

# **Traceless**

The Lizard Bishop

Chapter One: "He Who Sings Softly"

By

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Traceless

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FADE IN.

EXT. WYOMING OUTSKIRT WASTELANDS - NIGHT

OPEN ON the heavily silhouetted and barely visible outline of an industrial city wasteland in a torrential downpour. In the distance the light pollution and glow of the city is visible. Though heavily obscured, the viewer can make out an impression of a FIGURE in black dragging of what appears to be a body bag across the ground. The grass appears overgrown. The sound of the heavy rain bouncing off the concrete and the swirling wind howling is all the audio that the viewer is offered. The following quote fades on screen:

"Today is an ephemeral ghost..."

Vera Nazarian

QUOTE HOLDS for 5 seconds as an unsettling orchestral swelling starts to cut through the Foley and the scene sharply cuts to black.

TITLE CREDITS.

EXT. CHEYENNE WYOMING OUTSKIRT WASTELANDS - THE NEXT MORNING

A crisp Autumns' morning in the orange sunrise. Wispy clouds make patterns like they were finger painted in the sky. A ran down industrial wastelands entrance is littered with policemen, vehicles and yellow 'Police line - Do not cross' tape. If the surroundings aren't limescale green, then they are rusted cherry brown. There are large pools of STANDING WATER from the storm the night before. As they mix with oil on the ground they create an illusion of rainbows from the underworld. The fences are also rusting to nothing and the dust stained chimneys of long since abandoned coal factories loom large over the scene. As the camera pans over the scene a small, white, forensics investigation tent is pitched in the center of the wasteland. NOTICE the birds roosting. Deputy sheriff Freddie Mathers is waiting at the entrance.

In the bottom left corner of the screen appears the following in Courier New:

Day One/07:12/Cheyenne WYO/16<sup>th</sup> Oct 1996

Holds on screen for three seconds and fades out.

As the camera pans around, arriving into the shot are homicide detectives Roderick 'Davie' Davids and Eric 'Sunday' Roberts pulling up to the wastelands in Davie's Leather Brown 1989 Chrysler New Yorker. The wheels audibly crunch on the gravel as the car pulls up to a stop beside the deputy sheriff. Davids is 42 years old, stocky, extroverted and speaks with a stern but slow southern drawl. Roberts is 39 years old, more slight in his build, introverted and speaks softly but eloquently, with scruffy mid-length hair. Both are wearing black trench coats with 'CPD' on the back.

DETECTIVE RODERICK 'DAVIE' DAVIDS

Detectives Roderick Davids and Eric Roberts sir.

NOTICE the clouded breath coming from Mather's mouth as he talks.

DEPUTY SHERIFF FREDDIE MATHERS

We've been waiting on you Davie.

Victim was found approximately oh five thirty  
by a dog walker and called it in.

We've secured the area and sealed a perimeter  
around the scene to within four hundred yards.

But sir, if I may,  
you're not gonna have seen anything  
like this before.

Mathers takes a beat.

(Sighing) What's that son of a bitch doing beside you?  
He should be doing time.

DAVIDS

It's okay Mathers, take it easy.

Lt. Brown called, said you needed assistance  
with a 419, asked me to pick him up on the way.

Davie takes a beat.

Listen E, some of the boys,

Davie takes another beat.

they uh, don't like you so much right now.

Roberts sits staring out of the windscreen. His face remains  
expressionless.

DETECTIVE ERIC 'SUNDAY' ROBERTS

Yeah?

Well, I don't so much like myself  
right now either.

Davie looks at Eric, then Mathers.

CUTS TO FOLLOWING THE THREE MEN as they make the walk to the forensics tent. Davie has his hands in his pockets and Roberts is noticeably avoiding eye contact with the other officers. Roberts has a PEN and a BINDED NOTEPAD out and has already began WRITING NOTES. Without saying anything, the sheriff deputy opens the tent zip and holds the door open. Each detective is handed a pair of latex gloves as they enter. NOTICE how Roberts is handed his with more force.

ON DAVIDS and ROBERTS faces as they enter the forensics tent. DAVIDS looks shocked and his face tenses up. His eyes scale around the tent. Robert's face screws up slightly as he focuses on the body. With his gloves on, Roberts left hand caresses his left eyebrow and he brushes past DAVIDS to look closer.

ANGLE ON BODY- (depicted in 'gift receiving' manner) - A white FEMALE, early-twenties, long dark hair, naked and sat on a metallic stool. She is tied by both ankles to each stool leg, and her arms are tied together. Her legs are tied around the underside of the stool, keeping her from falling. Her hands are positioned in a gift receiving gesture. In the palms of her hand lays an IVORY WHITE BISHOP CHESS PIECE. Her head is slumped over her right arm. She is wearing a GOLDEN RABBIT MASK that covers the top half of her face.

DAVIDS

(Quietly, slowly) What the fuck.

Roberts crouches down and uses his pen to pull the victim's hair back. NOTICE the BRUISING around her neck. Roberts shifts around to the victims front as the camera notices more of the MASK.

The mask shines and the camera catches Roberts reflection in it. Her face is in tact as far as we can tell, and from the area not disguised by the mask, it appears to be an attractive face also.

Davie, to the other deputies standing outside the tent. Roberts continues crouched, looking closely at and around the victim.

DAVIDS

Who found her?

MATHERS

Kingston, about thirty after the initial call.

No vitals, no pulse.

ROBERTS

She still has her eyes, hazel.

Roberts takes a beat.

She hasn't been here long.

Roberts swirls his finger in the air, gesturing about the birds.

ROBERTS

Eight, ten hours at best.

MATHERS

The county's on their way.

Where do we even start with this, D?

Davie sighs and shakes his head gently. Roberts gently caresses the victims hands and picks up the BISHOP. He investigates it closely, five to ten centimeters away from his face.

ROBERTS

It's almost like, it's an offering.

Davie raises his eyebrows and screws his face slightly. Davie turns to Mathers. Throughout the whole exchange Roberts continues examinations of the body.

DAVIDS

Any I.D?

Mathers shakes his head quickly.

MATHERS

Nothing yet.

We've got the troopers performing  
sweeps of the grid but  
we're gonna need more.

DAVIDS

We're already stretched thin.

MATHERS

It's an election year.

DAVIDS

It's an election year.

Any security footage?

Davie starts putting on his latex gloves and begins to crouch next to Roberts.

MATHERS

We've asked control to get in touch  
with the keepers of the estate, but...

DAVIDS interjects.

DAVIDS

This place is the shits.

MATHERS

(Agrees) When we know, you'll know.

