

MISDEAL

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EXT. WOODED TRAIL - NIGHT

ROLL CREDITS

FADE IN

It is a dark night with the only light coming from the moon. On the side of a rural road there is a dark colored older model station wagon parked. The shot pans down the hill to show a shadow of a man dragging a body into a wooded area. The shot changes to the view of a passer by driving down the road. The older model station wagon comes into view of his headlight and he takes notice of the station wagon as he passes.

CUT TO

EXT. WOODED TRAIL

DETECTIVE JACK KELLOGG sits in his unmarked police car with a blue police light flashing on the dash as he pulls up to the crime scene. There are several marked police cars, a crime scene van, an ambulance, other unmarked police cars and local news media already there with crime scene tape around the whole area. Kellogg gets out of his car and walks towards the crime scene as he puts on a pair of latex gloves that he pulls out of his suit jacket pocket. A patrolman lifts the crime scene tape for Kellogg to duck under.

PATROLMAN 1

How you doing Jack?

KELLOGG

Don't know yet. Guess we'll see here in a little while.

Kellogg walks down the hill towards a group of police officers working in the wooded area. He is intercepted by a plain clothes officer, SERGEANT DONAHUE, who is giving instructions to a patrolman and pointing down the road in both directions.

SERGEANT DONAHUE

Jack.

KELLOGG

What do we have Sarge?

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Another one. Looks like the same
guy.

KELLOGG
Radio traffic sounded that way.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Your going to take lead on this
one. I've got the evidence techs
working the perimeter and patrolmen
are interviewing neighbors to see
if we've got a witness.

Kellogg and Sergeant Donahue walk down the hill towards a
body that is covered by a white sheet.

KELLOGG
What do we know so far?

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Not much. Old man that lives down
the road found the body. He saw
buzzards flying around, came to see
if it was his missing dog. No
wallet or purse, so no ID on the
body. And she's partially clothed.
Looks like she's been here less
than 24 hours. My guess, she was
dumped sometime last night.

KELLOGG
The old man see anything?

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Lives too far down the road. Said
he hasn't seen anything.

Kellogg walks up to the body, leaving Sergeant Donahue to
coordinate the other officers and personnel. He looks
around then kneels down next to the body. JIM, a tech
wearing a blue windbreaker with the letters "CSI"
emblazoned on the back is walking around the body, taking
different samples.

KELLOGG
(to Jim)
Has the body been photographed yet?

JIM
Sure has Jack.

Kellogg lifts the sheet from over the victims face and
upper body, the part that is clothed.

She is a beautiful young woman with long blond hair draped partially over her face, her pale skin the only indication of her death. Kellogg examines up and down her body. He picks up her hands and examines the backs, the palms and under the fingernails. He looks closely around the neck and notes some ligature marks. He then notices some short green fibers matted in her blond hair.

KELLOGG

Hey Jim, come here.

Jim walks over to Kellogg.

JIM

What ya got?

KELLOGG

Fibers in her hair.

Sergeant Donahue walks up as Jim takes the fibers from the young womans hair with a pair of tweezers and places them inside a clear plastic bag.

SERGEANT DONAHUE

Did you find something?

KELLOGG

Green fibers stuck in her hair.
They're too short to be carpet
fibers. Maybe clothing.

Another patrolman comes down the dirt trail in a hurry.

PATROLMAN 2

Sergeant, I think we got something!

Sergeant Donahue and Kellogg meet the patrolman half way down the hill.

PATROLMAN 2

I spoke to the people that live in the first house on the right heading towards the highway. Guy works a graveyard shift and gets off work around 5 AM. When he was coming home earlier, he saw an old black station wagon parked over by the side of the road.

SERGEANT DONAHUE

Did he see anyone in it?

PATROLMAN 2

No, just the car. He says he's never seen it around here before. Didn't get a plate and doesn't know the exact make or model. But he thinks it was an early seventies model with tinted windows.

KELLOGG

When?

PATROLMAN 2

A little after 5. I told him that someone else would be coming over to take his statement.

KELLOGG

I've got it.

Kellogg walks up the hill, the patrolman a few steps behind. Sergeant Donahue turns his attention back to the techs and officer walking around the crime scene.

CUT TO

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Kellogg walks into the morgue and grabs some latex gloves out of a box sitting on a metal table near the door. As he puts them on he looks around for someone. There are several bodies lying on gurneys with sheets over them.

KELLOGG

Doc?

(pause)

Anyone here?

A man, DR. GIBBS, walks in from another door with medical scrubs on.

DR. GIBBS

Sorry about that Jack. I was trying to eat. It's been a busy day around here.

KELLOGG

Looks like it.

DR. GIBBS
I guess your here about the Jane
Doe that came in this afternoon.

KELLOGG
Yeah, she's a priority.

Both Dr. Gibbs and Kellogg walk over to her body and Dr.
Gibbs pulls back the sheet covering her head and neck.

DR. GIBBS
I've already finished the autopsy.
It'll be a few days until the
toxicology comes back.

KELLOGG
What can you tell me?

Dr. Gibbs points to the markings on her neck.

DR. GIBBS
Cause of death was manual
asphyxiation. The ligature marks
around the neck appear to come from
a quarter inch rope, similar to the
other two victims, and no fibers
were left behind on the skin.

