

**FINDING, SEARCHING, HOPING**

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FADE IN:

**INT. HOUSE - EVENING**

A man named PETER is stood in the kitchen, he makes coffee. The kitchen is small, plainly decorated with dirty worktops.

PETER is in his early forties. He is of medium build with combed back dark brown hair with thick, dark facial hair. He pours the coffee from the pot into a cup. He puts the pot back down. He turns back towards the living room.

PETER:  
Hey you sure you don't want one?!

MICHAEL'S voice comes from the room.

MICHAEL:  
No I'm good.

**INT. HOUSE - LATER**

PETER walks into the living room. He holds his cup of coffee. He sits down on the couch opposite to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL is thirty years old. He has short dark hair, a slight muscular build. He wears a black jacket and smart dark blue jeans. He looks with confidence, but slight containment.

MAN:  
So what is it you said you did for a living?

MICHAEL:  
I find people.

MAN:  
What kind of people?

MICHAEL:  
People who don't wanna be found. People who don't want others to know exactly what they've bin doin.

MICHAEL pulls out a handgun with a silencer from his jacket pocket. He points it towards PETER'S head and shoots. The bullet fires into the head. His body goes limp, the coffee spills onto the floor. The cup falls on the carpet.

MICHAEL stands up and walks over to him. He puts the gun back into the inside of his jacket.

MICHAEL:

Courtesy of the children you abused, fuckhead.

He takes out some back gloves from his pocket, puts them on. He turns and walks up the stairs.

**INT. BAR - LATE EVENING**

The bar is busy. Customers mainly sit at booths. They talk whilst they drink. The jukebox is on in the background, it plays soft rock music. A television screen at the top of the bar shows highlights of a baseball game.

MICHAEL stands at the bar with a bottle of beer. He talks to a female bartender. She has long red hair, slim physique. She wears a black vest, blue jeans and brown boots.

BARTENDER (EARLY 20s):  
(SMILING) That's not what you do.

MICHAEL:  
It is. I shot someone on the way here.

BARTENDER:  
You're full of shit. You couldn't shoot a bottle behind the bar from this distance.

MICHAEL:  
Alright, how much? I'll put you ten bucks I can hit a bottle from here.

He reaches into his jean pocket and grabs a ten dollar bill. He puts it onto the bar top.

BARTENDER:  
Okay. Where's your gun then?

He turns around.

MICHAEL:  
Hey, can I borrow somebody's gun?

He laughs, turns back to her. She smiles at him as he finishes his beer.

BARTENDER:  
You seem like a real piece of work.

MICHAEL:  
I am. Feel like sorting me out?

BARTENDER:  
Don't know if I could.

MICHAEL:  
What time, you get off?

BARTENDER:  
About an hour, if it stays quiet.

MICHAEL:  
I'll be back.

He puts the bottle on the bar and starts to walk.

BARTENDER:  
Okay Arnold.

MICHAEL:  
Hey how did you know my name was Arnold?

He laughs as he walks towards the pool table. She smiles at him then walks towards the end of the bar. A man waits to be served.

At the pool table a tall male holds one of the sticks. He argues with a female at the other side of the table. Another male holds the other stick. He sits down on a stool next to the table.

POOL GUY 1 (MID 20S):  
Who the fuck asked your opinion? Shut up before I smack you in the mouth.

MICHAEL hits the male on the chin with a right jab as he walks passed him. The male falls to the floor. The female puts her hands to her mouth with a slight smirk on her face. The other male stands up, angry. He looks over at MICHAEL.

POOL GUY 2 (MID 20S):  
Hey, you can't do that!

MICHAEL stops, turns his head to him.

MICHAEL:  
Why not?

The male stares at him, doesn't know how to answer. MICHAEL smirks at him then walks towards the bathroom. The female stands over the male.

FEMALE:  
That's what you get, you asshole!

**INT. APARTMENT - LATE EVENING**

The apartment is quite small and tidy. Two voices groan. It comes from the bedroom. MICHAEL and the FEMALE BARTENDER are under the covers having sex. She is on top of him. He's bare-chested. She still wears her black vest. They breathe heavily. He puts his hands on her hips. He then brushes under the vest, raises it up to her chest.

MICHAEL:  
Hey what did you say your name was?

She laughs.

FEMALE BARTENDER:  
Shut up, Arnold.

**INT. FEMALE BARTENDER'S APARTMENT - LATER**

MICHAEL lies under the covers with FEMALE BARTENDER. They are both naked. They are hot, sweaty. Her hair is brushed back, slightly messed. She turns to him.

FEMALE BARTENDER:  
It's Laura.

He turns to her.

MICHAEL:  
I was kidding.

He smiles at her.

LAURA:  
So are you gonna actually tell me what you do?

MICHAEL:  
I told you.

She laughs then puts her head back in slight frustration. She sits back up.

LAURA:  
You did not shoot someone tonight.

MICHAEL:  
I did.

LAURA:  
Alright so prove it.

MICHAEL:  
Alright.

He leans over the side of the bed. He reaches towards his jacket on the floor. He picks it up and puts his hand in the inside pocket.

MICHAEL:  
Say hello to my little friend.

He pulls out a digital camera. He turns back to her.

MICHAEL:  
Smile.

She looks at it then laughs.

LAURA:  
Oh my god. You didn't...

MICHAEL:  
You think I'm crazy don't you?

LAURA:  
Thought had crossed my mind, yes.

MICHAEL:  
But you let me come back here.

LAURA:  
So you did actually shoot someone tonight.

MICHAEL:  
Yep. I know what you thought.

LAURA:  
Well you did ask for someone's gun.

MICHAEL:  
Really? Must have been the drink.

LAURA:  
Two beers did that to ya, wow.

MICHAEL:  
Two beers and I'm drunk. Three beers and I'm anybody's for the taking.

LAURA:

So who did you shoot then, anyone famous?

MICHAEL:

Well I think his name will be in the paper in the next couple of days.

LAURA:

Listen erm, I'm not really... lookin for something.

MICHAEL:

Yeah I don't even live here.

LAURA:

Oh, right. So where do you live?

MICHAEL:

Probably best I don't tell ya.

LAURA:

(SMILING) Oh you are trouble, aren't you?

MICHAEL:

I'm gentle at heart though.

LAURA:

Tell that to Chris.

MICHAEL:

Who the fuck's Chris?

LAURA:

The guy you put to sleep.

MICHAEL:

Oh... You don't talk to women like that. Kid needed teaching a lesson, only with a fist.

LAURA:

You know how to treat women then?

MICHAEL:

I've shown you a good time, haven't I? Walked you home and walked you safely to your bed.

LAURA:

Yeah, you have.

MICHAEL:

Anyway I best shoot off. I need be in, early in morning. So...

He takes a picture of her. The camera flashes.

LAURA:  
Oi. I wasn't ready.

MICHAEL:  
I'll remember you.

She blinks to stop the fuzz in her eyes.

LAURA:  
I'm sure you will.

MICHAEL:  
Laura, the bartender at Frank's Bar. Good name.

LAURA:  
Shut up.

He leans forward, kisses her.

**INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING**

SAM sits at his desk on the computer. An empty seat is next to him. He has a small framed physique, with very short buzz cut hair. Other officers work along the floor at their desks.

MICHAEL walks over to him. He wears a black leather jacket and blue jeans. He walks past the officers desks smirking at them. They sit, straight faced not acknowledging him.

MICHAEL:  
Hey bud.

SAM (29):  
Hey, what's new?

MICHAEL:  
That's what I need to know from you. What did the report finally say?

SAM turns to him.

SAM:  
Erm, the private detective was a dick.

MICHAEL:  
(SMILING) Same old shit then. The girl's uncle was hiding something.

SAM:  
Don't matter. It was irrelevant to the case.

MICHAEL:  
Guilty of something.

SAM:  
Plus we need this thing, what is it? It's really important... Oh  
yeah, evidence.

MICHAEL:  
(SARCASTIC) Ha ha. Can't you guys plant something, isn't that  
what cops do?

SAM:  
(SARCASTIC) Ha ha. Hey don't let any of these guys you hear you  
say that.

MICHAEL:  
Why cos I can do my job better than these clowns put together?

SAM:  
They already hate you hangin around here anyway.

MICHAEL:  
Why's that, feel threatened?

SAM:  
I don't know why, you're shit.

SAM laughs. MICHAEL nudges him as he sits down on the chair  
next to him. He slouches down on it.

SAM:  
Late night was it?

MICHAEL:  
Something like that. I've been thinking about taking on  
someone to help me with these cases. I've bin taking on other  
kind of work.

SAM:  
Hey I'm not even askin bout the crazy shit you get yourself  
into Mike. Keep it to yourself.

MICHAEL:  
Probably a good idea Sam.

SAM:  
Well listen if you need someone then, Kim's little sister  
Emily needs some work.

MICHAEL:

Alright. Has she done any work like this before?

SAM:

She was head researcher at a newspaper firm in New York.

MICHAEL:

What happened?

SAM:

The recession. Paper went bust and she's bin lookin for her next pay check for over a year now. Interested?

MICHAEL:

Yeah. Give her my number.

SAM:

Great. It'll actually get her out of the house.

MICHAEL:

What, she lives with you?

SAM:

Yeah. Moved back when she lost the job. Spends all day on the net, lookin for anything out there. I told her, phone sex... the pay's unreal.

MICHAEL laughs.

MICHAEL:

Not the classiest way to make money.

SAM:

Neither's bein a cop. Bein called a fucknut every time we make an arrest.

MICHAEL:

That's why I'm not a cop.

SAM:

You couldn't be a cop Mike. You're too aggressive for a start.

MICHAEL:

Hey, I'm a sweet guy okay. That's why your wife loves me.

SAM:

Yeah you just keep on telling yourself that buddy.

MICHAEL sits up, leans forward.

MICHAEL:

So give Kim's sister my number okay buddy... and email me the full report. I wanna see what bullshit they put in there.

He stands up.

SAM:

Alright no problem.

MICHAEL:

Catch a beer at weekend?

SAM:

If Kim will let me out.

MICHAEL:

I told you, never get married.

He starts to walk away.

SAM:

Yeah, sometimes I think I should have listened.

MICHAEL:

Later bud.

SAM:

Later.

**INT. SAM'S HOUSE - MORNING**

EMILY sits at the kitchen table, searches on the laptop. She has long, light brown hair with blonde streaks at the bottom. She wears a thin long-sleeved t-shirt and black jeans.

KIM stands at the counter, holds a cup of coffee. She has a small physique, couple inches shorter than SAM. She has short black hair, no make-up. She wears her pyjamas.

KIM (29):  
Anything?

EMILY (23):  
Nope. Not a single thing. Well, there's been a greeter at a Chinese restaurant.

KIM:  
Erm...

EMILY:  
Under description, preferably speak Chinese.

KIM:

You were doin so well at the paper as well.

EMILY:

Well that's life. Once you're at the top, the only way is down.

SAM walks in. He wears his uniform. He walks over to KIM, kisses her on the neck. She smiles and turns to him.

KIM:

Finally you're done.

SAM:

I'll be home before six.

KIM:

Make sure you are or else.

She kisses his on the lips then walks out of the kitchen. Sam turns around to EMILY.

SAM:

Still lookin Em?

EMILY:

What else?

He walks over to her, puts the lid down on the laptop. She looks at him, stands up with a slightly shocked expression.

EMILY:

Sam what the hell are you doin? I just told you I was lookin.

SAM:

Well look no further. I've got a job for ya.

She sits back down, calmer.

EMILY:

What kind of job?

SAM:

A buddy of mine...

EMILY:

Oh you've got buds now?

SAM:

Hey, I can throw you out any time you know.

EMILY:  
Okay, I'm listening.

SAM reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a business card.

SAM:  
Investigative reporting, private detective.

He puts the card onto the laptop.

SAM:  
He wants you to give him a call.

She picks the card up and starts to read it.

EMILY:  
Michael Bloomfeld.

She looks back up at him.

EMILY:  
How long you known him for?

SAM:  
Whatever it is... too long.

EMILY:  
Well is he any good?

SAM:  
He certainly likes to think he is. Make sure you call.

EMILY:  
Alright I will.

SAM:  
See you later. I'll be home before seven.

EMILY:  
I thought you said six?

SAM:  
I said that so Kim wouldn't shout at me.

EMILY:  
Pussy.

SAM:  
Probably.

**INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - MID MORNING**

MICHAEL sits in the living room. He eats a bowl of cereal on the couch. The television is on the news channel, low volume. It is a large flat screen, stuck onto the wall. The house is quite spacious with smart furniture, brown leather couches. Stone painted walls.

The doorbell rings. He puts the bowl onto the glass top table that is in-front of him, stands up. He walks over to the front door, he opens it. EMILY stands at the door.