Roberts peels the victims hair back once more to show Davie.  
On Roberts and Davie with the victim front facing.

ROBERTS

Contusions of the neck,  
slight hemorrhaging around the trachea.  
I can't tell though  
if this the cause.

Davie leans in closer for a closer look.

ROBERTS

There's no telltale signs of a struggle.

Over the radio a trooper calls in.

RADIO

A42 over.

Davie pulls out a LARGE RADIO from his trench coat, and puts to his face.

DAVIDS

Received, go ahead A42.

RADIO

Copy that. Sir, we have drag marks, over.

DAVIDS

Roger that A42.

ON Mathers as Davie and Roberts, both still kneeling around the body,  
turn to look at him. Mathers nods.



EXT. FIELD, CHEYENNE WYOMING - DAY

OPEN ON a field situated on the outskirts of the crime scene. The industrial graveyard hangs in the distance, almost suffocating in it's imposing stature. On Roberts as he is being directed around the drag markings by two troopers. He has his notepad and pen out and is again furiously scribbling notes. Mathers and Davie are pouring a coffee from a THERMOS CONTAINER.

MATHERS

You worked anything like this before?

DAVIDS

No sir.

Five years CID, ten on the beat  
but we're a God fearing nation.

Mathers eyes move from DAVIDS over his left shoulder. He gestures at Roberts.

MATHERS

And do you trust him?

DAVIDS sips his coffee and avoids Mathers eyes contact. DAVIDS scratches his nose, the his left ear.

Davie takes a beat.

DAVIDS

Are the coroners on their way?

MATHERS

They should be here within the hour.

DAVIDS

Great. And thanks for the coffee.

ANGLE ON the drag marks, water pooling in the divots left in the ground. Some of the marks have been completely filled by rain water. Roberts is engaging in conversation with two troopers as he continues to make notes.

ROBERTS

Where do the marks end?

TROOPER

Last sign is about one hundred yards south, sir.

ROBERTS

There's got to be signs of a van  
on the outskirts of the estate.  
No surveillance positioned?

TROOPER

Not from what we know.

ROBERTS

That'll be the reason why then.

Okay, set up a perimeter and canvass  
the area, radio in if you find any marks.

Roberts takes a beat.

With that storm, if they left the path  
there should be residue.  
Can you make tread casts?

TROOPER

Yes sir.

ROBERTS

Good man.

The troopers turn and follow the path to the remaining troopers who are still setting up the area. Pan out across the field to show troopers performing canvassing along with other crime scene activities. The area is active with movement.

ANGLE on Roberts as Davie walks up to him from behind. Roberts stays fixated on writing his notes and the tracks.

Notice again the clouds of breath coming from Davie's mouth, and the steam from his coffee. The last gasps of autumn are like the final few embers of a campfire. Winter is leering in.

DAVIDS

What's your read Roberts?

My gut feel keeps telling me  
it's ritualistic, hell, demonic even.

ROBERTS

(Disagrees) It's not. Cult maybe.

It's Lovecraftian in it's nature, sure.

DAVIDS shrugs Noncommittally.

But it's tantric in it's execution.

It's precise, clean.

Meticulous.

Someone enjoyed this.

Maybe more than enjoyment, necessity.

And it's probably going to happen again.

Camera pans out around the scene as the coroners caravan arrives and more men start preparing to work around the scene.

I/EXT. CID CAR/ WYO211/ EVENING

HOURS Later, towards sunset. Davie and Roberts drive in Davie's 1989 Chrysler New Yorker, Davie's behind the wheel. Throughout the conversation they pass DERELICT FACTORIES, VACATED HOUSES, ISOLATED FIELDS, RANDOWN GROCERY STORES. Camera switches between the cab and the Chrysler passing through the Wyoming environment. Davie is focused on the road whilst Roberts is going through his notes from the days work. There is no music or radio entertainment.

DAVIDS

God, what a mess.

Roberts says nothing and continues reading. Davie drums his fingers on the wheel awkwardly.

DAVIDS

It's good working with you again Eric.

A whole lot of everything and  
nothing changes in six months.

But with this, what's going on here.

You know I gotta ask...

DAVIDS takes a beat.

What *happened*?

Where've you been?

Roberts stops studying his notes and starts to stare out of the passenger window.

ROBERTS

You know what happened.

Everybody in this force knows  
what happened.

DAVIDS

But I want to hear it from you.

ROBERTS

You know what I think, Davie?

Everybody wants to dance with the devil,  
until he's got his fucking shoes on.

DAVIDS is visibly baffled.

DAVIDS

And what exactly, is that supposed to mean?

ROBERTS

It means that I failed.

Roberts takes a beat.

It means that Katie and the kids have  
been living with her parents for four months.

DAVIDS

You killed a civilian Eric.

A mother.

It's not something that  
I can just brush under the rug  
and forget all about.  
My partner's a killer.

ROBERTS

(Slowly, ruefully) It was an accident Davie.

An accident.

I was chasing that 10-66 at the back of the BNSF  
rail-yard, tweaker.

(MORE)

Been selling petrol laced ecstasy  
to school kids like it was some kinda  
service station candy.

Roberts takes a beat.

Young girls lost their arms.  
Their skin peeling off them like spare room  
wallpaper.

I had him to within like,  
twenty, twenty five feet,  
but the bastard would not stop running.  
And I told him, I warned him.

Roberts exhales and looks straight into DAVIDS eyes. DAVIDS looks  
saddened.

I had to stop him, Davie.  
I had too.  
So he jumped the gated fence,  
if I was going to tag him,  
then this was it.  
I raised my nine, went to give him a disabler  
and right when I pulled the trigger...

Roberts takes a beat. He looks dejected.

Round the corner came this young lady,  
Lexie, pushing a baby pink pram.  
And it was just...

Roberts sighs. DAVIDS hangs and shakes his head slightly, taking his  
eyes off the road for a split second.

ROBERTS

Too late.

I'd committed and  
there was no chance.

I left that child without a mother.

A mother without a daughter.

Roberts shakes his head.

It was a fucking accident.

DAVIDS

And the tweaker?

ROBERTS

Oh fuck him, Davie.

Beat guys caught him about two weeks later.

(Sighs) What a waste.

Everyday I gotta live with that.

DAVIDS

Lieutenant's gonna want a debrief  
in the morning.

Press are gonna love this.

Roberts takes a few beats.

The car heads into the distance through the fields that creep on the  
county roads, before disappearing into the orange skyline.

ROBERTS (Voice-over)

Yup.