KELLOGG
What about the fibers from her
hair?

DR. GIBBS
Common synthetic green felt.

KELLOGG
Felt? Hmm.
(pause)
Was she washed like the others?

DR. GIBBS
Yes. There was no other trace
evidence found anywhere on the
body. The killer must be
transporting the bodies to the dump
sites in something. And just like
the others, traces of Biguanide
were found on the skin and hair.

KELLOGG
What is that stuff anyway?

DR. GIBBS
It's main use is as a non-chlorine
sanitizer for pools and spas.

KELLOGG
So he's using a pool or spa to
clean the bodies.

Kellogg takes a few steps around the body to take in a
different view.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
Any biological fluids?

DR. GIBBS
Not that lucky. She was definitely
sexually assaulted, possibly
postmortem, but the suspect was
using a condom. Traces of
spermicide were found.

KELLOGG
What about a time of death?

DR. GIBBS
Time of death is going to be
somewhere between 3 and 4 AM this
morning.

KELLOGG
How soon can you send the autopsy
report?

DR. GIBBS
I'll have the preliminary report
over to you by morning, final
report in a few days.

KELLOGG
Thanks doc.

DR. GIBBS
My pleasure.

Kellogg walks out of the morgue. Dr. Gibbs looks back at
the girl for a moment before sliding the white sheet over
her face again. Hands in his pockets, he walks back to his
office.

CUT TO

I/E. RED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kellogg drives up to a suburban home in his personal vehicle, a late model jeep. Rain jets down in streams, covering everything with an impenetrable mist. There are several cars in the driveway and on the street in front of the home. He gets out of his jeep and runs to the front door, trying to stay as dry as possible. He knocks on the door and after a few seconds, there is a response from the other side.

RED (O.S.)
Who is it?

KELLOGG
Police...open up!

REDDISON "RED" ROCHESTER opens the door. A man in his early 30's with jet black hair and a very muscular build, Red seems unaffected by Kellogg's command.

RED
Will you stop doing that? You're spooking the crooks.

Kellogg smiles and Red waves him into the door.

RED (CONT'D)
Sorry Jack, but i've only got one table going tonight.

KELLOGG
Guess the weather is keeping people in.

Kellogg walks inside. There are two poker tables and several boards on the walls for bad beat payouts and high hands to beat. The only players in the house are at one table, with one empty seat.

RED
Seat six is open. You make it a full table.

Kellogg walks over to the table and sits down in the empty seat.

KELLOGG
Evenin'. How y'all doing tonight?

The other players acknowledge Kellogg with nods and mumbles as they look at the pot, and at their hands.

Kellogg looks to an older gentleman to his right, MITCH, and puts out a hand. Mitch shakes it as Red sits down in the dealer's seat.

KELLOGG
How you doing Mitch?

MITCH
Up and down Jack, up and down. Good to see you.

KELLOGG
You too.

RED
Jack, we have a couple new players I don't think you've met. This is Stacey and Bill.

Kellogg shakes both of their hands.

KELLOGG
Stacey...Bill. Nice to meet you, I'm Jack.

RED
You need to watch out for Jack, if you beat him too bad, he'll arrest you and take his money back.

Everyone around the table laughs.

PLAYER 1
Got a couple warrants out for me Jack?

KELLOGG
You're damn right.

RED
How much you coming in for Jack?

CU OF SIDE OF RED'S FACE, FOCUS ON SCRATCH NEXT TO EAR.

KELLOGG
Put me down for \$500.

RED
You got it.

Red pushes Kellogg a few stacks of chips and then starts dealing the cards.

As time passes, two of the players, Stacey and Player 1 are knocked out.

SHOW CARDS IN EACH PLAYERS HANDS, COMMUNITY CARDS, AND CHIPS.

Red puts up a queen of hearts on the river.

BILL

Check.

The players look at each other then at their hands, the room so still, a pin drop could crash.

RED

Jack?

KELLOGG

Yeah, yeah, I know.

(pause)

How about a buck twenty-five.

Kellogg splashes the pot with chips. Bill smiles.

BILL

I call.

Bill flips over his cards revealing a straight.

BILL (CONT'D)

I've got the straight.

Kellogg grimaces as Bill's smile gets even wider.

KELLOGG

I had a straight too.

Kellogg flips over his cards, showing a better straight.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)

Broadway.

Bill's smile disappears.

BILL

Shit!

Kellogg smiles and reaches into the pot, pulling the pile of chips toward himself.

BILL (CONT'D)

Good play.

KELLOGG

Thanks.

MITCH

Damn Jack. Your hot tonight.

KELLOGG

Just playing the rush.

PLAYER 3

You should come over Friday night Jack. Red's throwing a party for one of his girls. There's gonna be a \$1000 no-limit tournament.

KELLOGG

(to Red)

When does it start?

RED

We'll start up at 8.

KELLOGG

I'll see. We've been pretty busy lately at work, don't know if I'll be able to get off.

RED

I saw you guys found another body.

KELLOGG

Yeah, third one in the last two months. We need to get this guy off the street.

RED

Y'all have any leads?

KELLOGG

Working on a few things but nothing solid so far.

BILL

You're really a cop?

KELLOGG

(laughs)

Yeah.

BILL

I thought Red was just kidding.

KELLOGG

Don't worry about it. I work homicide. Unless you plan on killing someone, the only thing you've got to worry about is how much money you can afford to lose to me.

They all laugh around the table and the game continues.

Time lapses again and it is down to Kellogg and Mitch. Kellogg has most of the chips from the table in front of him.

KELLOGG

I'll go all in.

MITCH

You can't have the best hand all night long.
(pause)
I'll call.

Kellogg flips his hand over.

KELLOGG

Nut flush.

MITCH

Damn it! I guess you can.

Mitch flips over two pair and flops it in the pot.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Well, that'll be it for me tonight.
I'm heading home.

KELLOGG

Sorry about that Mitch.

MITCH

No your not. I'll see you Friday.

KELLOGG

I'll try to make it.

MITCH

You'll make it. Later Red.

Mitch gets up from the table and walks out the door.

RED

See ya later Mitch.

Kellogg counts and stacks the chips he just won and then pushes them to Red.

KELLOGG

\$3800. How much does that take me down to?

RED

That'll take you down to just under \$10,000. You had a good night.

KELLOGG

Yeah, I needed it. And a couple more just like it wouldn't hurt either.

RED

You playing anywhere else?

KELLOGG

No. None of the other games in town will let me play anymore.

RED

Yeah, that's what I heard.

KELLOGG

Rumor has it, they were getting nervous that I was gonna get the games busted. Too much on the books.

RED

Doesn't make sense to me. Why cut off a player that owes you? I mean, I understand not putting him on the books for more, but keepin' him out of the game, your loosing action. It's not like you don't know where the other games are. Just doesn't make sense.

KELLOGG

(rhetorically)

What are you gonna do?

RED

Plus, I like having you at the table. You're good for business Jack. Win or lose.

KELLOGG

I appreciate that. But it's not always good for my bank account.

RED
Listen, you know where the Bull
Cage is?

KELLOGG
Yeah, over on Prescott.

RED
That's it.

KELLOGG
Don't you bartend there sometimes?

RED
Every once in a while. Just when
they need someone. Anyway, There's
a Saturday night game in the back
room that I've been playing. It's
pretty loose. 5/10, minimum 1000
buy in, if you wanna play in it.

KELLOGG
That sounds like a good game. I'll
check it out.

RED
Tell the doorman I sent you.

KELLOGG
Great. I'll try to come by Friday
night too.

RED
Good, there's gonna be a lot of
people and tons of food. We should
have about 25 to 30 players. First
place could put you even with me.

KELLOGG
That's what I'm thinking.

Kellogg takes the last sip of his drink, then gets his coat
and heads for the door.

RED
Take it easy.

KELLOGG
You too.

Kellogg opens the door, wraps his coat around his chest,
and runs back out into the rain.

CUT TO

INT. KELLOGG'S HOUSE - LATER

The home is dark and vacant of almost all furniture. The front door opens and Kellogg enters the home. He walks through the living room into the kitchen where he puts his badge and gun on the counter next to a photo of him, a beautiful brunette, and a young boy. The boy looks just like a younger version of Kellogg. The state of the apartment tells a sadder story. One of loss and seperation. One of duty and addiction. Kellogg hits the button on the answering machine.

MACHINE (V.O.)

You have two new messages.

The first is a male's voice. Kellogg takes off his coat and tosses it over the back of a chair in the corner, he grabs a drink and sits down to listen to the message.

KEITH (V.O.)

Mr. Kellogg, this is Keith Sellers at New Nations Trust. Our system shows that we haven't received payment on your vehicle loan in 3 months. It is very important that you call me back as soon as possible or the bank will have to take the necessary steps to rectify the situation. Please call me as soon as possible. Thank you.

Kellogg takes a large drink from his glass and presses the skip button on the machine. The second message is a female's voice.

EX-WIFE (V.O.)

Jack, I know you're busy but Brad waited for 2 hours for you after practice today. You could've at least called. If you don't want to be a part of his life, then don't make plans with him. You keep doing this and I have to clean up the mess. If you want to apologize, he'll be home all night.

The message ends and Kellogg slides his head back into the chair.

MACHINE (V.O.)
That was your last message.

The machine clicks off and Kellogg sits in the dark, slowly drinking the time away.

CUT TO

INT. KELLOGG'S HOUSE - DAWN

Kellogg walks down the hall and into the kitchen. He is wearing a pair of athletic shorts and a t-shirt, his hair is a mess and his eyes are red. As he makes himself a cup of coffee, he turns on the TV in the kitchen. The news is about the killings in the woods from the day before. As he takes a sip of brewed coffee, he hears a loud clank outside. He walks over to the blinds and looks out from a small slit made by his two fingers. A tow truck is backed up to his car and a man in overalls is hooking up large chains to the front of Kellogg's car. He runs over to the counter and grabs his badge before bolting outside.

CUT TO

EXT. KELLOGG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck driver has already hooked up Kellogg's Jeep and is starting to drive off as Kellogg runs outside. Kellogg holds up his badge as he runs towards the street.

KELLOGG
Stop! I'm a cop! That's my car!

MED INSIDE TRUCK CAB

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
(to himself)
Not anymore.

Kellogg stops running and throws his hands in frustration as the tow truck drives off with his Jeep.

KELLOGG
Damn it.

CUT TO

I/E. TAXI/POLICE STATION COURTYARD - MORNING

Kellogg pulls up in front of the police station in a taxi.

KELLOGG
How much is it?

TAXI CAB DRIVER
\$17.50.

Kellogg hands the driver a \$20.

KELLOGG
Keep it.

He climbs out of the cab and walks through a small courtyard toward the doors to the station. He takes a breath, then walks in.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kellogg walks up to Sergeant Donahue's office and knocks on the open door.

KELLOGG
Sarge, you got a minute?

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Yeah Jack, come in.

Kellogg enters the office and closes the door behind him.

KELLOGG
I need a favor.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
What is it?

KELLOGG
I need to drive my city car home.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
What happened to your Jeep?

KELLOGG
The bank, uh, repossessed it.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Jesus Jack. You know the policy.

KELLOGG
I know, I know. But please Sarge.
I can't afford to take a taxi
everyday.

Sergeant Donahue lets out a sigh and sits back in his chair.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Alright Jack. But this is only
temporary. You've got one month to
get this cleared up. Understand?

KELLOGG
Yes sir. Thank you.

Kellogg gets up out of his chair and walks out of Sergeant Donahue's office. Outside the office, Kellogg turns to walk down a long hall as a patrolman passes by.

DETECTIVE 1
Kellogg! Hold up.

KELLOGG
What's up?

DETECTIVE 1
Patrol had a missing person call
this morning with a description
matching our Jane Doe from
yesterday. Name is Cindy Ferguson,
28 years old.

KELLOGG
Who called it in?

DETECTIVE 1
A co-worker that hasn't heard from
her since Tuesday. I put the file
on your desk.

KELLOGG
Where is she now?

DETECTIVE 1
I told patrol to bring her here as
soon as she's done identifying the
body.

KELLOGG
Great.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE STATION CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

There are several police detectives, patrolmen, and CSI techs in the room. They are sitting down when a man in the front of the room starts to speak.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON

Everyone. Let's get started. For those here that do not know me, my name is Captain Littleton and I've been assigned to head up this task force. Our primary focus is to identify and build a prosecutable case against the suspect responsible for the recent series of strangulation murders. It is imperative that we all work this by the book. Special Agents Bain and Williams from the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit are here to give us a profile on this guy.

Captain Littleton turns on a overhead projector and starts a series of crime scene photos of the most recent victim, another man walks over to the wall and turns off the lights. Everyone in the room starts to take notes. The first picture is of a young brunette.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON (CONT'D)

This is victim number 1. Molly Blaine, 23, was found near Dead Dog Creek 3 days after her parents filed a missing persons report. The victim was strangled and her body washed in a pool or spa.

The image changes crime scene photos and headshots of a beautiful african-american woman.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON (CONT'D)

This is victim number 2: Emily Goldsmith. Her body was found in a ditch on the side of Route 12 near the Coffield Dam. Same MO as before, strangled and washed as Molly Blaine.

Crime scene photos from the previous day come across the screen.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON (CONT'D)

This is our most recent victim, Cindy Ferguson. 28 year old secretary, she was found off Hwy 121 Wednesday morning by an area resident. Last known contacts were a break up with her boyfriend early Tuesday afternoon and a phone call with a co-worker at approximately 10 pm that night. The co-worker believes Ms. Ferguson was at a bar when the call was placed but no id on the location.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON (CONT'D)

Hit the lights.

The same man presses the switch on the wall and the lights come back on.

SPECIAL AGENT WILLIAMS

How about the boyfriend? Has anyone talked to him yet?

CAPTAIN LITTLETON

We've got his statement on file and his alibi has been confirmed by two people. He is not, I repeat, not considered a suspect at this time. This is the first time we've gotten any credible leads on the killer. First, a neighbor that lives near where the body was found came home from work at approximately 5 AM and saw an early 70's station wagon parked on the side of the road. No plate number and no positive id about the make but we know this: it had darkly tinted windows.

DETECTIVE 1

Has that info been released to the media?

CAPTAIN LITTLETON

We've limited the information to the media to an unknown make, early 70's black station wagon. We've got dispatchers working the tip lines around the clock. Next, there were

(MORE)

CAPTAIN LITTLETON (Cont'd)
some green synthetic fibers found
in the victims hair. They are a
common felt fiber material.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON (CONT'D)
Finally, all the victims were
sexually assaulted but no
biological fluids were recovered.
After, he washes the body and then
transports them in a container or
bag of some kind in order to keep
the victim clean of evidence from
the murder scene. But they've all
had traces of a non-chlorine based
santizer, Biguanide, on their skin
and in their hair.

DETECTIVE 2
Are we checking all the retailers
who sell Biguanide?

CAPTAIN LITTLETON
It's too common to be traced but if
we locate the water source it came
from, forensics said they can match
it.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON (CONT'D)
Listen, this information has not
been made public. So let's keep
that under our hats. Detective Jack
Kellogg will be working any leads
on our most recent victim, so if
you have any further questions,
direct them to him.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON (CONT'D)
The FBI has put together a profile
on our suspect. I'm going to let
Special Agent Bain take it from
here.

SPECIAL AGENT BAIN
Everyone should have a copy of the
profile in front of them. Our unsub
is going to be a white male,
between 20 and 35 years old. He is
organized and will be able to blend
in. He most likely holds a social
job that may even be his method of
finding his victims. Evidence shows
that he has an extensive knowledge
(MORE)

SPECIAL AGENT BAIN

(Cont'd)

of forensics which either means he has law enforcement experience or is what we call in impulsive learner, meaning his motives for killing may be to utilize the forensic knowledge he's gained. In other words, he's putting his skill to use. But, he may also be learning from past mistakes making previous crimes like violent rape a possibility. Most importantly, these are not his first victims. So start looking at old unsolved cases to see if anything looks familiar. We are running the info through the NCIC to see if anything comes up. One other important item, these guys like to get as close as they can to the investigation and will usually try to interject themselves somehow. So be suspicious of anyone who is trying to be too helpful.

Special Agent Bain steps down and Captain Littleton stands up.

CAPTAIN LITTLETON

That's it.

Everyone in the room stands up and collects their things. Kellogg stays in his chair, deep in thought.

CUT TO

INT. RED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a knock on the door and someone at the party standing near the door answers it. Kellogg walks in and says hello to everyone as he works his way around the room to Red. There are players at both poker tables and lots of other people standing around talking and partying.

KELLOGG

What's going on Red?

RED

Hey Jack. You're missing out on a good one.

KELLOGG

Looks that way. I just couldn't get away from the office in time.

RED

Someone needs to be trying to put that whacko in jail.

KELLOGG

Yeah.

RED

Maybe y'all will catch a break soon.

KELLOGG

Sure hope so.

RED

The tournament should be over in an hour or so, we'll start up some cash games then. Why don't you grab yourself something to eat and hang around for a while.

KELLOGG

I think I need a drink.

RED

Bar's out on the deck tonight. While your out there, you might want to check out the girls in the hot tub.

KELLOGG

(laughs)

I'll be sure to do that.

Kellogg heads on the back deck. On a lower level of the deck, there is a hot tub. Even in the low light, Kellogg can see two beautiful young woman splashing each other and giggling in the warm water.

WOMAN 1

Hey you, can you hand me my cigarettes?

KELLOGG

Sure.

Kellogg bends down next to the hot tub and hands the cigarettes and a lighter to the woman.

WOMAN 1

He's cute, isn't he?

WOMAN 2
Yeah, he is.

WOMAN 2 (CONT'D)
Why don't you get in with us?

KELLOGG
Didn't bring my swimsuit.

WOMAN 2
You don't need one.

KELLOGG
(laughs)
Maybe later.

Behind the hot tub, a small bench catches Kellogg's eye. He bends and squints in the light to see a white bottle. Written on the side in large letters is the word "Biguanide". His cell phone rings.

KELLOGG
Detective Kellogg.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Hey sweetie.

KELLOGG
Hey.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Where are you at? Sounds like a party in the background.

KELLOGG
I'm over at Red's playing poker.

ANGELA (V.O.)
Oh OK, just sounds like girls yelling in the background.

KELLOGG
There are some girls here but they're not yelling. Don't get touchy.

ANGELA (V.O.)
I'm not getting touchy, just sounds like your at a party with girls.

KELLOGG
What are you doing?

ANGELA (V.O.)

Well, I was on my way over to your house but I guess you're not there.

KELLOGG

No, go ahead and head over there. I shouldn't be here too long tonight. Maybe an hour or two.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Alright, I'll see you there.

KELLOGG

See you then.

Kellogg hangs up the phone and Red is standing right behind him at the bar.

RED

They can be a pain in the ass, can't they?

KELLOGG

What?

RED

Women.

KELLOGG

Oh, yeah. We've only been together a few weeks and she's already asking where I'm at every hour. Definitely a pain.

A guy walks up to Red and Kellogg on the back deck.

KEITH

Reddisson, how the hell have you been? Long time no see.

RED

Doing real good. Hey I want you to meet a friend of mine. Keith, this is Jack.

KEITH

Hey Jack.

KELLOGG

Nice to meet you Keith.

RED

Keith and I go way back. We went to college together.

KEITH

Those were the days. Looks like a great party. Thanks for inviting me.

RED

Anytime. Now that your a free man again, you need to get out of the house a little.

KEITH

Yeah, just didn't work out.

RED

Jack and I were just talking about women problems. He's in the middle of a divorce too.

CUT TO

EXT. KELLOGG'S HOUSE - LATER

Kellogg pulls into his driveway in his unmarked cruiser. He parks next to another car.

CUT TO

INT. KELLOGG'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kellogg walks into the bedroom, quietly slipping his clothes off in the dark.

ANGELA

I was wondering when you would get home.

KELLOGG

Did I wake you up?

ANGELA

I just turned off the lights about 20 minutes ago. I got into this book I was reading.

KELLOGG
What's the book about?

ANGELA
Girl stuff.

KELLOGG
You mean smut.

ANGELA
No, it's a love story.

KELLOGG
Definitely smut.

As Kellogg gets into bed, Angela puts her arms and legs around him. She is gorgeous with long brown hair and the features of a model. As she curls herself around Kellogg, kissing him deeply, he begins to relax and curls himself into her.

CUT TO

EXT. BULL CAGE - NIGHT

Kellogg pulls up to the Bull Cage and parks on the side of the building. The building is run down and dilapidated in the fashion of every great dive bar. When he gets out of his car he notices the rear portion of a dark blue 70's station wagon with tinted windows and chrome magnesium wheels sticking out from the back of the building. He walks over the car and looks around it.

KELLOGG
Can't be.

Kellogg walks back to his car and pulls the radio out.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
This is 10 Lincoln 30 to dispatch.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Go ahead 10 Lincoln 30.

KELLOGG
I need to run a plate.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Go ahead with plate but the
(MORE)

DISPATCHER (V.O.) (Cont'd)
system's down right now so I'll get
back to you.

KELLOGG
Copy. Hit me back on my cell.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
10-4. Ready to copy.

KELLOGG
Sierra, Kilo, Victor, 1-6-8-8.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Copy... Sierra, Kilo, Victor, 1-6-
8-8.

KELLOGG
10-4

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
10-4 10 Lincoln 30.

Kellogg puts the radio back in the car and closes the door.

CUT TO

INT. BULL CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Kellogg walks past the bar and find TOMMY, a bouncer,
standing in front of a set of black curtains.

TOMMY
Can I help you?

KELLOGG
I'm here to see Red.

RED (O.S.)
Jack, is that you? Tommy, he's
good. Go ahead and let him in.

Tommy opens the curtains and lets Kellogg through. After
walking down a long, sloped hallway, he enters another bar.
Unlike the previous bar, there are numerous gambling
machines and card tables strewn about the room. In the
corner is a large poker table occupied by seven players of
various appearance. Kellogg sits down at an open seat as
the bartender, VICKY, walks up to the table.

VICKY
The game is \$5/\$10 No Limit and the
(MORE)

VICKY (Cont'd)
 minimum buy in is \$1000. How much
 you want?

RED
 I've got it Vicky. Give him a
 thousand. Everyone, this is Jack
 Kellogg.

KELLOGG
 Hey, how you doing?

The players at the table nod to Kellogg as Vicky gets his
 chips.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
 (to Pete)
 Hey, don't I know you?

PETE
 Didn't you used to play at Big
 Mike's?

KELLOGG
 Yeah, that's it. What was your name
 again?

PETE
 Pete.

KELLOGG
 Pete, that's right. You been doing
 alright?

PETE
 Yeah. You?

KELLOGG
 Gettin' by.

DEALER
 Let's get back to the game. Jack's
 behind for \$1000.

Time lapses as the players come and go, with Kellogg
 gathering a large amount of chips, with Red gathering the
 second largest stack. The game starts up again with
 Kellogg now playing.

PETE
 What do you do again?

The dealer is dealing out the next hand and Red, two other players, and Kellogg call. The rest fold.

RED
He's a detective.

The players at the table cast a suspicious eye in Kellogg's direction, each of them tense slightly.

PETE
A police detective?

KELLOGG
Yep.

PETE
What division?

KELLOGG
Homicide.

PETE
That's right. Are you on the serial killer case?

KELLOGG
Yeah. Lead detective no less.

PETE
Y'all getting anywhere?

KELLOGG
We've got the profile for the suspect. We'll get him soon, he's running out of time.

Kellogg looks up from his hold cards and sees that Red is staring at him with an interested look on his face. Red's demeanor changes and he tenses up as the other players relax.

PETE
Good. I hope you nail him soon. My wife and daughter have been just petrified to go anywhere alone.

DEALER
Red, bet's on you.

RED
Make it a two hundred.

PLAYER 5
You know something I don't Red?

RED
I know a lot you don't.

Player 5 looks at Red, who looks back, occasionally glancing at Kellogg, who looks at Player 5.

PLAYER 5
I fold.

Kellogg sits up a little straighter in his chair.

KELLOGG
I got a monster. I've gotta call.

CU ON KELLOGG'S CARDS: POCKET JACKS

PLAYER 6
I fold.

DEALER
Two players heads up.

RED
Careful Jack, I got the edge.

KELLOGG
So bet like it, make my night Red.

CU ON RED'S CARDS: POCKET QUEENS

Dealer flops out a ten, a queen, and a king; each a different suit.

RED
Check.

Kellogg taps his cards, indicating a check.

Dealer turns an 8.

Red stares at Kellogg with noticable intensity. Kellogg on the other hand, stares blankly back at Red, the look of a veteran.

RED
Check. You gonna be able to handle losing Jack?

KELLOGG
I've been through worse.

RED
We'll see about that. Check.

KELLOGG
Check.

Dealer rivers a 4.

RED
200.

Kellogg looks at his cards again, and then at the large stack of chips in front of him. He hovers over the chips, taking in their worth. Red's glare never wavers from Kellogg and as Kellogg lifts up from the chips with \$200 worth in his hand, Red lets out a slight grin.

KELLOGG
I have to look you up.

Red flips over his cards and slides them to the dealer who puts Red's two cards in place to finish the hand.

RED
I've got ladies. Can you beat me Jack?

Kellogg mucks his cards into the pot.

KELLOGG
You win.

The dealer pulls the cards back to him.

DEALER
Set of queens takes it.

RED
You're not gonna beat me Jack.

KELLOGG
That's just one hand Red. One hand.

The dealer throws out another hand to all the players. The three cards on the table come out as an ace, a king, and a 4, each a different suit. Kellogg holds the first bet.

KELLOGG
200.

All players at the table fold immediately except for Red, who calls silently by dropping \$200 worth of chips in front of him. Just then, Kellogg's cell phone rings.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
Check. Give me a sec.

Kellogg gets up from the table and walks over to the corner as the dealer turns a 2.

KELLOGG
Detective Kellogg.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Detective, this is Dispatch, I've got the return for you on that plate.

KELLOGG
Hold on just a second, let me grab something to write with.

Kellogg rumages through his jacket and comes up with a pen and a notepad.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Tag comes back as a 1971 Chevrolet station wagon registered to Reddison Rodchester, address 1145 Pine Mountain Drive. Copy?

Kellogg flashes through scenes of girls in hot tubs, the bottle of santizer, poker tables with green felt fabric.

DISPATCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Detective? You copy?

KELLOGG
No. I got it.

Kellogg turns around and closes his cell phone.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
Cash me out.

DEALER
In the middle of the hand?

KELLOGG
I've got to go.

RED
Get a lead?

KELLOGG
 Something like that. Cash me out.

DEALER
 Ok, but it's gonna take me a
 minute.

KELLOGG
 Give it to Red. It's his anyway.

Kellogg walks away from the table and back up the hallway toward the front door. The dealer pushes the chips in front of Red, who lets out a slight smile.

CUT TO

INT. KELLOGG'S OFFICE - LATER

The camera pans left across a desk to reveal Kellogg furiously typing away at a computer on his desk. As he reads the screen, white light casting a pale glow on his face, his cellphone rings. Letting it ring for a few moments, he continues to read. After 5 rings, he picks up moments before the call rolls over to voicemail.

KELLOGG
 Detective Kellogg.

ANGELA (V.O.)
 Where are you? It's been 5 hours!
 CUT TO

INT. KELLOGG'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angela sits on the bed, dressed in jeans and a common button down shirt, with a cellphone pressed to her ear. The only light in the room comes from an overhead bulb. Beside the bed sits an over the shoulder duffle bag half opened.

KELLOGG (V.O.)
 I'm at the station.

ANGELA
 Why?

Angela gets up from the bed and walks over to the window, her hands on her hips.

KELLOGG (V.O.)
 Something came up. Something
 important.

ANGELA
When were you gonna tell me?

BACK TO:

INT. KELLOGG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KELLOGG
Angela, I'm sorry if you had to spend a few hours alone but this is my job damn it.

ANGELA
When do you think you're gonna leave?

KELLOGG
I'll get there when I get there.

ANGELA (V.O.)
You know what Jack? You're an asshole. There's nothing in this house and I'm not waiting around for you. I'm going home.

BACK TO:

INT. KELLOGG'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

KELLOGG (V.O.)
Fine.

Angela snaps her cellphone closed and stuffs it in her pocket.

ANGELA
Jerk.

Angela reaches down beside the bed and grabs her bag, lugging it over the edge and onto the sheets. She zips it closed but suddenly hears a sound come from the living room. She walks over to the door and leans out. Her head barely clearing the doorframe, she looks into the living room. After taking a few steps into the room, she stops and looks around.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Jack?

Angela notices that the front door is opened slightly, highlighted by the shaft of light crossing the wall adjacent to the door.

Angela walks up to the door and opens it. Seeing nothing outside, she slowly turns around only to be confronted with the somber face of Red.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLOGG'S OFFICE - LATER

Kellogg stands in front of a file cabinet in his office, going through old files. The radio sitting on the desk a few feet away clicks to life.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Dispatch to 10 Lincoln 30, come in.

Kellogg walks over to his desk and picks up the radio.

KELLOGG
This is 10 Lincoln 30, go ahead
dispatch.

He puts the radio down on the file cabinet as he goes about reading the file again.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
We've just received a 911 call on
female screams coming from your
house Detective. There was no
answer on the call back. Copy?

Kellogg takes a few steps, deep in thought, then stops suddenly in his tracks.

KELLOGG
(to himself)
Angela...

He runs out of his office.

CUT TO:

I/E. KELLOGG'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kellogg pulls up in front of his house and sees Angela's car in the driveway.

He gets out of his car and walks toward her car but then notices that his front door is open. Kellogg draws his gun and begins taking slow and deliberate steps to the door.

His gun crosses into view first as he carefully navigates the foyer and moves himself into the living room. He makes his way to the bedroom and sees Angela's bag still lying on the sheets, half open. He turns to face the living room again.

Kellogg walks up to the kitchen and notices an object lying on the bar, placed deliberately in the center of the countertop. Upon closer inspection, the object is revealed as a red poker chip.

Kellogg immediately drops the chip and turns back into the room, his gun pointed straight ahead, focusing his cone of vision. He lowers the gun and looks out the door as if it was an afterthought. After pausing for the slightest of seconds, he runs out of the door and back to his car where he crashes into the seat and cranks the engine as soon as possible. The car roars to life and screams as it flies out of the driveway and down the street. A blue light in the rear window bursts to life and flashes across the road as Kellogg drives away.

