

Reminiscence Agent

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

STACEY and EVAN and their son WINSON, are running inside their house from police who invaded their home. The mother and father are dressed up like professional lawyers. The son is also dressed up professionally.

EVAN

We have to hurry!

INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Evan and Stacey take Winson upstairs. Winson trips on the floor when they reach the top of the stairs.

STACEY

Come on, sweetie, you have to stand up!

KID WINSON

Mommy!

Evan hears footsteps downstairs getting closer to their location.

EVAN

Come on, honey. We need to get moving.

He looks around, quickly thinking.

EVAN (CONT'D)

This way!

STACEY

Stand up now, darling! We need to keep on moving.

INT. HOUSE - WINSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stacey picks up Winson so he stands on his feet and they continue moving on. They all manage to make it inside one of the rooms and lock the door.

STACEY (CONT'D)

What are we going to do?!

EVAN

Well, from the looks of things, they should be searching the house for us right now. These guys won't stop until they've searched the whole complex. With the number of people they have on the job for this place, I'd give them about 2 minutes before they descend onto the second floor and another 30 seconds for them to clear out all the other rooms until they reach us here.

STACEY

Okay, great. But what do we do with our child?

Evan looks puzzled.

EVAN

Uh, I haven't thought of that yet.

STACEY

What?! What do you mean you haven't thought about that yet?! Winson is our only son! You are suppose to be thinking about him as your number one responsibility!

EVAN

Okay, okay, I get it, you're upset with me.

STACEY

No, I'm not upset with you; I'm totally pissed at you! Why do I have to be the one to -

Evan hears footsteps coming closer to their locked room. He forcefully puts his hand over her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

Zip it!

They listen carefully as the steps get closer. Winson starts becoming scared and almost starts crying. She goes over to comfort him.

STACEY

There, there. Everything will be alright now, you hear? But you have to keep quiet for just a little while longer.

KID WINSON

Mommy, what's going to happen to us?

STACEY

There, there. Everything will be alright. Even if it's a hundred people against one, we shall make sure you are safe and sound.

Evan turns his head back to speak with his family.

EVAN

Don't worry. Nobody will touch you. That is my only goal in life now. To protect you.

Evan looks behind Winson and sees another door leading to a closet. He then gets an idea.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Oh! Hey, I've got an idea.

STACEY

What? You actually have an idea? Wow, that's so impressive coming from you.

EVAN

Zip it, woman! Anyways, I need you're help to make it work. Will you trust me?

Stacey has a worried expression on her face. She nods her head out of pure trust for her husband. Winson has himself tied around the wrists, ankles and mouth with some of the clothes the parents are wearing. Stacey puts Winson inside the closet. Winson tries to struggle and speak while inside the closet.

(CONTINUED)

STACEY

I'm sorry, sweetie! But this is the only option!

EVAN

Winson!

Winson stops speaking when he hears his dad yelling out his name.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Listen. I'm sorry we have to tie you up like this. But this is your only chance to survive. Trust us.

STACEY

We would never do anything to put you in harms way, you know that.

The footsteps are heard from right outside their door.

EVAN

Stacey. It's time.

INT./EXT. HOUSE - WINSON'S ROOM - CLOSET - NIGHT

She looks at Evan and nods. Stacey and Evan look at Winson as they close the closet door.

STACEY

Take care of yourself, Winson.

EVAN

Become a good man when you grow up.
We'll see you later.

INT. HOUSE - CLOSET - NIGHT

Winson struggles to speak by yelling but it's no use. The door is closed shut by Stacey and she gets a chair in the room and blocks the closet door.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

STACEY

I couldn't be more ready for this.

Stacey and Evan both pick guns out from under their jackets. The door breaks down. Winson is scared stiff, listening from inside the closet.

POLICE 1 (OS)

Put your guns down this instant!

POLICE 2 (OS)

Put the guns down! Put them down,
now!

EVAN (OS)

Go to hell!

STACEY (OS)

Drop dead!

INT. HOUSE - WINSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Winson can only hear the arguments going on from behind the closet doors. He hears gun fire and a few moments later, silence. Some POLICE OFFICERS come into the room as well as KIMBERLY and DETECTIVE FRANK.

KIMBERLY

I've got two officers down, I need medical attention for them right away! Get these officers downstairs, ASAP!

POLICE 3

Right away, mam!

POLICE 4

Hey, help me with this one.

The officers pick one of the wounded police members up by both the upper back and the legs downstairs.

FRANK

Congratulations, mam. I see why you were selected to be the new police chief of the force.

KIMBERLY

Don't flatter yourself, Frank. This was no easy task, especially for someone such as me.

FRANK

No kidding. It would take a genius to locate these two to begin with.

KIMBERLY

Anyways, our job is done. I'm going to head back down to see how the wounded are doing.

Frank walks slowly towards the closet door and stops.

FRANK

Hey, Kimberly, I think you might want to check this out.

Kimberly stops from exiting the room, turns around and walks back over to Frank.

KIMBERLY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

What do you think is behind that door?

KIMBERLY

The barricaded door?

FRANK

Yeah.

KIMBERLY

I'll go check it out myself. Wait here.

Kimberly quickly walks over to the door. Winson can hear the door becoming loosened, so he keeps his body down so it seems as though he had been drugged. The door opens up with Kimberly in discovering Winson.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Oh my god...Frank, come take a look at this!

FRANK

What?

KIMBERLY

There's a boy in here!

FRANK

A boy?! Let me see!

Frank rushes over to see Winson tied up. Winson tries to talk is unable to due to the wrappings around his mouth with tears running down his eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh geez.

KIMBERLY

To think they would be as low as to kidnap a lonesome child.

FRANK

Indeed. Luckily we stopped them from using this kid as a meat shield.

KIMBERLY

You're right. This could have easily turned into a hostage situation.

(CONTINUED)

Kimberly walks away and reports on a walkie talkie that they have discovered a child hostage within the house.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

This is Chief Kimberly; we have completed our objectives. There is a child being held hostage and we are going to be taking him with us back to the station. Over and out.

FRANK

Hey there little buddy. You doing alright? There, there; we'll take good care of you. Just hang tight and you'll be out of here.

INT. AGENCY - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Detectives and police are all walking and rushing around doing their work. Winson is sitting inside of the rooms all by himself, staring down at the floor in depression. Kimberly walks in the room to try and cheer Winson up.

KIMBERLY

Hey there. How are you feeling?

Kimberly tries to put her hand over Winson's cheek, but gets scared and doesn't want to be touched.

KIMBERLY

Don't worry. You're safe now.

Winson looks behind Kimberly to see the cops and detectives moving about their own business. Kimberly looks behind herself as well. Kimberly looks back over to Winson and tries to smile at him.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what your name is?

KID WINSON

Winson...

KIMBERLY

Winson...That's a nice name for a cute little boy such as you.

Kimberly puts her hand on Winson's head and he starts reacting to the pain on his head.

KIMBERLY

What's wrong? Are you hurt?

Kimberly takes a look at his head and notices that there are marks on it. The marks are from when he was inside the closet.

KIMBERLY

Oh, that's gotta hurt. I'll get a doctor over here right away. I'll be right back!

Winson still seems shaken up by what happened back at the house. He knows he can't spill the beans and saying that they killed his parents. So he keeps his cool as best as he can. Detective Frank enters with a soda in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Hey there, kiddo. Look I just came to tell you that you are in good hands now. There won't be anymore bad guys to take you away. Especially ones that decide to tie you up like a scapegoat.

Frank sits down next to Winson, trying to figure out what to say next.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I, uh...brought you this.

He hands Winson the soda can.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thought you might be thirsty.

KID WINSON

Thank you.

Frank chuckles for a slight moment.

FRANK

Man you are one lucky kid! Getting all the attention of the department. Plus a soda to boot from good old Frankie!

Winson is finished with the soda and gives it back to Frank.

KID WINSON

Thank you.

FRANK

Oh no need to thank me. Just doing what any other good U.S. citizen would have done. Comforting the young. Saving lives. Getting rid of evil.

Winson starts to get a major headache all of a sudden. He screams out in excruciating pain.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Does your head hurt? Hey! Kid! Are you alright?!

Kimberly enters back in a hurry with a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

I'm back. Oh my god what happened to him?! He wasn't like this when I left!

FRANK

I don't know; I just gave him a soda and he started collapsing like a broken pillar!

KIMBERLY

We need to get this kid to a hospital immediately! Doctor, get this kid out of here, now! It's going to be alright there. It's going to be alright, Winson.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Winson is walking down the street on his way home from class. He is reading the newspaper, keeping up to date with the current news.

WINSON

And to think the current criminals
of today's society would be
slightly more clever.

Winson folds up the newspaper in his hands, sighs, and continues on walking. He finally makes it home and enters through the front door. He sees Kimberly watching television in the family room. She has a cup of coffee with her.

WINSON (V/O)

My name is Winson. I am 25 years
old and currently go to college
with a major in criminal justice.
Although I may not look like it, I
am incredibly smart. Smart enough
to get a job at being a detective
at the nearby agency. The police
chief, Kimberly adopted me the same
night I went to the hospital and
suffered from memory loss. I don't
know what memories I did lose, but
I'm positive they couldn't have
been important - or could they?
Either way, I help Kimberly out
with investigations and even do my
own set of work when someone is in
trouble. I have never, ever, let a
case unsolved.

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

WINSON (CONT'D)
I'm home, Kimb.

KIMBERLY
Oh hey. How was your day?

WINSON
Another boring day in paradise.

KIMBERLY
Can't complain about that. If things were bad then terrible things could happen.

Kimberly takes a sip from her coffee.

WINSON
If things weren't bad you'd be out of the job.

Kimberly almost chokes on her coffee due to laughing from Winson's comment. She chugs her sip down and put the coffee cup back on the table.

KIMBERLY
Yeah, really. No kidding there, bud. But then again, I wouldn't mind.

WINSON
Really?

KIMBERLY
Of course. I could live with myself if I realized there wouldn't be any distractions in life. But I cant, since there are still plenty of bad people out there.

She smiles. Winson hangs on tight to his backpack.

WINSON
I understand. I'll be in my room if you need anything.

Winson goes off to his room.

KIMBERLY
Okay.

INT. HOUSE - WINSON'S ROOM - DAY

Winson goes into his room and shuts the door. He throws his backpack on the ground and goes straight to his desk where he keeps his laptop. He goes online to check his e-mails.

WINSON

Ok, let's see what stuff we have
got today...

He leans back in his chair with such disappointment.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Great, no new mail... Man!

Winson leans back on his desk.

WINSON (CONT'D)

And here I was hoping to get
something really cool this time!

He gently bangs his head against the table and moans. His cellphone rings a few seconds later. He answers it with a tone of discouragement.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Hello, this is Detective Winson,
how may I help you today?

His attention is at full force towards the phone call.

WINSON (CONT'D)

What?! Really?! Have you told the
police about it yet? I see...
Alright, give me the address and I
will be there in a snap!

He gets a piece of paper with a pen and writes down the address.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Mhm. Mhm. Oh, I know that area
pretty well. Yes, of course! I
shall be there in a giffy!

He hangs up his cellphone, hurries to put his shoes on and get his skateboard.

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Winson goes to the family room of the house.

KIMBERLY

Hey, what's the matter?

WINSON

Just got a phone call for a case!
I'm heading over to the scene now!

KIMBRELY

Do you want me to call the
authorities?

WINSON

No! This is my case and I shall
solve it on my own! I never, ever
let a case get by me!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Winson rides his skateboard over to the location of the crime scene he is investigating. He makes it to the house of the crime scene.

WINSON

This must be the place.

EXT./INT. STREET - HOUSE DOOR - DAY

Winson goes up to the door and rings the doorbell. MRS.AMBER answers the door.

MRS.AMBER

Yes?

WINSON

Hi, my name is Winson. I'm the
detective you called over to solve
this case.

MRS.AMBER

Oh, yes! Please, come on in.

WINSON

Thank you.

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Winson enters the house and has entered the family room.

MRS.AMBER
Would you like something to drink?

WINSON
Yes please.

MRS.AMBER
Please, sit anywhere you'd like.

Winson takes a look around the room he's in while sitting down. He likes the way it looks.

MRS.AMBER (CONT'D)
Sorry I took so long. Here you go.

WINSON
Oh, it's no problem at all mam.

Winson opens up the soda and takes a drink out of it.

MRS.AMBER
To tell you the truth, I didn't expect to see someone of such a young age taking on this investigation.

WINSON
Ah yeah, I get that a lot.

He laughs.

MRS.AMBER
By the way, how old are you?

WINSON
Twenty-five.

MRS.AMBER
Oh wow! I read the stories and crimes you've solved over the years, but to think you're still a young-ling.

Winson starts to become irritated for a brief moment.

WINSON
This young-ling happens to be in college... If you don't like my age, you can always call another detective.

(CONTINUED)

MRS.AMBER

Oh no, please don't go; I'm sorry!
I was just surprised at how young a
gifted mind like yours is, is all.
So anyways, I called you here
because I have a problem.

Winson starts getting into his professional detective cocky mood.

WINSON

It's a ransom, right?

Mrs.Amber becomes shocked that he figured out the problem.