MICHAEL:

Hi.

EMILY:

Hi I'm Emily.

MICHAEL:

Yeah, hi. Come in.

EMILY:

Thanks.

He walks back into the living room. She steps in and shuts the door.

MICHAEL:

Can I get you a drink, or anything to eat?

EMILY:

No thanks.

She walks into the living room. He turns back to her.

MICHAEL:

Gotta start the day with protein.

EMILY:

I already ate.

She looks at the bowl of cereal on the table.

EMILY (CONTN'D):

And I don't think there's any protein in coco puffs.

He looks back at the bowl.

MICHAEL:

Protein in the milk at least.

He looks back at her.

EMILY:

So how does this work? I have no idea what exactly..

MICHAEL:

Well I've had a few calls so we're gonna go to the addresses I have..

He reaches into his jeans pocket, pulls out a folded sheet of paper.

MICHAEL (CONTN'D):

Here, and see if I wanna do any of the cases or not.

EMILY:

Okay.

MICHAEL:

Right well, lets get goin then.

**INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NOON**

MICHAEL drives a 1970 FORD MUSTANG, colored dark red. EMILY sits in the driver's seat, looks at the sheet of paper. She looks up at the road.

EMILY:

What's business like, doin what you do?

MICHAEL:

Yeah it's good. You'd be surprised how many calls I get. I could have ten possible cases at the end of the day. Sam told me what happened at your old job, sorry.

EMILY:

It's one of those things. Happens to everybody. Work, better goin freelance?

MICHAEL:

Yeah it's good.

EMILY:

What made you get into it?

MICHAEL:

You're inquisitive ain't ya?

EMILY:

Wanna know what I'm getting myself into.

MICHAEL:

Well you should know there's a lot of things I like to keep to myself.

EMILY:

I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to be nosy.

MICHAEL:

(SMIRKING) I was testing you. This job requires a lot of questions. The more we ask, the more success we'll have.

EMILY:

Okay.

MICHAEL:

I lost someone close to me. I tried to find her, but I couldn't. Thought I'd try to help others find what they're lookin for instead. That's all I'm sayin.

EMILY:

Okay.

MICHAEL:

You say okay a lot.

EMILY:

Sorry.

MICHAEL:

No it's... okay. Well, first stop.

He turns left at the lights.

**EXT. HOUSE - MID MORNING**

MICHAEL and EMILY sit in the car. It is parked next to the sidewalk. They get out the car, shut the doors. He walks around to the other side.

MICHAEL:

What number was it?

EMILY:

Just this one.

She points to the house directly in-front of them. She puts her hand down. They start to walk up the driveway.

MICHAEL:

Right, just let me ask the questions.

EMILY:  
Ok... Yeah.

MICHAEL:  
Just concentrate on the answers.

**INT. HOUSE - MID MORNING**

A woman in her early thirties sits in the living room, holds a cigarette. She has greasy blonde hair, looks like she's not washed for a few days. Her mascara has dried around her eyes.

Her hand that holds the cigarette shakes. A small boy, around two years old sits next to her close to the T.V. The smoke blows in his direction.

MICHAEL and EMILY sit on the couch opposite to her. The television is on the cartoon channel. The boy watches it.

MICHAEL:  
So Mara, you said she went missing at around seven?

MARA:  
Yeah. I put her to bed... around seven or eight. Went out for like two minutes. I came back and she was gone.

MICHAEL:  
You told the police?

MARA:  
No.

MICHAEL:  
Why not?

MARA:  
Because... they don't give a flyin fuck about me, or my daughter.

MICHAEL:  
She's been missing over twelve hours...

MARA:  
I know how to tell the time okay. It was her father, the useless cunt. He's been sniffin around, tryin to see her. But I won't let him. Always comin round thinkin he can dish out orders to me. He can jump in-front of a train and get his cock crushed.

A noise is heard. It comes from upstairs. MICHAEL and EMILY look up.

MARA:

I've told em to be quiet while you were here.

They look back at her.

MICHAEL:

You got other kids?

MARA:

Yeah, there's... three of them up there. Got too many to count sometimes, but my daughter's definitely bin taken... taken by her father.

MICHAEL:

Right.

She looks over at EMILY with a judgemental expression.

WOMAN:

You're awfully quiet over there sweetheart.

MICHAEL:

It's her first day.

WOMAN:

(SARCASTIC) Well that's comforting.

MICHAEL:

We'll be back in a sec.

WOMAN:

Are you gonna help me or what?

**EXT. HOUSE - MID MORNING**

MICHAEL and EMILY are stood outside the front door. He lights up a cigarette.

MICHAEL:

Want one?

EMILY:

No, thanks.

He puts the lighter into his jacket pocket.

EMILY:

What do you think?

MICHAEL:

Next house.

EMILY:  
What about the little girl.

MICHAEL:  
She ain't missin.

EMILY:  
What makes you so sure?

MICHAEL:  
Because we didn't even mention that she might have been taken,  
and she told us about the father out of the blue. Did you see  
her hands?

EMILY:  
She's probably in shock.

MICHAEL:  
Oh yeah...

MICHAEL jokingly widens his eyes at her.

MICHAEL (CONTN'D):  
The shock.

He walks back to his car taking another drag. She turns to him  
shaking her head with a smirk.

EMILY:  
How can you be so sure?

MICHAEL:  
She obviously didn't see the note in the kitchen. 'I'll bring  
her back tomorrow night, you bitch'.

She laughs, walks towards the car.

**INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

A middle aged man in his bathroom robe stands in the kitchen,  
in-front of MICHAEL and EMILY. He holds a credit card  
statement. He has an aggressive demeanour.

BATHROBE MAN:  
I told you. She went to the hotel for a spar session, she  
claimed. But little does she know, that I know she spent the  
whole day there. It's all here you see.

He hands MICHAEL the statement. He starts to read.

BATHROBE MAN:

The bitch had a few Martini's in the evening whilst I was still slaving away in the office.

MICHAEL looks back up at him.

MAN:

You find any dirt on her. I'll make sure the slut ends up penniless in the settlement. I've been waiting for something to nail her with.

CUT TO:

**INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - LATER**

MICHAEL and EMILY sit in the car, parked outside the man's house.

MICHAEL:

I don't work for pricks, even if they pay well. You don't speak about women like that.

EMILY:

You think she's cheating?

MICHAEL:

Oh yeah. Wouldn't you if you were married to that? He's checking her credit card statements for god's sake. All he's worried about is his money. Doesn't give a shit about his marriage endin.

EMILY:

Where are we goin now?

MICHAEL:

Well I'm goin home. There isn't a missin left on the list. I'll pick you up tomorrow mornin and check out the others.

He starts up the car, puts it into gear and drives away.

**INT. HOUSE - NOON**

An elderly lady holds a kitten in her arms. She sits on a chair in her living room. EMILY sits down on the chair opposite to her. MICHAEL stands at the side of EMILY.

CAT LADY (65):

And my husband said he would only be signing the papers. Next thing I knew my son lost everything and we need this... McClockin, man investigating.

MICHAEL:  
But, was the contract all above board?

CAT LADY:  
What do you mean?

MICHAEL:  
Say if it said something like, sign here if you agree to give up your shares and your son does... that means that your son has no grounds to appeal. Basically he shouldn't have signed it.

CAT LADY:  
That's what you're saying?

MICHAEL:  
Yeah.

A brown cat walks passed the room. It stops and starts to urinate on the carpet. MICHAEL and EMILY look at it, disgusted. The woman turns to it.

WOMAN:  
Ohh, Selina Kyle?!

She looks back at them.

WOMAN:  
I am sorry about this.

MICHAEL:  
No... it's... fine.

**EXT. HOUSE - LATER**

MICHAEL and EMILY stand at the end of the driveway. He smokes a cigarette.

MICHAEL:  
She hasn't got shit to go on and she's got cats... never trust an old lady who's got cats. No fuckin way.

He walks over to his car. EMILY laughs at him.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - EARLY AFTERNOON**

MICHAEL and EMILY stand in the kitchen with a gentleman in his mid-60s. He is nervous and agitated. He holds up a photograph of small boy. The boy has short brown hair. He wears a soccer uniform.

MAN:

Here he is... my pride and joy.

They look at the picture. The man puts his arm down.

MAN:

Just eight years old, Thomas. It was Sunday yesterday. He always comes to see me on Sunday.

MICHAEL:

So the police were called last night?

MAN:

Yeah, Stacey did it.

MICHAEL:

Stacey?

MAN:

My son's wife. She rang as soon as she got in from work. She works at grocery store round the corner.

MICHAEL:

And your son was in all night?

MAN:

Yeah, but he didn't piggin notice did he. My son, is to be frank is... a fuck up. He ruins everything he touches.

MICHAEL:

Okay Mr Rining...

MAN:

Jim.

MICHAEL:

Right, Jim. So Thomas's mom...

JIM:

Oh she's not his mother. Like I said he's a fuck up. Thomas's mother actually saw sense and left him. She didn't have the logic to take Thomas with her though.

MICHAEL:

Does Thomas have a good relationship with his father?

JIM:

No. He's a wasteful fuckin excuse for a father. He only looks out for himself, Alex.

MICHAEL:  
Haven't, got a high opinion of your son.

JIM:  
No. If it was up to me, Thomas would live here. I wanted him,  
but he wouldn't allow it.

MICHAEL:  
So is it possible that Thomas ran away last night?

JIM:  
Do you wanna know how many times he has run away from home?  
Seven. Do you wanna know where he went each time? Here.  
Something's wrong. Something's...

He starts to cry.

JIM:  
Something's happened.

He puts his hands over his mouth. MICHAEL puts his hand on  
JIM'S shoulder.

MICHAEL:  
Alright, Jim. Alright, try to calm down.

**INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LATER**

JIM sits on the chair in his living room. The room is small.  
His furniture seems old and needs cleaning. MICHAEL and EMILY  
stand in the kitchen. They quietly talk.

MICHAEL:  
This is the case. That man in there is scared shitless.

EMILY:  
Okay. So what happens now?

MICHAEL:  
Can you speak to him?

EMILY:  
What do you want me to say?

MICHAEL:  
Just calm him down. Let him know that we're gonna find his  
grandson.

EMILY:  
You want me to make a promise straight away?

MICHAEL:

Just so he stops sobbing. I'll be in, in a minute. I just need to make a call.

EMILY:

Okay.

She walks into the living room. She walks over and stands in-front of JIM.

EMILY:

You okay Jim?

He looks up at her.

JIM:

Yeah I'm okay. Oh I haven't asked you if you wanted a drink or anything. I can make something..

EMILY:

Oh no it's fine.

JIM:

Okay. So how long have you been doing this line of work for?

EMILY:

It's actually my first week. But Michael's been doing it for years. I'm just along to help, well try.

JIM:

Oh right, I see. What do you normally do?

EMILY:

I worked for a newspaper.

JIM:

So you're a reporter, that's good then. You know how to get a story.

MICHAEL walks into the room.

MICHAEL:

Okay Jim. I'm gonna need your son's address.

JIM:

Yeah.

MICHAEL:

Why it is you that rang me?

JIM:  
I wouldn't trust the police as far as I could throw em.

MICHAEL:  
Why's that?

JIM:  
Rather not say.

He stands up.

JIM:  
I'll get you his address then.

**INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - AFTERNOON**

MICHAEL drives towards ALEX'S house. EMILY sits in the passenger seat.

MICHAEL:  
I hate these cases.

EMILY:  
Then why take it?

MICHAEL:  
Exactly why I got in.

EMILY:  
I hope he's found then.

MICHAEL:  
He's been reported missing for nearly a day. Every day that passes, the chances of finding him drops twenty percent. We go to work now and do it quick.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

ALEX stands at the door in-front of MICHAEL and EMILY. He is a thin framed man in his early thirties, with short black hair needing a shave.

MICHAEL:  
Alex Rining?

ALEX:  
Yes?

MICHAEL:  
My name's Michael Bloomfeld. Your father has hired me to help find your son. Can we come in and speak?

ALEX:  
Oh right. Yes.

MICHAEL:  
Thank you.

MICHAEL and EMILY walk into the house. ALEX shuts the door. He turns to them.

MICHAEL:  
This is my friend Emily. She'll be helping me.

EMILY:  
Hi.

She reaches out and shakes his hand. He nods his head at her. They let go. ALEX'S wife STACEY walks in from the kitchen, holds a small towel. She has long blonde hair tied back. ALEX looks at her.

ALEX:  
This is my wife, Stacey.

They turn to her.

MICHAEL:  
Nice to meet you.

STACEY (35):  
Have you got any news on Thomas?

MICHAEL:  
No.

