

# EDGE OF VISION

"OUT OF SIGHT PART 1"

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Produced by



in association with

The VPN

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**TEASER****FADE IN:****EXT. CITY STREET – BARTON – NIGHT**

A soft fog drifts through the city as we open on your run of the mill city street. The neighbourhood clearly isn't the most expensive of areas but in spite of this seems relatively well kept.

We close in on a YOUNG WOMAN who is walking briskly down the otherwise deserted street, talking into her MOBILE PHONE.

YOUNG WOMAN

(annoyed, into phone)

I called you three times, why didn't you answer your phone?

(beat)

I really don't want to hear your excuses. I'm tired, my feet are sore-

(beat, calmer)

No. No, don't worry about it. I'm almost home. Just ... make sure the next time you promise to pick me up you're actually there. I'll see you tomorrow.

The young woman ends the call and begins to fumble around in her HANDBAG as she puts her mobile phone away.

Distracted, the young woman is caught by surprise when HANDS reach out and pull her into the alleyway she was walking past.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY – BARTON – CONTINUOUS**

From inside the alley we see the young woman pushed up against the wall by a MAN who holds a long KNIFE against her throat. He is relatively tall but the shadows of the alley hide any distinguishing features.

The man seems agitated and appears to talk more to himself than the young woman.

MAN

Always out late at night. Why can't you learn?

YOUNG WOMAN

(terrified)

P- pardon?

MAN

You don't learn! Making yourselves easy targets out alone in the night...

YOUNG WOMAN

You can take my bag. It has money, a phone... please, just let me go.

The man stops his fidgeting and looks the young woman in the eye for the first time since attacking her. He is calm, but it is a scary sort of calm.

MAN

I'm so sorry. I have to do this. I need to get her attention.

YOUNG WOMAN

(desperate)

Get whose attention? Maybe I can help you?

(beat)

Please.

MAN

But you are helping. More than you'll ever know.

The man SMILES at the young woman before --

**EXT. CITY STREET - BARTON - CONTINUOUS**

We hear the woman SCREAM. As her voice fades out we --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. SPECIAL AGENT FIELDS' OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING - MORNING**

DCIU Special Agent NORA FIELDS sits at her desk, reading some PAPERS placed on top of a folder. She is a dark haired woman in her 40's and looks very much the professional in a business suit and blouse.

There is a slight HUM of noise that can be heard in the background, sound from another room. At the CLICK of a door opening the hum of noise increases in volume and can now be recognised as people talking.

The door opens wide and Detective VICTORIA LANCE steps into the room before closing the door behind her. She stands in front of the desk with an air of discomfort.

Victoria's dark hair is pulled back in a ponytail and she appears to be in her mid to late 20's.

VICTORIA

You wanted to see me...?

Nora does not look up from her work but gestures at one of the seats in front of the desk.

NORA  
Take a seat please.

Victoria does as she is told and sits in the seat. She still looks uncomfortable, glancing around the office and tapping the fingers of one hand on her knee.

Nora, oblivious to Victoria's discomfort, picks up a PEN and signs at the bottom of the paper. She takes the loose sheets and places them into the FOLDER they were previously sitting on. Once this is done she looks up at Victoria with a slight frown.

NORA  
Do you know why I asked you to come see me?

VICTORIA  
I'm gonna take a guess here and say it isn't because I'm getting a pay rise.

A slight twitch of her lips indicates that Nora is trying to keep down a smile, but it quickly passes and she is back to business.

NORA  
Tori, you know this is serious, don't you? I've never condoned your risk taking behaviour but I can't keep ignoring it either.

VICTORIA  
Ignore it? You've called me in here multiple times to discuss my...  
(beat)  
...behavior.

NORA  
(exasperated)  
Exactly! By all rights you should have been suspended for that last stunt you pulled.

Victoria has the decency to look slightly abashed.

NORA (CONT'D)  
But I didn't suspend you and do you want to know why? Because you're a good Detective, Tori, and I don't want to hold you back. But lately your behavior...

Nora trails off and leans back in her chair like she can't quite think of how to verbalize her thoughts.

VICTORIA

Okay, I know sometimes I tend to toe  
the line -

Nora shoots her a look.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

- or jump right over it on occasion  
when it comes to the rules, but it  
hasn't caused any problems yet.

NORA

But it could, Tori, and that's why  
I'm going to have to issue you with  
an official warning -

VICTORIA

(disbelieving)

What!

NORA (CONT'D)

- for your behavior. Remember that  
here at the DCIU I'm your boss, not  
your friend, and sometimes that means  
dealing out the punishments for  
breaking the rules. Is that  
understood?

VICTORIA

Yeah, I understand.

NORA

Good, then you can go.

Victoria stands and walks to the door as Nora takes  
another file from a stack on her desk and begins reading.  
Victoria opens the door and just as she is about to step  
out into the bullpen she stops and turns back to Nora.

VICTORIA

I was talking to my Dad the other day  
and he says 'Hi', by the way, so does  
Mum. Also, he's probably going to  
call you later today, something about  
needing to catch up.

This time Nora does smile.

NORA

Thank you, Tori.

(with wry amusement)

Now get out of here before I remember  
the other numerous things I should be  
reprimanding you for.

Victoria grins and leaves the room as we follow her out  
into:

**INT. BULLPEN - DCIU BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The bullpen is a hive of activity even at this time of the morning.

Numerous DETECTIVES are seen sitting at desks, walking to or from the photocopier or break room and chatting with one another.

Victoria walks swiftly between people and desks until she reaches the back corner of the room where two desks sit facing each other.

She slumps down into the office chair behind the slightly messier desk, the NAMEPLATE that reads "Detective Victoria Lance" mostly hidden beneath a stack of files. She idly begins to swing the chair back and forth but stops when we see a HAND place a take away cup of hot chocolate down on her desk.

We follow the hand up to the face of Detective LLOYD HARMON, a bald man in his late 40's with a solid frame and rather intimidating stance.

VICTORIA  
You're a lifesaver, Lloyd.

She picks up the hot chocolate and breaths in deep before sighing contently.

LLOYD  
I don't know how you can drink that stuff on a daily basis. Who the hell ever heard of a cop who doesn't like coffee?

Victoria just smiles, used to the spiel on her choice of beverage.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Anyway, you need to get your ass in gear. We've got another body related to our serial killer case.

VICTORIA  
(shocked)  
No way! We haven't had anything from him in a couple of months, why has he started killing again now?

LLOYD  
That's our job isn't it? To find answers for the tough questions.

VICTORIA  
Yes it is.