MRS.AMBER

Wha - how did you know?! I never
told you exactly over the phone.

WINSON

The way you spoke to me, the number
of pauses between your sentences,
the way you seemed frantic that
something had happened, and I mean
literally, to you or a family
member. There is a difference
between the calls of murders and
kidnappings. When someone is
murdered, they would call 9-1-1,
speak quickly, increased heart
rating, deep breathing, some cases
for loss of words or a jumbled up
sentence here or there. Then there
are those who have cases of ransoms
or kidnappings. From the way you
spoke to me over the phone, it was
precise but not overly panicked. I
could also tell that it took about
20 minutes to call me after the
ransom had occurred. This is due to
deciding all the options you have
that are given to you at the proper
time. Reading the ransom letter, a
sudden shock at the money being
demanded of your family, figuring
out who to call. And you couldn't
contact the police and do a search
due to it being less than 24 hours
for a missing person to be
tolerated as missing. That's why
you decided to call a detective to
take the place of the authorities
and chose me because of my
reputation. Am I right?

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Amber just nods, too stunned by his words and how accurate they were.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Anyhow, can I see the ransom note?

MRS.AMBER

Yeah.

She gets up from her seat and walks over to a table with the letter on it. She hesitates for a moment.

MRS.AMBER (CONT'D)

Oh, wait a moment, let me get my husband.

She yells out to her husband.

MRS.AMBER (CONT'D)

Oh darling, can you come here for a minute? That famous young detective is here!

MR.AMBERS walks into the family room.

MR.AMBER

What is it?! Can't you see that I'm busy with my work?

He takes notice of Winson.

MR.AMBER

Oh, hello there. Who are you?

MRS.AMBER

Darling, this is Detective Winson. He's here to help find our missing child.

MR.AMBER

What?! You called a detective over to solve our problems?!

MRS.AMBER

We had no choice! Our daughter hasn't been missing for more than 24 hours yet. There's no way the police would help us!

Mr. Amber takes a deep breath to cool his nerves.

(CONTINUED)

MR.AMBER

You're right, I'm sorry. It's just that I'm not surprised someone would try to do this, is all.

WINSON

Huh? Why wouldn't you be?

MRS.AMBER

My husband is a CEO of one of the most famous gold distributing companies in the world. We live in a house like this because we know what we want to spend money on and a big house just doesn't suit us.

WINSON

Oh? And what is it that you do for a job?

MRS.AMBER

I'm his secretary. We started going out after he won a huge law suit that would bankrupt his company.

WINSON

And you two have been living together ever since?

MRS.AMBER

Yes. Well, actually the four of us.

WINSON

The four of you?

MR.AMBER

Yeah, that's right. Me, my wife, our daughter, and our personal gardener.

WINSON

Where is he now?

MR.AMBER

He went to get some groceries for the house. We can't personally go without the press completely surrounding us.

MRS.AMBER

It becomes quite a nuisance.

Mr. Amber straightens out his tie and starts to head back to his work.

(CONTINUED)

MR.AMBER

Well, if I'm not needed anymore, I'd like to get back to work. I've been constantly busy ever since our family has become quite the gold digger. If you know what I mean.

Mr. Amber leaves.

WINSON

Has he always been like that?

MRS.AMBER

Yeah. Ever since he won that law suit, he became filthy rich and lead his company through the roof in the stock market. We couldn't ask for more. Unfortunately due to his wealth and fame, he's always working now, so he unfortunately doesn't have time to spend with his family.

WINSON

Yeah, that is too bad. I wish I could remember my father.

MRS.AMBER

Huh? What was that?

WINSON

Oh, nothing; forget I said anything. Anyways, can I see the letter?

MRS.AMBER

Oh, that's right!

She hands Winson the letter.

MRS.AMBER (CONT'D)

Here it is.

Winson takes a look at the letter. It's written sloppy in crayon.

INTERCUT LETTER

LETTER

Dear Amber Family,

I have taken your little daughter hostage. If you want to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LETTER (cont'd)
see her alive again, bring me
\$300,000,000 by next Wednesday or
you will never see her again.

Sincerely, the kidnapper

BACK TO SCENE

WINSON

Hm, now lets see...it says: Dear
Amber Family, I have taken your
little daughter hostage. If you
want to see her alive again, bring
me \$300,000,000 by next Wednesday
or you will never see her again.
Sincerely, the kidnapper.

MRS.AMBER

The kidnapper also left a phone
recording on the answering machine.

WINSON

May I hear it?

Mrs. Amber nodded her head. They play the ANSWERING MACHINE
with a message on it.

INSERT - ANSWERING MACHINE

ANSWERING MACHINE

You have, 1 message at 9:40pm. Mr.
and Mrs. Amber, I have your
precious child hostage. I want
\$300,000,000 by next Wednesday or
you shall never hear from your
daughter again.

BACK TO SCENE

WINSON

Hmmm. Something seems off. What
time did you notice your child was
abducted? Who first found the
letter?

MRS.AMBER

Let me see, it was around 10pm when
I heard her screaming for help.
Marcus, our gardener gave me the
letter.

Winson has a suspicious look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (V/O)
Huh?! Something definitely isn't
right here.

WINSON (CONT'D)
DO you mind if I use your phone?!

MRS.AMBER
No, go right ahead.

WINSON
Thank you!

Winson quickly picks up the phone. He dials the 9-1-1
emergency call.

WINSON (CONT'D)
Hi, Robby, it's Winson! I need a
unit dispatched over to 2947 Garden
Grove ASAP! 5 minutes? Okay,
thanks.

MRS.AMBER
Is there something else wrong?

WINSON
I'm calling a unit over to verify
something for me. They got the gear
that's needed so I called for it.

The door opens and MARCUS enters through the front door.

MARCUS
I'm back.

MRS.AMBER
Oh, Marcus, welcome back.

MARCUS
Yeah, sorry I took so long. Huh?
Who's this?

MRS.AMBER
This is Detective Winson. He's here
on the police's behalf of finding
our child.

MARCUS
Oh! The famous Winson?

Marcus goes over to shake his hand.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's such an honor to meet you in person.

WINSON

Oh, no need to thank me. It's what I love doing.

Winson laughs for a bit, thinking of how popular he has become over the years.

MARCUS

So, how is the investigation going?

WINSON

I'll know for sure when my unit gets here.

There is another knock on the door. POLICE OFFICERS are at the door.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Hello?

POLICE 5

This is unit that was sent to this house on behalf of Detective Winson.

WINSON

Ah! The door is open.

Two police officers come in through the front door.

POLICE 5

Hey there, Winson. How's it going?

WINSON

Oh, not much. Just got this case after I got home from class.

POLICE 6

What was it you wanted us to check?

WINSON

I need you to verify all the prints on the phone and answering machine over here.

POLICE 6

Right away!

The officer goes over to do his work with the phone and answering machine.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON
Mrs. Amber, could you call down
your husband for another moment?

MRS.AMBER
I'll go get him right away.

Winson turns over to Marcus.

WINSON
Marcus, right?

MARCUS
Yes.

WINSON
What is your relationship with the
Ambers?

MARCUS
I was hired as their personal
gardener.

WINSON
How long ago was that?

Marcus thinks about it for a moment.

MARCUS
Geez, well, uh...it would have to
have been about 6 years now? I
think?

WINSON
And I heard you gave the letter to
Mrs. Amber, correct?

MARCUS
Yes.

WINSON
Around what time?

MARCUS
I heard screams from their child,
so I went to go look outside. There
was letter attached to the door. I
gave it to Mrs. Amber afterwards.

WINSON
Around what time was that?

MARCUS

I think it was around 10pm I believe.

WINSON

One last question? Do you own a cell phone?

MARCUS

Of course. Everyone has a cellphone.

WINSON

Okay. That's all for now. Can I ask you to remain in this room until everyone is free to go?

MARCUS

Of course.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

One of the officers goes over to Winson.

OFFICER 5
Detective...

Winson looks over to the officer as he approaches him.

OFFICER 5 (CONT'D)
We verified the prints on both the answering machine as well as the phone. We also did a verification on the ransom note as well just be sure.

WINSON
And?

OFFICER 5
We ruled out the mother and father's prints. The daughter's finger prints appear to be on the phone and answering machine. But...

WINSON
But...?

OFFICER 5
The strange thing is not the answering machine nor the phone, but the ransom letter?

WINSON
You mean the writing?

OFFICER 5
No, not that. There's only one set of prints that are on the note. And that's...

The officer whispers the name of the person who's prints are on the note to Winson's ear. He has a surprised expression.

WINSON (V/O)
I knew it!

WINSON (CONT'D)
Okay, thank you officer.

Everyone is talking amongst themselves. Winson walks over to the prints left behind on the phone and answering machine. He looks hard at both the letter as well as the prints.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (CONT'D)

May I have everyone's attention please!

Everyone becomes silent and looks towards Winson.

WINSON

Ladies and gentlemen, I have solved this case!

Everyone becomes surprised or shocked.

MR.AMBERS

Who - who is the culprit then?!

WINSON

Let me explain the details revolving around the case. This case is all about a child abduction taken from this home. The young daughter of the Amber family. There were two forms of contact supposedly from the kidnapper. One was the letter that was written and placed on the door. The second was the message left on the answering machine.

Winson starts to get to the point of the conclusion.

WINSON (CONT'D)

I have come to the conclusion that the kidnapper only used the call on the answering machine.

Everyone is in shock.

MR.AMBERS

What do you mean the kidnapper only used one method to make contact? There was the letter and the answering machine call. Both said they were the kidnapper.

WINSON

Wrong! The answering machine was only available device used for contacting the family. How can I tell this? The fingerprints left on the letter!

Winson gets the strip of evidence with fingerprints on the letter.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Take a look.

Winson shows the strip to everyone.

WINSON (CONT'D)

What do you all see?

OFFICER 6

There's only one set of prints on the strip. So what? They belong to the kidnapper!

WINSON

Wrong! The fingerprints that were left on this paper were by the very person who was kidnapped! The daughter was the one who wrote this letter.

Everyone is still puzzled.

OFFICER 5

I'm confused.

WINSON

Don't you think it's strange? This message was written in a poor handwriting style with a crayon. But that's not the only thing. Take a look at the bottom.

Everyone looks at the bottom of the letter.

MRS.AMBERS

It says "Sincerely, the kidnapper".

WINSON

Exactly. What kind of thief would politely put down another way of saying I am the kidnapper? They already have the answering machine to do that for them. With this in mind, there are only 2 possibilities. One is that the kidnapper had an accomplice who didn't follow the original plan due to not listening, or the other possibility is that...

MR.AMBERS

Is what?

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

Or the daughter deliberately went with the kidnapper to cause a stir in the family so they would pay more attention to them. Isn't that right...? Marcus!

Everyone looks at Marcus. Marcus is shocked to hear such words from Winson.

MARCUS

Oh come on! Why would I kidnap the daughter of the ones I work for?! Huh?!

WINSON

I didn't say you kidnapped their daughter. I said that their daughter possibly could have deliberately went with the kidnapper.

MARCUS

So? I just misheard you over the sudden accusation is all!

WINSON

If that's the case, then why aren't your fingerprints on the ransom note?

Marcus is stunned.

WINSON (CONT'D)

You said you were the one that found the note and gave it to Mrs. Ambers, right? There should be finger prints on the note if you were handling it in your hands.

MARCUS

I'm a gardener! I was working in the yard and had my gloves on.

WINSON

If you were out working in the garden, then you should have seen the kidnapper steal the child away. Right?

MARCUS

He was just very fast! Look, if you are accusing me, show me the proof!

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

Okay, then. You're asking for it.
The proof is in your cellphone.

MR. AMBERS

His cellphone?

WINSON

The message of the kidnapping was
9:40pm; 20 minutes before the
kidnapping occurred! Since he left
a message on the machine, he must
have seemed very confident in
kidnapping a child from within a
secure household.

Winson walks over to Marcus and holds out his hand.

WINSON (CONT')

May I see you cell?

Marcus angrily hands it over.

MARCUS

Fine! Here it is!

WINSON

Thanks. The prints on the house
phone haven't been used by the
parents in the past few days. I
know this because of how the finger
prints look. Their color has
slightly dulled. Finger prints are
highlighted in black. The older
they are, the more they fade away
within time. This is all due to
testing that crime labs have
invented over the years. The only
fresh prints that are on the phone
are the daughters. They can be
estimated to approximately the same
time she was kidnapped.

Winson starts dialing the cell phone that belongs to Marcus.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Plus if I were to dial star 69...

He dials star 69 and the house phone rings.

WINSON (CONT'D)

The house phone here would ring...

He even goes through the call history.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (CONT'D)

And if I were to go through the
call history - see!

Everyone is in shock.

MR.AMBERS

The call was made at...9:40pm.

WINSON

My guess was that you found the
letter after taking her someplace
safe. Without knowing that she had
written a letter, you tried to
dispose of it. But Mrs.Ambers found
you with it, so you gave it to her,
making her think that you had
discovered that the daughter had
been kidnapped. Am I right, or am I
right?!

Everyone hears the yell of a LITTLE GIRL.

DAUGHTER (OS)

Stop it!

Everyone looks to the little girl who was yelling.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Stop yelling at him already! Don't
blame him anymore!