EXT. CHEYENNE SUBURBS - APPLETREE LANE - EVENING

OPEN ON the front of a suburban middle American neighborhood home. The lights are off in the house, but the streetlights are on. The neighborhood is quiet. CRICKETS are chirping in the background. Notice the mailbox is hanging on by a splinter and the lawn colour is disheveled and more yellow than green. DAVIDS Chrysler pulls up in front of the house.

INT. CID CAR/ WYO211/ EVENING

DAVIDS

That was some great work  
out there today. It can't have been easy.  
It's good to have you back on the team.

Roberts take a beat.

ROBERTS

(Softly) The team.

DAVIE

Well, I missed you bud.

ROBERTS

It felt good to be back at it.

An awkward couple of beats of silence before Roberts vacates the vehicle. On Roberts from Davie's perspective, still sat in the driver seat as the passenger seat window is lowered. Roberts is stood looking into the vehicle.

DAVIDS

I'll pick you up tomorrow,  
for the debrief.  
Night Eric.



ROBERTS

Good night Davie.

Follow on Roberts as he walks up the pathway, he searches for and finds his keys from his trouser pockets. ON Roberts as he unlocks the door. Notice Roberts car pulling away. Roberts takes a beat, then enters the house.

INT. ROBERTS RESIDENCE - APPLETREE LANE - EVENING

We follow Roberts into the house to find it unkempt. In the separation there have been items taken from the front room that have yet to be replaced. There is no TV, empty photo hooks, opened cardboard boxes strewn around. Roberts throws his keys and wallet on to a cabinet next to the door with a photo. NOTICE the photo is a picture of a happy family. Roberts, wife Katie and their daughter Ruby. Ruby is a newborn baby and the picture is few years old. Roberts throws his jacket over the banister on the stairs and starts to undo his tie as he sits in a kitchen chair where a sofa would ordinarily be. On the floor is a half empty bottle of MAKERS MARK BOURBON and a WHISKEY TUMBLER. Roberts pours himself a generous serving of the bourbon and sees it off in one motion. ON Roberts as he puts his head into his hands and begins audibly SOBBING.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CHEYENNE POLICE DEPARTMENT HQ, 18TH STREET - MORNING

Establishing the state police headquarters on 18<sup>th</sup> street. A three story administrative building with FLAGS out front, the parking lot adorned with lots of patrol and UNMARKED CARS, a lot of late 80's CHRYSLERS. DAVIDS and Roberts' car pulls in on a BLUE SKIED morning.

INT. LIEUTENANT GEOFFREY BROWN'S OFFICE, CID - MORNING

A boss's office. DAVIDS and Roberts are sitting in two chairs that face the DESK and sat behind it, is Lieutenant Geoffrey 'Geoff' Brown. He is a SILVER BAR in his late 50's, chubby with glasses and a receding hairline, which is being combed over, albeit badly. On his desk sits a small American flag, a photo of his family, awards and memorabilia from his early-days and his professional name-plate. The silhouetted bustle of the police floor can be seen through OBSCURED GLASS WINDOWS.

In the bottom left corner of the screen appears the following in Courier New:

Day Two/09:12/Cheyenne WYO/17<sup>th</sup> Oct 1996

ON DAVIDS and Roberts.

DAVIDS

I'd say anywhere between late teens  
to early thirties.

DAVIDS takes a beat.

I never was  
great at guessing ages.

She was birthday stripper naked  
and her face was half covered with a golden  
bunny mask.

LT. BROWN

Like a kids cut out?

ROBERTS

Like the type you'd wear  
at a masquerade ball or  
a fundraiser.

DAVIDS

And she was holding  
a bishop chess piece like she was in  
some 'Please sir, can I have some more?'  
Oliver Twist bullshit.

LT. BROWN

Jesus.

Brown takes a beat.

He's listening intently and soaking in the information.

I think we might need to schedule  
a press conference. We need to get out  
in front of this before the press  
put our balls in a vice.  
I'll ask Michelle to clear it with the chief.  
I think we need Carver's presence,  
what with the press.

Lt. Brown takes a beat.

What do we have to work with, any ID,  
leads, motives?

ROBERTS

Not yet chief.

DAVIDS

The coroner's report is due in  
the next day or so, we're hoping that  
will give us more.

I'm starting us a board.

LT. BROWN

Listen, when you get an I.D,  
Brown points at his chest.

**I'm** the first to know.

Understood?

DAVIDS & ROBERTS

Understood, sir.

LT. BROWN

You know that we could use a win.

The election's coming up and

Roberts, after your...

Brown takes a beat.

'Incident'. We haven't been  
portrayed in the best light  
with the public. The councilor  
is looking to decrease our funding by  
a quarter and I haven't got so much  
as a pot to piss in right now.

ROBERTS

Yes sir.

LT. BROWN

DAVIDS, you're taking the lead on this.

Roberts, officially, you're still suspended.  
Chief Carver has given you a special dispensation,  
on my request. We know you're the best we've got.

You were always our details guy.

But still, I can't have you out there  
making scenes, causing a stir,  
anymore civil unrest.

Do you understand detective?

ROBERTS

I understand sir.

LT. BROWN

You do exactly what DAVIDS says  
as and when he asks.

As far as I am concerned you do not  
so much as fart without DAVIDS permission.

Are we clear on that?

ROBERTS

Crystal, Geoffrey.

LT. BROWN

Say it, Eric.

Roberts takes a beat.

ROBERTS

We're clear, sir.

LT. BROWN

Good, now go catch me  
a killer.

Both Roberts and DAVIDS stand up from their seats and leave the office. DAVIDS looks at Roberts and holds the door open for him. His eyes follow Roberts as he leaves the room. DAVIDS looks back at Brown and says, as if for the opportunity, for Roberts, for everything:

DAVIDS

Thank you Geoff, sir.

DAVIDS leaves and closes the door.

INT. DARCY'S DINER/OFF I-80/MIDDAY

A roadside diner off of the interstate, Darcy's Diner. A slightly ran down but run of the mill breakfast and coffee spot. A favourite of force and truckers alike. Pink and blue neon strips run around the interior, with the remaining light coming from hanging bulbs with pink glass lampshades. One or two bulbs are out. Inside the Diner has a handful of patrons. The soft sound of ACOUSTIC COUNTRY MUSIC and PEOPLE CHATTING is audible. A low cigarette smoke hangs in the air. OPEN on DAVIDS and Roberts as they enter the diner. They walk up to the counter as Darcy, a mid 50's waitress in a stained pink stereotypical diner outfit walks over to take their order.

DAVIDS

Hey Darcy, sweetheart.