ALEX:  
Old man hired them to help us.

STACEY:  
Okay. Please sit down.

MICHAEL:  
Thank you.

They walk through to the living room. MICHAEL and EMILY sit down on the couch.

STACEY:  
Can I get you a drink?

MICHAEL:  
No, thank you.

She looks at EMILY.

EMILY:  
No, thank you.

ALEX sits down on the chair opposite them. STACEY sits on the arm of the chair. She rests the towel on her lap.

STACEY:  
Jim hired you then?

MICHAEL:  
Yeah. Have the police been to see you?

STACEY:  
Yeah they left, about an hour ago.

MICHAEL:  
What did they say?

STACEY:  
They're treating it just as missing person's case, not suspicious.

MICHAEL:  
Okay.

STACEY:  
They said they're gonna look all over the park and the reservoir to check every possibility of where he could be.

MICHAEL:  
Right.

ALEX:  
Yeah. We would have hired a private detective but we couldn't afford your rate.

EMILY:  
Your father said Thomas has run away from home before, but he always went to his house. Can you think why he wouldn't have this time?

ALEX:  
I dunno. My old man's got it in for me. Says I'm a terrible father, always causing trouble for us.

STACEY:  
He suffers with delusions. You shouldn't listen to everything he says. So what will you do?

MICHAEL:

We'll speak to your neighbours. Find out if they saw Thomas at all before he went missing. We'll also be working with the police so we'll have a better chance of finding him.

STACEY:

Good. Okay.

ALEX:

What do you think those chances are?

MICHAEL:

I've done a few of these cases. The first day is the most important. We just need to get the facts on what happened yesterday.

STACEY:

It was just a normal Sunday. He played soccer in the morning and played with his friends. I don't know why he didn't come home.

MICHAEL:

That's what we'll find out. Right..

MICHAEL stands up, then EMILY.

MICHAEL (CONTN'D):

We'll talk to the neighbours.

**EXT. ALEX'S STREET - AFTERNOON**

MICHAEL and EMILY stand on the sidewalk near ALEX'S house.

MICHAEL:

Alright I'll ask at the houses on the left, you go right. We'll start at the top, meet later. Oh, and don't worry. Just focus on these questions.

He hands her a small sheet of paper.

EMILY:

I'll try not to.

EMILY crosses the street. MICHAEL walks along the sidewalk.

**EXT. ALEX'S STREET - AFTERNOON**

MICHAEL stands outside the house at the top left of the street. A woman in her forties answers the door.

MICHAEL:

Hi. I'm helping the Rining's down the street over there, find their son Thomas. Did you see him at all?

WOMAN:

I did see him during the day. He was in the street with his school friends, but after that I'm sorry..

**EXT. ALEX'S STREET - AFTERNOON**

EMILY stands outside the house at the top right of the street. A woman in her early twenties stands at the door. She holds a baby. The baby cries.

EMILY:

I was wondering whether you saw him at all?

WOMAN:

No I'm sorry, I didn't.

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

MICHAEL stands outside the house around the middle left of the street. He talks to an elderly male.

OLD MAN:

(SHOUTING) Who?!

MICHAEL:

Thomas!

MAN:

Don't know who that is!

MICHAEL:

The little boy, down the street! He went missing!

MAN:

Na, don't know who that is!

He slams the door. MICHAEL turns around with an annoyed expression.

MICHAEL:

Jesus.

**EXT. ALEX'S STREET - AFTERNOON**

EMILY stands outside the house directly opposite to ALEX'S. She talks to a man named CURTIS. He is in his early thirties.

CURTIS:

Yeah I saw a couple of kids playing around. I did see Thomas go back inside his house later though.

EMILY:

(SURPRISED) What time was this?

CURTIS:

Erm... seven o'clock, maybe. Around seven.

EMILY:

He was reported missing after half past eight.

CURTIS:

Yeah he was definitely in the house before then.

EMILY:

You sure it was definitely Thomas?

CURTIS:

Unless a random kid went into the house, yeah.

EMILY:

Okay. Curtis, thank you.

CURTIS:

No problem.

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

MICHAEL stands outside ALEX'S next door neighbour's house. He talks to a woman named VICKI. She is in her late forties.

VICKI:

I didn't see, but I heard.

MICHAEL:

Heard what exactly?

VICKI:

What I hear almost every night. Him going mad at his son. It makes me almost hate living here. It's a nice neighbourhood, but he's always screaming and shouting.

MICHAEL:

Do you have any idea of what they would argue about?

VICKI:

Who knows, but he drinks a lot. This was going to happen sooner or later. That boy is a nice kid. I mean I don't know him, but he seems it. I hope he's okay.

MICHAEL:  
Right, thanks.

WOMAN:  
Glad I could help.

She shuts the door. He walks away towards the sidewalk. EMILY approaches him.

MICHAEL:  
Anythin?

EMILY:  
The last house said something very interesting.

MICHAEL:  
Yeah, mine too.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING**

MICHAEL and EMILY walk into the house. STACEY shuts the door.

MICHAEL:  
Where's your husband gone to?

STACEY:  
He just had to see someone from work.

They turn back to her.

MICHAEL:  
What is it that he does?

STACEY:  
Construction.

MICHAEL:  
Okay we've asked around and jotted a few things down.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small notepad. He reads a line then looks back up at her.

MICHAEL:  
The house across the street said that Thomas came back here around seven last night.

STACEY:  
No. The last I saw him was around two before I went to work. Alex didn't see him when the evening came.

EMILY:

So was Alex watching him at all times then?

STACEY:

Well he kept an eye on him time to time, but he can't obviously...

MICHAEL:

I was wondering if Thomas liked to go anywhere else apart from his grandfather's house?

STACEY:

Like I said before he plays soccer, but the fields have been checked. There's like a forest around it, but the police spent the night with the watchdogs searching through. They didn't find anything.

ALEX walks into the house. STACEY turns around to him. He carries a tool bag, looks at MICHAEL.

STACEY:

Someone said they saw Thomas come back here last night.

ALEX:

(SHAKING HIS HEAD)No, that isn't true. Who said that?

MICHAEL:

Are you sure? I mean you could have seen him for a brief minute, say he came in for some water then went back out again. Could that have happened?

He starts to think really hard, putting his hand on his head.

ALEX:

Erm... No, he usually doesn't do that. I'm sorry, I...

STACEY puts her arm around his shoulder. He puts his arm down.

ALEX:

I honestly don't think we could tell you anymore. What we've said to you, we said to the police anyway.

MICHAEL:

I'm going to speak with the police tonight. We will come back tomorrow when they search through the reservoir.

STACEY starts to get emotional.

STACEY:

It's not looking good is it? He could be in there! Couldn't he?!

ALEX holds on to her.

MICHAEL:

It's just a precaution. Not many bodies are found in there Mrs Rining.

ALEX:

Thanks for coming.

**INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - EVENING**

EMILY sits in the passenger seat. MICHAEL in the driver's seat lights up a smoke. He puts the lighter in the inside pocket of his jacket. He takes a drag, pulls the cigarette out of his mouth and blows out the smoke. She waves her hand.

MICHAEL:

Oh, sorry.

He winds down the window.

MICHAEL:

Still not used to havin someone else in the car.

EMILY:

Thanks.

MICHAEL:

There's something he's not telling us.

He turns to her, leaning his arm out of the window, holding the cigarette.

EMILY:

I think Thomas did come back home, but got into a huge argument with Alex he doesn't want us to know about.

MICHAEL:

Both Jim, and Alex's neighbours say he shouts at Thomas all the time. Maybe, this time he used more than words. I think this is a simple missing child. I'm gonna check that playing field again. Anything like an empty soda can, or a soccer ball could just mean he's in that forest somewhere.

EMILY:

Want me to come?

MICHAEL:

Erm, no. A dark forest is no places for a young woman as hot as you.

He takes a drag of the cigarette. She laughs at him, flattered.

EMILY:  
Thank you.

MICHAEL:  
You're welcome.

He throws the cigarette on the ground. He puts the keys into the ignition and turns the engine on.

**EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATE EVENING**

The soccer field is completely deserted. There are no floodlights on the pitch. MICHAEL walks along the grass, holds a flashlight. The woodland area is straight ahead.

**EXT. FOREST - LATER**

MICHAEL walks through, points the flashlight at the ground. An owl's howl sounds up above. He walks on the dirt, searches through. He moves the light, left to right looking on the ground.

A thin piece of thread sits on a tree stump. It is quite damp and dirty, looks as if it's been there for a while. He looks up, carries on.

**INT. SAM'S HOUSE - MORNING**

EMILY stands in the living room in-front of the bookcase. SAM walks in. He wears his uniform.

SAM:  
Hey.

She turns her head.

EMILY:  
Hey.

She looks back at the case.

EMILY:  
Have you seen that crime investigation book I had?

SAM:  
No. Everything goes missing in this house. You got your case yet?

EMILY:

Yeah, a little boy went missing on Sunday not far from here.

SAM:

His name wouldn't begin with a T would it?

She turns around to him.

EMILY:

Yeah. How would you know?

SAM:

(BRUSHES HIS JACKET) See the uniform?

He puts his hands down then smiles.

SAM:

We responded to the call by his parents. We're checking down by the river this morning.

EMILY:

Yeah so are we. Michael's picking me up in a bit.

SAM:

You could always catch a ride with me. But saying that, we're rivals now. The in-laws. The cops versus the private detectives.

EMILY:

(SMILING) I'm not a private detective.

SAM:

You've got your first case.

EMILY:

Well lets hope it's a successful one.

SAM:

I don't know with this one. Once two days pass, the odds are he's not coming home. Out of curiosity, how many people did you respond to before Mike chose this case?

EMILY:

Erm, quite a few. But most of them were duds. I'm sure half of the calls are scams.

SAM:

Yeah wouldn't surprise me. So the one he picks is a missing child case.

EMILY:  
What's wrong?

SAM:  
No, nothing. It's alright.

He turns and walks out of the living room.

EMILY:  
(SUSPICIOUS) Sam?

She follows him into the kitchen.

EMILY:  
What is it?

He opens the fridge and grabs the juice carton.

SAM:  
Nothin.

He closes the fridge. She stands next to him.

EMILY:  
Sam, if there is something I need to know then...

SAM:  
Then you'll have to speak to Mike. I'm saying shit.

EMILY:  
I need to know what I'm getting myself into. Why's the child case a concern to you?

SAM:  
It's not okay. Listen I'm not saying anything because I like my teeth where they are.

EMILY:  
What?

SAM:  
I'm just sayin Mike is one guy I don't wanna get on the wrong side of... even if I am a cop.

**INT. APARTMENT - MORNING**

A man sits on a wooden chair, it faces the door in the kitchen. He is in his mid-50s, with short dark grey hair. He has a slightly chubby frame. MICHAEL stands in-front of him. He slaps him across the top of his head.

MICHAEL:  
Come on Harvey, tell me where he is!

He slaps him again.

MICHAEL:  
Come on!

HARVEY:  
Go fuck your mother!

MICHAEL:  
That's impossible! Do you know how perverted that sounds?!  
Come on, you can do better than that!

He slaps him again.

HARVEY:  
Light your ass on fire and sit on a toilet seat!

MICHAEL starts to laugh. He raises his hand.

MICHAEL:  
(LAUGHING) Okay, that's better.

The sound of heavy footsteps, rush up the stairs inside the building. MICHAEL loses his smile.

MICHAEL:  
Tell me Harv!

Two large men in their early thirties burst through Harvey's door. One has short buzz cut hair, the other is completely bald. They wear tracksuit jackets and blue jeans. They shut the door behind them.

MICHAEL reaches with his right hand under his jacket, turns around to them. He grabs a handgun from his back, points it at them. They stand cautiously. They look at him. One of them attempts to reach his gun. MICHAEL calmly looks at them.

MICHAEL:  
I wouldn't do that if I was you.

MICHAEL reaches with his left hand. He pulls another gun, exactly the same from his back. He points both guns at the men. They keep their hands by their sides. MICHAEL speaks to them with confidence that borders on cockiness.

THUG 1:  
Who the fuck are you?

MICHAEL:  
Who the fuck are you?

THUG 1:  
I asked first.

MICHAEL:  
I've got two guns.

THUG 1:  
My name's Fred, this is Tyson.

MICHAEL:  
Alright, what do you want?

FRED:  
(POINTS AT HARVEY) This man owes us money.

MICHAEL:  
(TURNS BACK TO HARVEY) Snap.

HARVEY:  
Hey, you guys can all suck a monkey off bursting into my place  
like this!

MICHAEL looks back at the men.

FRED:  
You're a dead man if you don't!