Everyone looks stunned in silence as the daughter who was
kidnapped is standing at the front door.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Kimberly and Winson are in a car that she drove in to pick him up after the case was solved. They are driving on the way back home.

KIMBERLY

So that's what the case was about, huh?

WINSON

Yeah. In the end it turns out that the Amber's daughter wanted to be kidnapped and that their most trusted gardener helped her out.

KIMBERLY

Why would she want to become kidnapped?

WINSON

So that they could get their parent's attention. They are always working, so they really don't have time to really be a family.

Winson laughs.

WINSON (CONT'D)

And to think all this time; she was hiding inside one of the trash cans right outside the house.

Kimberly reaches their home and she goes into the driveway of their home. The car is put to a stop and turned off.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Hey, thanks for picking me up this late in the night, Kimb.

Kimberly smiles.

KIMBERLY

It was no problem at all. By the way, how much did you make from that case? I heard they were quite rich.

Winson gets the check out from his pocket.

WINSON

Ummm... I thought I put it in here someplace. Oh! Here it is.

(CONTINUED)

Winson gives the check to Kimberly. She is very surprised.

KIMBERLY

Six hu - six hun... six hundred and fifty thousand dollars?!

WINSON

Yeah, why's that such a surprise? I mean you did say yourself that they were loaded to begin with.

KIMBERLY

Yeah, but... I mean seriously, \$650,000?! Hardly any of the cops or firefighters make that much in a year!

WINSON

Call it luck then.

Kimberly is exhausted and leans forward onto the steering wheel.

KIMBERLY

And to think I could have gone on this case if I were just a little more stubborn... Man, why do you get all the good cases?!

WINSON

Well anyways, thanks again for getting me.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Winson gets out of the car with his skateboard. He looks inside the car at Kimberly.

WINSON (CONT'D)

I'll see you inside.

He closes the door on the car and walks back in the house with his skateboard.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Winson and Kimberly are inside the family room of their own home. He puts down his skateboard on a chair near the eating table. Kimberly is going to the kitchen.

KIMBERLY

I'm going to make some hot coco. Do you want any?

Winson sits down in one of the chairs. He then gets a pain from one of his sides.

WINSON

Oh. Yeah, sure. Thank you. Oww!

Kimberly rushes back.

KIMBERLY

What's wrong?! Did something happen?!

He gets the soda can that he got from the case out of his pocket.

WINSON

Ah, it's the soda that I was kindly offered by Mrs. Amber. Must have forgotten it was still in my pocket.

He puts the empty soda can on the table.

KIMBERLY

That's your favorite soda. You always liked that one since you were little.

Winson leans against the table with both hands together, pondering.

WINSON

The Ambers were happy to see their child again... Now that I think about it, I don't remember my parents. Not at all...

He looks towards Kimberly who sits down across from Winson.

WINSON (CONT'D)

You said you adopted me the same night I went to the hospital. Why was I in the hospital?

(CONTINUED)

Kimberly looks at Winson quite strangely.

KIMBERLY

You had an injury inflicted on your head. You collapsed while you were being treated after being kidnapped by a very dangerous couple. You were adopted because we never had a record of you ever existing. It was like you magically appeared from without a trace. And so I thought it would be best to take you in since I was the one in charge of your rescue. And we have been together ever since.

Winson slowly nods his head with a disappointing facial expression clear on his face.

WINSON

I see...

Winson gets up from the table.

WINSON (CONT'D)

I think I'll pass on the hot
coco...

He walks to his room.

WINSON (CONT'D)

I'll see you in the morning...

Kimberly looks slightly sad, sitting in the dark room.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA - DAY

The next day, Winson is in his Criminal Justice class doing a final exam. They have been taken to a location with a pool and a set up crime scene. There is a fake corpse lying on the ground. There are 5 STUDENTS total along with Winson (4 other students) along with the INSTRUCTOR for the class and HIRED DETECTIVES to act the role of different people through a created story for the case. There is also a table with a bunch of crime solving tools.

TEACHER

Today will be your final exam for the program. The one that gets to solve the crime will be able to become a hired detective at the agency of your choosing.

A student whispers to another student next to him.

STUDENT 1

Did you hear that?! Any agency we want!

STUDENT 2

Yeah, for reals!

TEACHER

Alright, here is the victim of today's case. He was found lying here at approximately 10am today. Here are the people hired at this facility who know the victim. You may ask them any questions you can muster. Also, as detectives of an agency, we are allowing you to use any of the gear to be used in order to solve the crime. The tools are on that table over there. Each and every one of you are responsible for solving this crime with accuracy and credibility. You will all have until sundown to complete this test. If none of you pass, you all fail. Is that understood?

STUDENTS (ALL)

Yes!

TEACHER

You may begin.

(CONTINUED)

The teacher goes to sit down while the students figure out the crime scene. The students think for a bit to gather up their strategy for solving the case. Two students go to check on the body for the cause of death. Two others go to talk to the suspects.

WINSON

So tell me, who are you?

VICTIM 1

I'm the manager of this foundation.
I personally knew the victim
closely because we were best
friends since grade school.

WINSON

And where were you at 10am this
morning?

The teacher stops Winson by yelling out.

TEACHER

Oh, I forgot to mention one thing.

All the students look at the teacher who's lying down.

TEACHER

You cannot use alibi theory for
this investigation. You must
conduct evidence through physical
objects and the roles the victims
play.

Winson has a surprised face on him.

WINSON (V/O)

Oh, this is just great! It's going
to be that much harder to do, it
seems. But wait a second... So
that's it! We would be figuring out
who the culprit was if we asked
them about their alibi. One of them
will be lying for sure since this
is such a small place. Everyone can
see everyone really easily. A true
detective gathers true evidence
which gives absolute proof to show
the culprits true mask. Way to go
teacher! Way to go!

WINSON (CONT'D)

And the rest of you are?

(CONTINUED)

VICTIM 2

I'm the head chef who makes food for the customers that want to spend some time here.

VICTIM 3

I'm a swimming instructor for those who want to learn how to swim.

VICTIM 4

I'm just a customer who happened to come by.

WINSON

Thank you.

He walks towards the body while he goes into thinking mode.

WINSON (V/O)

By asking the victims who they are and what they are doing here, I have a 50/50 chance my deduction will be heading in the wrong direction. That said, I can't ask them about their alibis since that would ruin the whole point of this test.

Winson stops realizing something.

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)

Hold on! If not knowing what their alibis are and physical evidence must be supported, I have to know what their occupations are! So that means the proof must be where the body is at! Alright!

The other students are asking the victims different questions while Winson checks out the body.

WINSON

Let's see... No resistance was dealt with by the body. Hmm... It appears that this person died from the loss of blood from the stab wound on his back. If I check for prints there won't be any on the body. That would be too easy of an exam.

Winson notices rope burns around the ankles of the corpse.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)
Huh? Why are there rope marks
around the victim's ankles? Didn't
he die from a knife wound?

He notices something from the ears.

WINSON (CONT'D)
Oh wait, he still has his earplugs
in him...

WINSON (V/O)
Wait - earplugs? Could it be
that...

He takes the earplugs out from the body. They have blood on
them, coming out from the ears.

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)
So that's how the victim died... I
still need proof though.

He gets up from the body and walks to check around the area
of the pool. He notices a string hanging out from one of the
water drains in the pool.

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)
Hm! I've got you now!

Winson gets around where everyone else is at.

WINSON
Everyone - I have figured out this
case!

Everyone is gives a surprising expression.

TEACHER
Really? Then tell us. Who is the
culprit to be blamed for the death.
I really doubt someone like you
could have figured it out in such a
short amount of time.

Everyone gathers around. Winson sits down.

WINSON
Let me explain the details. This
case involves the death of a person
who was committed by one of these
people. May I please have everyone
take out their belongings.

Everyone takes out their belongings. The president of the club has a cellphone and a wallet. The chief has a case full of different knives as well as a set of string and a hankie. Everyone else has loose change in their pockets.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Thanks. Now please, keep your possessions out while I do the deducting of this case. If you all don't mind.

TEACHER

No, they don't mind. Now please, explain. How was the person murdered?

WINSON

The cause of death was a little tricky and yet clever at the same time. You see, the victim died by drowning and not the stab wound!

The students are surprised.

STUDENT 3

What? How could you tell?

WINSON

The earplugs in the victims ears were covered in blood. This indicates the victim has been under water - deep under water. The bleeding was from the water pressure and the amount of excess blood shows he has been in the water for a long time.

The teacher is impressed.

WINSON (CONT'D)

The victim must have been attacked from behind, using chloroform with some sort of cloth because there weren't any signs of resistance.

Winson gathers everyone over to the water drain near the pool.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Next - the culprit tied some string to the water drain. After having the victim unconscious, he tied the victim with the string and rolled

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)
the body into the water. The body
was hanging upside down because the
pressure is severe where it is
deepest. Also when there was enough
time to clarify the victim had
died, he pulled the corpse up, like
a dangling rope.

Winson opens up the water drain to find the string.

WINSON (CONT'D)
As you can see, the string is still
in here.

STUDENT 4
Ah! The string is still in there!

STUDENT 1
But what about the stab wound and
the blood loss from the victim's
back?

WINSON
The killer stabbed the victim after
he had already died. This was to
make it look like he had been
attacked.

TEACHER
But where is the proof of this?

WINSON
Tell me instructor, what do you see
in the pool?

The teacher goes over to the pool and looks.

TEACHER
There isn't anything there.

WINSON
Exactly! Don't you think there
would have been blood in the pool
if the person had been stabbed and
tossed in?

The students are still amazed by Winson's accurate
deducting.

WINSON (CONT'D)
But the killer made a mistake. Do
you all see the marks on the
victims back from the knife wound?

(CONTINUED)

Everyone looks at the wounds on the victims back.

WINSON (CONT'D)

The killer stabbed too deep into the body. The outer marks where the obvious wound is were made in attempt to get the weapon out. But he struggled with it. He got it out after a small struggle and hid the weapon.

Winson turns to the teacher.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Do you have any tweezers I can use?

TEACHER

One moment.

The instructor gives Winson the tweezers.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Here you go.

WINSON

Thank you. The proof of the murder weapon is right in here.

Winson pulls out the tip of a knife with the tweezers.

STUDENTS (ALL)

Whoa! He pulled something out!

WINSON

Chef. Why is it that one of your knives has its tip broken off?

VICTIM 2

Well, I, uh...

WINSON

That's because...

He points to the chef.

WINSON (CONT'D)

You are the killer!

Everyone claps their hands.

TEACHER

Bravo! Bravo! I honestly never expected to see someone solve such

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER (cont'd)
a case in such a short amount of
time. Remarkable indeed.

Winson becomes embarrassed.

WINSON
Ah - it was nothing, really.

Winson's cell phone rings.

WINSON (CONT'D)
Hello? Really - why? Yeah sure,
I'll be there.

Winson hangs up.

STUDENT 1
Who was that?

WINSON
Sorry, work called. I have to get
going!

TEACHER
Huh?! But what about your selection
of -

WINSON
Don't worry, I already work at an
agency! Give the credit to someone
else.

The teacher gives off a shocked look on her face.

TEACHER
Oh yeah, I totally forgot Winson
was already a detective...

She sighs.

INT. AGENCY - FRONT DESK - DAY

Winson shows up to work. It isn't very busy inside. A couple officers doing paper work, a detective minding his own business. Winson goes to the front desk.

WINSON

Hey, how's everything today?

OFFICIAL

It's been steady today.

WINSON

So what was I needed for?

OFFICIAL

Oh, really...?

The office official looks through some papers.

OFFICIAL

Yeah, a detective who was suppose to go through some old evidence never made it in today. We were hoping you would take his place.

WINSON

No problem, no problem! Who was the detective?

OFFICIAL

Detective Mason.

WINSON

Oh - yeah that is strange. He's never absent when he's suppose to be on duty. Ah, must be the flu or something! Anyways thanks for the heads up.

OFFICIAL

You're welcome.

INT. AGENCY - WORK AREAS - DAY

Winson starts heading into the direction of the evidence room. He runs into Detective Frank on the way.

FRANK

Hey, watch it! Oh, it's you, Winson. Sorry - I've been having a bad day.

WINSON

It's no problem at all. What sort of work do you got going on lately. I hardly ever see you.

FRANK

Well, you know. This and that.

Frank turns to look up at the ceiling.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's amazing, isn't it?

WINSON

Is what amazing?

FRANK

That one such as you at your age being one of the top detectives in this agency. Almost like a curse isn't it; getting all the popularity, still taking classes at school. I bet the chicks are all over you, huh?

WINSON

No, not really. I mean sure I get a praise or two here and there when I solve a case. But in the end I'm just Winson.

Frank laughs and slaps Winson on the back.

FRANK

Yeah, I hear ya!

WINSON

Oh, by the way.

FRANK

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

I still don't believe I've thanked you enough for saving me back when I was a child. You know...

FRANK

Ah, that. Yeah, back then. Did the soda taste nasty or something?

WINSON

Huh? No, I almost got brain damaged due to the injury on my head!

FRANK

Oh, yeah, that! Anyways, I better start heading on out.

WINSON

Oh, alright. Well, catch you later, then.

