

Detective Jane Campbell

Written by

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EXT. FOOD CORP BUILDING - DAY

It's summertime. Pedestrians flood the New York sidewalk. The Food Corp building is nothing special. Just another big bland-looking building in the middle of the city with some rounded-corners modern green logo on the front.

INT. FOOD CORP BUILDING - DAY

Jane Campbell, 30, is sitting in front of her computer with a bored look on her face. Behind her oodles of office workers are running around with boxes and papers.

The office sounds slowly blur into the background as Jane's face melts away. Just before her face hits the keyboard a man pokes her on the shoulder, and she sits up trying hard not to look like she's falling asleep.

OFFICE WORKER

Jane, right?

JANE

Right.

Jane is still fighting the urge to just fall asleep right then and there.

OFFICE WORKER

Yeah... boss wants to see you.

(beat)

The boss.

Jane points at the ceiling with a curious face.

OFFICE WORKER (CONT'D)

Yep...

Another rush of tiredness hits her face as she gets up lazily.

JANE

Righto.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

The cafe is packed and Jane is sitting in at a corner table with another woman, who is also in her thirties. The woman is talking and seems to have been doing so for awhile. Jane is only half paying attention and absentmindedly reading the back of the saltshaker.

WOMAN

Seriously though you shouldn't be taking this shit from them. I mean I bet that you're the best they've had for years.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I mean what did they, like, do anyway. Why are so many people being fired? It's probably all in adminstration, but you guys are the ones taking the fall. It's always like this isn't it?

Jane looks up from the saltshaker and gives her a reassurring nod.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah thats what I thought and ...

The womans blabbering fades into the background noise and we see a close up of the saltshaker label: *"Ingredients: Salt"*.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

... anyway I've also been super busy with the baby, and you know Mike isn't helping, so I'm not exactly doing so hot either.

Jane puts the saltshaker back down and looks up at the woman.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but, hey, maybe this is your chance to do something else with your life? Didn't you always want to be a detective?

JANE

Not since 4th grade, I think.

The woman gives her a fake sympathetic smile and continues talking about her husband. Jane sits back, thinking about something.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Months have passed and the november weather is gloomy and depressing. You can hear RAIN HITTING WINDOW nearby.

WIDE SHOT of an olive-green door, covered in eviction notices, in a hallway lit only by a flickering yellowish light dangling overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dark, and you can only just make out the silhouette of Jane, lying face down on her desk. She moves in her sleep and knocks her laptop, waking it up. Bright light floods the room, and a knocked over glass of wine and a half empty ice cream tub become visible. Melted ice cream is seeping out of the tub, forming a small puddle beside Jane.

She wakes up and looks disinterested at the computer screen in front of her. She rubs her eye leaving a wine/icecream mixture underneath.

SLOW ZOOM TO COMPUTER SCREEN. She places her head in the pinkish puddle and falls asleep again. On the screen we see: "*Jane Campbell, private investigator, New York City*", accompanied by a professional looking photo of her.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

It's still raining and the weather is groggy. Jane slowly wakes up, lazily pushing her laptop out of the way. She dries off her face with the edge of her jacket. She is wearing a blazer and black trousers, but they are crumpled and dirty.

She reaches over and pours herself a glass of boxed wine. She sighs. She looks terrible. Remnants of mascara, applied weeks ago, can be seen still hanging on around her eyes.

Suddenly a loud KNOCK pierces the room and a jolt of surprise runs through Jane. Her head snaps in the direction of the door with a confused face. A moment passes and another KNOCK comes.

She stands up quickly and starts brushing herself off as she walks to the door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

Steven Goff, late 30s, is standing in front of the open olive-green door. He is wearing a checkered shirt tugged into his light blue jeans. He is a slender man, and he is sporting an ugly bowl haircut.

Steven is a socially inept shut in. He has some kind of Aspergers or similar mental disorder. He never really feels comfortable outside his own room.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jane is sitting behind her cluttered desk with a confident smile. She still looks a mess.

Steven sits on the other side. He looks a bit scared.

JANE

Well?

Steven is fidgeting nervously with something in his hand.

STEVEN

I-I think m-my mother has been kidnapped.

JANE

Okay... Now why do you think that?
Do yo-

STEVEN

She wouldn't leave me! She wouldn't! She wouldn't!

His ticks kick in, and he starts rubbing his cheek hard.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

No no no no no.

He starts sobbing a little.

JANE

Come on now. No need for that.

Jane reaches out a hand to calm him down, but then he snaps and looks in silence and absolute concentration at her outstretched hand, as if it was a gun. Obviously distressed he gets up and runs out the door. Jane gets up to try and stop him, but he's already gone. She walks to his seat with a heavy sigh. Then she notices a paperslip on the floor.

It's a yellow post-it note with a message scribbled on in childish handwriting: "*Steven Goff, Age 38, 11040 207th St, Queens Village, NY, 11429*". It's a long shot, but she's desperate.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - DAY

Steven's house is a small banged up little place. There's a small yard filled with trash. There's also a big van parked outside. Jane is walking up, checking the note. She walks past a man in a white and green uniform on the walkway up to the house. She doesn't really recognize him.

The door is ajar, so she gives it a knock and enters.