MICHAEL:  
Alright here's what we're gonna do because I'm not in the mood  
to be wiping blood off the floor. I need to be somewhere in  
thirties minutes.

FRED:  
So lets hear it.

MICHAEL:  
How much does he owe you?

TYSON:  
Two hundred.

MICHAEL turns to HARVEY with a bemused expression, looks back  
at them.

MICHAEL:  
Seriously? Two hundred bucks? You're gonna come in here with  
guns for two hundred..

He starts to laugh at them.

FRED:  
It's a matter a principle.

MICHAEL:  
Okay, principle.

He puts the gun he holds in his right hand onto the side. He then reaches into his front jean pocket and pulls out some dollar bills. He starts to count it.

MICHAEL:  
Okay.

He walks over to them and gives FRED the notes.

MICHAEL:  
There's around two hundred there. Wanna check?

FRED:  
No, we're square. (POINTS AT HARVEY) But you! Don't let us see your name on that list again or you won't see another day.

They turn and open the door.

MICHAEL:  
Can I suggest something to you Fred?

FRED turns back.

FRED:  
Yeah?

MICHAEL:  
Change your name...

MICHAEL starts to laugh.

MICHAEL (CONTN'D):  
It's not the most intimidating is it?

FRED:  
(SARCASTIC) Ha ha, comedian.

They turn back and start to walk.

MICHAEL:  
Okay boys, enjoy the concert.

FRED:  
Fuck you!

MICHAEL shuts the door. He turns around to HARVEY smiling.  
HARVEY breathes a sigh of relief.

HARVEY:  
Jesus Mike, I forget how crazy you are sometimes.

MICHAEL:  
One of these days I'm gonna have to actually kick your ass you  
know.

HARVEY:  
(SMILING)Woah, lets not get ahead of ourselves.

He stands up. MICHAEL walks over and picks up his other gun.

HARVEY:  
What do you need two guns for anyway?

He points both guns at the wall, smirking.

MICHAEL:  
Makes me look cool.

HARVEY:  
Well at least you think that.

MICHAEL:  
Maybe I should turn them sideways next time.

HARVEY:  
And then you'll look like I always thought you were, a true  
fag.

MICHAEL puts the guns back under his jacket, tucks them into  
his jeans. He reaches inside of his jacket. He pulls out a  
packet of cigarettes along with his lighter. HARVEY feels his  
head.

HARVEY:  
But next time, don't go so hard. I get headaches.

MICHAEL:  
That's not the only ache you'll get if you're not careful.

He puts his hand down. MICHAEL glares at him, but with a  
smirk.

MICHAEL:  
Careful.

HARVEY:  
Come on?

MICHAEL:  
I'm serious?

HARVEY:  
Hey this is what my life is. You shoot people and people wanna shoot at me.

MICHAEL:  
For good reason too. I might not always be here to bail you out. I might walk through that door one day and find your head in the kitchen sink and your body in the bathroom.

He takes out a cigarette from the packet. He tips the packet towards HARVEY.

HARVEY:  
No, cutting back.

MICHAEL:  
Since when?

MICHAEL puts the packet back into his jacket.

HARVEY:  
Since my last visit to the docs.

MICHAEL lights the cigarette and puts the lighter back. He takes a drag.

HARVEY:  
What you up to today?

He breathes in then blows out the smoke.

MICHAEL:  
Got a case.

HARVEY:  
Good. Anything I've heard of?

MICHAEL:  
No just local one.

HARVEY:  
What age?

MICHAEL:  
Eight.

HARVEY:  
Be careful Michael.

MICHAEL:  
What?

HARVEY:  
If you can't find..

MICHAEL:  
No, we'll find him. He's just run away from home. He'll come back.

HARVEY:  
Who's we anyway?

MICHAEL:  
Got some help. Sam Colligan's sister-in-law.

HARVEY:  
Yeah? What's her name then?

MICHAEL:  
Emily. Bright kid, got potential.

HARVEY:  
In the, professional prospects though.

MICHAEL:  
Oh yeah.

They smile at each other.

MICHAEL:  
So, business? What have you got for me?

HARVEY:  
A big one... very big. Only you will do it.

MICHAEL:  
Why's that?

HARVEY:  
Because you're out of your fuckin mind Mike.

MICHAEL:  
What's the name?

**INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING**

A large man in his late forties stands in-front of a white van. He stands with two men. Both in their thirties. They have European qualities. The back doors are open. A stack of white packets are sat in the back of the van. They talk.

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):

Chrikan Paluchenko, drug tycoon. Imports cocaine into the country from Europe. The business is air tight, but there's one problem.

MICHAEL (VOICE OVER):

What's that?

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):

Paluchenko. He's been slipping too much money into his pocket. His partners are a little upset about it.

PALUCHENKO gives the men some notes. They take them. One of them shuts the van doors. PALUCHENKO walks away.

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):

They want him dead, but won't get their hands dirty. They want an idiot to do it for them. That's you.

The men walk to the front of the van and get in.

MICHAEL (VOICE OVER):

When do they want it done?

**INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING**

PALUCHENKO sits at a table for two with his wife. She is around the same age, with long blonde hair and a curvaceous physique. The restaurant is very busy.

PALUCHENKO is sat at the table in the corner eating steak along with his wife. He wears a smart suit, she a fancy dress. A bottle of champagne sits in the middle of the table, glasses in-front of them.

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):

Thursday night he goes to the same restaurant with his wife Olegra.

MICHAEL (VOICE OVER):

Must be good.

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):

His brother owns it.

MICHAEL (VOICE OVER):  
Every Thursday?

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):  
Call it a marriage revival. You know how couples do date  
night.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - EVENING**

PALUCHENKO and OLEGRA exit the restaurant. They stand with his brother. He looks similar only slimmer. He shakes hands. His brother kisses Olegra on the cheek. Their car, a navy blue Bentley is parked directly in-front of them.

MICHAEL (VOICE OVER):  
So how do you want me to do it? I don't exactly wanna kill him  
in-front of his wife and I don't kill women.

PALUCHENKO opens the passenger door for his wife. She gets into the car.

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):  
After their cosy meal together, Olegra goes home..

PALUCHENKO walks over to the driver's side. His brother waves him goodbye.

HARVEY (CONTN'D):  
But Chrikan meets up with his partners.

**INT. NIGHT CLUB - LATE EVENING**

PALUCHENKO sits down at a table at the far end of the club passed the dance floor. He sits with five other men that wear smart suits also. A bottle of champagne in ice is sat in the middle of the table. They each have a glass, talk to one another. PALUCHENKO is doing the most.

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):  
The agreement was that everything was split across the board equally, but because he thought up certain ideas, he thinks he has full control. Lining his pocket with notes that belong to his associates, he now has a death mark over his head.

MICHAEL (VOICE OVER):  
If he's the brains then how are they gonna keep their  
operation under wraps from cops?

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):  
They probably won't, but that's not our fucking problem.

The men pretend to laugh at PALUCHENKO'S jokes. Inside they snigger in anger.

**EXT. NIGHT CLUB - LATE EVENING**

PALUCHENKO leaves the club. He acknowledges the security guards as he passes them.

HARVEY (VOICE OVER):

They want him dead as soon as he leaves the club. They want it to look accidental. Drink driver loses control of his car. They hold a loving funeral for him, celebrate his memory and carry on with their business.

**INT. HARVEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

MICHAEL and HARVEY stand in the kitchen. MICHAEL puts out his cigarette in the sink.

MICHAEL:  
So, how much?

He puts the bud into the trash can at the side. He looks back at HARVEY.

HARVEY:  
Twenty grand before, fifty when it's done. You say yes, they'll give me the money for you for tomorrow and you do what you do.

MICHAEL:  
Thursday night's cutting it a bit short, plus I've got this case.

HARVEY:  
It's seventy grand Mike.

MICHAEL:  
I can, fuckin count Harv.

HARVEY:  
Yes or no? That's all I need to hear from you.

MICHAEL:  
Alright I'll do it.

HARVEY:  
Great, come buy the shop first thing in the morning. I'll have the money ready for you.

MICHAEL:

(JOKING) Yeah well, it best all be there or else I'm breakin your fingers.

HARVEY:

(SMILING) You're breakin my balls with this insinuation Mike. I can keep my hands to myself you know. Come by, around eight.

MICHAEL:

Alright.

MICHAEL looks down, checks his watch.

MICHAEL:

Right, I better get goin. Tomorrow.

He turns and walks towards the door.

**EXT. RESERVIOR - MID MORNING**

The area at the top has been cautioned off. A couple of police cars are parked on the gravel in-front of the water. An ambulance is parked next to them. A boat is in the water. A couple of divers are stood on the boat ready to go into the water.

MICHAEL drives up and parks his car at the side of the road. He and EMILY get out of the car. They shut the doors and walk over towards the tape.

SAM, standing with a few officers turns around and walks over to them. He lifts up the tape.

SAM:

Hey.

They walk under the tape.

MICHAEL:

Ready to go?

SAM:

Yeah the divers are about to go in.

They walk passed the cars towards the water. ALEX and STACEY are stood in-front next to each other. They look back at MICHAEL. He nods at them.

A car parks behind MICHAEL'S. The door opens and JIM gets out. He shuts the door and walks over to the tape. OFFICER TEVEZ sees him and walks over.

OFFICER TEVEZ:  
Sir, this area is off limits.

JIM:  
I know who you are looking for today..

MICHAEL turns and sees JIM. He walks over. JIM looks over at him, raises his hand.

JIM:  
Michael?

MICHAEL approaches, he looks at the officer. JIM puts his hand down, anxious.

MICHAEL:  
It's okay. It's the kid's grandfather.

OFFICER TEVEZ:  
(LOOKS AT MICHAEL) You know this man?

MICHAEL:  
Yeah he's the guy who hired us.

OFFICER TEVEZ:  
Okay. (LOOKS AT JIM) But you need to stand where we tell you  
sir.

JIM:  
Yeah.

He lifts the tape. JIM walks under. He walks towards the water with MICHAEL.

MICHAEL:  
You shouldn't be here Jim?

JIM:  
I need to see him with my own eyes when they find him.

OFFICER TEVEZ walks back towards them.

**EXT. RESERVIOR - LATER**

ALEX, STACEY and JIM stand together. They look at the reservoir. ALEX has his arm around his wife. There's a small distance between JIM and them.

JIM:  
If you did anything, you need to say it..

He turns to ALEX.

JIM (CONTN'D):  
Before it's too late.

ALEX:  
I didn't even see him. Don't start with me old man.

JIM:  
I know you did something.

STACEY:  
Jim, don't...

He walks away.

**EXT. RESERVIOR - EARLY AFTERNOON**

SAM and OFFICER TEVEZ stand with DETECTIVE ROBERT BAINES. He's in his early forties, tall in stature with a balding hairline. He wears a dark blue suit.

BAINES:  
Alright we're gonna call it in an hour before it gets dark.

A couple of cyclists stop where the tape is. They look over. BAINES looks back and sees them.

BAINES:  
Hey Tevez, get rid of them.

TEVEZ walks over to them. MICHAEL and EMILY approach SAM.

MICHAEL:  
Looking good.

BAINES:  
Looking good, how's that? A little boy's missing.

MICHAEL:  
Better missing than dragged out of a lake.

SAM:  
Detective Baines this is Michael Bloomfeld. He's been hired to help with the case.

BAINES and MICHAEL shake hands.

BAINES:  
Hired, by who?

MICHAEL:  
Thomas' grandfather.

BAINES:  
That senile old man over there.

MICHAEL:  
That's right.

They let go of each other's hand. They look at each other with cool, confident expressions.

BAINES:  
Tell you what. We'll just stay out of each other's way. So we don't butt heads.

MICHAEL:  
Good idea.

BAINES walks away towards one of the patrol cars and gets on the radio. SAM turns to MICHAEL.

SAM:  
Told you cops hate investigative reporters hanging around.

MICHAEL:  
We're paid for the case. And we're gonna do a better job at finding the boy than him.

SAM:  
He's in charge here Mike.

MICHAEL:  
Doesn't worry me.

SAM:  
Nothin does.

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING**

The sky is dark. ALEX and STACEY walk into the house, JIM follows them.

ALEX:  
Don't worry hun. We know he's still out there. They'll find him.

BAINES, SAM and TEVEZ stand with MICHAEL and EMILY on the sidewalk.

BAINES:

You don't mind if we ask the parents some more questions do ya?

MICHAEL:

No, enjoy yourself.

BAINES:

You can wait in your toy car, where it's warm.

He smirks at BAINES. They turn and walk towards the house.

EMILY:

Wow, I can feel all the testosterone in the air.

MICHAEL:

Yep.