FRANK

Yeah - likewise.

INT. AGENCY - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Winson enters the evidence room, looking through different files on the case he was assigned to look through.

WINSON

Let me see...I am looking for -
this one!

Winson gets a chair to sit in and puts the files and objects on the table. The files are about the couple that he was held hostage from. Winson looks through the papers. Later on he finds an article about the couple. Kimberly sneaks up behind Winson, scaring him.

KIMBERLY

What you looking at?

WINSON

Ah! Geez man you scared the
daylights out of me!

KIMBERLY

Oh, sorry about that. So, what are
you looking at?

Kimberly looks and sees the articles about the famous syndicate couple. She is rather disturbed emotionally about him seeing the pictures and evidence. Winson looks back to Kimberly.

WINSON

What's wrong, Kimb?

He looks at the pictures again for a moment and back at Kimberly, then back at the pictures again, and then once again back at Kimberly.

WINSON (CONT'D)

It was them, wasn't it...? The ones
you rescued me from.

Kimberly starts sobbing a bit with a tear or two struggling to come out from her eyes.

KIMBERLY

Yeah. They were the ones alright.

Winson looks inside a box full of objects and items the police recovered in the house during that one night.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

What did these have to do with the crime scene?

KIMBERLY

I ordered them to gather some of the items in the surrounding area where you were being held.

She gets out a wooden box with writing on the sides. The writing says, "Eternity" on two sides. One of the "E" letters is more curved than the other.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

And this was found inside the closet you were tied up in.

She hands him the box. She places a photo of the two criminal syndicates holding that box on top of the box Winson placed on the table.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Along with this photo.

Winson holds up the photo.

WINSON

These are them, huh...?

Kimberly smiles.

KIMBERLY

Yeah. Anyhow, I will let you get back to your duties, detective.

She leaves the room and closes the door behind her. Winson just stares at the photo and the box when he places the photo back on the table. He starts thinking as he glares intensely at the objects.

WINSON

Geez, I don't understand any of this rubbish... Usually evidence is confidential to those only to be part of the case. Kimberly was the one in charge of the operation that night, but I was only a hostage. I shouldn't have access to any of this. So why would they let me check?

Winson realizes something important.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (V/O)

Hold on a minute! If I remember correctly... The office called me in to do the work Detective Mason was suppose to be doing. But he wasn't part of that case! No, wait, I was told he did have a relation with them once. So maybe that's why he was sent to do this. But why did the office seem confused when they called me in to do the work instead of Mason? Why doesn't this add up?!

Winson struggles with this juggled thoughts.

WINSON

Ahhhhh! This doesn't make any sense! Ok, Winson, think! Think! What details do you already know...? Mason was told by the office to do the evidence work. Mason doesn't show up... Office calls me and tells me to come in. Mason was expected to show up but doesn't...

Winson thinks a tiny bit more.

WINSON (CONT'D)

The office calls me to come in but they seemed to have no idea what I was talking about when I told them I was here for taking Mason's place. The only way for the office to notify of the person in charge of their task is to report to them directly. Eh, I'll figure it out later. Right now I have to focus on this evidence...

Winson looks again at the box and picture.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Kimb said I was rescued by these two people.

WINSON (V/O)

Hm. They don't seem so dangerous to me.

WINSON

But why was I kidnapped? I don't have a record of ever having a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (cont'd)
family. But that's not possible
though; I must have had to come
from somewhere.

WINSON (V/O)
These two items were found in the
closet I was being held at... There
can't be anything in common. Just
two random objects that were thrown
in most likely.

He picks up the picture to look at it. He smiles.

WINSON (CONT'D)
Funny. These boxes almost look
exactly alike.

Winson notices the connection between the picture and the
box.

WINSON (V/O)
Hold on! They are the same box!
Yeah, this has to be some sort of
clue.

Winson hurries and struggles to find a magnifying glass. He
gets one and gets a focus with it on the photograph. He
looks at the letter "E" at the beginning of the word
"Eternity".

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)
I was right after all... This box
was handmade. So therefore the
paintings of the letters on the box
are also hand made. This letter "E"
was drawn this way on purpose. As
though it was waiting for someone
smart enough to figure it out. But
why?

He takes another look at the photograph and then the box. He
gets frustrated.

WINSON
I'm not handling the gist of this.

Winson gets angry and throws the box against the wall. Some
of the old paint from on top of the lid of the box chips
off.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (CONT'D)

Shit! Can't believe an old box and photograph are taking advantage of me like this.

He gets up to go pick up the box again. He notices the chips of paint on the ground. He touches it to confirm it is old paint. He looks at the box again at where it was chipped and notices that there are words on top of the box. He rushes over back to the table and gets something to scrape off the old paint.

WINSON (V/O)

So that's where the clue was hidden. Come to think of it, the paint on top did seem newer than the rest of it. So once I see what's under this tried up paint, I might find something!

Winson becomes emotionally shocked at what he finds on the lid of the box. It says "Winson" on top of the box.

WINSON

Wha - what is this?! This says my name on it! I - I don't understand...

He looks closer at the lid of the box and he sees small writing in the bottom right corner. He gets the magnifying glass to take a look. It says, "Turn off the lights to press on".

WINSON (CONT'D)

Turn off...lights, to press on...

He goes to turn off the lights. It is not dark inside the room and he goes back over to the box on the table. He looks at the box from all directions and it shows writing on the bottom in a glow-in-the-dark ink. The words say, "Open Sesame". He flips over the box to open it and there is writing on the bottom of the lid of the box. It says, "Open here". He finds a little slit in between the bottom of the lid and the top of the lid. Inside are papers regarding test pill and a tape with audio on it. Winson goes to play the tape using some sort of device to play the audio.

INTERCUT AUDIO TAPE

AUDIO TAPE (EVAN) (V/O)

Winson, this is Evan. If you are listening to this it means that you are safe and that the authorities

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AUDIO TAPE (EVAN) (V/O) (cont'd)

don't know who you are. I am leaving behind evidence in a case that I have been undergoing for the past 5 years. Do not let anyone see this information. Stacy and I have been looking into some top secret information. Unfortunately, we can't tell over this recording due to a possibility of someone accidentally being able to obtain this recording. This is the final message you shall hear from us. I leave this to you...

BACK TO SCENE

The tape stops and Winson takes it out from the device. His cellphone rings and he answers it. There's a voice on the other line he doesn't recognize, an ENIGMATIC MAN.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

WINSON

Hello? Who is this? Oh, thank you... H - How do you know that?! Just who exactly are you?! What is it that you know?!

ENIGMATIC MAN

Hello, Winson. Oh, someone you don't know. I've been hearing about your successes at solving impossible cases. And I must say you are one of a kind gem. But that is not the reason why I'm calling today. I am calling because it seems you have an itch of finding out who your parents are, aren't you? Oh, there is so much I know about you, Winson... All of the cases you solved. The family that you never seemed to remember, and the bright future which is bestowed upon you. I know who you are, Winson. I know your parents. I know of the power your mind possesses. Your intelligence. Your will to strive impossible odds. You have no idea what you are getting yourself into. But if you really do want to find out, come over to the nearest park by the agency. I'll be waiting

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ENIGMATIC MAN (cont'd)
by the swings. You'll be in for
quite a surprise.

BACK TO SCENE

The phone rings up. Winson hastily leaves with the evidence he has in his possession, leaving everything else behind. He runs into a cop before heading out.

WINSON
Sorry, I have to be getting
someplace right now; can someone
put the rest of the stuff in the
evidence room away? Thanks!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Winson rides his skateboard towards the only park in the area.

EXT. PARK - DAY

He gets to the park as soon as he can. The Enigmatic Man is inside a vehicle near the park. He is dressed up casually and wearing gloves. He gets a cellphone ready and watches Winson goes. Winson is by the swings.

WINSON

Ok, I'm here... Where are you?
Huh?!

He hears a cellphone ring. He goes to find the cellphone by the swings. The cellphone is on top of a box and Winson answers it.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

WINSON

Hello? Where are you?! Show yourself! You said you would meet me at the park. Tell me how to disarm this thing right now! Do you hear me?! Then why - So, tell me - what do I do? Hello? Hello?! Damn it!

ENIGMATIC MAN

Why hello there, Winson. It seems you are curious after all. I knew you would come. I know how you tick. I know the way you think, Winson. But I am meeting you. Just not in person. Do me a favor and open the box if you wouldn't mind. I wouldn't leave that spot if I were you. Something bad might happen if you did... Why do you look so surprised, Winson? Haven't you ever seen a bomb before? To test out the gas that will be released from the explosion. Anyways, since you came, you'll have a chance to save everyone. This is your reward for your curiosity. First, take the bomb out of the box. Slowly... after that, look at the bottom of the box. You'll find the instructions to disarm it on the back.

BACK TO SCENE

The voice over the phone chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

Winson has got a suspicious feeling.

WINSON (V/O)
He's watching me... So that means
he's somewhere close by.

Winson gets up and takes a quick look around with the
cellphone in his hand.

EXT. PARK - SANDBOX - DAY

Winson quickly gets his focus back onto the box and opens it. There is a bomb inside. He has a surprised look on his face.

WINSON (V/O)
A bomb!

WINSON (V/O)
Gas?!

The Enigmatic Man hangs up.

Winson slowly takes the bomb out from the box.

WINSON (CONT'D)
So far so good... Now to take a
look at the back of the box. The
instructions should be there.

He looks at the back of the box and it has a message with 2 words on it.

INTERCUT MESSAGE

MESSAGE
Tough luck.

BACK TO SCENE

WINSON (V/O)
Shit!

WINSON
Guess I'm gonna have to do this the
hard way.

INT. AGENCY - DAY

Kimberly is working and suddenly gets a phone call from the Enigmatic Man.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

KIMBERLY

Hello?

ENIGMATIC MAN

Head to the nearest park if you
want to see Winson's final moments
of grieving, agonizing pain.

BACK TO SCENE

The Enigmatic Man hangs up the phone.

KIMBERLY

Huh? Winson!

EXT. PARK - SANDBOX - DAY

Winson has an emergency pocket knife that he takes out to unscrew the top. He sees the inside of the bomb, and there is only a place for some water to drop down and some pills. The water is designed to drop down onto the pills.

WINSON

Pills?

Winson realizes something important.

WINSON (V/O)

Wait a minute... These pills look familiar. Where have I seen them before...? Ah! I know...!

Winson takes out the papers that he got from the wooden box back in the evidence room. He searches them for a quick clue.

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)

Where...? Where...? Found it!

He puts the paper away.

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)

If this information is accurate, these pills turn into a poisonous gas when added with water. So the water drops into the pills, causing the weapon to ignite. But by the looks of it, I can't remove the water from this tray due to the second trigger this monster's got. If I were to remove the tray or remove any volume of water, that will cause the explosion to go off. But I can't get my hands underneath to grab any of the pills! Shit! What now? Not to mention that the water will drop down once the timer goes off. Damn! I can't move the bomb to a safer place due to the chance of spilling the water; then everyone in the area will die! Wait - I've got it!

Winson rushes to his backpack. He gets out a thin rain coat. He attempts to get the thin rain coat in between the gap of the water and the pills. The timer almost reaches zero.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)
Come on - make it!

He gets the coat under the water just in time. The water spills and doesn't reach the pills. After all the water was released, he quickly lifts the tray up and throws the water someplace far away from the pills and throws his rain coat far away from the pills as well.

WINSON
Boy am I glad I decided to heed the
advice of the weather channel.

Winson pants for a few moments and then gets up. He walks over to the box full of pills.

WINSON (CONT'D)
You really are a stinky little
friend, aren't you?

He picks up the box of pills and starts walking back over to his skateboard which lies by the entrance to the park. Winson walks into the sunlight and the pills ignite and burst into an inferno.

WINSON (CONT'D)
Holy shit! Fuck! Hot, hot, hot!

He quickly runs to a nearby pond and throws the box into the water. All of this is by instinct and quick reaction timing.

WINSON (CONT'D)
Holy shit man! What the hell just
happened?

He looks through the notes that he got from the wooden box in the evidence room.

WINSON (CONT'D)
Let's see here... H-190, an
experimental pill that was
developed by a special division of
the U.S government, designed to be
used as a weapon for warfare. The
initial intention for the drug was
to be used for interrogations but
was deemed too powerful to be used
as a weapon.

He hears a car drive up and hears Kimberly's voice.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY
Winson?! Winson!

WINSON
Huh? Kimb?!

KIMBERLY
Thank god you're alright!

WINSON
What are you doing here?

KIMBERLY
I got a call saying your life was
endangered, so I quickly came! Are
you alright?

Winson looks serious.

WINSON (V/O)
So he called Kimb as well...
Knowing that, he must have been
confident that he had succeeded in
killing me off. Using the
information of knowing who my
family is was the lure - and I fell
for it. His aim was to kill me from
the beginning, but why? And why
call Kimb? Maybe it was so she
could suffer as well...

KIMBERLY
Are you really alright?!

WINSON
Yeah.

KIMBERLY
Tell me what's going on.

He hesitates for a moment.

WINSON
Fine. But we need to get to
someplace immediately!

Kimberly nods her head. They both quickly run back to the
car and drive off.