DARCY

Hey Roddy, what'll it be?

DAVIDS

Two eggs, sunny side up and a round  
of french toast please.

Davie takes a beat. He winks.

DAVIDS

Add a side of honey bacon to that, Darcy.

I'm famished.

DARCY

Hey Eric, haven't seen you round

for a while.

You eating?

ROBERTS

Hey Darce, just a filter coffee please.

DARCY

Milk, Sugar?

ROBERTS

Neither, thanks.

DARCY

Sweet enough.

DAVIDS

I'll say.

Can I get a cappuccino with that too?

DARCY

Sure, coming right up.

INT. DARCYS DINER/MIDDAY

Open on Roberts and DAVIDS sat facing each other on opposite sides of a diner table. Through the OPEN BLINDS you can see a BUSY road. A couple of TRUCKS are parked in the lot. Both have their coffees in front of them. DAVIDS pulls out a fresh pack of MARLBORO cigarettes. NOTICE that the first cigarette Davie pulls out, turns upside down and puts back into the packet.

He pulls out one more and puts into his mouth.

Davie gestures the packet over to Roberts.

DAVIDS

Smoke?

ROBERTS

I quit.

DAVIDS

Good for you.

Davie lights the cigarette with his CHROME ZIPPO LIGHTER. On Davie as he takes his first puff as the cigarette end turns sunrise orange. He exhales and the smoke dances with the remaining residue already hanging in the air.

ROBERTS

How're Sally and Cassandra?

DAVIDS

They're great, just great.

Sally's trying this home pottery thing...



DAVIDS

We've got more mugs laying around  
the kitchen than the impound currently, shit.

DAVIDS grins.

And Cassie, hell she's doing just fine.  
She's in her second grade and sailing through it.

On Tuesday's I help her with her math,  
but honestly, at this point she's teaching me.

What even is a Pythagoras?  
Sounds like something from Jurassic Park.

ROBERTS

I'm glad.  
You deserve it.

ON Darcy as she brings DAVIDS breakfast over.

DAVIDS

Thanks sweetheart.  
Wow, this looks amazing.

On DAVIDS as he stubs his half smoked cigarette out.

DARCY

Pleasure.

Darcy leaves. On DAVIDS and Roberts from their side profiles. DAVIDS  
salts his eggs and begins to eat his breakfast.

ROBERTS

When are we expecting the coroners  
initial report?

DAVIDS responds, in between eating.

DAVIDS

Late this afternoon maybe,  
tomorrow morning probably.

ROBERTS

And nothing about surveillance?

Again, DAVIDS responds in-between forks full of eggs and bacon.

DAVIDS

Not yet.

ROBERTS

I can't help but feel like  
you're awful calm about this whole thing,  
Roddy.

DAVIDS

(Chewing) This is really delicious, my God.  
You should have ordered something.

DAVIDS takes a bite and waits a beat.

DAVIDS

Right now we've gotta just wait it out.

When we get the report we'll know more.

You know how this goes E.

Roberts takes a big sip of his coffee and stares out of the window to the free flowing traffic.

ROBERTS

Not this time.

This feels different.

Everybody's tired.

Roberts takes a beat.

This town's got bags under it's eyes.

Roberts takes a beat.

The weight that it's carrying.

It's curving it's shoulders in a way  
that'd make Quasimodo feel pretty.

DAVIDS puts his fork full of food down. DAVIDS is visibly agitated by this statement.

DAVIDS

What?

ROBERTS

If you leave anything alone for long enough,  
it'll end up as compost. Time takes everything.

Everything rots.

Roberts takes a beat.

ROBERTS

Even you, Davie.

DAVIDS

What is that even supposed to mean?

I just want you to stop,  
just, (sighs) let me enjoy your breakfast already, alright?

Davie takes a beat.

You know, this last day or so I look into  
your eyes, and I'm not sure I recognize you anymore.

I wanna know where my partner is  
underneath all this Socratical nihilist bullshit.

Roberts looks at DAVIDS, takes a sip of his coffee, then looks out  
the window. He takes a beat then looks back at DAVIDS.

ROBERTS

Yeah, well, you could have called.

DAVIDS continues to finish his breakfast. Roberts sips his coffee and  
both try to ignore the awkward tension between them. Hold for five or  
so seconds of the tense encounter.

INT. CHEYENNE POLICE DEPARTMENT HQ, CID - LATE AFTERNOON.

Late in the afternoon, but the majority of the CID are still working.  
The darkness from the windows is accentuated by the office lighting  
and individual desk lamps being on. Inside the CID office are six  
other detectives - GARCIA, HALLIDAY, COPE, MITCHLAND, WALKER and  
GRACE - all late 30's to early 40's, most smoking. Pan across the  
office before stopping at DAVIDS and Roberts. Roberts is sat at his  
desk in his cubicle typing up his notes on a DESKTOP COMPUTER. DAVIDS  
is on the opposite side of the desk establishing a DRY-ERASE board.  
So far he has written: CANVASS / TIMELINE / CORONER REPORT on the  
board and the board only contains a crude post-it drawing of the  
bunny mask, and "8-10 HOURS PLACED" under 'Timeline'. DAVIDS has  
drawn a crude image of a bishop on a POST-IT note and is sticking it  
in the middle of the board.

DAVIDS

Can you play?

Roberts stops typing and looks up from behind his screen.

ROBERTS

Huh?

DAVIDS

Chess, can you play?

ROBERTS

I know the basics.

Roberts takes a beat.

Like, the rules and the movements.

What about you?

DAVIDS

Lets just say that I, uh.

I won't be challenging for the state  
anytime soon.

DAVIDS points at his bishop drawing.

It's just this, I can't understand  
the relevance of it.

ROBERTS

We don't know yet whether  
there is any relevance to it.

ROBERTS

Whether it's a calling card  
or a sick joke.

In the game of chess, each player begins  
the game with two bishops.

Roberts takes a beat.

One starts between the  
king's knight and the king.  
The other between the queen's knight  
and the queen.

DAVIDS

Do you think there could  
be anything in that?

ROBERTS

In what Davie?

DAVIDS

Being in-between kings and queens?

Roberts and DAVIDS look at each other and shrug.

Roberts doesn't immediately discount the suggestion.

ROBERTS

Possibly, but what's the context?  
It's a matriarchal game in it's make up.  
But then, why not just  
use the Queen as your caller?

DAVIDS

Matriarchal? I don't get it.  
Surely the king has the power.

ROBERTS

You lose the game when you  
lose your king, sure.  
But the queen...

Roberts takes a beat.

