here from a  
dead woman in my hands.

Beat.

JOHN (V.O.)

Five million for it, no questions  
asked.

XAVIER

The docks in an hour.

Xavier hangs up.

He places the thumb drive into his desk and locks it.

**INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Xavier pulls up to a stop light.

He looks through the windshield.

No one is around.

His hand grabs his cell phone.

His fingers quickly go through his speed dial, landing on Harrison.

Xavier calls him.

HARRISON (V.O.)

I got chewed out by the captain.

XAVIER

How far are you from the Docks?

A large truck barrels towards Xavier.

He doesn't notice.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

I need you to call in--

WHAM!

The truck rams into him, sending the car flying.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Xavier's cell phone flies into the distance, landing on the ground.

It shatters into a dozen pieces.

John is behind the wheel of the truck.

He exits, grabbing his AK-47 out of the bed.

**INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT**

Xavier looks around, groaning in pain.

He spots John aiming the AK-47 at him.

Xavier quickly draws his pistol, firing rounds through the windshield at him.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

John retreats to the back of the truck.

Xavier emerges from the Charger and sprints towards the trunk.

John shoots at him.

Bullets pelt the Charger.

Xavier grabs his keys and looks at the truck.

He's about 20 feet away.

JOHN

You've got a Colt 45 on semi-auto.  
 (swaps out magazine)  
 I have an AK-47 that throws lead at  
 a rate of six hundred rounds every  
 single minute I hold this very  
 cheaply made trigger.

XAVIER

I thought you were going to pay me  
 for the thumb drive.

JOHN

And when the Senator becomes the  
 President of this country, you will  
 come back for more.

XAVIER

You don't know that.

JOHN

She did... twice.

**REAR OF CHARGER**

Xavier opens the trunk.

He spots his rifle.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can do this all fucking day, you  
 know.

(MORE)

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I've got the bullets and no one  
gives a shit about a cop in trouble  
in your city.

**STREET**

John pelts the trunk lid with machine gun fire.

**REAR OF CHARGER**

The bullets stop.

Xavier grabs his rifle and a small pouch.

He looks inside the pouch.

It's empty.

He drops the rifle.

Xavier takes a deep breath, his eyes darting around.

XAVIER  
It doesn't have to end like this,  
Xavier.

He takes his pistol out.

There's one in the chamber and one in the magazine.

He feels along his holster for a spare magazine.

Nothing is there.

Xavier peaks into his car.

A pair of full magazines are on the passenger seat.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
Just tell me why you did it and we  
can get you a deal.

JOHN (O.S.)  
What are you offering?

XAVIER  
Your friends won't protect you but  
I can. We can get you into  
protective custody and--

JOHN (O.S.)  
I'm a dead man as soon as I give  
anyone up.



XAVIER  
You don't know that.

**STREET**

John smiles.

He swaps out the magazine.

John's hand quickly pulls the lever back.

JOHN  
The Senator asked me to take care  
of anything that could cost him the  
Presidency. She was a liability.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
That's it?

JOHN  
He's a senator from a red state.  
They give a shit about things like  
that... especially when the phrase  
high-priced call-girl is uttered.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
That makes sense.

JOHN  
I was going to make her disappear  
but a hotel maid came on the floor.  
I thought I covered my tracks but I  
missed something. A call to ICE and  
she was gone.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
The hotel's computer system.

JOHN  
That's old-school CIA shit.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
You forget about the freight  
elevator. In case you were  
wondering how I found you.

JOHN  
Good work, detective.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
It can end another way.

John aims his rifle at the Charger.

JOHN

We both know this is the only way  
this ends for me.

XAVIER (O.S.)

Then let's get this done with.

Xavier emerges.

John aims his machine gun at Xavier.

His finger moves to the trigger.

BANG! BANG!

The AK-47 falls out of John's hands and lands on the ground,  
bouncing off it twice.

John's body hits the ground a moment later.

Two bullet holes are in his skull.

The sounds of police sirens wail in the background.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

FIRST RESPONDERS are all over.

Xavier is in an ambulance, his vitals being taken by an  
EMERGENCY TECHNICIAN.

XAVIER

I'm fine.

GREG (O.S.)

It's standard procedure.

Greg approaches him.

The Technician nods and walks away.

XAVIER

We were supposed to meet at the  
Docks and--

GREG

I'm pretty sure this wasn't your  
plan.

XAVIER

I wanted to arrest him.

GREG  
So why the docks?

XAVIER  
Harrison was supposed to call for  
backup and by the time they got  
there, I'd have him on tape.

Greg chuckles.

GREG  
The Mayor, the Chief, the Governor,  
and both of our Senators have  
called me so far. And the guy you  
shot's boss, too.  
(beat)  
He's an asshole, for the record.

XAVIER  
The only thing missing is the  
President, I think.

GREG  
Where's the thumb drive?

XAVIER  
In my desk, third drawer down.  
(beat)  
A lot of bad people are probably on  
that thumb drive. I bet most of  
them don't want to be exposed,  
either.

GREG  
This is probably going federal  
because of you. I'm not sure how to  
feel about that.

Xavier looks at the crime scene.

XAVIER  
I keep wondering if we got justice  
for her.

GREG  
There are levels of justice in this  
world. He got the right one.

Xavier hands him his badge and the desk key.

GREG (CONT'D)  
What'll you do now?

Xavier thinks for a moment.

XAVIER

How many people never got the right amount of justice over the years?

GREG

How much time do you have?

XAVIER

The rest of my life, it seems.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY (SIX MONTHS LATER)**

A framed copy of Xavier's private detective license is on the wall, surrounded by mementos of his police career.

Xavier puts together a desk.

Several chairs are in the corner.

On one of them is today's newspaper.

The headline news is Senator Cardinal's resignation.

Underneath is "Mob Boss's Girlfriend Murder Officially Closed by Police."

KNOCK KNOCK!

Xavier turns to the door.

Mob Captain FURIO GANDOLFINI (50s) walks in and looks around.

He's a tall, mean-looking man.

Xavier looks up.

Furio looks Xavier over.

FURIO

I thought you'd be taller.

XAVIER

I saw you on the news.

Xavier hands him a chair.

FURIO

I'm glad we don't have to fake you not knowing who I am and what I do.

XAVIER

Me too.

Furio grabs it and sits down.

XAVIER (CONT'D)  
We've both been on the news for  
not-so-good reasons.

Xavier sits behind his desk.

FURIO  
I heard a lot of stories about you.  
Is it true you dangled a guy over a  
ledge over a working girl?

XAVIER  
He's lucky I didn't let him go.

Furio spots Xavier's newspaper.

FURIO  
Fucking vultures went to her  
funeral, you know?

XAVIER  
The FBI was probably there, too, in  
case you wondered who the other  
suits were.

FURIO  
All those cops and zero god-damn  
suspects.

XAVIER  
It's not for lack of effort.

FURIO  
I'd beg to differ.

XAVIER  
In your line of work, I can tell  
you the first presumption is  
someone in the life. And the fifth,  
too.

FURIO  
Someone killed her and part of me  
thinks they don't care.

XAVIER  
Tell me about her.

FURIO  
I'd say she was a pure soul and all  
of that but--

XAVIER  
None of us are.

Furio chuckles.

FURIO

Five other guys who do what you do  
wouldn't take my call.

XAVIER

So you're here because I said yes,  
I take it?

FURIO

I asked around. Everyone says  
you're about justice, even for wise  
guys and working girls.

XAVIER

And you want some of that.

FURIO

I'd prefer if you just point the  
guy out to me but I'll take what  
you can get me.

XAVIER

Sometimes it's you all have.

FADE OUT.