

IMMORAL

an original screenplay by

Vicky L. Neal

3024 Apple Knoll Lane
Middletown, Ohio 45044
(513) 539-0258
vickyneal5@yahoo.com
www.vickylneal.com

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET - DAY

Hectic rush hour activity. Hundreds of cars move along at a snail's pace, sidewalks crowded with pedestrians.

Several police and detectives' cars are parked outside a swanky apartment building. Many uniformed and plain-clothed OFFICERS come and go from the structure.

INT. BUILDING - APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

A FORENSICS TEAM searches the fancy dwelling for evidence. Objects are dusted for fingerprints. Pictures taken.

Detectives shuffle about.

DAVID MCCOLLUM (45) lies facedown on the floor, dead. He wears an expensive suit, ripped in many places in the back and soaked with blood, which has pooled underneath him.

DETECTIVE ROGER DANTON (53), nice-looking, slightly gray, a boring but efficient officer dedicated to the cause, enters the apartment with MICHAEL HARRIS (27), a handsome junior detective with a hint of immaturity and recklessness about him.

Both step up to the supervising DETECTIVE.

ROGER

What have we got?

DETECTIVE

David McCollum, high-priced attorney.
Someone knifed him in the back...
looks like about a dozen times.

MICHAEL

Didn't he defend Harvey Nolan on
murder charges last month?

DETECTIVE

That's the one. Tons of evidence,
but this guy gets him off on a
technicality.

MICHAEL

Looks like someone could be pissed
about that.

ROGER
Any evidence?

DETECTIVE
The killer covered his tracks well...
maybe too well.

The detective joins another across the room. They speak
MOS.

Roger and Michael stare at the body.

ROGER
Poor son-of a-bitch.

MICHAEL
Come on, Roger. The guy was scum.

Roger surveys the room.

ROGER
Yeah, rich scum. Still, nobody
deserves to die like this.

MICHAEL
You know what they say. What goes
around--

He joins two uniformed officers.

Roger eyes his partner.

Someone in a black cloak darts across the hall from one room
to another. The door to the second room closes quietly.

Michael is the only one present to notice and quickly steps
to Roger.

MICHAEL
(whispering)
The killer's still here.

He dashes into the:

HALL

Michael holds his gun ready. Roger and three officers follow.

Michael tries the knob to the door the killer went through.
Locked. He kicks open the door.

BEDROOM

No one there.

Michael flips on the light as he enters, looks inside the closet, out through the window.

Roger and the officers watch from just inside the doorway.

MICHAEL

Fuck.

ROGER

What?

MICHAEL

Someone ran in here.

He checks underneath the bed.

ROGER

Michael--

MICHAEL

Don't tell me I'm crazy. I know what I saw. They wore a dark... cloak thing. Maybe I have the wrong room.

He brushes past Roger on his way out. Roger follows.

SECOND BEDROOM

Michael throws open the door.

Roger grabs his arm.

ROGER

Hey. This whole apartment is a crime scene. You can't go around touching things.

MICHAEL

Not even if the killer's here?

ROGER

The only people here are your fellow officers. Now cut the shit.

Michael glares. He turns and leaves.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Michael walks into the lot and looks up.

The bedroom window where he kicked the door in is five stories up. No fire escape.

Michael scans the lot. No sign of anyone in a cloak. He looks back up to the window and scratches his head in confusion.

Roger joins him.

ROGER

What are you doing?

Michael still looks up at the window. Roger does as well.

ROGER

You believe someone jumped five stories without serious injury and they somehow managed to close the window? Come on.

Michael turns to him.

MICHAEL

You don't have to believe me, but I'd appreciate you not making fun of me, either.

He walks off to the front.

Roger lingers behind, shakes his head in slight amusement. His gaze turns upward to the window.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A police car pulls out of the lot. Several are left behind.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVES' ROOM - SAME TIME

Roger sits at a desk among many, typing on his computer. The desk is meticulous, everything neat and clean. There is a paper clip holder nearly full among other items.

Michael appears by Roger's side.

MICHAEL
This is bullshit, you know.

ROGER
What?

MICHAEL
Nothing to report on the crime scene,
but we still have to fill out
paperwork.

ROGER
All part of the job.

Michael sits on the edge of the desk.

MICHAEL
Well, maybe it shouldn't be. I could
have a little chat with Captain Miller
over his policies.

ROGER
The last time you had one of those
chats, I was barely able to get you
reinstated. Just keep your mouth
shut for once.

Bored, Michael looks over Roger's desktop. Picks up the
paper clip holder and examines it. Paperclips spill out of
it.

Roger sighs his dismay.

Michael hurriedly gets to work picking up the paperclips and
returning them to their holder.

ROGER
Maybe you should work on your report?

Still picking up paperclips:

MICHAEL
Later. I thought I'd head down to
McGiley's for a drink on my way home.
Want to come?

ROGER
Not my scene.

MICHAEL
What exactly is your scene?