She moves however she wants.  
Front, back, diagonal.

Take the queen, you cripple your opponent.  
You rip their heart out.

Roberts takes a beat.

A bishop in comparison,  
can only move diagonal across the field.

DAVIDS

It's interesting, that's for sure.  
Not sure where we take it though.

ROBERTS

Hey, you mind if I shoot?  
Narcos gave me a couple  
coke boosting areas near  
our Jane Doe to check out.

DAVIDS

You want me to come?

ROBERTS

Nah, it's just something to do really.

Dust the cobwebs off.

See if anyone may have seen anything.

DAVIDS

Sure, but remember what Geoff said though.

No trouble Eric, please.

ROBERTS

Sure Davie, of course.

DAVIDS

I'll finish typing up the notes.

DAVIDS takes a couple of beats. Roberts begins standing up and putting his street jacket on. DAVIDS speaks quietly and as though he is unsure of himself.

DAVIDS

You know I uh,

DAVIDS takes a beat.

Roberts stops putting his jacket on and looks over.

DAVIDS

I told Sally last night  
that you were back.

DAVIDS takes a beat.

You know, on the case.

She missed you.

Me, Cassie, we all did.

It's good to have you back.



Roberts looks at DAVIDS. Roberts puts his hands together and looks at them before looking back at DAVIDS and forcing a smile.

ROBERTS

I'll get there.

Good night Rod.

DAVIDS

Good night Eric.

Roberts walks towards the exit of the squad room whilst DAVIDS sits at his desk and begins typing.

EXT. DAVIDS RESIDENCE - EVENING

Establishing shots of the DAVIDS residence. OPEN ON the front of a suburban middle American neighborhood home. It's dark out and it's raining again. The lights are on in the front room of the home, as are the streetlights. The neighborhood is quiet. The sound of the rain gently hitting the car and pavement is audible. DAVIDS Chrysler rests in the driveway of the home.

INT. DAVIDS RESIDENCE - EVENING

OPEN ON Roderick DAVIDS as he enters the hallway to his home. NOTICE as he empties his pockets and puts his KEYS, WALLET and BADGE on to a sideboard. The hallway is lit dimly by a lamp. He shuffles through to the kitchen and pours himself a tall glass of Jack Daniels. He walks to the fridge and opens it. Cut inside the Fridge POV on DAVIDS face.

ROD DAVIDS

(Loudly) Sally, honey

have we got anymore coke?

We hear Sally's response, slightly muffled as she responds from another room.

SALLY DAVIDS

Roderick?

Sorry honey,

I didn't hear you come in.

DAVIDS closes the fridge and takes a sip of his straight bourbon. Sally enters the kitchen. Sally DAVIDS is 39, with blonde hair and a slight build. She is shorter than Roderick. Sally and Roderick have been happily married for fifteen years.

SALLY DAVIDS

Hey honey, hard day?

Sally gives Roderick a kiss.

Your dinner's on the side,  
just warm it for three, maybe  
four minutes, until it's heated through.

ROD DAVIDS

Thanks baby. You're an angel.

SALLY

And you're,

Sally prolongs the way she says 'You're'.

Sally takes a beat.

doing the dishes.

They both smile. Rod picks his dinner up, a slice of Sally's home-made lasagna and puts it into the microwave.

ROD DAVIDS

Looks great.

Did we have any cokes left,  
I checked the fridge but...

SALLY DAVIDS

Try the pantry.

I'm sure there's one or two  
down there from Cassie's party.

EXT. HOPPERS BAR - LATE EVENING

Establishing shots of Hoppers bar, a worn out looking DIVE BAR on the outskirts of town. It's raining. There is a neon pink strip light shaped in to the word 'HOPPERS' as a sign in the front window. The window is steamed up a little. The front door has a small circular window allowing a shaft of light out into the street at night. The sound of rain hitting the pavement and the muffled sound of chatter and jukebox music is audible.

OPEN on Roberts walking into shot, shielding himself from the rain with a newspaper and entering the bar.

INT. HOPPERS BAR - LATE EVENING

A smoky, cramped dive bar. Several working class men, some with hard hats and builders gear are watching the wrestling on the television. Most are smoking. NOTICE the fairy lights and neon strewn across the top of the bar, lighting up the chalk board with numerous deals on whiskey and beers. NOTICE a neon sign displaying 'Unhappy hour 7-8PM'. The bar is loud from the sound of the television, chatter, people drinking and JOHNNY CASH's 'The Man In Black' plays on the jukebox.

ON Roberts as he walks through the bar, being eyed up by certain patrons as he makes his way up to the counter. Roberts stands up at the bar and the bartender greets him.

BARTENDER

Evening sir, what will it be?

ROBERTS

You got Makers Mark?

BARTENDER

Sure.

ROBERTS

On the rocks please.

The bartender grabs a tumbler, and finds the bottle.

ROBERTS

Is Hopper around?

BARTENDER

He's upstairs, why?

ROBERTS

I'm with the CPD, detective Eric Roberts,  
I've just got a couple of questions.

Roberts gets his wallet and shows the bartender his badge.

BARTENDER

We don't do handouts sir.

ROBERTS

It's nothing like that,  
just a couple of routine questions  
that could help in a case, that's all.

BARTENDER

I'll give him a call,  
just wait there.

ROBERTS

Thanks a lot.

The bartender hands Roberts his drink and heads up to call Hopper. Roberts stands at the bar sipping his drink as he looks around the bar.

INT. DAVIDS RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - LATE EVENING

OPEN on Sally and Roderick DAVIDS on their family sofa watching TV face on. The room is dark outside of the glow of the box set. Sally is leaning on Roderick and he has fallen asleep. In front of Roderick is a tray holding a plate with the remains of his LASAGNE, an EMPTY GLASS and a CRUSHED COKE CAN. The pair are watching a nature program and the narrator can be heard saying:

ANIMAL NARRATOR

One in eight planet species  
faces extinction.

The Bengal tiger is a tiger from a  
specific population of the Panthera tigris...

Sally looks up and notices that Roderick has fallen asleep. She gives him a gentle nudge.

SALLY

Hey, sleepy head.

Why don't you just go up to bed.

Roderick stirs and wakes slowly. He stretches a little.

ANIMAL NARRATOR

The Bengal tiger ranks among the biggest wild cats alive today.

RODERICK

Me? Ah I was just,

Roderick smiles, a shit eating smile.

getting a good look at my eye lids.

That's all.

SALLY

Sure you were Roddy.

Let's go to bed.