Victoria stands and pulls her coat off the back of her chair with one hand and picks up her hot chocolate with the other.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Lead the way good sir. We have a killer to catch.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY STREET — BARTON — DAY**

From an elevated view we see the street that the young woman was walking down, but this time it's full of LAW ENFORCEMENT WORKERS and their cars as well as a small crowd of BYSTANDERS.

We close in on an arriving SILVER CAR. We move around to the passenger side of the vehicle as it slows to a stop just outside the crime scene tape barrier that has been set up.

The passenger door opens and Victoria steps out onto the street, taking in the scene around her. Lloyd gets out of the drivers side and after he locks the car they begin walking towards the crime scene together.

VICTORIA  
Are we sure this is our guy?

LLOYD  
Everything is pointing in that direction. They had a Sensitive out here earlier and he said it was definite Demon activity.

VICTORIA  
He was right. I can feel it too. Kinda like a tingling at the back of my mind.

LLOYD  
A tingling, huh?  
(beat)  
It doesn't hurt does it, this whole Sensitive gig?

Victoria shrugs her shoulders as they step into the alley.

VICTORIA  
It hasn't yet.

As we pull back slightly we get a good look at the scene of the murder.

Lying in the middle of the alley is the YOUNG WOMAN from the other night, a series of deep CUTS all over her body.

The largest and most brutal looking cut runs across her neck.

A FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER is snapping shots of the body and surrounding area. Kneeling by the side of the young woman's body is DR. CASSIE BREWER. Cassie's long red hair is currently curled in a tight bun at the top of her head and a dark blue coroners coat covers her rather bright clothing choices. She is in her early 30's.

VICTORIA  
Morning Cassie.

Cassie looks up from the body to smile brightly at the two detectives.

CASSIE  
Good morning you two. Looks like your serial killer friend is back from whatever vacation he was taking.

LLOYD  
So it is him?

CASSIE  
From my preliminary study it appears that a similar type of knife was used. The M.O. is also consistent. Multiple stab wounds to the body before he finishes it with a large slash across the neck.

VICTORIA  
(dryly)  
Fantastic...

CASSIE  
But that's not all this time.

The two detectives are suddenly more ALERT, focused on what Cassie has to say.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
It seems your killer had a message for you.

Cassie points to the wall of the alley where there is a MESSAGE written in a wet, dark substance. The VICTIM'S BLOOD. Tori frowns as Lloyd reads the message out loud.

LLOYD  
(slowly)  
"Do I have your attention yet."

VICTORIA  
Well, if he didn't have our full attention before he certainly has it now.

And on their shocked faces we —

**BLACKOUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

**OPENING CREDITS ROLL**

**ACT 1****FADE IN:****EXT. CITY STREET – BARTON – DAY**

We watch as a BODY BAG is wheeled along on a gurney towards the Coroner's van. As the body is being loaded into the van we pan away towards a quieter area of the crime scene where Victoria and Lloyd are standing with a WOMAN who found the body. She appears visibly upset by what has happened.

**LLOYD**

Now, I know you've already gone over this with the local police but would you mind telling Detective Lance and I exactly how you came across the body?

**WOMAN**

I work in the shop next to the alley there. I was taking out some boxes to place in the dumpster and she was just... there, lying on the ground. I felt so sick, you know? I mean, you see all those crime shows on TV but it's nothing like... like that!

**LLOYD**

Did you see anyone around when you left the shop? Anybody who looked like they might have been loitering near the alley?

**WOMAN**

(shaking her head)

No, nobody who stood out.

(beat)

Why? Do you think the person who did this is still around?

The Woman is getting anxious and Victoria is quick to quell her fears.

**VICTORIA**

We highly doubt that but we have to ask. Procedure and such, you understand.

**LLOYD**

Thank you for your time. The other officer you were talking to took down your name?

The woman nods her head.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Then that should be all from us.  
We'll call if we have any follow up  
questions. In the meantime I suggest  
you head home, maybe take a few days  
off.

WOMAN  
I think that's a very good idea.

LLOYD  
Take care.

Victoria and Lloyd walk away from the woman and in the direction of their car.

VICTORIA  
Any thoughts?

LLOYD  
I'm thinking we're not going to have  
much luck catching this guy unless he  
kills again.

VICTORIA  
(with a frown)  
You too, huh?

LLOYD  
We've got nothing. No witnesses, no  
murder weapon, and if this is a Demon  
any DNA forensics found won't help.

VICTORIA  
It's Demons. What would I be sensing  
if it wasn't?

LLOYD  
A Fracture line?

They reach the car and Victoria leans on the passenger side roof while Lloyd fishes the KEYS out of his pocket.

VICTORIA  
They've mapped out all the fracture  
lines in the city and not one of them  
runs close enough to here for me to  
be able to sense it. It's got to be a  
Demon, or at least involves a Demon.

Lloyd unlocks the car and the two detectives open their doors and get in.

We begin to PULL BACK from the car as it drives slowly away from the crime scene that once again comes into view.

As the car gets further away and begins to pick up speed  
we —

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BULLPEN - DCIU BUILDING - DAY**

The usual hum of activity can be heard as we focus in on Victoria. She is sitting cross-legged in her chair looking over a number of FILES that are open and strewn across her desk.

In her hands she hold a NOTEBOOK and PEN. The pen is poised over the notebook as though she is ready to write something down.

After a moment she sighs and throws the notebook and pen on top of the folders. We see that the notebook does not have anything written in it.

LLOYD (O.S)  
Are those the old victims?

Victoria looks up to see Lloyd standing behind his desk. Clutched in his hand is another FOLDER.

VICTORIA  
Yes. I thought maybe if I went back over the files I'd notice something new. Something we might have missed.

LLOYD  
And...?

VICTORIA  
Nothing. Absolutely nothing. It's like he's just killing for the sake of killing.

LLOYD  
That's what most Demons do, Tori.

VICTORIA  
Yes, but...  
(beat)  
I'm just frustrated that he's been able to evade us for this long. If I could just go out and —

She is interrupted by the look Lloyd gives her.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Nora spoke to you didn't she?

Lloyd chuckles.

LLOYD

Apparently I should be keeping a closer eye on you.

(beat)

I think Special Agent Fields forgets that I've been doing that for the past three years, yet no matter what I say you're still just as likely to run off all hell bent on causing trouble for yourself.

VICTORIA

I refuse to believe I'm *that* bad.

LLOYD

It doesn't matter anyway because that's not what I'm here to talk about. What I came to tell you was that we got an ID on our murder victim.

VICTORIA

Already? That's pretty quick even for us.

LLOYD

We did have some help. Girls drivers license was found while forensics was sorting through her possessions.