INT. CAR - DAY

Kimberly is driving her car along with Winson in the passenger seat. Both people are quiet.

KIMBERLY
So what's all this about?

Winson just stares out the window.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Winson. Winson!

Winson looks away from the window and back to Kimberly.

WINSON
Ah! Yes?

KIMBERLY
I want to know what's going on!
Tell me.

WINSON
I dunno...

KIMBERLY
Oh come on. You said you would tell
me when we got in the car. And
besides...we've been living
together for the past 20 years,
right?

Winson looks down with depressed state of mind.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
I know I'm not your real mother.
But you can tell me anything. Don't
you trust me?

WINSON
No, it's not that.

KIMBERLY
What is it then?

WINSON
It's hard to understand...

KIMBERLY
Please...

Winson looks at Kimberly and the sad expression she has on her face.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Let me in...

Winson sighs.

WINSON

The same guy that called you called me. He said he knew all about me and my family. He had convinced me to march over to the park so that he could talk to me. He wasn't there, of course... He wanted me dead. He set up a bomb in the park that would unleash a gas that would kill anyone within the area. If I hadn't gone, people would have perished...

KIMBERLY

I noticed that you were reading something. Was it a blueprint about the bomb.

WINSON

Huh? Oh, no, well - maybe. I found these papers in the evidence room; hidden inside the wooden box that had been left in the closet while I was abducted. It describes a weaponized pill that was made by a secret branch of the government. It was called...

KIMBERLY

The H-190.

Winson is surprised.

WINSON

Yeah... How do you know of it?

KIMBERLY

I read it in the newspaper a long while back ago. The H-190 was meant to be used for interrogations during times of war. However, there was a fire that started in the factory that was making the drug. All of the pills were destroyed. Lots of people died in the fire that night. So what's the bomb have to do with the H-190?

(CONTINUED)

Winson starts getting serious while Kimberly starts getting worried.

WINSON

The bomb was fueled by those pills. It says in these notes that if you add water to the H-190 it creates a gas that causes cardiac arrest. What the notes didn't say is that they are also a flammable substance when solar energy touches them. That's why I threw the box into the water! I never expected that a pill could be used for either torture or become a nuclear warhead!

Kimberly's cell phone rings. She answers it.

KIMBERLY

Hi, this is Kimberly. What?! Are you sure? You're absolutely positive?! Alright. Thanks for the heads up. Yeah, we're going to be heading to that location right now. Have Detective Frank meet up with us on site.

She hangs up the phone.

WINSON

Who was that?

KIMBERLY

That was the team doing the autopsy. Detective Mason was found dead.

WINSON

What?!

KIMBERLY

His cause of death was a heart attack. So they took it in for examination and they found out he had been drugged. This person who called both of us has more of these pills than just what he used for your bomb.

WINSON

Because Mason died from taking it...right?

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Yeah.

WINSON (V/O)

So that's why Mason never showed up. But how did...?

WINSON (CONT'D)

Hey, Kimb, did you ever call Mason to come into work today?

KIMBERLY

No, I didn't.

WINSON (V/O)

So that's how he did it. The bomber must have used a cell phone with a voice changer chip inside of it to mimic the voice of Kimb. Calling the office as Kimb to call Mason into coming to work to look at the evidence was only a lure to bring me in. First you mimic the voice of the police chief, saying to call a certain person to come to work. Then the office would call them in. The murderer used the H-190 to kill off Mason. Since he was involved with my hostage case, there was only another person available who was eligible of looking at the evidence. That's me. He had to make Mason look like he had either forgotten to come in or couldn't come in due to illness. Next the bomber would call me as a mimic of the office, telling me that I would be needed to reexamine evidence of that case. Only one person is needed to look at evidence, so the office had to be informed that someone was coming in. Shoot...! This means that the bomber knows about the evidence I just found!

KIMBERLY

Winson, we have to meet a certain person. I want you to come with me on this.

WINSON

It's Dr. Nezbet, right?

Kimberly is surprised that he knows.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

Huh? Yeah... How did you know?

Winson shows Kimberly the article he found.

WINSON

According to this article, Dr. Nezbet was the only survivor from the fire. He's the only one that knows the whereabouts of the pills.

Kimberly nods her head.

KIMBERLY

Mhm.

INT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Kimberly and Winson drive up to the parking lot of the building where the doctor's office is located. Kimberly and Winson get out of the car. She gets on her cell phone to call Frank.

KIMBERLY

This is Police Chief, Kimberly,
arrived on location. Detective
Frank, what's your location.

FRANK (V/O)

Right behind you.

Kimberly turns to see Frank's car drive into the parking lot. Frank gets out of the car.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's the situation?

KIMBERLY

You weren't told.

FRANK

No mam.

Winson, Kimberly and Frank start to walk quickly as they speak.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Everyone heads on into the hospital hallway.

KIMBERLY

Detective Winson was threatened and Detective Mason was killed by the same person. The connection is that both cases involve the H-190 drug.

FRANK

That drug?!

KIMBERLY

The doctor was the only survivor from that incident and now he's using the pills as a weapon in populated areas. We need to confront him now before anyone else gets hurt or dies!

WINSON

Not to mention he's a very intelligent person. He claims to know about my past, so I want to face him along with the both of you!

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

They all get to the front office.

FRANK

Excuse me, we're with the police
department. Can you tell us where
Dr. Nezbet's office is located?

OFFICE MANAGER

It's just down the hall over there.

He points to a certain direction.

WINSON

Thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S ROOM - DAY

They all head down the hall and enter into the doctor's office. DR.NEZBET has a PATIENT he's with. He was getting his doctor's suit on.

KIMBERLY

Excuse me, are you Dr. Nezbet?

DR.NEZBET

Why yes I am. Do you need help with something?

KIMBERLY

We're with the police department. I'm Kimberly the Chief of Police, this here is Detective Frank and this here is Detective Winson. We want to ask you some questions if you don't mind. Do you have time?

DR.NEZBET

Ye - yes, I do.

The doctor walks over to the patient.

DR.NEZBET

I'm sorry, but could you come back another time?

PATIENT

Okay.

The patient gets her things together and starts to walk out. The doctor yells as she leaves.

DR.NEZBET

Just tell the front desk I told you to reschedule! Have a good one!

FRANK

Have a seat, if you will, Doctor.

DR.NEZBET

Alright.

Dr. Nezbet goes to take a seat.

KIMBERLY

Dr. Nezbet, is it true that you have been working on the experimental drug, H-190?

(CONTINUED)

DR.NEZBET

Why yes...I have. Quite frankly I'm surprised anyone still remembers that night.

KIMBERLY

Can you explain to us what happened the night of the incident?

DR.NEZBET

Like you said, it occurred on that dreadful night. We were testings with the drug. Our boss, Mr.Lock, the head of the department had us up extra hours, monitoring the effects of the pills. Then from out of nowhere, a raging blast of heat had erupted from within the containment room. The fire has spread too quickly for anyone to do anything. I took cover behind a barricade of tables which had been blown, almost completely covering the wall. I got behind it and the next thing I knew...

KIMBERLY

The whole complex had blown.

The doctor seems to still dread the events that happened.

DR.NEZBET

After I was recovered from the wreckage, I started over. With my knowledge of the sciences, I decided to become a doctor. To help treat the sick and find cures to our ongoing struggles against various diseases.

Winson walks over to the doctor.

WINSON

That still doesn't explain why he killed an agent and almost me!

He grabs onto the doctor with his hands and starts yanking on his coat.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Why did you try to kill me?! How is it you know of my parents?! Answer me!

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Whoa, Winson, easy there!

Frank grabs onto Winson and forces him off the doctor.

DR.NEZBET

Wha - what are you talking about, young man?

WINSON

You already know! You killed Detective Mason and blackmailed me into almost getting killed by bomb you placed in the park!

DR.NEZBET

Bomb? What bomb? I don't know anything about explosives. I'm a doctor - a scientist!

KIMBERLY

Both the death of Detective Mason and the bomb were fueled by the pill. The H-190.

DR.NEZBET

What?

KIMBERLY

The gases from the pill would have killed everyone within the area. Someone blackmailed Winson into thinking they knew about his parents. And instead they gave him a bomb to try and kill him.

FRANK

The only one with access to the pills is someone who survived the fires from that night.

DR.NEZBET

Wait, who are you? Why do you look so familiar?

FRANK

I'm a detective; of course I look familiar.

DR.NEZBET

But anyways, the pills were destroyed along with the lab! It's impossible for the pills to have escaped. No one else survived!

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

Who are my parents?!

DR.NEZBET

Who? I don't know your parents!
Quite frankly I'm just as surprised
as you guys are.

KIMBERLY

Why don't we discuss this more at
the station.

The doctor is put in handcuffs and has been taken outside.
They head to one of the jails to put the doctor behind bars.

WINSON (V/O)

That same day, Dr. Nezbet had been
put into custody by the police. He
is to be put on trial soon
afterwards for the crimes of using
illegal drugs, possessing a weapon
of mass terror and murder. But
something has still been bugging
me. There is still something I
can't place my finger on...

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A week has passed since the arrest of the doctor. Winson has been at school doing his usual work. However, there has been something on his mind and is trying to figure out what it is he can't put his finger on. Winson is eating some food inside the cafeteria at school, reading a book.

WINSON

I know that I don't have anymore classes today. But there isn't anything to do at home... God why are books such a bore...? I could at least go home and play a video game or something.

He takes a bite from his food.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Then again, there isn't anything good to play, either.

He takes another bite from his food.

WINSON (CONT'D)

And there haven't really been any cases for me to do either. God...

He takes yet another bite from his food.

WINSON (CONT'D)

It's like detectives and cops are workers of the devil or something. We go completely out of the job when everyone goes all goodie-too-shoes on society!

Winson takes another bite of his food. He notices Kimberly, who apparently is lost, trying to find Winson. He calls out to her.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Hey - Kimb! Over here!

Kimberly notices Winson from his yelling. She waves to him.

KIMBERLY

Oh, there you are!

Kimberly walks over to Winson and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

You know how hard it is to find a single person in this place?!

WINSON

I don't recall calling you to come pick me up.

He takes a drink and starts eating again while Kimberly starts talking to him.

KIMBERLY

It doesn't hurt to surprise you once in a while, does it?!

Winson talks with food stuffed in his mouth.

WINSON

No, I suppose it doesn't. Anyways, the food here is good. You should try some of this stuff sometime. It's awesome!

KIMBERLY

How can you eat that fried crap?! And besides... Don't talk with your mouth full!

WINSON

Sorry.

KIMBERLY

There you go, doing it again.

Kimberly points to Winson's drink.

KIMBERLY

May I?

WINSON

No, go ahead.

She takes a big gulp from his drink and gives it back to him with it empty.

KIMBERLY

Ah! That did the trick. Here you go.

Winson shakes the drink and notices it is empty.

WINSON

Ah! It's empty, how could you?

KIMBERLY

That's what you get for talking
with your mouth full...again!

WINSON

Awww...

KIMBERLY

Hey, Winson.

WINSON

Yeah?

KIMBERLY

Is there anything that's bothering
you?

WINSON

Huh? Concerning...?

KIMBERLY

The bombing last week.

WINSON

Ah - yeah, there is. Something
doesn't add up. I mean what would
the doctor accomplish by doing such
an act?

KIMBERLY

I know, right! The bomber called
impersonating the voices of people
in the agency. All the information
within is considered classified.

WINSON

Yeah, true.

Winson suddenly figured out what he felt suspicious of.

WINSON (V/O)

Huh?! Of course! So that's what's
been bothering me this whole time!
The doctor can't possibly know of
the people who work at the agency
since he has never went down to the
station before. He has no criminal
record! Shit! I think I'm in
serious trouble!

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY
What's wrong? Did you figure
something out?

WINSON
Yeah, well, maybe.

KIMBERLY
I'll tell you what.

Kimberly gets out from her seat.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Why don't you tell me about your
deductions over some ice cream.
What do you say?

WINSON
Yay! Ice cream, ice cream!

KIMBERLY
Let's get going then.

WINSON
Ok.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Winson and Kimberly are walking outside, moving to the location of their precious ice cream.

KIMBERLY
So what kind of ice cream are you
looking forward to?

WINSON
Mmmm... Rocky Road!

KIMBERLY
Oh my god, really?!

WINSON
Yeah, why?

KIMBERLY
Rocky Road is my favorite ice
cream, too!

WINSON
Really? That's very interesting. We
could be sole mates for all we
know.

KIMBERLY
Ok, now you are just being
disgusting!

Winson's cellphone rings.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

WINSON
Hello? What?! Where are you?! Why
are you trying to kill me?! When I
find you, I will make you tell me
about everything! Starting with
those pills!

ENIGMATIC MAN
So, it seems you are still alive,
Winson. I am quite amazed that you
managed to escape the impossible.
It was definitely due to the quick
processing of your brain that
allowed you to escape your
impending doom. So I thought I
would congratulate you. Does it
matter why I'm trying to kill you?
I'm only here to give you my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ENIGMATIC MAN (cont'd)
sincerest apologies for not talking to you in person that day. Is there any harm in a small apology? But it is true that I do know your parents. They were quite a troublesome couple. Luckily the police can be easily persuaded into undertaking such small tasks. When you find me? To be more accurate, it's when I find you. I will always find you. I will always know where you are. I will always know what you are thinking. Unfortunately, these will be my final words to you. Good bye, Detective Winson.