EXT. HOPPERS BAR - LATE EVENING

Roberts and Hopper are sat at a table in the corner of the bar. The table can seat two on high stools, in which Roberts and Hopper are facing each other. Both are drinking a bourbon. Hopper is older, around mid 50's with grey hair, beard and a chubby build. Hopper is smoking. Country music and loud chatter fill the scene like the smoke.

HOPPER

So, what's a detective like you  
doing round here asking questions?

ROBERTS

Working a case, we've got a couple  
of places our Jane might have frequented.

HOPPER

The girl from the wastelands.

ROBERTS

Words getting out already huh?

HOPPER

Talk's cheap, detective.  
I should know, it's my livelihood.

ROBERTS

You have any brunettes, standing about five two,  
early twenties  
come in often looking to score?

Hopper feigns a look of shock.

HOPPER

Looking to score?

ROBERTS

Narcos mentioned you could hitch here.

At the mention of hitching Hopper shoots daggers at the back  
entrance, noticing this Hopper looks at his drink and takes another  
big sip. Roberts picks up on the tell.

HOPPER

Well, you were told wrong.

ROBERTS

Oh cut the bullshit Max, I'm not here  
to shut you down. You're an honest man  
running a little side hustle.

Roberts takes a beat.

Look, I'm working a murder.

Does anyone match the description?

I was hoping you might recognize her.

HOPPER

Well sure, but unless you narrow it down  
you're asking me to rat out half of the  
Cheyenne party scene.

Hopper takes a beat.

And I ain't doing that.

ROBERTS

What do you know about  
ambients, tranquilizers?

You got any?

HOPPER

How do you mean?

Roberts takes a beat and a deep swig of his bourbon.



ROBERTS

It's for me.

I need some.

I got PTSD.

Night falls and I cant relax.

Roberts takes a beat. A hard emphasis on 'see'.

I **see** things.

Hopper looks at Roberts seriously, squinting almost in between drags on his cigarette. Roberts stares back with just as much stone faced Po. Hopper takes another drink and sits back into his stool. They both continue drinking.

INT. CHEYENNE POLICE DEPARTMENT HQ, CID - MORNING.

FOLLOWING DAVIDS as he enters CID, he two finger salute waves to the RECEPTIONIST and to TWO OTHER DETECTIVES milling by the COFFEE VENDING MACHINE. DAVIDS reaches his desk, Roberts across from him is already at his desk. He looks fresher than normal. The remaining detectives are gathered by the board, smoking and chatting. A couple more items have been added to the board under CANVASS is "DRAG MARKS - BOOTS" & "CCTV?"

In the bottom left corner of the screen appears the following in Courier New:

Day Three/09:07/Cheyenne WYO/18<sup>th</sup> Oct 1996

DAVIDS, looking over at the gathered detectives.

DAVIDS

What did I miss?

ROBERTS

Brown & Carver have called a presser

for ten AM.

Janine's been fielding calls since

eight bless her.

Every journo north of Montana wants

a piece of this pie.

DAVIDS

Shit, are we needed?

ROBERTS

You are, I'll watch.

DAVIDS

Glad I brought my lucky tie today then.

ROBERTS

And coroner Michaels called.

Roberts takes a beat.

As soon as the conference is done, we'll visit.

DAVIDS

Great. Okay, well...

DAVIDS takes a beat.

Wish me luck.

ROBERTS

Go break a leg.

INT. CHEYENNE POLICE DEPARTMENT HQ, CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING.

Open on a busy conference room. The room is lined with rows of ASSEMBLY CHAIRS, full with journalists, news editors, anchors and concerned citizens. The room is loud with chatter and the occasional camera flash can be seen, with the sound of the camera processing. The tension in the is palpable, like the inside of a hand grenade. In the front of the conference room is DAVIDS, Brown and Chief of police Terence 'Terry' Carver in front of podium. Terry Carver is late fifties, with short Grey hair, thick glasses and wide shoulders. He is wearing his best steam pressed black pin stripe suit, clean shaven and talks with a calm, reassuring authority. The podium is engraved with the CPD badge. Throughout the whole conference DAVIDS does not speak but looks uncomfortable. Carver remains composed, exuding the confidence of a politician, almost as if he is enjoying the magnitude of the occasion. It isn't often the city of Cheyenne gets it's name in lights.

Brown, gesturing with his hands to the room.

BROWN

Okay guys, settle down please.

The noise hushes and the camera flashes stop.

CARVER

Good morning all, I'm chief of police  
Terence Carver and firstly I'd like to thank you all  
for coming at such short notice.

Terence takes a beat.

As you are probably aware by now,  
the CPD were called to attend a scene  
on the morning of the sixteenth October  
and at the scene we found a body,  
a victim who we believe to be murdered.

Terence takes a beat.

(MORE)

Now, I must stress that the general  
public have no need to be alarmed  
or feel like they cannot sleep safely  
inside of their own homes.

This is not the case,  
let me assure you of that.

Terence takes another beat.

The victim is yet to be identified  
but my best guys are working tirelessly  
around the clock to piece this together.

In the coming days our victim will  
be identified and we ask that you  
give the family the privacy they'll require.

Terence takes a beat.

We are also asking the great people of Wyoming  
to show vigilance at this time.

Know where your family are.

Make plans and stick to them.

We are setting up a support line  
and if you have any information,  
or you need comforting in any way at all...

Then you just call.

We will be on hand twenty four hours a day,  
seven days a week until we have justice.

Terence takes a beat.

Until our public has peace of mind again.

Terence takes another beat.

And if the perpetrator is out there now  
and watching...  
and we know that you are.

Terence takes another beat.

Just know that we will hunt you.  
We will find you  
and you **will** serve justice.

Terence takes a beat.

Okay, lets open the floor up for questions.

The conference room explodes with the noise of journalists all raising their hands, trying to ask their questions at once. Cameras begin flashing once more. Carver surveys the room calmly and then points at a journalist. Brown gestures for order. DAVIDS appears stressed by this.

INT. MORGUE, CORONERS OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Inside an AUTOPSY ROOM, standard-issue, WHITE TILED WALLS, LINOLEUM FLOORS, STEEL TABLES, SURGICAL EQUIPMENT, SINKS, GLOVE BOXES, etc. Obscured glass windows allow natural light flooding into the room. OPEN on DAVIDS and Roberts both leaning on a sink whilst coroner Harrison Michaels stands beside them. Both have coffee. They are facing a STEEL TABLE and on the table lies the body of the victim. She lays on her back, covered from ankles to navel with a blue SURGICAL TOWEL.