INT. STEVENS HOUSE - DAY

The inside of the house is very 70s. The walls are made out of redish brown wood and the kitchen features a pastel green and orange color scheme. There are shelves with books and random articles of furniture most wouldn't even be able to name. The house seems full of things and without order.

Steven is standing by the kitchen table. There is an array of empty milk cartons standing to the right of the sink. He is holding and almost comically big stack of microwavable dishes in one hand, leaning against his chest, and neatly transferring them to the fridge with his other hand.

JANE

Hey Steven, I was hoping we could talk.

Steven ignores her request and keeps unloading his dishes.

JANE (CONT'D)

Maybe you could tell me, where your mother worked?

Steven tenses up at the question and Jane sees that this wont get her anywhere. She pauses for a bit to look around.

JANE (CONT'D)

Do you live here alone, Steven?

STEVEN

Y-Yes.

JANE

So maybe you could give me a tour of the house?

Jane gives him an encouraging smile. Steven thinks a bit and becomes visibly excited by something.

STEVEN

I can show you my room!

INT. STEVENS ROOM - DAY

Steven's room continues the 70s style of the house, and it too is filled to the brim with gadgets and things. On the wall there are posters from movies and technology magazines. By the wall opposite the door stands his desk, and proudly on top stands an old computer.

Steven holds the door open with a proud smile on his face. He lets Jane look around for a bit.

STEVEN

It's all mine!

JANE

Really?

STEVEN

Yep! This is my computer. It's an IBM and it's got 8Mhz, 512kb of ram and a 480p display!

(beat)

My dad got it for being really good at his job. He worked as an important businessman!

JANE

Oh that's cool! And what about your mother? Was she also a businessman?

STEVEN

No, stupid! She's a nurse at the hospital.

Steven looks down, suddenly discouraged.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

She was a nurse.

JANE

Why would you say that?

Steven becomes very nervous again and his ticks start showing a little.

STEVEN

The policeman on the phone told me... He told me, she was...

Steven starts crying and leaves the room in a fuss. Jane runs after him.

INT. STEVENS HOUSE - DAY

Jane catches up to Steven and tries to embrace him, but he doesn't like that, it's only fuel to the fire.

JANE

Steven, you have to calm down. When did he call you?

Steven slowly calms down and goes to sit in the corner, rocking back and forth. Jane sees that there isn't much she can do and heads to the telephone. It's an old phone and the handle looks like it's been thrown. She picks up the still BEEPING handle from the ground and presses redial. After a short beep:

HENRY CARLSON

(on phone)

Hello, Henry Carlson with Queens Police Department. Who am I speaking to?

JANE

Hey, Jane here. I hear you've talked to Steven about his mother and I'd like to know what the situation is.

HENRY CARLSON

(on phone)

Mam, this case is still under police investigation. Unless you are family then I can not disclose any details to you at this time.

JANE

Oh? It's just that I'm sort of his.. carer. I come over to check up on him from time to time.

HENRY CARLSON

(on phone)

(sigh)

(beat)

Well, it's not conclusive yet, but we know that the mother has committed suicide after a batch of bad years.

Jane is taken aback. Is the case just a cry of desperation from a grieving son?

HENRY CARLSON (CONT'D)

(beat)
I'm sorry.

JANE

Yeah
(beat)
Uh. Did she leave something behind
or?

HENRY CARLSON

We haven't found the body yet, but
there's a note. We left the note
with Steven.

(beat)
Listen, I'm sorry. Take good care
of the guy, okay?

Jane writes down the number on a nearby slip of paper and hangs up. She looks over at Steven, who is rocking back and forth slowly. He is holding something in his hand. She walks over. He's calm now. Slowly she picks the note from his hand.

STEVEN

She wouldn't leave me, Jane.

JANE

I know, Steven.

She truly sympathizes with him. Slowly she opens the note:

Everyone seems so happy and I am so alone. Without my Bernard, I am too weak. It's too hard to go on. Please forgive me.

Steven, remember to always be respectful and kind to others. I am going to leave you forever, because I cant go on like this. I love you.

Mommy

Jane comforts Steven.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jane is sitting at her desk looking at the suicide note. Her apartment is still pretty messy with empty wineboxes and ice cream containers all over the place.

She is carefully studying each line, when her phone rings. She slowly puts down the suicide note, still reading a line, as she answers the phone

HENRY CARLSON

(on phone)

Hello, this is Henry Carlson with Queens Police Department, I am in charge of the case of investigation of Ella Goff's disappearance. Her son recently informed us that you've been hired to look into this case aswell?

JANE

Yeah that's true.

HENRY CARLSON

(on phone)

Okay well we thought that we'd inform you that we've closed the case. As suspected the subject has committed suicide. We found the body at a motel this morning.

JANE

What? Well, I need to see it. Where is it?

HENRY CARLSON

(on phone)

We found it at the Blue Rain Motel but--

Jane starts writing down the name.

HENRY CARLSON (CONT'D)

You don't understand. The case is closed. The body has already been sent to forensics.

(beat)

Excuse me, have we talked before? What's your name?

JANE

Uuh, no, I don't think so. Listen I have to go okay.

Jane hangs up. She wears a concerned face. She folds the note with the motel name on it and puts it in her pocket. Then she thinks for a second before typing a new number into the phone.

