

EP. 1 - LOVE AND WATER

Written by

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FADE IN:

1

EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

1

FLASH!!

CAMERA BULB

sprays its light all over the screen. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal--

--POLICE everywhere. CAUTION TAPE is being pulled around a rectangular area. A body of a YOUNG WHITE MAN is found there, NAKED. The body is slouched, sitting upon a bench on the RIVER'S EDGE, eyes AGAPE, the lips pursed.

From down the block walks LIEUTENANT RICK PARKENS, a man who walks with purpose when it suits him, which now it does. His second on command at the scene is the young TALI MALIN. She runs to him.

PARKENS

(walking briskly)

Talk to me.

TALI

(catching her breathe)

Name is Parker Johnson. IT engineer, keeps to himself, took frequent walks through this neighborhood, body here reported by a neighbor.

PARKENS

Type of death?

TALI

Up in the air, but looks like suicide. No trauma, bullet or stab wounds, nothing to show anything self inflicted, no wounds around the neck or wrists, could have been a ghost for all we know. Toxicology will take a couple of days.

(ruffling through papers)

Body has been here for at least 3 hours. No one saw anyone put it here, we're looking at surveillance now.

PARKENS
(condescendingly)
Do we have anything tangible
detective? Phones, watch...

TALI
Yes sir.
(She pulls out a cell phone
in a bag)
Found this in a trash can a few
blocks up. Based on the picture on
his phone, its his.

She shows Parkens the phone, Parker's face on the screen.

PARKENS
We have anyone on that?

TALI
Johnson in our tech department
looked at it. Can't crack it.
(beat)
Was I...
(panics slightly)
Supposed to?

PARKENS
Couldn't have hurt. I'll take care
of it.

TALI
Sir, I can take care of it.

PARKENS
(interrupting)
Later detective....

2 OUTSIDE CRIME SCENE

2

He recedes from the scene, calling a phone number for WELLS
INVESTIGATIONS.

A man with a HUSKY VOICE answers the phone.

DIXON (O.S.)
Wells Investigations.

PARKENS
Hello Dixon.
(beat)
You wouldn't believe what I'm
looking at now.
(MORE)

PARKENS (CONT'D)

It's the Kamansky murder file. My
my your name is in here alot.
Alcohol abuse, possible murder,
you're quite the shady fellow.
Don't know where I got it, but
goodness me everyone has been
looking for it. It would be a shame
if it got out.

DIXON (O.S.)

What do you want Parkens?

Parkens walks farther and farther away from the scene.

PARKENS

6825 Lake View Drive. 10 minutes.
I'll be waiting.

CLICK.

He hangs up.

3 INT. WELLS INVESTIGATIONS

3

A very small room furnished with a desk, a MASSIVE computer
with 2 monitors, and a poster with the logo for WELLS
INVESTIGATIONS behind him, Dixon stands up and BEATS HIS
PHONE TO HELL, pieces flying everywhere. He throws himself
down in his chair, his hands covering his eyes. He takes a
deep breathe.

An empty whiskey bottle sits on his desk, the trash can full
of them.

4 EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

4

Dixon approaches the scene, the CAMERA TRACKING BEHIND HIM as
he walks through. Heads turn towards him, eyes staring,
people's faces clenching in anger as they see him. He finds
Parkens.

Parkens takes him off to the side, away from all the eyes on
the scene.

PARKENS

So glad to see you Dixon.

DIXON

Yeah. Me too. You have my disk?

PARKENS

Look like you want to be here
Dixon. I can't have a scene at the
scene.

DIXON

I thought attention whores loved
all they could get?

PARKENS

Oh you murdering son of a bitch.
Glad to see you still haven't
changed. How's Jack Daniels?

DIXON

Enjoying the pleasure of my
company. Just like your ex - wife I
recall.

PARKENS

She does miss you so. You should
call her and tell her to pay me for
fucking me over with a degenerate.

PARKENS (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Tali! Get the phone please!