Michaels is holding his report open in his both his hands from a BROWN MANILA FOLDER and is flicking his eyes between the report and the detectives. Harrison Michaels is in his late forties, chubby and wearing an old, stained LAB COAT with LATEX GLOVES.

CORONER HARRISON MICHAELS

Any returns from R&I?

DAVIDS

Nothing from her fingerprints.

Not yet, anyway.

MICHAELS

If there's nothing on file yet,  
then it's unlikely she had a record.

As Michaels begins reading the report notice the two detectives, Roberts remains stoic and in control throughout the reading. DAVIDS on the other hand looks visibly sickened and becomes more and more obviously angry with Michael's descriptions. Notice DAVIDS hands becoming fidgety and putting his coffee down, as if cold sweating.

MICHAELS

Okay so, the good news is  
the storm subsided at the right time for us  
and left me with a lot to work with.  
Time of death approximately twenty three thirty,  
October 15<sup>th</sup> 1996.  
Judging by the rope burns...

DAVIDS

She was gone before she was placed.

MICHAELS

Exactly.

ROBERTS

A showpiece.

MICHAELS

Toxicology determines that cause of death  
was an overdose on diacetylmorphine,  
or, more commonly referred to as Heroin.  
She has a small insertion mark on her inner thigh.

ROBERTS

Heroin?

MICHAELS

Heroin, she has no other insertion points on her body,  
so it's fair to assume our Jane was not a junkie.  
The insertion doesn't have multiple abrasions  
so I think it's a safe bet that she didn't shoot  
up herself.

DAVIDS

Do you think she was forced?

MICHAELS

I would say so.

Michaels takes a beat. The guys all take a moment of somber reflection as the case is slowly starting to dawn on them. The realization that the weight of their line of profession changes a man on the inside, if you let it.

MICHAELS

And that's not all. She had  
at least a gram of cocaine in her  
blood-work.

DAVIDS

Jesus.

MICHAELS

Rope burns and ligature marks around her wrists,  
ankles and rectus femoris.  
Both detectives look at Michaels.

The top of her thighs.  
All this indicates that she was dead  
**before** she was tied.  
Each knot was a precise, tight, figure of eight.

DAVIDS

A sailor perhaps?

MICHAELS

Possibly.

Michaels takes a beat.

DAVIDS and Roberts look at each other.

MICHEALS

But then again, it's just a knot.  
They weren't tied in a panic,  
that's for certain.  
Michaels takes a beat.



MICHAELS

If our perp was panicked then  
I would expect each tie to be more frayed,  
or maybe even an overhand knot.

But that's not the case here.  
Ligatures indicate she'd been tied up for  
around eight hours, so almost exactly from  
COD to the time we found her.  
From that, I think it's fair to deduce  
that she was tied up pretty quickly  
after she died.

Roberts looks intrigued by this. Looking at DAVIDS.

ROBERTS

The timeline matches up.

DAVIDS nods.

So it probably wasn't an intentional  
death. Interesting.

MICHAELS

Isn't it.

She was washed all over, possibly showered.

No prints or marks anywhere.

Michaels takes a beat.

Michaels turns to the body.

Evidence of vaginal intercourse.

Appears consensual.

Traces of a spermicidal lubricant,  
so a condom was used.

Michaels looks up from his notes and towards the detectives.  
ON Michaels face, both DAVIDS and Roberts are in shot.

MICHAELS

And this is where it gets interesting,  
Gentleman.

Both detectives look intrigued.

Contusions of the neck, marks of  
light strangulation.  
Again, this appears consensual.

DAVIDS

What, like choking?

MICHAELS

Exactly like that.  
And the bruising is inconsistent with  
one pair of hands.

ROBERTS

Meaning?

MICHAELS

Meaning there was more than one  
person involved in this party.

ROBERTS

Like a gang bang?

MICHAELS

I mean there are less crude  
ways to approach it Eric, but sure.

Michaels takes a beat.

A gang bang.

Roberts puts his hand over his mouth and looks toward the ceiling.  
DAVIDS looks toward the ground and is becoming visibly aggrieved.

ROBERTS

How much heroin?

MICHAELS

About two thousand milligrams.

ROBERTS

Enough to see into the future.

MICHAELS

Enough to see through the fabric  
of the space time continuum.

Michaels takes a beat.

You don't come back from that.

DAVIDS

Christ.

ROBERTS

What about the bishop, the mask?

MICHAELS

Nothing out of the ordinary,  
just a mask and a chess piece.  
Both wiped clean.

DAVIDS

So she was given blow,  
debauched, OD'd on heroin,  
tied and then brought out  
for us to find in the wastelands.

ROBERTS

Anything else, Harry?

Michaels shakes his head slowly.

MICHAELS

Been a long time since  
I saw something new.  
I'll get the evidence bagged up.

Michaels hands DAVIDS the folder. He doesn't let go of the folder straight away. Notice Roberts look at both men. DAVIDS looks Michaels in the eye. Michaels nods to DAVIDS, a silent gesture of 'Bring us justice'. DAVIDS nods back.

I/EXT. CID CAR/ WYO211/ AFTERNOON

OPEN ON Davie and Roberts LEAVING the morgue. Davie and Roberts drive in Davie's 1989 Chrysler New Yorker and once again Davie's behind the wheel. Throughout the conversation they pass through more shots of RANDOWN GROCERY STORES, TRAFFIC INTERSECTIONS, OVERPASSES. Camera switches between the cab and the Chrysler passing through the Wyoming environment. The city around them is a living breathing character.

Allow more than a few beats of silence. Both detectives are staring out of the windscreen, reflecting on the information they have gathered.

DAVIDS

Wow.

ROBERTS

You got that right.

DAVIDS lets out a loud sigh.

DAVIDS

That poor girl.

ROBERTS

Can we be sure it was consensual?

DAVIDS

I'm unsure either.

ROBERTS

It's just, if you've got  
so much juice onboard that  
you can see God under a disco ball...

Roberts takes a beat.

At that point you're  
nothing more than vessel.

Roberts takes another beat.

You aren't going to struggle.  
You're free to be passed round like  
an old college bong.

DAVIDS

(Exasperated) Jesus Roberts,  
what if she was one of our kids.  
She's someones daughter man.  
That's no way to talk about Cassie,  
or Ruby.

ROBERTS

I know Roddy.  
But we gotta separate the emotion  
Roberts takes a beat.  
from the job.

Emotions make us dangerous, desperate even.  
Fills our minds like forest mist.  
Roberts takes a beat.

If we're going to slay a monster,  
then we need to take every precaution in the book  
that we don't become the next monster.