He consults the first page of the file in his hands before giving it to Victoria.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Miss Marietta Beach. Twenty-four years old. From the address we pulled it looks like she was heading home when she was killed.

Lloyd is watching Victoria as if expecting a comment but instead she is focused on the file about their latest victim. She picks up her NOTEPAD and PEN and quickly scribbles down an ADDRESS before picking up each of the other folders on her desk and comparing them to the address. Finally she finds the one she wants.

VICTORIA

I think I may have found something.

LLOYD

Go on.

VICTORIA

The home address of our latest victim is listed as apartment sixteen of 25 Hayes Street.

She uses her PEN to tap the address on the notebook and then moves it to point at something in one of the folders.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
And our second victim was murdered on  
Hayes Street.

LLOYD  
Coincidence?

VICTORIA  
I don't think so. I can't tell  
without a map but I'm pretty sure  
most of our victims were murdered  
around the same area.

(beat)  
A possible comfort zone?

LLOYD  
Only decent lead we've come up with  
so far. You should run the addresses  
by the kid.

VICTORIA  
You mean Adam?

LLOYD  
Yeah, the kid. He's got some fancy  
computer program made to find  
connections between things like that.

VICTORIA  
That's probably a good idea. Oh,  
speak of the devil.

We CUT AWAY from the two detectives to see ADAM PARKER making his way awkwardly through the bullpen. He is young and a little on the thin side but is walking rather determinedly towards Victoria and Lloyd.

As he reaches the desks we PULL BACK slightly so we can see all three as Adam greets the detectives.

ADAM  
Detective Harmon. Tori.

Victoria seems amused at how he greets Lloyd. Lloyd just nods his head in greeting.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I've found something you might want  
to look into. I was going over your  
victims phone records and at 11:24pm  
she made a call to -

He pauses to consult the piece of PAPER in his hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)

- Marcus Davidson. She tried to call him a couple of times before he finally answered the phone.

Adam hands the piece of paper to Lloyd who gives it a quick once over.

VICTORIA

Do you think she was calling for help?

ADAM

When she did get through to him the call lasted for a couple of minutes. If she was calling him for help wouldn't that Marcus guy have gone to the police when he didn't hear from her again?

LLOYD

You'd be surprised what people do and don't consider worthy of police involvement, Kid.

VICTORIA

Think it's worth following up?

LLOYD

Could be a good idea. It's possible she mentioned something in the call that could point us in the right direction.

VICTORIA

Then let's go. I've been dying to get out of here since we got back from that crime scene.

The detectives once again grab their coats and are about to leave when Victoria turns back to Adam.

VICTORIA

Can you do me a favor while we're gone?

ADAM

Sure, anything.

VICTORIA

I think there may be some kind of geographical connection between where our victims were killed. Possibly where they live also.

ADAM

You want me to find how they all connect up?

VICTORIA

Please. If Mr. Davidson can't help us that's going to be the only lead we have.

ADAM

Okay. I can do that.

(awkwardly)

Uh, good luck with questioning that, uh, guy.

Victoria is not really paying attention now, pulling on her coat and gathering the papers she needs to take with her.

VICTORIA

Yeah, thanks.

Victoria and Lloyd leave the bullpen while we stay focused on Adam who watches them go. After a BEAT he begins to head back to his own office and we —

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BARTON – RESIDENTIAL STREET – DAY**

We follow the same SILVER CAR Victoria and Lloyd were driving this morning as it makes its way down one of the more residential city streets. The houses are small with almost non-existent front yards but it is clear that some people have made an effort to decorate them nicely.

As we close in on the car it pulls up in front of a HOUSE that doesn't look as well kept as the rest, like the owner doesn't have enough time to tend to their small front yard, or doesn't care to.

The car is turned off and Victoria and Lloyd step out of the passenger and drivers sides respectively. We track them as they open the rusted chain link gate and walk up the small pathway to the FRONT DOOR.

VICTORIA

It's kind of shabby looking, isn't it?

Lloyd simply raises his hand and KNOCKS sharply on the door. The two detectives wait patiently as we hear the noises of somebody making their way towards the door. It opens and we get our first look at MARCUS DAVIDSON.

He's in his early 20s and looks just a little hung-over.

LLOYD

We're looking for a Marcus Davidson?

MARCUS

Yeah, that's me. Is there a problem?

VICTORIA

Detectives Harmon and Lance with the DCIU. We've been lead to believe you know a Marietta Beach?

MARCUS

She's my girlfriend. Is she in trouble? 'Cause Marietta wouldn't hurt a fly you know -

VICTORIA

(interrupting, softly)  
Do you mind if we come inside Mr. Davidson? We have some bad news for you.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MARCUS' HOUSE - DAY**

Marcus is leaning back in an armchair, hand over his face and visibly upset.

Victoria and Lloyd sit across from him with solemn looks. Despite the outside appearance of the house the inside is very nicely furnished. It would be rather cozy if it were not for the somber reason the detectives are visiting.

MARCUS

So she was murdered? Right after I'd gotten off the phone with her?

LLOYD

The preliminary examination placed time of death just after your call, yes.

This just proves to upset Marcus even more.

Victoria seems a little uncomfortable with the whole situation, leaving most of the talking to Lloyd.

MARCUS

I should have been there. It's my fault she was walking home by herself.

LLOYD

What exactly do you mean by that?

MARCUS

Marietta was out of town for the day.  
I was supposed to give her a lift  
back to my place when her train got  
back in.

LLOYD

And why didn't you?

MARCUS

Some mates of mine decided on a night  
in and came around here about eight.  
I'm the only one who owns a house so  
they figure if they have their  
parties here they're less likely to  
get kicked out of their apartments  
for causing a racket. I don't really  
own the house though, it's my parents  
who are well off, and the house was  
sorta like a gift.

LLOYD

So your friends came over and then  
what happened?

MARCUS

I told myself I was only going to  
have one drink and then go and pick  
up Marietta. You know how it is  
though, one drink turned into two and  
then a couple and next thing I know  
my phone is ringing. It's her. She  
told me she tried calling twice  
before and since I was a no show she  
figured the walk from the station to  
her apartment wasn't too far. And  
now... and now...

LLOYD

That's okay, son, you've given us  
everything we needed to know.

Marcus looks at the two detectives as if suddenly  
realizing something.

MARCUS

You said you were with the DCIU,  
right?

Lloyd nods his head.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

So you're telling me a Demon did  
this?

VICTORIA

It looks that way. Wrong place, wrong time.

MARCUS

Yeah...

Marcus leans forwards now and buries his face in his hands. Victoria and Lloyd share a look before standing.

LLOYD

We're sorry for your loss. We'll call when we find out anything more concrete.