STEVEN
(on phone)
Hello. This is Steven Goff, how may
I help you?

CUT TO:

EXT. FORENSICS FACILITY - NIGHT

Jane is walking along side Steven. They are crossing the parking lot to the entrance.

JANE
Okay, listen Steven, when we are in there you cant tell anyone I am a detective, okay?

STEVEN
But you are a detective?

JANE
Yeah, but tonight I'm your carer, okay?

Steven looks confused, but eventually he nods.

INT. FORENSICS FACILITY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They walk in and Jane leads Steven, who looks concerned, towards some seats. Before they get to sit down, Henry Carlson, 50s, enters. He is chubby with grey hair. He is wearing a police uniform and cap.

HENRY CARLSON
Hi Steven, how are you doing?

Steven doesn't answer. Henry looks at Jane.

HENRY CARLSON (CONT'D)
And who are you? This is family only, I hope you know.

JANE
Yeah, I'm Jane, I look after Steven sometimes.

HENRY CARLSON
Right.

Henry is thinking. He cant quite place her. Finally he gives up and signals for them to follow him into the other room.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

The lab is white in all directions. It's clean and sterile. In the middle of the room there's a small steel table with a covered body on top. Jane and Steven are standing on one side and a forensics scientist, stands opposite them.

FORENSICS SCIENTIST

We did a blood test on her and she seems to have suffered an insulin overdose. Of course as a nurse it wouldn't be very hard to get access to that.

JANE

Right.

FORENSICS SCIENTIST

Okay, if you're ready then.

The forensics scientist looks at Steven, and he looks to Jane. Jane nods.

The forensics scientist pulls back the cover and reveals Stevens dead mothers face. Steven becomes hysterical and collapses to the ground, where he starts flailing uncontrollably. Jane drops to her knees and tries her best to calm him down.

Steven is crying a lot and Jane's efforts aren't helping. The two are almost fighting, and Jane's expression has turned into hopeless desperation. Tears form in her eyes. Steven is still flailing around, crying uncontrollably.

JANE

(through her clattering
teeth)

Steven! You have to stop!

Steven doesn't even acknowledge her.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOUSE - MORNING

Steven is lying on the old couch, dried tears in his eyes. Jane isn't looking so hot herself. She is shuffling through a file.

There's a beat, Jane is just reading. Then she notices something and pulls a piece of paper out of the file.

The title says: "*Inheritance*". She continues inspecting the page and her finger lands on: "*In total: 55,049\$*".

CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS HOUSE - DAY

There are papers everywhere and a half empty coffee pot is standing on the table. Jane is reading through something with intense concentration. Steven is slowly waking up.

He looks up at Jane.

STEVEN

What are you doing?

JANE

Steven! You're awake! I need to know about your dad. You said he was an important businessman, right?

Steven is looking a bit beside himself.

STEVEN

Yes?

JANE

Okay, I need to know what he did. Do you know?

STEVEN

I-I don't understand?

JANE

Listen, this is important, Steven!
I thi-

The doorbell interrupts her. Steven gets up and opens the door. The man in the uniform from earlier comes in with a stack of microwavable dishes. Steven takes the dishes and begins the process of transferring them to fridge. The uniformed man turns to leave again, but he catches a glimpse of Jane. She gets a good look at him this time. He has a scar on his face and short black hair. He stops. Then he walks over to her.

FOOD DELIVERY MAN

Listen, I don't know what you think you're doing, but it's wrong. You're using this man for a quick buck, and it's not right!

JANE

Wha-

FOOD DELIVERY MAN

You should leave him alone. Don't you think he has enough stress in his life? Besides the case is done anyway, right?

JANE

Excuse me?

He turns around, but before he does Jane catches a glimpse of the logo on his uniform. He's from Food Corp. He walks to Steven.

FOOD DELIVERY MAN

I told you not to say anything to anyone!

JANE

Who the hell are you?!

FOOD DELIVERY MAN

Steven, she isn't coming back. You have to understand that.

Steven starts crying and he drops the stack of dishes on the floor. His ticks are kicking in bad, and he starts hitting the side of his face.

JANE

Hey, what the hell!

Jane is getting up.

FOOD DELIVERY MAN

You shouldn't be here!

The food delivery man hurriedly leaves and slams the door behind him as Jane lunges towards him. She opens the door again, but he is already by his truck, so she goes to Steven instead. She tries to calm him down but her mind is still focused on the papers and the incident that just happened.

JANE

Shh, calm down...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOD CORP BUILDING - MORNING

WIDE SHOT

A day has passed. The early morning fog hangs in the air. There are lots of pedestrians and cars obstructing the view but behind them, you can just glimpse Jane walking up to the door from the right side of the frame.

CLOSE UP

She is talking into an intercom.

JANE

Hey, I'm looking to talk to whoever is in charge of the delivery department

RECEPTIONIST

(on intercom)

Yeah and who'd that be?

JANE

Uh.. I'm not sure, I don't work here anymore.

RECEPTIONIST

(on intercom)

(sigh)

Okay, all complaints about recent lay offs should be directed to our service staff, who can be reach-

JANE

No, it's not about that. I just need to talk to someone-

RECEPTIONIST

(on intercom)

Have you got an appointment?