They enter the house. The door shuts. MICHAEL reaches into his pocket. He pulls out his packet of smokes. He lifts the lid, pulls out a cigarette. He puts the packet back in, the cigarette into his mouth.

EMILY:

How many do you have, roughly?

MICHAEL:

Erm, eighty.

EMILY:

A day?

He takes the cigarette out.

MICHAEL:

What, no. I'd have to have one in my mouth every time the other ran out of one.

EMILY:

Sorry.

MICHAEL:

Don't smoke at home, go outside if I do. I'll have the house smelling of smoke.

She smiles in disbelief. A man walks up the street towards them. He holds a brown paper bag. He has a bottle of beer in his hand. He takes a swig of it. He looks at them, stops. He wears a dirty tracksuit. He is in his early thirties.

BEER MAN:  
Hey, you guys looking for Alex's kid?

MICHAEL:  
Yeah.

BEER MAN:  
Sorry...

He puts down the paper bag and reaches his hand out to MICHAEL.

BEER MAN:  
James Skid.

They shake hands.

MICHAEL:  
Mike Bloomfeld.

He shakes EMILY'S hand, smiling at her. MICHAEL pulls out his lighter.

JAMES:  
And you are gorgeous?

EMILY:  
Emily Dawson.

They let go. MICHAEL lights up his smoke. Puts the lighter back and takes a drag.

JAMES:  
I might have something useful information for you two if you know what I mean.

Blows out the smoke.

MICHAEL:  
Well it's usually what it means.

EMILY:  
You know Thomas' father?

JAMES:  
Alex, yeah. We drink together at the bar a few blocks away. You know it, Morgans? The Irish bar?

MICHAEL:  
Yeah sure.

JAMES:

Real nice in there, as long as people pay for drinks. Couldn't be doin goin in there tonight. Owe the owner for breaking a table with some guy's head. Don't cross the Irish. Especially when they've have a few cider an blacks in them.

They stand, looking at him.

JAMES (CONTN'D):

Oh sorry, I'm getting off point. My mind's... Well err, the night his boy Tim..

MICHAEL:

Thomas.

JAMES:

Thomas, right.

He shakes his head then finishes the bottle.

JAMES:

Hey, you want one?

MICHAEL:

No thanks.

JAMES:

The night, Thomas went missin I saw Alex in there, at Morgans.

MICHAEL:

You sure it was Sunday?

JAMES:

Was it Sunday he went missin?

MICHAEL:

Yeah.

JAMES:

Yeah I was in there Sunday. I remember because my ma came over and cooked me dinner and told me to take my cousin out for a drink.

EMILY:

What time was this?

JAMES:

What time was... did I see Alex?

EMILY:

Yeah.

JAMES:

Yeah, I guess it was around after seven. But he didn't stop long. He just came in and pounded a few shots of whisky, Morgan told me. We didn't speak but I saw him. I'm good with faces, just not with numbers or dates... anything.

MICHAEL:

Right so how come you haven't told the police about this?

JAMES:

What, the feds? Na, haven't spoken to them since the last time. Fuckin fuckers. I've slept since then as well. I'd rather speak to someone I trust.

MICHAEL:

(REACHING OUT HIS HAND) Well thanks James.

They shake.

JAMES:

James. Yeah.

They let go.

JAMES:

Okay I best be goin.

He walks up the street. MICHAEL and EMILY look at each other.

MICHAEL:

Well...

JAMES walks back smiling at them.

JAMES:

Donut, forgot my beers.

He picks the bag off the floor. He walks away.

MICHAEL:

Neighbour across the street says Thomas came home at seven. Alex then goes for a few shots then comes home before Stacey does after her shift.

EMILY:

We have to tell Sam.

MICHAEL:

Why? We've got ground to investigate Alex. I know he's done something to make Thomas run away. Went away to clear his head and figure a story out for Stacey and the police.

EMILY:

That's if he did. Should we definitely take the word of James?  
I mean, he looks a mess. He couldn't even wait till he got  
home to crack open his drinks.

MICHAEL:

He has no reason to lie.

EMILY:

He's a man.

He turns to her smiling. He nudges her arm.

MICHAEL:

Aww, touched a nerve there.

EMILY:

(SMILING) Shut up.

MICHAEL:

Come on.

He walks around to his car.

EMILY:

Where we going?

MICHAEL:

To the bar. Ask the owner.

EMILY:

What about our turn?

MICHAEL:

We'll get it later. They're only gonna tell us the same as  
they tell them. Come on.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING**

BAINES, SAM and TEVEZ stand in the living room. ALEX and  
STACEY sit next to each other on the couch. JIM sits on the  
chair opposite. ALEX quickly stands, angrily points at JIM.

ALEX:

You shut the fuck up! Get the fuck out of my house!

BAINES:

Alright! Everybody calm down. Mr Rining, sit down please.

He sits back down.

BAINES:

Lets run through this one more time. Thomas came back at seven...

ALEX:

No that is incorrect. I was in all day and he didn't come back. (LOOKS AT JIM) For all we know Thomas could have went to his and got sent away.

JIM:

How many times did I have to bring him back here you little shit?! In streams of tears seven times. Pained me every time, bringing him back to this house. You did this all on your own Alex. You're worthless.

ALEX looks back at BAINES.

ALEX:

This is all I have to put up with. Bein called a terrible father all the time. He's no saint Patrick himself. Judgemental old fuck.

BAINES:

Mr Rining I'm gonna ask you to tone down the language okay.

ALEX:

Okay I'm sorry.

BAINES:

We need to get the facts together. Your son has been missing for almost three days now.

ALEX:

I know.

BAINES stands, he thinks. He looks back at ALEX and STACEY.

BAINES:

Mrs Rining, did Thomas ever want to meet you after work at the weekends because you work so close? He could have been taken on the way there?

STACEY:

No, he never met me. I always tell him to be home by seven. He usually is.

BAINES:

We can't honestly determine where he went missing. There's security cameras all over town. Your boy's not been picked up on any. No calls been made from child services saying a child's been found. No word at the homeless shelter up town.

STACEY:  
He's gone, isn't he?

BAINES:  
It's not looking promising.

STACEY eyes fill with tears. She stands and walks out towards the kitchen.

BAINES:  
I'm goin to have men back in those woods and on the streets looking. That's all we can do at this stage.

ALEX:  
Thank you.

**INT. MORGANS BAR - EVENING**

The bar is reasonably quiet for a weeknight. The atmosphere is low. There's a jukebox near the bar, it hasn't been turned on.

Two men play pool in the corner. A couple of men stand at the bar with their drinks. MICHAEL and EMILY walk in and look around.

EMILY:  
It's dead.

MICHAEL:  
Hopefully he's in.

They walk over to the bar. A woman in her early forties is stood behind the bar, drying glasses. She has brown hair, curled and big earrings. They approach her.

MICHAEL:  
Excuse me.

She puts down the glass she's holding and walks to him. She smiles.

WOMAN:  
What can I get you?

She speaks in an Irish accent.

MICHAEL:  
We're looking for a man named Morgan.

He smiles at her, points towards the sign above the door.

WOMAN:  
Never heard of him.

MICHAEL puts down his hand, in confusion.

WOMAN:  
What you may be looking for is a woman named Natalie Morgan.  
And that's me.

MICHAEL:  
Oh, sorry. So you own this bar?

NATALIE:  
Yeah that's right love.

A drunken old man in his seventies walks over from his table.  
He stands at the end of the bar.

DRUNKEN MAN:  
Another one Nat.

She shouts down to him.

NATALIE:  
Be with you in a sec Steven!

NATALIE looks back at MICHAEL.

NATALIE:  
Just wait there hun. Another and he'll be fast asleep.

MICHAEL:  
Okay.

She walks towards STEVEN.

**INT. MORGANS BAR - EVENING**

MICHAEL and EMILY stand at the bar, they talk to NATALIE. A few more people are in the bar. A female bartender is stood at the other side of the bar, she serves customers.

NATALIE:  
Yeah he came in. I asked him what was wrong with him. He looked like his mum died.

MICHAEL:  
What did he say?

NATALIE:

Usual... nothin. He does it all the time. Come's in from home  
and necks Jack.

EMILY:

Sunday was the day his son, Thomas went missing.

MICHAEL:

You know that?

NATALIE:

Yeah.

She points her hand back. A picture of THOMAS is sat under the  
bottles on the wall. They look at it. She looks back at them.

NATALIE:

We all do.

MICHAEL:

So no one's seen him at all.

NATALIE:

Not a soul. That little boy has vanished, it seems like.

EMILY:

Don't you think it's a bit weird that Thomas' father came in  
here drinking the same night that his son went missing?

NATALIE:

Well sounds like it, but to everyone else it was just a  
Sunday. You see almost the same faces in here Sundays. The way  
I see it Alex went home and found that his son wasn't home  
yet. Either way, it's bad parenting and that what he is. I  
like the fella, but he's a proper shitty dad.

STEVEN stumbles over with an empty glass.

STEVEN:

Nat?!

She looks at him.

NATALIE:

Bloody hell, are you still awake?! Pushing it tonight aren't  
you?

STEVEN:

Someone has too. (LOOKS AROUND) None of these morbid fuckers  
will.

NATALIE:  
Same again?

STEVEN:  
(LOOKS AT HER) Yeah.

NATALIE:  
Just half though yeah? I'm not finding you under a table after  
lock-up again.

She looks back at them.

NATALIE:  
Ere loves, you can't come to my bar and not have a drink in  
your hands. Sit down and I'll bring ya some over.

MICHAEL:  
We'll have one then thanks.

NATALIE:  
What ya havin?

MICHAEL:  
Erm just two beers..

EMILY:  
Vodka and orange actually.

MICHAEL:  
Beer, vodka and orange then.

NATALIE:  
(SMILING) Right you are then.

**INT. MORGANS BAR - LATER**

MICHAEL and EMILY sit down opposite each other at a table in  
the corner. The jukebox is on, it plays pop. They are half way  
through their drinks. They laugh, in good spirits.

EMILY:  
So what's the hardest case you've had?

MICHAEL:  
No, we're not doin that.

EMILY:  
Why not?

MICHAEL:

Because it will only piss me off talkin about it. Not every case is a successful one.

EMILY:

Okay.

MICHAEL:

But I will tell you the easiest one I've ever had.

She leans forward excited.

EMILY:

Great.

He takes a drink of his beer, puts the bottle back down on the table.

MICHAEL:

And I hope you don't get one like it because I want the record for quickest missing ever solved. Right so I got a call, from this woman. I went down and she was all over the place. She was worried sick. She sent her son to the store so he could get some candy. Nine hours go by and she hasn't seen him. Thinks all sorts could have happened to him. I come down and I ask to see his room and guess where he is...

EMILY:

In his...

MICHAEL:

In his room playing video games all day.

She laughs.

EMILY:

No way.

MICHAEL:

The kid got the new COD game the day before and made it his mission to complete it in one day. He didn't come out for nothing. God knows how he took a piss, didn't need to come down for food because she gave him money for food. He's fine upstairs with a box of Twinkies or something.

EMILY:

So how did he get by her without her noticing?

MICHAEL:

She's like me, she won't smoke in her house. In the two minutes it took for her to have a smoke, the kid came in and went straight to his bedroom.

EMILY shakes her head in disbelief. She smiles.

EMILY:

Oh, wait. How'd she not hear his TV?

MICHAEL:

(LAUGHING) Headphones plugged in.

EMILY:

No.

MICHAEL:

She literally couldn't hear a thing. After that she wanted to pay me. I said, 'I've been here five minutes. What could you possibly give me'?

EMILY:

If they were all like that, you wouldn't have anything.

MICHAEL:

Yeah. But it's a good feeling when a parent knows that their kids okay.

He looks at his bottle.

MICHAEL:

Yeah. (LOOKS BACK UP) Right...

He finishes the bottle and stands.

MICHAEL:

Just goin to the bathroom, then we're outta here.

EMILY:

Okay.

He puts the bottle on the table and walks away. She looks over at him then picks up her glass.

**INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - EVENING**

MICHAEL drives his car. EMILY sits in the passenger seat. He has his window wide open. MICHAEL'S eyes are glazed over with a slight intense expression that she feels from him.

EMILY:  
You like kids Michael?

MICHAEL:  
Bit of a random question.

EMILY:  
Probably helps in cases like this.

MICHAEL:  
Wouldn't matter. You have to see it like a number. You have all these millions of numbers in they're not in order. It could be the number 37 you're trying find. It could take day, it could takes months or years for all you know. Anything could lead you to them, anything can lead you anyway from them. You just roll your dice and hope your number comes up. But yeah... I like em.

EMILY:  
What are you gonna say?

MICHAEL:  
What needs to be said.

There's a momentary silence between them.

MICHAEL:  
Where the fuck is this kid Emily?