MARCUS

Thank you. You guys can see yourselves out, right?

LLOYD

Sure.

The detectives walk quietly towards the hallway but just before they leave the living room Marcus speaks up.

MARCUS

Is there... I mean, can I see her?

Victoria turns back to him, looking a little uncomfortable about what she has to say.

VICTORIA

Once our coroner is finished with the body I'll get her to give you a call. You can see her then.

MARCUS

(with a sad smile)

Thank you, again, Detectives.

Victoria returns the smile half-heartedly and on her solemn look we —

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BARTON — RESIDENTIAL STREET — DAY**

Victoria waits patiently on the PATH as Lloyd closes the front door of the house. When he reaches Victoria's side she falls into step with him.

VICTORIA

I really hate that part of the job.

LLOYD

Just be glad we don't have to do it more often.

The rest of the walk to the car is made in silence that is suddenly broken by the RINGING of Victoria's phone. She quickly pulls the PHONE from her pocket and answers the call.

VICTORIA  
(into phone)  
Detective Lance.

Lloyd watches Victoria over the roof of the car as she listens. When he catches her eye she mouths the word 'Cassie'.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
We're heading back now.  
(beat)  
Twenty minutes, tops.  
(beat)  
Okay, I'll see you soon.

Victoria ends the call and puts the phone away.

LLOYD  
What did the good doctor have to say?

VICTORIA  
It's definitely the same guy.

LLOYD  
I thought we already came to that conclusion?

VICTORIA  
We did, but we were just proven right. Though sometimes in this job being proved right isn't really a good thing.

LLOYD  
Could not agree more.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****FADE IN:****INT. LOBBY - DCIU BUILDING - DAY**

The DCIU lobby is large and open planned with the front of the building made of large GLASS PANELS that are letting the early afternoon sun flood into the room. As we pan away from the main doors we make our way to the other side of the lobby where Victoria and Lloyd are waiting in front of two ELEVATORS.

LLOYD

You head on down and speak to Cassie.  
I need to get something from the  
bullpen.

VICTORIA

Sure you do. Why can't you just admit  
you don't like the morgue?

LLOYD

Does anyone here at the DCIU really  
like the morgue?

VICTORIA

That's a moot point.

LLOYD

It doesn't matter. Your elevator's  
here.

Victoria glances towards the elevator and sure enough the one on the LEFT is OPEN and waiting. She quickly slips inside before the doors have time to close, giving Lloyd a small wave with a cheeky grin. As the elevator doors slide shut we -

**CUT TO:****INT. MORGUE - DCIU BUILDING - DAY**

The DCIU's morgue is, for the most part, a cold and sterile looking room. There are two METAL TABLES in the center of the room. One is bare and the other one is holding a BODY covered by a WHITE SHEET. One side of the room consists of refrigerated draws where the bodies are kept when they're not being examined. On the far side of the room is an OFFICE with the words "Dr. Cassie Brewer" printed on its window.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS is heard before the DOUBLE DOORS of the morgue are pushed open and Victoria walks in from the hallway.

When a quick glance of the room reveals no one she heads straight over to the OFFICE, resting one hand on the DOOR HANDLE as the other taps on the frosted glass.

VICTORIA

Cass? You in there?

CASSIE (O.S)

Yes, come on in.

Victoria opens the door and we follow her inside to —

**INT. CASSIE'S OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The first thing you'd notice about Cassie's office is that it is incredibly NEAT. Everything is color-coded and the rainbow assortment of folders, pens and paper stand out against the pale blue walls. In the corner next to her desk, on a small table, is an assortment of green POTTED PLANTS.

We find Cassie at her desk TYPING away at a computer. She looks up when Victoria walks in.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Hey there, Chookie. I wasn't expecting you for another few minutes.

VICTORIA

We had a good run with lights. You wanted to talk about the body?

CASSIE

Straight to business I see. I take it that's a sign this case is quickly heading the way of a polar ice cap?

VICTORIA

I hope not. We've been labeling this as a cold case for the last month and what do you know, he kills again.

(beat)

You did say it was the same guy over the phone didn't you?

CASSIE

Yes I did. Come, I'll show you what I found.

Cassie stands and walks briskly out of her office into —

**INT. MORGUE - DCIU BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Victoria follows her over to the BODY we saw lying on one of the metal tables earlier. When Cassie pulls back the cloth we are faced with the deceased Marietta.

Her body is peppered with DARK RED LINES from where the blade broke though her skin.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
No Lloyd today?

VICTORIA  
(with a smile)  
You know how he is with the morgue.

CASSIE  
Pity. I don't get nearly enough visitors during the day.

Cassie gestures at the long SLASH along the woman's throat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
This here is what killed her. One long cut across the neck.

She demonstrates the motion of the knife by dragging her own finger across her throat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
No hesitation, a lot of force. A cut like that severs the major arteries. It wouldn't have taken her long to bleed out.

VICTORIA  
What about the other cuts?

CASSIE  
Same as your last few victims. A number of them were inflicted pre-mortem, like this one -

She points to one of the cuts on Marietta's arm.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
- but most were post-mortem.

VICTORIA  
And the knife?

CASSIE  
Again, same as your other victims or very, very similar. I know it's not much help...

VICTORIA  
No, it's fine.

CASSIE  
Is it really, Chookie?

Victoria sighs while Cassie covers the body once again.

VICTORIA

No.

(beat)

It's frustrating. Most Demons make a mistake somewhere along the line, they can't lay low, they develop an obvious pattern. I mean, a lot of luck is involved with solving half our cases but this guy is able to stay one step ahead of us the whole time.

CASSIE

I doubt he can keep it up forever.

VICTORIA

He's taunting us now. "Have I got your attention yet". Took his time too, writing it out in her blood.

Victoria inclines her head slightly in the direction of the body.

CASSIE

That can be a good thing.

VICTORIA

I can't see how that could be a good thing.

CASSIE

He's getting cocky. While you're confident you may be fine but when you become overconfident you tend to make a right royal mess of things. Something you should know better than anyone...

VICTORIA

(sarcastically)

Is there a memo I missed? Something along the lines of "reprimand Tori's behavior whenever the chance presents itself"?

CASSIE

Sorry girl, couldn't resist a little dig. I am serious about getting him eventually though. Just give it time.

VICTORIA

We give it time and he'll kill again. The whole idea of catching him is so that doesn't happen. I mean, I had to tell a guy I'd never met before today that his girlfriend is dead.

CASSIE  
(sympathetic)  
Oh, Tori...

VICTORIA  
I just feel like I should be doing  
*something*. Not sitting around here  
leafing through files and speculating  
about an ominous message written on a  
wall.