DAVIDS takes Roberts thoughts on board but doesn't respond. HOLD on a few beats of silence between the two. The in car police radio creates a split second of STATIC before a female call operator signals:

FEMALE OPERATOR

A12 Over.

Both DAVIDS and Roberts look at each other. Roberts picks up the receiver.

ROBERTS

Go ahead A12.

FEMALE OPERATOR

We've just received a call from a  
Mrs Leanne Justin. She seemed deeply concerned.  
Her daughter Jodie hasn't been home for  
four days now. She said a couple days  
is pretty normal, she could be staying  
with her boyfriend, but four days with no contact  
has her extremely worried.

Roberts and DAVIDS listen intently.

ROBERTS

Copy that, did Leanne give any  
identifying features?

FEMALE OPERATOR

Yes sir.

Can confirm twenty years old, long dark hair.  
Stands around five two.

Roberts and DAVIDS look at each other.

ROBERTS

Sure sounds a whole lot like our Jane.

DAVIDS

Yes sir it does.  
Confirmation of address?

ROBERTS

Copy that,  
did you get a confirmation of the address?

FEMALE OPERATOR

Yes sir.  
Four fifteen Jefferson road in  
Fox Farm College.

DAVIDS

Fox Farm College?  
That's about twenty five minutes  
from here.

ROBERTS

On it, let Leanne know we  
will be there in thirty.  
Over.

The car heads into the distance through the city and on to the  
interstate for Fox Farm College. Wide pan across the city.

EXT. JEFFERSON ROAD - AFTERNOON

OPEN on a wide, street level pan of Jefferson Road in Fox Farm  
College. It's a nice, Autumn afternoon. Groves of ORANGE TREES line  
the roads. Sounds of a breeze and birds chirping. The leaves are on  
the sides of roads and gardens. FOLLOW DAVIDS Chrysler as it pulls  
into the street. It's a friendly looking quiet neighborhood. A couple  
of kids are playing in the street.

Follow on DAVIDS as he pulls up outside the Justin residence.



EXT. JUSTIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

The Justin residence is a typical suburban two storey house. It has nuclear white walls and quaint hanging baskets with blooming vines sprouting from them. A SILVER Mercedes Benz C Class sits on the drive. The lawn is perfectly green and mowed. The house exudes family.

OPEN on DAVIDS and Roberts as they get out of their CHRYSLER.

DAVIDS

Let me lead.

ROBERTS

You're the boss.

FOLLOW behind DAVIDS and Roberts as they walk up the pathway, climb the three steps to the porch and then use the door knocker in the middle of the front door. Notice the neighbours rubber necking. After a few beats, Leanne opens the door. Leanne is mid-forties, short auburn hair and speaks with a quiet tone. She has bags under her eyes and generally looks like a woman under a lot of stress.

DAVIDS

Good Afternoon,  
are you Leanne Justin?

JUSTIN

I am.

DAVIDS and Roberts show their badges.

DAVIDS

I am detective Roderick DAVIDS and this is my  
partner detective Eric Roberts. May we come in?

JUSTIN

Sure.

INT. LIVING ROOM/JUSTIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Inside the living room of the Justin residence. An old fashioned late eightie's interior room. Leanne is sat in a comfy chair holding a photograph of Jodie. DAVIDS and Roberts standing next to the entrance. It's a standard family living room, with a sofa, TV, coffee table, a rug, etc. A larger dresser is adorned with family memorabilia, photo's and certificates. A large window looking on to street provides a wealth of natural light.

ROBERTS

Do you mind if I take a quick look around?

JUSTIN

Not at all detective.

You do what you have to if it's going to help.

Jodie's room is upstairs on the left.

ROBERTS

Thank you very much, ma'am.

Roberts leaves the room.

DAVIDS

Thank you for letting us in Leanne,  
we've just got a couple questions.

DAVIDS sits down on the sofa next to Leanne.

Justin struggles to hold herself together, notice as her lips start to quiver and her jaw starts to shiver. Her eyes start to fill. She hands DAVIDS the picture of Jodie. NOTICE the picture. A happy looking twenty year old in her graduation attire.

JUSTIN

Is it my Jodie that you've found detective?

She starts to tear up.

Detective, is it my little girl?

DAVIDS, with a lump in his throat.

DAVIDS

It brings me no pleasure to say that,  
we do have a body that appears to match Jodie's  
description.

Jodie starts to break down completely.

CUT to Roberts as he slowly reaches the top of the stairs. Follow as he walks over to the door into Jodie's room. The music begins to sound OMINOUS. ON Roberts as he opens the door.

INT. JODIES ROOM/JUSTIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

On Roberts as he enters Jodie's bedroom. A typical twenty somethings bedroom. The colour scheme is white on baby blue. NOTICE a bed, wardrobe, a dresser, nothing out of the ordinary. The room is extremely tidy and nothing seems out of place. Her bed is made and has a STUFFED TOY PENGUIN on the pillow. She has a couple of posters on her wall of GEORGE MICHAEL and ALANIS MORISSETTE. On Roberts as he looks around the room but doesn't touch anything.

As Roberts leaves Jodie's room, notice an office with the door slightly ajar. Notice Roberts as he spots this.

INT. LIVING ROOM/JUSTIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Cuts to DAVIDS and Leanne. DAVIDS has been consoling Leanne. She is visibly distraught.

DAVIDS

We will need confirmation  
of the body in the next twenty four hours  
Mrs Justin, is there anybody you would  
want to call?

JUSTIN

No, I'll do it.

DAVIDS

Shall I call patrol to pick you up?

JUSTIN

Please, I don't want to have to drive.

INT. JUSTIN OFFICE/JUSTIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Cut to Roberts, opening the door to the office and slowly entering.

A family office, with a PERSONAL COMPUTER, OFFICE CHAIRS, FILING CABINETS, lots of BOOKS and a PIANO. A large window with it's blinds mostly open is casting RAYS of natural light casting into the room.

Next to the window lies a chessboard. NOTICE how Roberts notices this. ON Roberts as he walks over to the chessboard through the light shafts.

Roberts calls for DAVIDS from the other side of the house.

ROBERTS

Roddy!

INT. LIVING ROOM/JUSTIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Cut to DAVIDS, sat with Leanne consoling her and also taking some notes in his notepad.

ROBERTS

(Muffled) Roddy I got something!

INT. JUSTIN OFFICE/JUSTIN RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Cuts back to Roberts who is now crouching at the chessboard.

CLOSING on a close up shot of the chessboard and how every piece is present and correct. Except one singular, white, ivory bishop.

BLACK.

THE END