CUT TO:

I/E. RED'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kellogg turns slowly onto the street outside of Red's house. His lights off, the car stalks along the pavement, slowly creeping up to a vantage point near the corner of the house. The station wagon is parked blatantly in the driveway at an almost taunting angle. Kellogg stares at the dash for a moment, contemplating his next move. Then he pulls his gun out and thumbs the safety cache off. He pulls the slide back and with a metallic snap, he lets it move back into place. Kellogg opens the door and steps out into the night, gun in hand, walking toward the house.

He comes up on the door and carefully opens it, his gun always pointed in front of him. As he enters the house, he lets the door drift closed behind him. Following a familiar path, he walks through the house, passing empty poker tables and dimly lit corners. A light beaming into the house from the deck catches Kellogg's eye. He turns and walks over to the doors that leads to the deck. The gun pointed in the direction of the soon to be opened door, Kellogg grasps the handle and opens it slightly with a quick pull. He then flings the door open and walks through with both hands on his gun.

CUT TO

EXT. RED'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Kellogg steps onto the deck and sees Red and Angela over by the hot tub. Inside the tub, Angela lies naked, Red behind her with a rope around her neck, each of his hands holding one end crossed over the other. Angela sluggishly struggles against Red's grip.

RED
Evenin' Jack.

KELLOGG
Let her go Red. This is between you and me.

RED
No, it's always between me and them. But this is the first one I'm killing as a favor to a friend.

KELLOGG
Favor? What is wrong with you?

RED
Not a thing Jack. Not a single thing.

RED (CONT'D)
I'm holding the best hand and you're hoping for that little bit of luck on the river. But it ain't coming Jack. All it's gonna take is a small pull and the little lady's neck snaps like kindling. I told you, you can't beat me.

Kellogg points the gun away from Red and toward the ground in front of him.

KELLOGG
Look, I'll put the gun down.

RED
You're bluffing again. You have to let me go Jack. If you take me in, you lose your job. No gambling junkies on the force. So I tell you what, you put that gun away, walk back to your car, drive home, and you can pick up the little lady
(MORE)

RED (Cont'd)
tomorrow morning, right here. How
about that?

KELLOGG
Damn it.

Kellogg points the gun back at Red.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
I can't let you leave Red. Let her
go. I can get you help.

RED
Oh don't give me that psycho-babble
bullshit! The only way you wanna
help me is to strap me in the
electric chair!

Red pulls slightly on the rope, making Angela struggle more.
Kellogg takes a step closer to Red, anger in his eyes.

RED (CONT'D)
You're gonna have to fold Jack.

Kellogg visibly struggles with the decision until he closes
his eyes takes a deep breath and opens them again, visibly
sturdy.

KELLOGG
No, Red. I'm all in.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Sergeant!

Just then, Sergeant Donahue comes around the corner from
the side of the deck.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Let her go or I will kill you!

Red looks over at Sergeant Donahue and then back at
Kellogg.

RED
Played the wrong hand Jack.

KELLOGG
No!

Red pulls on both sides of the rope as Angela lifts up and
takes terrible gasps of air. Sergeant Donahue fires once,
striking Red's shoulder.

As he leans away from the impact, he loses grip on the rope and Angela slips back into the water. As soon as she is clear, Red reaches for a gun stuffed in the back of his pants. Just then, Donahue and Kellogg open fire, striking Red multiple times in the chest and side. The bullets spray a fine mist of red on Angela's face as Red falls back onto the deck and spews his last breath into the night air.

Kellogg drops his gun on the deck and jumps into the hot tub, pulling Angela up to him. Sergeant Donahue pulls out a phone and dials 911.

SERGEANT DONAHUE

This is Sergeant William Donahue,
access number 6-7-8-8-5. I need
EMS to 1145 Pine Mountain Drive
immediately!

Back in the tub, Angela gasps for air but hangs limp in Kellogg's arms.

KELLOGG

Angela, hang on! Hang on damn it!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RED'S HOUSE - LATER

An ambulance and numerous police cars light up the front yard of Red's house. Kellogg sits wrapped in a blanket on the tail of one of the ambulances. In the distance, Sergeant Donahue talks with Captain Littleton. The conversation seems heated but Captain Littleton finally nods and walks away. Sergeant Donahue looks over at Kellogg and walks over to the ambulance.

KELLOGG

Am I fired?

SERGEANT DONAHUE

You damn well should be but no. I
was able to talk Littleton into a
suspension. I.A. is gonna crawl in
your ass for the next few months
but if gambling is your only vice,
you should be ok.

KELLOGG

Maybe I'll get fired after all.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Maybe. But Jack, from now on, if
you want to gamble, go to Vegas ok?

KELLOGG
Yeah.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
The EMTs said Angela is stable and
she should be able to talk again in
a few months.

KELLOGG
I know.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
Are you ok?

KELLOGG
No...Maybe...Hell, I don't know.

SERGEANT DONAHUE
No one ever does.

Sergeant Donahue pats Kellogg on the shoulder and walks
away.

SLOW TRACK AWAY FROM KELLOGG SITTING ON AMBULANCE

FADE OUT

ROLL END
CREDITS