BACK TO SCENE

Winson suddenly felt a cold shiver crawl down his spine.

KIMBERLY
Who is it?

KIMBERLY
Winson?

Winson gives Kimberly a sign to start looking around. The unknown man on the phone chuckles. Kimberly notices something shiny on the roof of a building close by. She rushes to force down Winson.

KIMBERLY
Winson, duck!

A shot from a sniper goes off and misses Winson's head as he falls to the ground. The Enigmatic Man continues to shoot at Kimberly and Winson who take cover behind sturdy objects.

WINSON
What the hell!

KIMBERLY
Who's shooting at us?!

WINSON
My guess is the bomber!

KIMBERLY
Was that who it was on the phone?!

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

Yeah! Pretty much.

The Enigmatic Man runs out of bullets for his sniper and stats heading back inside the building. Kimberly quickly peeks behind the sturdy object and looks back quickly at Winson.

KIMBERLY

I think he ran out of ammo.

WINSON

Alright. This time we can take him for sure!

KIMBERLY

You ready?

Winson nods. They both hastily run out from behind their covering points and rush towards the building where the sniper is residing in. They both rush past people, yelling them to move out of the way and to get to a safe spot.

INT. BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Winson and Kimberly are inside the building lobby, deciding to either to take the elevator or the emergency stairs.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Come on, this way!

She starts to head towards the stairs, but Winson stops her for a moment.

WINSON

Wait! Wait. There's a chance he might take the elevator down. I know it sounds stupid but this guy is smart. He might be expecting us to think that we'd be taking the stairs, letting him use the elevator to make a clean getaway! I'll go in the elevator and you take the stairs. At least this way one of us will run into him.

INT. BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Winson takes the elevator to the top floor.

INT. BUILDING - EMERGENCY STAIRS - DAY

Kimberly rushes up the emergency stairs.

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Winson reaches the top floor and rushes out to the roof of the building. Kimberly is still running up the emergency exit stairs and meets the Enigmatic Man. He is covered up so no one knows who he really is.

INT. BUILDING - EMERGENCY STAIRS - DAY

KIMBERLY (V/O)

That's him!

Kimberly gets out her gun and aims it at the Enigmatic Man.

KIMBERLY

Hold it right there, mister! Don't
move another inch down!

The Enigmatic Man makes small movements and motions
indicating confusion.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

I said hold it! Do not move any
further!

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Winson is at the top of the building and is outside. He does a quick search for the sniper.

WINSON

Here is he?! Are you here?!

INT. BUILDING - EMERGENCY STAIRS - DAY

The Enigmatic Man puts his hands inside his coat.

KIMBERLY

Put your hands out where I can see
them. Do it now!

The sniper gets one hand out in the open with the other
still inside his coat.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Ok, now your other hand.

EXT./INT. BUILDING - ROOF - TOP FLOOR - DAY

Winson gives up on searching outside for him. He realizes that he must have gone down the stairs.

INT. BUILDING - EMERGENCY STAIRS - DAY

Kimberly still holds the gun facing the sniper.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?! Cat got your tongue?
Get your other hand out from your
coat, now! I said get it -

The sniper shoots with a handgun from within the coat and almost hits Kimberly. Kimberly is knocked off balance from the bullet and the sniper engages Kimberly in a close struggle. Winson starts to head back down the building using the emergency stairs. After a short struggle, Kimberly gets shot through the hand and gets pushed off the railing. She hangs on with only the hand she got injured by and the sniper goes in for the final shot with his gun.

WINSON

Kimb!

Winson kicks the Enigmatic Man in the cheek and he stumbles down a a few stairs but hangs onto the railing.

WINSON (CONT'D)

You come any closer to her and I
will rip your head off!

KIMBERLY

Winson! I - can't - hold on!

Kimberly's hand slips off the railing, causing her to go into the process of free falling. Winson catches her hand.

WINSON

Got you!

Kimberly tries to ignore the pain, but it becomes unbearable.

KIMBERLY

It hurts!

Kimberly's hand slips a bit but Winson still hangs on.

WINSON

No!

KIMBERLY

Let me go. You can't hang on or you
might fall, too!

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

I won't let go! I can't let go!
You're the only family I have left!
Reach out with your other arm.

Kimberly tries to reach up to Winson's other hand but notices that her hand started slipping.

KIMBERLY

I can't reach it! My hand will slip
through if I do.

WINSON

You have to try! Come on, Kimb!

KIMBERLY

One try...that's all that I got.

WINSON

You ready?

Kimberly nods her head.

WINSON

One. Two. Three!

Kimberly reaches out and Winson grabs onto both of her hands.

WINSON (CONT'D)

I got you! I got you.

Winson grabs onto Kimberly and she comes back over onto dry land. They both breath pretty hard as they stumble into the nearby corner.

INT. HOME - DAY

Winson and Kimberly are back at their house. Winson bandages up her located on her hand.

WINSON

Alright. Keep that bandage on and it should heal. You're lucky you don't need stitches. The doctor even said so himself. Keep the bandage on and it should heal over time.

KIMBERLY

Thank you...

WINSON

Huh?

KIMBERLY

It was thanks to you that I was saved. I would have died if you hadn't come sooner.

WINSON

Why are you apologizing to me for? You had a valid reason to be saved.

KIMBERLY

I know... I just feel like I'm not being a good enough mother to you. Usually it's the other way around. The mother saves his child.

WINSON

You're not my mother...

KIMBERLY

I know that!

Kimberly moves her hand around too quickly.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Ah!

WINSON

Don't use your hand too much! It won't heal properly if that happens.

Winson goes to sit down near Kimberly.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (CONT'D)
Anyways, the sniper got away.

KIMBERLY
Yeah. Now we know that the doctor
wasn't the bomber after all...

WINSON
He still could be an accomplice.

KIMBERLY
I doubt it. People who want to kill
someone tend to make it personal.

WINSON
The question remains now is...

KIMBERLY
How did the bomber obtain the pills
that were destroyed in the fire?
Oh, by the way, you said you wanted
to tell me about your deductions on
the case. What was it that you
wanted to confirm?

WINSON
By knowing the doctor is behind
bars safely says to me that the
real culprit hasn't been caught
yet. This is what has been bugging
me the whole time; the bomber knows
who the people who work at the
agency are. He clearly used their
voices on a modified cellphone.
Secondly, he claims to know about
the evidence that was collected the
night I was kidnapped. He called
and told me that he noticed that I
was looking into the history of my
mother and father.

KIMBERLY
When did he call you?

WINSON
Right after I discovered the notes
inside the wooden box.

KIMBERLY
Wait - so that means...

WINSON

And just today he tried to kill me using some type of sniper rifle. This detail tells me that he knows how to use a gun, and very well I might add. It's just as your thinking, Kimb. The one who is trying to kill me is someone who is within the Agency.

Winson starts going into thinking mode.

WINSON (V/O)

But who is the question, and why? There are so many people who work for the police, it seems quite impossible to pinpoint the culprit with just this info. It does however narrow it down to who the suspect can possibly be.

KIMBERLY

Why don't we go down to the Agency and take a look around for possible clues? The sooner we catch this guy, the better.

WINSON

Yeah. But why don't we wait until tomorrow to search. You're in no condition to be moving around with that hand.

KIMBERLY

Ok.

INT. AGENCY - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The next day, Kimberly went down to the Agency to continue her job. Winson came through the doors later on that day after he got out from school.

WINSON
Good afternoon.

OFFICIAL
Afternoon, Winson.

Winson goes over to meet Kimberly.

WINSON
I'm here, Kimb.

KIMBERLY
How was school?

WINSON
Do you really have to ask...?

KIMBERLY
Anyways, I still have some
paperwork to manage. I should be
done within a half hour or so.

WINSON
I'll wait for you.

Thirty minutes have passed and Winson is waiting in a seat within an empty room inside the building. Kimberly comes over with Frank.

KIMBERLY
All the paper work is done,
sweetie. We can start whenever.

WINSON
Huh? What's Detective Frank doing
here?

KIMBERLY
Don't worry! He's one of the only
people I can trust around here. I
thought we might need the extra
help, so I asked if he could stick
around.

FRANK
Yo!

(CONTINUED)

Winson just looks at Frank with a disgusted look on his face.

WINSON (V/O)

Huh...? Yo?! Is that really the proper way to talk to a detective...?

FRANK

What's with that look, Winson?

Winson goes back to his old casual self.

WINSON

Ah, oh, it's nothing. Really!

FRANK

Is that really it? Seems like you were making the face that says, "Is that any way to talk to a detective?".

WINSON

Naaa! You must be imagining things!

FRANK

Anyhow, I heard from Chief Kimberly about the ordeal that happened to you. Who would have thought the doctor wasn't the culprit?

KIMBERLY

I meant to ask you something. How did your face get so red all of a sudden? It looked just fine yesterday.

FRANK

Oh, this? Yeah, my dog licked my a few too many times. Ending up leaving these marks on my face.

Frank laughs.

WINSON

I suggest that we start looking for clues.

KIMBERLY

Yeah. Let's start searching.

INT. AGENCY - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

They all go into the evidence chamber and start looking through all papers and information they can come across regarding the pills, the incident, the kidnapping, etc.

WINSON

Did you find anything, Kimb?

KIMBERLY

Still looking!

WINSON

How about you, Frank?

FRANK

Still glancing through the various "all-we-know" info.

Kimberly sits down.

KIMBERLY

I just don't get it. We have to have looked through all the papers of every single investigation within the last 100 years. This search is becoming ridiculous.

FRANK

Isn't there anything we still haven't checked yet?

Winson goes to sit on the table.

WINSON

Hmmm.

FRANK

What about the box and picture from the kidnapping? Did you go through that already?

WINSON

Yeah. Huh? Wait, how do you know about the box and picture?

KIMBERLY

I told him about the papers you found inside. They seemed to be the only anything that makes sense.

Winson gets out the notes that he found inside the box when he was first investigating the evidence.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

Yeah - strange.

He looks at the notes again and realizes something.

WINSON (V/O)

Come to think of it - how did these two people get this information in the first place?

WINSON

Hey, Frank, were this couple employees of the development team that made the H-190?

FRANK

No, they weren't. All the employees except for the doctor survived. Remember?

WINSON

Oh yeah, that's right... Just thought I'd ask since it might be possible the doctor didn't realize that some other people may have lived. But I guess I was wrong...

Winson realizes another peculiar fact that the doctor mentioned.

WINSON (V/O)

Wait, what did the doctor say when he saw Detective Frank again? Hmmmm...

He remembers what the doctor said to Frank.

WINSON (V/O) (CONT'D)

That's right! He said that Frank looked similar to someone he knew... but that could just be coincidence.

FRANK

I'm going to go use the restroom real quick. Continue on without me.

Frank leaves the room to use the restroom.

KIMBERLY

Oh don't worry, we will!

Kimberly starts walking around a bit after getting up.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Well, shall we get back to work?

WINSON

Yeah, lets.

Kimberly walks over to some more of the files. Winson notices a cell phone lying on the table.

WINSON (V/O)

Huh? A cell phone? Must be Frank's.

KIMBERLY

Don't worry. I'm sure there is something here that can help us out. All we have to do is keep working at it.

Winson picks up the phone and checks it.

WINSON

Hey, Kimb?

KIMBERLY

Yeah?

WINSON

This is Frank's cell, isn't it?

KIMBERLY

Yeah. He must have forgotten to pick it up on the way to the restroom. I swear, sometimes he can be such an unaccountable person!

Winson examines the phone from the outside and on the inside.

WINSON

For someone who is a klutz, he sure knows how to save his money.

KIMBERLY

Now that you say that, it sure is a nice cell phone.

WINSON

Yeah, he made all sorts of cool adjustments to it.

Winson accidentally looks through the call history.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (CONT'D)

Damn, so many menus. Oh, oops!
Crap! How do I get out of this?

WINSON (V/O)

Huh? Hm, that's weird. It says he
tried calling me... Let's see...
Says it's been recently called.

WINSON

Bah! Stupid technology! I've never
spoken with Frank on the phone!
Kimb, don't ever get an expensive
cell phone; they seem to be glitch
or something!

KIMBERLY

Why? What's wrong?

WINSON

Ah, just his phone seems to be
bugging out or something. Some
information must have gotten
scrambled.

KIMBERLY

That's unfortunate... Seems like he
paid a lot of money to get it that
way. Oh, speaking of which!

WINSON

Huh?

KIMBERLY

There is one more piece of evidence
that we haven't checked. Although I
doubt it has anything to do with
this case.

WINSON

What evidence is it?

KIMBERLY

This soda can.

WINSON

Soda?

KIMBERLY

This one right here.

Kimberly walks over with the soda can and gives it to
Winson.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON
Hey, isn't this...?

KIMBERLY
Yeah. The soda you drank when we first recovered you from those kidnapppers.

WINSON
Why would this be considered evidence?

KIMBERLY
You know the answer to that already, Winson!

WINSON
I do?

KIMBERLY
Sure! Whenever there is an accident or incident, any and all objects must be taken into account as a possible cause for that incident or accident.