Tali rushes across the crime scene with the phone in hand,
handing it off to Dixon.

TALI

You must be our guy for this?

DIXON

Wells. Dixon Wells.

Tali looks at him, shakes her head, walking away in disgust.

Beat.

PARKENS

I want every file off there on my
desk ASAP. Thank you Dixon.

As Dixon is about to interrupt, Parkens walks back to his
crime scene, smiling.

Dixon heads back to his office, driving in the NEON STREETS.

He takes a swig from his flask of liquor and goes to work. He plugs the device into a machine off loading all the intel.

We see all the text messages that were last sent on the phone:

Dude where are you?

I think they know...

Holy shit you're here...

We see pictures of him with his friends, family, the many girls he was texting, the drugs he was doing, and one particular friend in alot of pictures. He finds the kid's name. It's XANDER NELVICK.

Dixon looks at the name, finds the number, and begins to delve deeper into the man's life, seeing who he was...

6 INT. DIXON'S OFFICE

6

PARKENS (O.S.)
It's been 3 days Wells.

Dixon removes the phone placing it back in the evidence bag.

DIXON
You'll have it when it's ready.

PARKENS (O.S.)
It will be ready tomorrow, or you go to prison.

He hangs up.

Dixon look at the name on the phone again for the possible killer, XANDER NELVICK.

7 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

7

Xander sits at a coffee shop, his hand shaking, trying to drink his black coffee. He looks at his phone. No messages, no calls.

Dixon plops himself down next to him.

XANDER
Can I help you?

Dixon slides a MANILA folder towards him.

Xander opens the file, and sees his entire life on paper: Wrap sheet, crimes, nude pics, everything.

XANDER (CONT'D)
What the hell is this shit? Who the fuck....

Xander pulls all of it into the file folder, standing up to leave.

XANDER (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You want me to call the cops?

DIXON
Go ahead.

Xander stops. Dixon smiles.

DIXON (CONT'D)
The way I see it, you have two choices: You tell me what happened now and I can help you, or they take you away and every person you've ever loved or held will be wiped from memory.

He pulls out another file, text messages all with Parker's name, what happened, his location, everything.

Xander stares at him.

XANDER
You're crazy old man. I don't know this guy.

DIXON
Peter didn't know Christ either and look where that got him.
(beat)
I have every file on you in the book: Bank statements, purchases, you name it. If I wanted you in jail you'd be there now. So sit down you smarmy little punk.

He pulls up one last file, sliding it across the table. It's the last snap chat sent on the phone. There they both stand, a selfie with each other on the water.

Xander shakes, moving back in his seat.

DIXON (CONT'D)
Change your mind yet?

Xander stares at him as if he's seen a ghost. He's frozen.

DIXON (CONT'D)

Want to know what I think happened to him? Tell me if I'm close. Makes me feel a little better about myself.

(beat)

This new drug, LAGS, isn't a drug to get high, it's a killing drug. Untraceable. You knew he was seeing other people behind your back. You knew it was over. But you wanted to end it on your terms, so you did. Quiet and peacefully is the way he wanted to go. So you fulfilled his wishes. What a gentleman.

He stops, letting Xander sweat.

DIXON (CONT'D)

Am I close?

Silence. Tears flow down Xander's face. Dixon gets up to leave.

XANDER

I want to talk, I want to confess.

Dixon leaves the folders on the table.

DIXON

Too late kid.

He pats him on the shoulder, leaving a gun behind.

DIXON (CONT'D)

If you're gonna do it, make it quick.

Dixon leaves the coffee shop, Xander alone at the table. Xander pulls the gun up to his mouth, pulling the trigger.

BOOM!!!

Xander's head explodes in the cafe, people screaming.

CUT TO:

Dixon walks down the street, cigarette in hand, taking a sip from his flask. He opens his phone, calling Parkens.

DIXON

Hey Parkens, got your file. It's at
Highman Coffee. The murderer will
be waiting.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF FILM