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EVENING**

MICHAEL and EMILY walk towards the living room. ALEX is in-front of them. STACEY sits on the couch, JIM stands by the chair.

MICHAEL:  
You fuckin lied to us Mr Rining.

ALEX turns around, EMILY looks at MICHAEL in surprise of his tone.

ALEX:  
What, about what?

He walks closer to ALEX.

MICHAEL:  
You went for a drink the night Thomas went missing.

JIM:  
What?

STACEY:  
Alex, is that true?

MICHAEL:  
You lied to us, and lied to the police which can get you into trouble. But, the police isn't my concern. In all honesty I don't think they have shown me or my partner the proper respect in our ability to help you. Lying isn't good for you and more importantly, it's not good for your son.

STACEY:  
Alex? Alex?! Look at me!

He turns around to her. She stands and walks closer to him.

STACEY:  
Did you?

ALEX:  
Yes... Yes I did.

She slaps him across his cheeks.

STACEY:  
You can lie to everyone else, but never me!

She walks out of the room, up the stairs. ALEX turns back to them.

JIM:  
Well I hope you had a few laughs at the bar whilst God knows what was happening to Thomas.

ALEX:  
What are you still doin here? You should have left with those cops.

JIM:  
I'm not goin anywhere.

ALEX:  
(LOOKS AT MICHAEL) How did you know?

EMILY:  
Your pal James told us outside. Owner confirmed it.

MICHAEL:  
What else have you lied about Alex?

ALEX:

What, nothin. I went for a few drinks that's all. Where's the crime in that?

MICHAEL:

There's a crime in lying to federal officers. Thomas did come home like Curtis across the street said didn't he?

ALEX:

(ANGRY) Now he is just trying to cause some shit. I didn't see him after six!

MICHAEL smiles in anger at him.

MICHAEL:

The time's keep on changing don't they? I'll remind you of all the times shall I, so everyone knows. Quarter past seven you enter Morgans. Eight o'clock you leave. Half past eight your wife comes homes. Quarter to nine, you yourself call the police.

ALEX:

So what happened then? Go on. You're the private detective. Tell me what happened to my son?

MICHAEL:

Seven o'clock...

ALEX rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL (CONTN'D):

Thomas comes home like Curtis said. He's not in here five minutes before you start on him. You got into a fight and you hit him. You might of never have done that before and you may have felt sorry about it straight after, but Thomas is so scared that he runs away. He doesn't even run to his loving grandfather... he just runs as far from here as he can. That is exactly what happened isn't it?

ALEX:

You can't prove that. No one can.

MICHAEL:

There's two things I can stand. Violence against women and cruelty to children. If you are either of those things I'm gonna make sure you take the fall for this if Thomas is never found again.

MICHAEL glares at ALEX with an intense expression, close to him.

ALEX:  
You can all get out of my house.

EMILY:  
Michael, come on.

MICHAEL:  
Don't worry, I'm goin.

MICHAEL turns and walks towards the door. ALEX looks over at JIM.

ALEX:  
You as well old man, get goin.

JIM shakes his head at him.

JIM:  
If he doesn't, I will.

ALEX:  
We'll see.

JIM walks out the living room. MICHAEL opens the front door. He walks out, EMILY follows then JIM. The door shuts behind them. ALEX stands then looks upstairs.

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EVENING**

EMILY and JIM stand by MICHAEL'S car. MICHAEL leans at the side of the bonnet. He has a cigarette in his mouth, he lights it. His hands shake. He has an annoyed expression on his face. He puts the lighter in his inside pocket.

JIM:  
What now?

She sees his hands. He takes a deep drag. He breathes in hard then blows out the smoke.

EMILY:  
You okay?

MICHAEL:  
I'm fine.

EMILY:  
I thought you were goin to do somethin...

MICHAEL:  
He's lucky I didn't. Like he said, I have to prove that's what happened.

JIM:  
I feel so helpless. I should be out looking for him.

MICHAEL:  
If the cops in the state are looking for him, you won't be much use Jim, honestly.

JIM:  
I've spent a lot of money..

MICHAEL:  
Don't worry about the fuckin money.

MICHAEL stands up straight, angry. He walks towards the front of the car. EMILY puts her arm on JIM'S shoulder.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EVENING**

ALEX stands in-front of the closed bathroom door. He knocks once.

ALEX:  
Come on Stacey. I had a couple of drinks so what?

STACEY:  
(CRYING)Well go and have some more then! And leave me alone!

He turns around, leans his back on the door.

STACEY:  
I miss my Tommy. It's like you don't even care.

ALEX:  
Care? (TURNS BACK)He's my son!! How can I not care?! Don't fuckin say that!

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EVENING**

MICHAEL stands in-front of his car. He looks down at the ground in thought. EMILY stands with JIM at the side. MICHAEL turns back, he looks at JIM.

MICHAEL:  
Listen I'm sorry Jim. I just wanna find him as much as you do okay. It's not about the money.. it's about a little boy treated like shit by, him.

He walks over.

MICHAEL:

All hope isn't gone. Thomas' name has been in the local papers and ads. Tomorrow it'll go national. Someone is bound to have seen a little boy on his own.

JIM:

If he's a little boy how far could he have gotten?

MICHAEL:

Never underestimate the resourcefulness of a child. When I...

He stops.

MICHAEL:

(LOOKS AT EMILY) Did they check the rails?

EMILY:

I don't know. The last train on a Sunday wouldn't have been late. Are you saying he could have gotten on a train?

MICHAEL:

It's possible. There aren't a lot of possibilities left. If he didn't get one Sunday, what about the next day, or Tuesday?

EMILY:

Michael...

MICHAEL:

Talk to Sam tonight. See if he can get all the passenger records for the last five days and the security footage.

She stares at him.

MICHAEL:

It's the only thing left Emily.

EMILY:

Okay. I'll ask him.

MICHAEL:

Thank you.

#### **INT. SAM'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING**

SAM and KIM sit in the living room watching T.V. He has his arm around her shoulder. The front door shuts. EMILY walks in. Their eyes glue to the screen.

EMILY:

Hey.

SAM:

Hey.

KIM:

Hey babe. How was your day?

EMILY:

Terrible. Sam?

SAM:

Yeah?

EMILY:

I need a word.

SAM:

Okay.

She stands impatiently. A couple of seconds pass.

EMILY:

Sam? A word now.

SAM:

Okay.

He stands and turns to her.

SAM:

Can't watch T.V peace.

She walks towards the kitchen. He follows her in.

SAM:

What is it?

EMILY:

What's wrong with Michael?

SAM:

What do you mean, like is he retarded or something?

EMILY:

I literally thought he was going to ram Alex Rining's head into the wall tonight.

SAM:

You went back to the house? We thought you skipped.

EMILY:

We found out some new information.

SAM:

Care to tell me?

EMILY:

He went to a bar, Alex. On the night. Michael as does his father thinks he's...

SAM:

Alex and his father don't get on, at all.

EMILY:

I think he's done something. But Michael's scaring me. He's becoming a little too into the case.

SAM:

He's a private investigator Emily.

EMILY:

I know what he is. I've been workin with him nearly two weeks. He struck me as a guy who took things lightly, maybe a little too much and when we first started this case he still was. Tonight he became emotionally involved.

SAM leans on the table. He exhales.

EMILY:

What is it Sam? Has Michael got a past?

SAM:

Everyone's got a past. (STANDS STRAIGHT) It's just what he does, if the case isn't goin well. I don't know how they're gonna find this kid. I have no idea.

EMILY:

Michael wants you to check the rails. Any information for the past five days.

SAM:

A train? Could be a possibility. I'll talk to Baines in the morning. It's supposed to be my day off you know.

EMILY:

Please Sam. His stepmom is sick with worry.

SAM:

The father isn't?

EMILY:  
I don't know.

SAM:  
Okay. I'll sort it.

EMILY:  
Thanks.

SAM:  
Can I go back to my wife and HBO now?

EMILY:  
Yes. Go right ahead.

He walks towards the kitchen door. He stops next to her.

SAM:  
If this is the only job you do with Mike, he'll understand.  
It's not easy doin what he does.

EMILY:  
I know.

He puts his hand on her arm. He walks away back to the living room. EMILY stands still, tired.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - MORNING**

ALEX sleeps on the couch. He wears a plain t-shirt and boxers shorts. He opens his eyes and sits up. He turns, puts his feet on the floor.

**INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING**

DETECTIVE BAINES sits at one of the desks. Other officers are working at the computers. SAM stands at the side of him. He wears his own clothes, shirt and jeans. BAINES is on the telephone.

BAINES:  
Yeah hi. This is detective Robert Baines. I need any information on outgoing trains from last Sunday evening... I need passenger records, total numbers and access to security tapes within the station... Okay I'll be straight down with one.

He hangs up the phone.

**EXT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING**

A van drives to the front of the store. The back doors open. A man walks out carrying a stack of newspapers, tied up with string. He walks to the front door and plants the stack down on the ground. He walks away.

**INT. TRAIN STATION - MID MORNING**

DETECTIVE BAINES stands in the security office. A couple of officers are with him. He looks at the monitors. He talks with the guard who sits on a chair.

**INT. CAR BODYSHOP - MID MORNING**

MICHAEL walks into the store. HARVEY stands behind the desk. He sees MICHAEL and walks in-front. He raises his arms to him.

HARVEY:

Where the fuck have you been? I said first thing.

MICHAEL:

I know. I'm here aren't I?

He walks over.

HARVEY:

You okay?

MICHAEL:

Not really.

**EXT. CAR BODYSHOP - MID MORNING**

HARVEY and MICHAEL walk outside. A black car is parked in the yard. The windows are slightly tinted. A male in his late teens stands with a cigarette in his mouth.

HARVEY:

Watch the desk will ya kid.

He puts out the cigarette on the ground. He walks into the store. HARVEY gives MICHAEL a set of keys.

HARVEY:

There you go. Custom plates in case you get snapped. Car's not registered, at least not here.

MICHAEL:

Where's it from then?

HARVEY:  
I don't know. Canada, Mexico.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a brown envelope.

HARVEY:  
There you go.

MICHAEL takes it.

HARVEY:  
You okay? (SMILING) You look like you're about to kill somebody.

MICHAEL:  
I am, remember.

HARVEY:  
Remember the details, times?

MICHAEL:  
I'd be fucked if I didn't. Is that all Harvey?

HARVEY:  
Not it's not. I can tell something's up. You can't take on a job like this when there's somethin up. You wanna know why, because you might fuck it up.

MICHAEL:  
I'm not having much luck on this missing.

HARVEY:  
I told you to watch out. You know how deep you can get.

MICHAEL:  
It's gonna be over soon I think. I can just put it behind me.

HARVEY:  
Sorry I'd love to chat all day, but that kid's a fucking liability. He'll be trying sell em concert tickets instead of seat covers.

MICHAEL:  
When do I get the rest?

HARVEY:  
Tomorrow, if successful.

MICHAEL:  
Don't like waiting around do they?

HARVEY:

Nope. Maybe it's a European thing. See you later.

MICHAEL:

Yep.

He walks back into the store. MICHAEL walks towards the car.

**INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON**

DETECTIVE BAINES is standing in-front of other officers at the floor. A photo of THOMAS is up on the large screen.

BAINES:

There's a few tapes with different angles to go through okay. Look out for any child in the shot. Any, we don't wanna miss an opportunity to spot him. I'll remind everyone who don't know. Thomas Rining disappeared Sunday the eighteenth...

**INT. JIM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

JIM sits in the living room. The television is on. A soccer game is playing. THOMAS is on the pitch. He watches with an emotional expression. The doorbell rings.

JIM picks up the remote control that sits on the small table in-front of him. He presses pause. The pictures stills. He stands and walks towards the front door. He opens the door, EMILY stands there.

JIM:

Oh, hi darling.

EMILY:

Hi Jim. You okay?

JIM:

Yeah. Didn't expect to see you?

EMILY:

Michael's out somewhere. Thought I'd check up on you.

JIM:

Well, come in.

She steps into the house. He shuts the door, turns to her.

JIM:

Go through.

They walk into the living room. She sees the game on the T.V.

JIM:  
Just watching one of Thomas' games.

EMILY:  
Is he any good?

JIM:  
Good? Best on the team, well in my eyes he is. Can I get you anything?

EMILY:  
Oh, no thanks. Can I watch it with you?

JIM:  
Yeah.

They sit down next to each other on the couch. He picks the remote back up, he presses play.

JIM:  
I've been to every game. Want to know how many his father has been to?

EMILY:  
No but I can guess. What happened between you two that was so bad to make you guys blow up on each other all the time?

JIM:  
I guess you could have called me a strict parent. I only ever wanted my son to know discipline and right from wrong like every parent. From when he could talk, he always disobeyed me. He was a troublemaker. He once set one of his school room's on fire. I knew what kind of person he'd be. He's a simple waste and I blame myself.

EMILY:  
You can't Jim.

JIM:  
Blame the parents, isn't that what they say?

EMILY:  
Not always.

They continue to watch the game. The camera zooms on THOMAS. He runs with the ball down the wing. He passes to his teammate. The camera zooms out.

JIM:  
I'd do anything for that boy.

EMILY:  
I know you would.

JIM:  
Why didn't he just come to me?

**EXT. RESTAURANT - EVENING**

MICHAEL sits in the black car, parked across the street from the restaurant. He has a black cap on his head. He wears a plain black jacket. A cigarette lit in his hand, his window wined down. His arm rests outside.

CHRIKAN PALUCHENKO walks out with OLEGRA. He opens the door for his wife. She gets in. MICHAEL watches them. He flicks the cigarette to the ground. He starts up the car.

**EXT. NIGHT CLUB - LATE EVENING**

PALUCHENKO drives his car towards the back of the club where the parking lot is. MICHAEL waits at the sidewalk, his cap tipped down. He pulls a handgun with a silencer from the glove compartment. He shuts the compartment, rests the gun on his lap.

PALUCHENKO walks from the back, towards the front. MICHAEL slowly accelerates after him. A security sits on a stool at the door. A voice is heard shouting him. He stands and walks through the doors.

PALUCHENKO approaches the front doors. MICHAEL reaches the gun out of the window. He aims at his head. He shoots. The bullet fired into the back of PALUCHENKO'S head. He falls onto his knees, then face first to the ground. MICHAEL accelerates.

He turns at the next corner. The security guard walks back out. He sees CHRIKAN lying dead on the sidewalk. The car is out of sight. A small pool of blood circles his head. The guard runs back into the club.

**INT. CAR BODYSHOP - MORNING**

MICHAEL walks into the store. HARVEY stands in-front of the desk. He angrily glares at him.

HARVEY:  
In the back.

**EXT. CAR BODYSHOP - MORNING**

MICHAEL walks out to HARVEY. HARVEY turns to him.

HARVEY:

What happened to accidental Mike? What the hell is the matter with you? I shouldn't have let you do it. Not after seein you yesterday. No, I didn't trust my instincts.

MICHAEL:

(SMILING) You're instincts are basic Harv.

HARVEY:

You think this is funny? Accidental...

MICHAEL:

Did they give you the money?

HARVEY:

They gave me twenty five. They're pissed. It looks like someone capped off Chrikan Paluchenko. Now there's suspects. Where's the car?

MICHAEL:

What car?

HARVEY:

The car?!

MICHAEL:

What car?! I have no idea what the fuck you are talkin about.

HARVEY comes to realisation. He drops his head.

MICHAEL:

I thought you wouldn't catch on for a moment.

He lifts his head back up.

HARVEY:

Alright. Here.

He pulls out a brown envelope from his jacket pocket. He gives it to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL:

Thanks.

HARVEY:

Glad to see this perked you up.

MICHAEL:

Once less fucker off the planet does that to me. I mean, his coke could have been sold to kids.

He pulls bills from the envelope, he starts to count. He gives HARVEY around a third of the money.

HARVEY:  
What's this?

MICHAEL:  
For not doin it how they wanted.

HARVEY:  
I've already got my fee Mike.

MICHAEL:  
Now you've got extra okay.

HARVEY takes the money.

HARVEY:  
Okay, thanks.

MICHAEL:  
I have to go back to work.

HARVEY:  
Well good luck.

MICHAEL:  
Let me know if something else comes up. I promise not to change the plan this time.

HARVEY:  
Sure thing.

MICHAEL turns, walks back into the store. HARVEY looks at bills. He kisses it, smirking.

**INT. SAM'S HOUSE - MID MORNING**

EMILY walks from her room, down the stairs. KIM, in the living room sits on the couch. A cup of coffee in her hands. She wears her bath robe. SAM, in the kitchen wears his uniform.

**EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - MID MORNING**

MICHAEL'S car is parked outside the house. He shuts the door, walks over to the front door.

**INT. SAM'S HOUSE - MID MORNING**

EMILY walks towards the kitchen. The doorbell rings. She turns, walks to the door. She opens it. MICHAEL stands.

EMILY:  
Hey.

MICHAEL:  
Alright?

She moves aside, MICHAEL walks into the house. EMILY shuts the door. He walks passed the living room. He looks over at KIM.

MICHAEL:  
Morning Kimmy?

KIM:  
Hey Michael.

MICHAEL:  
Love your robe.

KIM:  
You should see what's underneath.

He smiles at her. He and EMILY walk into the kitchen. SAM, not wearing his shoes stands by the table. He adjusts his tie.

SAM:  
Hey man.

MICHAEL:  
What's the news?

SAM:  
They're still looking through the footage. Coming up to the last day. Baines has got em stringent on it so they don't miss an angle.

MICHAEL:  
Good.

SAM looks towards the back door. He turns back.

SAM:  
Kim, where's my shoes?!

KIM:  
Where you left them?!

SAM:  
Where's that?!

KIM:  
I don't know! Try your ass, there's room up there!

He exhales, looks back at MICHAEL.

SAM:

Mike don't promise to be in at seven and get home at half past. (SARCASTIC) That way you miss the previews at the movies everyone seems to love.

He walks out of the kitchen.

MICHAEL:

Glad I live alone.

MICHAEL turns, EMILY looks at him.

EMILY:

Hardly saw you yesterday.

MICHAEL:

Yeah... I had to take care of something.

EMILY:

Are you okay?

He smiles at her.

MICHAEL:

Yeah, I'm fine.

EMILY:

The rails is the last bet on hiding him, isn't it?

MICHAEL:

It looks that way yeah. I don't think there's any other way. Well there is, but it's what's plausible that matters.

EMILY:

What are we doin today then?

MICHAEL:

Waitin. That's all we can do. Come on, I'll buy you some breakfast.

He walks out of the kitchen.

#### **INT. POLICE STATION - NOON**

DETECTIVE BAINES is in one of the offices at the floor. He sits at the desk in-front of the monitor. He looks at security footage within the train station.

**INT. POLICE STATION - NOON**

OFFICER GINA SUMMERS sits at her desk. She looks at the train station security footage. She watches one of the trains on the track. A small boy enters the screen. He stands alone. He's around the same height as THOMAS. She leans forward.

OFFICER SUMMERS:  
Sir?

SAM walks passed, he sees the screen.

SAM:  
What is it?

He leans over.

OFFICER SUMMERS:  
I might have a match.

SAM:  
Zoom in on it.

She clicks on the screen. The angle pans closer on the boy. The picture isn't clear.

OFFICER SUMMERS:  
Wait.

She clicks on. The picture enhances.

OFFICER SUMMERS:  
What do you think?

SAM:  
I don't know. Hold on I'll grab the photo.

He walks up the floor.

**EXT. DINER - NOON**

MICHAEL stands by his car, a cigarette lit in his mouth. EMILY sits in the passenger seat. Her window is tinted down. He leans on the same side. His phone rings. He pulls the phone from his jean pocket. He answers, takes the cigarette from his mouth.

MICHAEL:  
Yeah?

SAM:  
We got a possible ID Mike.

MICHAEL:  
What day, what train?

SAM:  
It's on Wednesday morning, train to Michigan. Small boy on the track platform on his own.

MICHAEL:  
You got a clear image?

SAM:  
Yeah it's not too bad. Same height, same hair color. He's wearing different clothes though than described.

MICHAEL:  
So you think it's him?

**INT. POLICE STATION - NOON**

SAM stands at OFFICER SUMMERS desk. The footage plays on. The boy stands on the platform alone.

SAM:  
First glance, yeah. But, I can't say for definite.

MICHAEL:  
Well the Rining's will have to look at it.

A woman enters the picture. She walks towards the small boy. OFFICER SUMMERS notices her.

OFFICER SUMMERS:  
Sam?

SAM:  
Hold on Mike.

He leans over, looks at the tape. The woman approaches the boy. He grabs her hand. They walk down the platform.

MICHAEL:  
Sam?

SAM, disappointed speaks back on the phone.

SAM:  
Yeah.

MICHAEL:  
What is it?

SAM:  
It's not him.

**EXT. DINER - NOON**

MICHAEL stands on the phone. EMILY stands at the side of him.  
The passenger door open.

MICHAEL:  
What?

SAM:  
Mike, it's not him.

MICHAEL:  
You sure.

SAM:  
Yeah, I'm sure. I'm sorry.

MICHAEL:  
Me too.

MICHAEL lifts the phone from his ear.

2 WEEKS LATER

**INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NOON**

SAM walks to the front door. He opens it. MICHAEL stands under  
the porch.

SAM:  
Hey buddy?

MICHAEL:  
Okay?

SAM:  
Yeah.

SAM steps back, MICHAEL walks into the house. He shuts the  
door. They walk towards the kitchen.

SAM:  
Want a drink or anything?

MICHAEL:  
No, I'm good.

**INT. SAM'S HOUSE - LATER**

MICHAEL sits at the table in the kitchen. SAM walks over. He carries a cup of coffee. He sits opposite. MICHAEL holds his lighter in both hands on the table.

SAM:  
How's things?

MICHAEL:  
Not too bad. How's tricks?

SAM:  
Yeah alright. Kim's still moody as fuck.

SAM smiles. MICHAEL fiddles with his lighter.

SAM:  
Not seen you around Mike.

MICHAEL:  
I had job to get through.

SAM:  
Another case?

MICHAEL:  
Somethin like that.

SAM:  
Have you settled with the kid's gramps yet?

MICHAEL:  
I'm seein him later on. Not done the best of jobs have we?

SAM:  
You know Em's pretty choked up about it.

MICHAEL:  
No, she was brilliant. She's got talent, an insightful eye.  
She's not the one to feel bad about it.

SAM:  
No one should feel bad about it Mike. Everyone in the end was  
on it. Face it, the kid is gone.

EMILY walks in. She looks at MICHAEL. He looks up at her.

EMILY:  
Hi. I thought I heard you before.

MICHAEL:  
Hey. How are you?

EMILY:  
I'm okay.

She sits down.

EMILY:  
Sam and I was getting worried about you not coming round.

SAM:  
More her, than me.

They smile.

MICHAEL:  
No, I'm fine. Nothin to worry about. You still trying for  
work?

EMILY:  
Yeah. No luck though. What about you?

MICHAEL:  
I've had a few calls. None I wanna take now though.

EMILY:  
Have they closed the investigation yet?

SAM:  
No it's too soon. They can keep an investigation open for  
years.

MICHAEL:  
Even if it makes no difference. I better shoot off.

EMILY:  
So soon?

He stands.

MICHAEL:  
Yeah. I'm seeing Jim later. I just wanted to give you..

He reaches inside his jacket pocket. He pulls out a small  
white envelope. He places it on the table, in-front of her.

MICHAEL (CONTN'D):  
Your money.

EMILY:  
I err, don't feel right taking it.

MICHAEL:  
You deserve it. Okay I'll see you when I see you.

SAM:  
Take care Mike.

He walks out of the kitchen. She turns, concerned. She watches him leave.

**INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

JIM stands in his kitchen with MICHAEL. JIM has his arm on a cookie tin.

JIM:  
Heard anything?

MICHAEL:  
I'm sorry Jim. I haven't heard a single thing, not since they looked at the station's footage. No one's come forward saying they've seen a child on his own... nothing.

JIM turns to the tin.

JIM:  
Here.

He lifts the lid off. Dollar bills are inside it.

JIM:  
I think this will cover what I owe...

MICHAEL:  
Jim, don't be stupid.

JIM:  
What?

MICHAEL:  
I don't want anything.

JIM turns back to him.

JIM:  
Listen you know, you did your job.

MICHAEL:

Well it wasn't good enough was it? Put that lid back on, I don't need it.

He grabs the lid, places it back on the tin.

JIM:

What will you do now?

MICHAEL:

I've had unsuccessful cases before. Parents have been told that their child is dead or never will be found again. I have to move on, and find more work.

JIM:

It must be hard.

MICHAEL:

Yeah... It is.

MICHAEL pulls a packet of cigarettes from his inside jacket pocket.

MICHAEL:

Mind if I...

He tips the packet towards the back door.

JIM:

No. I think I might join you.

They walk towards the back door.

**EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - LATER**

MICHAEL stands with a lit cigarette in his mouth. JIM has one in his mouth. MICHAEL reaches over, he lights it. The paper starts to burn. He pulls away the lighter, puts it into his pocket. JIM takes a drag, breathes in. He coughs a little, blows out the smoke.