Winson holds up the soda can.

WINSON
So this soda can might be a possible piece of evidence, huh?

KIMBERLY
Could be...

Winson notices some plastic hanging against the can. It is the size of a portion of a finger.

WINSON
Hey, what's this?

KIMBERLY
Do you see something?

WINSON
Yeah... I do. Can I have some tweezers?

Kimberly hands Winson some tweezers.

WINSON (CONT'D)
Right - here.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY
Hey, isn't that...?

WINSON
Some sort of plastic by the looks
of it.

KIMBERLY
What's plastic doing hanging
against the can?

Winson takes his time to ponder about the information he
already has.

WINSON
I think I might know... I want you
to keep investigating the evidence
here for the time being!

Winson gathers all of his things together in a hurry.

KIMBERLY
Huh? Where are you going?

WINSON
I need to confirm some information.
I'm going to go see the doctor
again! There is something that he
said when we made his arrest that
intrigued me! Keep up with the hard
work here!

Kimberly just nods her head. Winson rushes out with his
skateboard and goes to see the doctor in prison.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Winson rides his skateboard to the jail that is keeping the doctor captive.

INT. JAIL - FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

He makes his way inside and talks to one of the officers.

WINSON

I need to speak with Dr. Nezbet.

This is my I.D.

INT. JAIL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The officer and Winson walk to the jail cell the doctor is being held in.

INT. JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

They reach the cell and Winson tells the officer something.

WINSON

Can we have a room to speak in?

OFFICER

Right away.

The doctor and Winson just look at each other. Sometime later both Dr. Nezbet and Winson are in an interrogating room so they can talk.

WINSON

Well here we are. Again, in the depths of silence. Causing accusations and finger pointing at the one who supposedly attempted to bomb the heck out of a college student.

DR.NEZBET

Why do I have to keep on telling you guys?! I didn't -

WINSON

I'm not done speaking yet. You see...

Winson sits down.

WINSON (CONT'D)

I now know that you weren't the mastermind behind the bombing. And I also know that you are not an accomplice in any sort of given way with the events that have happened.

DR.NEZBET

If you know I'm innocent then why are we still in here?! I demand an explanation.

WINSON

We're in here because I need to gather some information. Information that only you know.

DR.NEZBET

Information? What kind of information are we talking about here?

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

The information that will bring the true criminal into the light so that he may be brought to justice.

DR.NEZBET

Well I don't understand why your basic logic would be bringing any criminal to justice. I'm in here and the criminal is outside!

WINSON

Dr. Nezbet...I need to clarify something with you.

DR.NEZBET

Go on then.

WINSON

It was something that you said the day you were arrested. Something that I happened to be thinking over and can't seem to get out of my head.

DR.NEZBET

Something I said during my arrest?! Who are you?

WINSON

I'm Detective Winson. I was there when the arrest occurred and the one with the information regarding your job creating those pills.

DR.NEZBET

Information? Ah yes, of course. The newspaper article. That was yours?!

WINSON

Yes. I am college detective that trying to find out who his parents are.

DR.NEZBET

Your parents?

WINSON

I don't remember anything about my parents and when I found this article from a couple of people who kidnapped me, it lead me straight to you. Doctor, do you know anything about my parents...?

(CONTINUED)

Winson gets out the photograph that he found from the evidence room and shows it to the doctor.

WINSON (CONT'D)

This is a picture of my kidnapppers who happened to be carrying this article; kept secret away from everyone except me. Do you know these people?!

DR.NEZBET

No! I don't know anything about them! I don't even know who they are!

Winson stares at the doctor, analyzing the readings on his face to determine if he is telling the truth or not.

WINSON

Seems you're telling the truth after all... Sorry.

Winson goes to sit down at the other end of the table.

DR.NEZBET

No, it's quite alright. It's understandable that you want to know about your parents. Anyone would want to know who their parents are; what they do, what kind of people they are, so on and so forth.

WINSON

Yeah, I got a bit carried away.

DR.NEZBET

Not to change the subject, but what were these so called deductions you thought of mentioning that you wanted to ask me?

WINSON

Yeah. You were saying during your arrest that you thought you noticed someone you saw.

DR.NEZBET

That's right. That other male detective that was with you and that woman.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

Detective Frank? Well, he is a famous detective, so there's lots of people who would recognize him.

DR.NEZBET

That's not it...

WINSON

Huh? What do you mean?

DR.NEZBET

What I mean is that he looks like someone that I know! Someone who I have worked with. He looks exactly like that guy, so perfectly, it's scary!

WINSON

Who? Who does that detective remind you of?

DR.NEZBET

Mike Russel... He should be in that article you're holding.

Winson looks at the article he has in his hand and skims through it. He finds the section which contains the man the doctor was telling Winson about. He quickly gets up from the table.

WINSON

Thank you very much!

INT./EXT. JAIL - CELL - JAIL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Winson rushes out of the room and out the front doors into the city again with his skateboard. Winson tries calling the cellphone, but Kimberly is not responding.

WINSON

Damn it; what a time for her
cellphone to be off! I've got to
hurry!

INT./EXT HOUSE - DOOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kimberly is sitting down on a couch, going through some papers. She then hears a knock at the door. She walks up to the door and sees detective Frank at the door.

KIMBERLY

Oh, thank you for coming over.
Really.

FRANK

My pleasure, mam.

KIMBERLY

Oh, sorry, please, come on in.

FRANK

Thank you.

Frank comes inside the house and shuts the door behind him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You called because you had some
questions?

KIMBERLY

I do. As a matter of fact, I wanted
to ask you some questions
personally about that kidnapping
case from 20 years ago. Do you
mind?

Frank and Kimberly sit down.

FRANK

No, please. Ask away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Winson hurries on his skateboard to the Agency where he last saw Kimberly. He gets off his skateboard and rushes inside.

INT. AGENCY - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

WINSON

Excuse me, is Kimb still here?! I need to see her ASAP!

OFFICIAL

No, she left not long ago.

WINSON

Did she say where she was going?!

OFFICIAL

She said she was done for the day and was going to go home.

WINSON

Thank you!

Winson rushes back outside.

OFFICIAL

Huh? Uh hey, wait! Oh, he's gone...

Winson is back on his skateboard riding as fast as he can to his home. He tries calling the house with his cellphone.

WINSON (V/O)

Damn! The power has been cut! So it really was him! Kimb - don't do anything foolish... please.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Kimberly and Frank are continuing the discussion about the case.

KIMBERLY

Don't you think it's a bit strange that the person who is trying to kill Winson and me seems to know where we're at?

FRANK

What do you mean he knows where you guys are at all times? A stalker?

KIMBERLY

No, that's not it. The way the evidence was placed out years ago that was discovered just recently... just that something is off. I don't know what though...

FRANK

Um, mam, could you explain it to me in further detail so I can get a grasp on the situation?

KIMBERLY

You remember that box that Winson had with him while trapped inside the closet from that home years ago?

FRANK

Yeah, I remember there being a picture of the couple next to the box as well. Right? That one?

KIMBERLY

Yeah. That evidence was meant for Winson to find so that he may read the contents of those pages he found. The evidence on those pages talk about the experimental pill of mass destruction that was being developed by the U.S. Government for warfare and interrogations. All the clues lead to the doctor that we arrested because he was the one who developed them in the first place. But the doctor was innocent because of the second attack the bomber made on us. My guess was for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY (cont'd)

us to think that the doctor was the culprit from the very get go, leading to his arrest and us lowering our guard. Unfortunately, not everything went as planned and the killer got away.

FRANK

Yeah, I heard about that! Luckily you and Winson are both safe.

KIMBERLY

Back to the main concept at hand. The killer knows about the information on that piece of paper. Making it a lure for Winson to follow so that the killer could kill him. That being said, since his kidnapppers hid that paper for him, can only be assumed that the couple had some sort of connection with the one trying to kill Winson.

FRANK

Really?! But how would the killer have contacted Winson to begin with when he was lured to the park? Winson doesn't know who the killer is and he has never met anyone from that incident 20 years ago. Well, besides the doctor.

KIMBERLY

It's due to the lack of evidence that Winson doesn't know who the killer is.

FRANK

Lack of evidence?

KIMBERLY

The only way he would know how to contact Winson is by actually knowing his cellphone number, the one he had with him at the Agency. Also, how does the killer know about the paper Winson has? Winson was inside the evidence room when the bomber called. He called just as Winson found the papers. Meaning...

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Meaning...?

KIMBERLY

Meaning that someone within the agency is trying to kill Winson!

Frank suddenly gets a serious look on his face.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

But for what purpose I don't know. Detective Frank, I want you to help aid in this new investigation.

Both Kimberly and Frank get up from their seats.

FRANK

Huh? Me? Why me?

KIMBERLY

Oh don't start giving me that innocent look! I know you and Winson are all buddy buddy. Tomorrow morning we'll both go down to the Agency and ask the front desk on who was inside the building during the time of the call.

FRANK

That's fine with me. Hey, can I get something from the kitchen real quick? I'm a little thirsty.

KIMBERLY

Go help yourself to whatever you want.

FRANK

Thank you, mam.

Frank goes to the kitchen. Kimberly hears Frank screaming for help along with some gunshots.

FRANK

Huh? Hey, stay back! Don't come any closer!

KIMBERLY

Frank? Frank?!

Kimberly rushes to the kitchen.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Winson rides his skateboard and reaches his home.

WINSON (V/O)

There it is!

Winson stops riding the skateboard and rushes inside the house. He notices the door is open.

WINSON

The door is open! Kimb - I'm coming!

EXT./INT. HOUSE - DOOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Winson goes inside the house at full speed and sees Kimberly on the floor. He rushes over to her side.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Kimb! Kimb, are you alright?! What happened?! Speak to me!

Kimberly gains her conscious and looks at Winson as she struggles to speak.

KIMBERLY

Winson? Is that you?

WINSON

It's me, Kimb! It's Winson.

KIMBERLY

You...get away. Hur..

WINSON

Don't say another word! I'm going to get you out of here.

Winson tries to grab a hold of Kimbery so they could get her to a hospital, but she stops him.

KIMBERLY

I ha - I have to tell...you.
I...know about your parents. I know who they are...

WINSON

What...?

KIMBERLY

I've known about you the whole time, Winson. Your parents...your parents were top class detectives...just like you.

WINSON

Huh? Wait, wha...

KIMBERLY

I noticed the resemblance...as you aged...and got older. I kept a hold of your family's secret. They don't know...about your relationship with them... was to protect you from the one gunning...your family down.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

Wait - who...? Who was trying to
gun my parents?

KIMBERLY

You still don't realize
it...huh...? The one
try...kill...you...

WINSON

Wait - so that means...!

Winson slowly turns his head around. Detective Frank hit Winson with a baseball bat over the head. The back of his head has been struck before Winson could fully turn around.

KIMBERLY

Ah! No, Winso... no.
Ho...how...could you...do this to
us...Frank?!

Frank walks towards the two victims that he had struck down.

FRANK

Yeah. You guessed it. A little too
late now though. Was starting to
think you would never show up.

WINSON

Damn it! I was too late in figuring
it out...

FRANK

That measly doctor told you huh...?

WINSON

No. I just connected the dots; just
like my parents would have done.

FRANK

Your parents were swine who
couldn't help but put their noses
in other people's businesses! It
was all because of them that all
this had to happen! If they had
just kept to themselves and looked
the other way, none of these events
would have occurred.

WINSON

What do you mean? What did my
parents ever do to you?!

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
It doesn't matter.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank goes into the kitchen to open a bag that he brought with him.

FRANK

As soon as these pills get exposed to the water from this kitchen, you'll be both dead regardless. So there's no need in explaining such details to you. Besides - I'm not going to waste time explaining how I'm going to kill the both of you when I can just do it right off the bat.

Winson and Kimberly struggle to get up from the ground. But they are too damaged to get to their knees. Frank puts the pills inside a bucket and puts it under the sink. He slowly turns the water on so that it drips.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The water from the H-190 pills will release the gases from within, causing cardiac arrest to everyone who inhales it. There are enough pills here to envelop the whole neighborhood.

Frank walks back to Winson and Kimberly. He kneels down with his face in between both Winson and Kimberly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

My, my, what a lovely scene this is. Mother and son staring at each other, paralyzed out of sheer pain. How it must hurt so much to see the one you care for get hurt right before your very eyes. Oh but wait, you two aren't even related by blood. How sad that is and to still say you're both family.

Frank gets his head back up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And while I'm here, I think I shall do something that I have always wanted to do for the past 20 years.

Frank gets out his gun and shoots Winson in the right shoulder blade, letting the bullet go through.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON
Fucking asshole!

Frank puts his gun away as he speaks.

FRANK
Oh now, now, why are you
complaining? You deserve this
punishment. You know you deserve
this punishment.

Frank starts to walk to the entrance of the house to leave.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I have locked all the windows and
doors. Try to escape if you can. If
you do manage to open even a single
window, the gas will spread
throughout the whole neighborhood.
So now is the time to make the
choice. Die for the safety of
others, or live painfully as
everyone around you suffers and
withers away forever. Now if you'll
excuse me, I must go eradicate the
remaining of your history!

Frank closes and blocks the entrance to the house. Winson
struggles to get up.