JANE

Well, no-

RECEPTIONIST

(on intercom)

I'm so sorry, if you don't have an appointment, then I'm sad to say there's nothing, I can do.

WIDE SHOT

Jane throws her head backwards in frustration and then walks to the left of the frame.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Jane is standing near the corner table. The cafe is slowly filling with people and she is searching for someone among the faces. She finds it and quickly fashions a smile as she nods a nod of recognition.

She walks over and starts talking to a woman. It's the one from the beginning.

WOMAN

Hi Jane! Is that really you? We haven't talked for so long! How long has it been? 5 months? You look good. How is the detective thing going? You're still doing that right?

JANE

Yeah. Hi. Still doing that. Listen I had a meeting about some lay-off related stuff, and the receptionist won't let me in. Could you possibly let me in?

WOMAN

Yeah of course! Jane, you should've just called. Oh, I can't believe it's been so long! So what's this meeting about? It's not something bad is it? Actually, it's only gotten worse, while you've been gone. Johnny and Michael both lost their jobs and Jenny, she-

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOD CORP BUILDING - DAY

WIDE SHOT

Jane is walking up the busy street towards the door on right side of the frame. The woman is walking beside her.

The camera is too far away to hear anything, but the woman is obviously talking, while Jane is silent. They get to the door and the woman beeps them in.

INT. FOOD CORP BUILDING - DAY

Jane is standing in the reception.

JANE

Yeah, but listen, if you could just setup a meeting with him, then I could come back to-

RECEPTIONIST

Sweetie, if you don't have an appointment, then there's nothing I can do. It's all in the system, you see.

JANE

No, but-

RECEPTIONIST

Appointment, hun. You gotta have it.

Jane breathes in deep and is about to give up, when Fergus, 50s walks in. He is wearing a long black coat and fashions a friendly face. He is the CEO of Food Corp. He sees Jane and walks over.

FERGUS

Hey, what are you doing here? I heard you were a detective now.

He smiles a big hearty bear smile and lets her collect her thoughts for a second.

JANE

Yeah. Uh. I wanted to talk to someone about a delivery guy.

FERGUS

Okay, well I think I can squeeze you in before my 11 o'clock.

RECEPTIONIST

It's 10:55?

Fergus ignores the receptionist and leads Jane to his office.

INT. FERGUS OFFICE

In the middle of the office, there's a table and two chairs. The wall behind Fergus' chair is decorated with pictures of himself in front of the Food Corp building and/or talking to business men. Apart from the luxurious chairs and table, his office is quite modest.

Fergus sits down in his leather chair and signals for Jane to take the one opposite. She sits and he leans back.

FERGUS

So, you're a customer now?

JANE

No, no, I've just had a case, where I got to meet one, and we had a not so pleasant run in with one of the delivery guys. I was hoping someone could tell me, who he was.

FERGUS

Telling you the name of an employee? You must be very confident in your investigative skills.

JANE

Yeah, I guess it was stupid.

FERGUS

No, don't say that. Listen, tell me the address and I'll see what we can do, okay?

JANE

11040 207th St, Queens Village.

FERGUS

Aah, thats the Goff family, isn't it? Terrible what happened.

JANE

Wait, you know them? How did you know something happened?

FERGUS

It was in the paper this morning and also Bernard, the father, used to work here. One of my best delivery guys.

JANE

Really?

FERGUS

I thought you were a detective?

(beat)

Anyway, he was a real hard worker,
that man. I remember, I even gave
him an old pc once for doing so
much overtime.

Jane is taken aback. She can hardly believe it.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Now. Not to be rude, but given what
I read in the news, shouldn't your
case be over?

(beat)

Anyway, I cant give you a name, but
what did you want with him anyway?

JANE

Nevermind. Just tell him to be more
considerate around Steven, okay?

JANE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Could you possibly tell me the
yearly income of being a delivery
guy?

Fergus, looks at her with a raised eyebrow, but he remains
calm.

FERGUS

What? Are you looking for a job?

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Jane is walking fast, eager. She walks past the receptionist,
while searching for something in her pocket.

RECEPTIONIST

How'd it go, hun?

Jane doesn't notice her and walks out the front door.

EXT. FOOD CORP BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jane is holding Henry Carlsons number in one hand dialing
with the other. She puts the note back in her pocket and
picks up the pace.

HENRY CARLSON
(on phone)
Yello, this is Henry Carl-

JANE
Hey, it's Jane. Listen, I found
some very interesting data for the
case.

HENRY CARLSON
(on phone)
Calm down, what case are you
talking about?

JANE
Stevens mothers death! Anyway, I
found out that both she-

HENRY CARLSON
(on phone)
No, excuse me that case is closed.

JANE
(beat)
What?

HENRY CARLSON
(on phone)
Yeah, she committed suicide.
There's no more to be said.

JANE
Okay but I found evidence that
could suggest otherwise?

HENRY CARLSON
(on phone)
(sigh)
Okay, what is this amazing
discovery of yours?

JANE
Okay, so I was looking through the
inheritance papers, and you
wouldn't believe the money that
both the mother and the father left
behind.

HENRY CARLSON
(on phone)
So, they took their retirement plan
more seriously than the rest of us-

JANE

No, Stevens father was a delivery man! His mother was a single mother, who worked as a nurse. No way-

HENRY CARLSON

(on phone)

Seriously, Jane. You're reading too much into it.

FADE TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's raining again. The hour is late and sullen silence has fallen over the city. Jane lies spread out on a tv table like a spilled glass of wine. She is surrounded by a sea of papers, with long legal descriptions on them. Her laptop lays in a position, illogical in relation to her own. The room is filled with empty pizzaboxes, icecream tubs and bottles. Above her the tv sits on the wall looking over her, illuminating the room with bright colors.

Jane is slowly waking up. Her vision is blurry. She just lies in hopelessness for a little as the tv keeps blaring, but then she hears the words; "*Queens Hospital*". She fumbles for the remote and turns it up.

NEWSCASTER

Haley Sear expressed a concern, in his letter for congress, for people being registrered for jobs, they don't actually occupy.

Jane realizes something and then starts fumbling through the papers.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Because of how our current system works, this would allow people to build up in-occupiation-time and-

An empty wine glass rolls of the table as Jane keeps searching with a concentrated expression.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

(in the background)

Have the numbers really increased?
Or have we just not noticed until now?

She finds the paper, which has a few wine spots on it.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)
 (in the background)
 Also the amount of dead people
 receiving wellfare is quite
 worrying.

Janes finger quickly finds the name of the hospital. She taps it, just to make sure. "*Queens Hospital*".

CUT TO:

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

The rain has faded outside but the skies are painted a boring grey.

Jane is sitting in the waiting room. There are a few other people around, but it isn't busy. The hospital receptionist calls her number and she walks up with a smile.

JANE
 Hi, I'm a detective, and I would
 like a look at some of your
 records.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
 Uh. I'm not sure if we can do that.

JANE
 It's for a fraud case. Did you see
 the news last night?

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
 Oh, yeah I saw that. Pretty scary,
 huh.

JANE
 Indeed. Do you think I could take a
 look at them then?

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
 I-I don't know.

JANE
 It's about a woman named Ella Goff?

The receptionist looks unsure but interested.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
 I'll have to ask my supervisor.
 Just a second.

The receptionist turns and grabs a phone. She puts it between her shoulder and ear and signals to Jane, that it'll just take a second. Jane smiles an encouraging smile.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Okay, okay.

(beat)

Yeah, it's about the fraud thing, that I told you about.

(beat)

Yeah.

The receptionist hangs up.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Okay someone is coming down.

JANE

Okay, thank you.

Jane smiles and waits for a second. Then a nurse comes in.

CUT TO:

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL FILE ROOM - DAY

Jane and the nurse are standing by a couple of file cabinets. Jane is already pretty deep in one of them, but the paper work here is terrible. Lots of loose pages and folders, which seem to have been placed at random.

NURSE

I've never heard of anyone named Ella at this hospital.

(beat)

Do you really think someone used the hospital for fraud?

JANE

(halfway inside the file cabinet)

(beat)

Uh. I'm not sure yet.

NURSE

How do you think she did it? Would she have to sneak in here to get her file in the system?

(beat)

Oh! Could she have hacked something? Maybe she was a patient!

Finally, Jane comes out with a folder, titled; "*staff*". She is red in the face and her breathing is a little heavy.

JANE

Yeah, or maybe she just quit and didn't feel the need to mention it, when they kept sending her paychecks.

The nurse's excited expression fades into disappointment as Jane starts looking through the folder, ignoring the nurse.

She flips through a few papers and then picks out Ella's file. It says: "*Period of hire: 01-01-1983 to 04-04-2001*".

JANE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Interesting.

NURSE

What? Is that her?

The nurse tries to catch a glimpse of the file by standing on the tips of her toes.

JANE

(uninterested)

Hmmm. Yeah...

JANE (CONT'D)

Mind if I take this?

NURSE

Oh yeah, I'm sure there's a copy of it somewhere.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Can I see it?

Jane holds it out for her, and she gasps in excitement.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Wow.

Jane doesn't allow her a very long look, and begins walking.

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jane is walking towards the exit with the excited nurse hot on her heels. Then she sees Henry Carlson standing at the check-in desk. She makes an expression and pulls the nurse a side.

JANE
 (whispering)
 Do you know who that is?

NURSE
 (whispering, excited)
 Is he a criminal, too? But he's a
 police officer?

JANE
 (whispering, playing
 along)
 The best alibi.

The nurse gasps in excitement.

NURSE
 (whispering, very excited)
 That's Henry Carlson. He has
 diabetes. Comes in all the time for
 more insulin.
 (beat)
 Oh! Should we check his file, too?

JANE
 (whispering)
 I think I've seen enough of your
 paperwork to know.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE RAIN MOTEL - EVENING

It's raining. Heavily. A yellow cab pulls up outside an old-looking motel. The big sign says; "*Blue Rain Motel*". The flickering of the sign is reflected in the raindrops. Jane pays the driver and runs to the door of the motel.

INT. BLUE RAIN MOTEL - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The muted sound of the RAIN outside is ever present behind some slow MUZAK. Jane shakes off the rain and walks to the check-in. A man in his 40s is sitting behind a small plastic window reading a newspaper. He owns the place but doesn't make much money.

JANE
 Excuse me.

MOTEL OWNER
 (still reading)
 A room is 20\$ a night.

JANE

I'm here about the woman, that was found dead in one of your rooms.

The motel owner lowers his newspaper and looks at her for a second then pulls it up again.

MOTEL OWNER

Case closed. The police told me.

JANE

Henry Carlson, right?

MOTEL OWNER

Yeah. So what?

JANE

I want to know if you saw him before he came to look at the room.

MOTEL OWNER

Never saw him at all. He just called me.

JANE

(surprised)

Really? Did he say anything about searching the room? Who retrieved her? Were you-

MOTEL OWNER

Listen, lady, I don't know what all this has to do with you and I don't really care, but the man said the case was closed so it's not really my problem anymore.

JANE

So... Would you mind if I take a look.

He lowers his paper once again.

MOTEL OWNER

You can rent it.

Jane sighs and slides the man a crumbled 20\$ note.

MOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)

Much obliged.

He tosses her a key from the wall behind him and sinks his head back into the newspaper once again. Jane picks it up and is just about to leave.

MOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, we found this up there.

He gives her a small picture. It's a picture of Steven. There's a beat.

JANE

Wait, was she alone, when she checked in?

MOTEL OWNER

Who?

JANE

The woman!

MOTEL OWNER

I don't remember.

JANE

When did she check in?

MOTEL OWNER

Rent another night and maybe I'll tell ya.

Jane smacks another 20 on the desk between them. He packs away his paper as if it took great effort and grabs the 20. He puts it in his chestpocket and starts flipping through some papers.

MOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)

Must've been the 15th.

JANE

Was there a delivery that day?

The motel owner exaggerates a thinking expression.

MOTEL OWNER

I'm not sure... Hmm. A delivery.

Jane puts another 20 on the desk.

MOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)

One of those Food Corp trucks came by. Didn't know they delivered past 10 o'clock.

JANE

What did the delivery guy look like?

The motel owner makes a stupified expression like he has no idea what she's talking about.

JANE (CONT'D)

Come on.

MOTEL OWNER

Alright! He was wearing a white and green uniform, he had black hair,
(beat)
and he had a nasty looking scar running across his face!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR RENTALSHIP - MORNING

Jane is standing at the desk talking to the clerk. He is looking at something on his computer, as Jane just stares into midair.

CLERK

Uh.

(beat)

Yeah! So the cheapest one is 50\$ for the day.

JANE

(absentmindedly)

Yeah, sure.

She puts a 50\$ bill on the counter and grabs the keys.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE - DAY

A car with big rental logo on the side is parked a few houses down. Inside sits Jane. She looks like she's been there for a while. There's a beat and then a Food Corp truck comes into frame from behind her. Jane wakes up and makes an effort to look inconspicuous. The truck parks outside of Stevens house and the delivery guy gets out. He grabs some microwavable dishes from the back and goes in. Nothing happens for a while, then he comes back out and gets in the truck. As the truck starts moving, Jane starts up her car and it starts rolling.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOD CORP WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Jane yawns. The truck pulls up to the warehouse and parks there. Jane parks her car at an appropriate distance. The delivery guy jumps out and walks over to an old broken down Cadillac 1990 DeVille. He opens the trunk and quickly changes into a pair of holed jeans and a leather jacket, before getting in the car. The car revs a couple of times before finally starting. Jane follows.

EXT. NEW YORK TIMES SQUARE - EVENING

The streets are flooding with cars and pedestrians as far as the eye can see. The lights make it hard for Jane to keep the old Cadillac in sight but she manages and then suddenly it stops. For a second Jane is confused but then a taxi in the other lane stops aswell and out of it comes Fergus. She doesn't believe her eyes. Fergus enters the Cadillac and it starts driving again. With a confused expression, she follows.

They drive for a while and you see the inner city life fade as we enter a less densely populated area.

EXT. NEW YORK OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Rows of old houses line the streets, their gardens are filled with autocampers and broken cars. It looks like this is the place where all stolen city bikes end up. Jane is keeping a long distance between herself and the Cadillac.

Then the Cadillac enters a driveway up to an old wooden house. It looks more like a shed than a house. It is obvious that it hasn't been taken care of for a long time. All the wood has turned dark and the planks are crooked and bent in all directions.

She doesn't drive in but parks outside so she can look up the driveway. The Cadillac stops in front of the house and the two men get out. Jane shambles to get her phone out. They've now entered the house and she tries to see through one of the numerous holes in the building by using her zoom, but it's not good enough. She messages Henry.

MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH IN GOFF CASE!
151-96 94TH AVE, JAMAICA, NY 11433

A long beat. Her phone vibrates. It's Henry.

SORRY JANE. BESIDES YOU'D NEED
EVIDENCE.

After a moment of consideration she gets out of the car and walks over to the other side of the road. The zoom is a bit better and she desperately tries to hold her phone still to see through the hole in the door. She is focusing as hard as she can and suddenly a face shows up on the screen. She jumps away behind another building as the man with the facescar exits the building, hoping he didn't see her.

She stands frozen behind the wall for a few moments, then she slips her phone out and takes a picture. She looks at it and sees that the man is still standing by the door. She looks at the building, she's currently hiding behind. It looks quite beat up like noone has been living there for a while. She walks to the door eyeing the broken windows. She opens the door and peeks inside. Noone's home.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She goes in, looking at the garden behind the window at the other end of the house. The floorboards creak as she walks. She is focused on the man with the facescar, who is still visible through the windows. Then suddenly a grey-skinned man fills her vision and comes crashing down on top of her. They awkwardly fumble around on the floor for a second, before she notices a giant piece of glass in his hand. It has cut deep into his hand and blood is spilling all over but he doesn't seem to notice. He tries to slash her face but she dodges and pushes him off. She gets up quickly and sees the man with the facescar walking towards the building. Then her face hits the floor again as the man has slashed her thigh. Her face shows the stinging pain, but she stays quiet and tries to crawl away. The man rises behind her.

ANGLE ON Jane's face. The man towers over her as she crawls away slowly. Then just as the mans glass shard peaks over his head, a SILENCED GUNSHOT AND GLASS SHATTERING. The man falls to the ground, limp. His body falls down on top of her and his cheek meets hers. His dead eyes looking at the ground. Jane looks up.

JANE POV. Through the hole in the mans head, she sees the man with the facescars back. He's walking away. Blood drips in her face, and she pushes the man off. She's breathing heavily.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jane is crawling through an unkept garden, her face covered in blood and filth. Finally she reaches a fence and gets up. She peeks over the fence. She is past the man with the facescar. She quitely jumps the fence and sneaks up to the wall. She still seems shaken, but she powers through it.

There's a small window to her right, it goes to a toilet. She opens it slowly and crawls in.

INT. HOUSE TOILET - NIGHT

She can hear buzzing from the other side. Lots of people moving around, but no one is talking. She peeks through the keyhole but it's just a hallway. Slowly she lets the door open. The buzzing is louder, coming from the end of the hallway.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It looks like a family home. There's carpet stretching the length of the hallway and pictures of a child and his parents adorn the walls. She slowly walks down the hallway looking at the doors to each side. One says: "Steven". She takes a nearby picture of the child. There's a beat. She touches the photo with her fingers and puts it back, then she continues to the end of the hallway. She puts her ear to the door and listens. She hears BOILING, FLUID BEING POURED and METAL ON METAL CLINGING. She looks through the keyhole, but something is standing nearby blocking her view. She can only just see the ceiling, where a couple industrial lamps have been mounted. Then she puts her ear to the door again. Some people are talking now. She can't hear them though, so she carefully opens the door a little. She takes out her phone and starts recording, making sure it's muted.

FERGUS

The first one will be here at 8:30.

UNKNOWN

They were supposed to be here tonight!

FERGUS

Yeah a couple of Food Corp trucks parked over night, you'd love that wouldn't you.

UNKNOWN

I would love not loading a bunch of cocaine onto a truck in daylight!

FERGUS

You still have your uniform, just put it in cardboard boxes. Even if someone was around to see it, they wouldn't suspect a thing.

UNKNOWN

Fuck you, this wasn't part of the deal.

FERGUS

Listen asshole, you're still working for me and you know I'm not playing around so why don't you shut up?

UNKNOWN

(beat)

Okay, but how are they?

FERGUS

Fine, or they should be. You know how much you make.

Jane puts a hand over her mouth, but as she does she lets go of the door and before she can react it shuts. She hears a raised muffled voice and quickly but quietly sneaks towards Stevens room. Behind her we hear METAL CABINET BEING MOVED and DOOR HANDLE BEING PRESSED DOWN. She retreats into the room, just as Bernard Goff, 62, enters the room. He is wearing a dirty white shirt and a pair of loose jeans. His face is that of a kind, caring father, but currently it wears an angry expression. There's a beat.

INT. HOUSE STEVENS ROOM - NIGHT

The room is decorated just like Stevens room but without the computer. There's also a picture of young Bernard. The camera doesn't hang on it, but it's noticeable. She hides under the bed as FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE come closer.

JANES POV. We see a man enter the room from the ankles down. There's a beat and then he leaves. We hear a few more DOORS OPENING.

BERNARD

(outside)

Yeah, must've been another damn junkie.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Hey you! Go to the hall. Make sure noone is jumping through windows.

Slightly different FOOTSTEPS come down the hall, and we hear DOOR CLOSING. Bernard and Fergus' voices are now too muffled to hear.

A long beat.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE STEVENS ROOM - MORNING

The noise of a TRUCK BACKING UP wakes Jane, who lies covered in dust and filth under the bed. She quickly wakes up, and crawls out from under the bed. She gets up and carefully looks out from behind the door. Noone there. She gets out into the hallway.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

She sneaks up to the door and looks through the lock. Whatever was blocking the view before has been removed and we see a livingroom that has been cleared. There are discolorations on the carpet from old furniture. The wallpaper has faded and the few pictures still up are crooked. In the middle of the space, multiple tables have been set up with lots of equipment on them. There are lots of people around, most of them in underwear with gasmasks. Cocaine is being packaged in clear bags and into cardboard boxes. Jane tries to take a picture through the keyhole, but it's impossible to see anything, so she cracks the door ever so slightly.

With more visibility, we can now see two big Food Corp delivery trucks in the driveway. People in Food Corp uniforms are exiting the truck. Jane snaps a few pictures of the whole situation. Then she goes to messages and writes Henry.

REAL EVIDENCE! GET HERE NOW!

She attaches a picture and sends. The message is sent. She sighs in relief and there's a beat. Then she gets up and looks into the living room again. Fergus is nowhere to be seen. She keeps looking eagerly for a few moments, but he is gone. Her phone vibrates. It's Henry.

CAR ON ITS WAY. ETA: ONE MINUTE.

Jane looks out again. They seem to be wrapping up. One of the Food Corp guys jingles his keys and nods towards the trucks. Jane bites her lip, but the man keeps walking. He walks out the door and heads to the truck. Then she smacks open the door and bursts in. Instantly multiple guns are pointed towards her. Bernards hand has snapped up in the air.

BERNARD

Hold on.
 (beat)
 And who are you?

JANE

Uh. I'm Jane Campbell, private
 detective, and you're under arrest.

BERNARD

I didn't know detectives could
 arrest people?

JANE

Yeah well, citizens arrest.

Bernard looks around with a smirk at all the guys still
 pointing their guns at her.

BERNARD

You sure?

JANE

Steven needs you.

Bernard loses his smirk.

BERNARD

I don't know what you think you-

JANE

Ella is dead.

JANE (CONT'D)

Why would you ever trust him
 anyway-

GUNSHOT, a bullet tears through Janes right shoulder and her
 body twists with the force. She takes a step to keep her
 balance, but she stepped with her already hurt leg and
 stumbles, falling down, hard.

ANGLE ON Janes face as stinging pain sears through her face,
 pulling out all her color. In an instant she looks almost
 blue and she pukes. In the background muffled voices shout
 and GUNSHOTS are heard. Far away SIRENS can be heard as sweat
 spawns on her face. The SIRENS come closer and more voices
 shout. A hand comes into frame and grabs Jane by her left
 shoulder and turns her around.

CAMERA DETACHES FROM JANE and moves into a neutral position,
 keeping her face in the middle of the frame.

Around her people are being put in handcuffs as the police officer crouches over her, picking her up like a young kid, who fell asleep in the car. She's limp.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jane is lying in a hospital bed, her face still slightly blue, but she's alive. On one side sits Henry, his arms crossed over his belly, napping. On the other side Steven, drooling in his sleep. She has just woken up. She sits up with some trouble and Henry wakes up.

HENRY CARLSON

Ah, you're awake!

JANE

Did you get them?

HENRY CARLSON

Yeah.

JANE

Even Fergus?

HENRY CARLSON

He has been arrested. We're hoping for Bernard to testify against him.

Jane grabs her phone from the table. She plays the recording from earlier. Henry smiles.

JANE

Wait. The man at the motel, he gave me a picture of Steven.

HENRY CARLSON

We searched your clothes. The picture doesn't seem to mean anything.

JANE

She didn't commit suicide.

HENRY CARLSON

We are looking into those inheritance papers, you talked about. It'll all work out, you just focus on getting some rest.

Jane moves her eyes to Steven, annoyed that she cant do anything.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Jane is sitting next to Henry, with Bernard on the other side of the table.

The room is only lit by an overhead lamp and otherwise non-descript. ANGLE ON Bernards face.

BERNARD

We used our savings to care for Steven and when the money slipped up, we became desperate. Fergus offered me "something on the side". It started out small, and we could even afford for Ella to stay home with Steven. She quit her job and thats when he started pushing to take the operation to the next level.

We didn't want to but Ella couldn't get her old job back.

(beat)

Eventually he stopped asking and soon our house was full of people and gear. Steven and Ella moved to a different house and I had to stay behind. It wasn't long before, he stopped allowing me to see them. Of course I resisted, but he said he would hurt them. He always had a picture of Steven on him, that he would show me. I couldn't risk it.

Jane slowly takes the picture out of her pocket and places it on the table. Bernard is repulsed by it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Yeah, thats the one.

JANE

(beat)

This was found at the motel.

(beat)

The motel where your wife was found.

Bernard looks at her blankly for a second, searching the sentence in his head.

BERNARD

What?

Jane offers him her hand.

JANE

Your wife was murdered.

HENRY CARLSON

That still isn't conclusive.

Bernard looks down, trying to understand. There's a beat.

BERNARD

(tearing up)

But why?

JANE

Fergus told her that you died. She was forced to work for him.

HENRY CARLSON

Apparently Fergus kept her on a strict budget, and when she got tired of that, she threatened to blow the whole operation. Fergus didn't appreciate that.

Bernard places his head on the table. Beat.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's spring, birds are chirping and the light has a warm glow to it. The apartment is cleaned up and looks like a real detectives office. Jane sits in her usual spot behind her desk, and on the other side, Henry.

JANE

One thing I never understood, was why he would use insulin to kill her. Doesn't seem like a very effective method?

HENRY CARLSON

Old noir-myth. People thought it was impossible to detect. It never was and today it's easier than ever.

(beat)

Let's just write that one off as ignorance.

Henry smiles as a man, out of frame, fills up his coffee mug.

STEVEN
Anything else?

Henry looks up at Steven.

HENRY CARLSON
No, thank you.

CUT TO BLACK.