The morgue doors being pushed open by Lloyd interrupt  
any more talk. He has a grim look on his face.

CASSIE  
Detective Harmon! Nice of you to join  
us.

LLOYD  
Can't stay Cass, I'm just here to  
collect Tori and go.

VICTORIA  
Go where? Do we have another lead?

LLOYD  
You could say that.  
(beat)  
We have another body.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR - CITY STREETS - DAY**

Lloyd and Victoria are sitting in their Government Issue car. Lloyd is driving again; it seems to be an agreement between the two. They are driving in silence until Victoria decides to speak what's on her mind.

VICTORIA  
So he killed five people originally.

LLOYD  
Five.

VICTORIA  
And then he disappears for a month  
and a half.

LLOYD  
Mmmhmm.

VICTORIA  
And now two more murders within  
twenty-four hours of each other. I  
can't figure it out.

LLOYD

Why he disappeared in between the killings?

VICTORIA

Exactly. Where'd he go? We did check through the national DCIU database for any similar crimes during that time didn't we?

LLOYD

Twice. Nothing came up as an exact match and any of the similar cases we noted were solved not long after.

VICTORIA

Oh.

LLOYD

Chin up, Tori, this crime scene is going to need our full attention.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BARTON — DOCKS — DAY**

Barton's docks are a large industrial area. They come across as very grungy, comprised of large WAREHOUSES, metal SHIPPING CONTAINERS and any number of BOATS that are either dropping off or collecting goods.

We are focused on the BODY of a man. He is sprawled out in a similar way to the body that was found earlier in the day. There is a CLICK and FLASH as a crime scene photographer takes a photo of the body.

We move away from the bloody scene to watch Victoria and Lloyd duck under the crime scene tape. They only take a couple of steps before they cross the path of Cassie, also heading towards the body.

VICTORIA

How did you get here so fast? We left before you.

CASSIE

My driver. He knows the city better than you know the back of your hand.

Cassie jerks a thumb over her shoulder in the general direction of the coroners van. We get a quick look at her DRIVER, a scruffy, lanky looking man smoking by the side of the vehicle, before we pull back to Cassie and the two detectives.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Now, while you two go and do your detective thing I'm going to record a preliminary time of death.

Cassie leaves but is quickly replaced by Senior Officer JASON JONES, a man in his early 30's with brown hair and a solid, but athletic, build who comes to meet them.

JASON  
Detective Lance.

He shakes Victoria's hand before doing the same to Lloyd.

JASON  
Detective Harmon.  
(beat)  
Can I have a word with you quickly?  
If you don't mind waiting here for a moment Detective Lance.

VICTORIA  
(confused)  
Uh, sure.

We watch from over Victoria's shoulder as Jason takes Lloyd aside and begins to talk to him. We can't hear what they are saying and instead we PAN around to Victoria's face, watching as she idly takes in those around her.

After a minute Lloyd and Jason return, Lloyd looking slightly agitated.

LLOYD  
Officer Jones here thinks it's probably best for you to sit this crime scene out.

VICTORIA  
Why? I've seen what Demons can do.  
I'm no stranger to gore, Officer Jones.

LLOYD  
That's not the problem.

JASON  
We think a threat may have been made on your life.

VICTORIA  
(dubious)  
Excuse me?

JASON  
We believe your killer may be -

VICTORIA

(interrupting)

Yes, I got that part the first time  
you said it. When did you get this  
threat?

Jason's EYES flick very obviously over to where the body  
is lying behind a rusted, metal shipping container and  
then back to Victoria.

VICTORIA

You can't be serious.

(beat)

I want to see for myself.

Victoria begins a brisk walk towards the body. Jason  
seems shocked.

JASON

Detective Lance! I don't think that's  
a very good idea!

He goes to follow her but is stopped when Lloyd places  
his hand on Jason's shoulder.

LLOYD

Trust me when I say that if she's  
made up her mind there's nothing you  
can do to change it.

Lloyd leaves the slightly stunned Jason and follows after  
Victoria.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BEHIND SHIPPING CONTAINER - DOCKS - CONTINUOUS**

Victoria rounds the side of the SHIPPING CONTAINER that  
was previously hiding the body from view. A couple of the  
CRIME SCENE WORKERS stop to watch her, most continue on  
with their business. Cassie is standing beside the body  
but is focused on the side of the shipping container.

Victoria takes slow deliberate steps to Cassie's side,  
her own eyes now fixed on whatever is on the SHIPPING  
CONTAINER'S side. Lloyd is not far behind, taking up a  
position a little further back from the two females. We  
move away from their shocked, solemn and fearful faces  
and are finally shown what it is that holds their  
attention.

On the side of the shipping container is another bloody  
MESSAGE that reads:

"Do I have your attention now, Victoria?"

**BLACKOUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****FADE IN:****INT. BULLPEN - DCIU BUILDING - DAY**

We are focused on the doors of the bullpen as LOUD VOICES approach them. A number of the DETECTIVES in the bullpen stop what they are doing when the doors open and Victoria and Lloyd enter the room in the middle of a loud, heated discussion.

VICTORIA

No, I'm staying on this case.

LLOYD

I'm not saying you should drop the case. I'm just suggesting you take a step back to prevent yourself from becoming an easy target.

They reach their desks but neither sits down.

VICTORIA

So what am I supposed to do? Sit here twiddling my thumbs while another detective goes to do a job we both know I am perfectly capable of -

LLOYD

(interrupting)

Not with a threat hanging over your head.

VICTORIA

Who's to say that message even refers to me? Just throwing it out there but I'm not the only Victoria in this entire city!

NORA (O.S.)

(loudly)

What is going on out here?

We CUT TO Nora standing in the door of her office. The entire bullpen has fallen SILENT now. We FOCUS BACK on Victoria, who is looking slightly abashed, and Lloyd, who just looks mildly peeved, before CUTTING to Nora again.

NORA

Detective Lance, Detective Harmon,  
can I please see you both in my  
office? Now.

Nora walks back into her office leaving the door OPEN.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SPECIAL AGENT NORA FIELDS OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING -  
CONTINUOUS**

Nora is talking on the PHONE off screen as Victoria steps into the office, followed by Lloyd who closes the door behind them.

NORA (O.S)

I'm going to have to call you back, a couple of my detectives are having a slight altercation over something.

(beat)

One of them is, in fact, your daughter.

Victoria cringes slightly. We change angles to FOCUS ON Nora from the point of view of someone sitting in front of her desk.

NORA (CONT'D)

I'll talk to you soon. Bye.

She ends the phone call and looks towards the two detectives standing in her office.