WINSON
God damn it!

Winson collapses again. He sees Kimberly in tears.

KIMBERLY
Winson. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I
never wanted for this to happen to
you. I just wanted you to have a
normal life. I never wanted you to
end up like your parents.

WINSON
No, don't say that! None of this
was your fault.

KIMBERLY
No, it is my fault. Because of me,
I led everyone to them. I'm guilty
for the death of your parents. If I
was smart enough, I would have been
able to see through Frank's lies.
All of them!

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

No more! Don't say anything.

KIMBERLY

I should have told you from the very beginning... I should have told you... I'm so sorry I hid the truth about your parents from you! I really am! Please forgive me!

WINSON

Kimb... You don't need to apologize... You did it out of the pure safety of a child who had lost his parents. You took it upon yourself to make up for your mistakes by taking me in as my new mother. Kimb... You are my mother!

Winson slowly gets up and grabs the baseball bat.

WINSON (CONT'D)

That is why... That is why... When anyone I see is in trouble... I will help them out... Just like you helped me out... I will protect everyone!

Winson lashes out at some of the windows and doors trying to break free from the grip of the gas as it devours the inside of the house.

KIMBERLY

Run, Winson... Save...yourself...

Kimberly falls unconscious.

WINSON

No! Kimb! I...will...get us...out...here...

The pain was too much for Winson and so he collapses onto the floor as the whole house fills up with the gas from the H-190. Later on, Winson wakes up from the gas that had disappeared from the house.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Wha - what happened? Why was I on the floor? Oh; that's right! Kimb! Kimb! Where are you?!

Winson finds Kimberly on the ground and rushes over.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (CONT'D)

Kimb! Kimb, are you alright?! Kimb!

He kneels down to lift up Kimberly's head, trying to snap her out of her sleep.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Kimb! Wake up, Kimb, wake up!

Winson puts a finger underneath her nose to see if she's breathing.

WINSON (CONT'D)

No. No, this can't be...

He checks her pulse just to be sure.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Shit!

Winson checks her heartbeat as a final checkup. He notices that she had stopped breathing and had died from the gas that had engulfed the room while she was unconscious. Winson swings his right arm and remembers that it got shot due to the pain when he swung his arm.

WINSON (CONT'D)

God damn it!

From the pain in his arm, he remembers what happened from the incident he had just encountered. He mourns the loss of his second mother and his tears slowly become an expression of hatred. He slowly retracts his head from Kimberly, looking at empty space.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Fraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaannk!

INT./EXT. HOUSE - ENTRANCE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Winson force opens the door with a strong kick. He rushes outside and runs away into the city, stumbling on the ground as he struggles to get a hold of himself.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Winson is walking through the dark and foggy city streets. Both hands are in his pockets as he quickly walks with his thoughts gathering.

EXT. CITY STREETS - ALLEY - NIGHT

He stumbles on an alley where he goes slightly inside and grabs a hold of his right shoulder where he got shot at. He stumbles against the wall and stays put as he looks up at the night sky, depressed.

WINSON

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... I
couldn't protect you... I let you
down! Kimb! I - I don't know what
to do anymore... I don't...

Winson knocks over a trash can and falls to the ground again.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Damn! Damn it! Damn it all to hell!

He screams out in pain and hit's the ground a few times. He is reminded of what Detective Frank is going to do. He starts getting angry and his expression turns to rage.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Detective Frank is inside Winson's original family house. He looks around the house with a flashlight due to there being no power to run stuff that runs on electricity.

FRANK

Ah yes... I remember this all too well...

He picks up a picture that has the mother and father as a couple.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Serves you both right. Serves your legacy right!

He forces down the photo back where he got it from and continues onward. He slowly goes upstairs.

FRANK

I wish you both could have lived to see the day your empire crumbles. Your only son is dead, along with the both of you.

INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Frank is now upstairs and takes a look at his surroundings.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now let me see...if my memory
serves me correctly, it was...this
one. No, wait...that one!

INT. HOUSE - WINSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank goes into the room and is now inside the same room that he was in 20 years ago when they found Winson inside the closet.

FRANK

Yes. This is it. This is where my 20 years of suffering first began; in this very room. You see me now, Evan?! Stacy?! This is the very room where I took you two out. At the very least I took you both out with a bang. You both deserved at least that much. And now your invisible and annoying son is along side the both of you, watching down as I rule over all three of your lives!

Frank starts laughing and at the same time he hears someone speaking to him.

WINSON

I wouldn't be so sure of that. After all - you did lead me right to you.

Winson comes out from the closet door that he was once held 20 years ago.

WINSON (CONT'D)

After all, you did say that you were going to extinguish the rest of our family's legacy, did you not?

FRANK

What?! No, that's impossible. You died! You are dead! I killed you in that house!

WINSON

Guess there are a few other negative sides to your experiment, detective Frank. No, that's not your real name, isn't it... Matthew Horis!

FRANK

Horis? Me? Please - you don't know what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

Don't play dumb with me. I know all about you.

Winson walks forward to face Frank.

WINSON (CONT'D)

I know about your relationship with my parents. I know about your position as the head of the department and development of the K-190. And I know all of the effects that these weapons possess. Even the ones that you haven't discovered yet. The only thing I don't know is why you did what you did back all those years and still to today. Why did you do it, Frank?

FRANK

It's like I said before; your parents wouldn't keep their noses out. So their punishment in my books happens to be death. The three of us were best friends in college. We all got our degrees and went into our careers. Your parents got married and became detectives. They quickly climbed the ladders of fate and became well known and well famous throughout the world. I on the hand, went into sciences and developments. I was selected by our government to make a weapon that would keep us all safe from terrorists. When the K-190 was completed, our nation had decided that these pills were far too dangerous to be held in anyone's hands. Your parents happened to come across me making deals with the underground black market to exchange these pills for hard cold cash. And then your parents decided to make their move; which just so happened to be the day the government wanted to destroy the remaining weapons. So I was going to smuggle them out in secret. But somehow your mother and father managed to infiltrate the premises and to gather proof of my wrong doings. When I caught them, I got

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (cont'd)
as many pills as I could, and then I burnt the facility down to the ground. Everyone thought I was dead. Everyone had long but forgotten about me. When I was given my second chance at starting fresh, I was signed under a new name and given a new job. I was now a detective like you and your parents; living literally under the same roof. I had persuaded the police force into thinking your parents had stolen government property and that I was second in command. Your parents were sneaky little critters they were. Until we cornered them inside their own home. They were to be taken in under arrest, but they refused. They didn't want you to become involved with the police under the identity as their child. They wanted you to take their place in their personal investigation to uncover the truth and to exploit me. Luckily the police are stupid enough to think that I accidentally shot your parents out of pure self defense.

INTERCUT FLASH BACK

This is a flashback from 20 years ago when Winson was just a kid and trapped inside the closet.

POLICE 1
Put your guns down this instant!

POLICE 2
Put the guns down! Put them down, now!

EVAN
Go to hell!

STACEY
Drop dead!

Stacey fires her gun twice and hits one of the police officers in the leg. Frank goes in, using the police as a shield and shoots both Evan and Stacey, killing them.

(CONTINUED)

KIMBERLY

I've got two officers down, I need medical attention for them right away! Get these officers downstairs, ASAP!

POLICE 3

Right away, mam!

POLICE 4

Hey, help me with this one.

The officers pick one of the wounded police members up by both the upper back and the legs downstairs.

FRANK

Congratulations, mam. I see why you were selected to be the new police chief of the force.

BACK TO SCENE

Winson now understands what Frank was trying to accomplish.

WINSON

So to put it in light terms, you didn't want to get caught and thrown in jail for life. And you used my parents as shields to hide the truth from everyone! You used the whole police force as your personal shield for your own filthy desires!

Winson points his finger at Frank.

WINSON (CONT'D)

And now you've been caught by the person you failed to get rid of; me.

Frank pulls out his gun.

FRANK

Oh, I don't think so, young lad. Now think carefully Winson. Your enemy holds a gun at you in an open space. No where to run, no where to hide. You are unarmed and have nothing to protect yourself with. You will die when this gun has shot its bullet into your skull. What do you do?

(CONTINUED)

Winson smiles.

WINSON

Ha. Interesting puzzle you have here. Let's see.

Winson slowly moves to a different location of the room.

WINSON (CONT'D)

First! I will move myself over to this location right here. Now you will be saying something like, "You are still in the open, so it doesn't matter what you do," right?

Frank starts to get angry.

FRANK

Ohhh you really know how to push my buttons, don't you?!

WINSON

I suppose...

FRANK

But I gotta ask and it will drive me crazy if I don't ask! How in the world did you survive the gas while you were trapped inside Kimberly's home?! You should have been dead!

WINSON

Seriously?

Winson looks around with a surprising amazement expression on his face.

WINSON (CONT'D)

And here I thought that someone with a brain of your caliber wouldn't need someone to explain it to you. But if you must know - it's the major flaw within your 'weapon'.

FRANK

Just spill the beans already, god dammit!

WINSON

Your pill only works on an individual once!

Frank becomes surprised by Winson's answer.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Impossible...

WINSON

Quite frankly, it's the truth. While I thought I was dead inside that house, I miraculously survived the ordeal. Then it hit me... The gas in those pills were meant to attack the immune system of a human being then attacking the heart, causing cardiac arrest. But if that were the case then why am I still here if I have a fully developed immune system. Then I suspected that the reason why I'm alive still is because it only works on a person once and that the immune system will automatically be able to counter the pills effects once someone were to be infected once. I remember I was exposed by its gases once already - when I was still a kid. You put a pill inside that soda you gave me when I went to the agency after I had been rescued by the kidnapppers. Unfortunately it seems as though the sugars in the drink slowed down the dissolving process, allowing the gas to take its full effect. I drank the soda while the pill was slowly dissolving. Since I was little, my immune system wasn't fully developed yet. So then it would go for the most important part of the body if it were to fail in attacking the heart...the brain. The reason I lost my memory of my parents was not because of my head injury, but due to the effects from my brain being attacked by the gas in those pills. It wasn't enough to kill me, but enough to cause a long term of amnesia.

Winson points his finger out at Frank.

WINSON (CONT'D)

You knew from the very get go that I was of the same flesh and blood as your best colleagues. You used the wound on my head as an excuse

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WINSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)
to carry out your hidden
assassination plot. Because if you
had killed me back then, you would
have been accused of murder and
sentenced to life in prison. So you
let the amnesia do its work for
you.

Frank chuckles.

FRANK
As always, you know how to push my
buttons, kid! Yeah, everything you
said was true. Kimberly was
starting to notice that you were
the son of the great detectives and
that she would find out that wasn't
just a coincidence that you had
lost your memory. Your parents
would have never hurt you. So in
order to keep my secret safe, I had
to kill you off and and
blackmailing the only known
survivor who knows of the pills.

Frank starts to get angry.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And it's because of your god damn
stubbornness that I had to kill off
Kimberly! If you would have just
died then none of this would have
had to happen!

Winson yells back.

WINSON
Wrong, Frank! Wrong! The only
reason why Kimb died was because of
your greed for money and power.
None of this would have happened if
you had decided to live an honest
life. But fortunately because of
your curiosity about the pills, I
figured out the answer to your
puzzle. About how to avoid getting
unscathed by your gun in an open
space.

FRANK
Bull shit! Die, Wison.

Frank gets ready to pull the trigger on his gun.

(CONTINUED)

WINSON

The answer, is this.

Winson stomps hard on the loose floor board and knocks the gun out from Frank's hand as it flings up. Winson leaps to grab the gun, but Frank throws something to move the gun away from Winson. The gun misfires, almost hitting Winson. Frank pushes Winson on the ground and starts slowly punching him on the face and knocking the back of his head against the floor. Winson knee kicks Frank below a few times when Frank gets too close to Winson. Winson grabs the next possible thing he can get his hands on and lashes out with it and hits Frank against the head. Frank gets pushed off afterwards. Winson crawls to get the gun and fires Frank for 6 rounds in the chest as Frank goes to chase Winson. Frank falls on his back against the floor with Winson breathing heavily. Winson then crawls backwards to lean against the wall.

WINSON (V/O)

After that hard struggle had occurred, I called the police. They came within the next 10 minutes, gathered once again at my old household. I was brought into custody and explained everything to them. About Frank; about myself; and about Kimb.

INT./EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Three weeks later, Winson is living at Kimberly's home along with the recently moved in brother of Kimberly. Winson is getting his shoes on by the front door. He yells out to the older brother.

WINSON

I'm going to class now. I'll be
back later.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Winson walks out the front door. He looks up at the sky and takes in a deep breath.

WINSON (V/O)

It's been three weeks since the ending of that horrific struggle to uncover the identity of my parents. After the passing of Kimb, the Agency contacted Michael, Kimb's older brother. He moved into the house not long after he got the call. Kimb has given everything in her will to yours truly. I still go to school to further learn more about criminal justice and to further increase my skills to solve impossible cases. I still work for the Agency as my part time job. And of course I solve cases that come through my cell phone even when I'm not on duty. Things are finally back to normal.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Winson gets his skateboard and starts riding off with it
down the street.

WINSON (CONT'D)

Yeah!

FADE OUT: