

INT. HOME

A man in his mid-thirties, Allan, walks into his house with his mail in one hand and groceries in the other. He sets down his groceries and starts leafing through the mail.

A click is heard in the other room. Allan discretely presses the screen on his phone a few times before sliding it back into his pocket.

ALLAN

Jody? Is that you? I thought you worked today. I got the bagels you like.

He turns a corner to see a man, 6 ft from him, holding a gun aimed at his head.

DETECTIVE HASKELL

Thanks, sweetie. That's so thoughtful of you but I'm not hungry.

ALLAN

How did you get in here?

DETECTIVE HASKELL

You know damn well how I got in here Allan. Sit.

Allan cautiously moves to the chair that's been placed against a wall. A badge flashes from under the man's coat when he motions.

ALLAN

Am I... under arrest?

DETECTIVE HASKELL

Shut up. (beat) 11 years. 11 long fucking years.

ALLAN

With all due respect.. officer? Detective? I believe there's a mistake. I ... I've been mistaken for other people- bad people before and I-

DETECTIVE HASKELL

You are Allan Blakely, born September 7th, 1979. You have two daughters, Jody and Sara and enjoy country music. You dreamed of being an rock star when

you were a child. You served in the military from '99 to '05, and 11 years ago, August 2nd, 2009, you played a game of poker...

ALLAN
Detective..

DETECTIVE HASKELL
...that ended in *you killing my son.*

The gun in the detective's hand starts to shake as he walks closer.

DETECTIVE HASKELL
He was my only son, and for 11 years you've walked around this earth without a consequence in the fucking world.

ALLAN
I'm so sorry about your son.

DETECTIVE HASKELL
You're sorry?

ALLAN
He wasn't supposed to die.

DETECTIVE HASKELL
You shot him in the back of the head! He was a good man! Do you know what it feels like? Seeing pictures of your child, dead, shot in the back of the head?

ALLAN
It was a case of mistaken identity, detective. Some things you don't know about me. I was contracted to assassinate a man who sold sealed files to Guoanbu.

DETECTIVE HASKELL
What are you talking about? My son was a good man.

ALLAN
I think you know what I'm talking about. The Intelligence Agency of The Republic of China. Top secret

intelligence documents that have allowed China to infiltrate the underground online darkservers of our country for years. Irreparable damage has been done, detective Haskell...

DETECTIVE HASKELL
What are you talking about?

ALLAN
..or should I say Marvin, because we both know you haven't been a detective for years, have you?

DETECTIVE HASKELL
How the FUCK do you know my name!!

ALLAN
Because it was your son's name, Marvin. It was you I was contracted to kill. You sent those documents over. October 4th, 1997, you made one grave error, one deal with the devil, didn't you? He was the hacker though, wasn't he? But you were the mastermind. What did you tell him, Marvin? That it was for the CIA? That it was for the good of the country?

DETECTIVE HASKELL
Fuck you. How could you do this?

ALLAN
I'm not a killer anymore. I made my own deal with the devil, Marvin. I told them I'd give them you. I've been sending you breadcrumbs for a year. I was waiting for you. The police are on their way.

The detective slumps in a chair under the weight of his own grief, puts the gun down. He pulls out two pictures and flicks them across the table.

ALLAN
What is this?

He looks at the pictures. Two young woman shot execution style.

ALLAN

What is this? What the fuck is this?
What did you do?

The detective, almost enjoying the moment of Allan's face absorbing the horror, brings the gun to his own temple. Allan, still fixated on the two pictures.

ALLAN

No, no, no.. no... *What the fuck did
you do!! My babies! My Babies!!*

A loud gunshot is heard, and blood splatters over the table, the pictures, and the man.

END