MICHAEL:

How long has it been?

JIM:

Too long.

MICHAEL smiles at him.

JIM:

Gave up when my wife got sick. Didn't wanna make it worse with me, blowing smoke around the house.

MICHAEL:

I'm sorry.

JIM:

I've been living on my own for over ten years. Thomas was the only one who came and saw me. I've no one left. Your friend has come by a couple times.

MICHAEL:

Really?

JIM:

Yeah. Sweet girl. She seems the ambitious type who hasn't found her break yet.

MICHAEL:

She's a good worker.

JIM:

Yeah.

They stand with their cigarettes. They drag, blow out the smoke. A few seconds of silence goes by.

JIM:

I'd have done anything for my boy. Sometimes you bury your feelings for the ones you love. You don't always take the opportunities life gives you and say that you love them. I'll live with the regret of not being there for him when he probably needed me. I will take it to my grave.

MICHAEL stares deeply at him.

**INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON**

MICHAEL drives his car at a speed over the limit. He has a stone like expression, stares through the windshield.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING**

ALEX'S opens the door. MICHAEL bursts through. ALEX steps back in surprise.

MICHAEL:

Where the fuck is he??!

ALEX:  
What?

MICHAEL punches him with his right hand. ALEX falls to the floor.

MICHAEL:  
I know you did something!

ALEX on the floor, crawls back with his hands. STACEY walks down the stairs. She turns.

STACEY:  
Alex? Alex?!

MICHAEL angrily walks towards ALEX. STACEY runs down the stairs.

STACEY:  
What are you doing? You get out of this house!

MICHAEL turns around to her.

MICHAEL:  
Do you know?

STACEY:  
What?

MICHAEL:  
Did you know?! If I find out...

ALEX sits against the wall. His mouth bleeds slightly. MICHAEL turns around and walks closer to him. He stands above, looks down at him.

MICHAEL:  
Tell me what happened!!

ALEX lifts his head back to the wall.

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - LATER**

MICHAEL, shocked walks out of the house through the back door. He staggers forward, looks down at the grass at the end of the garden. The dirt at the end is slightly uneven. His eyes glisten as he stands still.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING**

ALEX sits still against the wall. STACEY sits on the couch with an expression of pure shock. MICHAEL walks up to him. His eyes wide open.

MICHAEL:  
Now...

He reaches under his jacket, pulls out a handgun from his back. He points it at ALEX'S head.

MICHAEL:  
Tell me everything that happened. If I hear just one lie from you... I'm pulling the trigger.

STACEY looks over. She sits still. ALEX'S eyes well up. He starts to cry.

MICHAEL:  
Speak... Speak!!

MICHAEL attempts to hit him with the gun. ALEX puts his hands up. MICHAEL stops himself.

MICHAEL:  
Start talking.

ALEX wipes his eyes.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - LAST SUNDAY EVENING**

THOMAS walks into the house. ALEX aggressively approaches him. He raises his arms out. He shouts at THOMAS. THOMAS runs up the stairs. ALEX follows him.

ALEX drags THOMAS out his bedroom by the arm. THOMAS screams for help. ALEX talks down to him. THOMAS turns, kicks ALEX'S shin. ALEX pushes him away. He falls down the stairs.

ALEX stands at the top of the stairs, shocked. THOMAS' lifeless body lies at the bottom.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - LATER**

THOMAS lies on the floor. ALEX stands over him. He turns, rushes out of the door.

**INT. MORGANS BAR - EVENING**

ALEX stands at the crowded bar. NATALIE behind the bar serves customers. ALEX picks up a glass of whisky. He quickly finishes the glass. He slams it down on the bar.

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EVENING**

ALEX stands in the back yard, on the grass. He holds a shovel. He leans forward, frantic in tears. He struggles to stand straight. He rests on the shovel.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EVENING**

ALEX, in a change of clothes stands in his bedroom. He looks deep into the mirror. He stares at his reflection.

**INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EVENING**

STACEY walks through the front door. ALEX stands from the couch in the living room. She shuts the door. He walks over to her with a still expression. She smiles at him as he approaches.

**EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - PRESENT EVENING**

ALEX in handcuffs is escorted out of his house by two male police officers. A patrol car is parked in-front of the house. The lights flash.

A few neighbours walk out of their houses. They look over as ALEX is lead into the back of the car. STACEY stands by the front door, she cries. ALEX in the car looks out of the window to her.

**INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - EVENING**

EMILY walks through the front door. All the lights are out.

EMILY:  
Michael?

She slowly shuts the door. She walks towards the living room. MICHAEL sits on the couch. He holds a lit cigarette in his hand. His hands shake slightly. Tears fill his eyes.

EMILY:  
Oh Michael. Sam just told me. I came straight away.

She walks close to him, crouches down beside him.

EMILY:  
Okay? (EXHALES) Stupid question.

MICHAEL stares at the floor.

MICHAEL:  
You know that expression everyone likes to say over and over?  
'It's cruel world'. No it's not. It's not the world, it's the  
fuckers in it.

EMILY:  
What happened?

MICHAEL:  
He killed his son.

She puts her hand on his left.

EMILY:  
No... what happened?

He looks up at her.

MICHAEL:  
I couldn't protect him Em... I couldn't protect my son.

Tears start to stream down his cheeks. He sniffs them back.

MICHAEL:  
We were playing in the park with his ball. There was a large  
path there in-between the grass cars could drive through. I  
hit it too far and he ran after... I didn't realise. He didn't  
look and he was hit. He died straight away. I failed... My son  
died because of me.

EMILY:  
No he didn't. It just happened. There's nothing you or  
probably the driver could have done about it.

MICHAEL:  
He was mine! No one took him away, but I stood there and let  
him take it. I can never get that image out of my head. His  
body, laying under the car... the blood.

He bows his head into his hands.

EMILY:  
Hey.

She puts her arm around his shoulders.

EMILY:

It's not what he wants you know. Adam wouldn't want you carrying all this guilt inside you. He would want you to be happy. Find someone and live a happy life.

MICHAEL:

I haven't, since... I only got five years with him. It went by in the snap of a finger it feels sometimes. Those five years was like a dream. After, I woke up to a nightmare.

EMILY:

Listen I know this sounds hard, but you have to move on.

MICHAEL:

I can't move on from Adam.

EMILY:

Never from Adam. Move on from what happened. Remember only his life and try to forgive yourself. Adam was not your fault, okay?

She wipes the tears from his cheek. She takes the cigarette from his hand.

EMILY:

I thought you didn't smoke inside?

MICHAEL:

I figured one wouldn't do much damage.

EMILY:

Well it already stinks in here.

She stands.

EMILY:

I'll put this out somewhere.

She walks out of the living room.

**INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING**

MICHAEL stands in the kitchen. A small glass of vodka is on the worktop. EMILY stands near.

MICHAEL:

Want one? I'll put some orange in it?

EMILY:

I'll have a glass of wine if you've got any. It's not a celebration, but at least it's over now.

MICHAEL:

Three weeks... feels longer than that. Erm, I'll see what I've got.

**INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LATER**

MICHAEL stands with the glass in his hand. EMILY stands with him outside the kitchen, in the hallway. She holds a small glass of red wine. He takes a sip of his glass.

EMILY:

Erm, it's not of my business, but what happened...

MICHAEL:

To Adam's mother?

EMILY:

Yeah.

MICHAEL:

She got depressed soon after he was born. She took off, I don't know where.

EMILY:

Ever tried to find her?

MICHAEL:

No. I didn't need her. It wasn't really serious. We just stayed together because she was pregnant. I really wanted to be a father though.

EMILY:

What was he like? I'm sorry, we don't have to talk about it.

MICHAEL:

No, I do. He was bright, energetic. He was like me, but without the mood swings.

He smiles.

MICHAEL:

He never got sad. He never had any problems, anything on his mind. He didn't ask about his mother, he felt that I was enough for him. Well how wrong he was.

He takes another drink.

EMILY:

Stop, Michael. You loved him. You stuck by him when his mother wouldn't. You acted like a man should and you brought up your son as best as you could. People can have five minutes with each other or five decades, but you had him. Just try and remember him how he was, happy, loved his father.

MICHAEL:

Okay... I'll try.

EMILY:

What you goin to do?

MICHAEL:

I don't know, continue. Need to work, right?

EMILY:

Yeah. Well if you need some help.

She smiles at him.

MICHAEL:

Yeah, I'll put an ad in the paper.

She laughs.

EMILY:

Okay.

MICHAEL:

I'll call you, soon.

EMILY:

Okay. I'd better get goin.

She hands him the glass.

EMILY:

I'm sorry, I hardly touched it.

MICHAEL:

It's alright.

EMILY:

See you.

She turns, walks over to the front door.

MICHAEL:

Hey Em?

She stops, turns back.

EMILY:  
Yeah?

MICHAEL:  
Just wanna say thanks. You didn't have to come over.

EMILY:  
I know, but I wanted to. Bye.

MICHAEL:  
Bye.

She turns, opens the front door. She leaves the house. The door shuts behind her. He stands for a second. He turns and walks towards the kitchen.

**INT. COURT - MID MORNING**

ALEX stands in-front of the female judge in the full room. He looks at the ground with a still expression. She speaks, then knocks the gavel on the wooden block.

**EXT. COURT - NOON**

MICHAEL and EMILY stand with JIM near the entrance of the court. People walk out of the front doors. EMILY hugs JIM. They let go. MICHAEL shakes his hand. He puts his left arm around his back. They let go.

**INT. SAM'S HOUSE - EVENING**

SAM opens the door. MICHAEL stands under the porch with HARVEY. He holds a bottle of whisky.

SAM:  
Hey man, come in.

MICHAEL:  
What's up buddy? I brought another sucker in.

MICHAEL and HARVEY walk in. SAM smiles at HARVEY.

SAM:  
Harvey, it's been a while. Not up to any trouble?

HARVEY:  
None that I could talk about.

SAM laughs.

HARVEY:  
Brought this.

HARVEY hands him the bottle.

SAM:  
Thanks. Right then, lets get started.

SAM and HARVEY walk to the kitchen. MICHAEL shuts the door. EMILY walks down the stairs. She wears a black dinner dress. Her hair is down, curled at the bottom. She has a sliver necklace around her neck. He turns around and sees her. He smiles.

MICHAEL:  
And where are you off to, lookin like that?

She stops, smiles nervously at him.

EMILY:  
Do I look okay?

MICHAEL:  
Okay? Well you take my breath away.

EMILY:  
Got a date and I'm nervous.

MICHAEL:  
What service did you use?

She sarcastically smirks at him.

EMILY:  
That's more your style than mine.

MICHAEL:  
Yeah, maybe. No seriously, who's the lucky guy?

EMILY:  
Will. I met him in the library.

MICHAEL:  
Kids these days, weird.

EMILY:  
He's taking me for dinner then a movie.

MICHAEL:  
Putting out all the stops, he seems keen.

EMILY:  
He seems nice yeah.

MICHAEL:  
When I was on the scene back in the day...

EMILY:  
Jesus Mike, you're making yourself sound ancient.  
He puts his hands behind his back.

MICHAEL:  
Well I have been having a few issues with my back recently.  
He puts them down, then smiles.

MICHAEL (CONTN'D):  
Yeah anyway, back when I was on the market it was either  
dinner or a movie, not both. That would just cost a fortune.  
She laughs.

EMILY:  
Maybe you should try things a little differently then. You  
might have a better chance at finding yourself some love.

MICHAEL:  
Love to me is like drinking Red Bull. You get that high, that  
buzz where you feel you're on top of the world, but when it  
fades or goes away you get an almighty crash where you feel  
like keeling over into a pit.

EMILY:  
Well that's a shame. I think you'd make someone happy.

MICHAEL:  
Thanks.

EMILY:  
I'd better get goin. I'm picking him up in ten minutes. A man  
that doesn't drive.

MICHAEL:  
(JOKING) Oh, that makes me sick.

She smiles, walks to the bottom of the stairs. She walks  
towards the front door.

MICHAEL:  
Hey, don't go makin babies on the first night.

EMILY:  
I won't.

She laughs. She opens the front door, leaves the house. The door shuts behind her. MICHAEL walks towards the kitchen. KIM sits at the table next to SAM. HARVEY sits on the opposite side.

HARVEY:  
Sam, why is she here?

KIM:  
Because, I'm a better player than you idiots.

SAM:  
Look it was either she plays in, or no poker.

HARVEY:  
But, still.

KIM:  
Gotten under your skin already Harvey?

HARVEY:  
No.

MICHAEL approaches. He takes his jacket off.

MICHAEL:  
Right who's ready to lose their money then?

FADE OUT

THE END