NORA (CONT'D)

Can one of you please explain what is going on here? I am used to the odd argument here and there but I would have expected something a little more civilized than a shouting match in my bullpen.

Victoria sits down in the same seat she had occupied only that morning. Lloyd chooses to continue standing.

VICTORIA

*Detective Harmon* thinks I should stop working on the case.

NORA

Why would -

LLOYD

(interrupting)

There was a threat at the crime scene, written in our victim's blood. The exact words were, "Do I have your attention now, Victoria?".

Nora pinches the bridge of her nose and sighs.

NORA

Was this... message the first indication of any kind of hostility against Victoria on the case?

LLOYD

Yes.

NORA

There have been no other threats made before or since then?

VICTORIA

No.

NORA

Then for the time being I'm going to leave it up to Tori whether she continues to work on this case on *one* condition. Should there be any more threats, no matter how small, you are to step down and let someone else take over for you.

(beat)

Can you both live with that?

Lloyd simply nods.

VICTORIA

That's all I was asking for.

NORA

Then you can go. And for god's sake Tori, I better not see you in my office again for a month.

VICTORIA

Nothing but friendly informal visits, I swear.

NORA

Good.

Victoria stands and walks to the door, already half way out of the room when she notices that Lloyd isn't following.

VICTORIA

Are you coming?

LLOYD

I need to discuss something with Special Agent Fields first.

VICTORIA

(beat)

Is it about me?

LLOYD

(with a small smile)

Contrary to popular belief, not everything is about you.

Victoria frowns and we follow her out the door and into -

**INT. BULLPEN - DCIU BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Victoria closes the door behind her and stands outside it. After a moment she shakes her head and begins walking towards her desk.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SPECIAL AGENT NORA FIELDS OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING - AFTERNOON**

We cut back to Nora and Lloyd in the room together. Lloyd takes a seat.

NORA

This is going to be about Tori isn't it?

LLOYD

I don't know if it's necessarily a bad thing but she's young, ambitious and...

NORA

... a little too involved in the case. I can see why you're worried but do you really think she's going to listen to what I say?

LLOYD

She should. Any other job and she would have been shown the door a long time ago with her inherent need to defy almost every rule she comes across.

Nora shakes her head, slightly frustrated.

NORA

I'm hoping it's something she'll grow out of.

LLOYD

She's twenty-eight. If anything it'll just get worse with time.

They share a laugh.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

That girl's going to be the death of me one day.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MORGUE - DCIU BUILDING - AFTERNOON**

Both the tables in the morgue are now OCCUPIED.

One body is fully covered by a white sheet. The second body has the same white sheet but it had been pulled down to the man's waist.

It is by this body we find Cassie and Victoria. Victoria is sitting on a stool by the man's covered feet. Cassie is wearing her SCRUBS and latex GLOVES as she examines the man's neck wound. They are in the middle of talking about the events that just transpired in Nora's office.

CASSIE

So you went to the boss-lady and she sorted out your little dilemma, huh?

VICTORIA

In a nutshell.

CASSIE

Then why are you down here looking as dull as one of my dead buddies?

VICTORIA

Are you implying that I look like a dead body? Because I may just have to take offense to that.

CASSIE

I was implying that you were acting like one, Chicken. Even on your worst days you're a far cry from looking deceased.

VICTORIA

Thanks... I think.

CASSIE

Why don't you tell me the real reason you're down here?

VICTORIA

Why do I need a reason to be down here?

CASSIE

So help me god... if I have to wrestle an answer out of you Tori...

VICTORIA

Okay! Jeeze, maybe I just want to talk to someone who isn't my boss, or my partner or that creepy shrink they make us see once a year for our psych evaluations.

Cassie moves on to examining the CUTS on the dead man's chest.

CASSIE

Don't you feel so much better now  
that you got that off your chest?

VICTORIA

No.

CASSIE

Anguished and depressed. I can see  
why you chose the morgue as your new  
hang out. Next thing I know you'll be  
dressing like you're constantly  
attending a funeral. A funeral for  
your own soul.

VICTORIA

I get it. You can stop now.

CASSIE

But Chookie, I was just getting  
started.

(beat)

So, are you ready to tell me what's  
eating you all up inside?

VICTORIA

Maybe, if I even knew what it was  
that's bugging me.

CASSIE

You've got to have some idea, surely?

VICTORIA

It's just the same thing I was  
telling you this morning but with  
something else tacked on I can't  
quite figure out. It's a little bit  
like -

Victoria pauses as if coming to a sudden realization.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

- a little bit like when I can feel  
the energy from The Fracture.

Cassie pauses in her work and looks over to Victoria. She  
then points at the two bodies in the morgue.

CASSIE

Are you sure you're not just picking  
up the leftover energy on these two?

VICTORIA

I am picking up the left over energy  
on them but then there's this other  
feeling...

CASSIE

Back up a moment. Are you telling me  
that the energy your crazy little  
mind picks up doesn't always feel the  
same?

VICTORIA

For the record I do not have a "crazy  
little mind", and yes, the energy  
feels different for different things.  
What I feel from Fracture Lines is  
different to what I feel when a Demon  
is around.

CASSIE

Interesting...

VICTORIA

And before you ask, no, I will not be  
a guinea pig for any of your  
research.

Cassie raises her hands in mock surrender.

CASSIE

Wasn't going to ask, I swear.

VICTORIA

Uh huh, sure you weren't.

CASSIE

Maybe if you could answer just a few  
questions...?

VICTORIA

Find yourself another Sensitive. This  
one is busy trying to catch a serial  
killer.

CASSIE

But I don't know any other Sensitives  
who are also my best friend!

Cassie moves forward with outstretched arms as if to hug  
Victoria. Victoria laughs and leans away from her.

VICTORIA

Not after you've been touching a dead  
body, that's disgusting! Not to  
mention unhygienic.

We hear the sound of a THROAT CLEARING off screen.

ADAM (O.S)  
Uh, I'm not interrupting anything, am  
I?

We PAN around to see Adam standing awkwardly in the doorway of the morgue. Cassie chuckles and moves over to the nearby BIN to dispose of her GLOVES and SCRUBS.

CASSIE  
We're just friends, I swear.

She gives him an exaggerated WINK that makes Victoria roll her eyes and Adam look even more uncomfortable than before.

ADAM  
Okay...

Cassie approaches the young technical analyst and wraps an arm around his shoulders, leading him further into the morgue.

CASSIE  
So Possum, what brings you all the way down here?

ADAM  
I'm actually here to see Victoria.

CASSIE  
(with fake upset)  
Of course you are, no one ever comes down here just to see me.

VICTORIA  
What am I? Chopped liver?

CASSIE  
Quiet Honey, I'm trying to throw a pity party here.

VICTORIA  
Right.  
(beat)  
What did you need me for Adam?

ADAM  
I just finished running your addresses though the computer.

VICTORIA  
And?

ADAM  
It looks like your hunch has paid off.

**BLACKOUT:**

**END OF ACT 3**

**ACT FOUR****FADE IN:****INT. TECHNICAL ANALYST OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING - AFTERNOON**

We open on a computer screen showing a MAP of the city. There are a number of COLORED POINTS placed on the map, some blue, some red. As we pull back from the computer screen we are able to take in more of the room.

The light is slightly dimmed so to better see the numerous computer screens that are coming into view. A large flat SCREEN that is displaying the same image that we saw on the first computer screen takes up most of one wall of the room.

The door opens and Adam enters the room followed by Victoria. Adam takes a seat in front of the MAIN COMPUTER and points Victoria towards the large screen.

VICTORIA

I forget how much I love this room.

ADAM

It's a state of the art computer system, how could you not love it?

Victoria throws him a quick smile.

VICTORIA

What have you found for me?

ADAM

Okay, so I took the files for all your victims and input the address of their residence along with the places their bodies were found. We've got home addresses in blue and bodies in red.

VICTORIA

Got it.

ADAM

Now if you'll give me a moment to input your latest victims location...

He begins to TYPE and we see another RED POINT appear on the screen.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Do we have an address for him?

VICTORIA

He's still a John Doe right now.  
No name, no address. Is that going to be a problem?

ADAM

Shouldn't be. It's the sites of the murders that really help us here.

VICTORIA

Then by all means continue.

ADAM

I'll spare you the technical jargon but what I did was run all the addresses through a computer program. It analyzed the distance between them and various other factors so if your killer did, in fact, stick to a comfort zone we're able to narrow down where you're likely to find him.

A number of intersecting LINES appear between the points on the screen.

ADAM (CONT'D)

At first glance it seems like your killer was simply moving up and down the coastline but when we look a bit deeper what we find is all the murders happened within a specific distance from one of the warehouse districts along the docks.

VICTORIA

Hold on a minute. Are you telling me that -

ADAM

(interrupting)

- That not only have I found out your killer does have a comfort zone but I have narrowed down a possible location.

A SHADED AREA appears on the map, covering an area of the docks. Victoria turns to Adam.

VICTORIA

Adam, you are a genius. Can we get this up in the conference room?

ADAM

Of course.

VICTORIA

I want you there in five minutes. Time to bring this killer in.

Victoria heads for the door, stopping by Adam to place a quick KISS on his cheek, and leaves. On Adam's content look we -

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DCIU BUILDING - EVENING**

The conference room is a rectangular space that contains a long OVAL TABLE with seats all around it. At the far end of the room is a SCREEN with Adam's map being projected onto it.

Sitting in the seats closest to the screen are Lloyd, Nora, Victoria, and Adam. Adam is finishing up the same explanation he just gave to Victoria.

ADAM

And therefore we are able to conclude that you killer is very likely holed up in one of the unused warehouse in this area.

NORA

That's still quite a large search area.

VICTORIA

We're confident if he is here he's not going to be in any of the used warehouses. There are too many people moving in and out of them for someone to call it home.

ADAM

The unused warehouses on the other hand don't have any working security systems. At most you might get a security guard dropping by every couple of days. Easy enough to avoid if you're careful.

VICTORIA

(to Lloyd)

I'm thinking we can head down tonight, check the place out?

LLOYD

I think we can do that.

NORA

May I make a suggestion?

When no one protests she goes on.

NORA (CONT'D)

(to Adam)

I know in the grand scheme of things you're still fairly new to the DCIU but I want you running communications for this expedition into the field.

Adam glances up at Nora, a mixture of surprise and excitement evident on his face.

NORA (CONT'D)

You've already got a vested interest in the case and there shouldn't be any situations arising from a simple search, it would be a good introduction to the way we run things here. What do you think, Mr. Parker?

ADAM

I should be able to handle that. Am I just acting as a basic liaison between the field and home office?

VICTORIA

It would be handy to have someone co-coordinating our search.

ADAM

That I can definitely do too.

Nora stands to leave.

NORA

It looks like you have everything under control then. I'll expect to hear how it all went down tomorrow morning.

VICTORIA

I'll stop by for a visit first thing.

NORA

(with a smile)

I'm sure you will. Good luck.

Nora leaves the room and Lloyd turns towards Victoria and Adam.

LLOYD

You kids did well.

Adam beams at the compliment, Victoria just brushes it off.

VICTORIA

And that's why it's a good thing I'm still on the case.

LLOYD

No need to be smug. Now get your gear together, I don't want to be out all night.

VICTORIA

On it.

She walks towards the exit with Adam.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
(to Adam)  
So you're now our official tech guy.  
Do you think that's classed as a  
promotion or a demotion?

**FADE INTO:**

**EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT — BARTON — NIGHT**

We are given a view of the city lights REFLECTING off the bay as we drop down into the warehouse district of the Barton docks. There is the CREAK and WHINE of a metal gate being opened as we finally stop to FOCUS in on Victoria and Lloyd. The pair are walking though the GATE we can conclude they just opened.

VICTORIA  
(into her mic)  
Warehouse 3A is right in front of us.

ADAM  
(over the earpieces)  
Haven't run into any trouble yet?

VICTORIA  
(into mic)  
No, nothing even remotely suspicious.  
How many more did you say we have to check?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TECHNICAL ANALYST OFFICE — DCIU BUILDING — NIGHT**

Adam sits at his desk bathed in a soft BLUISH GLOW from the computer screens all around him. He is wearing a HEADSET and staring at the screen in front of him. On the screen is an areal view of the warehouse district.

ADAM  
(into mic)  
Uh... two more in this area. Five all up.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT — BARTON — NIGHT**

VICTORIA  
(into mic)  
Ugh. It didn't seem like that many before we got out here.

Lloyd chuckles as he peers in through a small WINDOW next to the warehouses door.

LLOYD

Just remember you were the one eager  
to come down a take a look around.

VICTORIA

Yeah, whatever.

ADAM

(over the earpiece)

Whatever, what?

VICTORIA

(into earpiece)

No, I wasn't talking to you then  
Adam.

(to Lloyd)

This would be less confusing if you  
kept your earpiece on instead of  
turning it on and off periodically.

LLOYD

I don't like the kid constantly  
jabbering away in my ear. As good at  
his job as he is it's somewhat  
distracting. I can't concentrate on  
the noises I'm hearing if I'm trying  
to concentrate on him talking too.

They continue to make their way around the warehouse,  
checking doors and the odd window to see if anyone has  
been moving in or out. They have made it all the way  
around the warehouse and back to where they began.

VICTORIA

(into mic)

This one seems clear too.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TECHNICAL ANALYST OFFICE — DCIU BUILDING — NIGHT**

Adam leans forward slightly to TYPE rapidly on the  
keyboard in front of him. One of the warehouses on the  
screen that has previously been highlighted in GREEN  
returns to its REGULAR COLOR.

ADAM

3B is the next unused warehouse.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT — BARTON — NIGHT**

Victoria nods her head.

VICTORIA

(into mic)

Okay, on it.

(to Lloyd)  
Next empty warehouse is this one next  
to this one.

Lloyd holds up a hand to shush her.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Lloyd?

LLOYD  
Can you hear that?

VICTORIA  
Hear wha -

Victoria is cut off by the sound of a MUFFLED CLATTER.  
They both look across to the neighboring warehouse where  
the noise appears to have originated from.

LLOYD  
Call in back up.

VICTORIA  
Okay.

LLOYD  
(surprised)  
No argument? No "we can handle this  
fine on our own."?

VICTORIA  
Not this time.

Lloyd shoots her a glance.

LLOYD  
Any particular reason for this sudden  
change of character?

VICTORIA  
I don't know.  
(beat)  
Chalk it up to a bad feeling.

LLOYD  
Okay. Let's go then.

VICTORIA  
(into earpiece)  
Adam?

ADAM  
(over the earpiece)  
Still here.

VICTORIA  
(into mic)  
Send some people around. We may have found something.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WAREHOUSE 3B – WAREHOUSE DISTRICT – NIGHT**

We are looking from an unknown person's point of view through a gritty, discolored WINDOW. Below, on the ground, we can just make out the figures of Victoria and Lloyd.

There is a ruffling of clothes as the PERSON looking though the window moves. As their SHADOW crosses the window we –

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE****FADE IN:****EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT — BARTON — NIGHT**

Victoria and Lloyd are moving quietly along the side of warehouse 3B. They stop when they reach a small side DOOR. Lloyd tests the door handle and they find the door UNLOCKED. Lloyd taps his EARPIECE, turning it on.

LLOYD

(into earpiece)

All right Kid, from here on out we  
need you silent.

As soon as he's finished talking Lloyd turns his earpiece back off. Victoria looks amused.

VICTORIA

Why do you have to treat him like a  
kid who doesn't know what he's doing?

LLOYD

He is a kid.

VICTORIA

He's barely two years younger than I  
am.

LLOYD

Who's to say I don't think of you as  
a kid?

VICTORIA

(sarcastically)

That's nice. Really, it is.

LLOYD

Can't let that ego of yours get too  
big.

VICTORIA

One day you're going to meet someone  
who's even worse than me.

LLOYD

I highly doubt that.

VICTORIA

(laughing quietly)

Ready?

LLOYD

Let's go.

They draw their GUNS and step quickly inside.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WAREHOUSE 3B – WAREHOUSE DISTRICT – CONTINUOUS**

The inside of the warehouse is almost totally EMPTY aside from a few boxes and other things the previous owner appeared to not have any use for. There is enough light inside to see around but still dark enough that should someone want to stay out of sight they could.

Lloyd steps through the door first followed by Victoria. The artificial light from outside makes a long, bright wedge across the ground where it floods in from the open door.

VICTORIA

Might have just been a cat or something. It's always a cat in movies.

LLOYD

Does this look like a movie to you? You can never be too sure when it comes to this line of work.

VICTORIA

Wow, someone can't take a joke tonight.

Lloyd sends a glance her way.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe not the best time for jokes. I'll take this side if you want to go look over the other?

LLOYD

Sounds like a plan.

The two detectives SPLIT UP. Victoria takes the left while Lloyd heads right and across to the other side of the expansive warehouse.

We follow Victoria as she peers behind a pile of DISCARDED FURNITURE. Weapon still raised she moves towards a small OFFICE in the corner of the warehouse. She sidles up to the door, takes a moment to compose herself and then FLINGS the door open. There is no one inside and nothing that looks out of place. She moves away from the office to check the rest of the warehouse.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SUSPENDED WALKWAY – WAREHOUSE 3B – NIGHT**

From above we watch Victoria as she walks away from the office. We follow her movements for a moment over the shoulder of an UNKNOWN PERSON. Suddenly this unknown person moves, the soft sound of their FOOTFALLS heard.

We stay watching Victoria as she glances up, staring straight at where the unknown person was previously standing, before dismissing what she thought she heard and moving on once again out of view.

**CUT TO:****INT. WAREHOUSE 3B – WAREHOUSE DISTRICT – NIGHT**

Lloyd moves quickly, GUN raised, around a stack of BOXES. When no one can be seen he lowers the gun slightly and begins to take a better look around. He notices on the ground a CRUDE SLEEPING AREA. He turns on his earpiece.

LLOYD  
(into mic)  
Victoria?

VICTORIA  
(over the earpiece)  
Need me?

LLOYD  
(into mic)  
Yeah, get over here. I've got something you'll want to look at.

He proceeds to examine the makeshift living area until we hear footsteps and Victoria appears around the mountain of boxes.

VICTORIA  
Oh, so we do have the right place?

LLOYD  
Maybe. We could have just stumbled across the hide of a homeless person.

VICTORIA  
Yeah... I don't think so.

She moves towards the few SHEETS and BLANKETS that make up the bed and pushes them aside with her foot. Underneath we see a large, blood stained KNIFE.

LLOYD  
So it is the right place. Did you find anything of interest over on your side?

VICTORIA  
Nothing. Just a bunch of old crap.

LLOYD  
Then our killer is either out at the moment or got wind of us and flew the coop.

VICTORIA

We should take a quick look up in the walkways before setting up a patrol. That way if he does come back we can get him, finally. Oh, and we should probably bag that knife before we go.

LLOYD

Sounds good. How do we get up there?

VICTORIA

There were some stairs back near the office I found earlier. It's over here.

We follow Victoria a Lloyd as they make their way back across the empty center of the warehouse.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

(into mic)

Adam, our killer isn't here.

ADAM

(though ear piece)

Next warehouse then?

VICTORIA

(into mic)

No, he was here but he isn't now.

(beat)

We'll be heading back -

She is cut off by a cold, calm VOICE that comes from behind the two detectives.

MAN (O.S)

I knew you would get the message and now you're finally here.

Both detectives move to face the voice and on the sudden sound of a GUN FIRING we -

**BLACKOUT:**

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**END OF EPISODE**